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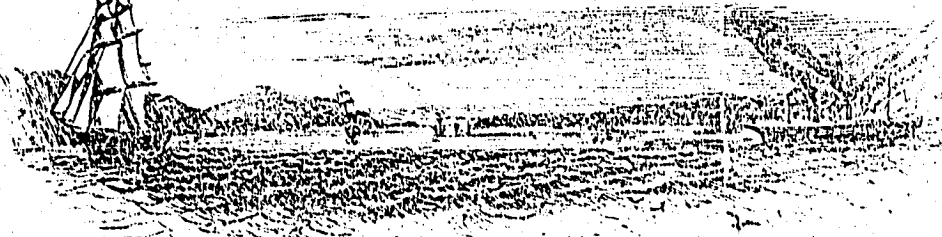
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 45...MARCH, 1860.



PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD

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

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.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY—CONCLUDING ARTICLE..... 385
 ILLUSTRATIONS—The Three Brothers—View to the Northeast, Looking up the Valley—"Buck," Ready for the Start—The "Indian Trail" up the Mountain—Ascending the Lower Dome—Benighted—Sentinel Rock—View down the Valley, to "Cathedral Rocks."
 FEMALE EDUCATION..... 395
 GOD BLESS OUR HOMES..... 396
 WILD FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA—ILLUSTRATED..... 396
 EFFIE IS DEAD, 401
 CASE OF THE ARABELLA, 402
 FAREWELL TO THE OCEAN, 405
 ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS, 405
 THE MOTHER'S LAMENT, 408
 NINA TRAIL, 409
 AGNES EMERSON, A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION—CONTINUED, 411
 BE PUNCTUAL, 413
 AMELIA OLDENBURGH—CONTINUED..... 414
 BITTEN, 418
 A STAGE INCIDENT..... 419
 FOREVER..... 420
 THE TURNIP-COUNTER—THIRD LEGEND,..... 421
 OUR SOCIAL CHAIR, 424
 Cheerfulness—Singular Cure for Drunkenness—An Affecting Epitaph, Illustrated—Bones Cost as much as Meat—What are you Digging for?—A Valentine and the Answer.
 THE FASHIONS, 429
 MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS, 430
 EDITOR'S TABLE, 431
 Excitements—Swamp and Overflowed Land—The San Francisco Medical Press.
 TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS, 432

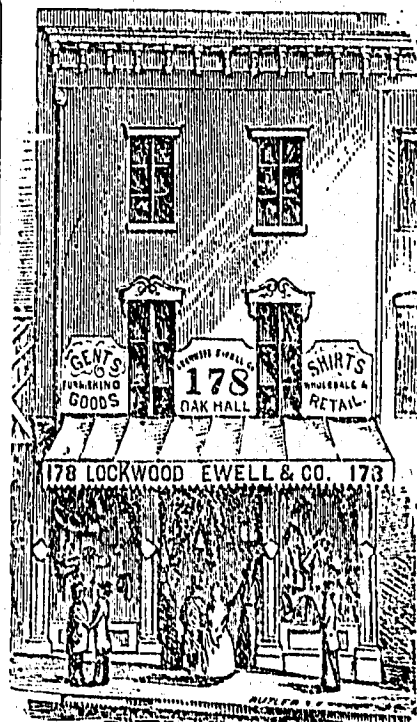
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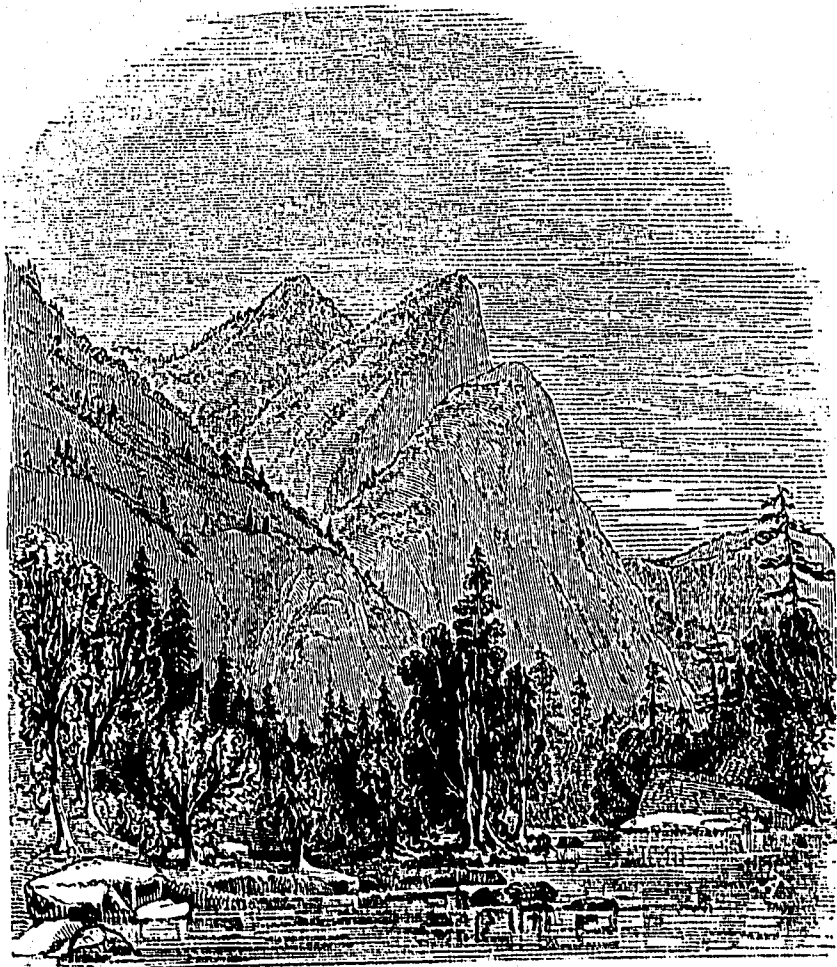
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419
420
421
424
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 —A Valen-
429
430
431
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432

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1860. No. 9.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.
(CONCLUDING ARTICLE.)



THE THREE BROTHERS, 3,437 FEET HIGH.
[From a Photograph by C. L. WARD, for R. H. VANCE.]

OAK HALL!



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CHAPTER XII.

Attempt to Ascend the Great Semi-Dome,
"Tis-sa-ac."

The absent danger greater still appears;
Less fears he, who is near the thing he fears.

DANIEL'S CLEOPATRA.

Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

ALBYN'S ORISCRY.

AS no footsteps had ever trod the hazy summit of the dome-crowned mountain of granite, named Tis-sa-ac, that stands at the head of the Yo-Semite Valley; and no eye had ever looked into the purple depth and misty distance that stretches far away, across the valley of the San Joaquin, from its lofty top; and, as we had visited the valley on purpose to explore some of its unknown and mysterious surroundings, it was very natural for us to feel an earnest yearning to gaze upon the wonders, beauty, and the majesty, that might be visible from so bold and so high a stand-point as this, it being no less than 4,500 feet (some surveyors make it 4,980 feet) above the river, that hurries past its base, and the most elevated of all the eminences around the valley.

"If you feel like making the attempt to climb it," very kindly suggested our excellent and companionable friend, Mr. Beardslee, ("Buck,") "I am ready to accompany you as guide, and will take you by the Indian trail up the mountain, if you say so; but, it is a very difficult and fatiguing undertaking, I assure you, accompanied with some danger."

The reader is, of course, familiar with the fact, that human nature is made up of contrarities; and that such is the desire, generally felt, to thrust the head into places of peril, instead of avoiding them from sheer love of personal safety, that nothing will answer but to rush straight into danger, instead of from it, and to seek rather than to shun it. As we confess to a share in the common fail-

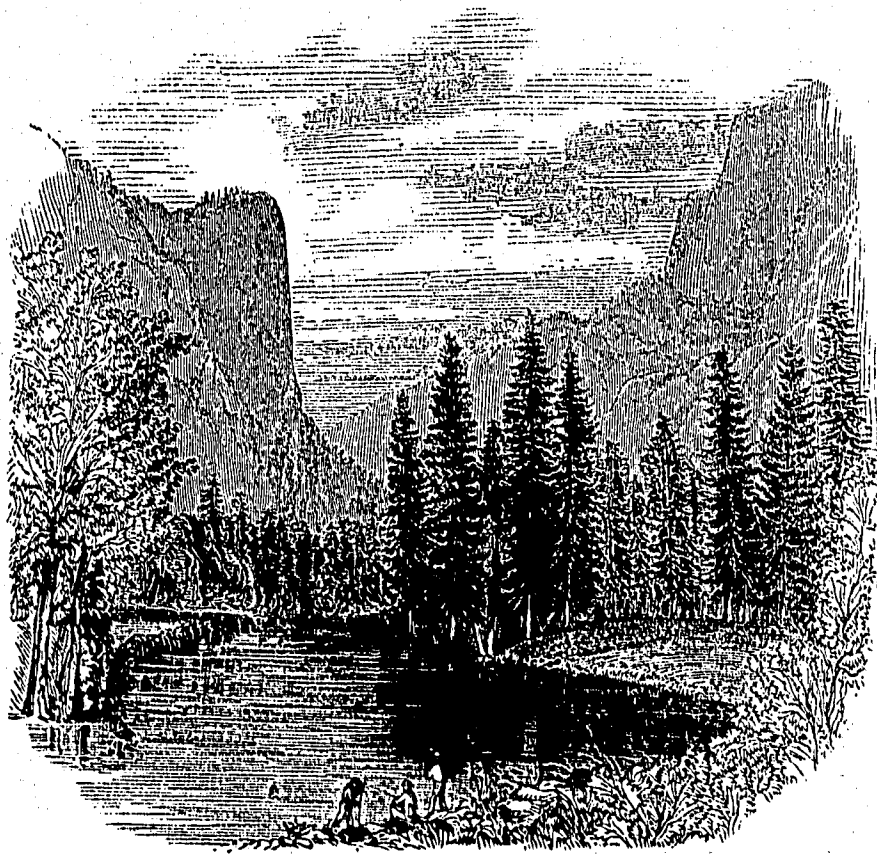
ing, the very mention of such a word as 'danger' became an additional incentive, and a conclusive argument to the resolve of entering upon the task, and we promptly accepted of Mr. Beardslee's offer. Mr. Wolverton, a gentleman residing in the valley, who accompanied us on the fatiguing tramp up the South Fork cañon to the Too-lu-lu-wack waterfall, very kindly offered again to make one of the party.

As we expected the ascent of the dome, if accomplished at all, would be attended with considerable difficulty, we spent the evening in providing suitable ropes, and other accessories, that might contribute to the success of the undertaking; and in making and painting a suitable national banner, that we intended should proudly float from that exalted position, did we ever succeed in reaching it.

Early the following morning, we were ready for the start. "How delicious is the morning air of the valley!" so truthfully observes Mr. Tirrel. "There seems to be something intoxicating in it. Its invigorating breath—pure as purity itself—sends the quickened life-stream dancing through our veins in successive thrills of delight, until the mere consciousness of existence becomes perfect ecstasy.

"A thin mist was lying upon the valley, and stealing up the mountain sides. The cliffs upon our left were all in deep shadow, the outline of their summits cutting darkly and strongly against the brilliant light of the unclouded sky. Great streams of sunlight came pouring through the openings in the cliffs, illuminating long, radiating, belts of mist, which extended clear across the valley, and were lost among the confusion of rock and foliage, forming the debris on the opposite side. Directly in front of us, and about three miles distant, was Mount Tis-sa-ac, the highest mountain

in the valley most beautiful shrouded developed enormous little attached from ing up the about and truding the the dark e hurry by possession then resur following and regul yachts, re eaten up pidity, as angle of



VIEW TO THE NORTHEAST, LOOKING UP THE VALLEY.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed, for R. H. Vance.]

in the valley, as well as the boldest and most beautiful in outline. Its base was shrouded in the hazy mystery which enveloped everything in the valley. Numerous little white clouds, becoming detached from this misty curtain, were sailing up the mountain side. Dodging about among the projecting spurs, intruding their beautiful forms slowly into the dark caverns, puffed out again in a hurry by the eddying winds which hold possession of those gloomy recesses, and then resume their upward flight, each following the other with the precision and regularity of a fleet of white-winged yachts, rounding a stake boat, and each eaten up by the sun with astonishing rapidity, as they sailed slowly past the angle of shadow cast across the lower

half of the mountain. High above all this, in the clear, bright sunshine, towered the lofty summit. Every projection and indentation, weather and water stain, fern, vine, and lichen, so clearly defined that one could almost seem to touch its surface by merely extending his arm.

"This mountain divides the upper part of the valley into two parts: the river coming down the gorge to the southward of it, while on its northern side, close against its base, is a beautiful lake of the same name as the mountain, almost a mile in circumference and very deep. Mount Tis-sa-ac is 4,980 feet in height. It is also called "Frances' Peak," in honor of the first white lady that visited the valley; it has also a third name, the "Half Dome," from its peculiar forma-

tion. Its summit greatly resembles a half-dome; one side falling off with a graceful sweep, and the other being a blank wall of rock, extending down fully 1,500 feet, and as plumb as a die. All of the mountain side, below this precipice, is so steep that it would be called perpendicular, in any other place than the valley."

"Is the lunch and the bottle all right?" enquired our guide.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the cheerful response.

"Are we all ready?"

"All ready,"

"Forward."



"BUCK," READY FOR THE START.

As our feet fell on the flower-covered and beautiful, though not very fertile bottom-lands, of the upper part of the valley, and we threaded our way through a labyrinth of oak, pine, maple, cottonwood, and other trees, the mountain walls on either side, throw their awe-inspiring and heavy shadows over us, made our

hearts leap with wild emotion and new pleasure, as though we stood upon enchanted ground, and all the scenes, upon which we looked, the magical creations of some wonder-working Genie.

On our left towered, in majestic grandeur the great Mount *Tb-coy-ae*, or North Dome—sometimes called Capitol Rock—in whose immense sides a colossal arch is formed, doubtless from the falling of several sections of the rock. This has been designated the "Royal Arch of *Tb-coy-ae*." This, we believe, has never been measured; but we should judge its altitude, from the valley to the crown of the arch, to be about one thousand seven hundred feet, and its span about two thousand feet; and its depth in, from the face of the rock, about eighty or ninety feet. There is one additional feature here that should not be overlooked, and that is the small streams of water that leap down over it, like falling strings of pearls and diamonds. These add much, in early spring, to the attractiveness of the scene.

On, on we marched, in Indian file, until we were nearly on the margin of the river, when the question was asked, "How are we to cross this dashing and impetuous torrent?" "Oh, we will *coon* it over, on a log," replied our guide, "if we can not do better." When we reached the stream, we found that a small, yet tall tree, had been fallen across it, to form a bridge, over which "Buck" walked with as much composure and *sang froid* as though it had been as broad as the river itself; while the thundering water splashed and surged and eddied, as it swept against the rocks, much to the discomposure of the nervous system of some of us, knowing that we had to follow suit or stay behind. To *walk* it, was an impossibility to us, so we took our guide's advice, and "*cooned*" it—that is, crept over slowly, on our hands and knees.

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This accomplished, we soon began the ascent of the mountain, over loose fragments of debris, and among huge masses of fallen rocks, lying at the side of the mountain, and in the bed of a small but very deep cañon; but these were soon left behind, and we had to commence climbing around and over points of rocks, walking on narrow edges, or feeling our way past some projecting point, or tree or shrub; steadying ourselves by a twig,

places to travel over, and in no way inviting to a nervous man, were of considerable assistance in the accomplishment of our task.

After an exciting and fatiguing exercise, of about three hours, we reached a large projecting rock that formed a cave, in which our guide expected to find a spring of water, but in this, from some cause, we were doomed to disappointment, although signs of moisture were still visible. Here we took a rest of a few minutes, and then renewed our efforts to

reach the top of the mountain. A little before noon, this was accomplished.

To our great comfort and satisfaction, a cool and refreshing breeze was blowing upon us as soon as we reached the summit of the mountain; and this was especially welcome, as the heat, on the sheltered side, by which we had ascended, had been very oppressive, pouring down upon us, as it did, from a hot June sun, without the slightest breeze to fan, or shadow to shelter us, as we climbed.

The reader must not anticipate our narrative, by supposing that the dif-



THE "INDIAN TRAIL" UP THE MOUNTAIN.

or crevice, or jutting rock; or holding on with our feet, as well as our hands, knowing that a slip would have sent us down several hundred feet, into the deep abyss that was yawning beneath.

In some places, where the ledges of rock were high and smooth, broken branches of trees had been placed, so as to enable the Indians to climb above them; and then, by removing the means of their ascent, cut off the pursuit of any advancing foe. These, although risky

difficult task of ascending the great Dome was now accomplished, far from it; for, although we had reached the top of the elevated plateau, or mountain ridge, to the height of about three thousand seven hundred feet above the valley, the great, bald-headed object of our ambitious aspirations, was still lifting its proud summit more than a thousand feet above us.

When advancing towards Tis-sa-ac, looking out for some point where the ascent could be the most successfully at-

tempted, we came upon the projecting margin of the immense granite wall of rock we had so often seen from below; and, as we stood upon it, looking down into the far off and misty depths of the valley beneath, with the ribbon-like river winding hither and thither, no language can describe the appalling grandeur and frightful profoundness of that scene.

Steadying ourselves against a stunted pine tree, that had been toughened and strengthened by its perpetual struggles with the tempest and storm of many a year, and which was growing from a narrow crevice in the granite mass on either side, we rolled several large, round rocks, that lay temptingly near the edge of the precipice, into the abyss beneath; when we were surprised to find that many seconds elapsed before they were heard to strike on the bare rock below. It is our opinion that this precipice can not be less than two thousand feet in perpendicular altitude. Here we were enabled to find some flowers of a genus not yet known to botanists, and are consequently new.

Without lingering too long, we again started on our enterprise, and finding that on this, the south side of the Dome, it was utterly impossible to climb up it, we worked our way through a dense, though comparatively dwarfish growth of manzanita bushes, growing at the base of the Dome, (which made sad havoc in our broadcloth unmentionables), and about two o'clock, P. M., reached the foot of a low, flatish dome-shaped point of rock, that lies at the back or eastern side of the great Tis-sa-ac, and which is not seen from the valley.

