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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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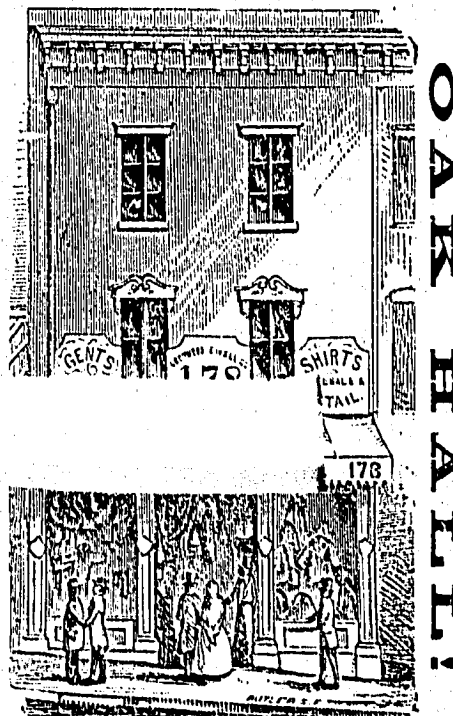
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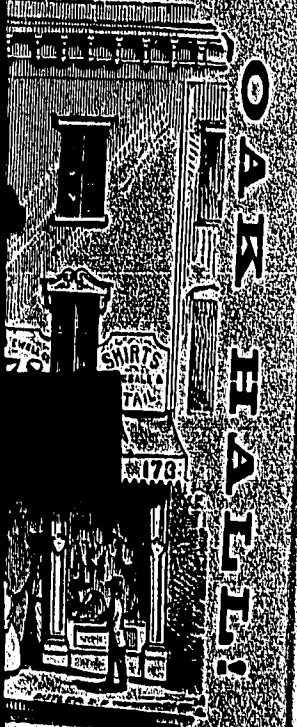


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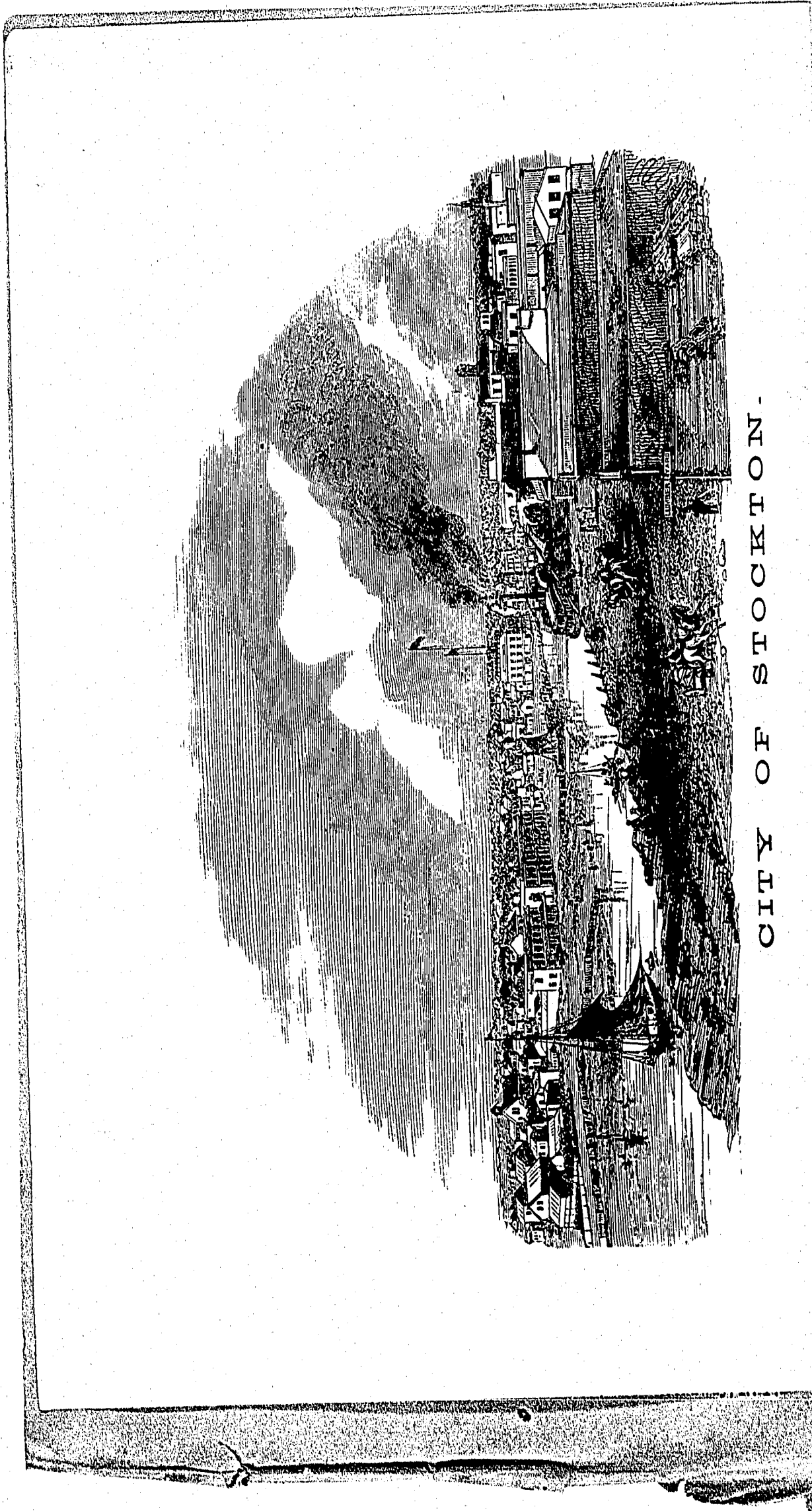
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CITY OF STOCKTON.

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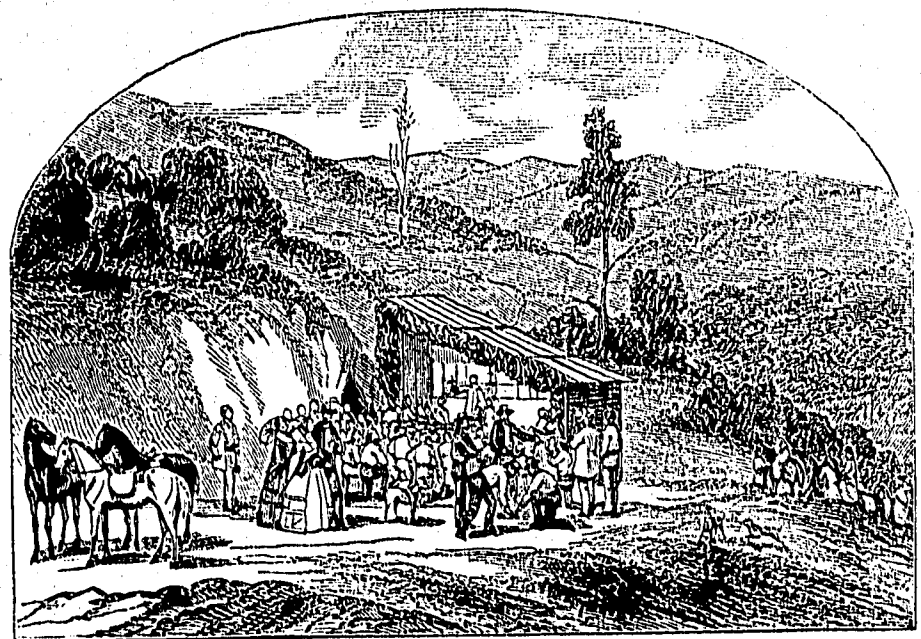
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CITY OF STOCKTON.

# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1860. No. 8.

BLESSING THE MINE.



THE ENRIQUETA QUICKSILVER MINE, ON THE MORNING OF DEDICATION.

**T**HE interesting dedicatory ceremonial of Blessing the Mine is a custom of long standing in many Catholic countries, where mining is carried on, especially among those people who speak the Spanish language. Without it, workmen would feel a religious dread, and consequently a timid reluctance to enter upon their daily labors, lest some accidental mishap should overtake them from such an omission. After this has been duly performed, great care is taken to erect a shrine, be it ever so rude, at some convenient point within the mine, to some favorite tutelary saint or protectress, whose benediction they

evoke. Before this shrine each workman devoutly kneels, crosses himself, and repeats his Ave Maria, or Paternoster, prior to entering upon the duties and engagements of the day. At this spot candles are kept burning, both by day and night, and the place is one of sacred awe to all good Catholics. The blessing and dedication of a mine is, consequently, an era of importance, and one not to be lightly passed over, or indifferently celebrated.

On the morning of the day set apart for this ceremony, at the Enriqueta or San Antonio quicksilver mine, the Mexican and Chilian señors and señoras began to flock into the little village at the foot of the cañon, from all the surrounding country, in anticipation of a general holiday, at an early hour.

Of course, at such a time, the proprietor sends out invitations to those guests he is particularly desirous should be present to do honor to the event; but no such form is needed among the workmen and their friends or acquaintances, as they understand that the ceremony itself is a general invitation to all, and they avail themselves of it accordingly.

Arriving in procession at the entrance to the mine, Father Goetz, the Catholic curate of San Jose, performed mass, and formally blessed the mine, and all persons present, and all those who might work in it; during which service, a band of musicians was playing a number of airs. At the close, fire-crackers and the boom of a gun cut in the ground, announced the conclusion of the ceremony on the outside; when they all repaired to the inside, where the Father proceeded to sprinkle holy water, and to bless it.

These duly performed, they repaired to the village, near which is the beautiful residence of Mr. Laurencel, its proprietor, where, in a lovely grove of sycamores, several tables were erected and bounteously covered with good things for

the inner man. "Here were feasted nearly two hundred guests, of both sexes, with choice viands, in magnificent profusion, while native wines, and other light potables flowed in abundance. A large number of specially invited guests were at the same time hospitably and courteously entertained within the house by Mr. Laurencel, his lady, and her household. After dinner, there was music and dancing upon the green, exhibitions of skillful horsemanship, and a variety of amusements, which were participated in by the assembled company with the utmost zest, and were kept up, we understand, until a late hour. The day chosen for this festival was the day of San Antonio, the patron saint of the mine, and the birthday of the little Enriqueta, Mr. Laurencel's daughter, the more immediate patroness of the same."

Recently, while on a visit to San Jose, I visited the newly discovered mines of quicksilver, situated about twelve miles southward from that city.

Our road led across the valley to the south, until arriving at the Los Capitancillos Creek, whence it followed that stream for the remainder of our journey. Upon the banks of this creek, we were told, a tribe of Indians flourished in the early part of this century. They were governed by three chiefs known among the Spanish as the Capitancillos, from whence the stream took its name.

From here the broad valley we had followed stretches away to the eastward, whilst that of the Capitancillos, through which our road lay, trends towards the mountains in the south, narrowing gradually, till it winds around the western extremity of the hills in which lie the three mines of Guadalupe, Enriqueta, and New Almaden. Ascending the valley of the stream, we passed the works of the Guadalupe mine, and some two miles further on arrived at the Enriqueta.

Here we were enterprising from whom ing particu

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Here we were hospitably received by the enterprising director, Mr. H. Laurencol, from whom we chiefly derived the following particulars.

Veins of quicksilver were long since known to exist in these hills, but owing to the difficulty of finding sufficient quantities of ore to render mining remunerative, nothing of importance was attempted. In November last, Mr. Laurencol employed a party of Irish and Mexican miners to prospect more thoroughly, and several places were found to be of good promise, and opened. One was called the Providentia mine, another was placed under the protection of Saint Patrick, and at length, in January last, the present Enriqueta Mine was found and immediately opened. During the winter and spring quite a limited number of men carried on the work, but the labors of these few were sufficient to prove that there existed a large deposit. In the beginning of June the work was advanced upon a larger scale, and preparations were made to put up the proper machinery for reducing the ore. Everything was done with dispatch, and on the spot where stood a forest in June, we saw now an establishment so far advanced as to promise to go into operation, producing quicksilver, early in September; good proof of the energy and activity of our California miners.

The system adopted for the reduction of ores, is, I understand, the same that was employed by Dr. Ure, many years since, at the mines of Obermoschel, in the Bavarian Rhoen Kreis, and which has proved to be much superior to the systems in practice at the Almaden Mine in Spain, and the Idria mine of Austria.

What the production of this mine will be, is impossible to foresee; but quite a little mountain of ore, already taken out, and what we saw in our descent into the mine, looks well for the future prospect. A large number of Mexican miners were

at work, and as we passed their different parties, I broke from the rocky walls a number of pieces, which, on coming to the light of day, proved to be rich ore.

The location of the Enriqueta Mine is one of considerable beauty. A picturesque valley below, with the winding stream of the Capitancillos, and pleasant groves of oaks and sycamores, looks up on one hand to the hill where the mine is perched, some three hundred and forty or fifty feet above, and on the other to the rugged mountain, rising to the height of between three and four thousand feet. The mine employs about one hundred laborers of all classes; the families added would make a total population already of about four hundred persons. A little village has sprung up near the works, containing many neat cottages, a hotel, and several stores. Two lines of stages run daily between the mine and the city of San Jose.

While here I visited also another spot of considerable interest—a gigantic oak, standing upon a prominent spur of the mountains on the south. It measures some thirty-six feet in circumference, and is, I doubt not, the largest of its family in California. From its commanding position and size, it is visible at a great distance, still towering high, when all the trees around it are dwarfed into the appearance of mere underbrush.

In leaving the Enriqueta Mine, I was more than ever reminded of the immense mineral resources of our State, and of the industry of our people. The works of years of older countries were here the labor of a few short months only.

The county of Santa Clara will find in this mine a new source of wealth, and must rejoice at the diligent prosecution of an enterprise so important. As an old miner, I was gratified at what I saw. What the California miner needs is cheap quicksilver; but, as long as its supply is limited, it is kept up at exorbitant prices

With an increased production and a healthy competition, we may expect soon to see it at such a price as will render it hereafter a small item only in the working of the quartz mines, so important a source of wealth and prosperity to California.

A. E.

## SCENES IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

BY J. LAMSON.

### THE HARDCRABBLE DITCH.

The above name is no misnomer; no mere fanciful cognomen, without sense or meaning, and adopted without reflection, or consideration of its import. The beauty and euphony (!) of the word may have had, and doubtless did have its influence with the proprietors in selecting it as the title for their ditch and company, and which possesses a significance and expressiveness which every miner well understands.

The owners of this ditch have large tracts of mining claims at Emery's Crossing in Nevada County. A company was formed for the purpose of supplying these claims with water, and the owners of the claims made various proposals to take stock in that company, which were all rejected. So they resolved to construct a ditch for themselves.

It is not my present purpose to give a history of the ditch, with all the trials, vexations and difficulties encountered in its construction. Suffice it to say, that, long before the completion of the work, obstacles were continually met and resolutely overcome.

Both ditches were commenced at nearly the same time, and both were obstinately carried forward to their completion. It was a contest, however, in which one party or the other was destined in the end to suffer a signal defeat. One ditch would supply every demand for

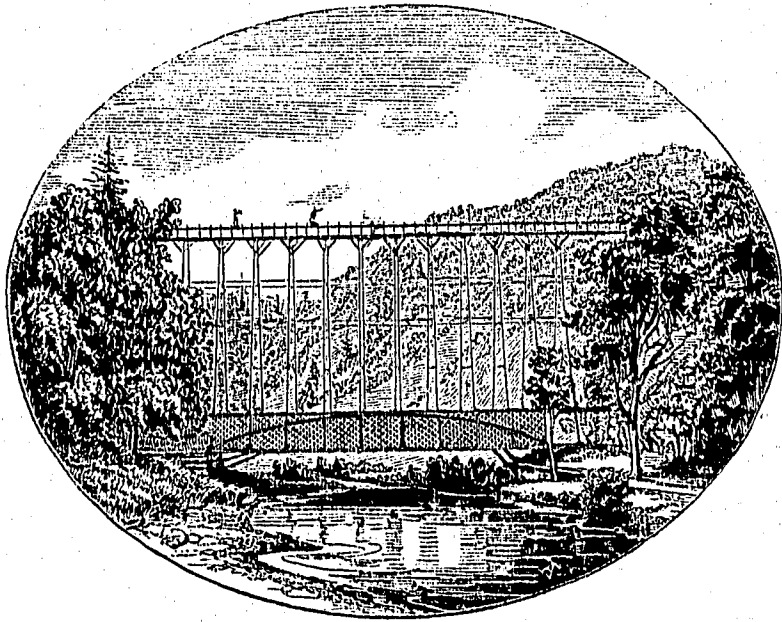
water, and therefore both could not be supported. The former company had money at their command, while the Hardscrabble party were compelled to rely mainly on their credit, and their own bone and muscle. Their adversaries believed they must soon yield the unequal contest, and in this belief they obstinately rejected every proposal for an accommodation, and for a union of the two companies, until the Hardscrabble party found it no longer for their interest either to offer or to accept of any terms. Both ditches were completed, but as the Hardscrabble Company were the only miners to be supplied with water, the opposing ditch, as might have been easily foreseen, proved a total loss to the proprietors, and has since gone to decay. Such instances of unyielding obstinacy and wilful blindness, in the expenditure of money, are not unfrequent in the mines.

The principal proprietors of the Hardscrabble Ditch are Charles Whittier, William Reynolds, and Robert West. They commenced their work in February, 1856, and completed it in September of the same year, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. The ditch takes its supply of water from the Middle Yuba, four miles above Emery's Crossing, where it ends. The river here, like most of the mountain streams of California, is but a series of wild rapids in a deep cañon. In a distance of two miles, the ditch acquires an

elevation of nine feet above the river. Here the engraving, crossing the river, is four feet and ninety-eight inches deep, and is supported by a trestle resting upon an abutment one hundred and twenty feet above the lower portion.

The figure shows the ditch at West, better known as the ditch. It passes and repairs its own necessary repairs. It can cross the river to a slight degree, having served the mast, traverses the fine security that it upon his ship, and in this manner the ditch.





THE FLUME OF THE HARDSCRABBLE DITCH.

elevation of ninety-eight feet above the river. Here the flume, as seen in the engraving, crosses the river. It is twenty-four inches wide, twenty inches deep, and ninety-eight feet high. It is supported by a frame, the posts of which rest upon an arch of strong lattice work, one hundred and twenty-six feet long, the lower portion of which is elevated about twenty feet above the river at low water.

