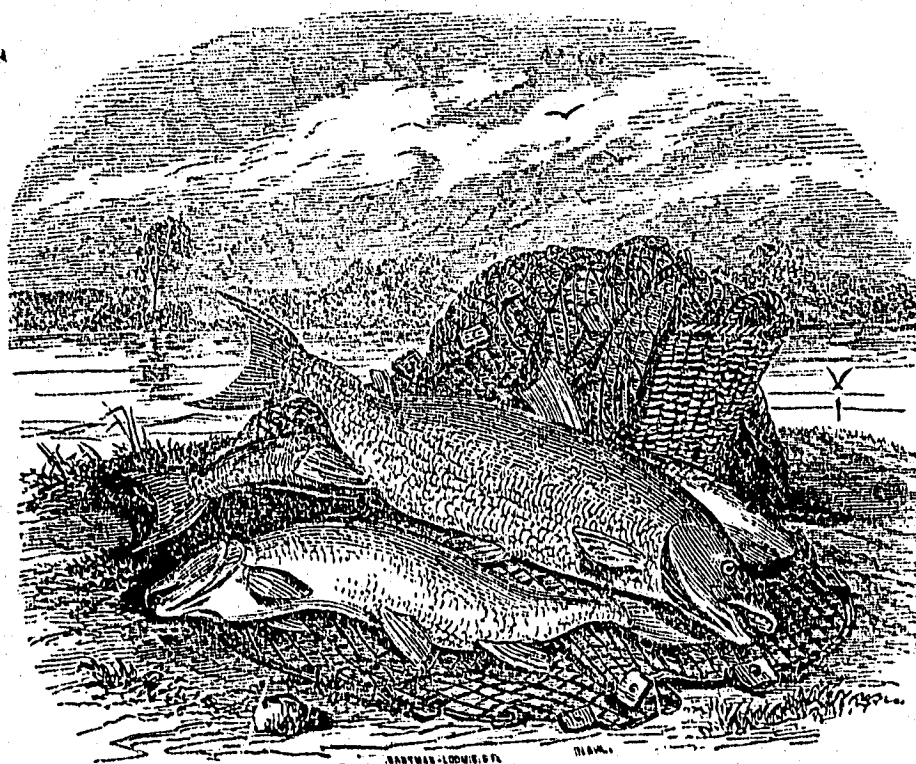


HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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SALMON FISHERY ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

BY C. A. KIRKPATRICK.



GROUP OF SALMON FROM THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

MANY of the Pioneers of California, if they are not already aware of the fact, will be sorry to learn that the Salmon fish are fast disappearing from our waters—that is, upon all the streams upon which mining is carried on to any extent, and, in fact, we may say from all the streams of importance.

This may be attributed to three causes. First, the mining operations, by which the water is carried by ditches and flumes for miles out of its channel, and, when it again finds its natural course, it would scarcely be true to call such a muddy mass, *water*.

This being the case on all the tributaries, the fountain being impure the whole stream is polluted, and our beautiful and highly palatable fish, scorning to "live, move, and have their being" in such an impure element, are seeking other realms, where their native element is not made so unpleasant by man's search for gold.



FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE SACRAMENTO.

How well does the writer remember the good old days of '49, when he wished for no better mirror than the crystal waters of the "Rio de los Americanos," Mokelumnes, or Los Mariposas, and how the pure water sparkled and flashed from

the shining sides of the merry fishes, as they hurried to their mountain retreats, to spend the "season" at the "Springs," or returned to the busy scenes of their old ocean home, the crowded capital of all Fishdom—where stand in all their original splendor, the palaces of the real "Codfish Aristocracy."

The second cause for the disappearance of the Salmon, is the navigation of the rivers, which has been shown in their leaving the Hudson, Connecticut, and other streams of the Eastern States, where they were once plentiful, and where the first cause spoken of did not exist.

The third cause is the immense destruction of the fish, which has been going on for the last ten years. Just note the recession.

In the year 1849, we had no trouble whatever in procuring all the salmon we wished, by just constructing a rude barb or spear of this kind ————o— } — wade out a few steps, and literally pick up all we desired.

In 1851, we could observe a great decrease, and since that time the fish have been gradually retreating beyond their pursuing destroyers, until, like the "poor Indian," they are being driven westward into the sea.

But, before taking the final "plunge," they seem to have turned at bay in one part of the Sacramento river, and here they are eagerly caught. Rio Vista is now the principal shipping point for the Salmon. This town is situated about forty-five miles below the city of Sac-

ramento, and below the outlets of all the large sloughs, or at least two of the largest, Steamboat and Cache Creek sloughs—unite with the main, or old Sacramento river, just above this place; making the stream here about one-third of

a mile wide being upon outlet into miles, and s that there is water than on the river fish now re The Saln First, ho means, the ets ar thread, first ed into a twine, after It is then, figured i from 780 to



NIGHT SCENE ON THE OLD SACRAMENTO RIVER.

a mile wide. The reader will see that being upon the main river, so near its outlet into Suisun bay, not over twenty miles, and so far from the mining region, that there is a clearer and larger body of water than can be found any where else on the river. It is to this place that the fish now resort.

The Salmon are taken in this manner: First, however, we will speak of the means, then the process:

Nets are constructed of stout shoe-thread, first made into skeins, then twisted into a cord about the size of common twine, after the fashion of making ropes. It is then, with a wooden needle, manufactured into a web of open net work from 780 to 1200 feet, or 130 to 200 fathoms

long, and 15 feet wide. On both sides of the net are small ropes, to which it is fastened. On the rope designated for the upper side, are placed, at intervals of five or six feet, pieces of cork or light wood, for the purpose of buoys; while on the other line, bits of lead are fastened to sink the net in the water. Now attach to one end of the upper line a small buoy, painted any dark color which can be easily distinguished, and at the other end make fast a line fifteen or twenty feet long, for the fisherman to hold, while his net floats, and the net is complete.

Whitehall boats are those most generally used in this branch of State industry, and which are from nineteen to twenty-two feet in length of keel, and from four

to five feet breadth of beam; this size and style being considered the best.

Now, the next thing wanted, is two fearless men; one to manage the boat, and the other to cast the net.

The net is then stowed in the after part of the boat, and everything made ready for a haul. Being at what is called the head of the *drift*, one of the men takes his place in the stern of the boat, and while the rower pulls across the stream, the net is thrown over the stern. Thus is formed a barrier or net work almost the entire width of the stream, and to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

The *drift* is the distance on the river which is passed after casting the net, and floating with the tide until it is drawn into the boat. This passage, and the drawing in of the net, completes the process of catching the salmon.

In coming in contact with the net, the head of the fish passes far enough through the meshes, or openings, to allow the strong threads of the net to fall back of and under the gill, and thus, they are

unable to escape, and are effectually caught in the net and drawn into the boat.

During the year 1852, there were probably as many fish caught in that part of the Sacramento river before alluded to, as at any time previous, and more than at any time since. Two men with one net and boat having caught as many as three hundred fish in the course of one night; the night being the best time to take them, on account of their being unable to see and avoid the net.

The fish which are caught in the spring, are much larger and nicer than those caught during the summer months; the former being really a bright *salmon color*, and the texture of the flesh firm and solid, while the latter, in appearance, might properly be called *salmon color faded*, and the flesh soft and unpalatable. This difference is no doubt owing to the temperature and composition of the water in which the fish may be sojourning; the cold, salt sea water hardening and coloring the flesh, while the warm, fresh river water tends to soften and bleach.



PAYING OUT THE SEINE.

In regard to little seems to be gregarious in birds, "schools." climate, ascending the except in month of the current speed is an hour; ing and an hour. that they in deep, feed, as food can. There the size, as found and Francisco, and bright eye, me about his rag of



HAULING IN THE SEINE.

In regard to the habits of this fish, but little seems to be known. They seem to be gregarious in their nature, traveling in herds, or as the fishermen call it "schools." They do not love a very cold climate, as is indicated by their not ascending the rivers on the northern coast, except in very limited numbers, until the month of July. In those streams where the current is very rapid, their rate of speed is supposed to be five or six miles an hour; but where the current is eddying and slow, not more than two miles an hour. It has been also ascertained that they will stop for two or three days in deep, still water; no doubt to rest and feed, as they choose such places where food can be easily procured.

There seems to be quite a difference in the size, flavor, and habits of the Salmon, as found in the Sacramento, Columbia and Frazer rivers; those of the Sacramento, being larger, more juicy and oily, and brighter colored. They are, however, more abundant in the North, and about half the average weight; the average of the former being fifteen pounds.

Although early in the spring some are caught in the North quite as large as any caught in the Sacramento, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds.

In the gulf of Georgia, and Bellingham Bay, and on the Columbia, Frazer and Lumna rivers, the salmon are taken by thousands; while we of the Sacramento, only get them by hundreds. One boat, last season, on the Frazer river, in one month, caught 13,860.

There is also one peculiarity with the fish of the North. Every second or third year there are but few salmon in those waters, their places being taken by a fish called the *Hone*, which come in great numbers, equal if not greater than the salmon. The two fish never come in any considerable numbers together.

In regard to the manner and power of reproduction of these fish, we shall not even present a supposition. Suffice it to say, that in portions of Frazer river—mentioning but one which they frequent—the water is so filled with their eggs as to render it unfit for use, and the air becomes tainted with the effluvia



INDIAN SPEARING SALMON.

of their decomposition. From this statement let the reader form his own conclusion in regard to the probable number of fish which might have been hatched, provided they had not been *bad eggs!*

But as this article is growing too lengthy, we will close it with a few words relating to the business of taking the salmon, and its importance as one of the resources of the Pacific coast.

From facts obtained from the obliging freight clerks of the C. S. N. Co.'s boats, we learn that from the principal shipping port of the Sacramento river, Rio Vista, there are an average of 150 fish, or 2,250 pounds, sent each day to market, for five months of the year, making

a total of 22,500 fish or 337,500 pounds; the greater part of these are shipped, and used fresh in San Francisco. But this number forms but a small proportion of what are caught, the principal part being retained and salted, or smoked, or otherwise prepared for shipment to various parts of the world—many finding their way to Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific, as well as to New York, and other domestic ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

During the last summer, a new process, which had been for some time maturing, was at last brought to perfection, for putting up in a neat, portable style, the fish, all ready for the table, and ca-

pable of being transported to any climate, retaining all its original sweetness and flavor.

There are many other facts and subjects connected with this business which might be of interest to many; and if such should be found to be the case, the subject may, at some future time, be renewed.

But few persons who have ever walked the streets of any English city can forget the cry of "Pickled Salmon! Salmon, Oh! Fresh Pickled Salmon," from a pair of stentorian lungs: and the method of preserving those delicious fish on the Sacramento, very much resembles that adopted by the most celebrated, and best, of the English preserving houses.

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A CHINESE SOLDIER.

THE CHINESE.

From recent advices, it would seem that the Anglo-French war with China, is at an end. What effect this will have upon the commercial prosperity of the world remains to be seen. How far its direct influence will be felt in California, is, at the least, problematical. Accord-

ing to past and present appearances, the advantages to be gained are almost exclusively in favor of the inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom.

That country has sent a large tide of population upon our shores, filling up the unoccupied mineral lands, and thus directly excluding our own people from their working. A few traders, and would-

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be philanthropists are in favor of this occupation; but the great bulk of the white working population, are unmistakably opposed to it, and with good reason.

Mining claims that a few years ago were considered too poor to justify their working by Americans, now, owing to the improvements introduced into the *modus operandi* of mining, would render these claims exceedingly profitable; but they are, or have been, pre-occupied and worked out by Chinamen.

If the Chinese by their physical or mental organization, habits and customs, could ever become citizens, the case would present altogether a different phase; but they cannot. All the wealth accumulated by their great industry—which is proverbial—is taken back to their native land; not to pay for the teas, sugars and silks exported, inasmuch as for these an additional drain is made, and to which we wish to offer no objection whatever, but, to enrich that country and people at the expense and impoverishment of our own; and it becomes a question of interesting importance whether or not we can afford to indulge in such a false species of generosity year after year.

If the maxim be true—and we do not doubt it for a moment—that “true charity begins at home,” it is time that some important movement was made to protect our mines from this wholesale pillage. It will be too late to close the stable door when the horse is stolen, and it should be borne in mind that already we have no less than seventy thousand Chinamen among us, three-fifths of whom are, directly or indirectly, engaged in mining and fishing; and their number is increasing at an immense ratio.

From the Commissioner of Emigrants, we learned that between the 13th and 23d of May, ultimo, only nine days, one thousand four hundred and eleven Chinese arrived at the port of San Francisco, alone; and as China contains some four

hundred millions of people, we may conclude “there are a few more left of the same sort.”

In the face of all this, it must be borne in mind that there is a vast amount of actual want among our own people, in a great measure resulting from several mining districts being overrun with this class of miners. It is true however, that a large income has been directly derived from this source for county and State purposes through the foreign miner's tax: but this cannot justify the wrong done.

We do not wish to be understood as sanctioning violent ejection or harsh treatment of the Chinese; by no means: for, as our laws have permitted them to come, we think them fully entitled to all the protection those laws can give. Yet in view of the extent and rapid increase of the evil, we would urge the pressing necessity of the people petitioning our Legislature for the passage of such a law as will virtually amount to a prohibition of the Chinese *from the mines*.

The inducements for Chinamen to leave their native land must be more than ordinarily potential, inasmuch as it is a remarkable fact that although there are no less than six hundred and forty millions of acres of land capable of profitable tillage, most of which can be obtained by paying one-tenth of their produce to the Emperor, only about seven millions of acres are as yet under cultivation, and in these are included all the tea and rice plantations. This is the more remarkable, as all commercial employments, especially with foreign nations, being considered degrading, a preference is always given for the investment of money in land, and the pursuits of agriculture; these being considered the most honorable of all.

Besides, the mandarins—which consist of two classes, the civil and military—are almost exclusively chosen from the husbandmen and artizans. Even those

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who have acquired wealth in other walks of life, will frequently engage in these occupations, the more readily to insure promotion to the honors and emoluments of office; and although their salary is barely sufficient for a decent maintenance, owing to the chances of public malfeasance in office, but few see the end of their term without accumulating great wealth. The system is productive of dishonesty, even among the mandarins; and, therefore, what can we expect from those who find their way to these shores, who are still lower in the scale of respectability, with a very few rare exceptions.

"In their moral qualities," says an eminent writer upon this subject, "the Chinese are a strange compound of vanity and meanness, affected gravity, and real frivolity—an utter want of all manly judgment and sense—combined with the most insidious art and cunning; the usual accompaniments of vulgar ignorance. The Tartar race are distinguished by a blunt and unstudied frankness of manner, and openness of disposition; but the true Chinese betray the most debasing servility of tone and manner—plausible, shy, and artful. They have not the slightest regard for truth, and will assert and deny anything with the most unblushing effrontery—being also entirely destitute of shame. The pain inflicted by the bamboo is the only consideration they attach to public and disgraceful corporal punishment. They have neither sense of honor nor self-respect." "A Chinese prince, or powerful mandarin," says another authority, "will commit extortion or aggression whenever he can do it with impunity, and regards it as a matter of right attached to his station. A Chinese trader will cheat and defraud whenever it is in his power, and even piques himself upon his skill in overreaching, as a proof of his talent. A Chinese peasant will pilfer and steal whatever is within his

reach, whenever he can hope to escape detection; and the whole nation may be affirmed to have almost nothing in view but their own self-interest and security." We, however, are a believer in exceptions to all rules; and we hope there are some redeeming features in such wholesale condemnation. But yet, as a whole, this is a class that is inundating California; and we anxiously ask, where are these and other attendant evils to have their end, if our State Legislature does not take hold of the matter with a manly grip, that shall defy the elusive slipperiness of hold which interested men who endeavor to stave off legislation on this subject, are using for their own personal aggrandisement and advantage?

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH SECOND.

[Concluded from page 503.]

CHAPTER V.

Which ends our tale.

Then come the wild weather—come sleet or come
snow;
We will stand by each other, however it blow:
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.
LONGFELLOW.

The marriage of George Harrison and Agnes was strictly private, by their own desire. A license being first obtained at Doctor's Commons, they met at the Parish Church by appointment, and the ceremony was performed in so unostentatious a manner for persons of their appearance, as to call forth mutters of surprise from the sexton and clerk of the aristocratic church in Hanover Square. Miss Emerson was attended by Miss Nisbet, Lord McDonald's sister, and her husband; whilst Harrison was attended by Lord McDonald only. Some four or five days previously, after a long consultation with

his bride elect, George had sent in his resignation of their service to the East India Company, having determined to reside for the future in America, the home of his beloved Agnes.

The signatures of the bride and bridegroom and their witnesses being duly affixed to the register of the church, and a duplicate certificate of the marriage given by the clergyman, they started for a small country villa, to spend their honeymoon, some thirty miles from London, leaving Miss Nisbet as a guest with their friends until their return.