As we had not found a single drop of water to assuage our thirst, since we left the river, and as the day and the exercise was alike provocative of it; our gratification at the sight of a snow bank, snugly ensconced in the shade, on the north side of the dome, was placed beyond conjec-

ture. We now quickened our footsteps, and soon found ourselves sitting comfortably beside it, taking lunch. Before we were aware of it, "Buck" was among the missing; and, as he was away nearly half an hour, we began to be alarmed for his safety; when, presently, his welcome face and form was visible in the distance, among the pines, holding a tin cup containing water. This was a welcome sight to us, and somewhat accounted for his long absence. Knowing how thirsty we were, his generous nature had prompted him to the search for water, and all the time that we had been resting, he had spent in this philanthropic employment. Many, many thanks to thee, Buck, for thy kindness on this, and many other occasions.

Our guide having reported an abundance of good water, issuing from a crevice in the rock a short distance down the mountain, we repaired thither to finish our repast and take a good, hearty draught, before attempting the ascent. Here we found several new varieties of flowering shrubs, in addition to some bulbous roots, and very pretty mosses.

The inner man being satisfied, the rapidly descending sun admonished us to make the best of daylight to accomplish the task we had set ourselves. Accordingly, we repaired to the lower dome, which is one immense spur of granite, belonging to the great dome; and, as its surface, by time and the elements, was made tolerably rough, there was found comparatively but little difficulty in climbing it, especially with Buck's assistance, who, in order to make his footing sure, had left his boots behind, and could run past us up the bare rocks with the agility of a cat, when he threw down the rope to enable us the more easily to ascend to him.

In this way we soon reached the top of the lower dome, which is perhaps about four hundred and fifty feet above the

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main ridge. In some of the fissures or seams of this rock, some low, stunted shrubs were growing. As we were, perhaps, an eighth of a mile from the great dome, when we reached the top of this, the appearance was somewhat deceptive, and we entertained no doubt but the ascent could be made.



ASCENDING THE LOWER DOME.

The reader may judge of our disappointment, when we reached the foot of the great Tis-sa-ac, to find that not only was its gently rounding surface at an angle of about sixty-eight or seventy degrees, but overlaid and overlapped, so to speak, with vast circular granite shingles—as smooth as glass—about eighteen inches in thickness, and extending around the dome as far as our eyes could reach. These put every hope to flight, of our feet, or those of any other visitors, ever treading upon the lofty crown of this dome, without extensive artificial adjuncts to aid in its accomplishment.

On the top of this immense mountain of bald rock, one solitary pine is growing; and, although it is barely discernible from the valley, (and not at all from

the lower dome, where we were standing) by the aid of the telescope it is seen to be a tree of a goodly size. Much disappointed at the failure of the principal object of the enterprise we had undertaken, we placed our national banner upon the highest point attainable, in the hope that the day was not far distant when the number of visitors who should annually come to worship in this sublime temple of nature, might create the necessity for the construction of a strong iron staircase to the very summit of Mount Tis-sa-ac, and that from the topmost crown of its noble head, the stars and stripes might wave triumphantly; while the whole of the surrounding country could be seen afar off, and a thousand times fully reward the perseverance and fatigue of the ascent.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Little Yo-Semite Valley.

Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.

SECRET.

Above the Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada fall, on the main middle fork of the Merced, there are three other waterfalls, one of which is at the head of the little Yo-Semite valley, about two and a half or three miles higher up that stream; and, as we were now on the ridge, and the descent inclined towards the fall, we proposed to visit it before descending the mountain. To this each readily agreed, and we accordingly started in that direction.

Our way led down the ridge and across its numerous spurs that hem in, or rather that almost monopolize and form the so-called valley, with the exception, perhaps, of from a third to a half mile on the sides of the stream. Numerous clumps of fir trees and pines stand here and there; some on the banks of the river, and some in moist places, that, during a

short season of the year, are shallow lakes. Numerous grouse and mountain quail whirred past us—simply, as we thought, to torment us, for on this occasion, only, we had no gun, as at other times when we had, we found no use for one. By the side of every little hillock, especially at the bottom of the spurs, there were deer trails, deeply worn, and full of recent imprints of their feet; also those of the cinnamon and grizzly bear. On the limited portions of alluvial soil, a thick growth of short, fine grass was growing, resembling the buffalo grass of the plains. On the low ridges or spurs in the valley, there is an abundance of tuft or bunch grass.

The mountains on either side of this valley are, if possible, more singular than those of the great Yo-Semite valley, on account of the formation being distinctly different. For instance, a large and uneven, yet sugar-loaf shaped rock, at its eastern extremity near the falls, has a wide belt of sandstone near its base, and which extends from the one side to the other; similar layers of rock continue, although of different kinds and colors, to the very summit of the rock, while that in the valley below is of granite almost exclusively.

The waterfall at the head of this valley might more properly be denominated a cascade, as the main body of water forming the river rushes down an inclined plane of about one hundred and fifty feet in length, at an angle of about thirty-seven degrees. The mountains, on either side, being lofty, rugged, pine studded and precipitous, add much to the grandeur as well as beauty of the scene.

Before a sketch of this cascade could be completed, evening had begun to lower

down her shadowy curtain, covering up the numerous beauties of light and shade formed by each huge projecting crag, and we had hurriedly, though reluctantly, to leave this charmed spot, without a good picture of it; not, however, without an inward promise to revisit it, and then take time faintly to delineate its wondrous and pleasing forms.

Night came upon us so rapidly, that before we reached the lower end of this valley, we found it impossible to proceed without difficulty; and when, at last, we arrived at a large pine tree that nature had dropped over the foaming rapids of the river, about a third of a mile from the top of the Yo-wi-yo fall, the darkness was so intense that we could not see it with sufficient distinctness to warrant us in running the risk of crossing.

As the trailless way before us, from



BENIGHTED.

the Yo-wi-yo to the Pi-wy-ao (Vernal) falls, was not only very steep but among large and sharp loose rocks, and over a smooth wet surface of slippery granite; and then, after we could reach the foot of the ladders at the latter fall, we should have to make our way, as best we could, to the hotel, three and a half miles farther, and mostly on a very rough trail, we concluded that, although we had

neither blanket better for us for the night, when Buck and in a few and so remain when he arrived awaited the

After a night had much more streaks of moonlight, and in ourselves at the we found some wine, but not it, or to whom but hunger so prospecting for fore, without ed ourselves coin with a new way to the hotel, to whom told him who very kindly in saying he would good breakfast fully declined sat down to hotel.

Here we were sorely to tempt and Mr. Cunn the two hotel Geo. Coulter Galen Clark; ers, for their many acts of during our visit them the success truly merits.

As our stay Yo-Semite had during which numerous are in gathering thirty special trees and

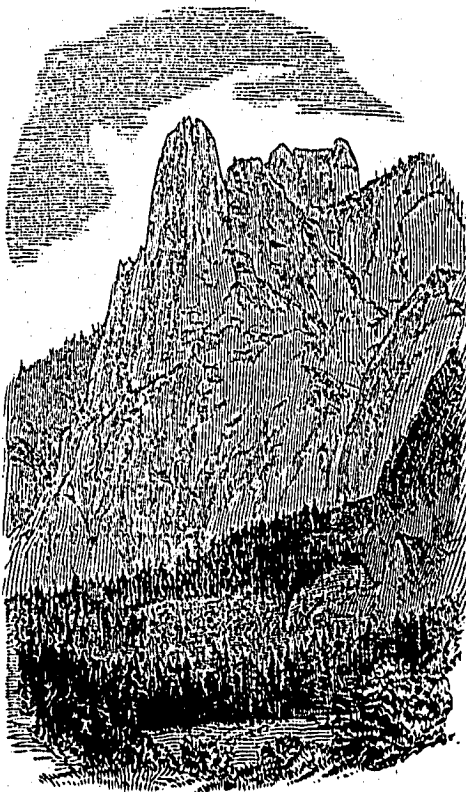
neither blankets or food, it would be far better for us to build a fire and encamp for the night. This we accordingly did, when Buck curled himself up by the fire and in a few minutes was fast asleep, and so remained until nearly morning; when he arose, smoked his pipe, and awaited the breaking of day.

After a night's rest, that might have had much more comfort in it, by the first streaks of morning light we made our toilet, and in a couple of hours found ourselves at the foot of the ladders, where we found some bread and a bottle of wine, but no one that we could ask for it, or to whom we could pay its value; but hunger seldom, at such times, goes prospecting for a conscience, and therefore, without further ceremony, we helped ourselves, and left its full value in coin with a note of explanation. On our way to the hotel we met the ladder-keeper, to whom those viands belonged, and told him what we had done; when he very kindly invited us to return with him, saying he would prepare us a tolerably good breakfast. This, however, we gratefully declined, and shortly afterwards sat down to an excellent meal at Hito's hotel.

Here we wish most cordially and sincerely to tender our thanks to Mr. Hito and Mr. Cunningham, the proprietors of the two hotels in the valley, also to Mr. Geo. Coulter, of Coulterville, and Mr. Galen Clark, of Clark's Ranch, and others, for their numerous courtesies and many acts of kindness extended to us during our visit among them, and to wish them the success that their enterprise so truly merits.

As our stay in the great valley of the Yo-Semite had extended to thirteen days, during which we explored many of its numerous and interesting features; and in gathering some two hundred and thirty specimens of its botany—including trees and shrubs, as well as flowers—

with a reluctant heart we shook hands with our pleasant acquaintances and wished them farewell.



SENTINEL ROCK, 3,270 FEET HIGH.

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

After passing Sentinel Rock, a lofty, solitary peak, just opposite the Yo-Semite fall, and between the two hotels; and the picturesque group known as Cathedral Rocks, standing near the Pohono fall, lifting our hat in respectful salutation as we passed Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, and taking a last farewell of Pohono—the most graceful waterfall in the valley—we commenced the ascent of the mountain, on the Mariposa trail, and on our way to the large groves of mammoth trees on the Fresno, Chowchilla, and upper waters of the San Joaquin. The trail from Hito's and Cunningham's hotel to the Pohono fall, is good; beyond that, as you ascend the mountain, al-



VIEW DOWN THE VALLEY, TO "CATHEDRAL ROCKS."

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed, for R. H. Vance.]

though the trail has been well laid out, it is somewhat rough and steep; yet, as you ascend point upon point, to the height of over four thousand feet, while it is a heavy tax upon the animal, it is seldom, or never, tedious to the rider; the numerous points of wonder and beauty growing upon him as he advances.

The general view of the valley, from Inspiration point, on this trail, is the most beautiful and striking of the whole; while on the side of the mountain you are climbing, numerous sheets of water shoot over in different places. Our way up lay beneath the shadows of tall pines, hemlocks, Douglass firs, and oaks, made vocal with the songs of birds, with the valley in sight for many miles, until we reached the top and sadly said Good-Bye.

Nearly at the summit of the mountain we overtook our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Lamson, and Mr. Cameron, when we all traveled in company to the Big Trees.

From this point our course was around and over several low, well timbered ridges, and across numerous small valleys, down many of which ran several small streams of water, until we commenced the gradual descent of a very long hill to Empire Springs, where we encamped for the night and cooked the game we had killed during the day. The picturesque scene as we lay down beneath the pines, looking at the stars, and the pleasant converse we had together there, will be long remembered. The camping place is good—grass, wood, and water plenty.

About ten o'clock the following morning, we arrived, by a good trail, at Clark's Ranch, where we obtained an excellent breakfast, and after which we visited the mammoth trees; but, as we shall have something to say about these in some future number of the magazine, we will thank the reader for his courteous company through this series of articles, and

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wish him the pleasure of a personal visit to this, the eighth wonder of the world.

For the convenience of those travelers who would like to visit the Yo-Semite Valley, by way of Mariposa—which, by-the-by, is quite as good as either of the others—we append the following table of distances, furnished us by Mr. Clark:—

From Mariposa—	<i>Miles.</i>
To the spring and camping ground at the head of dug road.....	3½
“ Forbes’, (known as the Hog Ranch) 5½	
“ Magoon’s Ranch,.....	11
“ Branch of Chowchilla,.....	17
“ Clark’s Ranch, (south fork Merced) 25	
Although there are several camping places beyond this, the first good one is	
“ Empire Camp,.....	34
“ Owl Camp,.....	35
“ Mountain Meadows,.....	37
Branches of these meadows are found about every half mile for five miles—water plenty.	
“ Valley, from lower end of these meadows,.....	8
Making the distance from Mariposa to the Valley,.....	50
To Cunningham’s Hotel,.....	4¾
To Hite’s Hotel,.....	5½

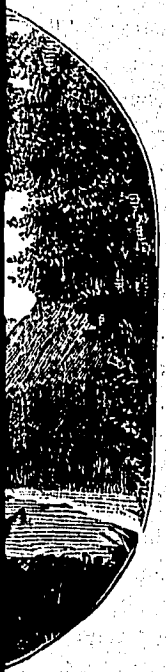
FEMALE EDUCATION

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

Perhaps there is no other single cause that retards our moral and intellectual advancement so seriously, as the present sadly defective system, generally speaking, of female education. Far, far more enlightened is the popular mind to-day upon the subject, than it was wont to be in days that are past; yet there are thousands of well meaning men, even at this present hour, who esteem female education an absurd luxury. They believe that woman was born inferior to man, and intended by nature to thus remain.

I can conceive nothing more to be deprecated than a hypothesis so peremptorily antagonistic to the dearest interests of the human family. I blush to know, and am pained to acknowledge, that the majority of men, even in the latter part of the nineteenth century, consider that woman should be confined exclusively to the kitchen, rather than be qualified to walk through life hand in hand with the sterner sex, as an adviser, an educator, and a progressional benefactress. Shame on the man who can refuse to grant woman her just rights!

Nor is the woman alone the sufferer. A nation mourns the loss of her benign influence. Did the laws of our land enjoin upon every legislator the duty of taking his wife with him to his official post, many an impending danger would be averted; an indescribable amount of national dishonor and shame would be prevented; and, instead of the disgraceful scenes now enacted, a high-toned courtesy and a gentlemanly demeanor would characterize all their deliberations. The bare imputation is a burning shame, that woman’s natural talents are inferior to man’s. They may and do differ in some respects. While man possesses an irresistible executive will, woman possesses those moral, reflective, calm reasoning qualities, which so pre-eminently qualify her for an advisor on momentous and exciting occasions. But, so methodically is the doctrine of inferiority taught, that the majority of women take it for granted that such is actually the fact; and when, now and then, one of them masters sufficient courage to proclaim to the world that her sex has talents susceptible of cultivation, and rights that should be respected, she is gravely informed by the lords of creation that she is out of her sphere. The unsophisticated mind naturally asks, why this tyrannical course of conduct is followed. I will tell you: it is because it



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is popular. *Were it popular to persecute virtue, it would be done by the masses.* We are rather an imitative than reflective people. We worship ancient falsehood, and blaspheme modern truth. Yet, thank God, the universal laws of progression will carry us ahead, in spite of all our exertions to the contrary; and the day is coming when women shall have accorded to them their just rights. Woman, as an educator, and moral reformer, occupies a position triumphantly ahead of the opposite sex; that is, she is thus qualified by nature. But, gentlemen, while you are excluding them from wielding their legitimate influence over the age of manhood, do not forget that it is at the breast that character is moulded, and the most important and lasting impressions received; and, would you have our national government conducted upon sound and enlightened principles, *educate your daughters.* The rising generation on the Pacific shore, is the most vigorous that the world has ever produced.

The native born children of this coast are perfect specimens of nature's grandest perfection; and only require proper culture and development, to dumbfound the advocates of standing still. Then let us determine to educate our sons and daughters on an equal footing, and posterity will bless our efforts and emulate our example. But first, let us have a reformation in our present system of acquiring mental culture. Let us have our educational establishments so conducted as to develop, expand, and strengthen every part of the system—physical as well as mental. Let us conduct ourselves like rational beings, and contemplate physical education as an indispensable adjunct to mental culture; then, and not until then, will youth be enabled to leave their academic studies and enter upon life with a certainty to conquer, instead of pale, puny invalids, unfit for the practical duties about to be

assigned them. Should a man acquire the combined ability of a Demosthenes and Cicero, at the expense of his health, it would be a curse to himself and useless to others. There is no excuse for those teachers who so conduct their schools as to break down the health of their students, and that it shall speedily be otherwise, is the prayer of a father.

GOD BLESS OUR HOMES!

BY G. T. SPROAT.

God bless our homes forever!
All lonely as they lie,
Nestling among the northern hills,
Or 'neath the southern sky;
Or where the western forests wave
O'er prairie, stream and lea;
Or eastern rivers pour their floods
All murmuring to the sea.

God bless our homes forever!
There at the close of day,
Our blessed mother sits and sings,
Some old familiar lay:
Our gray-haired father hears;—why
His head upon his knee? [droops
"Twas the same song he used to sing,
Our wand'rer o'er the sea!"

God bless our homes forever!
There our loved brothers meet,
And gentle sisters smile at night
Around the fireside seat:
How rings each old, familiar voice,
Dear, dear to him who roams!
God bless our cherished household
God bless our native homes! [hands,

WILD FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY A. KELLOGG.

[We take pleasure in acknowledging our obligations to Dr. Kellogg for the botanical illustrations of the present number, the mechanical labor of his own hands.—Ed.]



No. 1, ITHURIA
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No. 1, ITHURIEL'S SPEAR—2, FLOWER OF ITHURIEL'S SPEAR, LAID OPEN—3, ROOT AND LEAF OF SAME—4, THE DWARF KING'S SPEAR—5, FLOWER OF SAME, LAID OPEN—K IS THE GREAT KING'S SPEAR.

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Ithuriel's Spear.*—The leading Fig. in the foregoing group, No. 1, is among the most beautiful of the minor Lilyworts of California. The color of the flower is a deep purplish celestial blue. To the common observer, it bears a striking resemblance to another kindred plant, known as the great King's Spear, or Missouri Hyacinth.† A very little careful examination, however, will enable any one to distinguish between these plants. This is the more important, because the root of the King's Spear is edible; but another plant, very much like it in appearance, (which we may hereafter figure and describe), has a poisonous root. No. 2 is a flower of Ithuriel's Spear, laid open, showing the six stamens; *the seed vessel is on the top of a long, curved stem*. On the contrary, in the Great King's Spear, (*Brodiaea grandiflora*), a plant, one to two feet high, with similarly arranged and like colored flowers, the seed vessel is set close down in the bottom of the flower, with scarcely more than an imaginary elevation; this accounts for the base of the flower being broader and more bell-funnel form, whereas Ithuriel's Spear is very slender tubed. No. 3 represents the root and leaf of the latter; and "K" the root of the Great King's Spear.