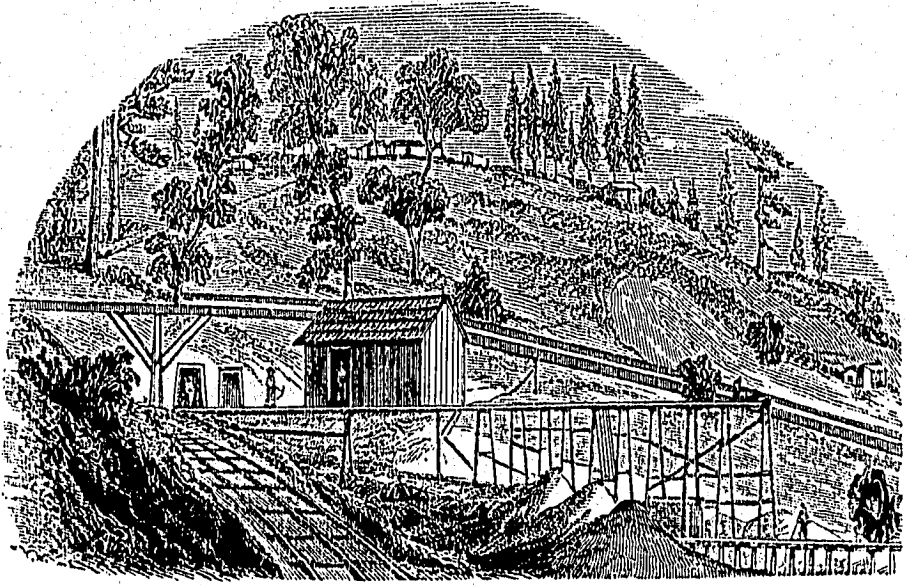
The figure seen upon the flume is Robert West, better known as "Bob." He is the ditch tender; that is, he has to pass and repass along the ditch every day, examine its condition, and make the necessary repairs. It is not every one who can cross that bridge without feeling a slight degree of trepidation; but Bob, having served an apprenticeship before the mast, traverses the narrow plank that covers the flume with the same feeling of security that he would tread the deck of a ship, and often carries heavy loads over it upon his shoulders. On one occasion he transported a small cooking-stove in this manner to his cabin at the head of the ditch. Crossing the river safely, he

had nearly reached his cabin, when, unfortunately coming in contact with a branch of an oak which overhung the ditch, Bob lost his balance, and was pitched headlong into a bed of rocks some six or eight feet below him. Luckily, in the fall, his head intervened between the stove and the rocks, by which the iron utensil was preserved from destruction, while the head, which seemed to have been made of india rubber, received only a slight cut, from which the blood flowed, until the application of a warm quid of tobacco, fresh from Bob's mouth, stanchd the wound, and enabled him to resume his journey, which he accomplished without further mishap.

The proprietors of the Hardscrabble Ditch have reaped a very satisfactory harvest from their investment, and acquired a handsome and well deserved competency by their laborious industry, perseverance and frugality.

#### THE ROANOKE TUNNEL.

A large portion of the mining, in Placer county, is done in tunnel diggings.



ROANOKE TUNNEL, PLACER COUNTY.

At Iowa Hill, Roach Hill, Monona Flat, and many other localities, the hill sides are perforated in all directions. Occasionally, the tunnels are run so near the surface, and in such numbers, as to render it unsafe to build a house of brick, or other heavy material, over them, from its liability to sink and fall to destruction.

On exploring a tunnel at Roach Hill, the Roanoke, in company with J. W. Myrick, one of the proprietors, I discovered a peculiarity which I had not observed elsewhere, though it may often occur. Having passed in about twelve hundred feet, we came to a perpendicular passage, sixty or seventy feet high, at the head of which the load was struck, and followed by horizontal drifts. A portion of the passage was occupied by a ladder, for the use of the workmen; the other part was boarded up, in the shape of a long box, to receive the dirt, which is brought to it in cars, upon a rude railway. This box is called a mill. A space is left beneath the box of a sufficient height to run a car under, and a gate is raised, by means of a bar, when the dirt runs down, and the car is loaded with very little labor. The gate is then

shut, and the car is run down the inclined plane to the end of the track, at the mouth of the tunnel, and "dumped" into a heap below. A reservoir, supplied by a ditch, furnishes water to wash the dirt. The water is applied by means of a hose, and the heap of dirt is gradually washed away, and carried down a long sluice, in which the particles of gold are retained, while the earth passes off.

When the car was loaded, Myrick and I placed ourselves on a step in the rear, and crouching down, in order to avoid contact with the roof of the tunnel, which varied from four to six feet in height, we held, or rather hung, by the back of the car, when Myrick loosened the brake and we started off. The inclination of the track was so great, that we went onward with great velocity. In less than two minutes we passed out of the tunnel to the end of the track, and discharged the load. These journeys are not wholly without danger; for, should an axle break, or a wheel run off the track, as often happens, the consequences might be fatal, and are always serious.

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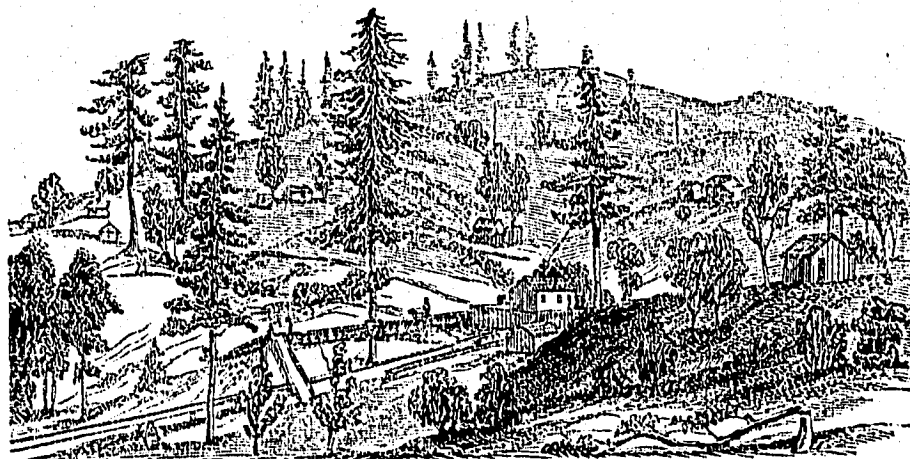
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## THE WOLVERINE TUNNEL.

Soon after my visit to the Roanoke Tunnel, I made a subterranean journey *through the mountain*, entering the Pacific and Queen City Tunnel, on the east side, and coming out through the Wolverine Tunnel on the west. I followed a man with a car for about nine hundred feet, when we came to a mill, similar to that described in the Roanoke Tunnel, and from which the car was to receive its load. Here, taking a lighted candle in my hand, I ascended the shaft by a perpendicular wooden ladder, seventy feet high, at the head of which I was met by a sturdy looking miner, who conducted me to the diggings, where a party of men

were at work. The passage, for a distance of fifty or sixty feet, was very low, narrow and crooked, and we groped our way through it on our hands and knees, when we came to a downward pitch of several feet, when the tunnel assumed its usual height, and we once more stood erect. A little further on, a gate was placed across the tunnel, marking the boundary between the dominions of the company on the east side, and those of the Wolverine on the west. We opened the gate, and found ourselves in an old passage, through which we made our way over heaps of earth and stones. I observed that many of the timbers that supported the sides and roof of the tunnel were crushed and broken, by the great



WOLVERINE TUNNEL, PLACER COUNTY.

weight of the superincumbent earth, and that posts, of great size and strength, had been added, in order to preserve the tunnel. Having passed all these difficult and dangerous passages, we came, at length, to a tolerably lofty and well preserved portion of the tunnel, when my guide left me to pursue my way alone.

A great many lateral drifts ran off from both sides of the main tunnel, some of which had been worked out and deserted, and others were now and in good preser-

vation; and the picks and shovels, scattered about them, denoted that they were still occupied and worked. But I was much surprised not to see a single human being, nor hear a human voice in the tunnel, which, with the exception of my own footsteps, and their reverberations, was as silent as the grave. Once, however, I fancied that I heard a low, distant sound behind me, like the rumbling of a car, which might have been brought out of one of the lateral drifts I had passed.

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I stopped and listened for its approach, with some degree of anxiety and trepidation, well knowing that if I were overtaken in that narrow passage, escape would be impossible, and the result would be—a fine item for the newspapers, to wit:—

*"Terrible Casualty in a Tunnel.*—The body of an unknown man picked up, horribly mangled, &c.—bones crushed, &c.—run over by a loaded car, &c., &c.—carman's head smashed, &c.—car, happily, uninjured—no dirt lost!"

My destiny, however, was not yet accomplished. My apprehensions were not realized. I continued my walk, by the light of my candle, until a faint glimmering ahead betokened my approach to the mouth of the tunnel. Quickening my pace, I soon emerged from this subterranean passage, and stood once more in the light of day, breathing freely the pure mountain air, but covered with a profuse perspiration, the effects of my walk and of the confined atmosphere of the under-ground work.

I now discovered the cause of the absence of laborers in the tunnel. Some one of the company had sold his claim. Such an event is almost always the occasion of a treat, which the seller is expected to give. Business had been suspended for this purpose, and here, in a shop belonging to the company, were assembled a party of twenty or thirty Germans, making merry in true German style over a keg of lager beer. The beer, for greater convenience, was drawn into a bucket, as it was required, and, with a tin pint cup, each one helped himself with wonderful freedom. I was immediately led up to the bucket, and a pint of the beer offered me, of which I was not reluctant to partake. I did not tarry long with them, but returned by a trail, over the mountain. The distance through the mountain is nearly a mile, and the total length of the lateral tunnels, or drifts,

probably exceed another mile. A little hamlet, consisting of twenty or thirty small houses, cabins and shops, occupied mainly by miners, has been built up around the mouth of the tunnel. These little mountain homes, scattered promiscuously along the hill side, overlooking a deep ravine far beneath them, and these again overlooked by the mountains which rise above them, form, altogether, a highly romantic scene.

#### UP THE HILL TOGETHER.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Up the hill together,  
When our lives were young,  
Hand in hand we wandered on,  
And merrily we sung;  
Sitting in the orchard,  
'Neath the linden tree—  
There you first spoke words of love—  
Words of love to me.

Up the hill together,  
In our wedded pride,  
Hand in hand we wandered on,  
Our children by our side.  
Seated in our cottage,  
Listening to their glee,  
I was happy then, and you  
Was all the world to me.

Up the hill together,  
When the moon was high,  
Plodding on our dusty way,  
Wandered you and I.  
In the sultry vineyards,  
When the days were long,  
How we toiled and cheered each other  
With our harvest song!

Down the hill together,  
Cheerfully we'll go;  
Many loved have gone before us,  
Sleeping there, below.  
Sleeping in the valley,  
They their race have trod;  
We will join them o'er the river,  
On the hills of God.



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THE MASSACRE AT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MAS-  
SACRE.

It will be remembered that some of the heart-sickening details of this terrible massacre have appeared at different times in the public journals of the day. By the kindness of a friend we are enabled to place before the reader two illustrations of the scenes, and in connection therewith a brief narrative of that fearfully cold-blooded slaughter. Perhaps we ought here to remark that the numerous statements are so very conflicting that we find it next to impossible to give a succinct and reliable history of the sad event; but from the various sources from whence information has been received the following will be found nearly to approximate to correctness.

"A train of Arkansas emigrants, with some few Missourians, said to number forty men, with their families, were on

their way to California, through the Territory of Utah, and had reached a series of grassy valleys, by the Mormons called the Mountain Meadows, where they remained several days recruiting their animals. On the night of September 9th, not suspecting any danger, as usual they quietly retired to rest, little dreaming of the dreadful fate awaiting and soon to overtake them. On the morning of the 10th, as with their wives and families, they stood around their camp-fires passing the congratulations of the morning, they were suddenly fired upon from an ambush, and at the first discharge fifteen of the best men are said to have fallen dead or mortally wounded. To seek the shelter of their *corral* was but the work of a moment, but there they found but limited protection.

"To enable you to appreciate fully the danger of their position, I must give a brief description of the ground. The

encampment, which consisted of a number of tents, and a *corral* of forty wagons, and ambulances, lay on the west bank of, and eight or ten yards distant from, a large spring in a deep ravine running southward; another ravine, also, branching from this, and facing the camp on the southwest; overlooking them on the northwest, and within rifle-shot, rises a large mound commanding the corral, upon which parapets of stone, with loopholes, have been built. Yet another ravine, larger and deeper, faces them on the east, which could be entered without exposure from the south and far end. Having crept into these shelters during the darkness of the night, the cowardly assailants fired upon their unsuspecting victims, thus making a beginning to the most brutal butchery ever perpetrated on this continent.

"Surrounded by superior numbers, and by an unseen foe, we are told the little party stood a siege within the corral of several days, sinking their wagon-wheels in the ground, and during the darkness of night digging trenches, within which to shelter their wives and children. A large spring of cool water bubbled up from the sand a few yards from them, but deep down in the ravine, and so well protected that certain death marked the trail of all who had dared approach it. The wounded were dying of thirst; the burning brow and parched lip marked the delirium of fever; they tossed from side to side with anguish; the sweet sound of the water, as it murmured along its pebbly bed, served but to heighten their keenest suffering. But what all this to the pang of leaving to a cruel fate their helpless children? Some of the little ones, who though too young to remember in after years, tell us that they stood by their parents, and pulled the arrows from their bleeding wounds.

"Long had the brave band held together; but the cries of the wounded

sufferers must prevail. For the first time, they are (by four Mormons), offered their lives if they will lay down their arms, and gladly they avail themselves of the proffered mercy. Within a few hundred yards of the corral faith is broken. Disarmed and helpless, they are fallen upon and massacred in cold blood. The savages, who had been driven to the hills, are again called down to what was denominated the 'job,' which more than savage brutality had begun.

"Women and children are now all that remain. Upon these, some of whom had been violated by the Mormon leaders, the savage expends his hoarded vengeance. By a Mormon who has now escaped the threats of the Church we are told that the helpless children clung around the knees of the savages, offering themselves as slaves; but with fiendish laughter at their cruel tortures, knives were thrust into their bodies, the scalp torn from their heads, and their throats cut from ear to ear.

"To-day, I ride by them, but no word of friendly greeting falls upon my ear, no face meets me with a smile of recognition; the empty sockets from their ghastly skulls tell me a tale of horror and of blood. On every side around me for the space of a mile lie the remains of carcasses dismembered by wild beasts; bones, left for nearly two years unburied, bleached in the elements of the mountain wilds, gnawed by the hungry wolf, broken and hardly to be recognized. Garments of babes and little ones, faded and torn, fluttering from each ragged bush, from which the warble of the songster of the desert sounds as mockery. Human hair, once falling in glossy ringlets around childhood's brow or virtue's form, now strewn the plain in masses, matted, and mingling with the musty mould. To-day in one grave, I have buried the bones and skulls of twelve women and children, pierced with the fatal ball or shattered

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with the axe. In another the shattered relics of eighteen men, and yet many more await their gloomy resting-place.

I have conversed with the Indians engaged in this massacre. They say that they but obeyed the command of Brigham Young, sent by letter, as soldiers obey the command of their chief; that the Mormons were not only the instigators but the most active participants in the crime; that Mormons led the attack, took possession of the spoil; that much of that spoil still remains with them; and still more, was sold at the tithing office of the church.

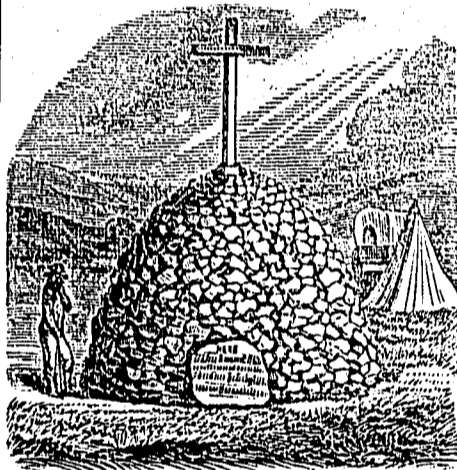
Such facts can and will be proved by legal testimony. Sixteen children, varying from two to nine years of age, have been recovered from the Mormons. These could not be induced to utter a word until assured that they were out of the hands of the Mormons and safe in the hands of the Americans. Then their tale is so consonant with itself that it cannot be doubted. Innocence has in truth spoken. Guilt has fled to the mountains. The time fast approaches when justice shall be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

On sending a statement to Utah Territory, in April last, Brigadier General Clarke directed the officer in command, Major J. H. Carleton, 1st Dragoons, to collect and decently to bury the remains of the victims of the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Arriving at Mountain Meadows, Maj. Carleton found that the General's wishes had been in part anticipated by Captain R. Campbell, 2nd Dragoons, who, "on his way down," says Major Carleton, "passed this spot, and before my arrival had caused to be collected and buried the bones of twenty-six of the victims."

Major Carleton continues: "On the 20th instant, I took a wagon and a party of men and made a thorough search for others amongst the sage bushes for at

least a mile back from the road that leads to Hamblin's house. Hamblin, himself, shewed Sergeant Fritz, of my party, a spot on the right hand side of the road where he had partially covered up a great many of the bones. These were collected, and a large number of others on the left hand side of the road, up the slope of the hill, and in the ravines and among the bushes. I gathered many of the disjointed bones of thirty-four persons. The number could easily be told by the number of pairs of shoulderblades, and by lower jaws, skulls, and parts of skulls, etc., etc. These, with the remains of two others, gotten in a ravine to the east spring, where they had been interred at



THE MONUMENT.

but little depth—thirty-four in all—I buried in a grave on the northern side of the ditch. Around and above this grave, I caused to be built, of loose granite stones, hauled from the neighboring hills, a rude monument, conical in form, and fifty feet in circumference at the base and twelve feet in height. This is surmounted by a cross, hewn from red cedar wood. From the ground to the top of the cross is twenty-four feet. On the transverse part of the cross, facing towards the north, is an inscription carved deeply in the wood:

"VENGEANCE IS MINE: I WILL REPAY SAITH THE LORD."

"And on a rude slab of granite, set in the earth and leaning against the northern base of the monument, there are cut the following words:

HERE  
120 Men, Women, and Children,  
WERE MASSACRED IN COLD BLOOD, EARLY  
IN SEPT., 1857.  
*They were from Arkansas.*

"I observed that nearly every skull I saw, had been shot through with rifle or revolver bullets. I did not see one that had been 'broken in with stones.' Doctor Brewer showed me one, that probably of a boy of eighteen, which had been fractured and split, doubtless by two blows of a bowie knife, or other instrument of that character.

"I saw several bones of what must have been very small children. Doctor Brewer says, from what he saw, he thinks some infants were butchered. The mothers, doubtless, had these in their arms, and the same shot, or blow, may have deprived both of life.

"The scene of the massacre, even at this late day, was horrible to look upon. Women's hair, in detached locks, and in masses, hung to the sage bushes and was strewn over the ground in many places. Parts of little children's dresses, and of female costume, dangled from the shrubbery, or lay scattered about; and among these, here and there, on every hand, for at least a mile in the direction of the road, by two miles east and west, there gleamed, bleached white by the weather, the skulls and other bones of those who had suffered. A glance into the wagon, where these had been collected, revealed a sight which can never be forgotten."

The Mormons set up the plea that some of this party poisoned a spring, by which several persons and some stock fell victims. But that so large an amount of poison could be in the possession of an emigrant train is most improbable. On

the other hand it seems scarcely probable that plunder alone could be a sufficient inducement to the murderers to sacrifice so great a number of human lives. Indeed, the *cause* of this wholesale slaughter is to this hour shrouded in mystery. Major Carlton most probably knows it better than any other man, and we much regret that we have not his entire and candid report. That it was committed by Mormons, aided by Indians, there can be no doubt. Judge Cradlebaugh thus brings the matter home to them in his charge to the Grand Jury of Provo City, in March last:

"I may mention to you the massacre at the Mountain Meadows. In that massacre a whole train was cut off, except a few children, who were too young to give evidence in court. It has been said that this offence was committed by the Indians. In committing such an outrage, Indians would not so discriminate as to save only such children as would be unable to give testimony of the transaction in a court of justice. In a general slaughter, if any were to be saved by Indians, they would have been most likely those persons who would give less trouble than infants. But the fact is, there were others there engaged in that horrible crime.

"A large organized body of white persons is to be seen leaving Cedar City late in the evening, all armed, traveling in wagons and on horseback, under the guidance and direction of the prominent men of that place. The object of their mission is a secret to all but those engaged in it. To all others the movement is shrouded in mystery. They are met by another organized band from the town of Harmony. The two bands are consolidated. Speeches are made to them by their desperate leaders in regard to their mission. They proceed in the direction of the Mountain Meadows. In two or three days they may be seen returning from that direction, bearing with them an immense amount of property, consisting of mules, horses, cattle and wagons, as the spoils of their nefarious expedition. Out of a train of one hundred and forty persons, fifteen infants alone remain, who are too young to tell the sad story. That Indians were engaged in it there is no

doubt; but they in it by white men.

