

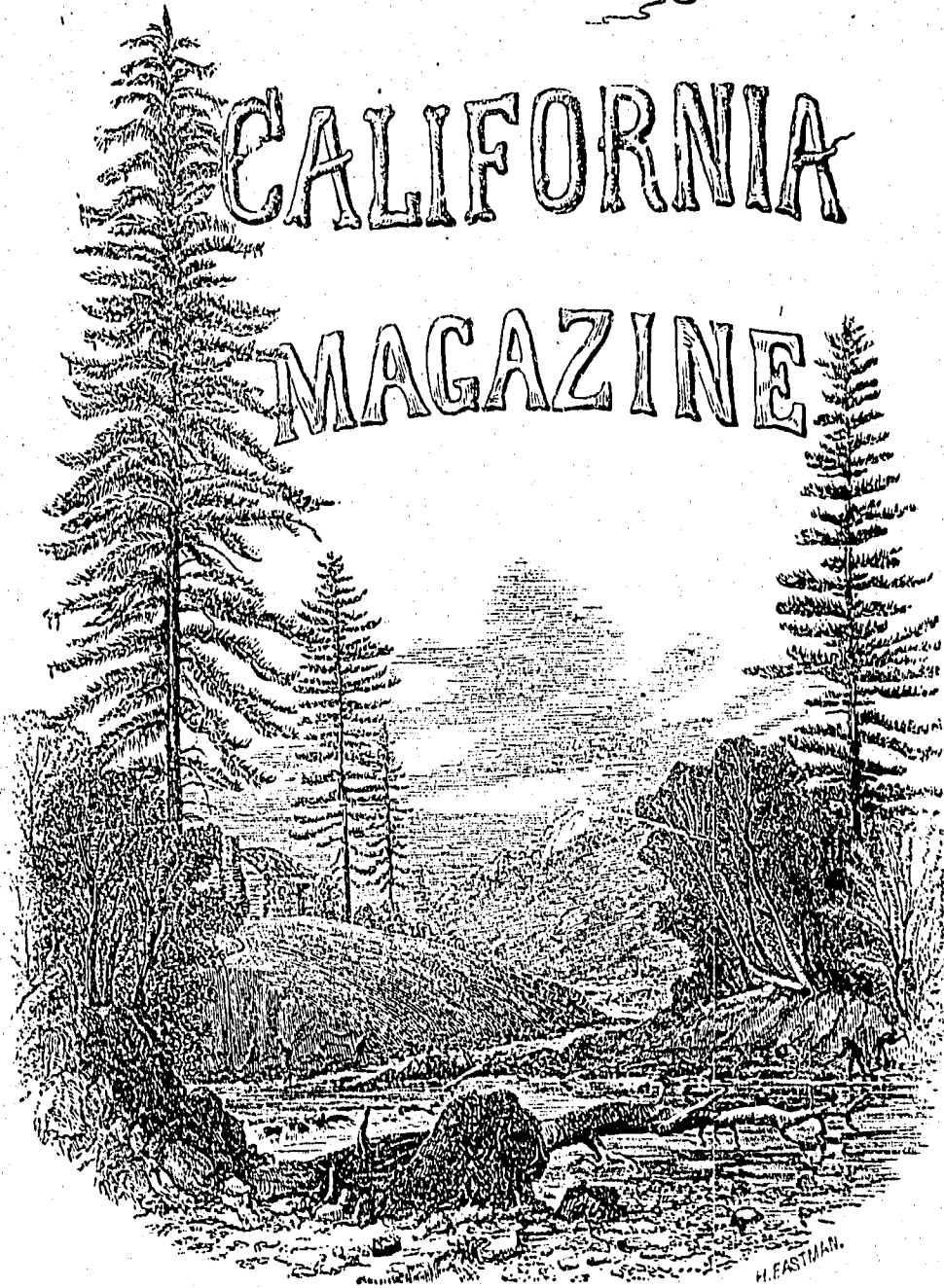
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CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



NO. 53... NOVEMBER, 1860.



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

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CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1860. No. 5.

THE BACTRIAN CAMEL.



THE BACTRIAN CAMEL IN CALIFORNIA.



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THE Bactrian camels, fifteen in number, which reached San Francisco in July last per schooner Caroline E. Foote, from the Amoor river, and which still remain in our neighborhood, deserve much more attention than they have as yet received. Not so much because they come from the far interior of Asia, and are curiosities in themselves, are they entitled to consideration; but we think that the animal will yet be acclimated in America, and that the present importation is only the first of a series of private ventures, which will eventually result in giving to the United States a domestic animal of great value and importance. It was supposed by Mr. Otto Esche, the importer of the present herd, that they were well adapted for the transportation of goods from point to point in the mining regions, or, if not there, certainly on the sandy plains which are found between the Sierra Nevada and Salt Lake, and on the desert wastes which make up the southern portions of the United States territories from San Bernardino across to El Paso. It seems, indeed, to have been the intention of establishing a Camel Express from California to Salt Lake, and, if the animals were found well adapted to the country, to extend it as far east as Missouri. Hitherto, however, no trial has been made of the animals, and with the exception of a few days of exhibition for the benefit of the German Benevolent Society, they have attracted but little public attention.

Owing to the want of proper accommodations on the vessel, the animals reached San Francisco in very poor condition, lean, meagre, and with their double humps shriveled down to mere skinny sacks, which hung in flabby ugliness over their sides. Even when in the best condition, the camel can not be called a beautiful

animal; but it is doubly or trebly ugly, when in ill condition. An attempt is now being made to bring them back to their pristine vigor and health by sending them out to pasture near the Mission Dolores; but what effect the unaccustomed Californian diet will produce, and what the final result of the camel enterprise as a whole will be, remains to be seen. Enough, however, has been done, and the interests of the country are sufficiently at stake, to justify us in taking a Californian interest in the welfare and general prospects of the distinguished strangers. We have therefore presented above the portrait of one of our Camel Pioneers, confident, or at least hoping, that the picture as we give it, with Californian surroundings, will not be an unfrequent one in future views of our State.

The Bactrian or two-humped camel differs in various respects from the Arabian or one-humped camel, numbers of which were imported by the Government from Smyrna in Asia Minor a few years ago, and which have attracted much national attention. There were, among the Government importations, several Bactrians; but they were lost, and we believe that these now Californian specimens are the only ones in America. They are much more heavily built, of stouter limbs and much stronger animals than the Arabian camels. Their usefulness as beasts of burden, is generally regarded as limited, on account of the difficulty of loading them, but this can easily be overcome by Yankee ingenuity. They can, moreover, be used with much success as draught animals; and owing to their great powers of endurance and peculiar adaptation to desert countries, would without doubt be found of great value in those sections of our country for which they were intended. If the Government or some public spirited institution could but devote the proper care to the subject, we have every reason

to believe that into America and only to the cattle, neither lected, were n phere. We ca the camel, wh place as the h naturalized, q Much of the the camel in t history is inc tirely to the r will have very to the charact animal. It is posed, peculi zone; but on as much from intense cold. ed for deserts can very suc mountains. ered with suc are generally vety, fitted or clothed with tough as horn well for shar as for the sa It moves with slippery plac driven over s poor animal straddling of an, however, cross such pl bia. The speed erally overe a "fast" var can indeed t day on an ex rate does not camels do no thirty miles them" quite mals. The

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THE BACTRIAN CAMEL.

to believe that the importation of camels into America would lead to results second only to the importation of horses and cattle, neither of which, it is to be recollected, were native to the western hemisphere. We can see no good reason why the camel, which is quite as useful in its place as the horse or the cow, can not be naturalized, quite as well as they.

Much of the information given about the camel in the early books on natural history is incorrect; and if we trust entirely to the reading of our boyhood we will have very erroneous ideas in regard to the character and peculiarities of the animal. It is not, as is generally supposed, peculiarly adapted to the torrid zone; but on the contrary it suffers quite as much from great heat as it does from intense cold. It is truly better calculated for deserts and level countries; but it can very successfully cross ranges of mountains even when they are covered with snow and ice. Its feet, which are generally supposed to be soft and velvety, fitted only for sandy traveling, are clothed with thick and leathery skin, as tough as horn, and calculated quite as well for sharp stones and flinty ground as for the sandy wastes of the desert. It moves with embarrassment in wet and slippery places; and frequently, when driven over such spots, if not hopped, the poor animal is made to split up, by the straddling of its hind legs. The Bactrian, however, is much better calculated to cross such places than its cousin of Arabia.

The speed of the camel has been generally overestimated. The dromedary, a "fast" variety of the Arabian camel, can indeed travel a hundred miles in a day on an emergency; but the ordinary rate does not exceed fifty miles. Loaded camels do not usually travel more than thirty miles a day; and loads "tell upon them" quite as much as upon other animals. The ordinary load of a strong cam-

el does not exceed 600 pounds. On a short distance, say a mile or two a strong camel will carry from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds; but the fast dromedary will not carry over 300 pounds. The gait depends, almost as much as that of the horse, upon training; and to make a good rider much care and attention are necessary.

The great advantages in using camels in certain portions of our country are their adaptability for making long journeys and passing over wide tracts of desert, where there is a scarcity of food and water; the cheapness of keeping them, and the length of time for which they are serviceable. At four years of age they can commence carrying loads, and they continue of use till twenty or twenty five; but they may be said to be in their prime only from their fifth to their tenth or twelfth year. They eat and thrive upon almost every kind of vegetation that grows. They like to gather their own food, and will eat almost anything, thistles, prickly-pear leaves and thorny weeds, which are too dry and useless for any other land but a desert. A very little also goes a great distance, and owing to the hump, which may be pronounced one of the greatest "institutions" in the animal creation, the camel is enabled to lay up an ample supply of food at the start, to last a long time. This hump, together with the water reservoir of the stomach, justifies the use of the term often given to the camel, of being "the ship of the desert," carrying as it does stores of food and drink for use on the journey. The hump is composed of gelatinous fat, very plump when the animal is in good condition, and seems to be intended for no other purpose than to supply food, by reabsorption, when other sustenance fails. It is not necessary to the animal's vitality: on the contrary it is said to have been often opened and large portions of the fat cut away, without in any manner in-

juring or affecting the general health of the animal. The condition of the camel is judged from the appearance of the hump: and in the case of the Bactrians, which arrived here in July, the most casual observer could observe by looking at the lean and shriveled humps that they were in very bad plight. After long and painful journeys, it is not unusual to see a camel with very little or no appearance of a hump or humps. The water reservoir is a peculiar sack of cavities or cells, which contain some twenty or more pints of water, or of a pure and drinkable secretion resembling it.

The camel is a chowder of the cud; its flesh resembles beef but is more tender; and its milk can hardly be distinguished either in color or taste from cow's milk. It is subject to very nearly the same diseases as cattle, and it is supposed that a good cow-doctor would be able to prescribe successfully for camels.

Much amusement has been afforded late students of natural history by a curious discussion which was once carried on in relation to the seven callosities, which are seen upon the camel, and upon which it rests when lying down. One party seriously contended that they were not natural, but had been produced by ill treatment and hard usage through a series of ages; while the other party considered it necessary to quite as zealously and warmly argue the contrary. The callosities were given to the camel from the time of its original creation quite as certainly as was its hump, its stomach, its split nose, and the curious power it has of closing its nostrils.