The common name of this lilaceous plant, has, probably an allusion to Milton's great drama, where Ithuriel and his celestial companion are sent to search the garden of Eden, and guard the happy pair. At length, as the poem relates the story, the Devil is discovered by moonlight,—

"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art" * * *

to fill her fancy with

"Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires:
Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride

**Seubertia laxa*, formerly *Tritella laxa*.

†*Brodiaea grandiflora*.

Him thus intent, *Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly*; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness;" &c.

So Satan, it appears, was as much surprised by the touch, as a black powder magazine would be by unexpectedly coming in contact with a spark of fire. This, we are willing to own, is a rather free and literal rendering of the passage, but we would fain hope it has served to throw some light upon the subject.

No. 4 is, probably, a new dwarfish species of the King's Spear. We have described it under the name of *Brodiaea terrestris*. The bulb is solid, of the size and general form of a hazel nut; the flattened base rimed at the origin of the rootlets, and the outer coat shreddy fibrous; it probably varies in different stages of growth. The stem is very short, or entirely under ground—umbel many flowered flower stems (pedicels) two to three inches long—flowers funnel form, the three outer divisions lance-acute; three inner petals somewhat broader obtuse or notched. Stamens, six—three fertile, opposite the inner petals—the arrow-based anther extending a little beyond the abrupt point of the filament, or connective; the antheriferous lobes incurved at the apex. The three sterile stamens, as seen at No. 5, opposite the sepaline divisions, petaloid, emargined, mucronate, infolded longer than the fertile. Flowers pale blue, a deep blue elevated line, along the back, shading to green below. Style quarter of an inch long, subtriangular. Stigma three-cleft recurve, spreading. The radicle leaf long, very narrow, and so closely folded as to appear perfectly round; by age, and drying, it opens out, so as to make apparent its channeled character. A very common bulbous plant in the vicinity of San Francisco, sometimes throwing up a scape a few inches above ground.

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AMERICAN COWSLIP.
(*Dodecatheon Meadia.*)

The above is an outline of one of the most common wild flowers of California. It belongs to the natural family of Primulaceae, the Primrose tribe. The name *primula*, from which this order is derived, is a diminutive of *primus*, or the first, as it is the first flower of spring; indeed, some of

this family, inhabiting Alpine regions, are known to blossom beneath drifts of snow. They might well be regarded as the first in point of prime beauty, and not far from the first in fragrance.

We cannot answer so well for others, but, to our conceit, few flowers have a greater charm than this one, known in

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As the charmed ear greets with rapture the song of the blue bird, in early spring, so doth the eye sparkle, and the heart of the lover of nature leap for joy, to meet once more this sweet and beautiful harbinger of vernal skies, smiling fields, and all those numberless glories with which buoyant hope adorns the coming year. Let us look, attentively, at this plant for a moment. Have my eyes ever beheld a prettier, prim, more precise, not to say fastidious form, of the appropriately exquisite and gay? Can visions of the imagination invent any inanimate form, to express more perfectly one's *beau ideal* of modest gaiety? Look at the flower, on the left hand side, and tell us if its brilliant, flashing, purple petals, tossed aloft like banners on the breeze, do not speak to you—as well as such forms may—of ecstasy almost o'erleaping restraint amid her bridal glories, the veriest rejoicing of the plant that now it is ready to run its race of usefulness, and to bring forth fruit in its allotted sphere.

These flowers are sometimes white, straw colored, and purple—commonly purple-rose; the leaves are both entire and serrate on the margin, as seen in Fig. 1; No. 2 the seed vessel. The name *dodecatheon* is said to be derived from words signifying a dozen deities; which, we think, is quite honor enough for one common plant.

THE LITTLE KISSING BEAUTY.*

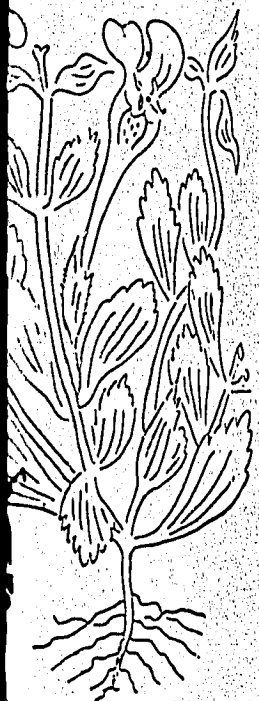
The foregoing figure is an outline of the Little Kissing Beauty, found very abundantly in most parts of California, especially in the valley of the Sacramento. Mr. Hutchings found them on the Mariposa, and has on hand a charming specimen, procured during a recent trip in the country. This purple, or rosy-lipped flower, is quite a favorite of ours,

* *Eunanus Doug lusi.*



both on account of the delightful significance of the name it bears, and because it is so pleasantly associated with the vivid California scenes of 1849. It was during this eventful year, in our walks over the hills, in the vicinity of Mormon Island, that we first became acquainted with it. The throat of the flower is light straw color, and beautifully spotted with purple. "A," in the figure, exhibits the *kissing anthers*; "P," the pubescent pistil, with its bifid stigma. "In this order, (Figworts), many species have a stigma (see top of "P") composed of two highly irritable plates, one placed next the back, and the other next the front of the flower. When the corolla first expands, these plates stand apart, and are even turned back a little; but when touched, they collapse suddenly, and with some force." See Henderson, in the *Annals of Nat. Hist.*, Vol. 6th, page 51.





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 of Nat. Hist., Vol. 6th,

EFFIE IS DEAD.

WORDS BY J. C. MORRILL.

MUSIC BY JAS. C. KEMP.

Moderato affetuoso con espressione.

Step lightly, breathe softly, Speak not a - loud, She lies there so

meekly in her snow-white shroud; Her eyes once so beaming their lustre have

shed; She lies as if dreaming, But O! she is dead,

We watched her while dying—
 Her pulse, faint and low,
 Hung trembling a moment—
 Her life seemed to flow
 Like the ebbing of waters,
 Then settled to rest,
 And Effie had gone to
 The home of the blest.

Sweet music from heaven,
 When dear Effie died,
 Seemed floating around her
 On every side.
 The harps of the angels
 Breathed softly and low—
 A grief in our gladness,
 A joy in our woe.

We decked her with flowers
 Sweet-scented and fair—
 A wreath on her collar,
 A rose in her hair;
 We know that their petals
 Will shortly decay,
 But Effie will float with
 Their perfume away.

Step lightly—breathe softly—
 Speak not aloud;
 She lies there so meekly
 In her snow-white shroud!
 Her eyes, once so beaming,
 Their lustre have shed,—
 She lies as if dreaming,
 But O! she is dead!

CASE OF THE ARABELLA.

Key West, January, 1857.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. B.

TURNING over my portfolio of notes, collected in many a rambling tour throughout our country, I came to a loose sheet with the above heading. It was the record of one of those incidents that meet many a man in the course of life, sometimes laughed away, sometimes put out of sight by a strong will, but never forgotten, and often slumbering but to start up more vividly in hours of darkness, of solitude and of sickness, searing him to an agony of mortal terror. How many can truly say they utterly disbelieve all supernatural interference in the things of this life? Do not the astrological columns of our newspapers, our avidity for the marvellous in literature and narrative, the rapid rise in the sect of spiritualists, and kindred facts, speak loudly of our superstitions? Aye, and does not this practical belief, this eternal longing of the human mind, seem to postulate that it is not implanted in us for naught, but that now and then, in fit seasons, and for wise, though, perchance, inscrutable purposes, it shall be satisfied? I am no disciple of spiritualism; its tenets are feeble and paradoxical; but that the grave is an impassable and absolute chasm between the dead and the living, I see no reason, either in christianity, philosophy, or experience, to believe. Instances to the contrary, attested by various witnesses, and on the most unquestioned authority, could be adduced, where the laws of nature utterly fail to explain the observed phenomena. A very curious one is given by Sir Jonas Barrington, from his own experience, in his *Sketches of the Life of an Irish Barrister*.

The incident I am about to relate, though of little interest other than as a

matter of fact, seems to belong to this class. Probably many, now resident in California, will recollect the excitement it caused in Key West, when for weeks it was town talk. At that time, (in January, 1857), it was my fortune to pass several days in this rather uninteresting seaport, awaiting the New York steamer. The season had been a busy one for the wreckers, and a number of disabled and dismantled vessels lay in the harbor. Shortly after my arrival, I was listlessly lounging along the wharf, gazing at the beautiful prospect extended before me, when my attention was attracted by an enormous hulk of many hundred tons capacity, that lay high out of water. The main and mizzen masts were broken, the chains unusually rusty, and its sides seamed and scarred by a thousand conflicts with the waves. Ropes, sail-cloth, and tackling, hung about in intricate confusion.

Turning to a negro, near me, I asked what wreck that was.

"Dat, massa? don't you know dat?" he replied; then, in a low tone, looking timidly around, "dat's de sperrit ship."

"The *what*?" said I.

"De sperrit ship. He's cungered. Debil on board ebry night. Nobody watch him."

"What's its name?"

"De Arrybelly, massa, from Bos'n. Good Lor, massa, sperrit dah ebry night. Ugh!" and he shook at the thought.

Seeing I was not likely to get much satisfaction from such an informant, I dropped my inquiries, determined, however, to renew them at the earliest opportunity. Fortunately, one was not long wanting. I was to dine the next day with Mr. B., a gentleman to whom I had letters, then employed in the admiralty court, and who would probably be well acquainted with whatever stories were rife about the haunted ship. Accordingly, while we were enjoying our Havanas

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under the shade of the cocoon palms that surrounded his pleasant cottage, I brought the conversation to the topic that engaged my thoughts.

"Ah!" said he, "you have already got wind of our ghost story, have you? Well, it is decidedly the most singular that ever came under my notice. But, doubtless, you doctors are ready, at a moment's warning, to prove that it all arises from a hallucination, an encephalic sensation, or some such misty cause."

"Not, at least, till after a fair hearing," I rejoined.

"Very well; light another cigar, and I'll give you the evidence in brief," said Mr. B., setting the example. "The *Arabella*, you must know, is an old ship, and probably had sailed many voyages before she was christened with her present name. The first that we knew of her, however, was in November last, when, bound from Boston to New Orleans, she was driven ashore on the outer reef by a violent storm. All the crew were saved, by the exertions of the wreckers, and the vessel and cargo, though considerably damaged, were towed into the harbor, and the work of unloading immediately begun. Until everything of value is brought away and stored, it is the custom to station a guard on board vessels, every night, to prevent theft. On this occasion, as the cargo was a valuable one, we had appointed James R., one of our most sober, honest and trustworthy men, to this post. What was our astonishment, when he came to us, some two weeks before the unloading was completed, and, without giving any sufficient reason, requested to be let off from duty. Finally, after much persuasion, and under promise of secrecy, he made the following statement:

"The third night previous, he had been, as usual, at his post on deck, watching that no canoe came near the vessel, when his attention was arrested by a

noise, as of a weight falling, in the cabin. Supposing something had been overthrown by the rats, he leisurely descended. The cabin he described as spacious, having two doors, one of entrance from the quarter-deck, by a flight of steps, the other at the opposite extremity, opening between decks, and thus giving the run of the whole vessel. He had left his lantern burning on the table. As he entered, he saw by its dim light a female figure pass hastily through the opposite door, into the darkness beyond. Suspecting some scheme of plunder, he instantly seized his lantern and followed, but could find no trace of the fugitive. He then hastened on deck and examined the sides of the vessel. Besides his own boat, there was none near the vessel, nor any rope or chain, by which a person could ascend the sides. Confident that he had trapped the thief, he waited till morning, and then subjected every nook and corner of the craft to a most rigorous search, but entirely without avail.

"The next night he maintained an unusually strict watch, going between decks, into the fore-castle and into the cabin, every hour. Some time after midnight, as he had just completed one of these circuits, and was refreshing himself with some bananas in the cabin, he looked up, and there, in the middle of the apartment, within a few feet of him and walking with the same hurried and anxious motion, was the same figure! For a few seconds he was spell-bound by the suddenness and close proximity of the apparition, but quickly recovering himself, sprang to the door between decks, through which, on the previous night, she had passed, and drawing his pistol cried out, 'Stop, or I'll shoot!' No one was to be seen. The large empty space was silent and deserted. Yet, not ten seconds had elapsed. Impossible that she had escaped so soon and so silently. Then, he says, for the first time the idea that it

was a supernatural visitor, entered his mind; but he combated it strongly. Barrels and boxes were subjected to a critical inspection,—to no purpose. He ran over the whole ship; no one was its occupant but himself.

“He resolved to make a trial of one night more, and then either solve the mystery or throw up the appointment. The door, leading from the cabin to midships, he securely fastened; took an extra lantern, saw to the loading of his pistol, and determined to shoot, without a moment's warning, the first semblance of a human form that appeared. Part of the time he spent on deck, and part in the cabin, now and then looking down the hatchway, into the space between decks, where he had hung the second lantern. The night slowly wore away, without any signs of his unpleasant visitor, and he was in strong hopes that he should see her no more. It was between three and four o'clock in the morning, when, having carefully scrutinized the space between decks, he passed on to the cabin and was just entering, when a slight noise, real or imaginary, caused him to glance behind for a moment. As he turned to proceed, face to face, walking directly towards him from the center of the cabin, and with hands outstretched as the blind, when feeling their way, he met the figure he was expecting. Although he had his pistol in his hand, and had steeled himself with all the determination he was master of, he says a mortal terror overcame him, his strength forsook him, he staggered and sank on the floor, helpless as a child, while the mysterious walker passed out of the cabin to the quarter deck, almost over his prostrate form.

“As soon as he recovered his powers, he took his boat, came ashore, and handed in his resignation immediately. I, myself, questioned and cross-questioned him narrowly, in regard to the occur-

rence, seeking to discover whether he was deceiving me, whether he, himself, was humbugged, or finally, whether he was the victim of an optical delusion.”

“And which did it turn out to be?” asked I.

“Strange to say, I can impute it to neither. Certainly not the first, for it resulted directly to his own loss; nor the second, as, aside from the insuperable difficulty and danger of the undertaking, it could have been no benefit to any one, for nothing whatever has been stolen since the night watch was discontinued.”

“Then, of course,” I interposed, “it was an optical delusion, similar to those which occurred to M. Nicolai, of Berlin, and which he made the subject of a disquisition to the Academy. The annals of medical science abound in examples of the kind.”

“Hold, hold, Doctor,” cried Mr. B., “you are too fast. I have, in some respects, the strangest item yet to tell. The next night, keeping the matter perfectly quiet, we appointed a stupid old Mexican as watch. Early next morning he appeared in a frenzy of terror, crossing himself, praying, and swearing by all the Saints that he would not spend another night on the *Arabella* for her weight in dollars, ‘*por que, O Senor mio,*’ the poor fellow groined, ‘*esta una bruja en ella, una bruja maldita, Santa Virgin!*’

“The story soon spread, and no one can now be had, for love or money, to stand watch over the fated vessel. There is not a wrecker in Key West—and God knows we have dare-devils enough here—who will set foot on her after night-fall.”

“Did you obtain any at all accurate description of the figure, from either witness?” I asked.

“The Mexican,” Mr. B. replied, “was too terrified and too stupid to give any other account, than, as he was going from the upper deck into the cabin, he met a

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white witch—*una bruja blanca*—who ran towards him with outstretched arms. James R. describes her as of about medium height, clothed in loose, light colored garments; the upper part of her face concealed by a cowl, or hood, of dark material, that hung down over her shoulders, and the arms in long flowing sleeves, that reached to her wrists. He could see nothing of the face but the lower part, which was deathly white, the thin, bloodless lips, tightly compressed together. But it was her hands that seemed to have impressed themselves most forcibly on his memory. They seemed emaciated almost to transparency, the blue veins, coursing over and between the bones, distinct and plainly visible. The fingers were curved and held slightly apart, while both they and the hands swayed to and fro with that tremulous, uncertain, *feeling* movement, characteristic of the blind."

"Were both the men in good health?" I inquired.

"In perfect health, and have been ever since. James is an intelligent, sober, and industrious man, from the northern States, not inclined to be nervous, and brave as a lion."

"A most extraordinary relation, indeed," I remarked, "and one that certainly falls outside the common and popular explanations of such occurrences. I should like to see these men myself, and examine the ship,—possibly pass a night on board."

"Very well," he replied, "you can do so whenever you wish."

On my return to my apartment, in the "California House," I wrote out my conversation with Mr. B., in as nearly our words as I could recall them, from which notes the present narrative is compiled. Unfortunately, the pursuit of the science for which I was then visiting the Florida Keys, and the early arrival of the steamer, on which I was to take passage, hin-

dered those personal investigations which I should otherwise have made. I have never revisited Key West, nor heard what was the sequel of this strange story, but perhaps some reader of this reminiscence may be better acquainted with the subsequent history of the *Arabella*.

FAREWELL TO THE OCEAN.

BY J. P. CARLTON.

Attr.—"Witcher."

O! great and glorious Ocean,
Once more I say farewell,
I leave with fond emotion
That sea I loved so well.
No more I'll view with gladness,
That sky so bright and blue;
In ecstasies of sadness
I'll bid my last adieu.

Obedient to my duty,
Many a time and oft
I've pondered on thy beauty
While stationed up aloft;
When in the watches lonely,
The silent deck I trod,
My thoughts were on thee only,
Thou *Master piece of God*.

ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS.

BY NAUTICUS.

Our Passengers.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a voyage from England to India, before the introduction of steam, was an awfully tedious affair. Despite a splendid table, dancing, reading, amateur theatricals, card playing, and flirtations, not five out of the forty passengers of the good ship *Serampore* but were sick of the sight of blue waters, sick of themselves, and tired, not to say disgusted, with everything and everybody on board, weeks before the welcome sound of land caused a general rush to the poop. It had been in sight from the

mast-head for some time, and was now visible from the deck.

The sun had just disappeared behind St. Thomas' Mount, and the white houses, light-house, and the famed Fort St. George, contrasting beautifully with the luxuriant tropical foliage, were indeed refreshing to eyes so long accustomed to naught but sea and sky.

Colonel Hautiman, of the Madras Light Cavalry, and Lieutenant Sabretasch of the same corps, the only two *Madras* officers on board, pointed out the various points to the ladies, adjusted spyglasses for their fair eyes, expatiated on the dangers of passing through the tremendous surf which perpetually rages, the manner it was done by the natives in those queer looking boats, the certainty of the sharks getting them if capsized, and of the salt water giving them a thorough ducking if not a drowning. But even the horrors of landing, described by the Colonel, could not depress the spirits of people who would almost favor the idea of being digested by sharks, in preference to further confinement in their floating prison.