The sudden resignation of Colonel Beale, whose name had lately attracted so much public attention, and his sudden disappearance, caused some excitement. The King had again commanded his attendance, but the messengers had been unable to find him.

Several officers who had served with him in India, and who had called at his hotel to press their attentions upon him, were surprised one morning to hear that he had left the hotel for the country, and had made no mention of his probable return. With the exception of Lord McDonald, his brother-in-law, and sister, but a few ever heard more of Col. Beale.

At the desire of Agnes, though it went somewhat against the grain, Harrison had written to his eldest and only surviving brother. The letter was but brief; it apprised him that he had, under the name of George Beale, entered the East Indian army, had served in India for six years, had realized an independence, retired, and was now about to sail for America, with his wife. He added, that Lord Macdonald, whom he would be sure to meet, would give him all the particulars of his Indian career, if he felt any interest in him, and that it would always be his hope to hear of the health and prosperity of his only and elder brother, whose early kindnesses were still fresh in his memory.

To this letter George never received any reply, nor did he ever seek again to conciliate his haughty brother. But, unwittingly, he did him an injustice.

The letter his brother never received, and Lord McDonald *he never met*. It was not till 1815, thirty-five years after he had written to him the pithy note mentioned in an early part of this tale, that he had learned that Colonel Beale and George Harrison, his brother, were one and the same person. George had then been dead some years.

After the return of Harrison and his wife from their wedding trip, preparations were made for their speedy embarkation for New York. George disposed of the many jewels and valuables he had acquired in the East, and found that with the addition of their value, he was master of a considerable fortune. The whole of Agnes's property he had insisted on being settled strictly upon herself and any children she might have.

On the banks of James' River, on the plantation to which Agnes had succeeded, Harrison finally took up his permanent residence. Surrounded by attached domestics and many warm friends, and blessed in a union of heart, sentiment and high principle, they found the truest happiness that this world affords. Col. Harrison never left, but once for a short visit to Quebec, the land of his adoption—the birth-place of his beloved wife.

[THE END.]

RAIN IN CALIFORNIA, FOR THE LAST NINE YEARS.

Dr. H. Gibbons has recently contributed an interesting article to the Alameda County *Herald*, on the amount of rain that has fallen from 1851 to 1859. His observations were made in San Francisco for the first seven years, and in Alameda for the last two years; during the winter and spring months. From this article, it appears that less rain falls on the eastern

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side of the Bay than on the western, and which gradually diminishes towards the south. As it will prove valuable for reference, we transfer it to our columns:

1851.

This was a remarkably dry season. Up to the middle of March only three inches and four-tenths of rain had fallen since the last summer. Miners and farmers had given themselves over to famine. But on the 18th of March it began to rain, and for twenty-two days the raining temper continued, only eight days in that period being entirely dry. The quantity was comparatively small, (2½ inches,) but was so judiciously distributed as to answer every purpose. In the third week of April there were three rainy days, and then the clouds vanished. The last week of April was hot—then came the May fire—then cold, windy and dusty weather—then a sharp earthquake on the 15th. The rain was done now, beyond a doubt—so said all the old inhabitants; but I have the 17th of May noted in my book as the most rainy day of the season. The next two days were showery. This wound up the rainy season, with only seven inches of water.

1852.

Nearly six inches of rain fell on the first ten days of March, flooding the country. There were moderate showers late in the month. April was dry, with the exception of a light rain on the 22d. The 17th of May furnished the parting blessing, one-third of an inch of water then falling.

1853.

After a deluge in December and January, there were a few rains in February, and a drenching storm in March. April 11th and 13th, heavy showers; April 16th, the greatest rain on my record, three and a-quarter inches falling in the night. Light showers fell on the 19th and 20th, and more copious ones on the 28th and 29th. A south-easter on the 11th of May, with moderate rain, left us to the mercies of the dry season.

1854.

After a cold, rugged winter, and a heavy rain about the middle of March, the weather became dry. A pleasant shower on the 11th of April was set down by the weather-wise as the finale, but on the 20th came a southerly storm with copious rain. On the 24th was another

plentiful rain. Again on the 28th, a south-east storm poured down nearly two inches of water, which completed the arrangements for the summer.

1855.

During the last week of February and the first fortnight of March, rain fell almost incessantly, causing floods in the rivers. On the last two days of March were heavy rains. With April, the dry season set in; but it set out again on the 10th, and the water poured down daily for eight days, the sun being almost hidden for that time, and no less than five and a-half inches falling. The streams were much swollen. On the 27th, a great rain fell for some hours—everybody now agreed that the dry season was established. But on the 11th of May it rained freely, and a southeaster occurred on the 13th and 14th, during which one inch and a half fell, soaking the ground thoroughly. This is the heaviest rain, on my record, at so late a date. But even this was not the last. On the 19th and 20th, there was four-tenths of one inch.

1856.

January was rainy: February and March generally dry. On the last three days of March and the first day of April were copious rains. Then came dry weather and sea breezes, and the rains were done of course. But people were again mistaken, and from the 9th to the 14th, two and a quarter inches fell, saturating the soil again. On the last day of April was a heavy rain. In the early part of May the sea winds were violent, and the summer appeared to be fully installed. But, as if to baffle all predictions, a southerly storm with copious rain occurred on the 19th, and another on the 21st and 23d, brought half an inch of water. This is the latest rain in May on my record.

1857.

February was remarkably wet, giving eight and a half inches of water. The latter half of March furnished a number of moderate rains, amounting to one and a half inches. April set in dry, but people had learned by this time that April and May were certain to bring rain, and they were not to be again misled by appearances. They therefore expected rains, but no rain came.

1858.

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in the first week of April, the last rain being on the 7th, from which date the dry season set in with full force. On the 19th, 20th, and 21st of May, there was a noble effort at a rain storm, but the clouds parted with not enough water to lay the dust effectually.

1859.

February was a month of rain, and there were seasonable rains in March. April was dry, supplying only one rain of importance on the 8th. The opinion was unanimous that this was to be another rainless spring, like the last two. But a southeast storm set in on the first of May, and on that night and next day nearly two inches of water fell. This is the most extraordinary rain in May within the limits of my record. On the 22d and 28th, there were light showers.

It appears from the foregoing data, adds the writer, that copious rains have fallen in the majority of cases after this date, April 16th. There seems to be a tendency to a rain storm about the third week in May.

We add the following from the Bulletin:

Rain from July 1, 1856, to July 1, 1857.....	19.89
" July 1, 1857, to July 1, 1858.....	20.70
" July 1, 1858, to July 1, 1859.....	22.22
" July 1, 1859, to May 23, S. A. M. 1860.....	20.60
" during the month of May, 1856.....	1.88
" " " " 1856.....	0.76
" " " " 1857.....	0.05
" " " " 1858.....	0.34
" " " " 1859.....	1.55
" " " " to 23d May, S. A. M., 1860.....	2.31

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY SEKA-OTA.

It was a bitter cold morning in the month of December, 18—, that I was called out of bed to attend a patient in a remote part of a town near London.

As I drew on my gloves and wrapped my cloak about me, I felt certain I heard the quick respiration of some person in the porch, outside my office door. I was right. As I went out, an old man, leaning upon a crutch, muttered, anxiously, "For God's sake, come quickly!" I enquired the nature of the patient's malady, but the old man did not hear me, or was intent on reaching home as soon as

possible. We were silent during our ride, for I had discovered my companion was very deaf. When we reached the house, the old man got down from the carriage, pushed upon the gate, and beckoned me to follow.

With some difficulty I climbed the rickety stairs, and entered the room where the patient lay. What desolation was there! Not a spark of fire burned upon the hearth, but a broken teapot was imbedded in the ashes, as if there was hope of warmth, although no appearance of fire. Twice did the old man raise the lid, nodding his head satisfactorily.

A chair, a deal table, an oaken chest with a heap of rugs upon it, and a bed, comprised the furniture. Over the mantle-shelf hung a picture, a portrait. Strangely did it contrast with the appearance of this place, and I found myself gazing upon the handsome, manly countenance, forgetting my duty to the person, in the admiration of the work. A moan from the lips of the woman recalled my wandering thoughts, and I bent over her. Examining her pulse, I discovered that death had already commenced his work.

The old man looked wistfully at me; I gave him no answer, but asked for a cup; he handed one. Pouring some cordial into it, I placed it to the patient's mouth; with some difficulty she drank, opened her eyes, and uttered "Father." In a moment, the old man grasped my hand, and blessed me. "She will live!" he said. I could not undeceive him.

Again I examined the pulse; it was growing weaker every moment.

Evidently the woman had not observed me until then, for she turned her eyes enquiringly upon me, whispering, "I did hope I should see *him* again; but no, you are not—;" here she ceased speaking, and I requested her to drink more of the cordial. She did so, and said, "I am dying; I feel it here," placing her

hand upon soon, for life went pause, full upon last hour

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hand upon her heart; "but it is not too soon, for I am a wreck—yes, light and life went, long ago." After a moment's pause, she turned her large black eyes full upon me and asked, "Is not this my last hour?" I nodded.

"I thought so," she replied.

She clasped her hands as if in prayer, called me to her side and requested me to bring the picture from the wall. I did so. She received it with an agonizing wail; caressed it; and never shall I forget the anguish with which she pressed it to her pale lips, nor the earnest look in those eyes already paled by the hand of death, as they gazed upon the canvas.

The old man did not comprehend her; but kissed the thin hand as it lay upon the tarnished frame, and smiled.

I scanned the features of the woman as she lay in repose, for the cordial had soothed her, and I saw deep lines of care traced upon her forehead; and time had woven many a silver thread with her raven locks. Her eyes retained their lustre and fullness; but want, pinching and gnawing, had been busy with her frame; she was almost a skeleton. Comfort had stalked abroad, and left this poor creature to sorrow and starve.

I asked if she had any request to make—to her father? She burst into tears, saying, "What will become of him? Alas, sir! we are alone in the world—without friends, without money."

I consoled her, promised I would take care of him, and give him a home. She seemed grateful, and taking my hand placed the picture within it. "Take this," she said, "take care of it forever. When I am dead, bury me in the village church-yard, under a yew-tree on the mountain slope, for I have loved that spot."

She said a few words to her father, but he was too deaf to know their purport; he laid his head upon the side of the bed and wopt. Once more she gazed upon

the picture; once more murmured, "Father,"—then slowly sunk to sleep, the waking of which would be when the last trump summoned all to judgment.

She was buried as she had desired, and her father removed to a comfortable home in the village. I hung the picture upon the wall of my office, and often wondered if I should know its history.

A few years after this occurred, a carriage overturned, severely injuring the occupant. I was summoned to attend. The gentleman had fractured his skull and received several injuries, which kept him confined many weeks. By a servant, I learned he had been in London but a day, when the accident occurred.

After his recovery, he called at my office. I congratulated him, and was on the point of inviting him to drink some wine, when I observed he turned pale and staggered toward a chair. I was alarmed, and feared he was ill again. "No, no!" he said, vehemently, "but where did you get that portrait?"

After he became calm, I related, briefly, the circumstances connected with it. He listened, patiently, then burst into tears.

"It was given to poor, poor Mary; the only woman I ever loved. And she is dead!"

In the course of the day he related to me his history, bade me adieu, and left for Scotland. I shall give the recital in his own words:

"Twenty years ago, I left my Aunt's house; for she adopted me at an early age, my parents having died; and started for London. I was bent upon seeing all its sights previous to entering upon my arduous duties of clerkship at D— & Co.'s, a large importing house.

I took my seat in the earliest coach, and started upon my journey. The morning was cool, for it was October. The trees and meadows were sere and yellow, but the bracing air made me cheerful

and happy. There were three passengers beside myself; and as I fell into moody silence, planning for my future, I did not observe the sweet face of my nearest neighbor, until quite noon. When I did I was startled at beholding so much womanly beauty, not spiritual, but earthly.

I had never mixed much with ladies, my Aunt having but two lady friends, both maiden ladies, and consequently I saw none of the sweet, coqueting manners of young and beautiful girls, nor knew even the art of pleasing them by gallant and courteous acts. We halted to take dinner. My diffidence almost prevented my offering to escort the ladies; however, I overcame it, and we went to the dining table. It was then I learned that they were going also to London.

When I re-entered the coach, I found my eyes constantly resting upon the sweet face before me. I felt for the first time in my life, a faint fluttering at my heart whenever her eyes met mine. I felt a new life upspringing in a heart which had known nothing but sorrow since childhood. Like all journeys, ours terminated. I accompanied my fellow passengers to an inn, where we remained until Mary Ashland—for this was my charmer's name—was placed at school. Mr. Ashland, her father, was an invalid; he was afflicted with the gout, and was ill-natured, dull, and morose, during the entire journey. Mrs. Ashland was an angel in disposition, and bore all her husband's complaints without a murmur.

Time wore on—month on month and year on year; Mary was still at school, I at D— & Co's. In the autumn of the fourth year, Mary left school and returned to Weldon Valley, her native place. O how tedious the hours; I had nothing to care for, now she had left London. I had been permitted by the instructress who had charge of Mary, to pass an hour with her on visiting days.

But these were over, and mechanically I strode every Friday to "The Young Ladies' Seminary," at Oakhill; but, alas, I had no right to raise the latch of the wicket gate, walk up the path to the door, and inquire for Miss Ashland; she was gone, and I was absolute, wretched, and unhappy.

My companion at the desk, one morning, bantered me upon my sorrowfulness, at the same time, handed me a letter. It was post-marked "Weldon Valley." Eagerly I tore it open. It was from Miss Ashland, inviting me to pass a month at her house. I readily accepted, and replied by return post. Oh, what a delightful month it was. There never was a more balmy June; at least so it seemed to me.

The estate of Mr. Ashland was not extensive. A few acres of land, well and carefully cultivated; a park, with a cottage completely embowered with woodbine and climbing roses, with a small flower garden, and clean gravelled walks; these were the great delight of an old and grey-haired gardener, who took great pride in showing them to visitors. In the rear of the house, a fine grove of olms partially concealed a summer-house. Thither I found myself wandering, with Mary leaning tenderly upon my arm, often at the witching hour of twilight. There I quoted poetry; apostrophised the moon, stars, and whispered vows of love. They were returned; and I sought Mr. Ashland the morning before I left, and asked Mary's hand in marriage. He placed it in my own, and said, "God bless you both!" Oh what a vision of delight rose before me as I pressed her hand to my lips. My heart was too full of happiness to utter a word.

I returned to London, to business, for I had but one thought, one hope. Mary and I corresponded monthly, and blessed letters they were; but I must hasten with my story.

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Mary and to see me the picture of dear self, standing waving her away. And anxiously to her, but she

I arrived after a pleasant prosperous. employers placed me in a month. I tears while created but accepted, how to Mary, the decision, but at some future did I aware came not; forgotten posterous

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I received package title to died. I

My employer had business in India, and proposed that I should go there, promising ample remuneration. In a month I was ready to sail. Oh the terrible, painful task, of parting with my dear Mary! How should I bear it? The thought that I should return at the end of the year, made it seem less painful.

Mary and her mother came to London, to see me depart. Vividly indeed, does the picture come again before me of her dear self, standing on the pier, tearfully waving her hand, as we slowly sailed away. And long did I strain my eyes anxiously to the spot where I last saw her, but she was gone, and forever!

I arrived at my point of destination, after a pleasant voyage. Everything was prosperous. At the end of the year my employers established a house there, and placed me at the head. It was their desire to have me remain another twelve-month. I could scarcely restrain my tears while reading the letter. I deliberated between love and gold! I accepted, however, penning a tender letter to Mary, telling her of my misery at my decision, but thinking only of her comfort at some future day. Long and anxiously did I await a reply to my letter. It came not, and I raved. Could she have forgotten me? The thought was preposterous!

Six months after, I chanced to read in a London paper—her marriage! *her* marriage! The paper fell from my hands. I know nothing of what followed for months. I was a madman! By degrees I recovered my health, and sailed for China. There I became rich; but what were riches to me? Keeping aloof from society, I secluded myself entirely from ladies. I became engrossed entirely in business, and devoted all time and thought to it. All literary pursuits I abhorred.

I received, one day, from London, a package. Papers giving me right and title to my Aunt's estate, she having died. I had ceased all communication

with her, and wondered how she knew my place of refuge. I flung the papers into a drawer, thinking little of them—but recurring to days gone by, ere hope had been blasted—"Oh, woman!" thought I, one day, as I untied the tape which secured the paper, "thou dost not know what misery thy fickleness creates." A paper, evidently disconnected, or not belonging to the deeds, fell to the floor. Heavens! It was a part of one of my letters to Mary. Upon the margin I read these words:

"MR. VERNON:—Your Aunt died this morning. She requested me to send the enclosed deed. Oh, Henry! She forgave you, for Arthur —, my husband, previous to his death, declared you were living, and in China. That he also intercepted our letters, which has caused me a life of misery. Forgive him and me. "Farewell.