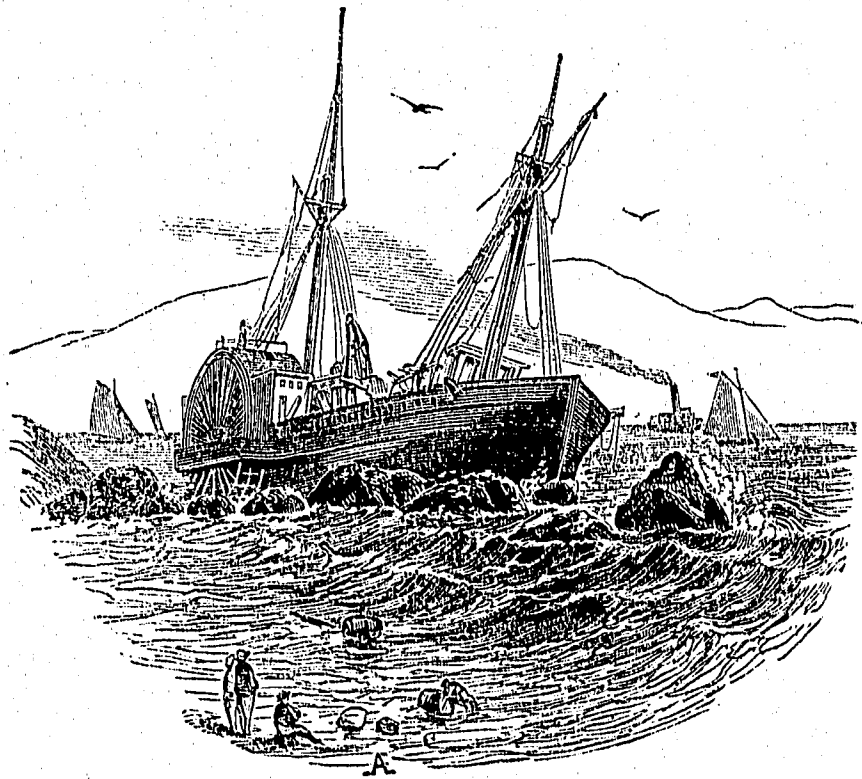
In character the camel is generally gentle, submissive and patient to the will of man; but sometimes more or less "stubborn." Some are even trained for the arena or prize-ring. Their contests, however, are rather amusing than dangerous; though sometimes they break each other's legs. Fighting, indeed, is

not unnatural to them, for when two strange males meet, where there are females, they wrestle for the supremacy; and the conquered one over afterwards acknowledges his inferiority by not so much as daring to look at a female.

It remains for actual experiment to determine which of the two species of camels is best adapted to the United States. Very likely one species will be found best for one region or one kind of service and another for another; and the mule camel or hybrid cross of the Bactrian male upon the Arabian female may just as well combine the power of the former, with the one hump and quicker movement of the latter in America as in Asia. For crossing the plains the Arabian would perhaps be best; for the hilly regions of California, probably the larger and hardier Bactrian, whose ordinary size is about seven feet and a half high, ten feet long and nine or ten feet around the body over the front hump. The weight of the animals is about two thousand pounds. Much valuable information concerning the camel and the history of the camel enterprise by the United States Government is to be found scattered through the reports to the Secretary of War on the subject, printed in 1857, to which we are in part indebted for the information herein given.

SUBTERRANEAN HEAT.—The *Los Angeles Star* relates that the sulphur springs at Temascal have undergone a change of late, which, if taken in connection with the disappearance of other springs in that vicinity, would seem to indicate some subterranean disturbance. The great spring, used for bathing, has become much hotter, with a greatly increased volume; while a small spring, a few yards distant, has not only increased, but becomes occasionally hot—it being formerly icy cold.

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THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER GRANADA.

THE engraving represents the position and appearance of the ill-fated Steamer Granada, which was wrecked upon the rocks at Fort Point on the night of October 13th. The drawing was made a week after the disaster, and was taken from the door of the light-house at the Fort. The bluffs are seen on the left and the line of Point Lobos beyond. The strained appearance of the vessel, or the sinking of the bow and stern, called in nautical parlance "hogging," is as fairly represented as could be in a view from the bow.

The Granada was—we can already speak of it in the past tense—was a vessel of about 1400 tons, six years old, and had been running in the line between Aspinwall and Havana. She was one of two vessels, the Moses Taylor being the other, purchased by Marshall O. Roberts and intended for the Pacific side of

the new line between San Francisco and the Atlantic States by the way of Tehuantepec. She left New York on her way hither on July 14th last, came through the Straits of Magellan, and after 14,000 miles of ocean voyngo, without an accident, was wrecked upon endeavoring to enter her harbor of destination.

She had taken on board a pilot before passing Point Lobos, and it was doubtless owing to his rashness that the vessel was lost. He attempted to bring her in at evening and during a very heavy fog. A short time before the vessel struck, he had ordered a full head of steam to be turned on; and the ship was going at full speed, when breakers were observed at her bow. The order was given to reverse the engines, but it was too late; she was already firmly imbedded in the sand and on the rocks—and there she remained. There was no freight and no

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passengers on board but a son of Mr. Roberts. There was no loss of life. Strenuous attempts with steam-tugs and by pumping were made to save the steamer, but all failed; and the wreck was dismantled. It was sold at auction "for the benefit of whom it might concern" on October 18th for \$9,400; and measures were immediately taken to remove the engines, boilers and other valuable parts.

The rocky shore where the wreck lies has become famous for wrecks. It is the same where several previous ones took place, among them the Jenny Lind and Golden Flecco; the Chateau Palmer only a few years ago, and the General Cushing. The ship Euterpe went ashore there a few months since, but was fortunately recovered.

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

CHAPTER V.

AT the close of our last sketch, Peg-leg Smith, then a youth of but sixteen years, had just left the paternal roof in Kentucky, and with only twenty five cents in his pocket was trudging along, a fugitive, towards Nashville, Tennessee.

After a brisk walk of about ten miles he was overtaken by a solitary horseman, who commiserated his weariness and invited him to ride alternately with him; and Tom began to believe that he would find kinder friends among strangers than among his own nearest relations. Arriving about dark, at his new friend's house, he was invited to stay the night; and the next morning, after a good sleep and a hearty breakfast, he shook his kind-hearted host by the hand and departed with a resolve that should he ever be successful in life, he would never see a fellow being suffer whilst he had anything to share with him. Going on and revolving this good resolution in his mind, he came presently to a river; and half of his quarter-dollar was soon expended for ferrage and a glass of cider. He then walked on and near night stopped at an inn on the roadside to ask for a drink of water and inquire the distance to the next house. There were several young ladies here, and one of them questioned him whither he was traveling. Tom

replied, to Nashville. This together with the lad's way-worn and weary appearance attracted the attention of the landlord, who invited him to stop, as it was some distance to the next house, which he readily accepted. In the morning Tom tendered his remaining bit, supposing in his simplicity that it would be sufficient for his lodging; but his artless communicativeness the previous evening had made him friends of the whole family; and the hospitable Kentuckian not only refused to receive the money, but set the girls to work making a haversack of tow-cloth, which was filled with boiled ham, smoked sausages and corn-bread; a supply so ample that it lasted him three days on his journey. As he was bidding the family farewell, one of the girls slightly squeezed his hand with a pleasant smile; and as he reached the end of the fence he could not help turning round; and, seeing the young lady still looking after him, he began soliloquizing again. "By heavens," said he, "if all boys were treated at home as I have been treated by this family, very few would ever want to leave. I wonder if I could not hire out to this man; I know very well I would not have to work any harder than I had to at home. By jingo, when the old man put me on that log-heap with Jack Tay-

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lor's Ben, the black rascal liked to have broke my back when he run me over that log,—and because I knocked him down with a hand-spike, why, the old man gave me particular fits. Well, mother used to talk kind to me, so did sister—but then sister never appeared so kind as the young lady"—and here the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

While he was sitting thus, a gentleman passed along in a gig and asked him what was the matter. Tom immediately replied that he had stuck a thorn in his foot, at which the gentleman stopped and offered to extract it for him. Tom rejoined

that he had got it out, but that it had made him lame. The gentleman inquired his destination and, finding he was going in the same direction, took him in his gig ten miles, where at a cross-roads Tom had to take to his legs again. That night he slept in a hay-stack, and the next morning after walking about a mile and a half, he sat down by the side of a beautiful branch of clear water and breakfasted from his haversack, which brought to his mind again the pretty girl, who had smiled so kindly upon him. In seven miles further he reached another ferry, which reduced his fund to a picayune,

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This together and weary ap- tention of the a to stop, as it he next house, pted. In the his remaining plicity that it s lodging; but eness the previ- in friends of the ospitable Ken- to receive the to work making s, which was fill- smoked sausages ly so ample that on his journey. family farewell, ly squeezed his mile; and as he ence he could not ad, seeing the after him, he bo- "By heavens," were treated at treated by this ever want to dld not hire out y well I would rder than I had hen the old man with Jack Tay-

and this he spent for another glass of cider. Penniless now but undaunted he proceeded on; the weather growing warmer and his feet commencing to blister—and it was eight days before he reached Nashville, which, even at that early day, was quite a flourishing town. Stopping in front of a large house near a couple of country-jakes, dressed in copperas colored home-spun, one said to the other, pointing at a large gilt spread eagle, "I wonder what sort of a bird that is?" "Why," said the other, "don't you see, it's a *hotel-bird*; don't you see the name under it!" It was the Eagle Hotel.

Having found his aunt, Tom remained with her for several days; when he met with Mr. Scott, a former neighbor of his father's, who had just finished building three flat-boats and was loading with provisions for New Orleans. From the earliest settlement of the Western States there was always a kind of magic for young adventurers in the name of the Crescent City. It was regarded as a sort of metropolis of supernatural splendor, where profuse wealth and luxury ran riot; where the streets were paved with gold and the merchants and traders were clothed in purple and fine linen. The young men who went down there in the fall would generally return in the spring, dressed in rich broadcloths, Panama hats, and morocco boots; they would appear to have gained a new language and new manners, sparkling qualities of many new kinds; and their country cousins would look upon them almost as beings of another sphere, and sigh for an opportunity to go down likewise to the great city, drink its nectar and eat its ambrosia. Unfortunately, in most cases the western youth were polished by their converse with New Orleans, at the expense of their sturdy country virtues; and many who left home with an-

tiicipations of wealth and generosity to all, closed brilliant but short and miserable careers as vagabonds and bloats.

Tom, too, had heard of the western Babylon and at a word hired himself as cook upon one of Scott's "broad horns" as they were called; and in a few days found himself floating down the Cumberland river. They stopped at the plantations on the banks, as they descended, for the purpose of taking in produce for the New Orleans market and it was consequently three weeks before they reached Smithland, where the Cumberland pours its tide into the mighty Ohio. It was April the, season of floods, and they were carried down on the mighty tide past Cairo into the Mississippi, the King of Rivers, upon whose bosom they ventured, in company with a number of other broad horns, all on their way with the early exports of the western country down to the great center of trade. But the pleasure of being carried forward by the turbid and raging flood soon came to an end; for Tom's boat was suddenly drawn into an eddy, thrown upon a saw-
 yor and wrecked, in spite of the almost superhuman exertions of the crew. It was even with difficulty that the boatmen saved their lives; and then they were kept for several days, catching the hogsheds of tobacco and other articles, that would float from time to time from the wreck. The weather was raw; the water cold; and the constant hardships and dangers, with which he in common with the rest was surrounded, soon damped Tom's ardor and caused him to regret for the first time since his departure from home, that he had not faced his incensed Dominic and remained with his mother. That had its unpleasantness, it is true, but this was positively uncomfortable. However, after securing what could be saved and getting once more afloat, the buoyancy of youth soon dissipated the gloom, and again Tom indulg-

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ed in joyous anticipations of a bright future as the boat swept down into the sunnier regions of the south.