It was night when we anchored, for in those latitudes the twilight is but brief; but, notwithstanding, several gentlemen came off from the shore, to meet relatives and friends. Captain Botley came first, to claim his two sisters, whom he had not seen for ten years. Captain Botley was not a reflective man, and, forgetful of the lapse of years, he had brought off a dissecting map, two dolls, and a child's wheelbarrow, wherewith to propitiate the favor of the young ladies. Even when introduced to their presence, it was some time before his obtuse understanding could realize the effects of time on the two very lovely girls before him.

In coming on board, Captain Botley had not reflected upon the effects of aquatic motion, and taking hold of the man-ropes too low, and stepping from

the boat to the ship's side at the wrong instant, had plumped into the water nearly up to his waist. "Man overboard—all safe," was the cry, and the gentlemen reached the ship's deck, to hear a voice, sympathetically crying, "Bring him to me—oh, bring him to me."

Miss Rawson, on the poop, had heard the cry, and bending forward she saw him gain the deck—the moon shone on his silver laced cap—of course it was her affianced husband, whose praises she had trumpeted for the whole voyage; she gasped out the words, "Oh, bring him to me," and fainted.

Captain Lecchline called for water, and dipping his finger into the tumbler, let drop after drop fall upon the tip of her nose, with mathematical accuracy; it was a very small mark, and a very pretty nose, but he took his aim scientifically. Bless your soul, it was no use; she remained gracefully reclining on his arm, drawing long sighs, and gurgling in her throat, in a state of syncope. "Call the doctor," quoth the skipper, losing faith in his dropping operation, "why don't you call the doctor?"

"Allow me, sir," said Lawrence, a youngster on board, famed for his excessive impudence, "raise her up, incline her a little forward, give me the glass, sir," and before any one could interfere, he had inserted his fingers in the back of her dress, and distending it as much as possible, as also the corset, he quietly poured the water down the centre of her back.

Talk of burnt feathers, salts and salvolatile—mere Esculapian humbugs, I can assure you—perfect humbugs, compared to my friend Lawrence's plan.

When the water trickled down the spine, the effect was instantaneous—it always is—*Miss Rawson was herself again!*

MEM.—This receipt never fails. Iced water is to be preferred.

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In a short time, however, the real Simon Pure did arrive on board. The meeting was very affecting. I believe I shed tears—I know he did. How she sobbed and laughed, and grasped his arm and hand so tight—ah, so tight—looking up, again and again, in his face, so lovingly through her tears.

Poor girl—poor Mary Rawson!

In three days they were married—in three more, she found that he had become a drunkard, and gambled—in three weeks more he beat her, and within three years she died, truly and literally of a broken heart.

Who says that hearts are not broken?

Go and seek the drunkard's home; the ruined girl's garret; the deserted wife's lodgings; the convict's mother's fireside, and then say that hearts do not break. True, they may not die; they may live by the strength of a powerful will, or better, far better, by the strength afforded to the true christian by a merciful Father; but they are, nevertheless, broken, daily, hourly, at our very doors—and from what cause? From acts always traceable to him who is, or ought to be, their natural protector and guide. Oh, man, whom God made in his own image, be but more true to yourself, to honor, and to your God, and such things would not be.

When we assembled in the cuddy that evening, for it was too late for all but a very few to land, it would have been hard, indeed, to recognise, in the merry party, the discontented faces that had scowled at each other for the last month. Captain Botley, the visitor, though not bright, was lively; but I saw that his intellectual shortcomings were not without their effect upon his sisters. They were sharp, clever, well-read, and accomplished, and they were evidently disappointed in their brother. Perhaps they thought him silly and ignorant; but if so, they, even, did him some injustice, for

he was considered one of the best judges in the Madras presiduary—*of a horse!* Let us finish their tale. They got tired, I suppose, of the one subject he could discuss, so they each found a gentleman who could talk something else than horse. One married an officer, who rose to distinction, and fell in the late Indian mutiny; and the other, the eldest, whom we were confidently told was in a rapid decline, and were positively assured could not live six months—why, she married a civil servant of the East India Company, who rose by talents to high place, and the last I heard of her she had nine children and weighed 180 lbs. avoirdupois. My dear American friends, *par parenthesis*, let me give you a little advice: don't send your consumptives to Cuba, Sandwich Islands, or Madeira; they are perfect humbugs; but send them to India—Central India—if you can afford it, and then it will be sheer waste of money to insure their lives; but mind, they must remain there.

On my right hand, sat the Rev. Mr. Tombs, and next to him his wife. He had been a curate, with some fifty pounds a year, for more than a quarter of a century in England, when, by a wonderful chance, he was appointed to a chaplaincy in India, at some fourteen times the amount of his former stipend. His daughters were to follow when he had saved sufficient money to pay their outfit and passage. He was a beautiful specimen of the humble christian pastor—fervid, but not eloquent; sincere, if not able; "kind to our faults, and yet not slow to chide"; the very personification of Goldsmith's Village Parson.

When he first arrived on board, his manners not being polished, his appearance plain, and his wife's plainer, they were the objects of many a ribald jest and contemptuous sneer, but before the passage was half over, not one, from oldest to youngest, but loved him and wish-

ed to serve him. Poor Tombs, he has met his reward in another and better world. Yet why should I say poor? Rich in faith and reliance on the merits of his Savior, he had the wealth of a pure conscience, and died, as he had lived, peacefully and happily, resting his hope on Him he had so long and faithfully served. Peace be to his ashes. I may here say, that his daughters came out three years afterwards; the eldest married a gentleman of high family, and

not less high principle, who fell gloriously at the battle of Inkerman, leaving a son, now heir to an earldom. It is years, and years, since I heard of her younger sister, then living with her, after the death of her parents. She deemed me unworthy her love, and she was right; but had it not been so, I had perhaps been a better man, for her sweet example could not but have corrected my many faults.

[To be continued.]

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I.

The roses of summer lie cold on the ground,
The lily and violet have withered away;
The sore leaves of autumn are falling around,
And drear is the night hour, and lonely the day.

II.

Ah! torn is my heart, with its anguish undying,
And sad is the spirit, once bounding and free;
For the hopes that I cherished, now withered are lying,
And summer and spring time no more dawn to me.

III.

Sweet Willie! my lovely, my fond one and cherished,
How mourns my sad heart for thy presence so dear;
With thee, the bright star of my life-dream has perished,
And life is a burden, for thou art not here.

IV.

The pleasures I once loved have lost all their gladness—
How gloomy and dark even nature appears;
The fields and the forests, alike clothed in sadness,
Are weeping in sorrow for a fond mother's tears.

V.

They've laid him away, 'neath the sod of the valley,
And a cold marble slab marks the place where he lies;
But no mother is there to sooth his lone pillow,
Or wipe the death-dew from his sweet, loving eyes.

VI.

Oh! sad is the thought, that the grave-worm is lying
On the breast of my loved one, sweet Willie, my own!
Forbear your proud feast! for a mother is dying—
Her heart be your banquet—leave Willie alone.

NINA TRAIL.

There is mourning to-night,
 In the house down under the hill;
 A child is born, and the babe is dead,
 And the soul of its maiden mother is fled,
 And white, and cold, and stark, and still,
 Lie mother and child down under the hill;
 Gray hairs are tossing to and fro,
 Swayed by the fitful breath of woe,
 A curse goes hissing out into the night—
 Who is it seeking, Roland Wright?

MARY FORREST.

Whoever saw Nina Trail never forgot her. That cold, passionless eye, those stern, inflexible features, rigid almost as though Death had drawn his icy hand over them; those close, steeled lips, pressed down so pale and so thin, through which words seldom came save in monosyllables, and which always retained the same cold, hard expression—all these combined to make Nina Trail a being distinct from all others, and soon once to be always remembered. Few were those who had seen her smile, and those who had, said it was the saddest look they had ever seen; it was such as would make a little child weep!

But there was one quality that marked Nina Trail more than all others. It was her calm and patient endurance. Come what would, prosperity or adversity, loss or gain, sickness or health, Nina Trail always remained the same calm, unchanged, incomprehensible being—nothing ever produced any change in the expression either of eyes or lips. What was there yesterday was there to-day, and so on, each day and always. She seemed to live in a world of thought and feeling entirely her own, aloof and distinct from the jarring, jostling world around her. And still her life was not one of seclusion. She constantly mingled with mankind, was shrewd and circumspect in her calculations, did all the business of her little farm, bought and sold, made bargains, 'tis true, with but few words; but those words were direct, and always to the purpose.

She was moreover rich in all the charities of life, and many blessed her who had never seen her, or met the cold grasp of her hand. Widows blessed her who upon rising some cold winter's morning, would find standing by the back door a bag of potatoes, or a sack of flour, stealthily conveyed there during the cold hours of the night. They know that it was Nina Trail's merciful act; such was her chosen way of doing good—not to let her left hand know what her right hand was doing. And children blessed her and loved to hear her name pronounced, who at the same time would run out of her path to escape the stern look of her eye, and her harsh, uncompromising presence.

"And whence came," you will ask, "such a medley in one person of rare and opposite qualities, and what was the kind of training which developed a character like that of Nina Trail? I will tell you.

Nina had always lived on the same small farm which she inherited from her parents. They were quiet, industrious people, and Nina was their only daughter. She grew up and received that kind of education which persons of their class in life usually give their children—a good common school education, with careful domestic training. She was well fitted to be the wife of a man moving in her own sphere—a farmer or mechanic in the country.

She had a brother older than herself, and possessing, by nature, gifts of a much higher order. Harry Trail was a noble boy, with rare talents and fine personal appearance, and his father, in the pride of his heart, concluded to give him a college education. He therefore raked together all the surplus funds that his small farm would yield, and Harry was sent to college in his eighteenth year. Nina loved her brother, and revered him for his noble qualities of head and heart, and he in return almost idolized his plain

and less gifted sister. There was a warmth in her attachment to him, as an only brother, that called forth the same feeling from his warm and affectionate heart.

Harry had a room-mate by the name of George Wilson. He was a young man of wealthy parents, and greater pretensions than Harry, yet he seemed to choose him for his associate before all others, and Harry often invited him to spend part of his vacations with him, in the country, at his father's house.

Between him and Nina an affection sprang up, which soon ripened into love. Love did I say? It was love on *her* part; on his, but a base passion, a desire to gratify himself with the humiliation and ruin of a poor, unsophisticated country girl.

Harry gradually lost confidence in his college chum, and warned Nina how she bestowed her affection upon him, as he was more than half suspicious of the game he was playing. But his warning voice came to late. Poor Nina was already too far gone for even her brother's pleading voice to reach her. The rest is but the same old story, told from the beginning,—of man's promises and perfidy, and woman's frailty and trusting love!

Harry wrung from his sister the story of her wrong, and he swore with a great oath on his soul, that George Wilson should repair the evil done to his sister by an honorable marriage, or else go, unbidden, for his sin, into the presence of his God!

That evening they all met in the parlor of his father's cottage. Harry's heart and brain were on fire, but he restrained himself and said calmly, "George Wilson, I have learned from my sister the story of her wrong—that wrong which you yourself, know full well. You have basely betrayed my confidence, and stabbed my honor. I invited you to my home; I was your friend; you called yourself mine. How have you rewarded me?

Stung me like a serpent; stung the bosom that cherished you!

But I came not here to reproach you. If you love my sister, you will make all the reparation in your power by an honorable marriage; the rest must be left between your own soul and God."

Here Nina interposed.—"If you love me not, as I hear it whispered in my heart, come not near me, George Wilson! Look not on me, nor think of me as your wife! Rather than link myself with the man who cannot love me, after all that has passed, I would wed the lowest menial that sweeps the streets; yes, beg, starve, die, aye, suffer the agony of a *thousand* deaths!—all this would I do rather than unite myself with the man who would not be proud to call me wife, as I to call him husband!"

"Then you are answered at once," said George Wilson. "I love you not, Nina Trail. I never loved you. You should have known it ere this. You know it now."

It were not possible to described the look of horror that Nina gave on hearing these words. Lifting her clenched hands towards heaven, with a shriek so wild that it made even that bad man tremble; she fled from the apartment.

The next day George Wilson departed for college. Harry soon after followed him, and finding him in his room, he entered, and locking the door after him, he drew his pistol from his pocket, and said: "George Wilson, I have but a few words to say. You have ruined my sister! You must either marry the girl you have seduced, or go this moment into the presence of your God! Which will you do? I give you just ten seconds to answer."

"I will never marry your sister," replied George; "and as for your threats, I scorn them as I do you!"

"Then die this instant!" said Harry, and in a second of time, the walls and floor were sprinkled with brains and blood.

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Harry did not attempt to escape. He went out and delivered himself up to the first officer he met, and said, "I have killed the seducer of my sister's honor. I could not do otherwise, so help me God!"

The news reached Nina in her quiet home, and she immediately took the stage and started for the college. She arrived just at night, and went directly to George's room. The door was locked, but the key was in it. Nina turned the key and entered the room, and there before her on the bed, pale and lifeless, lay the body of George Wilson.

Nina did not shrink or start back. She went directly towards the bed, and uncovering the face, looked at it long and breathlessly amid the solitude of that darkened chamber. She looked, and soul and being seemed absorbed in that gaze. She stood there hour after hour, immovable as a statue. Storms might have swept over that building, armed hosts might have levelled their artillery against it, earthquakes might have shaken its walls, but Nina Trail would have heard them not. So fixed, so abstracted was her gaze, that when people came to take her away, they said, "Her eyes are as stony as those of the corpse she looks upon; her form is cold and statue like, as marble."

For many days and nights she lay in a troubled sleep, moaning, and constantly muttering in her delirium, "George! George! how cold you are! How could you do so, George?"

From that day Nina Trail was a changed woman. She rose from her sick bed, and went about the duties that devolved upon her, but she seemed, all her days, like one walking in a troubled dream, a being passing through the world, but not of it.

Harry was pardoned the crime he had committed in killing the seducer of his sister's honor. But the sight of her so changed was too painful for him, and he

removed and settled in a distant part of the country.

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Continued from page 357.]

CHAPTER XI.

Which changes the scene.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE first trumpet for dinner, at the cavalry mess, had sounded, when Harrison, on the day of his return, ascended the steps of the verandah in company with his friend Hartley, who was that day the invited guest of another officer of George's corps.

"Well, my boy, it is your last day near Williams, for a long time. To-morrow you will start to relieve the 2d troop; is it not so?"

"Yes, Hartley. Detachment duty is, in this case, truly acceptable, not on Williams' account only, but because I would for a while be away from the city, even though so close to it. I would fain be alone, to collect my thoughts and arrange plans which are but yet vague and confused."

Upon entering the mess, servants were handing round sherry to the officers, before dinner, as usual.

Major Williams was, at that moment, replacing his glass upon the tray, and did not immediately notice their entrance. George had, therefore, time to receive a glass of wine from an attendant, and was raising to his lips when the voice of the Major arrested him.

"I hope, Mr. Harrison, that you returned from your trip to the north with renewed strength, not only of body, but of loyalty."

"I am not aware, Major, that any one has presumed to doubt my loyalty; my bodily strength is, I am glad to say, rapidly returning."

"Then, possibly, we may hope for the honor of your company a little later than the last time you were here; that is, if no rank rebel, who knows he can depend upon you, requires your advice on the eve of his escape to-night."

In a twinkling, the hand which held the glass was thrown forward, sending the contents full in Major Williams' face.

"Infamous villain," cried Harrison.

At the same moment, Captain Hartley touched him on the shoulder, and said in a calm, quiet tone, "Lieutenant Harrison, I place you under arrest," adding in a whisper, "return to my quarters, instantly."

As he passed out of the door, in obedience to this command, Hartley addressed himself to the Major:

"As the nearest officer at hand, I, in accordance with military regulations, have placed Mr. Harrison under arrest, to prevent further difficulty *here*, but it is for *you*, sir, to determine if that arrest is to continue beyond the hour, as doubtless but one way you could wish this affair concluded."

"You are correct, Captain Hartley, there is but one way," answered Williams, "that I would wish it settled—namely, by the same military laws and articles of war to which you have referred. Mr. Harrison will be under close arrest, I presume, as soon as I have communicated with the Colonel, who is momentarily expected."

"Then, of course, I have nothing more to say," replied Capt. Hartley, turning somewhat contemptuously away; and then, after politely making his excuses to the other officers, for not joining them at dinner, he left the mess house and hastened to rejoin our hero.

"By heavens, Harrison, but he says

he will deal with you as a military offender, not as a man of honor would do—the mean spirited wretch."

"I am truly glad to hear it."

"Glad to hear it! Harrison, are you mad? Glad to hear that he will have you tried and cashiered, to a certainty; for you have assaulted, at public mess, your commanding officer for the time being. What do you, what *can* you mean?"

"Simply, that I would *not* have met him, if he *had* challenged me. To be relieved from the vexation and annoyance which *that* refusal would have cost me, is what I rejoice at. I just want, Hartley, to be tried and dismissed, or cashiered; it is my only chance to get rid of the misery of being engaged in this war. They have intimated that I can not exchange; if I retire, it implies cowardice; if I desert, it involves disgrace and death; if I remain, it is worse than death. I had thoughts as to what purely military offence I could commit, which would not cause a loss of self respect, and yet would lead to my dismissal from the service, and here, as if providentially, the very thing occurs."

A knock at the door here interrupted them. It proved to be the adjutant, who, demanding Harrison's sword, informed him that he must consider himself under close arrest to quarters, and that a copy of charges against him would be furnished him early the ensuing day.

The court martial was assembled in a few days. George Harrison plead guilty, and further added, that instead of regretting it, he would, under similar circumstances, act in precisely the same manner.

This materially shortened the tediousness of the trial, but had the effect of alienating many of his friends, who considered this conduct contumacious.

The finding and sentence of the court was fully confirmed and approved by the Commander-in-chief, after the lapse of a

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considerable period, and was then, for the first time, promulgated, although but little doubt could possibly have existed as to what it would be.

Lieutenant Harrison was cashiered, and his name ordered to be stricken off the strength of the army.

During the time he had been awaiting this result, the effects of his pleading guilty, together with his additional remarks, and the assertions and insinuations of Williams, began to work. Many seemed to think that he had aided in Emerson's escape, and one by one his friends dropped from him, until only the friendship of Hartley remained.

He had managed, by some means, twice to communicate with, and to hear from Agnes, and her replies were all he could hope for.