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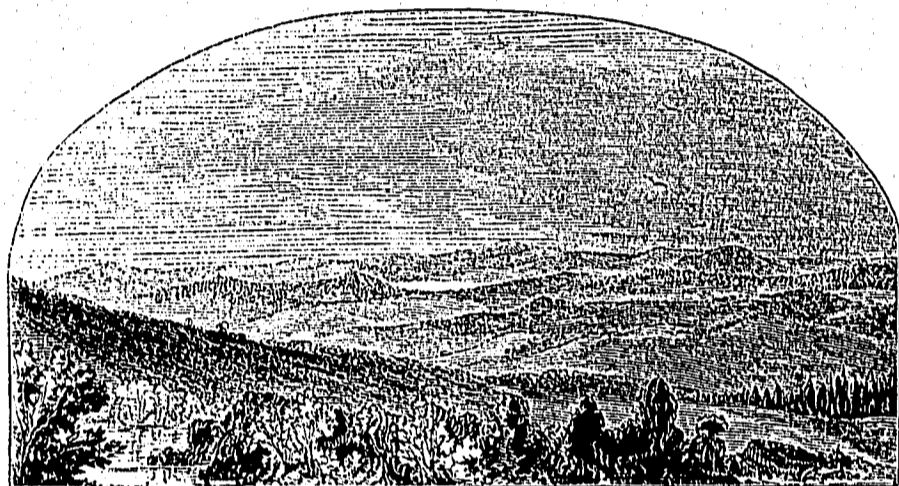
This beautiful overshadowed by surrounding tain, is one of ties of our State destined to be, is at present. of the pictures of Switzerland attractive feature from Napa City west of north. ter place to the nate ranges of



doubt; but they were incited to engage in it by white men, worse than demons.

"I might give you the names of the leading white persons engaged, but prudence dictates that I should not. It is said that the Chief Kanosh was there. If

so he is amenable to law, and liable to be punished. The Indians complain that in the division of the spoils they did not get their share—that their white brothers in crime did not divide equally with them, but gave them the refuse."



CLEAR LAKE, FROM THE RIDGE NEAR THE GEYSERS.

CLEAR LAKE.

The above excellent sketch of this mountain-bound sheet of water, has been kindly furnished us by Mr. Geo. Tirroll, an artist of great merit, who has spent nearly three years in picturing on canvas the beautiful scenes of California. As we never had the pleasure of seeing this remarkable lake, and as it has been well and fully described in our cotemporary, the *Hesperian*, we take pleasure in transcribing the article entire:

This beautiful Alpine sheet of water, overshadowed and hidden, so to speak, by surrounding peaks of the coast mountain, is one of the many inviting localities of our State, and deserves, as it is destined to be, far better known than it is at present. To the tourist, in search of the picturesque and sublime, the lakes of Switzerland could not present a more attractive feature. It is about fifty miles from Napa City, in a direction a little west of north. The route from the latter place to the lake, passes over alternate ranges of mountains and interven-

ing valleys, presenting a variety of scenery that would well repay the journey, even without the crowning view of one of the greatest natural curiosities of California. Clear Lake is an enormous fountain, having no supply tributaries, save the numerous springs, many of them boiling hot, rising on its margin and perhaps welling up from its bottom. A small river runs from it called Cacheo Creek, which, after pursuing a southeasterly course about fifty miles, enters the Sacramento Valley, and is lost among the lagoons that border the river. The lake is near the axis or divide of the coast mountains, on their eastern slope, and has an elevation of twelve or fourteen hundred feet above the sea level. The shape is irregular, and extends N. W. from its outlet, in length, about twenty-five miles. The breadth is variable; in traversing the lake from the outlet of Cacheo Creek, the shores alternately widen and contract from one to three miles, until, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, it is suddenly narrowed to less than half a mile; beyond this, the shores recede away from each other, to meet again in the distance, inclosing a circular basin of twelve miles in diameter; this portion is

known as Big Lake, in contradistinction to the part east of the strait, which is called "Lower Lake." On the south side of the Big Lake is Big Valley, a fertile plain of considerable extent, bounded on the south by a mountain ridge that divides it from the waters of the Pluton river, tributary to Russian river. The portion of the lake east of the straits, is crowded by the mountains, which spring up from the water's edge. Towards the eastern extremity, however, they recede, and a valley is formed that extends five or six miles beyond the lake, down Cache Creek. The peculiar, sinuous shore line, gives rise to numerous little bays and harbors, where the light canoes of the Indians are anchored, when their dusky owners rest from their work of catching fish, or killing wild fowl, with which the water abounds. Several beautiful little islands, elevated but a few feet above the water, shaded with broad-spreading, ever-green oaks—of the extent of from one to fifteen acres, add much to the picturesque effect. To these secluded spots the Indians of the neighboring valleys have retreated; and the wreck of a tribe that, but a few years ago, was counted by thousands, now finds ample room for its diminished numbers on these isolated specks of land. They are a harmless and inoffensive people, and seem to have no difficulty with the whites. They live abundantly on fish and fowl, and the only dread they seem to have, is that they may be forced to go to some Government Reservation.

On the north side the mountains rise from the immediate margin nearly the entire length of the lake, leaving only a narrow pathway near the water. A few little valley coves of exceedingly fertile soil, lie hid in the folds of the mountain, and open to the lake their only outlet. The largest of these is called "Loon Valley," and contains about fifty acres. With this exception the north shore is bold and precipitous. The water has a depth of fifty or sixty feet to within a few yards of the land, all around the northern side; towards the eastern extremity there are, however, several little bays with shelving shores and bottoms. In one of these bays, numerous springs of boiling hot water make their way up through the fissures of the smooth rock bottom, extending from the margin of the water to a distance of two or three hundred feet into the lake, spreading along

the shore to twice that distance, and forming one of the most delightful bathing places imaginable. You can have a bath of almost any temperature, by getting nearer or farther from one of the hot jets. Some caution is, however, requisite, as I found to my cost, by placing my foot, when wading about, over one of these jets. Several such places are observable, where hot water, accompanied with gas, issues from round openings in the rocks. In one place in the centre of the lake, I found gas bubbles, in large quantities, constantly agitating the surface, over an extent of hundreds of acres. The water was seventy-five feet deep, and although the surface presented no increase of temperature, I imagine the bottom was a locality of hot springs, such as I observed along the shore in shallow water. Some of these springs seem to be pure water, others are highly impregnated with mineral matters. The whole neighborhood abounds with mineral springs, generally hot, and the volcanic aspect of the country gives reason to believe that subterranean fires are yet active at no great depth below.

#### THE CITY OF STOCKTON.

This flourishing commercial city is situated in the valley of the San Joaquin, at the head of a deep navigable slough or arm of the San Joaquin river, about three miles from its junction with that stream. The luxuriant foliage of the trees and shrubs impress the stranger with the great fertility of the soil; and the unusually large number of windmills of the manner of irrigation. So marked a feature as the latter has secured to the locality the cognomen of "the City of Windmills."

The land upon which the city stands is part of a grant made by Gov. Micheltona to Capt. C. M. Weber and Mr. Gulinac, in 1844, and who most probably were the first white settlers in the valley of the San Joaquin; although some Canadian Frenchmen in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co. spent several hunting seasons here, commencing as early as 1834.

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In 1813 an exploring expedition under Lieut. Gabriel Morago visited this valley, and gave it its present name—the former one being “Valle de los Tulares,” or Valley of Rushes. At that time it was occupied by a large and formidable tribe of Indians, called the Yachicumnes, which in after times was for the most part captured and sent to the Missions Dolores and San Jose, or decimated by the small pox, and now is nearly extinct. Under the maddening influence of their losses by death from that fatal disease, they rose upon the whites, burned their buildings and killed their stock, and forced them to take shelter at the Missions.

In 1846, Mr. Weber, reinforced by a number of emigrants, renewed his efforts to form a settlement; but the war breaking out, compelled him to seek refuge in the larger settlements, until the Bear flag was hoisted, when Capt. Weber, from his knowledge of the country, and the devotedness of those who had placed themselves under his command, was able to render invaluable aid to the American cause.

When the war was concluded, in 1848, another and successful attempt was made to establish a prosperous settlement here, but upon the discovery of gold it was again nearly deserted.

Several cargoes of goods having arrived from San Francisco, for land transportation to the southern mines, were suggestive of the importance of this spot for the foundation of a city, when cloth tents and houses sprung up as if by magic. On the 23d of December, 1849, a fire broke out for the first time, and the “linen city,” as it was then called, was swept away, causing a loss of about \$200,000. Almost before the ruins had ceased smouldering, a new and cleaner “linen city,” with a few wooden buildings, was erected in its place. In the following spring a large proportion of

the cloth houses gave place to wooden structures; and, being now in steam communication with San Francisco, the new city began to grow substantially in importance.

On the 30th of March, 1850, the first weekly Stockton newspaper was published by Radcliffe and White, conducted by Mr. John White.

On the same day the first theatrical performance was given, in the Assembly Room of the Stockton House, by Messrs. Bingham and Fury.

On the 13th of May following, the first election was held—the population then numbering about 2,400.

June 26th, a Fire Department was organized, and J. E. Nuttman elected Chief Engineer.

On the 25th of the following month, an order was received from the County Court, incorporating the City of Stockton, and authorizing the election of officers. On the 1st of August, 1850, an election for municipal officers was held, when seven hundred votes were polled, with the following result: Mayor, Samuel Parry; Recorder, C. M. Teak; City Attorney, Henry A. Crabb; Treasurer, Geo. D. Brush; Assessor, C. Edmonson; Marshal, T. S. Lubbock.

On the 6th of May, 1851, a fire broke out that nearly destroyed the whole city, at a loss of \$1,500,000. After this conflagration a large number of brick buildings were erected.

In 1852, steps were taken to build a City Hall; and, about the same time, the south wing of what is now the State Asylum for the Insane, was erected as a General Hospital; but which was abolished in 1853, and the Insane Asylum formed into a distinct institution by an act of the Legislature. In 1854 the central building was added, and in 1855 the kitchen, bakery, dining-rooms and bath-rooms were also added.

On the 1st of February, 1856, another

#### OF STOCKTON.

commercial city is situated at the mouth of the San Joaquin, in a deep navigable slough at the junction with that river, where the luxuriant foliage of the willow impress the stranger with the fertility of the soil; and a number of windmills are scattered in the vicinity. So marked a position has secured to the city the name of “the City of

which the city stands is due to the efforts of Gov. Michelto-Weber and Mr. Gul-who most probably were the first settlers in the valley although some claim the employ of the government in hunting and trapping as early as

fire destroyed property to the amount of about \$60,000; and on the 30th of July following, by the same cause, about \$40,000 worth of property was swept away.

Of churches there is an Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Catholic, Methodist Episcopal South, First and Second Baptist, Jewish Synagogue, German Methodist, and African Methodist.

There are two daily newspapers published here, the "San Joaquin Republican," Conley & Patrick, proprietors; and the "Stockton Daily Argus," published by Wm. Biven. Each of these issue a weekly edition.

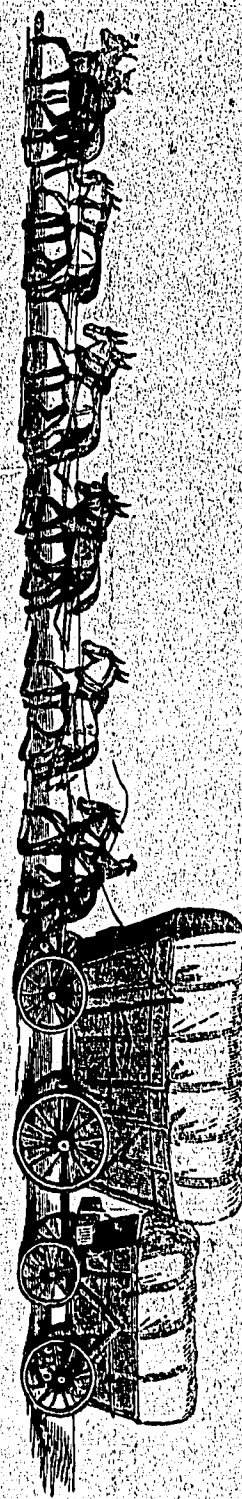
Of Public Schools, there are four—two Grammar and two Primary—in which there are about two hundred scholars in daily attendance, and four teachers, one to each school. There are also four private Seminaries—Dr. Collins', Dr. Hunt's, Miss Bond's, and Mrs. Gates'.

Stockton can boast of having the deepest artesian well in the State, which is 1002 feet in depth, and which throws out 250 gallons of water per minute, 15,000 per hour, and 360,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, to the height of eleven feet above the plain, and nine feet above the city grade. In sinking this well, ninety-six different stratas of loam, clay, mica, green sandstone, pebbles, &c., were passed through. 340 feet from the surface, a redwood stump was found, imbedded in sand from whence a stream of water issued to the top. The temperature of the water is 77° Fahrenheit—the atmosphere there being only 60°. The cost of this well was \$10,000.

Several stages leave daily for different sections in the mines.

One of the principal features connected with the commerce of this city, is the number of large freight wagons, laden for the mines; these have, not inappropriately, been denominated "Prairie Schooners," and "Steamboats of the Plains." Some of these have carried as high as 32,000 pounds of freight.

LARGE MULE TEAM GOING OUT OF STOCKTON, OFTEN CALLED "PRAIRIE SCHOONERS."



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AGNES EMERSON.

*A Tale of the Revolution.*

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Continued from page 312.]

CHAPTER IX.

*The escape from New York.*

"Getting the boats out, being well aware  
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,  
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee,"

BYRON.

LEAVING Major Williams and the patrician officer to their unenviable reflections, let us return to William Emerson, whom we left parting with Harrison at the end of the lane, described as being in the rear of his garden.

Retracing his steps to the gate opposite the back entrance of his own house, he was admitted into the enclosure by his negro Sam, who, carefully securing the bolts, ushered him into the kitchen of the shipwright's house. Here he found awaiting him, Reid, the mechanic himself, and two others. The elder had the appearance of a fisherman, which indeed he was, and one of the many spies at that time in the interest of the continentals. Stephen, who was a Swede by birth, and by the royalist party regarded as a reckless, devil-may-care fellow, seemed perfectly indifferent as to who ruled the revolted colonies, so that he but found a ready market for his fish. In the latter part of their surmise, they were tolerably correct, but in the former they were completely at fault. Avarice was his leading characteristic. Beneath a rollicking exterior, he concealed an amount of cunning that completely deceived the British officials. He had Sir Henry Clinton's permission to follow his avocation within certain limits; and, although he never passed the prescribed boundaries, he had managed to establish a constant communication with certain of

the American authorities. The payment he received was large, and his fox-like cunning had heretofore blinded suspicion, so that he was rapidly acquiring the means of independence.

The other person was a young American, a warm personal friend of Emerson, who was evidently impatient.

"William," said he, "I have been anxious for your arrival, and feared something had occurred to detain you. Here is Stephen, too, who says he wishes to speak to you privately; you had better go into the other room with him for a few moments, for I, too, must then claim your attention."

"Yes, sir, and as I am in a hurry, I wish you would come at once," and leading the way into an adjoining apartment, the fisherman carefully closed the door. "Now, sir," continued he, "have you brought the money agreed upon?"

"Yes," answered Emerson.

"Then, on this Testament swear that, under no circumstances, you will ever tell from whom you received this paper."

Emerson hesitated. "But my friends who are here, how can I keep it from them?"

"Mr. Emerson, a secret, when more than two know it, is never safe; you may make what statement you choose to them, but you must swear not even to hint that you got it from me, either now or hereafter; if not, I keep it and you keep your money, that's all."

Finding that he could in no other way obtain what he desired, William made the necessary asseveration.

"There is the pass," said Stephen, "you had better let your friends think you brought it here with you. Ah! I see that it is more than you expected; I suppose that you would not grudge another hundred dollars."

"No, no, I will not; here is the money," and he placed six hundred dollars in the hands of the fisherman, who, with

a hasty good-night, passed through the kitchen and into his boat at the river's side.

"You have not a moment to lose," said Emerson's friend, as soon as Stephen was fairly gone; "Reid, here, says the flood tide makes in immediately; fortunately, it is very dark, and he has made every preparation. You must be far above Harlem to-night, for if you are in New York to-morrow, you may be sure that you will be a prisoner. What on earth made you tell Dutch Stephen to come here?—we were in continual fear of something betraying our plans."

"I was compelled," answered Emerson, "to tell him to meet me here, for he positively refused to come to my house, although I had business with him, so I named this, as the only place I could see him before I left."

Reid, the shipwright, now proceeded to explain the arrangements which he had made for the departure and escape of young Emerson.\*

"The boat," said he, "is ready under my boat house; she is full of water, as I explained to you she would be; a piece of iron ballast is fixed in her bottom, to steady her, and cork all round the gunwale, to give necessary buoyancy; a small paddle will enable you to scull into the centre of the stream, but this you must do very watchfully and slowly. In sculling up stream, as opportunity offers, make towards the Jersey side. Taking the flood with you, you will have it for six hours, till nearly daylight. At first dawn, your safest plan is to land, before you can be seen by the British man-of-war in Tappan Bay."

Hastily attiring himself in a rougher suit of clothes, Emerson proceeded to the boat house, in company with his friend

and the shipwright, who carried a dark lantern.

This boat house was built over a sort of dock, in which was floating a small ship's boat, sunk nearly even with the water's edge. Lashed over her were two or three large branches of trees, such as Harrison had seen Sam carrying into Reid's premises.

At the distance of a few yards, the whole apparatus would have the appearance of a floating tree, or portion of one, drifting with the tide. Emerson, on embarking, had consequently to immerse the lower half of his body in the water, with which the boat was filled; and, mild as the season still was, this was by no means agreeable.

A signal from Sam, who was outside, that the young flood was now running, and that no boats were within sight, was responded to by a fervent farewell, and the removal of the lantern. The shipwright then gently opened the water gate of the boat house, and Emerson, with a few cautious strokes of his sculling paddle, was floating on the bosom of the Hudson. The night was intensely dark, and in a few moments no trace of him was visible to his friends.

Twice was he nearly discovered. First, by a party of officers, coming on shore from the transport recently arrived. They approached close enough to pull a handful of leaves from the branches, and to speculate how far the ebb tide had brought it down, before the flood reversed its progress. Secondly, by one of the man-of-war guard boats. "What is that?" cried the midshipman, holding up a lantern he had in the stern-sheets. "Only part of a tree, blown down by last night's gale, I suppose, sir," said the stroke-oarsman, brushing the leaves with the end of his oar. Thanks to the thickness of the foliage, and the dimness of the light, the young officer was easily satisfied; and great was the relief of the

\*NOTE.—The method of escape from New York, precisely as here described, was an actual occurrence in 1778, Mr. John Newton, Jr., being the gentleman, who reached the Highlands in safety.

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fugitive on hearing the welcome order, "Give way, my lads."

At the end of three hours, despite sundry drams from his brandy flask, Emerson became so benumbed that he determined to bear it no longer. Carefully releasing the branches of the trees, he pushed them over the stern of the boat. He now fixed on the washboards, supplied by the thoughtful Reid, and which fitted tightly, and commenced bailing the boat out. This occupied him a considerable time, but it being completed, he commenced pulling towards the west side of the river. He judged himself by this time, to be above Manhattan Island, and on recognizing the land, as he approached close to the Jersey side, he found that he was even higher up than he expected.

Laying in his oars, he opened a tin box, secured upon the foremost thwart of the boat, and took from it dry clothes, stockings and boots. Having thoroughly dried himself with a rough towel, he donned these, recommenced rowing briskly, and soon restored circulation to his benumbed limbs.

For three hours more he continued pulling, till he had, with the aid of the tide, reached the lower end of Tappan Bay; when re-crossing the river, just as the dawn was broadening into daylight, he landed a short distance below Tarrytown.