CHAPTER VI.

It was the 10th of May, 1817, that the boats pulled into shore and made fast at Natchez in Mississippi, which was at that early day the resort of the most depraved of people, of both sexes. If New Orleans was the Babylon of wealth and splendor, Natchez was the Sodom and Gomorrah of vice. "Natchez under the Hill" for gamblers, cut-throats and crime of all kinds, had a reputation as wide as the whole country. But fortunately for Tom, he remained here but a short time. One day he took a stroll through the city, and passing by a splendidly fitted-up drug-store, stepped in. He was cheerfully greeted by the pleasant-faced and jolly druggist, and amused himself by looking at the fancy articles on every side, when a lad of much his own age sauntered in and asked for "sweet smelling stuff" for his sister Betsey but he had forgotten, the name of it. The druggist with a smile repeated over the names of all the fragrant oils, but without success. He then took down the bottles one after the other and placed them to the lad's nostrils, but still without success. At last, he took down a bottle of concentrated spirits of ammonia or hartshorn and, removing the stopper, asked him to try *that*. The lad took a deep inspiration, which almost overpowered him; but upon recovering he doubled up his fists and, advancing toward the druggist, exclaimed, "Now, I've smelt all sorts of smells in my time, sweet smells and sour smells; but, look here, Mister, if you put any more pizen to my nose, I'll make you smell these," and at the same time he exhibited a pair of long fists that would have done credit to a boxer. The druggist, who could hardly contain his ill-suppressed laugh-

tes, assured the customer that it was impossible to guess at what sweet-smelling article he wanted, and advised him to send Betsey herself.

Our boatmen had been at Natchez but a short time, when they learned that the small pox was raging in New Orleans; and Mr. Scott, Tom's employer, having in the meanwhile learned his run-away story, refused to take him any further. He provided him with a supply of good clothes and thirty or forty dollars in cash, and put him on the way to return home to Nashville by the usual route, which lay through the country of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. These people had just received their annuity, and Tom found residence among them for a short time very pleasant; and by his intercourse with them he gained an insight into Indian habits, customs and character, which proved of great benefit to him in after life when wandering among the tribes west of the Mississippi and in the Rocky Mountains. Having purchased an Indian pony, he in the course of a few weeks proceeded on his way and finally reached his aunt's house in Nashville. This lady gave him much good advice and sent him on towards home; but Tom, having so far succeeded well in what is generally called a relentless world, determined to try it a little longer, rather than return to the hard discipline of his father; and accordingly, soon after leaving Nashville, turned his pony's head towards Boone's Lick in Missouri, of which he had heard much in his recent travels. The very name associated it with tales, familiar to him almost from infancy, of the many adventures of the great Daniel Boone, the famous Pioneer whose exploits, though as yet but inadequately set forth in any writing, still live in the recollections of the people, and are the theme of many a backwoods story. But the greatest inducement to attract him to Boone's Lick was the fact that

his elder sister, she who had always befriended him in his earlier days, lived there, and he knew that by her he should be welcomed.

Tom, therefore, instead of proceeding homeward, turned off, crossed the western part of Kentucky, and passing over into Indiana, travelled from cabin to cabin, endeavoring to sell a variety of wares which he had brought with him from the Choctaw country. He at length reached the Wabash river, where he was attacked by a violent bilious fever, and lay for a number of weeks in a very critical condition. After the bilious fever passed over, an obstinate intermittent fever seized him; and he was compelled to remain where he was, in the center of a fever and ague country during the winter. While here he was presented almost daily with spectacles of a distressing sickness, which was so common as to be regarded as a proper matter for pleasantries in conversation; and on more than one occasion, when he saw patients shaking almost to pieces, yet greedily devouring pound after pound of corn-bread and fat pork, he could not help being also amused. Life, or at least healthy life was made so much of a laughing stock that his residence here left its traces upon his character; and long afterwards he showed that he could make a joke of his own sufferings.

In the Spring he proceeded on his way through Illinois, always kindly entertained at the cabins of the then scattered population, and meeting with various adventures. On one occasion he found a little boy not more than 7 or 8 years of age sitting at the door-step of a cabin and sobbing and crying as if his heart would break. Tom asked what he was crying for, and the boy replied between his sobs, "Daddy's gone to the still-house for another jug of whiskey; mammy's drunk in the bed; and the baby's crying in the cradle, and" with an oath and an

emphatic blow of the nose, "I don't care what comes of them."

On another occasion, as he was sitting in a public house, a gentleman came riding up, well dressed and on a fine horse, when the man at the bar exclaimed, "Halloo, Angus, is that you?" "Yes," was the reply; and on comparing notes they found each other to be old friends, and had been fellow-officers in the last war. Of course two bottles were in a short time deposited on the counter, and the bar-keeper asked, "which do you like best, the old or the new?" "The old, of course," replied the other. "Well," rejoined the bar-keeper, uncorking one of the bottles, "this is the old: it was run off from the still last night. That," said he, pointing to the other bottle, "is the new; it was run off this morning." And with a hearty laugh, the two friends regaled themselves, and drank to the memory of old times.

It was about the end of September when Tom finally arrived at the house of his sister, who was now Mrs. Cross. His ague had not yet left him, and repeatedly he had to dismount and lie down at the road side, until the violence of the attack would pass over. He had become so emaciated and cadaverous-looking that his favorite sister did not recognize him at first; but when he made himself known she clasped him in her arms, bore him into the house and placed him gently upon a sofa, covering him with her caresses, and bathing him with her tears. The unexpected meeting aroused in Mrs. Cross's bosom the most painful solicitude for her errant brother's destiny; and his present condition moved her to the deepest commiseration with his struggles and sufferings. She waited and attended upon him with the most affectionate care, and in the course of a few months he was entirely cured.

The next spring young Smith tried his hand at farming, and worked hard during

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the summer; but not meeting with the success he anticipated, he abandoned the business in the autumn, and turned his attention to hunting game and collecting peltries; and for this purpose made frequent long excursions into the countries of the Osage, Kansas, Sioux, Sacs and Fox tribe of Indians, acquiring by degrees a thorough knowledge of their languages, habits, customs and characters. He also made acquaintance with other hunters, among them Mark Frist, the Sheriff of Lafayette county, and John Roup; and many were the bee-trees they despoiled, many the deer they killed, many the fights they had with the red-skinned warriors of the wilderness. In the summer of 1822 the dogs of a party of about twenty Sac Indians, while hunting in the neighborhood of Mr. Cross's house, killed several of his sheep; when he and four others, of whom Smith was one, proceeded to their camp and made complaint. The Indians replied that they were not responsible for their dogs, and spoke saucily, which called forth a like response on the part of the whites. From words the parties proceeded to blows, and finally the Indians fired, but with no other effect than making a few holes in the clothing of their antagonists. The whites returned the compliment and with fatal effect, for the Indians precipitately retreated, leaving one of the dead upon the ground and carrying off three badly wounded. The affray created much excitement in the neighborhood, and the conduct of Cross was severely animadverted upon; but Smith avers that his party were entirely justified in returning the fire, and he entirely exonerates Cross from the accusation of killing *that* Indian.

CHAPTER VII.

During the year 1823 Smith continued hunting and trapping in the Indian country; but in the winter he heard of a com-

pany of one hundred and fifty men, with a caravan of eighty wagons, about being organized under the command of Alexander Legrand for the purpose of a trading expedition across the plains to Santa Fe, the first with wagons ever fitted out from Missouri. Smith could not resist the temptation thus presented to his adventurous disposition and he eagerly joined the party, taking with him a hunting horse and a few mules packed with goods suitable for the market, besides Indian trinkets, beads, buttons, awls and paints.

It is needless to recount how the caravan collected and started off into the wilderness; how it passed first through the Indian country proper, and then into the buffalo range; and how day after day the adventurers had their sports and jokes as well as labors and privations. On one occasion, near the head waters of the Arkansas river, a herd of buffaloes burst into their camp and caused a stampede among their animals, the result of which was that thirty were lost and the entire party delayed several days. When they reached the head waters of the Smerone river, they found it dry, as is usually the case during the summer months, a mere bed of sand. They accordingly proceeded to dig for water; but while so engaged they were all at once startled by a rushing sound, as if of the approach of a mighty army of cavalry, and looking up stream they beheld a body of water, like a wall five or six feet high, rushing wave-like towards them, with the velocity of the wind, and in a few minutes the entire bed of the river and the neighboring low grounds were completely inundated.

After crossing Red river near the eastern foot of the Sierra Madre, while the wagons proceeded to Santa Fe by the way of San Miguel, Smith and a few others with their packs proceeded to the little town of Fernandez, situated about the center of the extensive and fertile valley of Taos, about seventy miles north of

Santa Fe. Here they encountered a native population professing and observing the outward forms of the Christian religion but semi-barbarous and ignorant, possessing many of the degrading vices of civilization and but few of its virtues, yet withal kind-hearted and hospitable, particularly the female portions. Among this wild people Smith, who was now but four and twenty years of age, gave himself up too readily to idleness and its attendant sins; and by the end of the summer he found the products of his little venture so much wasted, that he was glad of an opportunity to join a trapping expedition of eighty men, then just fitting out for Grand river and its tributaries, among the Utah, Arapajo and Snake tribes of Indians. They set out early in September, 1824, but upon arriving at the head waters of the Dol Norte river, Smith, being what was called a "free trapper" perfectly independent of the expedition, and finding a few others of the same character in the company, formed the design of gathering a small band and passing over on his own account to Grand river. He soon drew into his project three other trappers, named Hopper, Marlow and LeDuke, and three Mexicans, with whom, having in the company a number of horses and mules, he crossed over the Sierra Madre and finally commenced trapping on a tributary of Grand river, which they named Smith's Fork. This stream they trapped to its mouth and then some fifty miles down Grand river, which with the equally large Green river forms the Rio Colorado of the west. Here they came to the conclusion that the company though consisting of but seven was too large to be profitable; and whilst Hopper, Marlow and the three Mexicans went off westward for Green river, Smith and Maurice LeDuke followed down Grand river.

In a very short time after the party divided, Smith had his first introduction

to the Utah Indians, by finding five of his animals stolen by a band of about thirty of them. He and Le Duke immediately mounted and pursued, and such was the effect of their determination and the fear of their unerring fire arms, that the Indians thought it prudent to resign their booty and were glad to escape with whole bodies. The trappers, not liking the prospect in a country where they were in constant danger of robbery, turned off from Grand river towards the south east, crossed St. John's river and passing over a range of high mountains followed down the dry bed of a stream, when to their surprise they came upon a cornfield, from which the grain had been recently gathered. Approaching a shed or hut, made of boughs and mud with only three sides enclosed, they found an old squaw, squatting upon the ground over a small fire and a shallow earthen pan, filled with corn, which she was diligently stirring. She was chanting a wild song; and with her wrinkled features, bony fingers and long, coarse, grizzled locks streaming over her face, she seemed the very personification of Smith's idea of a witch. At first, so intent was she upon her task, as not to observe the strangers; but as their shadows fell across her vision, she raised her head and sprang to her feet, utter dismay spread upon her every lineament. Smith, however, made a sign which quieted her fears, and making her understand that they were hungry, she pointed with her long, skinny finger, first to the parching corn in the earthen pan on the coals and then in the direction of a gap in the hills, accompanying the motion with a bleating like that of a sheep. The trappers accepted the information and, pursuing their way around the point of the hills, came upon a village, composed of huts similar to that of the squaw, only a little more comfortable, and with flocks of sheep and goats feeding upon the slopes in the vicinity. A beautiful

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limpid stream, sweeping over a pebbly bottom, meandered through the little valley, and scattered here and there were patches of corn just ripe. A number of Indians, who proved to be Navajos, came out to meet the trappers, and received them with every demonstration of the most friendly feeling. Here Smith and Le Duke remained ten days, exchanging trinkets for sheep and goat skins, also serapes of superior quality manufactured by the Indians and so closely woven as to be almost impervious to water. The inhabitants of the neighboring villages for miles around, from every little valley and nook in the hills, which afforded sufficient soil to raise corn, wheat, beans, pumpkins or red-pepper, came in with their little stores and trafficked, until he was able to load six mules with remunerative products.