"MARY ASHLAND LEE."

I did not remain a week longer in China, but arranged my business hastily and set sail for England. But I am here alone, and forever!

* * * * *

I was strolling through St. Mary's Hospital, with the celebrated Dr. N——. We had that morning had a long discussion upon insanity, and to give me a faithful illustration of his argument, he drew me toward a cell, saying: "That man has been an inmate six months, and has never uttered a word but the name *Mary*. I recognized the gentleman I had so strangely met, Mr. Vernon. The next day he died.

SOME THINGS THAT I DON'T APPROVE OF.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

DEAR PUBLIC:—

There are many things that I disapprove of, but I shall only ask you to listen to a few of them at present. There are things that I abominate, and could I have them otherwise, I certainly should. I deplore the circumstances that induce men to violate the dictates of their own consciences; and prostitute their talents to the public will. I know of no principle in society that is fraught with so much mischief, or so detrimental to human progress, as the tendency that most men have, of fostering ancient absurdities for

the simple compensation of public eclat.

The majority of people never ask themselves, is this or that course right? but, will this or that course be popular? How contemptible for man, instead of employing the noble attributes with which an Omnipotent Being has endowed him, to go around like an organist, whining out a certain set of tunes that have long since been worn threadbare. Such men not only never do anything for the advancement of the human family, but they religiously abuse all those who do.

Had men always labored as energetically to secure a respectful hearing for new subjects, as they have to annihilate them, we should this day have occupied a position which it will take us centuries yet to attain. This is no stretch of the imagination, and if you will only for one moment revert to history, and note the boundless abuse and vituperation that has been heaped upon every branch of science—and in fact every blessing which we now possess—by the mass, until the unflinching few had established it upon an imperishable foundation, you will at once concur. I deplore the prospective wreck of that young man who evades the honest pursuit of industry, for the uncertain prospect of attaining prominence in the filthy, demoralizing ranks of political life. The first step downward towards destruction, is often, too often, to be traced to the first political aspiration. The first signs of political hankering in California are characteristic, and having been once observed, the symptoms can never be confounded with those of any other disease. When I see a young man hang month after month around a whiskey shop, without a cent of money in the world, or any ostensible means of support, I know that he is dreaming of politics; and, that he will at no very distant day be a controlling light in our little (?) band of California politicians.

Such are the symptoms, and they are easily identified. Sic—but I won't. I dislike to see truth treated as if it had the small-pox, and the community had never been vaccinated. Particularly do I deplore this in a public writer. The person who shoulders the task of writing for the public, assumes a responsibility of vast magnitude; and he, or she, who fails to appreciate it as such, should by all means retire from the field, in favor of those who can. In writing even a little newspaper paragraph, upon an or-

dinarly interesting theme, we are addressing a mighty audience, and perhaps swaying a corresponding influence in moulding the public mind; then how necessary is it that we should tolerate nothing from our pens which does not bear upon its face the impress of correct, healthful, and truthful teachings. I have been led into making these few remarks, from noticing a letter from California, in the April No. of Godey's Lady's Book, which is a tissue of misrepresentations. The writer commences by saying, that gold was first discovered in Coloma, thirty miles from Sacramento City. Now who does not know that Coloma is situated forty-seven miles from Sacramento City? Again the author says, "that Martin Wiemer discovered the first piece of gold." Now I was in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall, likewise with the whole Wiemer family, and they all often told me "that Mr. Marshall found the first piece of gold;" and I have no doubt but that they knew as much about it as any one. In the month of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, I was kindly honored with a view of the celebrated "first chunk," by its fair possessor, Mrs. Wiemer, it having been presented to her by Mr. Marshall. By the bye, where is that little yellow chunk of immortality now? At the time which I saw it, Mrs. Wiemer told me that Barnum, of New York city, had written her that he would give her six hundred dollars for it; but she informed me that she would not dispose of it, even at that exorbitant figure.

Next month I will furnish you with a further record of "some things that I don't approve of."

[For a full and reliable history of the discovery of gold in California—from Mr. Marshall and Gen. Sutter, themselves—we refer the letter writer in Godey's magazine to pages 194 to 203 of Vol. 2d, of this magazine. We might also add ours to the testimony of Mr. Carpenter, that Mrs. Wiemer, several years ago, showed us "the first piece of gold," so called, but made no pretension whatever that her little boy had found it, as stated by the aforesaid letter writer, and we regret to see that a journal so extensively circulated as Godey's, should diffuse such incorrect information on such a subject, especially to the young; and we hope Mr. Godey will correct the statement at his earliest convenience.—Ed.]

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FRAGMENTARY MEMORIALS

OF FATHER KINO AND THE INDIANS OF SONORA AND CALIFORNIA.

BY T. H. S.

[Concluded, from page 509.]

After Kino's death in 1710, and up to 1725, many of the Christian pueblos established by him north of Dolores had become ruined, and the Indians reverted to their old customs. The Spanish government had no such accurate informant on the spot until the time of Padre Jacob Sedelmeyer.

To show the progress of geographical and historical knowledge of the Pimeria Alta, we shall here give an abstract account of the expeditions of the Jesuit Fathers, taken from Venegas' California.

Padre Kino started on his first voyage to the Gila, from the Mission of Dolores, on the 24th September, 1700. He says the Gila rises in the lands of the Apacheria, and, after receiving the Azul, flows west into the Colorado. On the borders of the Gila, as he followed its course west, he found large rancherias of Pimas, Coco Maricopas, and Opas: some of them followed him in friendly company down the river, for one hundred and fifty miles. Just before he arrived at the Colorado, he met with large numbers of Yumas.

At the point of junction of the Gila and Colorado, he mentions the high land of the neighborhood, which afforded him an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. Around this vicinity he met with the tribes of the Quiquimas, Bagi-opas, Hoobonomas, and Cutguanes. The junction of the two rivers, where it forms a peninsula, he named San Dionysio, (probably the site of the present Fort Yuma), which he states is in *about* 35°. From the hills, he saw with a telescope the distant mountains of the Coast range of California. He returned to his mis-

sion of Dolores on the 30th of October, after a travel of 36 days, over 1200 miles of journey.

The second expedition of Kino was on the first of March, 1701, from Dolores, in company with Padre Juan Maria Salva Tierra, by the shore of the Gulf of California, passing by Bacapa, which is mentioned in the journey of Friar Marco de Niza. At a rancheria of the Quiquimas, 150 miles south of the mouth of the Gila and Colorado, which he named San Marcollo, he describes it as situated between the mountains of the Santa Clara ridge and the sand hills of the Gulf Coast, where the great river disembogues. With an astrolabe he made the latitude of an extinct volcano of these parts, to begin the parallel of 31° N. The Quiquimas were friendly to him—he baptised there an Indian, said to be 120 years of age. In this trip he was accompanied by Captain Juan Mateo Mange, who left an account of the journey, which Venegas says was published in France in the French language.

On the 21st of March, in the midst of sands and barren mountains, they saw distinctly from the shores of Sonora, the high ranges of the California peninsula, and viewed the distinct division of the two coasts by the waters of the Gulf, and the disembocation of the turbulent Colorado into salt water. This was in latitude 32° 35', which agrees with the Weimar map of 1851, with that of Fremont of 1848, and Ehrenberg's of 1854. But it must be borne in mind that the entire topography of the head of the California Gulf, and of that of the river Colorado, is extremely inexact, and every point on our maps relating to that region is *only approximate*. The best accounts (prior to 1848) known are those of Kino, and in Venegas' narration they are loose and difficult to be followed. Padre Kino in this voyage states that the country around the head of the gulf is one immense arc-

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nal or sandy desert. The communication from Sonora and the country around to the opposite shore of the peninsula, was known to the Indian tribes of those regions on both sides of the gulf.

In November, 1701, he sallied out on his third expedition to the north, and travelled among the Yumas and Quiquimas, where a Spanish captive was surrendered to him by the first mentioned tribe. The Colorado was passed by Kino on a raft of wood to the west bank. The Yumas passed on batteaus which could hold two or three hundred pounds weight.

The width of the Colorado where the Gila enters is stated by him as about two hundred yards. On the west side of the Colorado he found great numbers of Bagiapas, Cutguanes and Quiquimas, where he preached for the first time the Gospel of Christ. His interpreter was a Pima Indian; their language appears to be more or less understood by all the tribes of these two rivers, and the regions of the Alta Pimeria.

He describes the whole country on the west bank of the Colorado as thickly wooded—in parts it is in open grassy glades, with good lands for pasturage and cultivation. He enumerates the different tribes seen hereabouts as numbering 10,000 souls. The Indians told him they could pass over to the ocean in ten days, and showed him the shells of marine molusca to prove the truth of their statement. Here the old apostle was beset with an intense itching to travel on over to the south seas and then to continue on his journey unto the famous port of Monterey, and even to the stormy cape of Rodriguez Cabrillo, called now-a-days Mendocino. But he was stricken with age; fatigue and hardship began to set heavy on his frame, and he contented himself with writing a letter from the Colorado to Padre Salva Tierra, at Loretto, in Baja California, which he gave to a Quiquimas Indian to deliver; but the

message was never delivered by his wild courier.

In February, 1702, he started on his fourth voyage to the north-west, in company with Padre Martin Gonzalez. He arrived at San Dionysio, where the Gila and Colorado unite, on the 28th day of the same month, and observed more closely than before the physical features of the neighboring country. He followed on into the country of the Quiquimas at the Rancheria called by him San Rudesindo. These Indians were found exceedingly affable and docile, and assisted the Padres in every way—he was anxious to establish a mission among them.

On his returning he descended the river to where it empties into the gulf, where he arrived on the 10th of March, 1702. He obtained information of many tribes living on both banks of the river, who all confirmed to him the story of the distance to the Pacific Ocean being only a journey of ten days' travel. On the day last mentioned he camped among the sands or arenal, at the junction of salt and fresh water. The country at the head of the gulf he describes as a complete desert of sand hills; this fact holds good of the ocean mouth of every river in Upper California, as they assimilate very closely thereto; it is the case even with the Golden Gate of San Francisco, which is only the mouth of immense reaches of a great river, not an arm of the sea. In great freshets the water is nearly potable quite close to the harbor of that city.

In 1806, Kino made another expedition to the Colorado countries, of which Venegas gives us no particulars. Full accounts were sent by him to the Spanish government at Madrid. Venegas states that Kino's manuscript of his labors in Sonora, as received in Spain, formed an immense folio volume.

In May, 1721, Padre Pedro Ugarte, in the California built ship, "the Triumph of the Faith," made an expedition from

Lower California head of the Colorado.

Padre Ferron's expedition from lat. 28° of the four canoes, neighboring from the 9th 1846, and he covers in general interesting character of are related in gas, in the Spanish. It most full and published of 1855.

The country Colorado and appears, from counts, to be ter. From the Colorado wooded on breadth of each shore; ton, (of which rice, sugar, climate in cold nights; ly hot, often is subject rains, and in the summer. P. Blake's sloughs to range: their sion in the country run to the base probably over and showing been once river is very bulent and sand-bars!

Lower California to the countries at the head of the Gulf and mouth of the Colorado.

Padre Fernando Consag made an expedition from the bay of San Carlos in lat. 28° of the California Gulf Coast, in four canoes, to the Colorado river and the neighboring shores. His voyage lasted from the 9th of June to the 29th of July 1846, and he made many important discoveries in geography, and noted several interesting features in the physical character of those regions, all of which are related in the third volume of Venegas, in the edition of the work printed in Spanish. The account of Consag is the most full and particular which has been published of this district, up to the year 1855.

The country at the mouth of the Colorado and up to the junction of the Gila appears, from all these and recent accounts, to be of a very peculiar character. From the Gila to near the mouth of the Colorado, it is stated to be densely wooded on each side of its banks, for a breadth of ten and fifteen miles from each shore; the soil very fertile for cotton, (of which there is a native variety,) rice, sugar, and such like products; the climate in the winter very rainy, with cold nights; in the summer it is intensely hot, often 120° in the shade. The land is subject to overflows from the winter rains, and the melting of mountain snows in the summer; when, as Professor W. P. Blake states, it runs westerly in sloughs towards the California coast range: there existing a decided depression in the earth's surface on the desert country running up from the Gulf nearly to the base of the western mountains, for probably over two hundred or more miles, and showing every indication of having been once covered by salt water. The river is very rapid, and exceedingly turbulent and capricious; making many sand-bars below the Gila. The waters of

the Gulf are often discolored by the winter flows to a distance of one hundred miles, and the vicinity of the disembocation is often visited by hurricanes of tremendous power, which have buried whole districts with loose sands. Trees are torn up by the roots, and the banks of the river swept away, with their standing vegetation, which is often seen at the opening of the Gulf at Cape San Lucas.

Venegas states that Father Augustin de Campos, of San Ignacio Mission, who was the bosom companion of Kino, performed his funeral ceremonies, and survived him twenty-five years. Of another old California worthy, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the discoverer of our State, he mentions that Cabrillo had been employed by the Viceroy of Mexico in the contemplated expedition of Pedro de Alvarado, the Adelantado of Guatemala, who was at the time in command of a party in Guadalajara to follow up the asserted discoveries of Friar de Niza, but died by being thrown from his horse before starting. Cabrillo is stated to have been an honorable Portuguese, a brave man, and well skilled and learned in the art of navigation. He sailed from the old port of Natividad in the present State of Jalisco, on the 27th June, 1542, a few weeks before the departure of the Phillipino Expedition of Ruy Lopez de Villalobos.

In Father Alegre's history of the Jesuits of Mexico, edited by Bustamante, and published in Mexico in 1843, a long biography is given of Kino, which, however is a little more than a repetition of the accounts in Venegas and other Jesuit writers prior to 1757. Alegre's work was written in Italy, about the year 1790, where his society found refuge after their expulsion from the Spanish dominions in 1767.

Alegre states that Kino died at the age of seventy years, at his Mission of Dolores, in the beginning of 1711, and that he was a native of the city of Trent in

Italy. He calls him "el grande Apostol do la India," and that he had declined the chair of Mathematics in the University of Ingolstadt, offered him by the Elector of Bavaria, to become a Missionary to the Indians of New Spain. In Mexico, and shortly after his arrival, he showed his great talents in the science of astronomy by his acute arguments with Si-guenza on the occasion of the appearance of the famous Comet of 1680. He was celebrated as a writer in history, in missionary operations, geography, language, mathematics, etc., etc., but none of his works seem to have been published; they are always to be found in a mutilated form, in printed Spanish works after his death. As we are informed by intelligent Sonorians, they still existed in Altar, Oquitoa, or some of the neighboring towns, in 1856, in voluminous manuscripts. He is stated by Alegro to have been forty years a missionary, and to have baptised 40,000 gentiles. And, before he died, he prepared himself for death with extreme devotion, by constant prayers and mortifications in the chapel of his Mission. The people of his Missions used to say of him: "Descubrir tierras, y convertir almas, son los afanes del Padre Kino. Continuo reso, vida sin vicio, no humo, ni polvos, ni cama, ni vino."

In this edition of Alegro's history, Bustamante gives a succinct account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from all parts of New Spain, on the 25th of June, 1767, at dawn of day. They were finally collected at Vera Cruz, and embarked for Havana on the 24th of October following, where they experienced the kindest treatment from the Marquis Buenrel-li, then Governor of Cuba, afterwards Viceroy of Mexico, and whose name is so honorably known in the history of Alta California. The expelled fathers left Havana on the 23d of December, and arrived at Cadiz on the 30th of March,

1768, where they were not allowed to land, but were immediately deported to Italy, in which country were soon scattered great numbers of the most learned members of the Company of Jesus, from all parts of Spanish America, bringing with them an immense fund of original information on those countries, and which was afterwards given to the world in the luminous and celebrated works of Abad, Clavijero, Sandiban, Cabos, Manciro, Lacunza, Marquez, Alegre, and others. Bustamante brings the fragments of their history in Mexico down to the decree of Santa Anna, of the 22d of June, 1843, when they were allowed to enter the country again.

After the death of Kino, his successors, the Fathers Sedelmeyer, Keller, Wincelau, and others, followed in the steps of the founder of Arizona; and between 1730 and 1767, as related in the works of Venegas, Alegre, Junipero Serra by Palou, Clavigero, and other Spanish writers, (many still remaining in Ms. in America and Europe,) explored very fully the tierra incognita on the borders of the Gila, and the country south of that river, to the gulf, and east as far as the presidio of Janos in the Apacharia. The Missions' Indian militia, in connection with the Viceroy's mounted frontier cavalry, were also constantly engaged in beating off the Apaches, who however, finally drove back the settlements of the Spaniards, in the great incursion of 1772, when Jose Galvez, Marquis of Sonora, got beaten so badly, and spent several millions of his Catholic Majesty's treasures, to the great grief of the king's ministers, and the profit of several speculators.