Threading his way carefully, to avoid, if possible, interruption, and to pass more to the eastward, he accomplished about four miles, and approached a farm house to seek refreshments.

Here he suddenly encountered a lieutenant in command of a troop of British horse, who authoritatively and rudely demanded his business, name and destination.

"My name, sir," replied he, "can matter but little to you; my destination and business you can enquire at your

leisure, though perhaps more politely, from the writer of this."

With these words, Emerson handed the officer the paper he had received from the spy fisherman.

"I did not wish to be rude," said the lieutenant, as soon as his eye fell on the well known signature of the British commander-in-chief; "his excellency, I observe, does not mention your name in this, possibly for good reasons; but I should like to be satisfied as to your having honestly obtained it—in a word, if it refers to you at all."

"You can easily ascertain that," coolly answered Emerson, "by detaining me, and sending to New York; but if you do so, the responsibility of my delay, on the business described there as urgent, will rest with yourself."

The Englishman pondered a moment or two, and handing back the paper, said:

"Well, if anything is wrong, it is Sir Henry Clinton's own fault. I shall not detain you."

CHAPTER X.

Death.—Separation.

"Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die, Passing through nature to eternity."

[SHAKESPEARE.]

A few miles west from the mouth of the Croton river, where the hills, which mark the approach to the Highlands, render the scenery so beautiful, stood an old farm-house called Bokelen. It had formerly been the residence and property of a Dutch emigrant, called Van Bokelen, but had many years before been purchased by Mr. Reid, the husband of Agnes' maternal aunt, her mother's half-sister. At his death he bequeathed it to the widow, but to revert to their two sons on her demise.

The farm, which was extensive and valuable, had originally borne the name of its first proprietor; but the Van had

gradually been disused, and it was, as we have said, now known as Bokelen.

Mrs. Reid's family differences were but further proof of the horrors attendant upon civil war; though herself an ardent loyalist, her two sons had both joined the American army, and might at any moment, be brought in hand to hand contest with her brother, a Major in the British army.

The position of her sons, and her close relationship to Major Walters, were, however, safeguards to the farm; and, consequently, none of her stock, or produce, had ever been molested by the foraging parties who so frequently drove off the cattle of those farmers who were of the opposite party.

The neighborhood was, as is known, by sort of common consent, considered a kind of neutral ground. Occasionally, nevertheless, the ill-disciplined American auxiliaries, called the *Skimmers*, or the equally ill-regulated British mercenaries, known as the *Cowboys*, robbed and pillaged the community in a manner which no regular troops, properly officered, would ever be guilty of.

It was the afternoon of the day after the departure of Agnes from New York, that the horses of the escort which she had accompanied were picketed in the yard of Bokelen farm.

Captain Campbell, the commander of the troop, was issuing instructions to his men for the night, and also performing those duties which should, strictly, have devolved upon his junior, whom his thoughtfulness had, on this occasion, induced him to excuse. Five or six American officers, who were to be exchanged about ten miles off, were lounging around the premises, passing the time by discussing the all-engrossing topic of the day, until the supper, in preparation, should be announced.

In an upper room, looking towards the west, was a venerable and aged man, the

sands of whose life were evidently nearly run. The bed on which he lay was drawn towards the window; and, propped up by pillows, he gazed upon his beloved daughter, as she knelt beside him with her hand clasped in his.

Near the bed stood George Harrison and William Emerson, (who, after his escape, had reached Bokelen the previous day), and also Mrs. Reid and a servant.

On a table, near by, was bread and wine, and beside it a clergyman in his surplice.

*"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."*

After this chapter had been read, the communion was taken by all present, and then the sick man was, at his desire, left alone with his children and Harrison.

Turning himself towards George he addressed him:—"This letter from my daughter," touching one on the bed, "informed me two days ago of your love for her—on my son's arrival yesterday he told me much of you, much in your favor. To thwart the dearest wishes of my daughter is not in my nature. Consent to her marriage, whilst this unhappy war continues, I cannot. You are engaged on the side of our king, whose cause both my son and daughter are opposed to. From such a union nothing but misery could result. For myself, my end is approaching, I feel that I never shall see yonder sun set again. If you will promise not to wed her until this contest is ended, Agnes has my freest permission to then do as she pleases. I have full confidence from her right principle that she will not marry you should you prove unworthy. I would I could live to know you better, but such is not God's will, nor can I discuss further the difficulties surrounding you, for I have not strength. Do your duty as a man and a christian, and put

your trust, in this issue before whom I shall shortly there is peace in this opportunity must remain my son's for you will prove a noble father could retain my Agnes' that you may manage some regiment in another world, where you may be of far better days. One daughter is wealthy, he so, and she will inherit for Congress has as yet tates, although a royal King's colonies be recaptured, she may be released from the commission which in one of her Use your endeavors to this for her own sake. mind should eschew in civil warfare than sympathy and love. sphere."

The promise required Harrison and joined Agnes, Mr. Emerson told on his pillows, his hand gently and of his, in earnest gratitude, slipped quailing, fearing that the excitement, might snatched which the old man's The invalid shortly from which, in two to breathe his last overtasked his feeble early time for fun adhered to by Mrs. her brother-in-law cease from troubling rest."

Sad, indeed, was Harrison and his morning, when his march. It was possible for life, and



your trust, in this issue, in His hands, before whom I shall shortly appear. Till there is peace in this oppressed land, you must remain my son's foe, but I am sure you will prove a noble one, or you never could retain my Agnes' love. My hope is that you may manage an exchange to some regiment in another part of the world, where you may await the coming of far better days. One word more: my daughter is wealthy, her mother left her so, and she will inherit more at my death, for Congress has as yet left me my estates, although a royalist. Should the King's colonies be recovered on this continent, she may be reduced to poverty, from the commission of some overt act which in one of her sex is uncalled for. Use your endeavors to dissuade her from this for her own sake. A woman to my mind should eschew further interference in civil warfare than is shown in acts of sympathy and love. *That is her fitting sphere.*"

The promise required being given by Harrison and joined in by the sobbing Agnes, Mr. Emerson sunk back exhausted on his pillows, and George, pressing his hand gently and affectionately in both of his, in earnest of his sincerity and gratitude, slipped quietly from the room, fearing that the excitement, if longer continued, might snap the thread upon which the old man's life was hanging.

The invalid shortly fell into a dose, from which, in two hours, he awoke only to breathe his last. The exertion had overtaken his feeble powers, and ere the early time for family prayers, strictly adhered to by Mrs. Reid, had arrived, her brother-in-law was "*where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.*"

Sad, indeed, was the parting between Harrison and his betrothed the following morning, when his escort resumed their march. It was probably for years, possibly for life, and both had to summon

their nerve and strength to the utmost. With a whispered promise, which for an instant even illumed Agnes' face with a hopeful smile, and one fond, endearing embrace, he darted from the house and mounting his charger followed the troop, which had deployed through the gate. In two days he was again in New York.

[*To be continued.*]

### ALONE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

All, all alone!

My heart beats echo in my room,  
The night-sky wears a sullen gloom;  
Cold rain-drops beat the window pane,  
And mock me with their dismal strain;  
The storm-winds, sweeping in wild wrath,  
Go howling on their viewless path;  
The very fire within the grate  
Seems glowing with hot eyes of hate,  
Until upon my desolate soul  
The black clouds of despair unroll;

The tempest shrieks in every moan  
"All, all alone."

All, all alone!

No mother's voice in gentle tone,  
No brother, ever greets me here,  
No sister's smiling face is near,  
No school-day friend to make me young,  
No voice to sing the songs we sung,  
No deep eyes gazing into mine  
As in the days of "auld lang syne!"  
No heart to beat time to my own—

My heart is cold as pulseless stone;  
All, all alone.

I dream again!

I hear no more the dismal rain—  
I draw the curtain o'er the pane;  
I see a cheerful fire-lit room,  
Sweet smiles of love have banished gloom,  
*She* sits by me, my own true wife,  
My nobler self, my better life.  
No wild unrest, no gnawing care,  
My life is all one daily prayer,—

*It might have been*

All, all alone.

It cannot be,  
 There is no dream like this for thee;  
 Be still, proud heart, and learn to bear,  
 Prometheus-like, thy sad despair;  
 Draw back the curtain, let the rain  
 Come dashing through the window pane;  
 Gaze out and brave the storms of fate,  
 The sun may shine, but all too late,

I only hear the storm winds moan

All, all alone!

*Thanksgiving Eve.*

### SPONGES, THEIR VARIOUS FORMS AND GENERAL HISTORY.

BY PROF. T. R. JONES.

It is impossible that any person, however thoughtless and unaccustomed to observe the works of Creation, can look around him, even during a morning's ramble through the fields, without being struck with the number of living beings that offer themselves to his notice, presenting infinite diversity of form, and obviously adapted, by their construction and habits, to occupy various and widely different situations. The careless loungeur, indeed, untaught to mark the less obtrusive and minuter features of the landscape, sees, perhaps, the cattle grazing in the field; watches the swallows as they glance along, or listens with undefined emotions of pleasure to the vocal choir of unseen feathered songsters; and, content with these symptoms of life around him, passes unheeding onwards. Not so the curious and enlightened wanderer, inquisitive to understand all that he finds around him: his prying eye, and mind intelligent, not only can appreciate the grosser beauties of the scene, and gather full enjoyment from the survey, but perceive objects of wonder multiply at every step he takes—the grass, the trees, the flowers, the earth, the air, swarm with innumerable kinds of active living creatures—every stone upturned reveals some insect wonder; nay, the stagnant ditch he knows to be a world wherein incalculable myriads pass their lives, and every drop to swarm with animated atoms, able to proclaim the *Omnipotent Designer* loudly as the stars themselves.

Is it upon the sea-shore that the student of nature walks? Each rippling

wave lays at his feet some tribute from the deep, and tells of wonders indescribable—brings corallines and painted shells, and thousand grotesque beings, samples left to show that in the sea, through all its spacious realms, life still is found—that creatures there exist more numerous than on the earth itself, all perfect in their construction, and, although so diversified in shape and attributes, alike subservient to the general welfare.

And yet how few, even at the present day, turn their attention to this wondrous scene, or strive at all to understand the animal creation—to investigate the structure and contrivance that adapt each species to perform certain important duties—to perceive the uses and relations of each group—to contemplate the habits and the instincts that direct the different tribes—and, lastly, to trace out the means whereby the mighty whole, formed of such diverse parts, is all long preserved in perfect harmony!

The study of Natural History and of Animal Physiology is confessedly one of the grandest as well as the most difficult of sciences. To understand the laws whereby even the human body is built up, lies not within the power of human industry or human research; much less to comprehend the lengthy series of creation that extends from man, the most exalted form of living beings, down to the apathetic sponge, which, fixed upon a rock, seems equally deprived of sense and motion. But because we are, and ever must be, unable to grasp the full extent of so magnificent a subject in all its details, let us not despair of gaining much important knowledge from its contemplation, whilst, as is our present purpose, beginning with the first appearances of life, we endeavor, step by step, to trace out the most conspicuous forms, the attributes and distribution of the animals inhabiting our globe, marking their progressive advancement in intelligence and happiness, and exhibiting the development of their faculties from the simplest to the most perfect conditions under which they exist.

Preparatory to entering upon a journey so extensive as this, it is, however, necessary to pause for a few moments, in order to investigate its limits, and, standing, as it were, upon some elevated spot, endeavor to map out as far as we

can the regions to travel.

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But a serious question presents itself for solution even as we make this preliminary survey. What is an animal? Amongst all the forms of organized or inorganic substances how are we to define precisely what an animal is, so as at once to identify it as such and distinguish it from a mineral or vegetable? Linnæus, the founder of our science in modern times, thought that, by an axiom in every way worthy of the mind that gave it birth, he had fully and completely settled this important inquiry. The celebrated axiom of Linnæus, as the reader may probably remember, was this:—“*Stones grow, vegetables grow and live, animals grow, live, and feel!*” To be capable of feeling, therefore, was the characteristic chosen by this illustrious naturalist whereby to distinguish an animal from any other organized substance. But, alas! we shall soon find, as we contemplate the humblest forms that are now admitted into the animal creation, an entire absence of this characteristic, as far, at least, as we have the means of judging. How are we to prove, for instance, that *Sponges*, while in their living state, possess sensation? You may tear them or cut them; bore them with a red-hot iron; attack them with chemical stimuli of any kind; yet, lacerate and torture them as you will, they will never shrink under the inquisition, or confess by the slightest tremor that they are possessed of feeling, or capable of sensation. On the other side, look at the vegetable kingdom. See we not that many plants appear to feel the solar influence, turning their flowers to the beams of the sun, or directing the fibrils of their roots in search of nourishment? Does not the sensitive-plant shrink at the slightest contact? If we are to judge of the possession of the power of feeling from the movements caused by external impressions, there are members of the vegetable world that have far more claim to the title of animals than many of the humbler creatures now unhesitatingly classed by the Zoologist as belonging to his department of creation.

To possess the faculty of moving from place to place has been said by some authors to be the peculiar attribute of an animal. The plant, they say, is rooted and fixed; the animal is endowed with

locomotion, and able to rove about in search of food. But even this distinction, we shall hereafter see, fails in very numerous instances. In the animal series there are living beings that are immovably attached to some external object during the whole period of their existence, and seem to be as devoid of locomotive power as any vegetables. Again, on the contrary, there are plants that evince this faculty, and are, to a certain extent, capable of changing their situation; consequently, this second characteristic is as insufficient as the former.

Perhaps the best definition of an animal that has yet been offered is, *that animals are possessed of an internal receptacle for food, wherein they collect the nutriment destined for their support*; in other words, that animals are provided with a stomach, while plants are only permeated by tubes, through which the nutritive juices flow equally to every part. But, unfortunately, in the very first class of animals that awaits our notice, the *Sponges*, there is no internal reservoir of aliment whatever, nor anything that can be compared to a stomachal cavity; so that our attempts at discrimination are once more baffled.

Chemistry has been appealed to, in order to solve this important question. We are told that animal substances contain an abundance of *Azote*, or *Nitrogen*, in their composition, while vegetables do not furnish that element:—that the existence of the azote in question causes animal matter to emit a smell like burned horn when fire is applied, a circumstance that is said to be sufficient to identify it. This, to say the best of it, is but a clumsy distinction, and, moreover, is open to fatal objections; for there are vegetables that contain azote, and that, perhaps, as abundantly as many animals. In the midst of these difficulties, modern science has had recourse to an entirely new line of investigation, which, doubtless, will ultimately yield important results connected with so intricate an inquiry. This is based upon the different appearances presented by the *tissues* or component structures of animals and vegetables respectively when they are accurately examined under high magnifying powers; and, as an instance of the success that may be anticipated to result from this line of research, as well as of the near approximation between the ani-

mal and vegetable kingdoms, even in outward appearance, one example will be sufficient for our present purpose. The *Corallines* are, for the most part, decidedly animals, and many of them, as we shall hereafter see, animals of very complex organization; but several of these, e. g. *Corallina opuntia* and *C. officinalis*, which, from their almost exact resemblance to Zoophytes, were supposed to have the same structure, and were unhesitatingly admitted by Cuvier into the animal series, have been found, by examining them with a microscope, after the hard calcareous matter is dissolved out of them, to belong to the vegetable world; inasmuch as they are composed of vegetable cellular tissue, which, having a peculiar arrangement, is readily distinguishable. Thus, therefore, when we are better acquainted with the microscopic appearance of the different tissues that enter into the composition of organized substances, important facts, calculated to throw light upon the subject we are now discussing, may reasonably be expected.

But we must advance a step farther yet, before we have fully laid before the reader the difficulties that attend this piece of investigation. It has recently been stated, and apparently upon good foundation, that there are organized forms that are vegetables at one period of their existence and animals at another. Many of the *Conservee*, for example, are equally claimed by Zoologists and Botanists; and some among those, as the *Oscillatoria*, are said to be possessed of locomotion in one stage of their growth, while in another they are fixed and motionless. So nearly, then, do the animal and vegetable worlds approximate, remote and separate as they appear to be when examined only in their typical forms. Light and darkness are distinct from each other, and no one possessed of eyesight would be in danger of confounding night with day; yet he, who looking upon the evening sky would attempt to point out precisely the line of separation between the parting day and the approaching night, would have a difficult task to perform. Thus is it with the Physiologist who endeavors to draw the boundary between these two grand kingdoms of nature; for so gradually and imperceptibly do their confines blend, that it is at present utterly out of his

power to define exactly where vegetable existence ceases and animal life begins.

Having confessed our ignorance of any characters that essentially distinguish an animal from a vegetable, we are reduced to the necessity of conventionally allotting to the Botanist a certain share of the organized creation, whilst, as Zoologists, we take to ourselves the contemplation of the remaining portion: our next inquiry must, consequently, be concerning the point at which the division is to be made.

It appears that, by the almost universal consent of modern Naturalists, all those marine and fresh water productions called Sponges have been grouped together in one extensive class, and assigned to the share of the Zoological student as the lowest beings to which the name of animal is rightly applicable: how far they are entitled to the appellation, we must, therefore, now proceed to inquire.

All sponges are inhabitants of the water, and for the most part they are marine. Some forms encrust the surfaces of rocks, on which they spread themselves like a soft and living carpet; others, attached to stones, or coral branches, swell into large and shapeless masses: some, exquisite in texture, fix themselves upon the roofs of ocean-caverns, and thence hang down like living network in the tranquil sea; or, moulded into cups and strange fantastic arborescent shapes, exist abundantly in every climate.

The common sponges, with the appearance and texture of which, when in a dried state, every one is familiar, we shall, on that account, select for special description, as being well calculated to illustrate what is known concerning the history of the entire class.

The sponge of commerce (*Spongia officinalis*) is entirely composed of a most intricate interlacement of horny filaments, between which water passes freely through all parts of the spongy mass. When highly magnified, the manner in which these filaments unite in every direction with those around is distinctly seen, and show that its entire substance is made up of countless minute intercommunicating cells, circumscribed on all sides by the horny meshes.

The horny network is, however, only the framework or skeleton upon which the living portion of the sponge is supported and spread out. Whilst the

sponge is alive the rock on which it is found to be albuminous, or as the white semi-fluid filling portion is endowed with a firmness from and, as it grows, horny supports unite and become of the species.

If the living sponge be examined it is seen to possess capabilities of inexplicable Professor Boscovich announced in the Journal, that it is seen to be by strong evidence may easily be seen to be a little opaque parting water.

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By a careful sponges, the sponge is in into its sub minute part and as it through other that are prominent sponge.

general portion collected by some of the spongy channels, through which

(The account of his first and issued in the journal. Having the sponge (Spongia) with some he, "for the purpose of

sponge is alive, or recently detached from the rock on which it grew, every filament is found to be coated over with a glairy albuminous film, almost as liquid as oil or as the white of an egg, and it is this semi-fluid film which constitutes the living portion of the creature; being endowed with the power of absorbing nourishment from the surrounding water, and, as it grows, of forming for itself a horny support which it arranges in definite and beautiful forms, characteristic of the species to which it belongs.

If the living sponge, thus constructed, be examined while in its native element, it is seen to be possessed of faculties and capabilities of a most extraordinary and inexplicable character. It was, I believe, Professor Bell who, many years ago, first announced in a paragraph in Nicholson's Journal, that, when the sponge is watched in its natural condition, its substance is seen to be permeated in all directions by strong currents, the course of which may easily be made apparent by diffusing a little powdered chalk, or other opaque particles, through the surrounding water.

Professor Grant has more recently and more minutely examined this part of their economy; and it is, indeed, principally to his patient observations that we are indebted for such a history of sponges as induces modern Zoologists to classify them as members of the animal creation.