The Navajos always professed to entertain an exalted opinion of the American people, of whom they had heard favorable reports, and a great desire to cultivate their friendship. It was doubtless owing to this that they manifested so much interest in Smith and his companion, they being the first Americans ever amongst them, with the exception of two unfortunate trappers, whom they had killed in one of their forays, supposing them to be Moxicans. They spoke much of these poor fellows, and expressed the deepest regret for their fatal mistake.

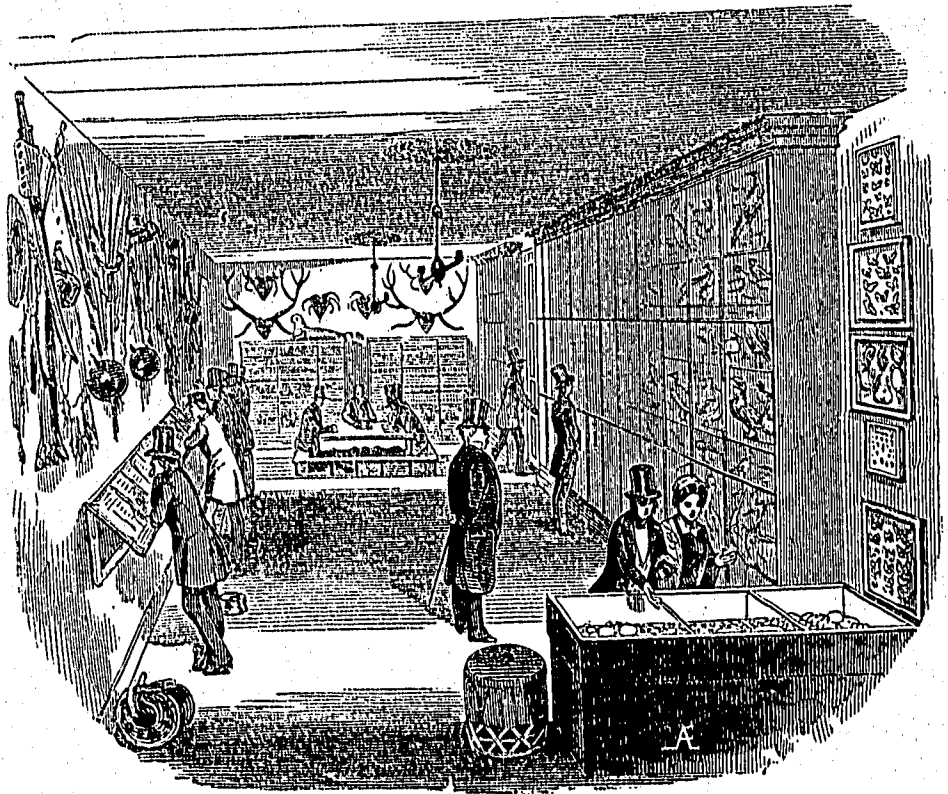
Smith and his companion next visited a populous village of the Moqui Indians, who lived several days travel to the southward on the Rio Coloradito or Little Red River; which here was a beautiful, clear stream, affording wide bottoms of arable land. A short distance below this spot the river loses itself in the sand, but it rises again, still further on, and joins with the great Colorado of the west. They were quite surprised to find these Indians, apparently so remote from even the borders of civilization, comfortably

clothed, and their habitations, though of primitive structure,—being mostly below the surface of the ground and covered with earth, resembling bee-hives in outward appearance,—yet neat and cleanly. But more especially were they pleased with the cheerful industry exhibited by the community. The females were engaged in twirling between the thumb and finger of one hand a wooden spindle, resting in an earthen bowl, and with the other hand drawing out the wool or cotton for thread, or in weaving from the spun threads coarse cloths, or rather superior blankets. The males were engaged in cultivating a genial soil, or herding horses, mules, cows, sheep and goats. The mystery of their progress in advance of their neighbors, was explained by the fact, that a Spanish priest, then absent, had been for several years residing amongst them.

After a stay of three days among the Moquis, trafficking for blankets and provisions, Smith and Le Duke took their departure, and traveled in a northeasterly direction, towards the Rio del Norte. In five or six days they observed a smoke rising above the top of a cedar grove, a little to the left of their course. They approached and found a Navajo girl, about eighteen years of age, lying on the ground, in a truly pitiable condition. She told a sad tale of having accompanied her husband, a young brave to whom she had just been married, and some twenty-five of her tribe, on a visit to the Moqui villages. Her party had been attacked fifteen days previously on the spot where she was lying, by an ambuscade of Utah Indians. At the onset she had been shot through the thigh and her husband had been killed at her side, as they were traveling a little in advance. Their companions, however, came nobly up to the rescue, and dispersing the assailants, hurriedly disposed of the body of her husband in the fork of a tree, and

telling her they would return, set out in pursuit of the fugitives, with what success she was ignorant. She had subsisted upon a little stock of provisions which had been left with her, and, after they were exhausted, upon a few roots which she was enabled to gather by crawling around where she lay. Smith offered to take her to the Mexican settlements; but

she replied that her wounds would prevent her from riding, and at all events she preferred awaiting the return of her friends; and after dividing his little store of provisions with her, the trappers proceeded on their way, and about the middle of December reached Taos. What became of the poor Navajo bride they never learned.



THE MUSEUM AT THE WHAT CHEER HOUSE.

It is not a little strange that the most extensive and in many respects the best Museum in California, should be due to the private enterprise of a smart Yankee, and be a mere adjunct or addition to an extensive hotel. There are in various quarters of the city and State, cabinets of minerals, and Indian curiosities; the Academy of Natural Sciences has a rich collection of minerals; the

Odd Fellows have a collection of curiosities; various private gentlemen have valuable collections of ores, shells, insects, eggs and other objects of scientific interest; but for variety and all that goes to make up a museum, no collection in the State can compare with the museum of R. B. Woodward's What Cheer House, on Sacramento street. The proprietor, finding that his house was the best pa-

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tronized in the State, seems to have come to the conclusion that he would make a little world in itself out of it; and accordingly established an extensive and well-chosen library for the use of the patrons of the house—and, from several visits to the place, we believe we can say with truth that no Library in the State is more extensively and better read than the What Cheer Library. It is arranged on two sides of the reading room, and seldom can any one enter it without finding the large apartment entirely blocked up with readers. Lodgers, and particularly lodgers from the country who are waiting for conveyance out of the city, have much time on their hands; and here the soberer and better classes find amusement and instruction. Though Mr. Woodward reaps his own profit from his library, we are not altogether certain but that he is entitled to the name of being a public benefactor with this reading room of his.

The Museum was established last summer with much the same objects as the Library, that is to say, as a part of the House, and for the amusement of its patrons, though everybody, who takes interest in seeing it, has access. It consists of a large apartment forty-five feet long by fourteen wide, with an entrance through the Library and Reading Room. It contains large cases of preserved birds and animals, filling up one entire side of the room, and including almost all the noted birds of California. They were collected by F. Gruber, the taxidermist; and the arrangement of them by him is very tasteful and appropriate. They are, as well as could be possible under the circumstances, represented in their natural positions, and in various instances we are taught a portion of their Natural History by the surroundings in the case. The Hawk with the Sparrow in his claw occupies a dry limb, apparently removed from all sympathy with the rest of the

feathered creation. The Woodpecker seems to be rapping on the dead branch; the Thrush to be luxuriating among the berries. The Quail rambles among the stubble, and the Cranes and Herons seem stalking among the shallows.

The spirited engraving at the head of this article represents a general view of the Museum, the birds and animals being ranged along the right side, the Indian curiosities on the left; the eggs in front and the minerals, shells and insects in the rear. We shall have occasion hereafter to give a number of the various objects of interest in detail and with special drawings, and particularly some of the most remarkable of the Californian birds and antiquities; but for the present let it suffice to call attention to the Museum as a whole, give it the proper credit for being the best one in the State, and state, as a matter of general information, what is to be seen in it.

There are six hundred specimens of birds, including species from every part of the world. Among them are Eagles, Vultures, Hawks, Owls, Nighthawks, Falcons, Crows, Magpies, Jays, Cuckoos, Woodpeckers, Creepers, Kingfishers, Thrushes, Orioles, Starlings, Sparrows, Finches, Warblers, Crossbills, Cardinals, Larks, Wrens, Buntings, Parrots, Cockatoos, Trojans, Birds of Paradise, Pigeons, Doves, Toucans, Satin Birds, Hummingbirds, Nightingales, Sun Birds, Snipes, Woodcocks, Rails, Avocets, Plovers, Coots, Bustards, Grouse, Quails, Pheasants, Guinea Hens, Snow Grouse, Gold and Silver Pheasants, Albatrosses, Sea Gulls, Terns, Petrels, Auks, Tufted Puffins, Horn-bill Guillemots, Oyster Catchers, Murres, Sea Pigeons, Cormorants, Cranes, Herons, Egrets, Bitterns, Grebes, Swans, Pelicans, Geese, Ducks, and Divers.

There are twenty five specimens of preserved animals, including the Deer, Armadillo, Black Hare, Mountain Pole-Cat, White and Norway Rat, Red and

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Grey Squirrel, Ground Squirrel, Gopher, White-bellied, Northern and Yellow-checked Weasel, Mole and Dog.

The collection of Eggs comprises 1200 specimens from the largest Ostrich to the smallest Humming-bird's eggs. They were collected and arranged by J. L. Jungerman.

Of Indian Curiosities there are war and fishing implements, and weapons from the South Sea Islands, Sandwich Islands and North West coast; Idols, Spears, Bows and Arrows, Dresses, Gourds, War clubs, Fish nets, Boats, Drums, Pipes, Oars, Ornaments, Belts, Blankets and Fish hooks.

There is a large collection of old and rare Coins, chiefly copper and brass, going back even to the times of the Romans; also Medals, Indian Wampum, Beads, Cowries and other currency.

The cabinet of Shells was chiefly procured from Dr. Frick, and embraces marine specimens from many localities of the Pacific Ocean. A complete collection of the rare and beautiful terrestrial shells from the Sandwich Islands, collected by himself and containing many new species, described by him in a catalogue, which is to be found with the collection. To these must also be added all the fluviatile shells found in the same Islands, as well as the Society and Friendly Islands.

The Cabinet of Minerals is devoted chiefly to Californian specimens, and contains a little of almost everything of interest in this line on the Pacific coast.