The history of the Indians of Sonora and Sinaloa, who were civilized by the Jesuits, brought down to the present time, would form one of the most interesting and instructive works, on the homology and philology of Spanish Amer-

ica. Several valuable to them have appeared papers, particularly a German writer, in the San Francisco and would well re-

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FRAGMENTARY MEMORIALS OF FATHER KINO.

ica. Several valuable *informes* relating to them have appeared in the California papers, particularly an extended one by a German writer, which was published in the San Francisco Chronicle in 1854, and would well repay republication.

The Opates, Yakis, Mayos, Pimas, and other Christian Indians maintain many of the arts taught them by the Jesuits, and are among the smartest aborigines on the Western Continent. They still preserve many of their old customs, habits and traditions, and, as they speak Spanish, open a grand field to the investigation of ethnologists and historians. These tribes are said still to number as many as 100,000 souls, and are the principal miners, artizans, agriculturalists, soldiers and sailors, of the Gulf Coast Countries. Doubtless under a stable government, they would improve in character and circumstances, and stand the shock of the Mississippi flood of civilization; a shock which either kills or cures political and social infirmities. The latest information on these countries (but very meagre as relates to the Indian tribes of Sonora) may be found in the volumes of the Rail Road Survey, of Emory's Mexican Boundary Survey; of Bartlett's Narrative, and several other works published by the U. S. Government, and individuals, between 1848 and 1858.

Probably the Roman Catholics of America may find a competent writer after things get shaken down in the Western Hemisphere—say in 1760—who will explore the old ground of the Jesuit Missionaries, and place before the world a candid history of the labors of this most celebrated of all religious corporations. The defence or the condemnation of the black coats will then do much good or much evil to the dead Jesuits—for they will then have very quietly slept in their graves for at least a hundred and seventy years.

By the incorporation of the Catholic

College of Santa Clara in the year 1855, but established several years before, the Company of Jesus are redivivus in the Californias, and it has become the most flourishing of all the institutions of learning not only of Alta California, but of the Pacific Coast of America.

THE WISTFUL HEART.

Looking back
Wander we through life's long track,
Looking back
Where a parted sun's soft ray
Lingers yet across the way.
Gazing home
As the slow bark clears the foam,
Gazing home;
Seems the haven, far before,
Nothing to that radiant shore.
From thy side
To that shore pale phantoms glide,
Pale beside thee, but they wear
Halos of refulgent air,
Standing there,
And thou beckonest—but in vain,
Never will they come again!
Strange it seems,
This vague show of fading dreams,
This wan Present shall at last
Be the bright, calm, irrevocable Past!
O! look on!
Turn thy face from glories gone!
Underneath yon dim sea-line
Founts of deeper glory shine;
Watch and wait, till in thy sight
Shall that dimness change to light,
Pledge of the coming dawn that knows not
night.
It may be so—
I cannot tell—I do not know.
Shall the frail vine forsake its prop, to lean
On cords let down from heaven, unfelt, un-
seen?
I may believe,—
That hinders not that I should gaze and
grieve,
Seeking, I know not what, and loving what
I leave!
Ah! chide me not, the vexed spirit saith,
Love is more strong than Faith.
Is there no art,
Thou weary, wistful Heart,
So to transform thy Faith that it shall be
The shadow of a near Eternity?—
Not leaning on the flour which cannot last,
Not weeping o'er a perishable Past,
But eagle-eyed—and patient as a dove,
Lifting itself upon the wings of Love!

SEKAH'S STORY.

It was about sunset when we left Nassau to cross over to St. Andrews, for at this hour the land breeze begins to rise, and though it blew softly, it was enough to cleave nervously the chasing surges. The night was warm and balmy. The dim light of the young moon only sufficed to tip with silver the white caps of the waves and to throw in strong relief the surges that broke over the coral reefs of Nassau. It was impossible to sleep at such an hour. I turned to my pilot.

"You will find him the most intelligent negro in the Bahamas," my friend had said when first he had recommended him to me, "and doubtless he has enjoyed unusual advantages at some period of his life. Though his age must be great, his bodily and mental powers seem unimpaired."

I knew at a glance he was an Ethiopian—a race rarely brought to America as slaves. Tall, muscular, with nearly straight hair, thin lips, and a prominent nose, yet perfectly black, no ethnologist would hesitate a moment in referring to the western slope of the Abyssinian mountains as his fatherland. His fixed, stony features, and wrinkled forehead, spoke of many a stormy scene of wild passion, and agony of secret grief. Of his early life he had ever maintained an unbroken silence. This night I turned to him to converse.

"Sekah," commenced I, for by this African name he preferred to be called, "Sekah, you have a plantation and houses, but neither wife nor child. How comes it you never married?"

If I had plunged my knife into his side he could not have started more suddenly. For a moment he looked me fixedly in the face with a ferocity that chilled my blood, then slowly let his head sink into his hands with a suppressed groan,

We were both silent.

At length, slowly lifting his hands, and speaking in that low tremulous tone that betokens strongly suppressed emotion, he said:

"My friend, you know not what dreadful memories you called up. I had hoped time had dulled them, but they struck me like a flash from—." He pointed downwards and paused. Again we were silent. At length he continued:

"My friend, I have not known you long, but I think you are different from most men I meet, and I will tell you why I never married. You are too wise to misunderstand me, too good to abuse my confidence.

"You must know, then, that when I was first brought from Africa, I was sold in the slave market of Saint Domingo, at that time the gayest, and most profligate city in the world, famed everywhere for its wealth, its munificence, and especially for the beauty of its women.— But far the most beautiful of all, was Mademoiselle Marie d'Orplan, the only child of my master the Count d'Orplan. He it was who bought me. I was not sent to his plantation in the country, but was kept at his house in town. Those of his slaves whom he retained here were sufficiently well treated, for though the count was not a humane, neither was he a cruel master. Myself, either because he saw in me signs of unusual intelligence, or because he saw that in some other way I was suited for his plans, he retained me to assist in his secret labors. Day and night the count devoted to occult sciences. That I might be the better able to assist him, he appointed his daughter to instruct me in the rudiments of learning. I can still see her little white finger following the line I read, she seated on a low throne, I kneeling at her feet. She was then thirteen years old. Oh Heaven! she was one of thy master pieces! I trembled to look at her

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while she but laughed. When I was negligent, she to punish me, threw off her slipper and placed her bare foot on my shoulder; I took and placed it on my lips. Then I was no longer a slave, a workhouse beast, I felt a fire in my blood, and in my heart, and could have died in that happiness!

"The wind is rising," suddenly said Sekah, and getting up he walked to the prow of the boat. He wished to conceal his emotion. When he returned to his seat he was calm.

"I believe I told you," he continued, "that the count loved mysterious sciences. It was his passion. We passed whole days alone in his study, he, the hardy explorer, I, the docile instrument, prying into the darkest secrets of nature. At this time electricity and magnetism attracted much attention in France. Charmed by their strange results, the count plunged into their intricacies, with ardor, ever using me as the subject of his experiments, hesitating not, to endanger my life in their pursuit.

"Sekah," he said one day, 'we must try animal magnetism. This is the proper season and a favorable day. Nature is opening her stores. Shall I put you to sleep?'

"Master," I replied, 'I have but to obey your wishes. Put me to sleep if you can.' I extended myself on a lounge, and the count commenced the usual motions with his hands. I closed my eyes. The count addressed me:

"Speak, Sekah, what do you see?"

"I see you three months from now at your birth-day feast."

"What then?"

"You are at table with your friends."

"And then?" eagerly demanded the count.

"Then you call me and say, Sekah, I give you your liberty."

"You're not asleep, you're not asleep,"

cried the count, furiously shaking me, 'you are mocking me. You shall never have your liberty. Get out.'

"But the count was not to be deterred from his schemes. Sometime after, when his resentment toward me had cooled, he called me into his study. His daughter Marie was there. She was clothed in nothing but a muslin robe, so thin, so transparent, as not to conceal the outline of her exquisitely moulded form, and the delicate pink hue of her skin.

"You are perhaps aware," coldly remarked Sekah, at this stage of his narrative, 'that the colonists never looked on the slaves as men. The females of the family appeared almost as nude before them, and with as little hesitation, as before the pictures and statues.'

"I desire you to put my daughter to sleep," said the count to me as I entered, 'by doing as I did the other day. Take her hands in yours, look her steadily in the eyes, think of nothing but her, and as soon as she is asleep call me.—My presence may be an obstacle. There, Marie, lie down on that lounge, and you, Sekah, kneel before her. The room is still too light.' He drew the shutters closer, and then left us. I was alone with Marie. At that time Marie was sixteen years of age. I do not know why the count chose that day for his experiment, but never did I know of one, of such singular influence. Though not a cloud was visible, we seemed frequently to pass from a blinding mid-day light to the obscurity of night. An unsteady wind, now suddenly violent, now sinking gradually away, anon to recommence with increased fury, mounded and roared alternately in the dense foliage of the garden; the fountains splashed irregularly on the marble pavement; and far off I seemed to hear the cannon of the fort, and the tolling of the bells of the church of La Providence.

"I trembled in every nerve; my eyes

were fixed on those of Marie; her knees pressed my breast; her breath fanned my forehead. Little by little the color left her cheeks; her arms lay powerless on mine; her form rested motionless on the lounge."

A bitter thought seemed to flash through Sekah's mind. His features twitched nervously, and with his clenched fist he struck the side of the boat so forcibly, that my dog sprang from his sleep with a growl. Without heeding him he continued:

"Marie slept. I would have given the liberty of my mother—my own, in this world and the next, never more to have been separated from that pale and tender phantom that I embraced and pressed in my arms, that I dwelt upon with my eyes and soul. I know not how long I remained in this ecstasy, during which I experienced all the ferocity of a first passion and a deep inward horror at the crime I had committed against a being so superior, in thus contemplating her.

"I thought a poniard had pierced my heart. The Count d'Orplan entered. I had forgotten to call him.

"Has my daughter fainted, that you hold her so? It must be a nervous attack."

"Your daughter has fainted," I replied to the count, who thus furnished the excuse that saved my life.

"Oh no," he said after a moment's examination, "you are mistaken. This pallor and helplessness are characteristic of the magnetic sleep. Let her rest on the lounge."

"I replaced her as before. Then for once I blessed my color, that impenetrable mask of the emotions. I retired to a corner of the room. The count proceeded to question his daughter.

"What do you see at this moment, Marie?"

"I see trees, fields and meadows—now more trees!"

"Is that all?"

"A sugar house, down there; far off!"

"Look steadily!"

"It is our sugar house. Oh, how hot it is. But it is nearly night."

"What more?"

"There are our slaves. They are going to the Salt Pond. How many there are! How cautiously they creep along among the bushes! It is an endless procession. It grows night; it is dark; but still they come."

"How I shivered with terror, as I heard Marie with difficulty and effort pronounce those words, I, who well knew the nightly meetings of the disaffected slaves at the Salt Pond, and their slowly maturing plans of revolt, I, the leader of a band of conspirators, and deep in all their plots!

"Do you see nothing more, my child," urged the count, disregarding the evident suffering of his daughter, "what are the slaves doing?"

"They are speaking to each other in whispers. They dip one foot in the water, and hold up their hands. They kiss a knife which is passed from hand to hand. They embrace each other. Sekah is with them."

"That is not so, master, since I am here," I cried, without thinking of the imprudence of this premature justification.

"Silence, Sekah," exclaimed the count, "do not break the charm. All this is only an uncertain dream. She has not yet experience enough to obtain clear and distinct visions."

"It grows still darker," continued Marie, "I can see nothing. The Salt Pond and slaves have disappeared. Oh, Heavens!" she suddenly cried, "there they are again. They carry lighted torches. They fire our sugar house. All the sugar houses are burning. It is a sea of fire. It is coming here. Closer, closer. Oh save me, my God, save me. Whither

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shall we flee? It is upon us. My dress is blazing. And Sekah—'

"Wake up, wake up, Mademoiselle Marie,' I shouted rushing from my corner. Marie slowly opened her eyes.

"What an unpleasant dream I have had. The hurricane must have affected my nerves,' she said, and rising, languidly retired to her chamber.

"Then for the first time I noticed that we were in the height of a terrific hurricane. Ships and houses were destroyed; trees uprooted and hurled through the air.

"Spite of the fury of the storm, I made my way to the Salt Pond that night, where a meeting of the ringleaders of the conspiracy was agreed upon. There I narrated the strange revelation of the daughter of the count. Some were struck with consternation; others believed it merely a scheme of the count to frighten his negroes; all agreed it was a warning to complete our arrangements and hasten the revolt. One month from that night was appointed as the time.—We united in a solemn oath that no white should be spared. Every man, woman, and child of the hated color, must die. The next day the count said to me:

"Sekah, take four others with you in the yawl, and go to *La Belle Stephanie* which arrived in port last night. Lieutenant Lacordaire is on board. You have probably heard me say, that I have chosen him as my future son-in-law.'

"Yes, Monsieur le Comte, I will go and bring the Lieutenant Lacordaire,' I replied, but in my heart I said, 'that loses you your life, Count d'Orplan.'

"I foresee the two events that followed, Sekah," I interrupted, "the Count united his daughter to the Lieutenant, and the massacre of Saint Domingo took place. Your story is finished."

"Not yet, not yet," said Sekah; "as you say, Mademoiselle d'Orplan was mar-

ried, and with the most magnificent ceremonies. The night of the grand ball happened to be the very one fixed for the insurrection. Everything, knives, clubs, muskets, hatchets, torches, were concealed and in readiness. Yet never was there a more beautiful night. At the house of the count was collected every elegance that wealth and power could procure. Bouquets of rare flowers carpeted the pavement, the fountain played with scented and colored water, and the air was laden with a hundred rich perfumes. Hidden among the trees, singers and musicians chanted the happy nuptials. And how triumphant was the count, in viewing the happiness that surrounded his daughter and son-in-law.

"Marie was the queen of the evening. Amid her hair, which was lightly sprinkled with powder of gold, were scattered little roses of diamonds and opals.—The short skirts of her snow white robe, disclosed her infantine feet. She seemed a bright star, as she moved from place to place among her friends.

"At midnight, when the intoxication of the scene was at its height, when all these flowers, this beauty, this mad joy, made me shudder, I approached Marie and in a loud tone, said, 'follow me.'—Passing through an alley of acacias plunged into the dense park, and by a narrow path arrived at a small inlet of the sea, nearly hidden by the rank vegetation. Marie had followed me.

"Look back,' I said, 'everything will be explained.' The house we had just quitted was wrapt in flames.

"Sekah,' cried she, 'save my father.' "There is neither father nor daughter in Saint Domingo now,' I replied, 'in a few hours, not a white man will be alive. Your father is already dead.'

"She fell senseless at my feet. I placed her in the boat I had in readiness, and returned to take part in the massacre. Ere daylight, the work was finish-

ed. We had destroyed, annihilated, a people, a civilization. When the last star vanished in the morning light, Saint Domingo was called the Republic of Hayti."

"An awful night," I exclaimed, "but Marie?"

"I put Mademoiselle d'Orplan ashore on an island belonging to Spain. There—yes, there she entered the convent of Nuestra Senora de Carmel."

"And you?"

"I was appointed archbishop."

"Archbishop!"

"Yes; in the new republic of Hayti, and held the position till the revolution of 1820."

Sekah was silent.

Wrapping myself in my poncho, I lay down in the bottom of the boat hoping to snatch a few hours sleep before our arrival at St. Andrews, which we safely made by sunrise.

THE GALLANT TAR.

BY J. P. CARLETON.

What a jovial life a sailor leads,
There's none so free from care,
The stormy gale he no more heeds,
Than trifles light as air.

How merrily he goes aloft,
To loose the shiv'ring sail,
And sees his stout and saucy craft,
Scud with the fuv'ring gale.

He glories in the jacket blue,
His spirit naught can mar,
Ashore, afloat, he's ever true,
The gallant, dashing, Tar.

And when his race of life has run,
When earth shall fade away,
He hails the last grand signal gun,
The last grand muster day.

ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS.

BY NAUTICUS.

[Continued from page 447.]

At my left hand sat Mary Palmer, and next to her Helen Cromer; both were going to Calcutta—so we would make another, though short passage together. Mary was going to live with a half sister, who was married, and had been settled there some years. She was leaving an uncongenial home to seek one perhaps more so. Dr. Palmer, her father, had married again; her stepmother, to her, had always been kindness itself; so was her father; but it had been an unhappy marriage. Both had high tempers. He absolute, as he had been with his first wife, who was perfectly suited to him; she, *striving* to be absolute, as she had been with her first husband, also suited to her. Neither would give in; married in mature years, with habits formed in a totally different marital state, their quarrels and bickerings were endless, and although both were worthy people, it was too late in life; and the struggle to accommodate themselves to each other was beyond their ability. Of means too limited to permit of separate establishments, they became estranged, cold, and finally rude to each other, rendering the house almost unendurable to Mary, who was the constant referee in their disputes. To escape this, and even with the advice of both of them, she accepted of the offer of a home in India from her mother-in-law's only daughter, whom she had only seen once, many years ago.