By a careful examination of living sponges, the last mentioned observer ascertained that the water wherein the sponge is immersed is perpetually sucked into its substance through the countless minute pores that cover its outer surface, and as incessantly is again expelled through other and much larger orifices, that are placed at distant intervals upon prominent portions of the body of the sponge. The water sucked in by the general porous surface is gradually collected by some inherent and vital power of the sponge, into larger and still larger channels, and at length is forcibly ejected through wide openings.

(The account given by Professor Grant of his first discovery of these entering and issuing currents is extremely graphic. Having placed a portion of live sponge (*Spongia coalita*) in a watch-glass with some sea water, "I beheld," says he, "for the first time the splendid spectacle of this living fountain vomiting

forth from a circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along in rapid succession opaque masses which it strewed everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation I was obliged to withdraw my eye, from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction or diminish the rapidity of its course." In observing another species, (*Spongia panicea*), he is still more exact in describing so interesting a phenomenon. "Two entire portions of this sponge were placed together in a glass of sea water, with their orifices opposite to each other at the distance of two inches; they appeared to the naked eye like two living batteries, and soon covered each other with the materials they ejected. I placed one of them in a shallow vessel, and just covered its surface and highest orifice with water. On strewing some powdered chalk on the surface of the water, the currents were visible to a great distance; and, on placing some pieces of cork or of dry paper over the apertures, I could perceive them moving by the force of the currents at the distance of ten feet from the table on which the specimen rested.")

In a singular form of sponge (*Leuconia compressa*) the process is somewhat modified. This species, which is fusiform and hollow, receives the surrounding water through innumerable pores distributed over its outer surface, which, after percolating the substance of the mass, escapes into the internal cavity, whence it is ejected in a large stream from the wide orifice situated at one extremity.

We are here naturally curious to inquire, what is the cause of this constant flow of water through the sponge? That the currents in some species are thus conspicuous, has been testified by several observers; but we are even now entirely ignorant concerning the motive power employed to produce such a circulation. Some of the older Zoologists tell us that the substance of the sponge, when microscopically examined, is found to present contractions and dilations in some measure comparable to those of a living heart, whereby the gushes of water are produced; but more recent and accurate observers have satisfactorily proved that no such contractions are perceptible.

Ciliary movement, a phenomenon that we shall minutely investigate hereafter, has been suggested in explanation of the circumstance, but the most powerful glasses do not reveal to us the presence of those wonderful vibratile filaments known to produce similar currents in other animals.

It is doubtless from the water, that, in the manner above described, traverses every part of its interior, that the sponge derives the materials for its nourishment. Particles of organized matter are thus continually introduced; and probably the living film, that coats every portion of the extensive surface presented by the intricate skeleton or framework, may be endowed in some mysterious way with the power of digesting such nutriment and of converting it into its own substance. Let us, however, complete the general history of sponges before we direct our attention to particular members of this strange class of living beings. During certain seasons of the year, on making a section through the substance of some sponges, as Dr. Grant informs us, innumerable small granules of gelatinous matter will be seen sprouting in all directions from the living film that invests the horny skeleton; and these granules or globules speedily increase in size, until they form minute masses of jelly, which in shape and size are comparable to pins' heads. At length they become detached from the nidus where they grow, and, escaping into some of the currents issuing from the sponge, they are whirled away and projected into the sea.

The globules referred to, or *gemmules* as they are technically called, are, in fact, so many young sponges, which, having sprouted as buds from their plant-like parent, are to be conveyed to a distance and disseminated through the surrounding ocean. But how is this to be accomplished? The adult sponge, from whence the gelatinous gemmules are derived, is cemented to the rock, fixed, and, as we have seen, absolutely motionless and devoid of contraction, and consequently incapable of carrying the offspring from place to place, or of assisting in effecting their dispersion. The young sponges, therefore, the gemmules themselves, must be endowed with some means of locomotion, and gifted with powers of which the animal that gave them being is totally destitute; accord-

ingly, instruments of progression have been supplied to the nascent sponge of a most wonderful and mysterious character. Before breaking loose from the gelatinous substance of the parent, these gemmules are found to assume an ovoid form; and, while the narrow extremity of each is still attached, the opposite end is seen to be covered over with innumerable microscopic filaments, resembling hairs, of infinite minuteness, but every one instinct with life and capable of rapid motion. These hairs, or *cilia* as they are termed, moved by some innate power, vibrate continually; and in this way, by the co-operation of thousands of almost invisible oars, the gemmule is torn from the substance of the sponge where it was formed, and, having been driven into the surrounding water, shoots like a microscopic meteor through the sea to a considerable distance from the place of its birth. Having, at length, arrived in a locality proper for its future development, the little gemmule settles down upon the surface of some rock and spreads out into a film; its wonderful apparatus of oars soon disappears, and, deprived of all power of locomotion, it gradually spreads, begins to form within it the *horny* or other framework peculiar to its species, and soon presents the same appearance, and arrives at the same dimensions, as the original from whence it sprang. (It would seem, however, from the observations of Dr. Johnston, the accurate and learned author of a History of British Sponges, that the ciliated gemmules described by Dr. Grant are by no means met with in all species, although he admits the accuracy of Dr. Grant's views with respect to some. Dr. Johnston has likewise well described the way in which sponges are developed from the gelatinous globule whence they originated, a process that appears to be effected in the following manner:—The little sponge, according to Dr. Johnston's account, begins as a spot-like crust of uniform texture, porous throughout, and nearly equally so; yet even in this primitive condition, there is a perfect circulation established, a current which seeks the interior, and another which flows from it to mix with the circumfluent medium. As the sponge grows in extent and depth, the space for imbibition is enlarged; and the centrifugal water in its efflux, flowing at first into one, and then into more currents, these gradually make for them-

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selves channels in the cellular texture, the fibres of which are pushed aside, and prevented by the continuance of the stream from again encroaching on its course. The channels increase in number with the continued growth of the sponge; and, as it cannot but happen that they shall occasionally open into and cross each other, we have a wider canal formed by the additional flow of water into it. Such of these canals as reach near the surface soon effect for themselves a wide opening there; for the issuing current continually pushes against the superficies of the sponge which opposes its efflux, and gradually thins and loosens its texture until this ultimately disappears, leaving a wide orifice or *osculum*. This is frequently a simple circular hole, but often, on looking within the outer rim, we notice in it from two to five lesser *oscula* united together, which are the openings of so many canals that have united there; and sometimes we find spread within the *osculum*, or over its mouth, a network of finer texture than the rest of the sponge, but otherwise of the same nature and composition. The form of the *oscula*, through which the currents issue from the interior of the sponge, depends entirely on the texture of the species and on the force of the effluent currents. If the texture be loose and fibrous, it yields easily, and the *oscula* are level or nearly so; if more compact, the skin is pushed beyond the surface into a papillary eminence; and, if too firm and dense to yield to the pressure behind, the *oscula* fall again into a level condition. They are also liable to be modified in some degree by external circumstances; for the littoral sponge, which, in a sheltered hollow, or fringed pool, will throw up craters and cones from its surface, may be only perforated with level *oscula* when it is swept over and rubbed down by the waves of every tide.)

From the received history of the common sponge, as given above, there would appear to be little difficulty in admitting beings so organized to appertain to the animal series of creation; but, even granting some of the highest forms to be entitled to the name of animals, it is by no means easy to admit that all the substances called sponges are equally worthy of the appellation. There are, for example, what are called "*gelatinous spon-*

*ges*," that do not present the reticulated structure we have alluded to, but, when examined under the microscope, rather resemble the tissue of plants; and, on the other hand, there are sponges, the reticulations of which are so delicate and so widely apart, that it would be difficult to imagine them at all capable of producing currents such as those above described. Such forms, most probably, ought to be regarded as members of the vegetable kingdom.

In the sponge of commerce, and other allied species, the entire framework, as we have seen, consists of a horny substance, which, from its flexibility and resiliency, becomes extremely useful to mankind, and is an important article of commerce; but there are various other kinds of sponge, that are utterly worthless in a commercial point of view, having their skeletons supported by silicious or calcareous particles, produced from the surrounding water, and deposited in a crystallized form throughout the substance of the sponge, imbedded in a tough fibrous material that binds them together. On destroying the soft portions of such sponges, by burning them, or by solution in a corrosive acid, these crystals are easily obtained in a separate condition; and, if examined under a microscope, will be found to present definite shapes, which are occasionally characteristic of the species of sponge to which they belonged. All of these silicious sponges have the spicula diffused through its substance, which are found to assume the appearance of spines radiating from a common centre. In other species the spicula are merely straight or curved needle-like bodies, or they have heads like pins, or resemble minute rows of beads; but, whatever their form, it is more or less constant and invariable, in so much that, to use an expression of Professor Grant, a few of them brought from any part of the world upon a needle's point would enable the Zoologist to identify the species to which they originally appertained; an assertion, however, that must be received with very considerable limitations.

The presence of silicious spicula thus diffused abundantly through the entire substance of sponges possessing a skeleton of this description, unimportant as the circumstance may seem at first sight, enables the Geologists to give an unex-

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pected, but very satisfactory, explanation of the origin of those detached and isolated masses of flint, which in various chalk formations are so abundantly met with, arranged in regular layers through strata of considerable thickness. The mere assertion, that flints were sponges, would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of those fossil relics of a former ocean; but we apprehend that a little reflection will satisfy the most sceptical of the truth of this strange announcement. Imbedded in the substance of the chalk, which, during long periods, by its accumulation had continued to overwhelm successive generations of marine animals, the sponges have remained for centuries exposed to the water that continually percolates such strata—water which contains silicious matter in solution. From a well known law of chemistry, it is easy to explain why particles of similar matter should become aggregated, and thus to understand how, in the lapse of ages, the silicious spicula that originally constituted the framework of a sponge have formed nuclei around which kindred atoms have constantly accumulated, until the entire mass has been at last converted into solid flint. We are, moreover, by no means left to mere conjecture or hypothesis upon this interesting point; nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints which, on being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered condition, and thus afford irrefragable proof of the original condition of the entire mass.

From the history of sponges we thus learn the following important facts, connected with and elucidating subsequent parts of our subject:—A film of gelatinous consistence, possessing no stomach and spread out upon a framework of its own construction, has the power of nourishing itself and of separating from the sea, in which it is immersed, particles of a horny, calcareous or silicious nature, and of building up by means of these materials a peculiar structure called a sponge.

With these facts before us, relative to the capabilities of living matter, we are prepared to investigate the next forms of creation that nature offers to our inspection.

### GOOD NIGHT.

I.

Good night, good night, where'er thou art,  
Or on the land or on the sea,  
Some Angel whisper to thy heart  
A sad but sweet "good night" for me.

II.

Swift, swift as speeds the morning ray  
Far from its birth-place in the sky,  
A herald swift of coming day,  
So rapidly my thought will fly.

III.

And thou wilt hear it, soft and low  
As by a zephyr breathed to thee,  
And feel within thy heart's warm glow  
Full many a sweet "good night" to me.

IV.

Sweet, sweet thy sleep, and pleasant dreams,  
While Fancy with its angel flight,  
Still whispers of the heart that beams  
With love for thee,—good night! good  
night.

### STAGING.

BY DOINGS.

Whip! snap! crack! and away we go; an outside seat with a jolly driver—fresh mottled horses—good road, and a clean bracing air. What is finer? Where is the man who doesn't feel ten years younger and ten times richer than he really is? But—there's a *but*—whip, whip, whip all day, heavy roads, tired and worn out stock; mud and water, broken down bridges, and the hill-sides gullied out—then where is that individual who doesn't feel old—very old; and poor—most poor? Still, it's all right, travelers shouldn't expect good roads and summer weather out of season.

There are, however, very many who travel and are never satisfied unless the day is fine and the road is good—unless the stage goes right straight along to the

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journey's end—the public houses must be “first class,” the servants attentive, and in short everything must go like clock work—at any little accident they growl and fret, and say its “just their luck.” Now I wouldn't give a cent to travel that way; when the stage breaks down or is otherwise detained, or I find the hotel to be a “fried steak” house, with inattentive servants, or none at all, why then I take a philosophical view of things, and if nothing serious has occurred, I am rather inclined to be pleased, and look upon the casualty as an episode calculated to break the monotony, to establish a friendly feeling among fellow travelers, to furnish subjects for conversation, and to make impressions upon our minds not easily erased by time. For instance, suppose a case—I am one of, say a dozen stage passengers just embarked for an all day journey, no one ever saw the other before, there is nothing in common for us to talk about; for a time the weather answers a very good purpose, but soon conversation lags and finally dies out, the silence being only occasionally disturbed by some remark or query, which may or may not be answered; everybody wants to say something, but don't know what to say, and so we ride along like automatons until a “look out!” from the driver recalls us to action, but ere we have time to perform his bidding over goes the coach and out we go, all rolling down the hill together; fortunately no one is injured, though each when rolling expected nothing less than a broken head or limb; but after picking ourselves up very carefully, stretching each arm and leg, feeling every portion of the body and finding all perfectly sound, we smile as we brush the dust or mud off, and then with a good will “right” the coach, gather the distributed baggage, pack it and ourselves in the stage again, and away we go as good as new, laughing over our mishap, congratulating each other, and each one

relating to the other and to all the precise way in which he went out of the stage, and exactly how he rolled down the hill, and how he felt when under way; thus a general topic for conversation is open in which the most of us join and keep up to the end of the journey; or, if this does not last, it leads to some other. That dull, morose individual seated away back there in the corner, growling because his hat is stove in, we take no notice of, unless to laugh and poke our fun at.

Nor is this all, it may be that six months or a year, or more, after the occurrence I meet with a gentleman whose countenance is familiar—I look at him—he looks at me—we advance, take each other by the hand, and even then each is ignorant of who the other is, or where he has seen him. Then the following conversation takes place:—

“I can't place you just now, sir, but I know that I have met you before!”

“Neither can I place you, yet I am confident that I know you; my name is Smith.”

“Smith!”—meditatingly repeating it; “S-m-i-t-h—yes, I think I have heard the name, but I can't recollect you even now. My name is Brown.”

“Brown”—repeating slowly—“Brown, Brown—No sir! I don't remember the name—oh! ha, ha, ha! now I know all about it”—and here he laughs again—“you and I were fellow passengers from —to—and don't you remember the stage capsized and we all rolled down hill together.”

“Why, bless me! yes, ha, ha, ha! so we did, all roll out and down the hill, and no one hurt—no wonder we didn't remember each other by names we never knew;” (here we are both supposed to laugh.) “don't you recollect that fellow, &c. &c.” We now talk it all over, laugh again, then talk about ourselves, and what particular business we are engaged in, and it may be that I have made a very valuable ac-

IGHT.

where'er thou art,  
the sea,  
thy heart  
“good night” for me.

the morning ray  
in the sky,  
ing  
light will fly.

soft and low  
died to thee,  
heart, warm glow  
“good night” to me.

and pleasant dreams,  
its angel flight,  
hear that beams  
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and away we go;  
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quaintance, one that I shall have reason to be proud of, and one who I never should have known but for the turning over of that stage.

I hope that no one after reading the above will be mean enough to say, or even think, that I advocate the upsetting of stage coaches! I most positively declare that I am not in favor of it! 'tis a very dangerous amusement, and not safe! I only wish to prove that advantages may arise from accidents, and that it is best, as was Mark Tapley, to be jolly under all circumstances.

It is not often that we find a stage load of passengers dull and prosy; there is generally some "odd stick," some joker, some singer, some good talker, or, an inquisitive fellow; some old lady who wants to know all about you, and where you come from, and what you intend to do. There is generally something to make the time pass pleasantly and quickly—when the roads and weather are good.

Railroads and steamboats are all very well if a person wants to be rushed through on business—but for comfort and pleasure give me the old Coach, when the day is fine, and the road hard, when the teams at the changes come up fresh, and the horses go to their collars with a will and make the bounding stage rattle over the solid ground—when the boxes talk, and the passengers converse, and the driver feels in a jolly good humor—oh, then give me the old Stage Coach; and for music, the crack! crack! crack! of the merry lash, and the whir-r-r-r-l-l-l of the flying wheels.

#### DAISYBANK.

BY MARY VIOLA TINGLEY.

[Continued from page 329.]

#### CHAPTER III.

THAT night Florence told me all—her great heart full of love for Byron. How her parents thought him a worthless

young man, without ambition, and had even forbidden their walking out together. How anxious they were for her to marry no one but a wealthy man. I know she was sincere when she wept and told me she could never, never love any one else. Very beautiful she was—a tall girl of sixteen—handsomely formed, and a lovely, expressive face; full of winning ways, a lover of the beautiful and good; besides which, she was an accomplished musician and well educated generally.

In the middle of the night I awoke and heard the same singing of birds. I touched Florence, and we both listened long. It was something too sweet for us to fear, and when we spoke of it the next day, they only smiled and said few young misses were favored with echoing serenades during their wakeful moments.

A few days afterwards, Col. Ellet informed the family that Mr. Murray, a wealthy San Francisco merchant, an acquaintance of theirs, would spend some time with them. It was well understood that he was to win the hand of Florence.

"He came—he saw," but—

"Now, dear, do please keep him away from me. You know I dislike him so much!"

"Certainly I will, Flor; but I promised to ride this week with Ben Browning."

"No matter, take both—or—. I'll ride Lassie and you take my Mab."

Sure enough, Mr. Murray came. He rode a fine horse, and giving the bridle to Jim, was ushered into the house, whilst I lingered behind and said, "Jim, tie that animal up to General Washington's elbow, and put the hay just near enough to gratify his sense of smell."

"Now—now, Missy May, dat's jist wicked, ease yo see dis aint no common animal; jist breaks dis chile's heart to see a good hoss 'bused. 'Spose I'ze gwine to tie dat hoss's tail up in a knot, kase you sez so, Miss, so Massa Ellet

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without ambition, and had their walking out together; they were for her to but a wealthy man. I sincere when she wept and old never never love any beauty she was—a tall—handsomely formed, and massive face, full of winning of the beautiful and good; she was an accomplished well educated generally. e of the night I awoke same singing of birds. I ee, and we both listened omething too sweet for us an we spoke of it the next smiled and said few young rored with echoing serc- eir wakeful moments. r forward, Col. Ellet in- ily that Mr. Murray, a nisco merchant, an ac- eirs, would spend some It was well understood in the hand of Florence. saw," but— o please keep him away snow I dislike him so ill, Flo; but I prom- eek with Ben Brown- ke bot— or— I'll take my Mab." r. Murray came. He and giving the bridle into the house, whilst and said "Jim, tie that al Washington's el- y just near enough of smell." Missy May, dats jist dis aint no common dis chile's heart to bused. 'Spose I'ze s's tail up in a knot, ss, so Massa Ellet

scole awful? Dis chile not gwine to git in no sich scrape, sure."

"Oh, you honest old Mr. Ebony! don't you wish you were w-a-y down in ole Virginny, whar dey has do corn huskins and de hoe-cake?"

"Oh, dem was good ole times, Missy. I misses de ole dances in Massa's barn, and 'specially de coon huntins; oh, dats a bressed country—duzent no do, Izo got to be more abolition-like in Californy—if twas'ent for Massa Ellet, huse so kind, tink I'd jine 'em."

"You're as good an old soul as ever Ned was, Jim, and some day you shall go back and hunt the coon and cut the pigeon-wing with Dinah, so you shall! There, now—don't forget to tie the horse's tail, though—spoil everything if you do."