That effected, his wish was to leave the country, and glad he was when the transport, in which he was ordered a passage, passed through the narrows on her way to England.

On his arrival in London, he found his father absent from town, and his eldest brother also; but he received a letter from the former, refusing to see him, enclosing bank bills to the amount of two thousand pounds, which, at his father's death he would be entitled to, and intimating that as he had disgraced a loyal name, he never wished to hear of him.

A few lines from the latter informed him that if he could ever reestablish his character, he hoped he would do so; that with his best wishes for his future, he thought that at any rate England was no place for him, for there he was irretrievably lost; possibly he might get employment in the Russian service, which had lately engaged many English officers—he merely gave him this as an item of information, not from any desire to interfere with or advise in his future arrangements, of which he begged to wash his hands.

"I will make a name that shall make

them bow to me yet, if I live," said George, on reading the last letter, from a brother who had always been, hitherto, so kind. "I did not think he could judge me so harshly." Of his father, he had expected nothing better, for he knew the strength of his feelings and prejudices.

"I will, in one thing," pondered Harrison, "follow my brother's hint; England is now no place for me; and now, this revolutionary war draws towards a close, so says everybody. Well, let me remember that even Pandora's box had hope at the bottom of it."

Of the other parties, whom we have introduced to our readers, some will appear again. At present, we will only mention that Lord Edward Thynne never recovered; he died in New York, shortly after Harrison's departure, and, although he had refused to fulfill his promise to Major Williams, that worthy, on his death, discovered some letters, in a peculiar hand-writing, which once seen was not easily forgotten, that his father was none other than the noble duke, who was also the parent of Lord Edward. Other information he, in the same manner, gathered, which he determined to use for his own ends.

Leaving Agnes Emerson at Bokelen, with her aunt, William having joined the continental army, with a captain's commission, we close our FIRST EPOCH.

[To be continued.]

BE PUNCTUAL.

BY G. T. S.

"Don't ask that man to be a bearer at my funeral," said a very facetious, but punctual man, of one whom he knew to be slow and dilatory, "he always kept me waiting all my life, and I don't wish to be served in the same way after I am dead."

Now, without pretending to excuse this somewhat irreverent remark, we do real-

ly think that it contains a world of meaning. Of all bores to the punctual, methodical man, the sluggish, dilatory one is the greatest. He always comes at the eleventh hour, and just a moment too late—just in time to spoil all your previous arrangements. Beside the neglect of business, is the wear and tear of patience, and the waste of time, which you can not lightly lose.

An amusing anecdote is told of Dr. Chalmer's father, who was noted for his habits of punctuality. His aunt, who resided with him, appeared one morning late at breakfast, and to screen herself from the scolding that she was sure to get, she said, "Oh! Mr. Chalmers, I had *such* a dream, last night!"

"Aye, what was it?"

"I dreamed that you were dead! The funeral day was named, the hour fixed, and the funeral cards written. The day came, and the folks came, and the hour came. But what do you think happened? Why, the clock had scarce done striking twelve, which had been the hour named in the cards, when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice came out of it, saying, 'Tis twelve o'clock, and you have not begun yet!'"

The wit of the thing was so well relished by Mr. Chalmers, that he ever after excused the culprit for late lying in bed.

Several anecdotes are told of Washington's punctuality.

When he appointed the hour of twelve to meet Congress, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall while the clock was striking twelve.

His dinner hour was four o'clock. If his guests were not there at the time, he never waited for them. Now members of Congress, who were invited to dine with him, would frequently come in when dinner was half over, and he would say to them, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the

company has arrived, but whether the hour has."

In 1799, when on a visit to Boston, he appointed eight o'clock, in the morning, as the hour when he would set out for Salem. While the Old South clock was striking eight, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry, who had volunteered to escort him, was parading in Tremont street, and did not overtake him until he had reached Charles River bridge. On their arrival, the General said, "Major, I thought you had been in my family too long not to know when it was eight o'clock."

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

[Continued from page 378.]

Among the passengers there was an old lady of feeble health, who had retired to her berth with little Amelia, and as the cry of fire reached her ear, with remarkable presence of mind, she tied little Amelia to a feather bed, and rushing to the side of the vessel threw the child and bed overboard. Leaping after her, she caught hold of a corner of the bed to keep from sinking, but her benevolence to the little orphan did not save herself from a watery grave. A wave washed her from her hold, and she was buried beneath the waters.

Not far from the place on the shore where the friendly waves carried the orphan Amelia, lived a rich, retired East India Merchant. His beautiful mansion still stands in sight of the Delaware coast. Captain Treto's family consisted of himself, wife and one son. The little boy, at this time a lad of twelve years, was of robust constitution and fiery temperament. He was allowed to ramble at will by his indulgent parents, and many of his leisure hours were spent in gathering shells on the shore, and in throwing sticks into the water for his dog Plu-

to to swim a young master handsome lad her gifts of v tractions of l hair-lip disfi blue eyes wit not enhance face, and his Caleb was n his youthful the nick nam "fire top,"

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mouth and th He did not k her, but lifti her to the m who manifest wagging his little beauty for the first child.

Captain T

to to swim after and fetch back to his young master. Caleb Tresto was not a handsome lad. Nature, though lavish in her gifts of wealth, denied him the attractions of beauty. A scar from a cured hair-lip disfigured his mouth; his little blue eyes with their peculiar squint did not enhance the beauty of his freckled face, and his hair was red and curly. Caleb was never a favorite with any of his youthful associates, and many were the nick names they gave him; such as "fire top," "gape mouth," &c., which would arouse his indignation to such a pitch that he would fight until he was covered with sweat and dust, seldom getting the worst of the battle. These frequent encounters soured his feelings towards all children, and he was rarely seen with a child. His parents understood the cause of his apparent uncongeniality with other children, and in the fullness of their sympathy allowed him to amuse himself to his own liking.

It was in one of his lonely rambles on the shore, that he discovered a bundle of something near the edge of the water; picking up a stick, he threw it upon it, and commanded Pluto to go and fetch it. Pluto swam to the bundle and taking hold of one corner, he dragged it to the bank. "What have you got here, Pluto?" said Caleb, examining the bundle. He was surprised and alarmed to find a child tied to it, and the first thing he did was to see if it was alive. Taking out his knife, he severed the cord that confined her to the bundle. The child breathed, but her mouth and throat appeared full of water. He did not know what to do to relieve her, but lifting her in his arms he bore her to the mansion, followed by Pluto, who manifested his joy by jumping and wagging his tail. Caleb looked at the little beauty, as she lay in his arms, and, for the first time in his life, admired a child.

Captain Tresto and his lady were seat-

ed on the verandah, enjoying themselves in a social conversation, when Madam Tresto caught sight of Caleb, coming hastily towards the house, carrying a bundle in his arms.

"What on earth has Caleb got?" said she to her husband.

"It looks very much like a child," observed the Captain.

"Yes, it does look like it; but he would not carry a child, he has such a horror of children."

The question was soon settled by the arrival of Caleb, who laid the half-drowned child on his mother's lap, at the same time giving her an animated account of how and where he found her.

"See what long, black curls, she has, mother. Isn't she pretty?—and there is a gold locket around her neck."

Captain Tresto examined the locket, but could find nothing that interested him in it.

"I am going to keep this little girl for mine," said Caleb, "may I not, father, for I found her?"

"Perhaps you may, my son," replied the Captain, "but the child is quite sick, and evidently needs medical aid, and must have a doctor. I will send for one immediately, while your mother attends her other wants."

Caleb was all interest in the welfare of the little girl, to the surprise of his parents. The doctor at length came, and brought news of the burning of the vessel; this solved the mystery of the child being found on the beach. She soon revived under the doctor's skillful treatment, and Captain Tresto, anxious to relieve any anxious friends of the child's, that might be living, advertised her through the papers, giving a full description of her person and dress, also where she could be found.

Weeks and months passed, and none came to claim the child. She soon regained her health, under the kind care

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of Madam Tresto. All they could learn from the little girl, was that she was of German descent, and that her name was Amelia Oldenburgh; that her mother was thrown overboard, and that her father jumped after her into the sea, and could not be rescued. Having at once concluded that both of her parents had perished, they willingly adopted her as their own child.

Caleb was exceedingly delighted with the little girl, and considered himself her entire owner. Amelia's affectionate and sprightly disposition, with her delicate beauty, all combined, opened the closed doors of his heart. She was his plaything and darling pet; his eyes would sparkle with delight as he, in any way, afforded her pleasure. Her little arms were often about his neck, and her childish kisses were freely bestowed on his homely mouth and ugly face, without once observing their plainness.

"What a luxury to have some one love you," said he to his mother. "I do believe she thinks I am as pretty as anybody. Isn't she a darling, mother?—wont you love her for *my* sake?"

"Yes, my son, and for *her own* sake, too, for she is a beautiful and lovely tempered little child; and it gives me great pleasure to see that she affords you so much enjoyment. God has, in his providence, given her to us, and I thank him for the gift."

"So do I, mother."

Caleb was proud of her beauty—he never tired gazing at her; his fingers were always twining her luxurious curls, as they fell carelessly around her baby neck. Amelia appeared to awaken all his better feeling. He took great pleasure in the notice that visitors usually took of her, never manifesting the least jealousy; and in all his rambles after shells and flowers, Amelia was his constant companion, until the weather became too cold for the delicate little beau-

ty to be out doors; then the prudent mother restricted her rambles to the environs of the yard and house. Caleb remonstrated with his mother, for her kind intentions, considering them an infringement on his pleasures, to say nothing of his rights.

"Let Amelia go with me, mother, today; I want to get some shells for her, and I don't like to go alone."

"No, my son, you must not take her any more this winter. She is a frail, delicate little girl, and exposure might prove dangerous to her. She took cold the last time she went with you, and her throat is still sore; but you can go, if you wish."

"No, mother, I guess I will play at home. I believe I will teach Amelia her letters; that will be as good as play."

"Yes, my son, much better; it will amuse *you* and instruct *her*. Amelia is ready to begin, Caleb; get your book, and you, my son, must be patient, for she will not learn very fast, she is such a little girl."

The day was thus spent, and Caleb had learned her many of the letters. The next day he resumed his own studies, with renewed energy, surprising his parents with the progress he made. In a short time Amelia knew all her letters. Then Caleb learned her to spell, then to read, and by the time the warm spring came around, she was quite a little scholar.

About this time, Captain Tresto procured the services of Miss Moss, as governess. Caleb and Amelia were delighted with their teacher, who was a patient and accomplished lady. They learned their lessons with surprising aptness, after which they were allowed to ramble over the hills, or pick shells, just as they pleased. During one of these pleasant rambles, Amelia had gathered her apron full of flowers, and seating herself upon a smooth rock, she asked Caleb to help

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her make a wreath for the faithful Pluto, who lay at her feet. Her bonnet was thrown off, her cheeks glowed with animated pleasure, her dark curls fell thickly about her fair face, a happy smile played around her pretty mouth.

"See, Caleb, don't you think this is pretty?" said Amelia, holding up the wreath she had finished.

"Yes, beautiful; and Pluto should be very proud that you think so much of his dogship. But I don't think any of those flowers are half so pretty as you are, Amelia. Do you know, I think you look as people do in heaven, for mother says that everybody is pretty there."

"Oh, Caleb," said the little girl, "I am not pretty, like an angel, I am sure of that; but I love you for thinking well of me, and I would not give you for the prettiest boy in the world," and throwing her fairy arms around his neck, she imprinted sisterly kisses on his cheek.

"Wouldn't you, Amelia?" said he, playfully pulling her head in his lap; and, as she turned her pretty face up to his, he caught sight of her gold locket, hanging on her neck.

"What makes you wear that clumsy thing, Amelia? It is not becoming to your delicate neck. You had the rough looking thing around your neck when I found you," and he took it off and looked at it thoughtfully.

"It isn't pretty, Caleb, I confess; and your dear mamma often asked me to leave it off, but, some how, I love to wear it—it helps me to remember about my dead mother. I can remember when it was given me, just as well as if it was to-day."

"Can you, Amelia? then tell me about it."

"Oh, it was an old man that gave it to me. He said that his picture was in it, and that there was something in the back of it that I might see when I became a woman."

Caleb took the locket and examined it

carefully, pressing first one side and then the other; presently, the spring flew open.

"Oh! Caleb! see what is in it."

"Well," said Caleb, "here is a piece of paper, crowded in as tight as wax; it is written all over, in German, and here is a ring, with five sets, like diamonds. That is all there is in it. Let us go and show this paper to mother."

Amelia got her bonnet, and Caleb tied it on for her, and then they went to the house. Captain Treto and Miss Moss were in the parlor with Madam Treto, as Caleb and his little pet came bounding into the room, with the locket and its contents. Captain Treto read the paper, and found it to be a copy of a will, made in favor of Rosana Oldenburgh and her heirs. The ring was an old family relic, that was always kept in the family. It contained five diamonds, of the first water. Captain Treto explained the probable value of the will and ring, telling Amelia to put all back in the locket and take good care of it, and at some future time he would take steps to test the value of the will. Amelia laid away the locket, in a safe place, and again she and Caleb pursued their studies, dismissing all thoughts of the locket.

Nothing of importance transpired at the mansion for several years, except that Caleb and Amelia improved rapidly in all branches, and it became necessary to send Caleb to college, he being nineteen years old when his father took him to Philadelphia. He entered the college with high hopes of finishing his studies in two years, being quite advanced at the time of his admission. Amelia was now in her eleventh year, and Miss Moss still was her teacher. She was idolized by her adopted parents—her remarkable beauty and intelligence was the wonder of the household.

But things were not destined to remain long in this desirable condition.

Caleb had been in college two years, and was expected home to spend a little vacation. Madam Tresto and Amelia were impatient to welcome him home, for they had not seen him for several weeks. Amelia was now nearly thirteen, and tall of her age; she had improved wonderfully in all her studies, and was anticipating much praise from Caleb, when he got home. Captain Tresto took the carriage and was off to Philadelphia, to bring Caleb home. Kissing his wife and Amelia, he bid them be cheerful till his return, which would be the next day. Oh, how many pleasant surprises Amelia had contrived for Caleb.

"Don't you think, mother, he will be pleased?"

"No doubt he will, my dear," said Madam Tresto, casting her eye up the road, as she saw the carriage returning, the next day, quite early in the forenoon. "They are coming; how fast they drive! See, Amelia, how impatient Caleb is to get home."

Amelia's nimble feet passed Madam Tresto, and as the carriage was at the gate, she was there in a minute. But where was Caleb and his father? The driver handed the child a letter to give her mother. A sudden alarm seized Amelia, and she tremblingly waited for her mother to read it. Madam Tresto's pale countenance told plainly that something unpleasant had occurred.

"Get your things, quick, my child, your father is very sick with the cholera, and we must go to him. Caleb is with him."

The carriage, with fresh horses, was soon at the door, and Madam Tresto and Amelia were soon in Philadelphia; but Captain Tresto had expired before they arrived, and now Caleb was struggling with the awful disease. Oh, how the anxious and stricken mother prayed and called on her darling boy! Everything was resorted to, to keep life in the dear

one; but, alas! he too, must die! Words can not portray the grief of that wife and mother; her all was gone in one short day—every tie to earth was broken, and she was left alone, and all was dark and desolate.

Poor Amelia! she, too, was overwhelmed in the vortex of sorrow. Madam Tresto kept up during the funeral of her adored husband and son, and when this was brought to a close, she returned with Amelia to her desolate home. Amelia, by every kind word and action, endeavored to soothe her afflicted mother; but Madam Tresto never recovered her health or spirits, but gradually failed and sickened, and in one year she was laid beside her lamented husband and son.

[To be continued.]

BITTEN.

I.

I dreamed a wild and happy dream,
While Love stood wondering by amazed—
As on thy radiant form I gazed—
So real did the vision seem.

II.

For thou had'st all that beauty claims—
The power to wound, to slay, to cure;
And lavish thou of all, I'm sure,
So little of them now remains.

III.

Long nourished, by thy smiles and tears,
My love grew stronger, day by day;
And my glad heart, lit by its ray, [years.
Deemed years were moments—moments,

IV.

Far better to have died, than live
To lose all faith in human worth,
And know the fairest things of earth
But smile, the deeper wound to give.

V.

'Tis o'er! and I have learned to steel
My heart alike to tears and smiles:
For this I thank thy studied wiles—
The heart mourns not, that can not feel.

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A STAGE INCIDENT.

BY DOINGS.

SOME two or more summers ago, being in Placerville and wishing to see Sacramento, I engaged stage passage, and retired in pleased expectation of a good time on the morrow—for I do love to be on the move. I was particular in engaging an outside seat, but in some unaccountable manner, neglected to mention the one desired, consequently, on the morning following, quite elated with a hot breakfast and one of those articles known in the mountains as *Regalias*. I walked up to the coach for the purpose of occupying the spoken-for-seat, and to my utter astonishment, found the outside seats taken, and your unfortunate friend was directed to climb on top of the stage and ride on the battens. I had nothing to say, I felt that I, and I alone was to blame; so, without threatening to whip all the agents and everybody else connected with the concern, I peacefully mounted, congratulating myself, that even battens were preferable to an inside seat on a hot summer day—but alas! my judgement was not founded upon experience. Did you ever ride on the battens? No! well, never try it. Take the benefit of my experience and don't do it—lay over a day—eschew battens as you would a lumber wagon over a corduroy road.