The Alcoholic Preparations embrace specimens of the Pilot Fish, Shark, Rattle Snake, Black Snake, Coral Snake, Pilot Snake, Whip Snake, Striped Snake, Copper Snake, Honey Ants from Arizona, Lizzards, Polyps, Tape-worms, a four-legged Chicken, Snails, and Horned Frogs.

There is a large collection of Butterflies and other insects, Australian, European and American.

Some other curiosities are scattered around, among them an excrescence from a Whale's nose, tusks of the Walrus and Wild boar, Seal and Sea-lion skins, and horns of the Elk, Deer and Mountain Sheep.

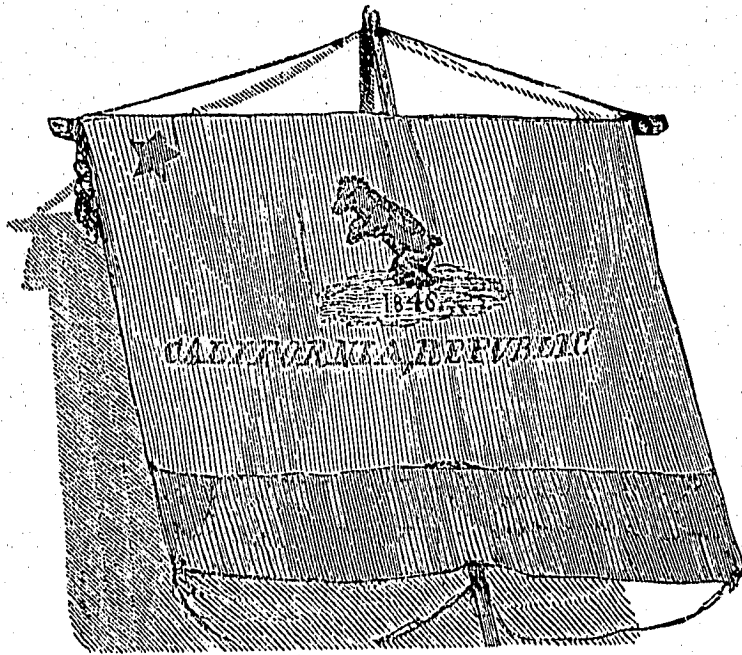
It may be said of the Museum as a whole, what has been said of the Library, that it has constant visitors and is always a popular quarter for the patrons of the What Cheer House. It is well known that no bar-room or gaming table is to be found about the establishment; but instead of the vicious and dangerous pleasures of dissipation, there is abundant invitation to the higher, more refined and more respectable pleasures of the well-stocked cabinet and well selected and well filled shelves.

THE GREAT KNIGHT'S FERRY DIAMOND.—A late number of the *San Joaquin Republican* tells a story which would serve excellently as the foundation of a romance. Upon such a basis a Boccaccio would have raised a splendid structure in the way of a tale. The story goes, that a party of miners were working a claim with sluices and hydraulic pipe and hose, at a point called Buena Vista, nearly opposite Knight's Ferry. One night about dark, the pipeman saw an object which he had washed out of the bank, lie glittering in the pile of dirt and stones, that was about to be passed through the sluice. The gleams from it lit up all the space in the vicinity, and caused much astonishment to the hardy workmen. The pipeman picked it up and moved along to show it to one of his comrades, but accidentally dropped it into the sluice, and it was borne down by the torrent of water into the mass of stones and dirt known as "tailings." A company of Spiritualists at Knight's Ferry are trying to discover the present locality of the jewel, which is represented to be larger than the Koh-i-noor.

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NOTES OF CALIFORNIAN PIONEERS.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.



THE CALIFORNIAN BEAR FLAG.

DURING a late visit to the village of Lafayette, in Contra Costa county, I visited the house of Elam Brown, Esq., one of the American Pioneers of California. His name is familiar to all Californians as one of the framers of our State Constitution, and within the circle of his acquaintances he is much respected, as a good, intelligent and venerable man, who has acted well his part during a long life. He came across the plains in 1846, from the Platte Purchase, in western Missouri. For many years before he started, he had been interested in California, for he partook of the restless disposition of the people in that border; and reports were current there that the country in the vicinity of the bay of San Francisco was a good country, easy to live in, certain to be annexed, and certain of a brilliant future. The deep and secure bay, the fertile valleys, the great herds of cattle, the mild winters, the indolence of the Spaniards and their ignorance of the value of their lands, were often spoken of among his neighbors as great inducements for migration; and there were rumors of rich mines, also. Many persons were excited by these reports, and there was much inquiry about the resources of the country, and the road across the continent; but it was very difficult to obtain information, and that difficulty prevented many persons from coming who would have started in large bodies as early as 1840, if they could have known how to go. It was probably this very inquiry among the people along the Missouri border, which suggested to Benton the idea of having Fremont sent to California.

The first party started in 1842, when John Bidwell, Joseph Childs, Grove Cook, Charles Hoppo and — Bartleson, came.

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Mr. Brown fitted Bidwell out for the trip.

Subsequently L. W. Hastings, William Mendenhall, Ira Stebbins, Henry Smith, Napoleon Smith, Henry Downing, John Van Gordon, Ira Van Gordon, ——— Wooden, and Peter Weimar came.

In 1845 Capt. Swift, the Murphys of Santa Clara county, Major Snyder, Judge Blackburn, Henry Speels, Capt. J. M. Griggsby, Dr. John Townsend, Julius Masten, Benjamin Kelsey and Samuel Kelsey, came.

In regard to the emigrants who crossed the plains in 1846, I endeavored to make out a list with Mr. Brown, and the following was the result of it. About fifty families were in that year's migration, of whom about three-fifths went to Santa Clara Valley, and the remainder to Sonoma and vicinity. First as to those who went to Sonoma:

1. L. W. Boggs, Ex-Governor of Missouri, lived in Sonoma until 1853; was one of the framers of the State Constitution, and died wealthy in 1860.

2. Wm. Boggs, his son, still lives in Sonoma.

3. James Cooper, now residing in or near Benicia; said to be wealthy.

4. Nicholas Carriger, now residing near Sonoma; wealthy.

5. Wm. Elliott came either in '46 or '45. Resided for a time near Santa Rosa.

6. ——— Patton. Resided in Sonoma county.

7. Wm. Moore resides near Clear Lake.

8. John Ray, keeps an inn on the road to the Geysers.

9. ——— Hudson, resides near Santa Rosa.

10. Daniel Berry, resides in Suisun Valley.

11. James Savago.

12. Benjamin Mitchell has returned to Kentucky, his native State.

13. ——— Harbin resides in Napa valley.

14. Josse Stilts.

15. Nathaniel Jones resides in Taylor Valley, Contra Costa county.

16. ——— Kollogg has a fine place in the northern part of Napa Valley.

17. Samuel Brown.

18. ——— Allen, is dead.

19. ——— Hollingsworth was killed by the Indians in the mines in 1848.

Of those who went to Santa Clara, the following may be named:

1. Mr. West, who has returned to the "States," wealthy.

2. Thomas Campell is in Santa Clara Valley.

3. William Campbell resides at the same place.

4. William Hon.

5. John Wismon.

6. Stephen A. Wright, was for a time a banker in San Francisco, failed for a large sum, went to Arizona, and if report be true is wealthy.

7. Dr. Wiswell has gone back to the "States," wealthy.

8. James Wiswell, ditto.

9. ——— Lard resides in Santa Clara Valley.

10. Wm. Mootin resides in same valley.

11. Samuel Young is wealthy.

12. ——— Caldwell is in San Jose, reported to be wealthy.

13. James Hopper is in Santa Clara Valley.

14. ——— Dickinson is residing in the valley of the Merced.

15. ——— Finlay is in Santa Clara Valley.

16. ——— Talle resides in Contra Costa county, in comfortable circumstances.

17. Wm. Bennett resides in San Jose.

18. Capt. Aram resides in San Jose, and is wealthy.

19. James Allen resides in Contra Costa county, and is wealthy.

20. James William.

21. ——— Hitchcock, Sr.

22. ——— Hitchcock, Jr.

23. ——— Macpherson.

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| <p>24. — Hecock resides in Santa Cruz county.</p> <p>25. Zachariah Jones resides in Santa Clara co., in comfortable circumstances.</p> <p>26. Leo Norris is in Contra Costa county, wealthy.</p> <p>27. Matthew Fallon resides in San Jose, wealthy.</p> <p>28. — Murray resides in San Jose.</p> <p>29. Elam Brown is in Contra Costa.</p> <p>30. — Matthews resides in San Jose.</p> | <p>31. — —, Matthew's son-in-law.</p> <p>32. — White.</p> <p>33. — Whiteman.</p> <p>34. Peter Quivey resides in San Jose, and is wealthy.</p> <p>These notes are in a very incomplete and unsatisfactory shape, it is true, but it appears better to publish them than to leave them unpublished, as they may serve as a foundation for a complete record by somebody else.</p> |
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WHEN MAY WE WEEP?

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

WHEN may we weep?—when our beloved lie
 With still, pale forms, and deeply-shrouded eye,
 And lips that speak not, though we may implore
 One sign—one token more?

Oh, not for these!—for they have done with strife,
 With peril, doubt, and all the pain of life;—
 If tears must fall, we for ourselves may weep,
 Yet fear to break their sleep!

Why should we weep? They have but crossed the stream,
 Upon whose banks we sit, awhile, and dream
 Of the bright land, that lies the other side,
 Ere we, too, cross the tide!

When may we weep? When fortune's favors go?
 The gems, the gold, and all life's royal show?—
 Ah, what have we, the children of the spheres,
 For these, to do with tears?

When we to our high trust unfaithful prove,
 Turn coldly from some gentle deed of love,—
 Then may we weep!—then may our tears fall o'er,
 What time gives back no more!

For, midst the sea of life, our moments flow
 Like little waves, that ne'er returning know;—
 Swift passing onward to the shores of light,
 The dark waves and the bright.

And angel watchers, bending o'er the tide,
 Note all the waves as to those shores they glide;
 And when for us the golden hues they wear,
 There's joy for earth e'en there!

CONFUCIUS, THE GREAT CHINESE MORALIST.

WHEN we observe the characteristics of the Chinese population in California, and particularly when we regard their reputation among the American people for honesty and veracity, that race seems a bad place to look for a philosopher of sublime purity and virtue. We usually give the Chinese credit for being cunning and patient, able to imitate the most difficult works and persevering enough to carry out to completion the most intricate designs; but it seems difficult to believe that any of the despised Mongol race could have possessed as original and nearly as sagacious a mind as Socrates, and could have spoken from as pure and noble a heart as Plato. Yet of all the sages and philosophers of profane history, none was wiser or purer than the great Chinaman, Koong-foo-tse, or, as the name was Latinized by the Jesuit Missionaries, Confucius.

This remarkable man was born five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era or more than twenty four hundred years ago, in the kingdom of Loo, one of the numerous small States into which China was then divided. His ancestors had for six generations held official situations under the Government; and his father, at the time of the Sage's birth and for some years afterwards, appears to have been Prime Minister of his country. From his earliest age, as his biographers tell us, the Sage was indifferent to the ordinary amusements of childhood and devoted himself to serious and grave pursuits. As he grew up, he employed himself entirely with moral and political science, and studied with the most sedulous attention the doctrines of former sages; for it seems that China had great men before Confucius as well as great men after him. He lost his

father while still a young man, and we hear of his being in poor and low circumstances, and being obliged to have recourse to manual labor for his support. During this period of his life, about the age of 19, he married and had a son; but finding afterwards that married life was not compatible with philosophy, he divorced himself; and this divorce, on the principle that no man is entirely without fault and because little else can be found against the character of Confucius, has been seized upon to prove that even *his* sublime virtue was open to censure. But divorce was certainly not censurable, according to the customs of China; and perhaps may be justifiable under certain circumstances in any country. At any rate it was not used against Confucius in the political campaigns of the time; and his great intelligence and eminent abilities becoming known, at the age of 20 years he was appointed by Government Superintendent of Grain and Cattle. In his writings he says of himself that when in this office he thought only of its duties; and as in another place he says, "In serving your Prince, respect his rank and put salary in the background," it is not difficult to believe that he made a model Inspector in every respect. Public officers in our time could learn from him, Chinaman though he was!