Well, we had some fine rides—I often managing it so that Byron and Florence rode side by side, whilst Mr. M. and I dashed down through the cañons. Florence said I was treating Ben Browning in an exceedingly bad way, when I was only obliging her. I didn't love Ben then, at all, because he wore such brown boots! if he did have a proud arched instep—and such a sunburnt nose, and was not poetical; all he could do was to jump into his saddle as easily and as gracefully as a prince, and talk intelligently, and always kindly—that's why I didn't like him, too; he wouldn't be the least bit obstinate, or argue with me, so we had to always be so tamely friendly—no make-ups, and consequent think-more-of-each-others. He was too practical, and decidedly unromantic. Just brave enough, and with just the eyes to have been a knight, hundreds of years ago; but now, of course,—degenerate times—we need no brave devotees, only those who can sit in slippers and build airy castles, and live in them, if possible, without getting up. He never thought of presenting rose-buds and winningly saying, "like

thee," or "at thy feet," or "sing again and again?" Of course I didn't like him very much,—that is, affectionately—and now he's over the waters and I think of him sometimes—and, if I wasn't too proud, might say, "I wish, oh, I wish he'd come!" I say it all to myself sometimes, with tears in my eyes, when I remember.

He had purchased a piece of land about a mile from Daisybank a year before. His house was on a hill above the meadow that spread out by the Afton. Old trees and dark forests were behind, and from the front piazza we could see over the flower-covered miniature prairie, and here and there among the foliage the streamlet like a silver ribbon winding about the foot of the hills that arose from its other bank. Here Ben lived in "Browning Hall" with every comfort that a young bachelor could desire. An old man by the name of Basset headed the establishment. It was acknowledged by all of the neighbors that Ben was possessor of the best horses and guns, and was the surest shot about that valley. Besides enjoying luxuries he was a laboring man, consequently his property was increasing in value.

CHAPTER IV.

About a week after Mr. Murray's arrival, on one evening, little Charley, the brother of Florence, came running into the sitting-room, and said—"Guess what I know! I heard sister say last night that she would never marry any one but Cousin Byron!" Charley was sent to bed without supper—except a big piece of bread and butter which I slipped through the window. They didn't know that I had trained the youngster half a day for that scene, on promise of making him an octagon kite on the morrow, which was faithfully done. Consequently, Mr. Murray left soon—bless his accommodating spirit!—and that's what we said then,

neither pathetically or parenthetically, but loud and joyous, when away from the house—the old trees will testify to the truth of that. Col. Ellet was enraged, but did not treat his daughter as less kind fathers might have done. He well knew that Byron Reeve held the heart of Florence as more precious than anything on earth—but was by no means (for selfish reasons) pleased with any such arrangement; whereupon it was gently hinted that he might as well depart.

My vacation was drawing to a close, in a few days I was to leave Daisybank, refreshed and happy.

"Oh my heart will break! I'll never be the joyous girl I was—I wish he had never come. He is going away and you too, and no one will care for me but Ben Browning. Why didn't you treat him more kindly—he's so noble, and thinks so much of you."

"He never told me so—particularly."

"Then it is because you are sarcastic and proud—he's afraid."

"Oh, he's a brave soldier indeed."

"Do you know Florence, I have ascertained from whence our mysterious music came?"

"No! Do tell me."

"Your cousin Byron, instead of being so idle, has spent nearly the whole of every night in the library, writing a book. You know the canaries are kept in there at night, and thinking by his light that it was day, they sang. So all of that poetry is spoiled, because the mystery is solved. He told me everything to-day; his book is finished, and will be published immediately on his return to the eastern States. He thinks it will be popular and is sanguine in his hopes of success. By the bye, Mr. Murray, on his departure, asked me for a flower, and I rolled up a big red poppy in a paper, and forbade his opening it before getting home. Wasn't that good?—there's nobody here that we want him to remember."

"Oh, what will you do when you meet him in the city? I'm afraid he will not like you. You are foolish to make enemies in that way."

"No danger, I'll laugh him out of it. We'll be better friends than ever. I am so glad about Byron—I'm sure he will succeed, and that you will yet be happy."

"Yes, you always, as Jean Paul says, look at the south side of events."

"Oh, I guess so, and you know I was always the best guesser in school. You know that I've guessed out of difficulties in "relations" over and over again, when you little simpletons sat biting your fingers—so you'll hope, of course. There, now, kiss me, and say you are a stupid little goose to feel so badly."

"Oh, but if you were not going, dear May."

#### CHAPTER V.

The beautiful days at Daisybank passed away, and with many kind words and partings, and a bouquet gathered at "Browning Hall," by Ben—its flowers containing mystic language—I bade good-bye to that fairy spot, and those I loved there.

Byron, accompanied by Ben Browning, left soon for the east.

Six months passed, and Col. Ellet, failing in his San Francisco business, disposed of Daisybank, and took his family to New York, where they lived very retired.

Last summer, Florence's aunt took her with her to a fashionable watering place, where she was very much admired. Still, she had not forgotten Byron, and frequently heard from him through me. After she had been there a short time, one evening, when standing alone on the piazza, a lady and gentleman promenaded back and forth past her, and at the sound of his voice her heart almost stood still; then the lady called him Byron! Could it be he? was he there, and married?

She watched them enter as they passed the window face. She went to her room and long were the hours. The following evening, in her most becoming and taking extra pains, she said to herself:

"There, I know I'll do it tonight, and I'll let him have pride." She entered very brilliant she looked and leaned upon the arm of Lewis.

Mr. Reeve was there, saw Florence, but did not allow her eyes to meet his. He also thought that she was married. He left the following morning, called everything was explained. The lady was the young

Byron. He saw that she was much more lovely and she thought him as noble.

He was now well, succeeded finely, and died had left him several

\* \* \*

I lately received a letter from Florence:—

Dear, dear May:

I am the happiest girl in the world. I go about carolling, and my heart is overflowing, and I are to be married. I shall spend the winter in London, as he is obliged to go to Congress is in session, and it is to me is it, that Ben is to a friend to purchase a house, we will return to dear May or May—the loveliest girl in the world. I told him I could never live in any place as there, and well. Sweet, beautiful, I have spent there, over and over again, shall be with us most

And more good news—  
—with us will come

She watched them enter the hall, and, as they passed the window, she knew his face. She went to her room and wept, and long were the hours before she slept. The following evening, dressing herself in her most becoming and beautiful way, taking extra pains with her toilet, she said to herself:

"There, I know I look beautiful, to-night, and I'll let him know that I yet have pride." She entered the hall, and very brilliant she looked, as she gracefully leaned upon the arm of her cousin Lewis.

Mr. Reeve was there also. He soon saw Florence, but did not, for a long time, allow her eyes to meet his. He was alone. He also thought that she was probably married. He left the room, and, the following morning, called upon her, when everything was explained satisfactorily. The lady was the young sister-in-law of Byron. He saw that she had grown much more lovely and interesting; and she thought him as noble as ever.

He was now well off; his book had succeeded finely, and his father having died had left him several thousand dollars.

\* \* \* \* \*

I lately received the following note from Florence:—

*Dear, dear May:*

I am the happiest bird in existence! I go about carolling all day long, and my heart is overflowing with joy. Byron and I are to be married next month. We shall spend the winter in gay Washington, as he is obliged to be there when Congress is in session. But, most joyous to me is it, that Byron has sent word to a friend to purchase Daisybank, and we will return to dear California by April or May—the loveliest season, you know. I told him I could never be as happy in any place as there, and he likes it fully as well. Sweet, beautiful days that you and I have spent there! We'll live them over and over again, darling, for you shall be with us most of the time.

And more good news—hold your heart—with us will come as *distingue*, and

proud, and good-hearted a gentleman, as chivalry can boast of. Who is it? Ah, must I tell? Know then he comes to seek a fair maiden, at whose shrine he long since bowed, and who then charmed the peace-bird from his breast—'tis the lord of Browning Hall!

A heartfull of love from your happy  
and constant FLORENCE.

ELLE ME VOIT.

BY J. P. CARLETON.

Elle me voit—where'er I stray,  
'Tis a fancy of my own;  
On land or sea, by night or day,  
She follows, and—I'm not alone.

Elle me voit—how sweet to deem  
I meet her glance in every star;  
How sweet, in crowds, to nurse the dream,  
The blissful dream—she is not far.

Elle me voit—where'er I quaff  
The wine-cup, in an hour of glee,  
I seem to hear her ringing laugh,  
And smile to think she pledges me.

Elle me voit—in gay saloons,  
When mingling in the merry dance,  
She flits before, to joyous tunes,  
And turns on me that magic glance.

Elle me voit—when on my bed  
I throw my weary limbs along,  
Her spirit hovers 'round my head,  
And soothes me with her aerial song.

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

"Did you see uncle, this morning, Frederic?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, the same old story."

"Oh, dear! no hope for us there, I suppose. You will still persist in going to America?"

"Yes, Rosana; for I cannot hope to get into business here, without money or friends. And another thing, my love, that old, miserly uncle of yours is insufferable; he will never open his stingy fist to help us, however urgent our necessities may be—I see it plainly. A man, of his wealth, that will sit down to a crust of bread and a little dried fish for his breakfast, as he did this morning, when I called upon him, it is useless to importune or solicit further. Believe me, I am almost ready to curse myself for stooping to ask assistance of one so degraded as he is. God knows I would rather starve than ask for myself; but, oh! for you, my darling, suffering wife, and my little Amelia, I would perform a more unenviable task than even this. Your sensitive nature, my dear Rosana, can take in at one view my humiliation. When I adverted to my business, this morning, all I received was a torrent of oath and abuses. I could scarcely keep from taking his cursed life, so greatly was I exasperated. His clothes resemble an old beggar's—the heartless fellow!"

"Do not curse him, Frederic; such bitter feelings only enhance our sorrow. We can only lament over the errors of others, but we cannot alter them."

"True, wife, but can I help feeling thus, when I contemplate your privations and sufferings, and his wealth and ability to help us, without feeling it in the least? Can I help cursing him, when I know he is worth half a million? Had he other heirs, I could overlook some of his insults. The old dog!—to wish us to taste of poverty and distress, without the power to extricate ourselves!"

"It is hard, I know, husband, but in our extremity let us not curse him. Let us remember the words of our Savior: 'bless them that curse you.' Did you ask him for the oil mill, dear?" said the humble Rosana, forgetting, for the time, Frederic's insults.

"Yes, I even stooped to this request; but he peremptorily refused it. Do not ask me to go to him again, my dear wife; it is an outrage to my every feeling."

"Oh, dear," sighed the poor invalid wife, "is there no way but to go to America?"

"I would dearly love to spend my remaining days in beloved Strasburg. Do not feel so unreconciled to this move. America is now all our hope, and perhaps a change will do you good. I am sorry it is so repugnant to your feelings to go, but what am I to do?—stay here, and see you starve? I have nothing but discouragement, here; I wish you would go willingly, Rosana. I hear there are good opportunities for a man to grow rich, and I have just money enough to pay our expenses to Philadelphia. Will you, dear Rosana, gratify this cherished wish of my heart, and go to America cheerfully and willingly? I know and feel that you will get well, and that I can find lucrative employment, teaching German and music; and, if the change would only effect a cure for you, it would give me more pleasure than making a fortune."

As Frederic uttered these words of persuasion, he kissed the falling tears from Rosana's cheek. His loving sympathy won the consent of the reluctant wife; his heart leaped for very joy, as Rosana now entered into his plans with willing and agreeable interest.

"I feel like a new man, by your condescension," said he.

In his excited joy, he was walking the room with hurried steps, often casting an inquiring look at his wife, half doubting his senses. Rosana was rocking in her easy chair; her pale, thin hand resting upon the head of a beautiful little girl of four years; her fingers nervously twining the long, black curls that hung thickly around her pretty head and shoulders; a troubled look, as of uncertainty, ap-

peared to discolor her brow and pale her expressive eyes; tears, as her thoughts wandered to the land of strangers, glistened in her eyes. She could not help sighing.

"What if I go to America? There is no Frederick, but could you do without me?"

"Do not imagine, my love. God will bless us all. He will spare me, and I will feel confident; but I must marry your happy wife. All will be well, my dear Frederic, and I will bid you adieu, Frederic, and hasten to America, and all the necessary arrangements for the family to leave Strasburg, and procure a passage to sail in a few days."

Succeeding day, with promptness, he set out, cheerful and light-hearted, to impart to his wife the object that met her eyes. His wife, sleeping in the delicate American hand in childlike slumber, her tears were still in her eyes, in spite of his assurances. Her sobs would not mar the bright smile that drew of his face. Their only child, a little idol to her, was in the arms of her mother. When Frederic's partings of love to her, she burst into tears, and, clapping her hands to his heart, her voice awoke her feet, in an eager haste to follow him. "Are we going?"

"Yes, my dear, the necessary arrangements are made, and we will sail in five days."

stooped to this request; proudly refused it. Do not bid him again, my dear wife; to my every feeling."

Sighed the poor invalid no way but to go to Amer-

early love to spend my remaining beloved Strasburg. Do not reconcile to his move. All our hopes and per-

will do you good. I am repugnant to your feelings

What am I to do?—stay here, or

leave? I have nothing but

at, here; I wish you would

Rosana. I hear there are

opportunities for a man to grow

and just money enough to

resides to Philadelphia. Will

Rosana, gratify this cherished

heart, and go to America

and willingly? I know and

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on a beautiful little girl of

her fingers nervously twining

the curls that hang thickly

on her pretty head and shoulders;

and look, as of uncertainty, ap-

peared to discompose her usually serene brow and pale, sweet face; her large, expressive eyes, were filled with unbidden tears, as her thoughts carried her to a land of strangers, sick and penniless. She could not feel all Frederic's sanguine hopes.

"What if I should die in a strange land? There would be none left to you, Frederick, but little Amelia, and what could you do with her?"

"Do not imagine so much evil, my love. God will be more merciful to us. He will spare you many years to me, I feel confident; now do not let distrust mar your happiness. Be cheerful, and all will be well." And kissing her good-bye, Frederic took his hat, and with brisk and hasty steps, went out and procured all the necessary papers for himself and family to leave for America. He also procured a passage in a vessel which was to sail in a few days to Philadelphia.

Succeeding in this, with his usual promptness, he retraced his steps, with a cheerful and light heart, to his home, to impart to his wife his success. The first object that met his eye, was his fragile wife, sleeping on a little cot, and the little delicate Amelia kissing her mother's hand in childish love. The traces of tears were still on Rosana's cheeks; and, in spite of his sanguine hopes, dark forebodings would intrude themselves, and mar the bright picture he saw would draw of his future success. Amelia was their only child. Her quiet, gentle nature, and quick sensibility, made her a little idol to both father and mother. When Frederic witnessed her manifestations of love to her mother, he was moved to tears, and, clasping the little darling to his heart, he groaned in spirit. His voice awoke Rosana. Starting to her feet, in an eager tone of voice she asked, "Are we going, Frederick?"

"Yes, my dear; I have made all the necessary arrangements, and we are to sail in five days."

"So soon? Are you not in haste? But, perhaps it is best."

"Yes, my love, it is best, as our means are limited."

The time soon arrived; the farewells were taken, with tears of regret, for childhood's home, and its pleasant associations. Poor Rosana thought her leave-takings were over, but, last of all, the miserly uncle came; a grin of delight, or rather, satisfaction, played around his compressed lips, making him more hideous.

"So you are going, Frederic! I hope to hear that you have prospered. A man can make his own fortune, if he will, and I am glad that you are taking such an independent course. Here is a trifle for you," said he, handing Rosana a little well-filled purse. She took it reluctantly, without replying, except with a look of contempt. He took little Amelia on his knee, and put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a gold locket containing his likeness. The locket was a clumsy, thick, heavy case, looking as if it contained a dozen likenesses; a handsome gold chain was attached to it. Opening the locket, he showed Amelia his picture, which he told her had been taken expressly for her.

"Here, child, let me fasten it around your neck; and when you are fifteen years old, you may open the spring back in the locket, and all you find in it shall be yours." Setting the child down, he took leave of Rosana and Frederic; then, turning to Amelia, he said, "Now, child, take care of that locket—remember what I say!"—and turning away, he left them to pursue their journey as best they might.

Rosana looked upon the locket with disgust, as the clumsy thing hung around the child's pretty white neck. Amelia appeared pleased with the old man's gift, and persisted in wearing it. Rosana thought the story of the spring in the

back of the locket a mere farce, so it passed from her mind as an idle tale.

The weather was quite warm and sultry for several days after the vessel left Amsterdam, and grew more so as she plowed her way through the foaming billows. Poor Rosana grew rapidly worse every day, as they advanced on their voyage. Frederic watched her with fearful anxiety; he could perceive that she was worse, but attributed it to sea-sickness. Ever alive to hope, he was sanguine in the belief that she would get well as soon as they reached America. So eager was he to catch a glimpse of the American coast, that he would strain his eyes gazing in its direction, when his better sense told him he could see nothing but a broad waste of water.

"Once there, she will get well!" would unconsciously escape his lips.

Half bewildered between hope and fear, he would stand abstractedly gazing on his beloved wife, while her feebleness gave the lie to his hopes of her recovery. Everything was done by the passengers that could be done, for her relief and comfort. But the fell destroyer, Consumption, was fast finishing his work—much faster than her solicitous friends imagined.

After a rough sea of four days, poor Rosana was quite exhausted. She laid in her narrow, uncomfortable berth, tossing her weary limbs from side to side; her breathing becoming every day more difficult. Her sympathizing friends were startled at her sudden and alarming symptoms, but dared not mention their fears to poor Frederic.

Rosana had suffered in this manner several days, when she called Frederic to her bedside, and making a desperate effort between paroxysms of coughing—"Frederic," she said, "you must now be convinced that all hopes of my recovery are vain. I have but a few hours to live, and I have much that I would like to say

to you. Do not give way to violent grief—it will unfit you to bear the trials that God has seen fit to place upon you. I am ready and willing to die, if it is the will of my heavenly Father. I regret to leave you and my darling child; but you are in the hands of a kind and benevolent God. Do not grieve for me, my dear Frederic, but rather rejoice that I shall be free from suffering. Bring Amelia to me, that I may kiss her before I die."

Taking the child in her feeble arms, her lips moved in silent and fervent prayer, such as dying mothers only offer at the throne of grace; then kissing her, she handed her to her father, saying—"Live for your child, Frederic: leave her not in a cold world alone. I know God will answer my prayers in behalf of my child in his own good time."

Becoming exhausted, she fell into a quiet sleep, from which she never awoke. So gentle was her passage from earth, it was difficult to realize that she was dead. Frederic stood by the bedside watching for her awakening; but alas! all was over with Rosana—her gentle spirit had flown; and he awoke from his deceptive dream in an agony of dark despair. Amelia stood near, watching her father's violent grief in wondering silence.

"My sorrow is too much for me to bear!" exclaimed he, wringing his hands. Many were affected to tears as they witnessed his delirious grief. Sometimes he would doubt the reality of her death, and would kiss her cold, clammy face, until friends would take him away from her corpse. Then he would sit in moody silence, his tears falling like rain.

In one of these paroxysms of grief, little Amelia approached him, putting her infant arms about his neck. She pointed to her mother, exclaiming, in childish innocence,—“See, father, see! mother smiles! You won't cry now, will you? She is easy, isn't she, papa?”

Frederic turned the direction of his gaze on her sweet face, and gazed on her cold lips, wrung from his breast.

Wrapt in his own grief, he was not aware that the child was making for the deck. Late in the evening this stupor by the child was noticed on deck. The once beautiful face was now a mere mask, and Frederic stood in a tear-moistened vision. The passengers were assembled to perform the usual rites. A friend, in the place of a prayer, and then in silence, he fell into the deep water. Almost on the surface, a large crowd gathered around him between his death and the glimpse of the shroud. His wife's husband.

Darkness closed over the passengers in their berths, each one a victim to holy incidents. Morning again brought light, and the sun shined across the calm sea, sad hearts on which like a pall. The nature looked serious, a shade of countenance—evil, unaccountably felt.

ed by the passage in their own grief, one thing, they thought, and little fondled by all.

A few days' passengers near



Frederic turned his sorrowing eyes in the direction of his adored wife, and gazed on her sweet face; a smile played on her cold lips. A deep groan was wrung from his broken heart.