The coach, inside, contained seven women, one man, five children in and out of arms. Outside, three unhappy gentlemen had the pleasure of dangling their legs over the boot, receiving the full benefit of the dust, seven or eight others hung theirs over the sides, while I with several others fixed ourselves *Turk fashion* upon the top. On the seat with the driver, sat two gentlemen who appeared remarkably well pleased with themselves, and whose looks seemed to say: we are sorry for you fellows up there—but "you wa'nt smart." On the

seat back of the drivers, there were three, the one on the right was an elderly gentleman, short and thick in stature, with a very grey head, and who wore gold-rimmed spectacles—he appeared to be good-natured, but extremely nervous. On the left, sat one who sported a light colored moustache, and who I tho't was a German. The middle of the seat was occupied by a musician, who carried under one arm an immense brass horn tied up in a green bag, and beneath the other several framed sketches—and for the articles manifested great care—especially for the horn, which he asserted time and time again, was presented to him by the band, and he would'nt have it injured for a thousand dollars. When the little nervous gray-headed man, by the rolling of the coach was thrown against him, he would exclaim: "look out! look out sir! you'll mash my horn;" or, "there sir, you're on my horn aguin." The little man would generally reply with, "confound your horn;" or, "you've no business to carry a horn up here. On one occasion, he deliberately took from the pocket of his coat-tail, a soda bottle and drawing the cork, applied the neck—with the bulk of the bottle slightly elevated—to his lips, and after giving his head a jerk or two backwards, removed it, replaced the cork, and peeping over his specks at the horn-blower, said, "that's the sort of a *horn* sir, to travel with," and then with a deeply satisfactory a-a-hem, returned the soda bottle from whence it was taken.—This same little man would often nervously express it as his opinion, that the coach was top heavy, and he would'nt be surprised if it turned over, "and what a nice fix you'd be in," said he to the musical man, as we were going slowly along upon a side hill, where the traveled road appeared to be in fine order, but below us the descent of the hill was rapid. Hardly had the little man uttered

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those words when the off wheels ran into one of those dust holes not uncommon in the summer season, and sure enough over we did go. The writer remembers very distinctly of rolling down hill in company with divers and sundry handboxes and small packages, also something in a long green bag, and that he brought up by the side of a cluster of bushes, and that after a minute examination of his person, which proved that he was perfectly sound, he gathered up such of the articles as lay about him and hurried back to the scene of the disaster, where he arrived in season to assist one or two females and their offspring out of the wreck. Fortunately, no one was severely injured; but the coach was so disabled, that the driver declared it impossible to proceed, and informed us that we must walk on to the next "change," about six miles—so, off we started, all in good humor, and proceeded nearly two miles, when the musician, who was plodding along a little in advance with horn in hand and sketches under his arms, suddenly halted with an exclamation, he appeared much as a person would with a severe pain in the stomach, and to our earnest enquiry of, "what's the matter?" he yelled out in agonizing tones, "MY HORN'S MASHED!" The strings of that bag were instantly loosened, and the oddest looking thing taken out that ever any one did see of the horn kind—'twas too bad, but we laughed, we could'nt help it, 'twas so ridiculous, the idea of his having carried that treasure, the idol of his heart, that horn, two miles, and only then discovered it to be injured—rejoiced at his own escape, that valuable instrument under the law of preservation became secondary—we laughed, aye, roared, sympathy found no chance for expression, and the little man laughed louder than all, his body bobbed up and down, his sides shook, straggling tears came to his eyes,

and his face became purple and scarlet by turns—suddenly, a change came over him, he thrust one hand into his coat tail pocket, his little body straightened up almost backward, his features became serious and almost fearful as he withdrew the hand and holding the upper portion of the soda bottle before us exclaimed, "gentlemen, 'tis no laughing matter! *my horn is also mashed!*"

FOREVER?

I.

The soft west wind comes stealing o'er
Pacific's listening wave;
The ripples glide along the shore,
And naiads stoop to lave
Their fairy forms within the ray
That lingers where the zephyrs play.

II.

Upon the lonely beach I stand
And watch the waning light,
Receding from the ocean strand,
But lingering on the height
Of yon blue mountain, in the west,
Tinging with golden hues its crest.

III.

One moment more, and softly dies
The last faint tint away;
A sombre shadow in the skies
Proclaims departed day;
And nature, pulseless, seems to mourn
Another sun forever gone.

IV.

Forever? No! for see! he sends
A thousand gems of light—
Bright, sparkling stars, whose soft light
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Upon the brow of night;
They whisper 'long the arching skies,
"The sun—our lord—again shall rise."

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THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

THIRD LEGEND.

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

[Continued from page 377.]

VEIT now thought it a fitting opportunity to plead his cause, and with so good an effect, that the gnome no longer denied his humble request; besides, this money-lending affair he deemed such an odd proceeding, and the confidence with which the "tin" was asked for, by the poor wretch, of so novel a nature, that even if the latter had not deserved the pity accorded him, he might have consented.

"Come on! follow me!" said he, and led the way through the forest into an isolated little vale, where a dense growth of shrubs surrounded the base of a perpendicular rock. By great exertions, Veit and his guide worked through the chaparral up to the entrance of a cave. The former felt not quite at ease; when groping his way along a dark passage, a cold shudder crept down his spine, and the hair on his head felt a sensation like trying to raise on end. "Turnip-Counter," he thought, "has deceived many a man; who knows at what forward step I may tumble down a bottomless pit." The sound of falling water, as it struck his ear, near by, did not improve his faint-heartedness. On, both adventurers went, fear and terror came, in the shape of two ugly demons, in the rear, until, at length, they beheld a light far off; a blue flame sported in the distance, and the mountain catacomb shaped itself into a large vault. The flame grew steady, burning brightly in its centre, like some chandelier, although it was nothing but natural gas-light, a very common affair at the present day. On the solid floor, beneath, stood a copper furnace, filled to its edge with bright dollar pieces. This looked some-

what like "exactly the thing wanted," and Veit's bosom expanded for joy.

"Take what thou needest," the gnome said, "be it little or much, only give me a note for the amount, if thou knowest how to write."

Honestly, the debtor counted out a hundred dollars, no more nor less, while his creditor looked about for writing materials, and seemed to take no notice of what passed. Veit wrote the note, as well as he was able, which the gnome took and locked up in his huge iron safe, with this admonition to the writer: "Go hence, my friend, and use the money with an industrious hand. Remember, thou art my debtor; mark well the opening to this valley and to the cave, for three years from to-day I shall expect back capital and interest. I am a hard creditor; therefore, neglect payment, and be sure I have a way of my own to settle old accounts."

Of course Veit promised everything, without bartering away his soul, as some loose customers have been wont to do, and departed from his benefactor with a thankful heart. He had no trouble to find the opening of the vault, with such a bright opening in life before him. The hundred dollars had such an invigorating effect on soul and body, it seemed to him that he must have breathed the pure "elixir of life," in the place just left behind; he started for home a new man, and reached his abode of misery at evening dusk.

The children hardly saw him, before they called out. "Bread, father, a piece of bread — we have waited so long!" The famished wife sat crying in a corner; like all despondent persons, she expected the worst, and was ready to hear a litany from her husband; but he shook her gladly by the hand, and told her to start a good fire in the chimney, by which to cook a mush so thick as to make the spoon stand on end in it, as he had

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brought grits and millet in his wallet from Reichenbach.

"Your cousins, wife," he said, afterwards, "are excellent people; they did not throw our poverty in my teeth; they did not say, 'we know thee not'; they did not drive me from their doors; oh, no! not they—but gladly gave me shelter, opened heart and hand, and counted down a hundred dollars at my request."

The wife felt quite easy after this, saying, "If we had knocked at the right door, at once, how much sorrow we might have saved ourselves." The "*rich relations*," of whom she had expected so little before, soon grew to be her favorite theme; however, considering past "*hard times*," Veit let her indulge these feelings of vanity, till there seemed no end to the encomiums she bestowed on her kinsfolk. Then he quietly said:

"Listen, wife. When I knocked at the right door, do you know what the landlord bestowed on me, in the way of good advice?"

"What was it?" she enquired.

"'A good smith,' he said, 'neglects not to strike the iron when hot'; therefore, let us work industriously, that we may accumulate something, enabling us in three years from now to pay our debt."

Veit set about it in earnest, bought first a few acres of land, then, by degrees, a few more, and cultivated them to such advantage that he was soon considered a man of importance, in his village, for the money received from Turnip-Counter had a blessing attached to it. About the middle of the third summer, he was enabled to lease a manor-house, that yielded him a snug income; in fact, people pointed him out as one of fortune's favorite children. When the time for payment was at hand, Veit could settle his debt without inconvenience to himself; the money, accordingly, was put up, and early on the eventful, yet long looked for day, the family were roused from their

slumbers; each one had to dress in their best, including the new shoes, purple bodice, and under waistcoat, never worn as yet; while, for himself, he brushed his go-to-meeting coat, and called out from the window: "Hans, put the horses to the wagon."

"Husband, what means this?" asked his wife, "to-day is neither holiday, or church consecrating festival; what, then, makes thee so happy, and where dost thou mean to take us?"

"I think it time," he responded, "to pay your rich kinsmen a visit, and settle my account with the creditor who generously lent me his assistance, when most I needed it."

To this his wife did not object; she and the children were finely dressed, to give the rich cousins a favorable opinion of their present "*easy circumstances*," when there was no reason to be ashamed of them, as "*some poor relatives*," not omitting to put on a necklace of twisted ducats, strung together. Everything ready for a start, all took their seats in the wagon, and Hans, the groom, plied the whip to four excellent horses, which lively hurried on their load to the Ries-Engibirge.

At a steep cañon, Veit ordered his family to alight, and the groom slowly to ascend the mountain with the empty wagon, and wait for the party under the linden; not to mind their time of absence, but let the horses rest and feed, "for," he continued, "I know a trail, somewhat out of the way, but pleasant to walk, which will bring us to the very spot where thou shalt wait for us."

The little party then started for the woods, often among thick under-growth, while the farmer seemed lost in reflection and meditation, until his wife thought he had missed his way, and warned him to return and follow the high-road. Veit stopped, assembled his flock around him, and remarked:

"Thou thinkest, dost thou, that the road to thy kinsfolk is the wisest. Thy cousins are rascals, who, in my opinion, had only talents and good genius that made them that took the word of security for ready cash, and turned to good account. I am here to pay you, who is none else than the *Mountains*," called

The woman trembled and made the sign of the cross, the children showed pity, because their father had put them into the presence of the giant and gluttonous gnome had presented in the guise of a happily things in the cavern; raised a thankful heart, and that hot ears drew

"Stay here," he said, "may go into the wilderness on land. soon be back, mountains be with you to come with you that you shake heartily, no matter he would not let the good result in our gratitude courage, he will with apples and

Although the heart-reading band's pilgrim assisted by their zeal, laid freed himself gently fore, and the thick clouds

"Thou thinkest, dear wife, all of us on the road to thy kinsfolks; yet, it is otherwise. Thy cousins are a set of miserly rascals, who, in my distressing poverty, had only taunts and slights to offer; the good genies that made us what we are, that took the word of an honest man in security for ready cash—which my hands turned to good account—lives hereabout. I am here to pay our benefactor, to-day, who is none else than the "*Sire of the Mountains*," called Turnip-Counter."

The woman trembled at these words, and made the sign of the cross, while the children showed great fear and anxiety, because their father intended to lead them into the presence of the noted goblin, whom floating rumor made a terrible giant and gluttonous cannibal. Veit related his former adventure, how the gnome had presented himself at his call, in the guise of a charcoal burner; how happily things had turned out in the cavern; praised his generosity with a thankful heart, and so deep an emotion that hot tears dropped down his manly, weather beaten cheeks.

"Stay here," he continued, "that I may go into the cave to settle the business on hand. have no fears; I shall soon be back, and, if the lord of the mountains be willing, I shall trouble him to come with me to this place. Mind that you shake his proffered hand right heartily, no matter how black and coarse; he would not harm you, but delight over the good results of his kind act, and also in our gratitude. If you show some courage, he will present you, doubtless, with apples and sweetmeats."

Although the terrified wife made a heart-rending protest against her husband's pilgrimage to the gnome's cabin, assisted by the crying children, who, in their zeal, laid hold of his coat tail, he freed himself from their impetuosity by gentle force, and working his way through the thick chaparral before him, soon stood

at the base of the perpendicular rock. There they were!—the land-marks indicating the remarkable spot—all fresh in his memory. The old, decayed stump of what had once been an oak; at its roots the crevice leading into the tunnel; besides, everything around was now, as it appeared three years before, only the passago itself, by which he had first entered, had disappeared. He tried to force an ingress into the rocky mountain, knocked a stone against the wall, expecting the former opening to show itself; clinked his money-bag, calling out: "Sire of the Mountains! take back what belongs to thee." Yet, the *Sire* was neither seen nor heard, and nothing left for him but to go back, bag and all. Gladly he was hailed by his family, in spite of which he felt miserable and grieved, in being unable to cancel his obligation; and, throwing himself on the green sward, was for a long while uncertain what to do. "I will call the spirit by his nickname," he thought, at length, "even at the risk of offending him. This is the only way, for aught I know, to make him appear; and if he returns the summons by a good pommeling, it can't be helped." "Turnip-Counter! Turnip-Counter!" he cried, though his timid spouse begged him to keep silent, and pressed her hand to his mouth. All at once, the youngest urchin nestled close to his mother, screaming: "Oh! the black man!"

"That's it!—where?" inquired Veit.

"Behind that tree," the urchin blubbered, while the other children huddled together, trembling and crying.

The father looked about, but saw nothing—it had been an empty shadow. After all, Turnip-Counter did not appear; even the magic name, to which he otherwise responded, was repeated in vain. The family concluded to look out for other quarters; Veit left in low spirits, not heeding a gust of wind that came from

the deep forest, which gently bent the tops of the tall birches, and made the leaves of the ash trees tremble. Nearer came its murmuring sound; it rustled in the far off boughs of the oak; dry leaves and grass from the ground, and clouds of dust on the road, the whirlwind stirred up, which amused the children, who chased the leaves and soon forgot all about Turnip-Courier. A sheet of white paper attracted the little visionary's attention, but the very moment he sought to lay hold of it, a new gust of wind started it out of reach, until he managed, adroitly, to cover it with his hat. It being a fine letter sheet, the boy—by way of getting some credit for himself—carried the prize to his father, who had impressed upon his children the necessity of turning every trifle to the best account. The scroll turned out to be the note Veit had given to the *mountain sire* in acknowledgement of his indebtedness, and which now would have fallen due, but for its being torn and having the words "*Payment received*" affixed to its margin. Deeply impressed at this sight, our worthy farmer called out:

"Be of good cheer, my wife and children, and rejoice; he has seen us—has been a witness to our thanks. The generous benefactor, who invisibly was present, knows me to be an honest man. I

am released of my promise, and we may return home in peace."

Before reaching the wagon, in waiting for them, many tears were shed, both by parents and children—but they were tears of joy.

The party having advanced so near the village, where the rich cousins lived, the wife expressed a desire to pay them a visit, out of mere spite, as her husband's account had highly incited her ire; in view of which, the wagon quickly went down the hill side, and halted, about evening, at the very farm, where, three years since, common hospitality had been denied the same person now waiting at the gate, although this time in a different mood. A stranger appeared at the door, who informed Veit that his kinsmen had seen "their day"; one was dead, another ruined, while the third had left for foreign parts—all had passed away unregretted, soon to be forgotten.

The hospitable proprietor's cordial invitation to stay with him for the night, was accepted, when many things, interesting to all parties, were discussed. The next morning the travelers went home. Our hero attended to his affairs in such a manner as soon to become a man of wealth, and never showed himself otherwise than honest and straight forward, to the end of the chapter.

Our Social Chair.

THAT which sunshine is to a landscape; light, heat, air, moisture, and a good soil to plants—cheerfulness is to the social hearted. It is the inner light that illumines the mental sight, and presents every object looked upon, in a relieved and subdued, if not a joyous aspect. The dullest of days, the darkest of circumstances, the heaviest of prospects, are made endurable, and sometimes cheery,

by this angelic faculty of the human mind. There may be no money in the purse, no credit at the tradesman's, no bread or meat in the larder; and, simply because one wants such just then, no friendly hand is stretched out to help—yet, under all these discouraging circumstances, cheerfulness sheds a hallowed and softened brightness that reconciles you, while she supports and even nerves your strength sufficiently to

bear the but providence,

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bear the burden that misfortune, or im-
providence, may have entailed.

Besides, cheerfulness gives bloom to the
cheek, elasticity to the foot, vigor to the
limb, health to the nerve, light to the eye,
briskness to every movement, and content-
ment to the heart. All the various boun-
ties of plenty and prosperity, that a gen-
erous Providence has strewed upon our
path, are looked upon with more generous
impulses; and more grateful outpourings of
spirit, towards those who may be less fa-
vored, when this divine principle takes
precedence to that of melancholy.

The groveling selfishness of a complain-
ing spirit, that magnifies mole-hill difficul-
ties to mountains, and increases troubles by
wholesale; that makes its own personal sor-
rows ten fold the number and size of those
of other people, never feels the heart-
gladdening emotion of thankfulness, nor
the ennobling serenity of grateful remem-
brances, and, consequently, excludes itself
from every sympathy with the joyous and
hopeful, whether in its own circumstan-
ces or the circumstances and experiences
of others. They belong to the Mrs. Gum-
midge family, and it is of little consequence
to them what may be the amount of pros-
perity or comfort with which they are
blessed, they are still "lone-lorn creatures"
that no cheerfulness can ever penetrate,
and no attention ever soothe.

To look upon the dark side of anything
reflects no image of brightness; adds not
one iota of help; sheds no ray of happi-
ness upon the possessor, and always detracts
much from the happiness of others. There-
fore, cheerfulness has a host of advantages,
and melancholy an army of self-created
evils, that wither and blight the good in
ourselves, and shuts out the good that
might be bestowed on others.

In order to cultivate the cheerful and
pleasant, our Social Chair was inaugurated;
and, in order to perpetuate such, a friend
has sent us the following:—

DEAR SOCIAL CHAIR: In your last num-
ber, you published an account of the way
a wife cured her husband of drunkenness.

I send you another instance of a similar
kind, which may, perhaps, amuse your
readers.

Molly L., of H., had a husband who was
a great sot. He had squandered nearly all
his estate, and had become so sour and
morose in his family, that they shunned
him as they would a bear. His poor wife
bore it all very quietly, for several years,
till, at length her patience was well nigh
exhausted, and she hit on the following
expedient to cure him.

Dan, her husband, had a horrible dread
of ghosts. An old neighbor of his, him-
self a great sot, had recently died, and was
buried in one corner of his garden, near
the road that old Dan used to travel, on
his way from the groggery home.

One night, while Dan was at the grog-
gery, as usual, Molly wrapped herself in a
sheet, and went and hid herself behind the
headstone of the grave, which was plainly
seen from the road. Dan came staggering
and stumbling along, with his eyes of
course directed toward the dreaded place.
When he was at a point of the road direct-
ly opposite, Molly rose from her hiding
place, and presented herself to his aston-
ished gaze. He gave a loud yell and start-
ed to run, but went headlong into the gut-
ter. Up and off again, staggering and
plunging, swearing, yelling and praying,
he tumbled along the road, on his way
home—the ghost in full pursuit.

After Molly had chased him in this man-
ner nearly half way home, she gave up the
pursuit, from sheer exhaustion, and gliding
into a thicket, that lay between them and
home, she took a circuitous route and
reached it a few minutes before her hus-
band.