Mary Palmer and I were nearly of the same age—she some four months older than myself, and we had been acquainted at home. We were but eighteen at the time I am writing of, and I believe that during the voyage, young as I was, she had learned to love me, as woman loves

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but once. I was the only one to whom she could confide her own unhappiness, and upon me she leaned for support, consolation and sympathy. Her beauty was great, but a certain quiet reserve and backwardness to strangers, prevented her being the belle of the ship, as she otherwise would have been. "So sweet and pretty," the passengers used to say, "but so quiet—too quiet." Ah, little did they know the force of character she possessed—the untold depths of her warm affections, that had but to be called into action, to show her in her true colors—her noble unselfishness of heart. I shall have occasion to return to her again in these sketches—certain that her short, happy, but melancholy career, cannot but "point a moral," though perhaps not "adorn a tale."

Miss Cromer had shared her cabin. She was a sweet, wild girl, though always in hot water with the matrons for her breaches of decorum; guileless as a child, and a perfect Hebe in appearance. She was the illegitimate daughter of the brother of one of the superior Judges in Madras. The latter never enquired for her; the stain of her birth might soil his ermine, and as she did not land, but few know of the relationship. She was consigned to a gentleman, with his family, resident in Calcutta, who was under many obligations to her father. Lovely, lively, well educated and affectionate, she might have happily married, but such was not to be. Three months after her arrival, her affections already won by an excellent young man, who would have assuredly secured her happiness, she fell a victim to the fell destroyer *Cholera*. A handsome marble tombstone marks her resting place, with the simple inscription,

HELEN,
Aged 19.

Having informed Mr. Brooks that I had a draft on Messrs. Binney & Co., we

stopped in his buggy and he drove me there, where he left me for a short time, having to transact some business with his own agents, in the immediate neighborhood. The office into which I was introduced was a lofty room, about twenty feet in height, covered with a matting of split rattan, and furnished with a large writing table, at which sat one of the partners. The table was covered with letters and papers, with numerous leaden weights placed upon them, to prevent them being scattered by the wind of the "punkah." This punkah, suspended from the roof by ropes, was nearly the entire length of the room. It was a long frame of about two and a-half feet in width, constantly pulled to and fro by a native servant, who sat in the adjoining verandah, with a line attached to its centre; a strong current of air was thereby produced, sufficient to disturb the papers, had they not been secured by the weights mentioned, drove off the mosquitoes, and caused a delightful coolness.

He received me with that courteous stiffness which is the peculiar characteristic of an Englishman, and read my letter of credit.

"Boy," cried he, and a poon, or office porter of some six feet entered the room. The boy was probably forty-nine years old, well made, with regular features and a heavy grizzled beard.

Having dispatched him into an adjoining room, he informed me that he was now busy writing letters for a ship to sail that afternoon, but would be happy to see me at dinner; that a bed was at my service, &c. I had just declined the invitation, when the poon returned with the money, which he had been sent for. Accepting a cigar from the merchant, I strolled on to the verandah, to await the return of Brooke. What a scene of confusion the street below me presented! Jabbering natives; two wheeled bullock bauldies, rude in construction, and creak-

ing dismally as they jogged along; native gentlemen's baudies, with their handsome white hump-backed bullocks, and their pagoda shaped tops; peons with belts, swords, and great breast plates; policemen with their sticks; drunken sailors on liberty; native clerks; European carriages, buggies and palanquins, passed and repassed in constant succession.

Mr. Brooks soon returned, and we went to Messrs. Griffith's large store. Griffith's is par excellence *the* store of Madras. Here, in an immense room, about fifty or sixty feet by some twenty-five, was to be found everything from a needle to an anchor. Beers, wines, preserves, saddles, guns, pistols, jewelry, cigars, opauettes, swords, hammers—in fact, a general emporium. Mr. Griffiths came forward and shook hands with Mr. Brooks, whilst to others in the store he only bowed distantly, although they, with the greatest familiarity, were calling out—"Griffiths, have you got a mameluke bit?"—Griffiths, send me six dozen of Hodson, and three cases of pale brandy," &c.

"How different his manner to you," I remarked to Mr. Brooke; "how is it?"

"Oh, I know him well in England, and was at school with him. His family and ours are intimate, but *here*, you see, he is not admitted into society.

"How so—what has he done—anything dishonorable?"

"Oh dear, no; but then he is only a shopkeeper—a retailer of cheese and candles—a pedlar of gloves and eau-de-Cologne."

"Then," said I, "it is only your rich merchants, I suppose, that are admissible?"

"Oh no; riches have nothing to do with it. Griffiths could buy and sell half of them out to-morrow; his education and family are both superior to nine out of ten of our officials; but being a *retail* trader, mark you, he has not the entree of

Government House, and that forms the portals of Madras society.

"Oh," said I, "how exclusive you are."

"We might be more so," said he. Captain Botley may stick you with a horse; Mr. Clifton may insult your wife and shoot you afterwards, trifle with the affections of a beloved sister, and gamble away money due to his creditors; but then they are honorable men, and as such go into *society*; but a retailer, sir, a man who will sell you a bottle of lavender water, of course he is inadmissible. Missionaries and shopkeepers are not respectable—in *Madras*.

Quite a large party met at dinner, and Mr. Brooke gave me the history of several. "That old gentleman has lately married his sixth wife. She is twenty-three and he is sixty-two; but he is very rich. Forty years ago he had his fortune told by a native; it was that he would kill five wives and that the sixth would kill him; *nous verrons*. Doctor Ross, there, kept his wife's corpse in a leaden coffin, in his drawing room, for seven years. She was a half-caste, and her father had settled, by will, a handsome income on the Doctor, as long as she was above ground; so he did keep her *above ground*, and drew the income; but last year the Supreme Court decided that such was not the intention of the testator, and now she is buried. There is the Rev. Mr. Anderson, of the Scotch church. He has a fine appointment. Mrs. Ruce expressed a hope that he found his ministry productive of good to souls. 'Oh,' said he, 'we don't look for that sort of thing here.' Cool, was not it? but then he was what they call a *New Light*. He is a worthy man, however, who preaches short doctrinal sermons regularly, and draws his salary with praiseworthy punctuality.—Mrs. Wilton, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?" They bow. "Is not she" (turning to me) "a splendid woman? She engaged her-

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self, three years ago, to a Lieutenant of Infantry, jilted him for a Captain of Cavalry, jilted him for a Colonel of Artillery, and then jilted him for a Civil Servant of fifty. After eighteen months he died, leaving her a widow with a large fortune, and now she is married to her first choice, the Lieutenant. She is of a good, but impoverished family, very fascinating, and being all these, and now very rich, she is very much respected. Oh yes, she is very much respected, as she should be. She is a connexion of our host's wife, otherwise I don't think she is the style of woman his strict principles would encourage him to make a guest of. He now is a specimen of an English officer to be proud of—a daring, dashing officer, a Christian, and a gentleman, respected, nay, loved by all. Why, he thinks that even Griffith is not altogether contemptible; but then he says, 'my father's father sold flour by the sack.' Hush! tell it not in Gath!"

"Why, I am afraid, Brooke, I am nearly in the same fix."

[To be continued.]

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. B.

"*Pereat tristitia, pereant osores.*"—LATIN SONG.

THE chief end of man is not merely to laugh and grow fat; neither is it much of a desideratum never to be able to obtain a view of the toes of one's boots. All, however, prefer to resemble barrels rather than bean poles. Rotund and jocosose, fat and jovial, have begun to be regarded almost as synonymous expressions. Your model of a "good fellow" is never lank, lean and cadaverous; he has a ruddy cheek, fleshy withal, and half eclipsing his peepers; a big belly continually shaking and expanding with every inspiration of mirth, as if the lodging place of some "jolly mud turtle," trying to effect an exit. Such a man is

generally well to do in the world. Which is the cause and which the effect we do not essay to determine. We incline to think the paltry consideration of a few dollars, more or less, makes but little difference with his feelings. His maxim is to take things easy. Strictly speaking, he has no maxims. Taking things easy is his nature. So with those side-shaking expressions of mirth, and that over-present sunshine of satisfaction upon the countenance. All are indigenuous, or, at least, if not imbibed with the maternal milk, have become living sprouts engrafted upon the matured stock. Some facetious reader conceives they may be attributable to imbibitions at a later period of his existence—that the smiles literal can be traced to smiles metaphorical. Well, be it so. Ask him; he probably acknowledges the corn—perhaps the rye. Unlike yourself, however, he "takes a nip," occasionally, not to drive dull care away, and elevate his spirits, which are ever at high water mark, but merely in the way of good fellowship and sociability.

Appropos of enviable men, who that has read Martin Chuzzlewit will ever forget Mark Tapley? Of all the characters Dickens has portrayed—and their number is legion, each standing out on every page in unmistakable individuality—we admire Mark most. It was impossible for the dear fellow to be down-hearted. Were circumstances never so unfavorable, so far from making him gloomy, they but set his mind at rest; he would then feel that there was some merit in being jolly. Paradoxical as it seems, he was generally so well off that it made him uncomfortable. We have heard a clam out of water given as a symbol of felicity, always supposing it was to be taken in an ironical sense. To Mark, at all events, the comparison is an apt one without the irony. His natural element was where everything was going on swimmingly

about him ; but to be completely at ease he must find himself where ordinary bivalves would be fretting and fuming—*get into hot water.*

Men who are always walking on stilts pass over many good things in their journey through life which were intended for their well-being. They not only lose the fragrance of many a modest flower, but, what is more deplorable, their position is not well adapted for digging potatoes. The star-gazer is apt to forget he was designed primarily for a lower sphere of existence, and to neglect more substantial duties. We have faith in a man who can laugh honestly and heartily, rather than in one who is constantly moralizing. It tells us his conscience is in a healthy condition, as well as his physique. A load of guilt upon the soul smothers every feeling of true mirth. A man may smile and be a villain—he is a hypocrite, though, and merely shamming in that—but he can't *laugh*; his attempts are abortions—counterfeits without the clearing characteristic of genuineness.

There is said to be but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is well to take that step occasionally. A writer asserts that the great admiration which people profess for poetry, sentiment, sublimity, and the like, is ninety-nine parts in a hundred *bosh*, and that the remaining part is owing to a morbid state of the liver or other digestive organs. This statement, *cum grano salis*, contains good common sense. When men get the blues—or the *millen*, which is much the same thing in results—they become poets, and court the muses. To fully appreciate their high-wrought effusions, the reader must be in a similar delectable frame of mind. Every one of sound mind and body, whether he will admit the fact or not, enjoys a joke—something really laughable and absurd—more than one of Milton's finest passages. We mean, of course, *generally*. There are and should

be times when we are not in the mood to relish trivialities.

How happy all might be, if they only would! One-third of human misery is wholly imaginary; at least another third a direct consequence of malfasance: counting our remaining ills as blessings in disguise, and what is the deduction? Lachrymal glands are no longer to be brought into requisition, unless it be upon occasions of joy. Items first and third are canceled by cultivating a happy disposition, and determining to look only upon the sunny side of life. Your preacher will tell you how item second may be disposed of, and the accounts balanced. We do not pretend to assert that all have the same temperament. Some men are naturally jovial—possibly others have a natural tendency to melancholy. Much, however, depends upon the will. In the main we may so modify and adjust our dispositions, that what is intrinsically calculated to produce disagreeable feelings cannot gain admittance. There is a spring of fresh water near the Genoese coast, gushing through the sea, and by the mere force of its jet reaching the surface untainted by the surrounding brine. So the outpourings from the fountains of the soul—however deep the sea of trouble about it—should be only of sweet water.

All the sides and angles given, required the construction of the figure. It is very simple to make everybody always happy—in theory. Moralists and philosophers have been doing the same for centuries; but why with no practical result? Simply because we have too much inherent stupidity and perversity in our composition to act for our own interests. Ask a man what is the object of his existence; what is his grand aim and hope in life? Answers to such pertinent questions as these, reason tells us, should be uppermost in the mind of an intelligent being. In nine cases out of ten he is

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puzzled for a reply, as you find the object of pursuit to be some *ignis fatuus* never attainable, or some toy, valueless when secured. Suppose the answer to be wealth; press your queries and you will find he has no fixed standard by which his desires are gauged, and, what is even more foolish, is overlooking those very objects for securing which wealth has its only value. The result is the same, be the reply competency, fame, glory, and so on to the end of the category of human aspirations.

The true philosophy of living is to *enjoy to-day*—not forgetful of to-morrow, or seeking selfish gratification, else we defeat our own ends—but bearing in mind that time is fleeting, and the sum of life made up of little things.

THE GRUMBLE FAMILY.

BY G. T. S.

Who has not met with some of this family? They may always be known by the scowl they wear, and the face drawn down to an almost preternatural length.

They are always finding fault with something or somebody. To them all the foundation of the world are out of course. Nothing is right, and everything is wrong. They are determined not to be pleased, and say with the harlequin, "the more you sing to me, the more I wont dance." If you bestow them a favor, you might as well expect gratitude from a sho-bear. They seem to be at war with all the world, because the world does not feel as they do. Happiness in others only seems to provoke their ire. They would have the whole world draped in mourning, and every man with a frown on his face, and every house a dungeon.

If you do a piece of work for them, it is never well done, and might have been done better. In the family, they are a perfect terror. At the table, the dishes

are either too hot or too cold, too much seasoned or else not seasoned enough; their tea is generally either "strong as lye, or weak as water;" their bread is "heavy as lead, or sour as vinegar;" meat is not half done, or else overcooked; no child can approach them, they are so "noisy and full of mischief," as if a child might be expected to grow up, and become old and sober and steady at once.

If they are farmers, their cattle are always breaking into other people's enclosures; their cows wont give down their milk, and if they do, it is half water; their horses are vicious, and wont go only when it pleases them. To all this there may be some truth; for dumb working animals instinctively catch the spirit and temper of their employers.

As for the weather, who among them ever saw the sun shine? The blessed light of heaven might as well attempt to penetrate and warm a dungeon fifty feet beneath the earth's surface, as to enter and cheer the recesses of their dark and frost-bound souls.

If they travel, Heaven deliver us from being their companions. They find fault with the weather, the conveyance, the scenery, of the country they pass through, the people, everything. If in a rail road car, it is either too close or too cold to suit their ever changing mood, and every window must either be closed tight or else thrown wide open, to the inconvenience of all their fellow travellers. What to them is that pale woman in the corner, with her sick child? They have enough to do to take care of themselves. Their business is to make *themselves* comfortable. If others dont *like* it they can *lump* it.

If on a steamer, it is the most "miserable concern that they ever traveled on," the berths are hard and narrow, the state rooms too small and "too dirty for the pigs to sleep in; the waiters are saucy and impudent; the passengers are cross

and unaccommodating." The wonder is that others can make themselves merry under such circumstances; to them a smile is a mark of folly, and want of sense, and those who happen to indulge in a laugh are denounced as "poor, shallow, empty-pated fools."

It was once said of a lady that her smile was so sweet that it would make the flowers bloom; but their look is so sour that it would change a pan of milk to bonny-clabber, like the approach of a thunder storm.

Poor, miserable, wo-begone family! they make no one so unhappy as they do themselves; and, sober, right-thinking persons look with pity on the whole selfish, scowling, fretting, fuming, grumbling race.

STOCKTON.

BY S. H. S.

In the tules of the lowlands,
Bordering the San Joaquin,
With its bridges, mills, and Islands,
Lakes around and lakes between,
Stockton looms upon the vision,
With her cupolas and vanes,
And the prestige of position
As the city of the plains.

With her villas neat and pretty,
Hemmed in the busy mart—
Of the system now the city
Seems the great commercial heart;
Arteries in all directions
Life unto the hills convey,
Men of fair and all complexions
Strive and labor night and day.

From the golden mountains daily
Comes the ore beladen team;
While her port with colors gaily
Speaks the commerce of the stream;
And her summer fields are teeming
With the golden fruits and grains.
Thus in hopeful promise beaming,
Blooms the city of the plains.

THOSE SLAB STONES AGAIN.

BY DOINGS.