Wrapt in his own gloomy thoughts, he was not aware that preparations were being made for the ocean burial of his wife. Late in the evening he was aroused from this stupor by the removal of his idol upon deck. The sailors had sewed her once beautiful form in the folds of a blanket, at once her coffin and shroud. Frederic stood in mute despair; not even a tear moistened his swollen eyes. All were assembled to witness the sad funeral rites. A friend read the burial service, a prayer was offered, a hymn sung, and then in silence the body was launched into the deep. A maniac yell was heard, and Frederic leaped into the briny water. Almost as soon as he touched the surface, a large shark was seen to seize him between his jaws, to the consternation of the shuddering spectators. One glimpse was all they ever had of the maniac husband.

Darkness closed around the vessel, and the passengers retired to their respective berths, each one saddened by the melancholy incidents of the past evening. Morning again dawned, with her silvery light, and the sun rose in all her brilliancy across the calm sea, as if to cheer the sad hearts on whom sorrow had fallen like a pall. But, notwithstanding all nature looked smiling, in her cheerfulness, a shade of sadness rested on every countenance—a vague presentiment of evil, unaccountable to all, and yet universally felt. Few words were exchanged by the passengers; all appeared wrapt in their own gloomy thoughts. Yet, in one thing, they seemed to vie with each other, and little Amelia was caressed and fondled by all.

A few days' sail brought the impatient passengers near the end of their tiresome

voyage. But, when almost in sight of the shore, one evening, a gale sprung up, and at midnight had increased to a perfect hurricane; and, to increase the awful terror of the scene, it was discovered that the vessel was on fire! The red blaze swept everything before it, driving the frantic passengers of the fated ship into the waves, that seemed waiting for their prey, and but few escaped a watery grave.

[To be continued.]

WRITTEN FOR THE BURNS ANNI-  
VERSARY.

*Celebrated at Sacramento City, Jan. 25, 1860.*

BY JAMES LINEN.

Scots! on the Pacific coast,  
In a bumper proudly toast,  
Scotland's darling pride and boast—  
Her own immortal Burns.

Clouds may frown and tempests howl,  
And the unco guid may scowl,  
But we'll toom the reeking bowl,  
On this, his natal day.

Covered be the loun wi' shame,  
Wha wad blast his honored name,  
Wedded now to deathless fame,  
And cherished in our hearts.

Ilk year, when the day comes round,  
May Scotchmen at their posts be found,  
Still by love of country bound,  
And feelings o' langsyno.

Cronies blithe, while here we stand,  
Wi' the social glass in hand,  
Toast our glorious native land  
And a' her sons abroad.

## HEARTS.

## I.

I wouldn't give much for the heart that is beating  
 "Funeral marches" all of the time;—  
 Life is quite long enough, although 'tis fleeting,  
 To vary the music part of the time.  
 Although some notes may be written in sadness,  
 To chasten the heart or soften the tone;  
 The key note of nature's own music is gladness,  
 And he who is wise will make it his own.

## II.

I wouldn't give much for the "drum" that is "muffled"  
 In the hands of a boy on the Fourth of July.  
 I'm thinking of something, that then would be shuffled  
 Aside in disdain, or knocked into pi.  
 Just think of the heart of the Belle of the Season,  
 How it leaped in its freedom of note and of song!  
 Such "funeral marches" it beats, I have reason  
 To know, are not "muffled"—I've followed too long.

## III.

The man who will think that life is all sorrow,  
 A pathway of sadness, darkness and gloom—  
 Who looks not for sunshine and bright skies to-morrow,  
 Because his "to-day" is a mouldering tomb—  
 Is a man I wouldn't give much for, I'm certain;  
 He's a "supe" in the play, if not in the plot—  
 Always is hissed, when in front of the curtain,  
 And always is hissing when he is not.

## IV.

But give me the hearts, that when aged and weary,  
 Still beat to the measure of earlier years;  
 That, when life does become outwardly dreary,  
 Retain the sweet notes that drown sorrow and fears;  
 And when they approach the calm, flowing river,  
 Where Charon is waiting—life's duties done—  
 Then let their glad notes sound forth to the Giver,  
 Their triumphant march for victory won!

## THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

## THIRD LEGEND.

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

Not always was Turnip-Counter in a humor thus generously to repay the injury and damage his mischief had occasioned; far oftener, he acted the malicious imp, rather from habit than otherwise, who cared little whether he ban-

tered the villain or gentleman. He would offer himself as a guide to the solitary traveler, make him lose his way, perhaps, and leave him, with a laugh of derision, on a mountain precipice, or in a bog. The timid market woman he would scare, on the road, in the shape of some monstrous quadruped. In fact, it is well known that the Rysow, an animal in many respects like the leopard, as seen at certain times among the Sudotic moun-

tains, would be nothing more than the tom of Turnip-Counter. He would make the rider's horse, so that it was unable to move; breaks down the wheel or an axletree, or rolls a large place, a boulder down upon the very feet, which would cause great trouble to remove from the horse. Then, again, an inveterate horse, by the exertions of six stragglers, on an empty wagon; they would pull an inch, and the team would stand from what they were blowing; although, if they had a temper and swear at the driver, the mountain goblin would soon tickle his nose, and offset, perhaps a small amount, would tickle the ground.

With an old shepherd's soul, he had made a deal of money, and even contracted for a large herd to the very garden—an attempt which would have put him many times the spirit of his fellow's insignificant interest no less than his own, which Hans Huby followed the joys and sorrows as related by the Turnip-Counter was in so insipid a manner that the old "Nick" stopped for while his horse was privileged ground through the garden, and they told the garden Turnip-Counter would let a panic seize upon them, making them the greatest confusion to come to him, never recovered the rest of his day.

The physi-

tains, would be nothing else but a phantom of Turnip-Counter. Often, he lamed the rider's horse, so that he would be unable to move; breaks for the teamster a wheel or an axletree, or rolls, from a high place, a boulder down the cañon at his very feet, which would cost ineffable trouble to remove from the narrow road. Then, again, an invisible power defies the exertions of six strong horses, to pull an empty wagon; they can not budge it an inch, and the teamster soon understands from what corner the wind is blowing; although, if he should lose his temper and swear a little at the provoking mountain goblin, a swarm of hornets would soon tickle his horses, and, as an offset, perhaps a substantial thrashing would tickle the groom himself.

With an old shepherd, a plain, honest soul, he had made himself acquainted, and even contracted a sort of friendship, allowing him the privilege of driving his herd to the very edges of the gnome's garden—an attempt that any other person would have paid dearly for. Sometimes the spirit would listen to the old fellow's insignificant exploits, with an interest no less intent than that with which Hans Hubrig's biographer swallowed the joys and sorrows of his hero, as related by the old farmer himself; but Turnip-Counter would not have told them in so insipid a manner. Once, however, old "Nick" stepped on the spirit's toe, for while his herd, as usual, fed upon privileged ground, several sheep broke through the garden fence, and betook themselves to the grass plots, which dotted the garden. This incensed friend Turnip-Counter to such a degree as to let a panic seize upon the herd of sheep, making them run down the hill in the greatest confusion, causing many of them to come to harm; and the old shepherd never recovered from the shock for the rest of his days.

The physician from Schmiedeberg,

jogging about the Riesengebirge on his favorite hobby, botany, also had the honor to amuse the gnome, who, as wood-chopper or traveler sometimes kept him company, and listened to the recital of the wonderful cures of this Esculapius, for whom, in return, he carried the heavy package of samples and acquainted him with many of their secret healing powers. The doctor, thinking himself, in botanics, far above a wood-cutter, took things amiss, put on airs, and hinted that the cobbler had better stick to his sole leather, neither ought the drudge to lecture the physician. "Now, my fine fellow, as thou pretendest to know all about samples and simples, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon, perhaps thou canst tell me, wise Solomon, which was first, the acorn or the oak tree?"

The spirit answered: "Doubtless the tree, because the fruit grows on the tree." "Fool!" exclaimed the doctor; "from what grew the first tree, if not from the seed the fruit contained?"

The woodman replied: "Well, I own this to be a sharp question, and beyond my understanding. However, I, too, have a question to ask: to whom belongs the spot whereon we stand—to the king of Bohemia, or the *sire* of the mountains?" (Such was the appellation bestowed upon the gnome, by the "knowing ones," after they had understood "Turnip-Counter" to be worse than contraband in the mountains, as black optics, and blue spots all over their bodies, were consequent upon its use.) The doctor was not long at fault for an answer:

"I am certain this place belongs to my lord, the King of Bohemia; as for Turnip-Counter, he's only a bug-bear to give children fits."

No sooner had these words escaped his lips, than the wood-chopper transformed himself into a horrid giant; who, with glaring looks, and quick gestures, thundered forth, in the doctor's ear: "Behold

uffled "  
uffled "  
g!  
long.  
orrow,  
y,  
ears;  
gentleman. He would  
hide to the solitary  
se his way perhaps,  
a laugh of derision,  
pico, or in a bog.  
man he would scare,  
shape of some mon-  
In fact, it is well  
sow, an animal in  
the leopard as seen  
g the Sudzie moun-

him here! Turnip-Counter will let thee know how to remember him," and, collar-ing him, made him perform some feats in ground and lofty tumbling, such as the Devil formerly subjected doctor Faust to in the play, knocked out one of his eyes, and left him for dead on the spot; consequently, the sage, ever afterwards, felt an aversion to hunt for simples among the mountain crags.

If it was easy to lose the Turnip-Counter's friendship, it was no less easy to gain it. A peasant, in the county of Reichenberg, became despoiled of his property in a civil suit; and, after justice had appropriated his last cow in its own behalf, a grief-stricken wife and half a dozen children were left him, half of whom he would willingly have given the court in security for the payment of his debt, instead of the last of his cattle, if it had been so inclined. True, he had a pair of strong arms yet, but it required something more to support his family. How it pained his heart to hear his young ravens cry for food, without having any to satisfy their hunger.

"A hundred dollars," he said to his despairing wife, "would give us a start, and once more we might try to build us a home. Thou hast rich cousins beyond the mountains, and I feel like going to lay our misery before them; who knows but some of them may take pity upon us, and lend us what we stand in need of, for interest."

The wife, although with little hope of success, assented, because she knew nothing better. The husband, before he went on his errand, cheered the mother and children, saying, "Don't cry; something whispers in my heart, that a benefactor will not fail us at the last moment." With a hard crust of bread in his pocket, for dinner, he started. Tired and worn out by a glowing hot sun and the long road, he reached the village in the evening, where the rich cousins resided, with-

out their deigning to acknowledge him or offer him a night's shelter. He stated his troubles, with heart-burning tears; but the mean niggards did not care a fig, and rather insulted the poor man by reproaches and smart sayings. One remarked, "young fellow, save the yellow;" another, "pride before prudence;" a third, "ruings like doings;" and the fourth, "a good smith neglects not to strike the iron while hot." Thus he was scoffed and railed at, called a prodigal and vagabond, and the doors closed upon him. After all, such a reception from his wife's rich relatives, he had not anticipated. Silent and sorrowful he went away, and, without money to pay his night's lodging, sought shelter beside a haystack, in the field, where, restless, he awaited the break of day to start for home. Once more among the mountain glens, despair nearly overpowered him. "I have lost two days' work," he reflected, "and am nearly used up with fatigue, without hope for the better. On my return home, six poor worms will crave food, and I shall only be able to offer them a stone for a loaf of bread! Oh! can a father's heart bear it? Break, poor heart, before beholding such misery." His mind full of dark, wild thoughts, he threw himself beneath a black thorn.

Stood the reader ever on the brink of dire despair? If so, he knows how then and there the maddened brain busied itself, stirring up every nook and corner for a happy thought, that might save him from pending ruin; he understands why the drowning mariner clings to a straw, the hopeless prisoner courts liberty, and he will understand, too, how Veit, among a thousand strange ideas, chose to call on the *spirit of the mountains* for succor, in his present situation. Many were the floating stories, how travelers had found themselves in a precious stew, and also how they got out of many a nice pickle,

through his miracle was well aware that was not the proper dress so distinguished ing no other, what even at the risk of

"Turnip-Counter

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through his miraculous agency. Veit was well aware that "Turnip-Counter" was not the proper title by which to address so distinguished a lord; yet, knowing no other, what could he do but call, even at the risk of some hard knocks. "Turnip-Counter! Turnip-Counter!" He had not long to wait, before a dirty charcoal burner, with fiery red beard, reaching down to his girdle; red, glaring eyes, and a long pole, for a poker, in his hand, stood before him, all ready to tap the insolent scoffer on the head. "No offence, I hope, Mr. Turnip-Counter?" Veit said to him, quite reckless in his desperate mood. "If I, perchance, called you by the wrong name, listen only, then act as you please." There was something in the address and troubled features of the man, that did not look exactly like provocation, and

delayed the spirit's intended salutation. "Worm of the soil," he said, "what art thou about, in disturbing me? Knowest thou that thy neck must pay this insolence?" "Sir," the 'worm of the soil' responded, "necessity is said to be the mother of invention; it compels me to crave a boon you may easily grant. Pray, loan me a hundred dollars; I make myself responsible to return them, with interest, three years from date; upon my soul I do!" "Dunco!" said the spirit, "am I a usurer or broker, who lends on interest? Ask thy brethren for the 'filthy lucre' thou art in want of, but let me alone." "Ah!" responded Veit, "there's the rub! On matters of mine and thine, the brethren are very thin skinned."  
 [To be continued.]

### Our Social Chair.

**U**PON how many persons does your eye rest, gentle reader, who have lived, and perhaps still live, entirely in the future; to whom the present, with all its sunny seasons, its ennobling aspirations, its serene pleasures, its happy delights, and joy-thrilling emotions, have no existence whatever. The bright sun, the green earth, the fragrant flowers, the golden clouds, the blue sky, the cheery song of birds, and a thousand other external charms for the senses—good and gracious gifts of an all-wise God—have no happiness-creating mission. When this favorite goal is reached, or that plan is fully ripened and developed; when fortune smiles and riches are gathered; at that particular time, there and then, "they intend to enjoy life as they should"! It may be possible that to very many of us may come the accusatory truism,—“Thou art the man!”

Now, supposing that nine out of every ten—which is a very moderate estimate—never reach that hoped-for haven, that long wished for oasis in the (to them) desert of life; what is there gained, or rather how much is there lost, by neglecting the perpetually passing pleasures of the present, to live only in the future? We have but one life to live; let us enjoy it as fully as possible while it flies. We do not mean that we should squander away our means, or time, or health, in expensive dressing or riotous living. Nor do we mean that we should spend that money, which, if properly hoarded, would lay the foundation for future competence; for that would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. But we do mean that we should look out upon the world, and see all its soul-gladdening beauties, that we might drink inspiration from its perennial pleasures; that we should look

on the sunny side of circumstances; that we should perform kindly services to one another; that we should do even our business pleasantly; that we should use our best endeavors to increase the sum of human happiness, by every possible means;—for therein lies our own as well as the happiness of others.

If you hear a good joke, or a bright, joyous thought, communicate it, and you will at least treble your own enjoyment of it. If you look upon a beautiful landscape alone, you do not enjoy it half as much as you would were you in company with some kindred spirit. Pleasures are always doubled by being shared. You know this is true, do you not, reader? "Of course you do!" Ah! we know you would say so. By way of carrying out in practice that which we have been discussing, we will tell you a pretty good joke we heard the other day, if you will promise to reciprocate, and send us yours for the readers of our Social Chair. Is it agreed? Well, then, here it is:

A gentleman acquaintance residing in Nevada county, who we suppose is often visited by those angelic messengers, known mostly to poets, "the Moments of Inspiration," had the hand of a beautiful young lady at a public ball, during the fascinating mazes of a waltz. Her graceful carriage and pretty face impressed him to such a degree, as to daguerreotype themselves upon his susceptible heart; and the result was, that after the disciples of Terpsichore had taken their departure, he retired to his own room, and, before seeking the solacing comforts of repose, indited a sonnet to the charms of his fair entraller. On the following day he hastened to her presence, and presented the cherished offspring of his enraptured muse. She took it from him tremulously, her cheek suffused with blushes, and innocently asked, "What is this?" "Read it." "I can't," was the confused reply; "I don't know how to read writin'!"

All that we have to add, as a sequel to the above, is, that the young gentleman

must have survived it, from the fact that he still lives.

MR. EDITOR:—Are you good at keeping a secret? If you are, I have a little circumstance to relate to you, that occurred in my family a few days ago, which I think may amuse you. Of course, you will not let it be known, out of the circle of your own personal acquaintance. [No, indeed! *mum's* the word!—ED.]

John and I have been married six years, and have always joggled on very pleasantly together, till, last fall, John made a visit to your city, and on his return I noticed quite a change in him; he was not so pleasant or confiding as he used to be, and at times was fairly cross. I was wondering what had come over my husband, when, one day, I discovered on a shelf, behind the pantry door, a very suspicious looking bottle; and, on examining it, I found it contained brandy. Then, the truth at once flashed upon me.

I almost cried my eyes out that day and night, and the next morning awoke in no enviable state. I said not a word to John, but kept thinking all the day what to do, to save myself and husband.

I had always kept fly-poison in the house; it was in a bottle precisely like that which contained John's brandy. It was labeled "Poison," in large letters, and John had always a mortal aversion to it, and had said to me many times, "Lizzie, do throw that bottle out of the house. We shall surely, some of us, get poisoned. Nothing is easier than to mistake it for something else, when one goes into the pantry in the dark."

"I'll look out for that, husband," said I. So I put it away by itself, on a high shelf.

But that day I took it down, and seeing the label was easily counterfeited, I wrote one just like it, and pasted it on John's brandy bottle behind the door.

John had been in the habit, for the last two weeks, of going out at night, and not returning till late, and then he always made his brandy bottle a visit, and as I had re-

and blown out the light  
be dark.

That night John came in  
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heard John groping his wa  
77; all was still for a mom  
was a rattling among the d  
came rushing out, bottle i  
bedroom door.

"Lizzie! Lizzie! I say!

"Well, what is it, John

"What is in that bottle  
by door? Speak! quick

"Oh, nothing but fly po  
out, as if half asleep.

"Fly poison! Why,  
half up!" and crash wet

the floor, while John ran  
room, like one distract

Heaven! I'm *pisened!* *pis*

I got up, and slowly d  
went out into the room.

up all manner of antics  
down the room, groaning

plunging his fingers  
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I struck a light, and  
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the floor.

"Be calm, husband,  
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I then went into th  
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John opened his e  
"Hang me, if I don't

dreaming!" said he.

I felt the label on th  
It seems so now; I

witched."

"No doubt you w  
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thought I, but if th  
'tis no matter.

John did not fair

tired and blown out the light, he did it in the dark.

That night John came in late, as usual. I had retired to bed; the house was dark; I heard John groping his way to the pantry; all was still for a moment, then there was a rattling among the dishes, and John came rushing out, bottle in hand, to my bedroom door.

"Lizzie! Lizzie! I say!"

"Well, what is it, John?"

"What is in that bottle behind the pantry door? Speak! quick!"

"Oh, nothing but fly poison!" I drawled out, as if half asleep.

"Fly poison! Why, I have drunk it half up!" and crash went the bottle on the floor, while John ran up and down the room, like one distracted. "Oh! good Heaven! I'm *pisened! pisened!*"

I got up, and slowly dressed myself, and went out into the room. John was cutting up all manner of antics, rushing up and down the room, groaning and praying, and plunging his fingers into his throat, to throw up the detested fly poison.

I struck a light, and proceeded to examine the contents of the broken bottle on the floor.

"Be calm, husband," said I, "'tis not poison you have drunk; 'tis nothing but brandy; smell of it, and see!" holding the remains of the bottle to his nose and carefully concealing the label; "who ever heard of fly poison being mixed with brandy?"