Soon she heard him coming, puffing and
blowing like a porpoise, and rushing
against the door he cried out, "Oh! Molly!
Molly! let me in, for the love of God!"

"Why, what is the matter, Dan?" said
she, opening the door and letting him in.

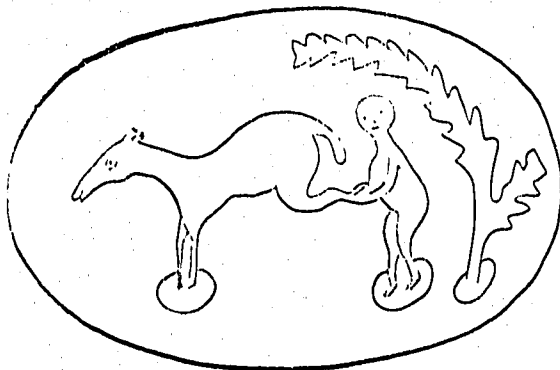
"Oh! I have seen the ghost of old Jake
Whipple, and he followed me half way
home; and he warned me if ever I tasted

another drop of liquor, he would appear to me again, and take me away with him to the Devil, bodily! Oh! 'tis the truth, Molly, and if ever I taste another drop of liquor, may I be —."

And he believed what he said; for, though this was nearly ten years ago, Dan has never tasted a drop of liquor since.

S.

The following *Illustrated Epitaph*, says the Knickerbocker, has been sent to us by an old and cordial friend. It was copied, he states, from a tombstone near Williamsport, Penn. We have not the slightest doubt of it. No one can look upon that picture, without being convinced that such a kick, from such an animal, *must* have proved fatal. There is some tautology in the epitaph, but the facts are interesting: for example, the circumstance of the deceased boy's being "*friendly* to his father and to his mother." The expression is strong, certainly; but tombstones justify a little extravagance of language:—



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HENRY HARRIS,
BORN June 27th, 1821, of HENRY HARRIS
and JANE his wife.
DIED on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of
a colt in his bowels.

Peaceable and quiet, a friend to
his Father and Mother, and respected
by all who knew him, and went
to the world where horses
do not kick, where sorrows and weeping
is no more.

TAYLOR AND SHUCK,
TAYLOR AND SHUCK, *sculpsit!*

Old J. B., of T., Massachusetts, used to tell the following story of himself:

When I started in the world, I drove a pretty fast team; and wife and I held our heads up as high as our betters, and the way we cut all our poor and less aspiring relations, was a caution. We soon had a son added to our stock of household furniture, and, in order to show how high we stood in our own estimation, we called him *High*, or *Hiram*.

Soon after, I met with some reverses, which lowered my topsails a little; and brought down some of my high-flated notions, and having another son born to me, about that time, I called his name *Loring*.

But prospects continued to grow still worse—from high I had descended to low, and now times began to grow really hard and tight, and the boy that was born to me at that time, I called *Titus*.

So, here you have my whole history—Hiram, Loring, and Titus.

A LITTLE five-year-old, of our acquaintance, having heard her father say that Mr. — paid as much for bones as he did for meat, took great care to accumulate quite a small stock; and, reveling in the luxurious idea of the great things she was going to do with so much money as would be hers, when they were sold, quietly repaired to the gentleman, and, as she set them at his feet, informed him of what she had heard from her father's lips. We may imagine her disappointment, as he replied: "Yes, my pretty little dear, when I go to the butcher's I always pay as much for bones as I do for meat, but then it is always *with the meat on them*."

In these days of excitement about "new and rich diggings," when many men go off half-cocked, the following quiet rub may have the effect of making them think twice before they act once, and may thus prove beneficial in two ways: first, for the smile it may excite, and second, for the moral it

may inculcate:—"What are you digging for money?" "I am digging for money." "The idlers collected." "What are you digging for money?" "I am digging for anything." "You had any luck?" "No." "Pays well." "All doffed the laid hold most vigorously for ter throwing out some cart- tion arose: "When did you ey last?" "Saturday night." "much did you get?" "Eigh." "Why, that's rather small well; three dollars a day price for digging cellars, a The spades dropped, and the

How the following Valen a spirited, fun-loving spins rigible old bachelor, and sent to it, came into our need not now tell the reu pertinent to the subject wh endorse the one or the othe reader, unbiased, to form h sions:—

DEAR SIR: The following tended for the benefit of yo and your sex generally. I be so selfish as to keep it bosom. You have arrived age, and I would say to yo er consideration give way t married. Do not think o until that is accomplished. dear sir, among the rubbis ous world, until you have worth picking up, in the s Never think of delaying th are dangerous. A good v constant and faithful com possibly have, while perfe ney of life. She can sme mend your pants, and, pro nera. She can sweeten yo well as your tea and colli sionally ruffles your temp the same to your shirt bo cidently sows seeds of sor it is some consolation to

may inculcate:—"What are you digging?" "I am digging for money." The news flew—the idlers collected. "We are told that you are digging for money?" "Well, I ain't digging for anything else." "Have you had any luck?" "First-rate luck! Pays well." All doffed their coats, and laid hold most vigorously for a while. After throwing out some cart-loads, the question arose: "When did you get any money last?" "Saturday night." "Why, how much did you get?" "Eighteen dollars." "Why, that's rather small!" "It's pretty well; three dollars a day is the regular price for digging cellars, all over town." The spades dropped, and the loafers sloped.

How the following Valentine, written by a spirited, fun-loving spinster to an incorrigible old bachelor, and the answer he sent to it, came into our possession, we need not now tell the reader. Nor is it pertinent to the subject whether or no we endorse the one or the other; we leave the reader, unbiased, to form his own conclusions:—

DEAR SIR: The following advice is intended for the benefit of *you*, in particular, and your sex generally. Do not, therefore, be so selfish as to keep it hidden in your bosom. You have arrived at a suitable age, and I would say to *you*, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Do not think of anything else, until *that* is accomplished. Keep poking, dear sir, among the rubbish of this curious world, until you have stired up a *gem*, worth picking up, in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter—delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have, while performing the journey of life. She can smooth your linen, mend your pants, and, *probably, your manners*. She can sweeten your moments, as well as your tea and coffee. If she occasionally ruffles your temper, she often does the same to your shirt bosom. If she accidentally *sows* seeds of sorrow in your heart, it is some consolation to find that she *sows*

your buttons on tightly. If you are too lazy, or too proud, to dig your own potatoes, or chop your own wood, and are too penurious to hire it done, she will do it for you. Her love for her husband is such, that she will do many things for him. When woman loves, *remember*, it is with a *double distilled devotedness*; but, remember, also, that when so *angelic a being hates*, it is upon the *high pressure principle*. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as the hempen halter, as durable as the rock of ages. Nothing but a strong paroxysm of jealousy can weaken it, and even then, it lingers like the evening twilight, as if loath to depart. My dear sir, get married. All the excuses you can fish up, against committing the glorious deed, are not worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark what I tell you: if you have health, and almost any decent employment, and are still not able, with woman's help, to support a wife, *depend upon it*, you are not able to *support yourself without a wife*; and, therefore, my dear sir, the more need of annexation—for to such a man, *union* would give encouragement. Depend upon it, there is strength in union, as well as in an *onion*. Get married, then, I repeat.

Your faithful

VALENTINA.

February, 14th, 1860.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14, 1860.

My Dear Valentina,

I have received your letter of this date urging me, at all hazards, to get married without any further delay, and must return you my most sincere thanks for the deep interest you take in my present as well as future welfare. Your arguments in favor of marriage are very plausible and ingenious, but to be candid with you, my fair Valentine, they have failed thus far to make me a convert to your philosophy, and I must therefore say to you as the wayward boy said to his mother when she was whipping him into obedience: "give me two or three licks more, for I don't think I can behave myself yet." The truth is, my charming Valentina, I have

not only seen a great deal of married life in my time, but have reflected much upon the subject, and after long and mature deliberation, have come to the conclusion that the question whether, in any particular instance, it is better to marry or not, involves an inexplicable dilemma, which admits of no *a priori* solution, and must therefore remain forever as one of the great leading cases of *quien sabe?*

In the glowing picture you have drawn of married life, my bewitching Valentine, I fear you have colored the bright side too highly with the brilliant hues of your own lively imagination, while you concealed the dark side behind a beautiful but delusive curtain of hope, or lost sight of it altogether in the dazzling blaze with which your fancy illuminated its own ideal creations. Married life viewed in this poetic light, and associated only with sweet smiles and fond caresses would indeed be the realization of heaven upon earth. The gorgeous Paradise of Mahomed offers no greater inducements for the skeptic to change his creed, than this for the bachelor to change his condition. When I think of a state of such unalloyed happiness, a thrill of indescribable delight flashes through my brain, my soul glows with rapture, and I cannot help exclaiming:

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
What two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

On matrimony as well as on all other human actions, we can judge of the future only from the experience of the past, and our ancestors have left us abundance of food for reflection upon the subject. Plato says that originally men were created of immense size and strength, each with two heads, four hands, and four feet. In the process of time he offended Jupiter, by disobeying his commandments, whereupon he visited the earth, and split

them into two parts with only one head, two hands, and two feet on each, threatening at the same time, if they did not behave themselves better for the future, that he would split them again into two parts, and let them hop about on one leg. This last interesting operation has not yet taken place, but is just as likely to, in the fulness of time, as some other things we are taught to believe. The halves thus unceremoniously severed, according to Plato's doctrine, have a natural tendency to unite together again, but owing to the rambling disposition of the race, the wrong halves in most instances, came together, and been the cause of so much quarreling, and so many separations after marriage.

According to the Talmud, the cause of the evil is somewhat different. The Rabbins say that "man was originally formed with a tail similar to a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage, and made woman of it." Upon this extraordinary supposition, the following reflection is founded:

"If such is the tie between women and men,
The nunny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
And thus makes a deplorable ape of himself;
Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband follows the original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he leaves her behind him as much as he can."

It is undoubtedly the recorded experience of his predecessors, or his own personal observations, which keeps the bachelor in a state of single blessedness. I remember reading an anecdote of a person who was admitted to heaven without passing through purgatory, because he had been married. Another person wanted admittance immediately afterwards, and stated that he had been married *twice*; but Peter told him that he could not enter, as heaven was not a place for *fools*. The poor fellow whose sad fate is recorded in the old song was probably a widower, and would certainly not be excluded from Paradise for a similar folly:

"There was a criminal
A-going to be hang'd
Reprive to him was
The horse and cart
To see if he would
Or otherwise choose
Oh, why should I
The victim did
The bargain's bad
But a wife's the wo

I might quote any
from Hudibras, who

"Men run their necks
And break them att

down to Sam Slick,
and sweethearts to
and says that a man
the jone to his mou
plagney wry faces
have said enough,
merely adding—

"I would advise a
Before he takes
Indeed, I own I see
He should not
I am truly, you

The

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plaits, at the waist
—two at each sid
plait in the back.
Black satin is
street, made in
for dinner dress,
Black satin is mu
de-Naples, and

"There was a criminal in a cart
 A-going to be hang'd;
 Reprieve to him was granted,
 The horse and cart did stand,
 To see if he would marry a wife
 Or otherwise choose to die;
 'Oh, why should I torment my life,'
 The victim did reply.
 'The bargain's bad on every part,
 But a wife's the worst—*drive on the cart.*'"

I might quote any number of authorities from Hudibras, who says that

"Men run their necks into a noose
 And break them after to get loose,"

down to Sam Slick, who compares wives and sweethearts to hard and new cider, and says that a man never tires of putting the one to his mouth, while he makes plagues wry faces at the other. But I have said enough, and will conclude by merely adding—

"I would advise a man to pause,
 Before he takes a wife;
 Indeed, I own I see no cause
 He should not pause for life."

I am truly, your affectionate,

VALENTINE.

The Fashions.

SINCE the decline and fall of hoops, the skirts of the dresses are made materially shorter, and are now a natural, graceful, adornment of "the human form divine;" every woman of common sense, and refinement, is pleased with this change. There was so much that was absurd and slovenly, in sweeping dirty pavements with fine silk dresses.

All out of door dresses, are now worn so that the skirts clear the ground; and are 1½ inches longest in the back; made very full so as to fall in graceful folds from the *plaits*, at the waist of which there are *five*—two at each side—and one double box-plait in the back.

Black satin is very handsome for the street, made in this way—and equally so for dinner dress, if worn with "tulle" sets. Black satin is much in vogue, as also gros-de-Naples, and reps—for either of these

silks, the new style of trimming the skirt, is bias velvet three and four inches wide, and three or five in number, according to the fancy; they are laid on quite flat and straight; they are certainly rich and beautiful, but cost high.

The waist to this dress is made high; and has a point back and front; and is fastened up the front with large velvet covered buttons.

Sleeves are wide and flowing, lined with white silk, and have for trimming, bands of velvet from one to two inches wide, put on to correspond with the skirt.

Children's Dress.

For a Miss of twelve or fourteen years: double skirt, the upper one trimmed in broad bias velvet, black, plain or plaided; this on a silk looks very suitable; body plain and half high, with a bertha of the same rounded in front, and carried to the seam on the shoulder same width, from thence it tapers down the back in narrow bands of two inches wide, and crosses at the belt and terminates a little below below the upper skirt. This bertha is trimmed all round with narrow velvet, and small velvet bows set close together at the edge; or, what is still prettier, a row of black velvet buttons; embroidered cambric pantalettes and sleeves; gaiters, black lasting; velvet "sacque," cut long and full; narrow flowing sleeves trimmed in *Swan's down*; Leghorn flat trimmed in black velvet band and rosettes, with long white Ostrich feather.

Dress for Boys

of from four to nine years of age. Jacket and trousers of dark green poplin, braided with black; white Nansook collar; a round cap of black velvet; on the left side, two curled feathers—black.

Bonnets.

About the prettiest material for a bonnet at just this season is black velvet, or royal purple; but a more dressy than these is a white ribbed velvet, trimmed with a plait of the same, edged with blond and chantilly; on one side place two white Ostrich

feathers. Another, truly elegant, is white royal velvet, trimmed with "ponceau" velvet and fringe; strings white and black velvet, "bandeau" of velvet daisies, and velvet plats at the sides. For evening, black 'tulle' covered with wide white blond lace, a plat of scarlet velvet surrounds the crown, and terminates on the cape at the left side, where it is met by a bunch of white Marabout feathers; strings very wide; white ribbon; a wreath of pinks and roses inside all around.

Cashmere shawls are in great demand.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The first number of the *Semi-Weekly Southern News*, was published at Los Angeles, by Conway & Waite, Jan. 18th.

The *Columbia Times*, (Tuolumne Co.), of January 19th, announced that "lately some gentlemen from Sonora, while traveling over the mountains, discovered an extensive vein of silver ore, similar to that from the celebrated Washoe mines. The locality is about twelve miles from Columbia. A specimen of the ore can be seen at this office.

Musical Hall, the oldest of the public buildings of San Francisco, was consumed by fire on the night of Jan. 23rd.

The steamer *Visalia*, on her last trip on the upper San Joaquin, had fourteen holes made in her hull, by the snags, from the lowness of the water.

The surveying party engaged on the Folsom, Auburn and Nevada railroad route, informed the *Nevada Democrat* of the discovery, by them, of two extensive iron mines.

The *Daily Marysville Appeal*, edited by H. R. Mighels and published by G. W. Bloor & Co., made its first appearance Jan. 23rd.

A wire suspension bridge, 180 feet in length, has been completed over the Mokelumne river, at Poverty Bar.

A miner, named Johnson, struck a rich rotten quartz lead, at Yorktown Gulch, Tuolumne county, and from a spot six feet long, by three feet deep, took out \$3,000 in one day, with sluices.

A mining tunnel was completed through the mountain, from Forest City to Alleghantown, one mile in length.

Specimens of silver ore, tin, copper, and cobalt, have been taken to Los Angeles, from Temonla.

A rich vein of cinnabar was discovered at Mount St. Helen's, Napa county. Another was found, by a Mexican, on Livermore's ranch.

The *Sonora* arrived on the 20th Jan., with 640 passengers, 350 tons of freight, 400 hives of bees, and some valuable stock.

The steamship *Orizaba* arrived on Jan. 30th, with 269 passengers, 304 bags of U. S. mails, and 930 packages of freight for Atlantic and Pacific Express Co.

No less than 120,000 sheep arrived from Mexico within the past month.

The steamship *Sonora* sailed for Panama, on the 6th ult., with 320 passengers, among whom was the Hon. M. S. Latham, Senator elect from California. She also carries \$1,381,779 in treasure. Also, the *Orizaba*, with 350 passengers, \$420,976 in treasure, and the U. S. Mails.

The Pacific Railroad Convention reassembled on the 7th ult., in Sacramento according to motion of adjournment, from this city in September last.

The *Pledge* is the expressive name of a new weekly temperance, literary, and general newspaper, published in this city, on the 11th ult., by Messrs. Goodman & McCarthy.

The State Agricultural Society decided to hold their next Annual Exhibition at Sacramento. This is the first time that the exhibition has been held two years successively in the same locality.

Eight hundred and seventy thousand pounds of wool are reported to have been grown in Monterey county during 1859.

New and extensive diggings have been discovered between Comanche and Cat Camps, in Calaveras county, to which a great rush of miners has taken place.

From four and a-half days, washing of pay dirt from the Nebraska shaft, Nevada, (says the *Democrat*,) \$11,700 of gold were taken.

The *Golden Age* arrived on the 10th ult., with New York dates of the 20th Jan., 699 passengers, and 1762 packages of express freight. She arrived at Panama on her last down trip 63 hours ahead of the *Champion*.

The new mail steamship *Champion* arrived on the 15th ult., five days after the *Golden Age*, with 400 passengers and the U. S. mails.

HE excitement of making of the usual put of trade and countries, seem to be ous now, as at the golden era, in 18 thinks that an in Washoe silver le bonum of his as be thoroughly rich cinnabar; with a good, fourth, believes short and easy hopes; a fifth, wine making; Each excitement the least, a cha hundred—of m sessor a rich m highroads to s means of deve sources of a ne subserve many what cost to would suggest the suggestion has too often d These excite unfit others re doubt, previou And it is to b who are thus e impossible, afte return—as dis of them—to when they fir their places spent. But, amount of pas bodily toil, wi in any new ex on account of take place, ne gings east of

Editor's Table.