Numerous letters from unknown friends as well as earnest personal solicitations, added to my own desire to unravel the Mystery of the Stones inspired me with an immense pressure of zeal, and I devoted many days to travel and enquiry among those that I thought could furnish me with the least clue.— Had I have felt less interested I should grown weary of the self imposed task, but the hope of success cheered me on, and eventually I was so fortunate as to hear of a very aged Chief who I was told spoke tolerable good English, and who could give me all the information desired—if possible for any one living—if rightly approached. Consequently, one Sunday morning I took up my line of march for his camp, 'twas ten miles distant, but a walk of that distance is nothing for me at any time, and on this occasion so elated was I with the motive of my mission that the smoke of the camp fires came in sight ere I had given them a thought. A few hundred yards more and the rancheria was in full view, 'twas very like all others, a few huts made of poles, bark, and dirt, with open fires before them. The usual number of curs came out to welcome me, barking, snarling, and gritting their cowardly teeth, but knowing their nature full well, and being armed with a heavy stick, I gave them little heed and passed on to the camp. Around the fires squatting upon the ground, were Indians of both sexes and all ages, squalid, dirty, and next to naked. As I drew near I could hear them exchanging words in their own language, but when I came to them not a word was spoken, some smiled, others laughed, and the balance maintained a reserved silence. I paused and resting upon my stick gave my eye an opportu-

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nity of scanning the groups, and to my great surprise I saw among the silent ones a face which, although downcast, I recognized as belonging to my old *retainer* SAM; going to him, I touched his shoulder, saying, "Well, old boy, how are you?" A log would have made just as much reply, so giving him a gentle shake, I exclaimed, "Sam, don't you know me?" He raised the most sorrowful looking countenance I ever beheld, and with eyes vacant as burnt holes, looked me full in the face and said, "me no sarvie."—"Why, you ungrateful wretch!" said I, looking Colt's revolvers at him. "You are a bad Injun! didn't I for a long time feed and clothe you, didn't I let you turn my grindstone, and bring wood and water? And the very last time I saw you, didn't I give you pants and boots? And then you ran away, and now refuse to know me! Out upon you for a dog! Where is Ko-ho-to-me?"

"What for you want Ko-ho-to-me?" was his quick reply. "Ko-ho-to-me no here."

"Where is he?"

"Gone in," was the curt answer.

"What! Ko-ho-to-me dead! Sam, you tell a lie; show him to me, I have presents for him!" Sam was silent, and his head hung lower than ever, then rising from the ground, he said "Stop, me go see."

Leaving the group, he entered a hut close by, and returning after a short absence, told me to go in. I entered, and by the dim light discovered, half reclining upon an old blanket, an aged form; it was very old and to all appearances very dirty, with hair white as the newly fallen snow; the form had shrunk away to almost nothingness; the attenuated limbs and sunken cheeks bore witness of a hard struggle 'twixt life and death; the mouth was toothless, and the contracted eyes were sunken deeply in the sockets, and all these constituted the person of Ko-ho-to-me, (The Great.)

It is hardly necessary for me to say that although in substance the report of my interview is accurate, yet in the endeavor to present something more readable than could be told with the words of Ko-ho-to-me, I have used my own.

He was the first to speak, and with a voice much stronger than I thought him capable of, and in very passable English said, "What does the white man want? I am no friend of his."

"Your name, Ko-ho-to-me, is well known among my people; you once saved some of them from starvation in the mountains; we thank you, and would be your friend."

"Friend!" he exclaimed, "yes, such a friend as is the lynx to the hare!—Do you come here to mock me into the Spirit Land? I have saved the lives of your men; I was once a great chief, and my young men and warriors counted by thousands; both the mountains and valleys were ours. What are we now?—You have built towns upon our hunting grounds, have taken away all our means of livelihood, have spread disease among us, until but a few, dwarfed and stunted, remain, and live only to bear the curse of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii, and die in misery.—Even I, in my old age, for simply asking bread when I was starving, have been kicked and beaten. Such friends are your people to my race. But you are well spoken," he continued in a milder tone, "I have heard of you; you have given my people bread and meat. Ho-ika-ka, whom you call Sam, has told me. I have no war with you; tell me your business with Ko-ho-to-me. I am weary with talk, I am not strong."

"I desire," said I, drawing from my pocket a large bunch of beads, "you to accept of these, partly as a present, and partly to repay you for telling me the history of Four Slab Stones, which I discovered some ten miles from here. Ho-ika-ka can tell you what I mean."

"The beads are handsome, and the grave of Ko-ho-to-mo shall wear them," said the old Chief, as he placed them to his almost sightless eyes, and continued with, "I know what you mean, 'tis of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii nu-i, or in English, the Serpents grave, that you would know—every Indian knows the place, but none ever goes there. The story is long; I am sleepy now; come again when the sun is near his setting, and I will tell you all."

That evening at the appointed time I was again with the old Chief, and from his lips heard the following

LEGEND.

"A good many years ago, how many I cannot tell, Plo-la-wa-hi-tii (the Serpent) was chief of our people. We were not then a race such as you find us now; we were large and muscular, active and daring. Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was the largest of the large, and the most powerful of his tribe; in battle he was like a lion, and in passion he was terrible; his people both loved and feared him; the young men delighted to follow him in the hunt or on the war-path, for he was brave and generally successful. In camp he was more loved than feared, for he was gentle and kind.

"The Shu-nos, another tribe, inhabited then what you now call Blue Mountains. Though neighbors, the two could never agree, and being often brought together, fights and quarrels were frequent. When the numbers were equal our people were ever victorious, but the Shu-nos counted more warriors, and it was with difficulty that we, even with the powerful Plo-la-wa-hi-tii for our leader, could keep our grounds.

"Lu-la-ho-do (Singing brook) was a maiden as beautiful as Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was brave, as graceful as a doe, as kind as the sun in summer, fleet of foot, and of all our maidens the most daring.—

Upon her did Plo-la-wa-hi-tii cast the eye of love, he wooed and won, the nuptials were celebrated after the usual Indian custom, and to his wigwam did the happy chief take his youthful bride. So pleasantly did the time pass with Lu-la-ho-do, that for two moons the hunting grounds were neglected, and then the supply of venison being about exhausted, Plo-la-wa-hi-tii called together all his young men and warriors, and set out for a grand hunt, leaving Lu-la-ho-do with the rest of the women, together with the old men and children, in charge of a few runners.

"Kam-ha-nu-ka, (Flying Wind,) chief of the Shu-nos, had seen the "Singing Brook," and for a long time had looked upon her with an evil eye. The movements of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii had been watched, and only three suns after his departure, the "Flying Wind" with all his force came down upon the defenceless camp, and taking Lu-la-ho-do captive, slaughtered all the rest, except a few runners who escaped.

"Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was the happiest of all the chiefs; he had been successful, and his men were laden with the spoils of the forest. Already was he upon his return with his big heart full of expectations, panting to meet his Lu-la-ho-do, when a runner met him and told the sickening tale. Great were the lamentations of his followers, their woe cries rent the air. Plo-la-wa-hi-tii for a moment stood calm, unmoved, spell-bound, and then as the spring freshet comes, hissing, foaming, boiling, rushing headlong, and with its mighty sweeping surge makes playthings of its tributaries, so came the grief of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii. Soon, however, did the boisterous manifestations cease, his tall proud form stood erect, he tore from his head the oak leaf wreath which his young men had placed there that he might meet his Queen with the emblem of success upon his brow, his long thick hair fell

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loosely upon his shoulders, his big black eyes fired with unwonted lustre, his nostrils expanded and his lips compressed. His voice was steady, clear and emphatic, his words few, and orders imperative. 'Unburden yourselves of everything save weapons, use no arrows, depend upon the war-club, and follow me.'

"Without war paint or feathers did Plo-la-wa-hi-tii with his army strike across the country for the Blue mountains; all that day and night they travelled rapidly, stopping neither to eat nor rest, and morning brought them near the Shu-nos' camp.

"Kam-ha-nu-ka was expecting an attack, and his braves and warriors were ready at a moment's call. Lu-la-ho-do was a close prisoner within his wigwam and before its door this chief sat with his council, when the appearance of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was made known. Quickly did his people gather about him, and as the attacking party came down the hill, clouds of arrows darted at them, but sped on a harmless way, and like the wind more silently came Plo-la-wa-hi-tii and his brother avengers. Kam-ha-nu-ka was amazed, and his soul shook, for he knew that the Great Spirit was against him. With a cry that echoed long, long among the hills, the parties met. Plo-la-wa-hi-tii and his men were like furies, and the Shu-nos, though fresh and in greater numbers, could scarcely hold their ground; the conflict was hand to hand and club to head, and most terrible was the fight. Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was separated from his men, and was surrounded by the enemy, but he knew it not nor cared; the Great Spirit was with him, and his strong arm felled his opponents like straws, and over the bodies of the fallen did he pass on for Kam-ha-nu-ka. But fear was no longer in the breast of that chief, the Evil Spirit was with him, and he was wickedly desperate; darting into his wigwam, he in an instant re-

turned, dragging Lu-la-ho-do by the hair, and in sight of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii dashed out her brains with his war club. If the arm of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was strong before, it was now like the mighty lightning, and with a single bound and stroke he cleared the way, and over the lifeless body of Lu-la-ho-do met Kam-ha-nu-ka. Both were powerful in war, and now both were terrible, but the Great Spirit was with Plo-la-wa-hi-tii, and as the tree falls beneath the lightning stroke, so did Kam-ha-nu-ka after a short fierce conflict fall by the arm of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii.

"A cry of exultant joy burst from the lips of the victor, but ere it had died away, a dozen arrows from the bows of the cowardly Shu-nos had pierced his heart, and by the side of his murdered Lu-la-ho-do he fell dead.

"The battle was over, the leaders of both parties were slain, and war-cries changed to lamentations. No feelings of animosity were exhibited as the adverse parties met when selecting their dead. Grief was the one chief who ruled them all. The song of the forest bird was hushed, the voices of the wild wood were not heard, the sorrowing brook flowed sadly on with plaintive dirge, for the people of two tribes mourned, and the air was full of sorrow.

"The living of our people carried the dead to the camp-ground of their fathers, and together with the slaughtered old men, women and children, they were burned and buried with the usual rites. The ashes of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii and Lu-la-ho-do were interred where the four slab-stones mark the spot, and the immediate surrounding bushes were entwined, leaving only a passage for ingress and egress to the devoted followers who might choose to visit the grave and water it with their tears. The work was hardly finished, dirges were being chanted, when from the grave came a huge serpent, which, wending its way through the en-

twined bushes, encircled them; it was a hundred feet in length, and though at first it was small in circumference, it commenced and continued to increase in size until it would measure full thirty feet. *It was the Spirit of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii.* When its full size was attained, it moved at first slowly and then rapidly away to the Blue Mountains; going straight to the camp of the Shu-nos, it destroyed all the men and children, and with their blood made the Red Lake. Returning, it coiled its monstrous form about the grave, and when reduced to its original size, disappeared in the bushes.

"On the following day the remainder of our tribe came here, built their wigwams and made me their chief, and the Shu-nos women came to us, for they were alone, and our young men having no squaws took them to wife, and the race of Diggers sprang from that alliance.

"In former times the Indians every Moon made a pilgrimage to the Plo-la-wa-hi-tii nu-i. I am the last who ever visited the spot, and then all was as on the burial day, excepting, that where the Serpent laid around the bushes, vegetation had ceased to exist, and a barren strip of ground encircled them. The present generation never go there, for they are inferior as a race, and greatly degraded, and the Spirit of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii is troubled when they are near; do they approach, the earth shakes and strange noises greet the ear—the Serpent does not love them, and they fear his anger. Neither does the Digger go to the Blue Mountain, for to look upon the Red Lake is certain death. But the trail of the Serpent is often seen upon the mountain side where it crosses in its frequent passages from the grave to the Lake and back again."

Such was the burden of the old chief's story; how much it can be relied upon as a matter of history I leave for you to decide. That the Indians most fervently

believe in the reality of the Serpent and Lake, there can be no doubt, for since my interview with Ko-lo-to-me, I have conversed with many of our people, who affirm that they have often heard them spoken of by the Diggers, and one gentleman informs me that upon a hunting excursion, he and his companion had taken an Indian for their guide, and that upon approaching the Blue Mountain their guide objected proceeding further that way on account of the Lake, but the party determined to go on, and traveled but a short distance, when the Indian turned and fled rapidly toward the valley.

"GOD IS OVER ALL."

One of the old heroes at the battle of Bennington, gave this as his charge to his troops on the eve of battle. "Soldiers! before you are the Hessians, your wives and children are in the rear, and *God is over all.* Charge!"

Charge! before you stand the foemen;
In the morning light
See, their polished steels are gleaming,
Burnished, bristling, bright,
While behind are wives and children—
Rally at their call!
Fight for hearths, and home, and country,
God is over all!

From the mountains and the valleys,
From beneath the sod,
Hark! a thousand voices crying
To the ear of God!
Justice, human rights and justice,
Though the heavens fall!
Justice in the face of tyrants!
God is over all!

'Tis your father's cry. "We battled
Famine, foes and flood;
Raised on high a glorious temple,
In the name of God,
And from out our graves we're speaking,
Listen to our call!
Fight for freedom—down with tyrants—
God is over all!"

G. T. S.

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOR.

[Continued from page 516.]

Madam Tresto and Miss Mary were well pleased with Mr. Tresto's success. Miss Mary had intercepted two other letters sent to Amelia from Mr. Philips. She read them to her father.

"He is much in love and distressed at her silence," said Mr. Tresto, "but I think when he finds his darling, as he calls her, Mrs. Douglas, he will feel worse."

"He deserves it," said Mary, with a bitter smile. "Oh! if I could see him when he first hears of it, I think it would be my happiest hour! In three weeks did you say, father?"

"Yes, and you and your mother must coax her into the arrangement. If you do not succeed, why force must be used."

"We can give her a preparation that will stupify her, and she will do unconsciously all we command her to do; therefore, I think it better to say nothing about the matter to her," said Madam Tresto.

"True, wife; she might try to escape if she knew it. Your plan is the best."

After Mr. Tresto left Maryland, Jesse and his sister talked the matter over, and each felt that they had acted a dishonorable part, in giving their consent to this marriage.

"What will you do, dear brother? you have taken the five hundred dollars to bind the contract, and now you must keep your promise."

"Yes, certainly; I wish I could see the girl, I don't relish such a wedding."

"That is impossible," said Sara, "and if we start west, there are many arrangements to make. Where are you thinking of locating, Jesse?"

"In western Missouri. Mr. Felix, of Philadelphia, is a great land speculator,

and I think I will purchase some good land, where there will be a likelihood of a town springing up, and then, you know, Sara, we can grow up with the place."

"Yes, and I think, brother, you had better see Mr. Felix, and have all your matters arranged, as we leave immediately after your marriage."

The next morning Jesse left home for Philadelphia; he arrived in safety at the great city. Early the next morning Jesse called on Mr. Felix, who had a partial acquaintance with Jesse Douglas.

"I have come, Mr. Felix," said Jesse, "to enquire of you relative to the best western localities, for a man to settle in. I am going out there in three weeks; I understand you have the agency of several tracts of land; I would like to purchase one in a desirable place; of course you must have some that will suit me."

"Yes, Mr. Douglas, I have no doubt; there are many such, and you cannot go amiss in western Missouri. Is your sister to accompany you, Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes, Sara will not separate from me." Mr. Felix took out his map and Jesse selected one that suited him.

"This one I will take, on the Missouri river."

"Well, I have promised that to a Mr. Philips; I will see him, and if he is willing, you can have those three sections for a thousand dollars."

"I wish you could see him now, as I am in somewhat of a hurry."

Mr. Philips was sent for and soon made his appearance.

"Mr. Douglas," said Mr. Felix, by way of introduction. "Mr. Douglas wishes to purchase that Missouri land of yours, Mr. Philips; are you willing to sell it to him for one thousand dollars?"

"Yes, Mr. Douglas, I will resign my right to you. I think you have made a good selection."

"I hope so, Mr. Philips, and I am under many obligations to you."

"Not at all, Mr. Douglas; but if you are going west, you should take a wife with you, by all means, if you wish to prosper."

"I intend to take one with me," said Jesse, "although I am not sure but my sister would be sufficient."

"Come, Douglas, tell us who is your fair one. You had better leave me your sister Sara," said Mr. Felix, who was a widower, with five children.

"The young lady's name is Oldenburgh," replied Mr. Douglas.

"Oldenburgh!" exclaimed Mr. Philips; "where does she live?"

"I can tell you nothing more, gentlemen, unless you both pledge your honor to keep what I say a secret."

"It shall be kept," said both, "now tell us all about it."

Jesse now laid the whole story before his friends in every particular.

"Why, Mr. Douglas, are you not engaging in a very unworthy business? I never thought you or Sara would stoop so low," said Mr. Felix. "That Tresto must be a wretch."

"I assure you, Mr. Felix, my heart is against this proceeding, but pecuniary circumstances have been such, that anything appeared better than seeing my noble sister want."

Mr. Philips could not restrain his indignation towards Tresto. He was well satisfied that Amelia had never received his letters. "Douglas," said he, "I would like to take the bargain off your hands, that is, marry Miss Oldenburgh myself, and you can have the three thousand dollars."