I then went into the pantry and brought out my bottle of fly poison, with the fearful label pasted upon it.

John opened his eyes wider than ever. "Hang me, if I don't believe I have been dreaming!" said he. "I know—I was *sure* I felt the label on the bottle I drank from. It seems so now; I must have been bewitched."

"No doubt you were, husband," I said; and with the worst of evil spirits too, thought I, but if they are finally cast out, 'tis no matter.

John did not fairly get over his fright

for a week after, and, though this was three months ago, there has never been a brandy bottle in the house since.

Yours, LIZZIE LIGHTHEART.

Room, gentle reader, room for an Invalid Chair! Let not a cloud rest on your features, ye happy group around the "Social Chair", for fear an old decrepit form comes to repress your mirth. Do the flowers that bloom, the brooks that babble, the birds that sing, or the thousand beauties of the Summer landscape appear less bright or joyful, because some aged tree, whose branches are withered and whose trunk is stricken with decay, stands in their midst? Or does the paralyzed old tree appear strangely out of place in such a happy scene? To an Invalid Chair it appears not, but rather that it throws a tender and subdued effect upon the scene, which entire brightness and bloom might fail to give. So this old Wheel Chair will glide noiselessly on its castors into the *Sanctum*; and when it joins merrily in the chat with the fond garrulity of age, it may be that youthful eyes will glance roguishly at each other, as who should say, "Truly, hath its tongue castors, also?" Or apply to it the poet's words, with sarcastic perversion of text,

"To actions little, *more* to words inclined."

But time will give a better knowledge of its nature; and when you learn that sickness has not made it peevish, nor suffering tainted with cynicism its genial philosophy, perhaps you will grow assured, and lean confidently upon its friendly arm, and listen patiently to its idle gossip, as Invalid Chairs ever like to be leaned upon, and listened to.

But are not Invalid Chairs suggestive of decay and death? Shall we kindly draw a veil over the awakened thought? Let us think. Is it wrong, when the flowers are bright in bloom, to think that the autumn blasts will come, and they will be withered and dead? Or, when the birds are singing, that the winter storm will chill the scene, and they will be heard no more?

No; it is all in the kind course of Nature;

when the fruit is ripened, it is meet it should be gathered; and when the birds have cheered a summer season, that they should depart. And why let the thought make us melancholy? Though the same flowers and birds may never come again, yet other flowers will bloom as brightly, and other birds sing as sweetly, to cheer another as fair a season. So we will not be melancholy, when we think that there will come a day when a voice, which, though it was harsh and discordant, and tried the patience of its hearers, had become dear by long association, shall be heard no more; and, surprised at the dread stillness, you shall glance towards the corner allotted to this old Invalid Chair, and see only a void where it once stood—for it will have been gathered to the common resting-place of chairs. And in that day, when some unfriendly tongue shall harshly scan its faults, saying, "It was a silly old twattler, that chattered like a brainless magpie, presuming upon our patient sympathy for its infirmities," will some gentle Griffith find a single virtue to commend, or teach charity toward the memory of Chairs?

#### THE INVALID CHAIR.

DEAR MR. SOCIAL CHAIR:—Perhaps you will allow a second "Teacher's Chair" room at your ample fire side "for one night only." I dislike exceedingly to be obtrusive, well knowing as I do that there is no possible chance of your finding the "Philosopher's stone" in any of my family.

We are grumblers, sir, by the stern law of necessity; and the sweet angel, contentment, rarely, if ever, hovers over our destinies. You will not wonder, therefore, that upon reading the following in one of our daily papers, not long since, we creaked and groaned in every joint, upset our inkstand, blotted our roll-book, drew a long scowl down over our eye-brows, and wound up by threshing half a dozen unfortunate urchins who dared to laugh at our evident discomfiture. The extract is from a report of a meeting of the Board of Education—that terrible bug-a-boo to all of us who do

not have implicit faith in our own infallibility, and is as follows:—

"Mr. — introduced a resolution directing the grammar masters not to review their classes excepting upon such days as heretofore designated by this board;" and then the resolution was explained—probably for the benefit of an enlightened public—as follows:—

"The object being to prevent the teachers from spending the last five or six weeks of the term in preparing their classes for examination."

Now, sir, we consider that too bad by several degrees. In the first place, is the public to be informed that we, the poor, unfortunate teacher's chairs, have no higher aim or ambition than to make puppet shows of our schools, for the purpose of gratifying its (the public's) well known taste for such things? Are parents to be made to think that we stuff and cram the intellectual maws of their children, as market men "stuff" their poultry—just before some feast day, to make up for lost time?

Are the people to think that our pupils are allowed to run at large, picking up a crumb here and a grain there, until the near approach of "thanksgiving"—vacation—and then are shut up and overfed and fattened for the enjoyment or satisfaction of others! If such has been the practice in the past, why has not the Board of Education whose duty it undoubtedly is to look after the best interests of the schools, found it out before? But it is not so.—Coming from whatever source the soft impeachment may, we come down very emphatically upon the floor, and stake the hard earned reputation of years upon its denial.

Again, and in less of the creaking tone, (we have seen hard service, kind sir, and rough usage has somewhat rubbed off the polish of our younger days) is it within the province of the Board of Education from their rooms in the City Hall, to govern the public schools, in every *minutia*, better or more successfully than the teachers themselves? Or is there or can there be any one complete system of government or instruction that can be applied with equal suc-

cess to all of the schools or any two of them? Teaching reduced to science, and some ingenious make a fortune by patenting would perform our duties the time and at one hand besides, a perfect "unsecured."

But we contend that will constantly encounter no foresight or experience him to anticipate—would demand exceptional rules and regulations best teacher is he who is clearest for every exigency who least encumbers himself with arbitrary rules. We think there are good parent governors, teachers who know the interests of the schools and who are willing to die for it.

We contend also that will constantly "review" day if necessary, and be "prepared" for put no faith in the even when it is doing forcing pupils to course in a specific and theory is to teach at all, and to review and whenever we think we right, Mr. Social the sympathizing but we will return to our invigorated from his teasing humor.

Truly Yours  
T.H.

While passing of Judge S., the distinguished by a merry shower of falling. It had loitered the table," and



cess to all of the schools of the city, or any two of them? If there be, then is teaching reduced to something *below* a science, and some ingenious yankee might make a fortune by patenting a *machine* that would perform our duties in one tenth of the time and at one half of the expense—besides, a perfect "uniformity" would be secured.

But we contend that the good teacher will constantly encounter difficulties which no foresight or experience could have caused him to anticipate—contingencies which would demand exceptions to any set of uniform rules and regulations. Indeed, the best teacher is he who is in himself sufficient for every exigency of his vocation; who least encumbers himself and his school with arbitrary rules; who governs as a good parent governs, and like him instructs. We think there are such in this city—teachers who know what is for the best interests of the schools under their charge, and who are willing and anxious to labor for it.

We contend also that the *faithful* teacher will constantly "review" his classes, every day if necessary, and that they will always be "prepared" for an examination. We put no faith in the "cramming" process, even when it is done for the purpose of forcing pupils to complete a required course in a specified time. Our practice and theory is to teach well what we teach at all, and to review the classes wherever and whenever we think best for them. Are we right, Mr. Social Chair? If so, give us the sympathizing hand of fellowship, and we will return to our duties in the morning invigorated from having met you in a listening humor.

Truly Yours,  
TEACHER'S CHAIR No. 2.

While passing an evening at the house of Judge S., the stars were suddenly extinguished by a canopy of clouds, and a merry shower of rain-drops commenced falling. It had long since been "dark under the table," and Nellie S., a little three-

year-old, was reminded by her mother that it was "time for little folks to retire." She, however, obtained the privilege of a few minutes delay, during which time she stood at the window, following with her fingers the rain-drops, as they trickled down the panes. Suddenly, she stopped, and, looking up sorrowfully, said:

"The stars are all crying, to-night."

"And what are they crying about?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied, "but I guess," and here she gave a long drawn sigh, "I guess it is because they were sent to bed so early."

There was no resisting such an appeal as that, and Nellie was allowed to choose her own bed time that evening.

One day the teacher was giving a class of small girls and boys some oral instructions in grammar, and, to illustrate the nature and use of adjectives, gave them the noun "moon" to qualify. "New" moon, said one, "full" moon, another, "silver" moon, a third, and so on, through "shiny," "bright," "pretty," &c., until the list seemed entirely exhausted, and the teacher, herself, could think of no others. Little Tommy R., a roguish fellow, somewhat proud of his smartness, and, withal, quite a favorite of his teacher's, jumped up and raised his hand.

"Well, Tommy?" enquired the teacher.

"Honey-moon," said Tommy, with a glow of pride, "I've heard my mother tell about it!"

Tommy took the first prize that term.

A good story is told of old Deacon B., away up in New Hampshire. He was riding along in his old sleigh, one frosty morning, and overtook a tow-headed shaver of some ten years old. Being piously inclined, the old deacon opened his batteries as follows:

"My little man, don't you think you ought to attend to the conversion of your soul?"

"Hey?"

"Don't you think, my fine fellow, it is time to be thinking about another world?"

"Well, y-e-e-s, father says he thinks it is, for old Deacon B. has got about all of this world."

The deacon clucked at the old mare, and disappeared in a twinkling.

### The Fashions.

No change in Bonnets need be expected for two months yet.

Headresses and dress-caps continue to be as much worn, if not more, than at any previous time. Black caps, trimmed with gay colors, in fringes and flowers, are in high favor for home toilet.

#### Dresses—Nightg, or Home.

A white ground cashmere, with small spots of embroidery silk, set wide apart, cut *robe de chambre*, bordered with puffed satin, and confined by bows of ribbon, to match the color of the embroidery. Small rounded collar; sleeves wide, Pagoda and slit up underneath; muslin chemisettes, with two fluted ruffles; muslin undersleeves, with cuffs upturned and ruffled. Black cap, trimmed in narrow velvet rosettes.

#### Ball Dresses.

Pink "tassetas," three flounces of chantilly lace, headed by a narrow bias ruffle of the silk, pinked at each edge; low corsage, trimmed with chantilly bertha, or, if preferred, a pink fringe, pointed in front, so as nearly to reach the waist, and plain around the shoulders, and black short sleeves with long flowing one of tulle, trimmed with a narrow ruche; headress of pink roses; necklace of jet, and gold bracelet to match.

#### Promenade Dress.

Dark green Irish poplin; the skirt is to be made very full. Cloak of black velvet, cut in the form of the talma. Bonnet of black and cherry velvet, trimmed with black lace and red roses.

### Monthly Record of Current Events.

The P. M. S. Co.'s steamship J. L. Stephens, arrived on the 26th, with 590 passengers.

A German weekly paper, entitled the *California Chronik Belletristisches Wochenblatt*, was commenced in this city on the 1st ult.

According to the Daily National, the total number of deaths, in this city, for 1859, is as follows: under 5 years of age, 629; between the ages of 5 and 10 years, 84; between 10 and 20 years, 49; between 20 and 40 years, 439; between 40 and 60 years, 218; upwards of 60 years, 27; still born, 43; grand total, 1,589.

The total amount of fines by the Police Judge of San Francisco, for the year 1859, was \$20,620 42.

Mr. J. C. Pelton gave a Social Festival in the Hyde Street Public School, San Francisco, Dec. 27th, in honor of the tenth anniversary of the city free schools.

Snow fell at the Mono diggings, during the past month, to the depth of five feet.

The new iron steamship *Champion*, of the Pacific and Atlantic Steamship Co., arrived on the 1st ult., in sixty running day from New York, through the straits of Magellan.

The eleventh session of the State Legislature was opened in Sacramento on the 2nd ult.

The San Francisco Branch Mint was reopened on the 3rd ult., when there was 3,244 29-100 ounces of gold, and 18,348 60-100 ounces of silver deposited, before 2 o'clock, P. M.

Considerable suffering has been experienced at Washoe, from the scarcity of clothing, food, and sleeping accommodations.

A block of silver ore, from the Ophir lead, Washoe, weighing 160 pounds, and valued at \$600, was sent by the citizens of Nevada Territory to the Washington monument.

The steamship *Northerner*, which left San Francisco for Portland, Oregon, on the 4th ult., on the following day struck a sunken rock off Point Mendocino, and became a total wreck, with the loss of 38 lives.

The mail steamer *Cortez* arrived on the 3rd ult., with 550 passengers, 1,253 packages of freight, and 260 bags of U. S. mail.

At the Washoe diggings, twelve feet of the Mexican silver lead, Virginia City, sold for \$12,000.

The steamships *Golden Age* and *Champion* sailed on the 5th ult.; the former with 371 passengers and \$1,777,006, and the latter with 283 passengers and \$94,500 in

gold bars. By the *Age*, *Age* were, saloon, \$150; second cabin, \$60; steerage, \$30; the *Champion*, first cabin, \$70; third cabin, \$30.

A new express has been started between San Francisco and New York, titled the *Atlantic* and *Pacific*.

On the 9th ult. the Hon. J. P. Giddings was formally inaugurated as Governor of California, and was elected U. S. Senator for the next Legislature, for the next term, by Governor D. C. Broderick.

New gold and silver were discovered at St. Helena county.

The P. M. S. Co.'s steamship *Champion* arrived on the 9th ult. The through trip was made in 6 days and 6 hours, from New York, the fastest time on record.

Eight miles east of Washoe, a new and rich silver vein has been discovered.

A vein of silver ore was discovered in Dog Town Gulch, Nevada, in Yuba county.

The first number of the *San Jose* was published, titled the "San Jose."

**D**URING the present session of the Convention meeting at the State Capital, it is to present some views upon the construction of the new Legislature. For the benefit of California and the people, and in answer to the desire and prayer of the people, this great work has been undertaken, but now we trust it will be completed, and the people, with earnestness, upon the Convention, for such measures as will be necessary for the immediate construction of the new Legislature, they not rely in vain upon the Convention. We have just

gold bars. By the Age, the rates of passage were, saloon, \$150; first cabin, \$107; second cabin, \$60, steerage, \$47 50. By the Champion, first cabin, \$107; second cabin, \$70; third cabin, \$47 50.

A new express has been established between San Francisco and New York, entitled the Atlantic and Pacific Express Co.

On the 9th ult. the Hon. M. S. Latham was formally inaugurated, at Sacramento, as Governor of California; and on the 11th was elected U. S. Senator, by the State Legislature, for the unexpired term of Senator D. C. Broderick.

New gold and silver mines have been discovered at St. Helen's mountain, Napa county.

The P. M. S. Co.'s steamer Golden Gate, arrived on the 9th ult. with 615 passengers. The through trip was accomplished in 20 days and 6 hours, from New York, the fastest time on record.

Eight miles east of Genoa, Carson Valley, a new and rich vein of copper ore has been discovered.

A vein of silver ore has been discovered in Dog Town Gulch, near West Point, Calaveras county.

The first number of a daily paper, entitled the "San Jose Morning Reporter,"

edited by W. F. Stewart, was published by G. H. Winterburn & Co., on the 16th ult.

Strawberries, grown in the open air, have been for sale during the month at Savory & Co.'s stand, in the Washington market, at \$2 per pound.

The President's Message, telegraphed to the San Francisco Evening Bulletin from St. Louis to Maloy's Station, from thence brought overland by stage to Firebaugh's Ferry, and from whence it was telegraphed to this city, was received in 12 days and 17 hours from Washington.

The J. L. Stephens and Cortes sailed for Panama on the 20th ult.; the former with \$1,506,025 treasure, and 352 passengers; and the latter with the U. S. mails and 204 passengers.

The printing telegraph, a combination of the inventions of Morse, House and Hughes, was opened for free exhibition, in this city, on the 20th ult.

Truckee river valley and Pyramid Lake valley, and a portion of Walker's Lake valley, have been set apart as a Reservation for the Pah Utah Indians.

On the 22nd ult. the Chinese, throughout the State, celebrated their New Year with great eclat.

## Editor's Table.

**D**URING the present month, the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Convention meet by appointment at the State Capital. Their object doubtless is to present some well considered plan for the construction of the Railroad, to the consideration of both houses of the State Legislature. For its success every devout lover of California accords his most anxious desire and prayer. The commencement of this great work has too long been delayed; but now we trust it has fully come. The people, with earnest hearts, are relying upon the Convention and the Legislature for such measures as shall place its immediate construction beyond a doubt. May they not rely in vain.

We have just cause of complaint that

our correspondence and newspapers by sea are so long in reaching us from the other side of the continent. The change from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to the Atlantic and Pacific Mail Steamship Company, has been attended thus far with no favorable results, and we fear will not be. It is, however, but simple justice to the last mentioned line to say, that, but for the accident to the North Star a few months ago, the time made would about average that of the former line. Yet, since the transfer, the P. M. S. Co.'s steamers have made by far the best time. We regret that this was not done before, when they carried the mail, as that would have obviated the necessity of a change, and would have had its effect upon the Government when

the last contract was given out. In order to secure the expeditions transmission of California mail matter by sea, we would respectfully submit that a contract for *three months only* should be given, and that line which makes the best average time during that period should have it for the three months ensuing. There may be some difficulty in carrying out this plan, but it would certainly ultimate to the advantage of the public.

One important movement of the Postmaster General in favor of California, is the order recently forwarded for all letters not marked "Via Panama," to be sent overland. This of itself is suggestive of the good-will of the Government towards continuing the Overland Mail service. We will also interpret this as a favorable augury for a Pacific Railroad Bill during the present session of Congress.

This month we wish to say a word to our contributors and readers. It has been, and is, a source of disappointment and sorrow, that literary contributions, as yet, in California, cannot be paid for. Our circulation is larger, by far, than any other monthly on the Pacific coast; and yet, as we have but this State, while those at the east have the whole United States, it has been too limited to allow of compensation to writers. We would, however, as ever, gratefully tender our most hearty thanks to those kind friends who have favored us, from time to time, with their valuable and gratuitous articles, assuring them of our hope that the time will come, when it will be otherwise. The extremely low price at which we put the California Magazine, especially as the cost of labor and material is so great, in this State, was with the earnest desire that its very extensive circulation would justify us in rendering substantial proof of our appreciation of the labors of those who favored us with articles for publication. We have been led into these remarks by the frequent inquiry, "If we pay anything for contributions." If our subscribers and readers will double their

number of copies, we can then happily respond to the inquiry, with a most cordial "Yes."

SINCE our last issue, new and extensive discoveries of gold, silver, cinnabar and copper have been announced in various portions of the State; and although many of the statements are no doubt exaggerated, in the main the facts are reliable. These will have their effect in adding to our present solidity and worth as a State. Besides, they will give additional excitement to persons who are of a roving and unsettled disposition; of whom, alas! there are too many among us. And, what is of much greater importance, employment will be given to a number of industrious men, now much in need of it.

#### To Contributors and Correspondents.

*H., Oroville.*—No, we cannot.

*N. B. T.*—The series of articles on the Yo-Semite Valley we shall complete in the next number.

*G. A.*—Thank you for your good, cordial letter. We shall endeavor to profit by your suggestions.

*S.*—Some respectable intelligence office would be better.

*Ellen B.*—Your valentine came too late.

*R.*—At which end do you wish us to commence the reading of your manuscript?

*C.*—The whole of your interesting story came safely to hand.

*G. R.*—If you were to spend as much time on a good prose article, as you do on your poetic ones, you would become one of the first writers of the day; but you evidently have no ear for measure or euphony. Your thoughts are very good, and we shall welcome a prose article from your pen, for we feel perfectly satisfied that you can write one.

Several other favors are received, but too late for examination this month.

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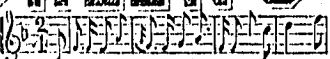
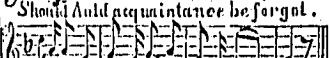
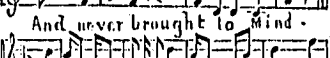
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