THE excitements consequent upon the ever recurrent California idea of making haste to be rich, outside of the usual paths and legitimate courses of trade and commerce, as in other countries, seem to be as numerous and vigorous now, as at the earlier dawn of the new golden era, in 1848 and 1849. One person thinks that an interest in some of the new Washoe silver leads would be the *summum bonum* of his aspirations; another would be thoroughly contented with a vein of rich cinnabar; a third would be satisfied with a good, well-paying quartz lead; a fourth, believes bee raising would be a short and easy road to the goal of his hopes; a fifth, perhaps, grape growing and wine making; a sixth, something else. Each excitement offers change, and, to say the least, a chance—one, perhaps, in five hundred—of making the individual possessor a rich man. As all these expected highroads to speedy fortune are made the means of developing the exhaustless resources of a new country, like this, they subserve many useful purposes—but at what cost to the personal worker, we would suggest (although we do not expect the suggestion to be heeded) experience has too often demonstrated before.

These excitements lead many from, and unfit others remaining in, business that, no doubt, previously afforded them a living. And it is to be regretted that so many, who are thus ensnared, will find it next to impossible, after their disappointment and return—as disappointed they will be, most of them—to commence anew, especially when they find their business changed, their places occupied, and their money spent. But, it is self-evident, that no amount of past suffering, or loss, or severe bodily toil, will be listened to as a teacher in any new excitement. We mention this on account of the *rush* that probably will take place, next spring, for the new diggings east of the Sierras. Our advice is,

“keep cool,” and never leave a tolerably good place for one that may probably be a little better, and is much more likely to be a great deal worse.

Now, the occupation and sale of the Swamp and overflowed lands, after laying dormant and unheeded, for a number of years, without even a passing thought being bestowed upon them—except perhaps, at their becoming the rice fields of the Pacific at some future day—are being taken up by the capitalists, speculators, and settlers; mostly, however, by the latter, so that every acre of tule land overflowed by the tide, from the Moquelumne river to the Sacramento, and from Monte Diablo to the Stockton plains, has been taken up.

The terms by which they have been entered according to State law, are, one dollar per acre, twenty per cent. of which is paid down at the time of entry; and ten per cent. per annum upon the remaining eighty cents, until the patent for the land is issued, when the whole amount remaining must be paid; the full amount of one dollar per acre can be paid when the land is entered, and the patent immediately issued.

This land is now being ditched by machinery, invented by Mr. Crewdon, of this city, for the purpose, at fifty cents per rod; the ditch cut being three and a-half feet wide at the bottom, five feet at the top by three feet deep. This depth being ascertained to be sufficient for the tide lands when not overflowed from the river; moreover, the embankment made by the excavation is considered to be sufficiently high to prevent all overflowing from high tides, even when they are driven up to a higher flow by the winds.

The tule turf will burn to the depth of several inches, and for several months, after the lands have been drained, leaving the ground free of all obstacles to plowing.

Of course, those lands are the best that can be drained by every tide; and as they are easily and cheaply reclaimable are the most desired. Indian corn, it is well-known, cannot be very profitably cultivated in the vallies and other dry lands; but here it will grow as large and bountifully as on the most favored spots of the Wash-bottom in the States of Indiana and Illinois. Besides, it is generally conceded that owing to the saline impregnated atmosphere, sweeping over it from the sea, for so many months of the year, will keep it more healthy than the low fever-producing lands of the west. All those men who fish one part of the season, and hunt during the other, and almost always are camping on these lands are seldom or never sick, but are among the ablest and most robust specimens of humanity to be found anywhere, although so much exposed.

Yet this land is altogether sweet and free from salt and alkali. Rice, squash, melons, beets, potatoes, both kinds of carrots, and numerous other vegetables grow exceedingly large and plentifully. Cranberries, in great quantities, and apples of an enormous size have already been grown at a little settlement called Rough and Ready, on the Stockton slough, just below the city.

Of course all lands above the tide are more difficult and expensive to drain than the tide lands, and besides, are too far, generally, from a market to make their produce as cheaply available. We have spoken of these lands more at length than we intended, on account of their becoming a new and important portion of the wealth of California, and hope that all necessary means will be taken to raise many kinds of articles now imported, and thus stop another leak of gold that flows to other countries. Especially, as in the State of California, there are no less than five millions of acres of swamp and overflowed lands that will be a source of wealth to the State, as of profit to the individual.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MEDICAL PRESS, is the title of a new medical journal, the first number of which made its debut, in this city, with the new year, under the editorial management of Dr. E. S. Cooper, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the medical department of the University of the Pacific. The skill, knowledge, experience, and well-earned professional reputation of the able editor, will be a sufficient guarantee that future numbers will be fully equal to the first, and be replete with as large a variety of valuable information on medical science; which, although intended mainly for the faculty, will also be very instructive to the public. We consider that one article alone, in this number, is well worth the subscription price for ten years. The "Medical Press" is well printed, contains sixty-four pages of reading matter, and will be published quarterly. We wish it the success it so well deserves.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

P. P.—It is satisfactory.

S.—A blackberry bush, laden with ripe fruit, is the nearest approach to your penmanship we can think of. *MORAL.*—Can read the one as well as the other.

M. T.—You are in error, as the first illustrated newspaper, published in California, was by Mr. T. Armstrong, Sept. 4th, 1850.

Oliver D.—Your "Historical Pictures," although well conceived, are incorrectly drawn. Patrick Henry was the first man to propose the independence and assert the claims of the North American colonies to a free nationality, and, consequently, is deserving of more credit, in this particular, than any other person, although his name is seldom or never mentioned. Your pictures, like many others, do Mr. Henry great injustice, and which we much regret. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

S. B.—By Mr. Marshall's own account of the first gold discovered, Mrs. W. has it not.

T. M.—The "California" was the first steamship that arrived in the harbor of San Francisco, from the east, February 28th, 1849.

W. W. C.—It is accepted.

N. B.—Please send the continuation of the subject at your earliest convenience.

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ARE the Best
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Making a stitch
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INSTRUMENT

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SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE the Best adapted to all General Sewing of any kind in use. as evidence of which, hardly any others are used by Tailors.

THEY WILL SEW

The Lightest & Heaviest Fabrics

WITH EQUAL FACILITY,

Making a stitch alike on both sides, or not, at the discretion of the operator. They are never out of order, and are more simple in construction than any other description.

At the Great Paris Exhibition, in competition with all other machines—Wheeler & Wilson's and Grover & Baker's included—they took the

GOLD MEDAL,

And the patents were purchased by the French Government; and at various State Fairs they have taken the **FIRST PREMIUM.**

Our Family Machines are now selling at a little more than *one half* the price they have hitherto been held at, and are as superior for family use as our standard is to all others. Hemmers attached.

J. H. DUNNELL, Agent,

151 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

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MELODEONS,

MUSIC,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

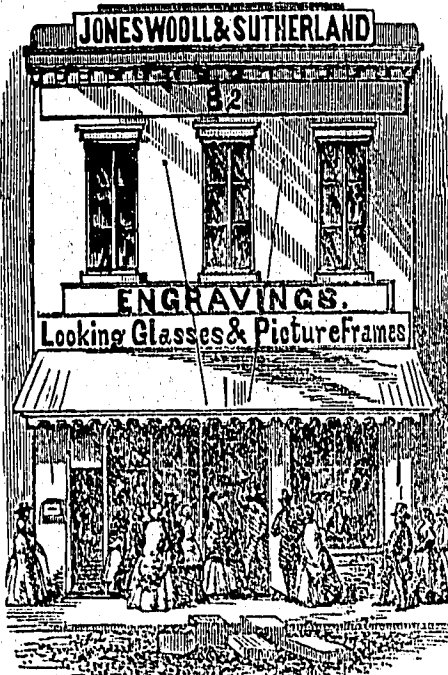
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ROMAN VIOLIN & GUITAR STRINGS.

INSTRUMENTS TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Old Instruments taken in Exchange.



**ORNAMENTAL FRAMES,
GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOULDINGS,
Artists' Materials, &c. &c.,
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**GROVER & BAKER'S
NOISELESS**

Family Sewing Machines

Are unequalled for the general use of a Family.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.

Prices from \$75 upward.

BY THEIR simplicity, ease of operation and management, noiseless movement and adaptation to sewing the finest or coarsest fabrics, they are conceded the first place in public estimation.

Our New Salesroom

is in the New Building, S. W. corner Montgomery and California streets, first door south of California street. Send for a Circular.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.

MERCHANT.



Advertising is all the
go,
Our goods are selling
very low,
If you will only call
and try,
You cannot fall of us
to buy.



MINER.



We Miners have no
time to spare
To look for what we
eat and wear;
Just let us know the
cheapest place—
We pay the cash, not
run our face.

We advertise to let you know
Of whom to buy, and where to go.

Who is it sells so many toys
To babies, children, girls and boys?
Don't you know?—you must be blind—
If you enquire, you will find
It's KOHLER.

Children teasing, snarling, crying—
Ma, to quiet them, is trying;
What is the matter, do you know?
Yes, mamma, we want to go
To KOHLER'S.

We want a rocking horse to ride,
And a fine sword hung by our side,
Besides a trumpet and a drum—
The only man to sell us one
Is KOHLER.

He has the largest stock, they say,
That has been seen for many a day;
He sells good goods, and sells them low,
So, mother, please to let us go
To KOHLER'S.

Musical instruments, too, are found—
Of every tone and every sound—
Piano fortes, melodeons, too,
With all improvements, old and new,
Are kept at KOHLER'S.

MECHANIC.



Our clothes and provi-
sions we earn with
our hands,
So we must buy our
goods very low;
We do not depend on
houses or lands—
Now tell us the best
place to go.



SAILOR.



We bring you goods
from every clime,
To suit all classes and
all time;
Let people know what
you're for sale,
You'll sure succeed,
and never fall.

Of violins and flutes, he has a store—
Receiving daily more and more;
Of banjos, guitars and Tambourines,
A great assortment can be seen
At KOHLER'S.

His is the only place in town
Where sheet music can be found;
Ballads and polkas, reels and jigs,
With all the songs sung by the Nicks,
Are kept at KOHLER'S.

We can not mention his stock in trade—
From whence it comes, or how it's made;
But fancy goods, of every kind,
If you will call, you're sure to find
At KOHLER'S.

Three stores he has, as we are told,
Where his goods are daily sold—
Wholesale and retail, it's all the same—
Be sure and not forget the name,

A. KOHLER,

276 Stockton street, 178 Washington street,

WHOLESALE,

Howard's Block, Sansome street, extending from
Clay to Commercial, Second Floor.

If you ADVERTISE, you'll find
That you will never run behind.

SAILOR.



We bring you goods
from every clime,
To suit all classes and
all time;
Let people know what
you're for sale,
You'll sure succeed,
and never fall.



MERCHANT.



Advertising is all the
go,
Our goods are selling
very low;
If you will only call
and try,
You cannot fall of us
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MECHANIC.



Our clothes and provisions we earn with our hands, So we must buy our goods very low; We do not depend on houses or lands— Now tell us the best place to go.

SAILOR.



We bring you goods from every clime, To suit all classes and all time; Let people know what you've for sale, You'll sure succeed, and never fail.

We advertise to let you know Of whom to buy, and where to go.

THOMAS TENNENT,
Mathematical and Nautical Instrument Maker,
SIGN OF THE WOODEN SAILOR,
BATTERY ST., opposite the Custom House,
SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN!

BEING THE
SEVENTH TIME

RECEIVED
AGAINST ALL COMPETITORS.

R. H. VANCE,
Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Having again received the FIRST PREMIUM awarded at the State Fair for the BEST AMBROTYPES AND PHOTOGRAPHS, it is guaranteed that all who favor me with a call are sure to obtain better work than can be produced at any other rooms in the State. I would say to my patrons that I am now producing better work than ever,

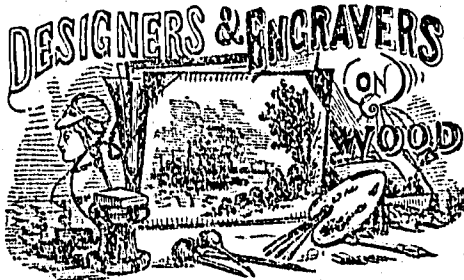
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

to conform to the times. Having reduced my prices more than thirty per cent., no one need hereafter go to second-rate establishments, on account of prices.

Instructions given in the Art, and Stock furnished.

Having over \$20,000 worth of Cameras, Glass, Plates, Cases and Chemicals on the way, I shall hereafter dispose of them at about New York Prices.

EASTMAN & LOOMIS,



151 CLAY STREET, over Golden Era Office,
SAN FRANCISCO.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,

177 Clay St., between Montgomery and Kearny,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Particular attention paid to adjusting and fitting the proper Glasses to the Eye.

If you ADVERTISE, you'll find
That you will never run behind.

MECHANIC.



Our clothes and provisions we earn with our hands, So we must buy our goods very low; We do not depend on houses or lands— Now tell us the best place to go.

MERCHANT.



Advertising is all the go, Our goods are selling very low; If you will only call and try, You cannot fail of us to buy.

MINER.



We Miners have no time to spare To look for what we eat and wear; Just let us know the cheapest place— We pay the cash, not run our face.



SAILOR.



We bring you goods from every clime, To suit all classes and all time; Let people know what you've for sale, You'll sure succeed, and never fail.

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THE
IMMENSELY INCREASING DEMAND
— FOR —
RISH'S INFALLIBLE
HAIR RESTORATIVE

*Unquestionably proves it to be all the propri-
etor claims.*

THE REASON WHY, is, it restores the natural color,
by nature's own process, permanently, after the hair
becomes gray; supplies the natural fluids, and thus makes
it grow on **BALD HEADS**; removes all Dandruff, itching
and Pain from the Scalp; quiets and tones up the nerves,
and cures all Nervous Headache, and may be relied upon
to cure all **DISEASES OF THE SCALP AND HAIR**; it
will stop and keep it from falling out; makes it soft, glossy,
healthy and beautiful.

Principal Depot, 139 Sacramento St., San Francisco,
Where specimens of its power can be seen.
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And Wholesale Dealers in
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rates.

We would particularly call the attention of Coun-
try Dealers to our stocks, assuring them of entire
satisfaction.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY
RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

HALL'S
Yellow Dock & Iodide of Potass

IS PREPARED from the finest red Jamaica Sar-
aparilla and English Iodide of Potass—remark-
able as a **RESTORATIVE** and **PURIFIER OF THE**
BLOOD. It cleanses the system of all morbid and
impure matter,—removes Pimples, Boils and Erup-
tions from the skin,—cures Rheumatism and Pains
of all kinds. All who can afford should use it, as it
tends to give them strength, and prolongs life.
Sold by Druggists generally, at \$1 per bottle.

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with all the modern improvements in presses and
materials, he can turn out work at very short notice
and at very low rates.

Interior Merchants, visiting the city, will make a
great saving by having their **CARDS, BILL-HEADS,**
POSTERS, &c., &c., done here, as the rates are very
little in advance of those in the Eastern States.

Orders by express promptly attended to, and all
work guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Fine Enamelled Business Cards, \$5 per thousand;
Bill Heads, \$5 to \$8; and a reduction of 25 per ct.
for each additional thousand.

All other Kinds of Printing at the same Low Rates.

Remember the number,

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 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
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 LOUIS JACOBY. C. O. KUCHEL.

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 STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKS
 — AND —
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
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 (NORTH SIDE, ABOVE SANSOME STREET.)
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STAPLE AND FANCY STATIONERY,
 which embraces nearly every article in the trade.
 Orders from the country solicited, and promptly filled, at PRICES WHICH DEFY COMPETITION.

FRENCH ACADEMY
 — FOR —
LADIES & GENTLEMEN,
 Corner of Jackson and Mason Streets,
 SAN FRANCISCO.

WITH many thanks for past patronage, Mr. MIBELLE, in order to gratify the wishes of many friends who desire to give their daughters a distinguished education, has added a female department to his school, under the charge of Mrs. E. M. WALTON, long known as a successful and thorough teacher. Although the foundation language of the school is French, a complete and thorough English course will be pursued, under charge of Mr. FRISBIE, in connection with Mrs. WALTON.
 An excellent GYMNASIUM is provided for the use of all the pupils.
 For full particulars, apply by letter, or in person at the Academy.
 Prop. J. MIBELLE, Principal.
 W. R. FRISBIE, A. B., Associate Principal.
 Mrs. E. M. WALTON,
 Principal of Female Department.

STENCIL PLATES
CUT TO ORDER, at TEN
 CENTS A LETTER, at the Stereotype Foundry
 159 Jackson Street, near Montgomery.
 A. KELLOGG.

MRS. AURILLA S. KELLOGG,
 NURSE,
 No. 153 Bush Street,
 Nearly opposite the French Catholic Church,
 SAN FRANCISCO.

**NEW MAP OF THE
 WASHOE MINES.**

WE HAVE JUST PUBLISHED A NEW & COMPLETE
 MAP OF THE WASHOE MINES, with all the various
 routes thereto from all the principal places in California, Table of
 Distances, &c. Address

HUTCHINGS & ROSEFIELD,
 No. 146 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

AMUSEMENTS.

Maguire's Opera House.—Miss HARRIET GORDON, a celebrated Actress
 and Vocalist, from the London Theatres, supported by a good Stock Company, is night-
 ly delighting the audience with excellent performances.
 Price of Admission, \$1.00, 50 cts. and 25 cts.

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BETWEEN SANSOME & BATTERY,

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CHARLES F. ROBBINS,

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**GEO. BRUCE'S CELEBRATED N. Y. TYPE FOUNDRY,
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AND RUGGLES CO'S PRINTING PRESSES, ALL SIZES,**

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE

PRINTERS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON,

That he has just received a full supply of

**BOOK, NEWSPAPER AND JOB TYPE,
CASES, STANDS,**

BLACK AND COLORED INKS,

BRASS RULE, LEADS,

PRINTERS' FURNITURE, HAND & JOB PRESSES, and everything necessary for a complete outfit for an office, all of which he

OFFERS FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Printers about purchasing are requested to examine the Bruce Type. The series of Book and Newspaper Roman Faces furnished by Geo. Bruce is admitted to be unequalled in the qualities for which Roman Type is valued; uniting remarkable lightness and delicacy with perfect clearness and symmetry; faces punched deeply; hair-lines supported by a broad base; while the metal is of the most enduring character possible. Bruce's Job Faces are also in every particular equal to those of any other Foundry in the Union, for beauty and durability.

Parties ordering from the interior can rely upon having their orders filled punctually and correctly, and at the lowest rates.

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