"Are you in love with this girl, Mr. Philips?" enquired Douglas.

"Yes, I will not deny the fact, and I think this whole scheme of Tresto's, is only designed to thwart me in obtaining Miss Oldenburgh, as my wife." At this juncture, Mr. Philips gave Mr. Douglas a history of his acquaintance with Ame-

lin, and his warm attachment to her.

"Come, then, Mr. Philips, go home with me, and when she comes you can take my place. I will resign her to you with my whole heart."

"You are very kind, my friend, to give me such a treasure; and, as you will nevertheless go west, you will do me the honor to accept that tract of land in Missouri, as a present from me."

"You are very good, Mr. Philips, I accept your present with gratitude.—Your participation in this wedding must be kept secret for a month, or until I and my sister can get so far away that he cannot injure us."

"Yes, certainly; this will be very necessary, as Tresto might do you bodily harm," replied Mr. Philips. After all necessary arrangements for Mr. Douglas' journey and Mr. Philips' wedding, the two young men left the city for Maryland. When they arrived, they found poor Sara under serious apprehensions as to her brother's welfare; for, the more she reflected over the hasty bargain with Mr. Tresto, the more she feared and regretted it, and when Mr. Philips and her brother arrived, she was haggard and pale.

"Why, Sara," exclaimed Douglas, "have you been sick since I have been away?" regarding his faithful sister tenderly, as he said "Mr. Philips, Sara; will you not welcome us home?"

"Yes, brother, I am ever glad to have you here, even if all things are not as I could wish."

"Courage, Sister," replied Jesse, who appeared in high spirits. "Come, give us some supper, for we are quite hungry. Mr. Philips will excuse me while I assist you."

Following Sara into the kitchen, he said to her "don't look so sad, sister, I have good news for you." And Jesse gave Sara a full history of all his arrangements with Mr. Philips.

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throwing her arms around his neck, and weeping tears of relief. "You will not now be subject to such a horrible action, as it would be to wed a girl under such circumstances."

Mr. Douglas now returned to the parlor to converse with Mr. Philips, and Sara was not long in getting up a supper that they relished quite as well as their scheme against Mr. Tresto's villainous plot against Amelia. Mr. Philips and Jesse were several days preparing a complete disguise. At length it was finished and Sara was called to see it.

"I declare, Jesse, it is very like you indeed. I did not think a mask could be made to look so life like. You are a little too tall, but that will not be observable."

"I think the change complete," said Mr. Douglas, laughing. "Mr. Tresto will not once think that it is not me."

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Rust, a minister who was let into the secret, to perform the marriage ceremony, "and I will call your name in such a manner that he shall not hear what it is. It makes me laugh now to think how that old scamp, Tresto, will rave and storm. The old reprobate."

"Much depends on you, Mr. Rust," said Douglas, "but I know you are competent to the task, were it more difficult than it is."

"Have no fears Mr. Philips, it is a good work and will prosper."

They were interrupted at this time by the door bell. A messenger announced that Mr. Tresto had just arrived, and wished to see Mr. Douglas, at his rooms in the hotel. Jesse waited upon him immediately. Mr. Tresto was walking the bar room uneasily as Mr. Douglas entered, but soon stopped and grasped his hand eagerly; then led the way to a private room, and pointing to a chair, he turned the key in the door, then seating himself, he began—"You see, Douglas,

I am here with Miss Amelia, as I promised; are you ready to fulfil your engagement as you agreed?"

"Yes," replied Douglas, "I am ready."

"Then come here at nine o'clock this evening," said Mr. Tresto, in a whisper, "and bring a minister with you. You shall have the balance of your money in the morning. I suppose you have made your arrangements to start west tomorrow?"

"Oh yes, we go on the ten o'clock train," answered Jesse, rising and bowing to Mr. Tresto. "I will be here at nine, and I hope the young lady will be ready for the occasion."

"Certainly, Mr. Douglas, no fail I assure you."

Jesse returned home, and after a brief consultation with his friends, they all dressed for the occasion. Jesse with a heavy black wig, bushy whiskers, and mask, completely metamorphosed Mr. Philips. Mr. Rust and Sara pronounced the deception complete. They looked at the clock and perceived that it was half-past eight. "Come," said Mr. Rust, "it is time for us to be going," and they were soon knocking at Mr. Tresto's private room door.

Mr. Tresto opened it, and introduced them to Miss Mary Tresto; Mr. Douglas performing the same courtesy for the minister, and the other gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Fry. Amelia sat in a chair dressed in her bridal robe, in a stupor, the effect no doubt of some drug they had administered to her. A vacant chair stood by her side. Mr. Tresto led Mr. Douglas, as he thought, to it. Miss Mary requested Miss Sara to stand up with her brother's bride. "Prompt her," said Mary in a whisper. "Yes," answered Sara, "I am at your service."

Poor Amelia! the drug had made her a mere machine.

Mr. Rust now requested them to stand up. The masked Mr. Douglas took Ame-

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lia's cold and motionless hand. Miss Sara helped her from her chair, and by a little prompting, Amelia answered the questions put to her.

The marriage being complete, as Mr. Tresto did not detect the name of Philips in the place of Douglas, he promptly handed over to Mr. Douglas, twenty-five hundred dollars, to close up the bargain, as he said "my contract with you, Mr. Douglas, is complete."

"Yes, entirely so," said Mr. Philips, "and mine with you is equally satisfactory, I hope, Mr. Tresto."

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, then," said Mr. Philips, "I must return home immediately, as there is much to be done before the train leaves, which is at ten o'clock in the morning." The farewell was now taken and the Douglas party returned home. As soon as they arrived, Miss Sara put Amelia to bed, for she was still under the influence of the awful drug.

Mr. Philips now became alarmed, and would have a physician, who, soon as he saw her, administered an emetic, which soon restored her to her senses. When consciousness returned, all left the room but Sara.

"What is the matter with me?" asked Amelia, endeavoring to rise.

"You are ill, my dear," replied Miss Sara, in a soothing voice.

"Where am I? I feel as if something dreadful had happened. Can you tell me what it is? Where is Miss Mary Tresto and her father; do you know?" demanded Amelia.

"Yes, my dear; they are still at the hotel, I believe."

"Then why am I here?"

"I will tell you. Mr. Tresto and his daughter laid a plot against you, intending to marry you to my brother," and Miss Sara gave Amelia a full account of all the stratagems that the Trestos intended to practice on her; of her bro-

ther's accidental meeting with Mr. Philips, and of Mr. Philips personifying her brother, and marrying her himself.

"Can it be possible that I am really Mrs. Philips?"

"In truth you are, my good girl," replied Miss Sara, pleased that Amelia appeared to be happy at the thought.

"It now appears like a pleasant dream, if it is true, I ask nothing better."

"My dear girl, doubt it not," and Sara kissed the beautiful bride, with a feeling akin to that a fond mother would a darling daughter.

(Concluded next month.)

I KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

During a recent epidemic in New Orleans, a young man died, alone and a stranger, and an aged woman who attended his solitary funeral, stooped down and kissed him in his coffin, saying "I kiss him for his mother's sake!"

I kiss him for his mother's sake!

I know not where, in all the land,
Or frozen north, or sunny south,
His childhood's happy home may stand.
I only know that, in that home,
When the first beams of morning break,
His mother's prayer is poured for him,—
And so I kiss him for her sake.

Oh how she loved him!—With what care
Watched o'er him all his childhood's
days;

Smiled when he smiled; how sweet to her
His infant lisp, and winning ways.
And when to manhood grown, did Time
Aught from that love its vigor take?
Oh no! it only stronger grow!
And so I kiss him for her sake.

He wandered far in foreign lands;
He died—and none he loved were nigh!
Not e'en his mother hung o'er him,
To catch the last—the parting sigh!
Oh! were she here, as I am now,
I know one last embrace she'd take;
One kiss—ere closed the coffin lid;
And so I kiss him for her sake.

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Our Social Chair.

AN old Minister "away Down East," writes a friend, used to tell me the following story:—

"Among the boys who belonged to my congregation, was a little, curly-headed, bright-eyed six year old, who was never known to sit still but three minutes in all his life, and those three were spent in trying to hatch up some plan to do mischief. The old tithing man of the parish was a rough, cross-grained, squint-eyed "son of thunder," and why he was chosen to fill that office I never knew, unless it was to strike terror into the hearts of the mischievous urchins who used to be seated in the gallery with the old tithing man at their head, to keep order and stillness in the house. At the least uneasy movement of the body, or the shuffling of a foot, up would spring the old, cross-grained tithing man, and with a look from beneath his shaggy eye-brows that was meant for lightning, and a fearful shake of his rod, he would scowl black as a thunder cloud down on the trembling culprit.

Our little chap of six years hated him as he did poison, and whenever his back was turned, was sure to do something to set the other boys to giggling, or to make a noise, more, however, out of love of fun than of any malice that he bore the tithing man.

One sultry Sabbath afternoon, in the month of August, the old tithing man got tired with keeping his eagle eye forever on the mischievous urchins around him, and feeling with others the effects of the close, sultry atmosphere, he began to nod his head and was soon fast asleep.

Now it chanced that his head had locks as red as a smith's glowing furnace, and they curled tight all over his cranium, which, as it was bowed on the railing of the gallery in front, seemed almost to radiate the intense summer heat.

Six-year old came up softly behind and

seeing that he was too fast asleep to be easily awakened, he commenced running his finger through his curls of flaming red hair, and drawing it out as a smith will draw a nail-rod from a glowing furnace. He then used the railing of the gallery for an anvil, and laying his finger on it, commenced pounding away at it with his fist, as a smith will shape a heated rod of iron into nails.

The whole congregation saw it, for the gallery was directly in front of the audience, and a universal titter commenced. Some hid their faces in their pocket handkerchiefs, and shook as if their sides would split; others screwed down their faces and tried to look solemn, while some of the less guarded little urchins, who beheld it, laughed outright.

At last the noise awoke the tithing man himself, who arose from his seat with awful dignity and gazed around him, wondering at the cause of the disturbance; but the little nail-maker had slipped away to his seat, where he sat looking as demure as though nothing had happened.

As it was, the tithing man felt his dignity so encroached upon, when he came to learn the facts, that he resigned his position, to the great joy of all the urchins, and our young nail-maker in particular."

This reminds us of an incident in our juvenile days, when we were the regular attendant of the Sabbath School—an incident that directly caused our expulsion from the school. While the Church was being newly furnished with pews, we were paraded every Sunday to another church, that was much smaller than ours, on which occasions the scholars were packed in out of the way corners, to make room for the congregations of both churches. Being among the elder boys, (and no doubt among the worst,) it was our lot to be placed just in front of the pulpit, where

the eyes of the officiating minister and those of the whole congregation could be upon us, and keep us in good order. The service went on with accustomed regularity and devoutness until the text was given out. "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."—Rev. chap. 3, verse 16.

On hearing this, we whispered to a playmate sitting beside us (who on that day was fortunate enough to be dressed in a new suit), "Sam, did you hear *that?* look out for your new suit of clothes!" This caused Sam to titter a little, then a little louder, and finally to break into a suppressed sneezing kind of snort, that, like gaping, was infectious, as most of the other boys followed suit, and the laughter became general. The minister and congregation were dumb-founded to such a degree by this unexpected procedure, that the service was brought prematurely to a close. After the congregation had been dismissed, and each of the boys had been questioned and cross-questioned with much delay and difficulty, it was at last made clear who was the guilty party; when, in solemn tones we were addressed on the awful consequences of our course, and, after an ejaculation similar to that addressed towards a criminal upon whom the sentence of death had been pronounced by the judge, we were formally excluded from the school.

Our plea, that "it was unintentional," or "only a few words uttered without thought," were of no avail. "An example must be made," was the conclusion of this tribune of unflinching, merciful, christian men.

The following incident in natural history, from the *Crescent City Herald*, is, not only suggestive but prettily told, and well worthy of a place in the Chair:

A few days since while taking a walk in the sunshine, our attention was drawn upwards by the shrill screaming of an Osprey soaring above us. We soon discovered that he held in his grasp a fish, with which he was making his way to tall timber. The cause of his uneasiness, was soon dis-

covered. A large Eagle, the veritable "American Eagle," was after him, under full wing, and was rapidly gaining. The hawk sought to escape by circling upwards, but in vain—the eagle was soon upon him, and darting after him with the swiftness of an arrow, broke his hold upon his prey. The fish fell towards the earth, but the quick movements of the eagle soon arrested it, and grasping it in his talons, soared away in triumph. The hawk did not seem at all pleased with this harsh treatment, and manifested a very vindictive hostility by making several vicious swoops at the king of birds, at the same time protesting in language peculiar to himself, against this highway robbery. We concluded the American Eagle is certainly a fillibuster. Shame on him, to blemish his hitherto fair character by outright robbery.

The following feeling picture of a husband's anxieties and aspirations, during the temporary absence from the State of his heart's idol, and towards one whose beautiful thoughts have often found utterance in the pages of this Magazine, though somewhat tinged with melancholy, will be read with interest by the many admirers of her writings:

My thoughts are out upon the boundless ocean, where the storm king rules with despotic sway, and piles wave upon wave, mountains high. They are not always there—'tis because my treasure is there—she whose heart to my own is joined in ties which time, nor change, nor space, nor aught else but death can sever. And now, while I am thinking of her, a dark, shadowy gloom hangs, like a cloud o'er the horizon, which separates between her and me; and if a believer in the forewarnings and bodings of evil, as many are, it were difficult to resist the conclusion that some accident, some great calamity had or was about to befall her, or the noble steamer, freighted with so many, anxiously looked for by long separated kindred and friends. But all such relics of superstition I repel, and will attribute those gloomy feelings to their true cause—a sense of the void and loneliness caused by the absence of a dearly loved one.

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ant though it be, which like an intruder comes upon me, although at the midnight hour; when the mind would feign be at peace, and the body will recoil itself within the quiet slumbers of unconscious life: when the wind sighs as it moves the boughs of the locust and cottonwood standing out upon the green, and jars the lattice at the window of the chamber once tenanted by two happy hearts—it is, that some upheaving of the mighty deep, some resistless surging of the fathomless waters may, even at that same hour, be beating against the frail bark which bears upon its bosom the precious freight, the life treasure of my soul.

But casting off the heart sickening allusions of a possible, dreaded reality, alone and communing with the innermost feelings and affections of a heart, by the tender and endearing associations of the past, made keenly alive to a sense of its own loneliness—the anxious solicitude for the imperiled object of its love finds expression in a prayer:

"Oh God, thou who holdest the wind and the storm in the hollow of thy hand, and ridest upon the surface of the deep, if there be one petition, one supplication allowed to approach nearer than all others to the throne of Divine mercy, may it be the fervent prayer, in faith and sincerity, offered for the welfare and safety of the heart's nearest, dearest friend, while exposed to the perils of the boisterous deep."

LENAUD.

Sacramento, April 22, 1860.

It is a pleasant pastime to watch the ever varying phases of Indian life and character, especially when admitting the aphorism that "straws tell which way the wind blows." The following is from the *North Californian*, and will speak for itself:

Riding by Mad River the other day, we came upon a pleasing and suggestive spectacle. An old lady of aboriginal derivation, was apparently surveying her melon-like beauties in the pool. Closer inspection revealed the fact that she was trying on a few yards of salmon ware—wicker worked twigs—a *la* crinoline. The prime

difficulty seemed to be in making a perfect fit over a calico gown and three blankets. We regret that hurry alone prevented our witnessing the complete result. Deriving much comfort from the incident, we left—reflecting how that the "deformed thief-fashion," was, after all, the boldest missionary.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A young Indian (a Digger) failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. The lady laid the case before the Judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many undefinable attentions" and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions" *in toto*. He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt; and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defense the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins."

ALTHOUGH not decked in all the gewgaws of pampered wealth, nor clothed in the trappings of royalty, although not the chair of State, yet that I hold a high and honorable position in the government, none will deny. To the privilege of occupying a seat upon me, men of genius, of talent and learning have aspired, but few have succeeded. All consider it an honor, not a mere empty one—but one coupled with substance and emolument, even for a limited time, to have a seat upon me.

To show my brother and sister Chairs the importance of my position, I have but to refer them to the every day proceedings of our own Legislative bodies and those of other states.

Listen to the announcements and dictations emanating from this department of the government. "The Chair rules the motion out of order." "If there be no objection the gentleman from *Alluras* will have leave to make a motion—the Chair hears no objection"—and if it be the desire of the *Chair* that no motion should

NE. Eagle, the veritable was after him, under rapidly gaining. The e by circling upwards, e was soon upon him, with the swiftness of hold upon his prey. s the earth, that the he eagle soon rested in his talons. He hawk did not seem this harsh treatment, ry vindictive hostility vicious swoop. At the same time, protesting r to himself against y. We concluded the certainly a filibuster. emish his hitherto fair robbery.