He afterwards visited several of the neighboring kingdoms and prosecuted his studies with zeal and enthusiasm; and by degrees gained a wide reputation, which attracted around him a number of scholars, whom he instructed in the learning of his times; but in his 35th year, on account of disorders which took place in his native kingdom, he was obliged to fly to the neighboring kingdom of Tse. There he became steward of one of the mandarins and frequently conversed with

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the King, who was so much pleased with his principles that he proposed to give him an appointment; but was finally dissuaded by some of the courtiers, who feared the power which the philosopher seemed likely to wield. Finding himself disappointed, and knowing now that the disorders in his own land had been pacified, he returned thither; but declined serving in an official position, for the reason that improper men held office. He accordingly retired to a solitary and romantic valley at the foot of a high mountain, where the mica was so abundant that, when the sun shone, the paths seemed paved with burnished gold, contrasting beautifully with the green grass, the overarching foliage, and the many birds of bright plumage, which made the place their home. On one side coming down from the mountain was a clear stream which, upon reaching the vale, formed a beautiful cascade of crystal and foam; and then the water swept on with gentle and placid current, meandering under the trees and among the flowers through a narrow gorge out into the lower plains. Here he devoted himself to study again, revised the national books of poetry and history, and cultivated and improved the arts of politeness and music. His disciples soon flocked around him again, and for years he continued to give instruction on politics and morals, which he in his benighted heathenism looked upon as very nearly one and the same thing.

When he was 50 years of age he was called to office in the kingdom of Loo, first as Governor of a District and then for a short time as Prime Minister. His influence produced a complete renovation in the manners of the Court and of all within its influence; so much so that the government of Tso became seriously alarmed lest Loo should soon become an overmatch for it. Its officers were attentive to their duties; its treasury full; and all its departments healthy and pros-

perous; so that it behoved Tso to take some measures to cripple it by expelling the philosopher from office. The method hit upon was worthy of a modern diplomacy. A band of female musicians, specially employed for the purposes of corruption, was sent to the court of Loo; and the Prince and most of his courtiers were so enchanted and ravished with the blandishments of the syrens that for a number of days they entirely neglected the business of the Government and paid no heed to the counsels and warnings of the Sage, who at last became so disheartened with his vain position that he resigned it and left the country. He now traveled again into foreign kingdoms, and spent several years of voluntary exile in visiting their Courts. While he was thus absent, one of the principal officers declared on his death-bed that the resignation of Confucius had endangered the country and left it as a dying command to his successor to procure his reinstatement; but the machinations of the Sage's enemies prevented it, and he continued his wanderings and studies. Between his fiftieth and seventieth years he was absent from home fourteen years altogether.

It was about his seventieth year that feeling himself to be growing old, he formed the resolution of ceasing his travels, and returned to his native kingdom, where he spent the remaining few years of his life in further revisions of the ancient books, in the composition of new ones, and in instructing his disciples, who now numbered some three thousand. He died at the age of seventy three, after seven days of sickness. His disciples erected a booth at the grave and spent three years in mourning for him, after which they returned to their homes, all but one, Tso Kiung, who remained three years longer. In their subsequent dispersal over the country, those devoted adherents disseminated the teachings of

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their lamented master, until at length Confucianism became the State Religion of China, the most populous nation in the world. He left at the time of his death, only one child, a grandson; but from him the succession has come down through nearly seventy generations, and seems to have increased in geometrical progression; for at the last count of them a few generations ago, the males alone numbered eleven thousand. Even to this day they enjoy extraordinary honors and privileges.

In person Confucius is said to have been so tall and handsome that all the people admired him, and called him by way of pre-eminence the *tall man*. He was renowned for his unpretending humility and modesty, and always practiced the exalted principles of morality which he taught. He avoided wrangling, sought neither to pamper his appetite nor live at ease; he was diligent in the practice of his duty, cautious in his words and not ashamed to learn even from inferiors. According to him virtue consisted in five things, gravity, liberality, fidelity, intelligence and benevolence; and so far as the practice of these was concerned, he was perfectly virtuous.

He seems, both from the intrinsic evidence of his life and wanderings, as well as from the records of history, to have lived in a time of great degeneracy, especially among the Courts and higher ranks of society, into whose contact he was most thrown. He was far from being regarded as a prophet in his own country, and frequently had to lament that his doctrines were not embraced and that all his exertions had but little influence upon his day and generation. But he died much regretted by the rulers of the States whose government and morals he had contributed so much to meliorate. "Time"—says Sir John Davis to whom we are indebted for many of our facts in relation to the life of Confucius, "Time

has but added to the reputation which he left behind him; and he is now, at the end of more than two thousand years, held in universal veneration throughout China by persons of all sects and persuasions, with shrines and temples erected to his worship." His writings are the sacred books of the Chinese. "The circumstance," says the Rev. David Collier, "of these and little else having been from time immemorial carefully studied or committed to memory, not only by what are deemed the literati, but even by the common school boy, has, no doubt, contributed most powerfully to fix their most singular language; so that during a period in which many other languages have undergone almost an entire change, the Chinese has remained the same, with scarcely the shadow of change. In making this remark, however, we do not forget that there is something in the structure of the language, which affords a strong protection against innovation. Their love of antiquity connected with their veneration for their Sage, and intimate acquaintance with his writings has induced them to allow their thoughts to run in that channel which he marked out for them. So long has this been the case, that it appears to them little less than blasphemy to call in question any of his positions, and worse than idle to think of marking out a track for themselves."

It was the chief endeavor of Confucius to reform the vices of his times and correct the abuses which he saw in every day life and particularly in every day political life around him. Of all Sages he was one of the most unspeculative and practical. He had no new theory of the universe or new articles of faith to promulge; but taught the great doctrines of doing the duty that lies at one's hand, with as much plainness and simplicity as a Franklin. On one occasion he said to his disciples: "You suppose that I have

some mysterious doctrines, which I conceal from you. I have no secrets; whatever I do, all is laid open to your view." He believed in God or Gods as the Supreme Rulers of the world; but seldom spoke of them and taught no peculiar doctrines in regard to them. A disciple, named Ke Loo, once asked how the Gods ought to be served. The Sage replied; "You cannot yet serve men, how can you serve the Gods?" The disciple proceeded: "I presume to ask concerning death." The Sage replied, "You do not yet know life; how can you know death?"

It was as a Moralist that Confucius stood pre-eminent; and, considering his remote antiquity, his nationality and the circumstances with which he was surrounded, he was undoubtedly the greatest of all profane Moralists whom the world has ever seen. Chinaman and Heathen as he was, he taught a doctrine so pure and Christian-like, that the records, which have come down to us of his sayings, would seem to be pious forgeries; did they not bear the undoubted marks of genuineness and truth. These records consist in all of only nine, called the "Four Books" and the "Five Canonical Works," of which the original text is confined within a very moderate compass, but the commentaries upon them have swelled to formidable lengths. It is the third of the "Four Books," which is called "Lun Yu" (Dialogues,) corresponding in many respects to the Memorabilia of Socrates by Xenophon, which give us an insight into the character of the Sage. He is represented in this work as teaching in the midst of his disciples; and almost every paragraph commences with the words "Confucius says," equivalent to the famous "Ipso dixit" of the Greek schools. Indeed there are many resemblances between the Chinese philosopher and the great Greek, and their differences may perhaps be attributed more to the diversity of their situations than to

any great distinction in their characters. The Greek was surrounded by sophists and did most of his teaching in the streets and market places; whereas the Chinese was surrounded with disciples who received with implicit obedience all the doctrines, which he promulgated. Socrates therefore comes down to us as a controversial philosopher; Confucius as a teacher in the strict sense of the term.

Both Socrates and Confucius were fond of portraying the man of perfect virtue; but while the world is tolerably familiar with the picture of Socrates, little is known, except among the learned, of that of Confucius.

A few extracts from the "Lun Yu," will therefore not be unacceptable to the general reader; and we shall close this article with the portraiture of the superior man as given by the great Chinese.

The superior man—says Confucius—has nine things that he thinks on. When he looks, he thinks of seeing clearly. When he hears, he thinks of hearing distinctly. In his countenance he thinks of manifesting benignity. In his words he thinks of truth. In his actions he thinks of respect. When in doubt he thinks of inquiring. When in anger he thinks of suffering. When he sees an opportunity of getting gain, he thinks of justice.

Confucius says, that the superior man does not feel indignant when men are blind to his merits!

Confucius says, that the superior man seeks not to pamper his appetite, nor to live at ease: he is diligent in the practice of his duty, cautious in his words, and comes to men of right principles that he may be corrected. Such a man may be said to be lover of learning.

Confucius says, that the superior man wrangles not. If he do, it is at shooting matches. But he yields the place to his unsuccessful antagonist, and ascends the hall, then descends and drinks with him.

This is the wrangling of the superior man.

Confucius says, when a man's natural, honest plainness exceeds his ornamental accomplishments, he is a mere rustic; on the other hand, when his ornamental accomplishments exceed his natural, honest plainness, he is a mere scribe (or fop); but when substantial plainness, and polite accomplishments are properly blended, they form the superior man.

Confucius says, the superior man is composed and easy, the mean man always appears anxious and restless.

Confucius says, a superior man may do a bad thing, but there never was a mean man who at any time practiced virtue.

Yen Yuen asked in what perfect virtue (or benevolence) consists? Confucius replied, virtue consists in conquering self and returning to propriety. When a man has conquered self and returned to propriety, on that day all men will allow that he is virtuous. Does perfect virtue then originate in one's self or in others? Yen Yuen asked what are the several branches of perfect virtue? Confucius replied, what is contrary to propriety, look not on it—listen not to it—speak not of it—touch (or move) it not.

Chung Kung asked what is perfect virtue? Confucius said, when you go out, do it as if you were receiving a guest of high rank; command the people as if you were attending a great sacrificial festival. What you do not wish others to do to you, do not to them; then in the country none will be displeased with you; nor will any in the family feel dissatisfied. Chung Kung replied, although I am not quick I wish to act thus.

Tsze Chong asked Confucius in what virtue consisted? Confucius replied, he who possesses five things is virtuous, all over the world. Tsze Chong said, I beg leave to ask what these are. Answer.—They are gaiety, liberality, fidelity, intelligence and benevolence. Be grave and you will not be treated disrespectfully.

Be liberal and you will win the affections of all. Be faithful and you will be confided in. Be intelligent and you will be meritorious, benevolent and you will be able to manage men.

Confucius says, that if your own conduct be correct, although you do not command, men will do their duty. But if your own conduct be incorrect, although you command, the people will not obey.

Confucius said, how can a low man serve his Prince! Before he gets into office, he is in distress how he may obtain it; and when he has obtained it, he is vexed about keeping it. In his unprincipled dread of losing his place, he will go to all lengths.