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be made, it is one of the privileges of the Chair, to hear none, even though many should be made. Also, "the Chair is of the opinion the ayes have it"—and should the Chair so desire and the sound for the noes be much the louder, yet it is the privilege of the Chair to announce its opinion that the "ayes have it." Again,—the Chair rules that the point of order is not well taken," and should any one feel dissatisfied with the ruling and appeal from the decision of the Chair, the question shall the decision of the Chair stand as the judgment of the House?—is put, and generally carried.

However, it is not every successful aspirant to a seat upon this Chair who retires with honor, from the position. It is not the province of this Chair to confer honor, but simply an opportunity to develop genius and a fitness and qualification to preside over deliberative bodies, and to preserve order and harmony amid the storms of excitement attendant upon a conflict of mental powers.

As for my ancestry, it dates far back in the world's history, and has always been associated with the liberty of the people and in opposition to oppression and tyranny. Do you enquire of my future? I answer—when human freedom is trampled in the dust—when the liberty of speech and of the press is no longer enjoyed as a right—when crowned heads, potentates and sovereigns, rule the world as with a hand of iron, then and not till then will there cease to be a

SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

Sacramento, April 27, 1860.

EXCELLENT yarns will bear telling twice, which remark will premise the reason for the following being found in our social chair.

In a tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely settled regions of Arkansas, I arrived at the ferry on Cache river. A little log-house grocery stood on the near bank, about fifteen steps from where the ferry-flat lay tied to a "sug" in the edge of the water. Several bear-skins, deer-skins, and coon-skins were nailed up to dry against the walls of the grocery; but

the door was closed, and no bar-keeper, ferry-man, or other person was in sight—I halloed at the top of my voice some half dozen times, but no one answered. Seeing an advertisement on the door, I proceeded to read as follows:

"NOATIS.

"ef enny boddy cums hear arter lickker, or to git Akross the Rivver, They kin jist blo This hear Horne, and ef i dont cum, when my wife betsey up at the House hears the Horne a bloin' sheel cum down and sel the lickker, or set em Akross the Rivver.—ime gwino a fishin'. no credit when ime away from hum. *John Wilson.*

"N. B.—Them that can't read will have to go too the Hous arter Betsey: 'taint but half a mile thar."

In obedience to the "noatis" I took the "blowing-horn" which was stuck in a crack of the wall, close by the door, and gave it a "toot" or two, which reverberated far around the cane and swamp, and in a few moments was answered by a voice scarcely less loud and reverberating than that of the horn. It seemed to be about half a mile up the river; and in about fifteen minutes a stalwart female made her appearance, and asked if I wanted "licker."

"No, madam, I want to cross the river."

"Don't you want some lickker *first*?"

"No, madam, I don't drink. I never touch liquor of any description."

"Never tech lickker! Why, you must be a preacher, then ain't you?"

"No, madam, I am simply a temperance man. I wish to get across the river, if you please. Do you row the boat?"

"Oh yes; I can take you over in less than no time. Fetch me yer hoss."

I obeyed; asking, as I led the horse into the boat, "Did your husband write that advertisement on the door there?"

"No, Si-r-r. Schoolmaster Jones writ that. My old man hain't got no larnin'."

The old woman rowed the boat safely across that ugly stream; and, handing her the ferry-fee, I bade her good-morning, believing then, as I still do, that she was one of the happiest women and best wives I ever saw; perfectly contented with her lot, because she knew no better.

Borrowing is a bad thing at the best; but "borrowing trouble" is perhaps the most foolish investment of "foreign capital" that a man or woman can make. An amusing instance of this species of "operation" is set forth in a down-East news-

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paper, wherein a man relates his experience, in a financial way, on the occasion of the failure of a local bank:

"As soon as I heard of it, my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, 'sposin' I got any bills on that bank? I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact.' So I put on my coat, and I 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I run all the way. And when I got there, I looked keerfully, and found that I hadn't got no bills onto that bank—nor any other. Then I felt easier."

There have been a thousand instances of "borrowing trouble" when it was not a whit better "secured" than in the present example.

MANY of the curious may like to look over the following statement of the ages of several eminent English writers, whose compositions are often republished in Harpers Weekly, Frank Leslie's Illustrated paper, and others, without any credit whatever, so that they may appear original, while they are only selected.

James Hannay, 32; Julia Kavanagh, 35; Matthew Arnold, 35; Florence Nightingale, 36; Rev. C. Kingsley, 40; Captain Mayne Reid, 41; G. H. Lewes, 42; Tom Taylor, 42; Shirley Brooks, 43; Albert Smith, 43; William Howard Russell, 43; Professor Aytoun, 46; R. Browning, 47; O. Mackay, 47; C. Dickens, 47; W. M. Thackeray, 48; A. Tennyson, 49; Fanny Kemble, 49; Sir Archibald Alison, 49; Mark Lemon, 50; Edward Miall, 50; R. M. Milnes, 50; W. E. Gladstone, 50; Hon. Mrs. Norton, 51; Charles Lever, 53; Professor Maurice, 54; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 54; Benjamin Disraeli, 54; Harrison Ainsworth, 54; Mary Howitt, 55; H. Martineau, 57; Mrs. Gore, 59; S. C. Hall, 59; Mrs. Marsh, 60; Barry Cornwall, 60; Samuel Lover, 61; Albany Fonblanque, 62; Rev. G. R. Gleig, 63; T. Carlyle, 64; W. Howitt, 64; Sir John Bowring, 67; Rev. H. H. Millman, 68; J. P. Collier, 70; Francis Trollope, 72; W. J. Fox, 73; Sir W. Napier, 74; Rev. Dr. Croly, 74; Lord Brougham, 81; and Walter Savage Landor, 84.

The Alameda Herald tells the following anecdote of our ex-Governor Weller, which is worth preserving in the Social Chair:—

"It seems that, recently, one of those persons that are often met with in this country seeking employment, came to the

premises of his Excellency and found him pruning his vineyard, which employment made it necessary to divest him of his coat, and altogether gave him the appearance of a real laborer. The stranger approached the Governor, and the following colloquy ensued: "I say Cap, does the man that owns these premises want to hire any more help?" "No sir, I think not; he has all the help he wants at present." "Right nice place, this." "Yes, this is a very good farm." "Well, Cap, if it is a fair question, what wages do you get here?" "Oh, I only get my board and clothes, and nothing to brag of at that." "You must be harder up than I am, to work for them prices." The Governor allowed his interrogator to depart without correcting his mistake, and he continued to use the pruning knife."

The following excellent morcean from the North Californian is guaranteed authentic.

Willie W., *actat* 4, height two feet 9 inches; complexion florid, hair curly; eyes large, blue, and expressive of perpetual astonishment; temperament sanguine and impulsive. Rushes frantically home from church on Communion Sunday—dives into the maternal arms—gasps "Oh, Ma! Ma! the minister brought his lunch with him, he did, he did, *I saw it on the table.*"

The following 'item' will partially explain why so few made money in the early days of gold seeking in California, and give a striking contrast to the prices of articles, as well as of labor, between that time and the present:

A gentleman who kept a store at Spanish Bar, on the Middle Fork of the American river, in 1850, sends the following transcript from his books to the Grass Valley National:

NATHANIEL ELLIS Bought, Jan. 1, 1850.

400 lbs. Flour,.....	\$400 00
115 " Mess Pork,.....	115 00
6 " Salt,.....	5 00
47 " Beans,.....	42 40
10 " Butter,.....	25 00
10 " Sugar,.....	10 00
1 1/2 " Sole Leather,.....	1 50
	<hr/>
	\$698 90

The prices above given, were less than

the ordinary retail rates — Ellis having bought to sell again. Those were the days when ounce diggings wouldn't pay. At the date of the bill, however, trading was not so lucrative as it had been a few months previous. Drinks and cigars had come down from one dollar to four bits each, and whiskey from one ounce to five dollars a bottle.

The Fashions.

On the morning of the day usually devoted to this department by its editress, a fire broke forth in an adjoining building,

and by its fearful ravages swept away the building owned by her and all its contents, so that her attention has naturally been otherwise engaged; but with the kind indulgence of our readers, she hopes to meet them again next month.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

As this was compiled, and by some oversight mislaid until it was too late for insertion this month, we are reluctantly compelled to defer its publication until next.

Editor's Table.

THE present number completes THE FOURTH VOLUME OF THE CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. Four years, with their anxieties and gratifications, their toils and pleasures, their disappointments and hopes, their sorrows and joys, have rolled away into the irrevocable past, since its first publication. Like the miner, who year after year keeps drifting ahead in his tunnel with the hope and expectation that "pay dirt" will be found "just a little further in," have we labored unflinchingly on. Unlike many an industrious company of miners, who toil on, on, without even receiving a sufficient remuneration from the drift to pay for the mining tools, candles, blasting powder, fuse and other essential etceteras required in their work, we have met with an amount of success that has enabled us from its proceeds, to defray the cost of the materials used—but no more. As yet, every dollar that has been received has been paid out for engravings, composition, press-work, paper, binding, and other requisite expenses, directly incurred by the work, without allowing anything for our current personal expenses even. There are but few who prefer, even if they can afford it, to "work for nothing and board themselves," and we cannot confess to being exceptions to that rule.

This is not all, inasmuch as before the first number of this Magazine was issued we traveled from one end of the State to the other, in search of sketches and information of and about California, with which to embellish and enrich our work, so that it might be the more worthy of the great end we had in view; in which employment nearly four years of time and some six thousand dollars in money were expended, and of which no return whatever has yet been made.

The fact is we committed a financial error at the commencement of publication, in placing the subscription price of a California *illustrated* Magazine at \$3 00 per year, 25 cents per single number—instead of \$4 00 per year, and 37½ cents per single number. For a Magazine with the same amount of reading matter, *without illustrations*, some little profit might have been realized. The Pioneer Magazine, containing 64 pages, without illustrations, was \$5 00 per year, or 50 cents per single number. The Pacific Expositor, containing about the same amount of reading matter as the CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, without illustrations, is \$3 00 per year, or 37½ cents per single number. The Pacific Medical Journal, of about the same size, without illustrations, is \$5 00 per year, or 50 cents

per number. The Hesperian and the California Cultivist, both of which at an outlay not exceeding CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, are, at \$4 00 per year, and the latter year. We mention this not as a reflection upon those of us, but to show, that, for much larger circulation, our price, and has been continued, for an *illustrated* California Magazine.

With these facts before us for complaint, will they please suggest, that each subscriber endeavor to get at least one more so that our circulation may be increased, and which, while it will all towards our personal expense, enable us to add improvements to our contemplation.

If any of our subscribers of this Magazine for which they do not intend to receive a volume, we are authorized to give each for two copies of the four current numbers. It would much oblige us, if any numbers one and nine and March, 1857, if they require them for binding, to our office, and we will be glad to send two or even three of the or exchange them for all numbers.

SINCE our last issue, there has been thrown into great and painful tidings of the massacre of the whites, at different points on the River, Territory of Nevada, and their houses burned. As this was deemed the cause of a protracted Indian war, military companies were immediately sent out, numbering some 105 men, to the enemy near Pyramid Lake, armed and in great numbers, to retreat, with a large number of men killed, besides other

per number. The Hesperian, and California Culturist, both of which are published at an outlay not exceeding that of the CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, are, the former at \$4 00 per year, and the latter \$5 00 per year. We mention this not by any means as a reflection upon those excellent journals, but to show, that, relying upon a much larger circulation, ours was commenced, and has been continued, at too low a price, for an *illustrated* California work.

With these facts before our friends, not for complaint, will they please allow us to suggest, *that each subscriber and purchaser endeavor to get at least one more to join him*, so that our circulation may be doubled—and which, while it will afford some little towards our personal expenses, will also enable us to add improvements now in contemplation.

If any of our subscribers have any numbers of this Magazine for March, 1857, which they do not intend to bind into a volume, we are authorized to offer \$1 00 each for two copies of that date, or for four current numbers. It will also very much oblige us, if any persons having numbers one and nine for July, 1856, and March, 1857, if they do not require them for binding, to send them to our office, and we will forward in return two or even three of the current month, or exchange them for almost any other numbers.

SINCE our last issue, the entire State has been thrown into great excitement by the painful tidings of the massacre of several whites, at different points on the Carson River, Territory of Nevada, by the Indians, and their houses burned to the ground. As this was deemed the commencement of a protracted Indian war in that section, military companies were formed immediately and started out, one of which, numbering some 105 men, came upon the enemy near Pyramid Lake, who being well armed and in great numbers, forced the whites to retreat, with a loss of twenty-one men killed, besides others being wounded.

A number of horses, and all the supplies were taken by the Indians. As soon as this news was sent from one end of the State to the other, several military companies were called out and others formed, to march at once to the seat of war. Public meetings were convened and subscriptions raised to provide all the necessary supplies. At the request of Governor J. G. Downey, all the arms and ammunition required were placed by Gen. Clarke at the service of the State.

Each of the Washoe mining districts were declared under martial law, and all the able bodied men to be found were ready to render assistance. Fearing an attack at Virginia City, all the women and children were gathered within a fire-proof building, and defenses erected around it. Much of this alarm was altogether unnecessary, as none of the hostile Indians were found to be within fifty miles.

It would seem from the information at hand, that the Pah Utah, Pitt River, Shoshones and other Indians, to the number of about 1500, are in league together, instigated and commanded by some unprincipled whites, generally thought to be Mormons; but whether this is founded in fact or not has yet to be proved. Be that as it may, the peaceful settlements in Nevada Territory are harassed by Indian aggressions and excesses. It is rumored that a white man entered the hut of one of the principal chiefs of the Pah Utahs, and without the least provocation deliberately shot him down, and in revenge for this his people attacked the whites. We give this as rumor only, although it may be true.

It is a humiliating fact, that nearly the entire newspaper press, not only of this State but of the United States, and Europe, for the time being, unhappily, has overlooked its great and ennobling mission of human elevation and refinement, and polluted its columns by publishing the particulars of the recent brutal encounter between two pugilists; and thus winked at, or pandered to, one of the most demoral-

izing exhibitions the world ever saw. Not only has the subject been forced upon the public through the journals of the day, as an item of news, but column upon column of biographical, historical and descriptive pugilism have been presented, that directly magnified its actors into great men and heroes, as when a city has been saved from destruction, or a country delivered from ruthless invasion.

Now we ask our brethren of the press, if this be right? If it is well, that such brutalizing encounters should be magnified into importance as items of news, even, outside the columns of journals devoted almost exclusively to such themes; to say nothing of "full particulars" being inconsiderately thrust into family circles, and almost necessarily made the subject of conversation at the dinner table or in the drawing-room? Are its tendencies such as will foster progress, or promote the weal of any people? Let the ebbing of this tide of demoralization, just forced to flow, but be closely watched, and it will give the answer.

We omitted to mention, last month, that the portrait of Padre Junipero Serra, daguerreotyped from a painting in the Convent of San Fernando, city of Mexico, was obtained through the kindness of Major Wm. Rich, Secretary of Legation of the United States in Mexico in 1853, and who will please accept our thanks.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

This month will complete our *Fourth Volume*—see Editor's Table. We most cordially, and with heart-feeling gratitude, return our sincere thanks to our many kind friends, who, from month to month, have sent us articles and subscriptions for our magazine during the past year. We hope they are not yet weary in well doing, but intend to continue their favors in the next, and for many years to come.

We shall be most happy at any time to receive offerings to California literature

from its numerous friends, and from those, too, who have not before written for this magazine.

Any persons sending us their address with their articles, will always receive a reply by letter, with the assurance that even though their favors should prove unsuitable, their rejection will be strictly confidential.

B. T.—There is an unfairness in your arguments that precludes the acceptance of your article.

M. P.—Sunshine may be oppressive and almost unendurable, but we do not see how the same truth will apply to happiness.

D.—Yours are always welcome.

E.—We shall be pleased to receive other articles from your pen.

D. P.—If you write to the State Superintendent of Education, he will give you the information required. We cannot.

A., Oroville.—You cannot have read our notices to contributors, or you would have found that nothing which occurs of *sect* or *party* is admissible in this magazine. Scientific, historical, or descriptive matter upon California, is always acceptable.

C. B.—Send it and let us see it. Include your name and address.

G.—We cannot insert a portion until the whole is completed, and in our possession. A little reflection will satisfactorily explain the necessity for such a rule.

C.—Thank you for your many good wishes. We hope that every bucketful of pay-dirt in your claim will be spotted with gold; for such men, when rich, generally use it well. Don't let your present success make you forget your past misfortunes, or those of others whose "row of stumps" today are quite as hard to "hoe" as your's were six months ago.

To Everybody.—Now is a good time to subscribe. Don't forget this, as our next No. commences the *Fifth Volume* and new year of HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. We want to double our circulation this next year. Who will help us? Now, too, is a good time to form clubs. Begin at once, and send down your subscriptions.