Sze Wa now asked respecting the man of superior virtue. Confucius replied, he has neither sorrow nor fear. To have neither sorrow nor fear, does that constitute a man of superior virtue? Confucius rejoined, when a man examines within, and finds nothing wrong, why should he have either sorrow or fear!

Confucius says, the truly intelligent have no doubts—the truly virtuous, no sorrow—and the truly brave, no fear.

Fau Che asked what benevolence (or perfect virtue) is. Confucius replied,—to love men. What is knowledge? The Sage answered, to know men.

Tsze Kung said, suppose a man were to manifest general benevolence to the people, and promote the happiness of all men, what would you say of him? Might he be called perfectly virtuous? Confucius replied, why only virtuous? He must be a Sage.

Tsze Kung asked, what may be said of a man who is loved by all the people in the village? Confucius replied, you must not believe that he is truly virtuous. What if all in the village hate him? Confucius answered, even then you must not believe that he is vicious; this is not equal to being loved by all the virtuous

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Tsze Chong asked, what might be called superior intelligence. Confucius said, when a man can stop a slowly soaking slander, and a flesh cutting accusation, he may be called intelligent. The man that can defeat the ends of a soaking slander, and a flesh cutting accusation, may be said to possess a high degree of intelligence.

Confucius says, although a man may be able to recite the three hundred odes; if, when he receives an appointment, he know not how to act, or when sent abroad, as an ambassador he is unable of himself to reply to the questions put to him; although he has read much, of what use is it to him?

Confucius says, a man may apply to learning, and yet not hit on right principles; he may hit on right principles, and yet not become established in them; he may be established in them, and yet not be capable of weighing things aright.

Confucius said, he who knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them, nor is he who loves them equal to him who delights in them.

Confucius says, be not vexed that you are not known, but be concerned that you want abilities.

Confucius says, be liberal in reproving yourself, and sparing in reproving others; thus you will put murmuring to a distance.

Confucius said, Kung Tse King managed his own family well. At first, having little, he said, it will do. Afterwards having a little more, he said, it is complete. When he became rich he said, it is excellent.

Confucius says, that it is more difficult to bear poverty without murmuring than to be rich without pride.

Some one asked, what may be said of rewarding hatred by kindness. Confucius said, in that case with what will you reward kindness? Reward bad treat-

ment with justice, and kindness with kindness.

Confucius sighing exclaimed, alas! I have not seen those who are conscious of their errors, and inwardly accuse themselves.

Confucius exclaimed, alas! I have never seen one who loves virtue as we love beauty!

THE LOVER'S VIGIL.

BY J. F. ROWMAN.

THIS midnight and the moonbeams rest
How softly! on the sleeping stream;
While, mirrored in its placid breast,
Clouds gently float—stars mildly gleam

The summer winds are breathing low—
A heavenly calm pervades the scene;
The murmuring waters softly flow
Their sedge-lined banks between.

I wake from dreams of her I love;
I cannot sleep, and forth I go,
To gaze upon the summer night,
And hear the river's flow.

Like one who dreams I wander on
With aimless feet, and now I stand,
Before the cottage, gleaming white,
By the green meadow land.

O'er the low roof the elm boughs droop,
The rose-tree climbs the porch above,
And there, mid clustering vines, I see
The window of my love.

Within she sleeps! I seem to hear
Her gentle breathing; soft and low,
I seem to see her pillowed head—
Her tresses' loosened flow.

The drooping elm-boughs gently sway,
The breeze just stirs the whispering
leaves;

With feeble voice, the porch beside,
The plaintive cricket grieves.

No other creature wakes—alone
Beneath the starry vault I keep,
My vigil, while the world is wrapped
In slumbers calm and deep.

O beautiful world! O happy heart!
Ye Kings, I envy not your state;
I tremble with a joy, how rare
Among the proud and great.

For when yon waning moon again [height,
Shall climb full-orbed the mountain

Her mellow radiance shall illumine
Our blissful bridal night.

O light and swift ye white-winged hours
Through day and darkness speed your
Roll on, O silver moon! O haste, [flight;
Till on the wished-for night

Renewed in beauty, thou shalt come
And lift the nuptial torch above
The distant mountain's purple rim,
To light me to my love!

LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

NUMBER IV.

SOME time elapsed before I recovered from a severe indisposition, which had been occasioned by the excitement of the inhuman feast which I witnessed, as related in the last number of the Magazine. The natives call these feasts "koeka," and they were very frequent. During my illness the Queen and Princess attended me very assiduously, and used every exertion to amuse me, but my convalescence was slow.

I happened on a certain occasion, one day, to see the King busy with his musket, which was out of order, and which he was endeavoring unsuccessfully to repair. I took it from his hands, and with a piece of old iron hoop for a screw-driver and a hammer, fixed it for him in a very few minutes. He was much pleased, and when he went out, told everybody about it. The consequence became immediately manifest, for the next day I had no less than twenty muskets to repair. I succeeded in putting them in good order, and the owners were all so well satisfied that they all brought me presents. Some brought fruits, some hogs, some tappa, and others shells and feathers of the "Bo-sun," so that I had

a large assortment, and suddenly became rich. The King, who had before this urged me to be tattooed, now called me his son, and commanded me to have a time set for the ceremony. Thinking that some opportunity to escape might offer soon, I said to him, that in two moons I would be ready. This satisfied him, and he caused it to be made known all over the island, and also on Uapon, that on that day two moons, he would give a great "koeka," or feast in honor of the event. I now became restless and anxious to have a ship heave in sight, and I passed whole days on the top of a high mountain, looking out to sea for a sail. In the meantime I was not idle, for having cut a cocoa-nut stick I busied myself in working it into a cane, and for a change in weaving a cocoa-nut mat, both of which I finished.

Shortly after the day was set for being tattooed, the chief Tohuga said that he would like to have me go with him to the other side of the island for a few days. I gladly consented, seizing eagerly any novelty and change, to relieve my mind from dwelling upon my sad condition. Our party consisted of three besides my-

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self and the chief, and we took with us a sick woman and her husband a portion of the way. The first part of our voyage was pleasant, and we made rapid progress until the evening of the second day, when the sea became rough and the wind high; and being on the weather side of the island, we had head winds, and our progress was slow. After incredible labor, we succeeded in pulling the boat around an immense headland, against a strong wind and a very boisterous sea. The woman became frightened, and as we had some twelve miles to go before we could land her, we pulled into a small bay, to wait for the wind and sea to subside; but, as there was no immediate possibility of its doing so, the chief and myself started over the mountain for help, as our provisions and water were nearly consumed.

At ten o'clock, A. M., we left the boat and proceeded at a rapid pace up the "pala," or mountain, hoping to reach the settlement of Hapatake, which by land was twenty miles distant, by two or three o'clock. After two hours rapid travel over high hills, steep precipices, deep valleys, and narrow, dangerous lodges, we sat down to rest, and consumed the bottle of water and the "poi" we had brought, which refreshed us much, and we then resumed our journey at a more easy rate. Some three hours afterwards, we began to suffer from thirst, and as the valleys yielded no water, and the ground was rocky and very rough, we made but little headway. The chief, unencumbered as he was by clothes, glided swiftly along with comparative ease, but I lagged behind, until at last, I sat down, completely overcome and wearied. But I soon started afresh, and every valley we came to I looked eagerly for signs of water or cocoa-nut trees, yet we were each time disappointed. "Water, water," was now my only desire, and I began to suffer terribly. Not so the chief, who

was accustomed to it, and he seemed to take everything so easy, and at the same time use every endeavor to keep up my spirits, that I was forced to admire him. At sundown we reached the summit of a high mountain, and looking down into the valley, what a prospect burst upon our view! An immense valley, extending far up between two high and precipitous mountains, covered with luxuriant foliage of the cocoa-nut, orange, lime, banana, bread-fruit, and many other varieties. Numerous huts and houses were cosily peeping out here and there, up the valley, as far as the eye could reach.

At the moment we became aware that our journey was near its termination, about two hundred natives were fishing and bathing on the beach, and making the air resound with their discordant shrieks—men, women and children, all together. Suddenly, a most profound and painful stillness reigned. This was occasioned by one of their number having discovered us, and immediately my chief made a sign by crossing his hands above his head twice, whereupon a dozen strong, athletic men, came briskly towards us, climbing the steep ascent with astonishing ease and rapidity. On reaching us, they seized me, and ran swiftly down the hill to a stream, into which they plunged me, and then commenced to shake and buffet me about so violently that I became greatly alarmed; but I soon learned that it was for the purpose of causing a reaction of my nerves, which were completely unstrung. I was then stripped and rubbed all over plentifully with cocoa-nut oil, and plied internally with cocoa-nut rum. Presently my chief returned to me laden with fruits, a whole roast pig, and some sweet potatoes; and I enjoyed the first good meal I had had since leaving my ship.

Ten men were instantly dispatched with water, rum and provisions, to the boat. They returned at daylight the

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next morning, with the boat and all safe. We were all kindly entertained, and feasted, and remained with them five days; during which time, I took frequent strolls over the hills, and up the valley. On one occasion, I discovered by accident a mineral spring, which upon a necessarily imperfect analyzation, I found to contain—

Chloride of soda.....2.20 or thereabouts.
Carbonate of iron.....1.00
Sub-carbonate of lime 0.65
Bicarbonate of soda...0.20

Temperature — Fahrenheit, 63.9, or nearly so.

The natives would not touch it, and they seemed alarmed when they saw me drink it in large quantities. When we left these apparently happy people, they seemed very sorry, and urged the chief

to stay longer, but he modestly declined.

Our return voyage was quick and prosperous, and the Queen and Princess manifested immoderate joy at our safe return. At night, we dined on raw shark and "poi;" and the next day I returned to my watch on the mountains, being constantly attended by one of the king's sons. We used to amuse each other by trying to speak each other's language. We succeeded very well, though I made but very slow progress. In this manner we whiled away the long days, until the fourth of February, 1860, when an event occurred, which was of the greatest importance to me, and the fortunate termination of which afforded me infinite satisfaction, and saved me from much suffering and trial; but this I must defer relating till the next number.

CUNNING TRICKS OF THE CALIFORNIAN COYOTE.

BY FATHER LORENZO WAUGH.

SPEAKING about frontier life, new settlements, and characteristics of wild animals, I will pen you a brief sketch of my coyote experience. After coming across the plains in the year 1852, I settled five miles north of the spot now occupied by the town of Petaluma. The place up to that time had been "passed by on the other side" by all the immigrants, as the main or most usually traveled road to Bodoga was through Santa Rosa, or by the "old Adobo" and Petaluma. Everything was new, and there was not a house in a line between me and town. It being autumn we wintered in a kind of redwood camp; but the next spring built a redwood house, and prepared for comfort, as well as we could. I purchased a brood sow for \$40, and my wife bought a sucking pig for \$10, cash. I also bought a number of

hens, at a high figure; the amount at this moment I do not recollect, but I recollect well that the roosters cost me at the rate of \$60 per dozen.

We had hardly more than got comfortably situated, when my wife left on a visit to an old friend in "Frisco," as the metropolis was then called, and charged me to be particularly careful of her hens; and so indeed I was; but somehow or other, when she got back and had a chance to make a survey of the roost, she earnestly affirmed that "more than a dozen were gone,"—and among the missing was her favorite old Shanghai rooster. Well, I told her I had not heard a "squall," and could not account for the loss. For the life of me I could not tell one chicken from another, while my wife on the contrary, knew every possible difference, color, name, age and feather;

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and during the night she scarcely slept a wink on account of her grief, and listening for the attack of the foe to her chickens, and to her peace of mind.

Just as day began to dawn she softly awakened me; told me to take my gun, go out and see what I could discover about the hen-house. So, yager in hand. I slipped out, and sure enough, there was one of your coyotes—sleek, fat, silent, sly, and seemingly as innocent as a lamb. He stood at the corner of the hen-house, with his eyes upon the elevated door, ready to take the first chicken that should light upon the ground. I blew day-light through him, as your hunters would say; when out came my wife, just as she sprang from the bed, hurrahing for my success. The yellow rascal had succeeded in killing the chickens, one by one, without allowing them an opportunity to raise a noise about it.

The above circumstance induced me to watch out in future for coyotes, not only in relation to my wife's chickens, but to my sow and her pigs. One very wet day I heard the old sow making a fussing noise just below the house; and, going down towards her, there stood Mr. Coyote at a new trick, which I was curious enough to notice, as long as it was safe for our costly pigs. The cunning rascal would with great apparent earnestness advance towards the sow, as though he intended to catch her, which she would resent by bounding at him with open mouth; and for some twenty yards on a run she would seem just ready to grab and tear him to pieces; when, all at once, he would bound back at full speed, leaving the infuriated mother in the midst of her folly, and his chaso for a pig would be very spirited till she came up again. A shot, however, from "old yager," convinced him that lead was good for paying off the score, and he settled his final account in quick time.

I might mention, too, that one day, during the absence of my wife, spoken of above, a young man rode up to my house in great haste; and exclaiming, "get your gun and come down to the big tree below," hurriedly rode off. I left my cup of coffee, and following the man, found a black bear, panting, on the first big branch of the big tree, but a short distance from my house. It was the work of but a few minutes to make him acquainted with my old yager; and he proved to be most delightfully fat—as fine a piece of meat as ever was dressed by a hunter. The young man was not "acquainted with bear," and did not exactly know what the creature was. He found him crossing the Petaluma plain going towards the Sonoma mountains, and ran him with his horse till the bear felt it prudent to climb.

My experience in many a backwoods adventure had made me pretty thoroughly conversant with the animal, and I picked him out at the first shot.

WHALE-SKIN LEATHER.—The *Scientific American*, speaking of miserable, machine-made Yankee boots, pronounces the leather badly tanned and worsely worked-up. It therefore congratulates the age upon the discovery of whale leather. It says that squeezing oil out of stone coal was a thing to be thought of as a miracle which might some day convert the heathen; but to get shoe leather from the skin of a whale was so reasonable a probability that one is amazed it should not have been thought of before. A Frenchman has obtained a patent for whale leather; and remarkable pliant stuff it is. The skin is so thick that, after removing the inner portion, which is spongy, the remainder is split to make it of the usual shoe thickness. It is remarkably tough, but as soft as buckskin, and repels water well.

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MEDICINE AND MEDICINE FEASTS AMONG THE VANCOUVER ISLAND INDIANS.

BY MEDICUS.

SPEAKING about the Indians, there are practices among them of an ancient date, which put the reputed discoveries of modern times somewhat to the blush. For instance, at a certain season of the year, about November, the aborigines about Victoria make what is called "Medicine," by which certain individuals, young men, are admitted into the Indian mysteries, and become men who are much dreaded, and possess much influence over the tribe. The first step, as far as is known, consists in throwing the devotees into a *mesmeric state*. How this is performed is unknown to the whites, although every attempt has been made to discover it; the truth is, that the interference of white men the Indians suppose would destroy the efficacy of their medicine. After the subject has been kept in his mesmeric state, lying in his lodge from two to four days, a feast is made and the rites commence. The mesmerised individual is brought out from his habitation in a cataleptic condition; he looks pallid and ghastly, often smeared with blood about the face, and cannot at once be distinguished from a dead person—in fact he looks a corpse, and is totally insensible to all noise, pain and external influence. He is so rigid, that amidst the deafening shouts of excited Indians, he is raised high into the air and down again to the ground many times, only his head and heels resting upon the hands of the bearers; there is no support to any other part of the body and none apparently is required, so rigid is it. The spectacle to one unaccustomed to it, is horrible in the extreme.

The object of bringing him from his lodge seems to be to recover him from his mesmeric state; to do this he is, as I

have said, raised several times into the air and down again, and then suddenly plunged into the sea. This often has not the desired effect at once, when *frictions* are resorted to and the dipping recommenced, often with slaps from the hands, and even incisions from knives. After a time, of longer or shorter duration, animation is restored or the cataleptic state destroyed; the man looks about bewildered and astonished, and is considered insane; he usually runs wildly away to the woods, and numbers of the young men follow in order to watch him, see that he does himself no harm, and to take care he is not lost. After a longer or shorter period, sometimes days, he returns, or is brought back; he has been among the Gods, has seen his guardian spirit, who has directed him what to do, what his future life is to be, and who will hereafter direct him. All this is related to his awe-struck listeners, and he is ever afterwards a man of veneration and of great influence. He also states from what direction the spirit came, and usually in the woods, puts a row of stones, indicating the course.

During the time that he is being recovered from his cataleptic condition, which is often hours, he is guarded on all points, by Indians infuriated or excited by some medicines administered, and who are armed by ivory or wooden dirks, faces painted black and their bodies clothed in the skins of wild beasts, the bear being the favorite. These infuriated wretches are in their turn watched and guarded, a rope is round their waists, with two ends, each of which is held by a number of individuals, so that he is prevented from running away or doing injury, and in fact is led wherever it is

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pleased. In order to prevent the cataleptic swimming away he is surrounded by numbers of canoes, who keep at a good distance, and I believe would bolt should he make towards them; however, I presume he would not be allowed to drown, but Indians have told me that in former days it was considered evil to rescue any one from drowning.

Now, here is mesmerism with a vengeance, and has been in existence among the tribes from ancient times. It is impossible to trace how it came among them, and in fact very little is known of the matter. I recollect being told of an Indian who was placed under the influence of ether, in order to have his leg amputated; of course he was made insensible, and the operation rendered painless. This was ten years ago. Some Indians who witnessed the whole of the matter, were somewhat surprised, but said, "we can do exactly the same thing but in a different manner;" no doubt referring to the mesmeric state above spoken of. These medicine affairs usually terminate in dances and feasting, and go off without much detriment.

What has been above described is the usual course of events at and about Victoria, and is very mild and harmless, compared with the Northern tribes. Take an imaginary trip to the end of Vancouver Island, and here additional horrors await you; the mesmerism also exists; the medicine rites are practiced, the same infuriated guards chained or roped, dressed in the skins of wild beasts, bodies painted, and fury in their eyes and actions. There is, however, some method in their madness, for although the whites have been among them and near them, none were ever attacked although threatened. Of course they kept out of their way as much as possible; but on one occasion one of these devils made a rush at a white man, who, however, accustomed to the scene, did not

bolt, as an Indian would have done, but stood still, and when the savage came near enough dealt him a sound English blow between the eyes, which felled him like an ox; the barbarian little expected and was rather astonished at this feat, but walked off, and the affair led to no trouble.

But now to another subject: on one of these medicine feasts, a poor slave was driven about with an iron hook penetrating through the skin of his back and probably the tendons. After this had gone on for some time, he was hauled up and down a pole with this same hook and line several times, and lastly after sundry other rites he was dispatched and eaten by the wretches who call themselves men. This is the fact and shows that Cannibalism exists or did exist at the time of this occurrence, which is said to be only seven or eight years ago. This is horrible, most horrible; but further horrors await you. Go a little further north on the main land, and observe the scars and wounds upon the arms and bodies of the people, men and women; these scars are the result of pieces bitten out by these infuriated beings at medicine seasons, and are looked upon as an honor. At this place the bodies of dogs, alive, either fresh or decayed, are eaten. Go still further north, and disgust and horror will be your portion; the medicine feasts also take place, but these satanic beings take bodies from their tombs, decayed, festering and corrupt, crawling with maggots—rottenness itself; limbs and portions are torn asunder, and the disgusting brutes are seen running about with an arm or a leg, the flesh so putrid as to be dropping from the bones; and then you see them devouring the horrible morsels until not a remnant remains, save the bones. Crowds of Indians look on, awe-stricken; and the devotees are afterwards held in veneration. This is all that is visible, the previous prepara-

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tion is unknown to the whites; what sacred or infernal rites are practiced is but known to the few and initiated. It is unnecessary to go further; even while penning this my candle burns blue, and the shadows upon the walls are like spectres of the scenes annually to be witnessed, and from which I shrink appalled. Do not think that all partake of these rites; there are but few who enter upon the unhallowed paths, and they are the chiefs, or candidates for the chieftainship.

Whence did this medicine institution take its rise? and what is its intention? Of the former nothing is known: in the Indians themselves it is lost and naught remains but the rites—yet as all these Indians are supposed to have come from the East, where similar sacrifices have been made under other forms, it is presumed to have been derived from thence. As to its use and intention almost as little is known; it is said to be practiced in order to keep the tribes under subjection to the chiefs who by these means possess supernatural attributes and by which tribute is gained from their subjects. This explanation can scarcely be agreed to, although now it may be used as stated, but it would appear to be a sacred rite, by which they hold supposed communications with supernatural beings, who in their turn impart supposed knowledge to the initiated. The whole is a madness, which in various shapes was practiced by the ancient nations in the temples of the heathen gods and at various grottoes and sybilline institutions. The whole subject would amply repay investigation, but investigation at the present time is almost impossible from the closeness with which the secret is kept, and probably disclosures would be certain death to the informant.

The idea of holding communication with unearthly beings is not however confined to the chiefs. The young men

are often sent or do often go to receive inspirations. They wander into the woods or among the mountains until the Deity makes his appearance, and, whatever is received from the god decides the future course of the man. The theory of this probably is, that after a certain time the searcher after gods suffers more or less from starvation (for recollect he does not eat or drink until he has seen the spirit); starvation and excitement brings on a species of delirium, which delirium when once induced supplies all that is required. Confessions, however, have been made by some that they did not see anything, others no doubt invent their tale, but still there can be no hesitation in affirming that many of the most nervous and sensitive do hold in their madness what they consider to be a communion with spirits either evil or good. It is also known that some of the most renowned Indian warriors have been accustomed to retire for weeks, yea months, to the mountains, the object being as they stated, to hold communion with their presiding genii. Some of these have been supposed to be mad, but others never went on any warlike expedition excepting they first consulted their Deity.

While upon the subject of Gods, it may be asserted with truth, that the Indians have ideas of a future state. The chiefs go upwards to the skies and there remain in indolent repose, with slaves to attend to all their wants. The lower orders go downwards somewhere; what their lot is I know not, but there is a little discrepancy as to how the slaves should be above to attend upon the chiefs. There is also one very curious circumstance with regard to the dead chiefs; they are said (at least by one tribe) to return again to the earth and are to be known by certain marks upon the body, which of course they had before dying the first time. A boy for instance among this tribe was looked upon with great

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regard, because he had a mark resembling a healed up wound from a musket ball upon the hip. A chief had died some four generations before who had had that very mark, as had been handed down by tradition: it was now fully believed that he had reappeared in the person of this boy: (who was a chief by birth) but future history must declare whether he is to be as renowned a warrior now as he was before or not.

Another curious thing was once related to me by an Indian, whilst taking a trip in a canoe. It is well known that the partridges disappear from the Island just when the gulls make their appearance. He stated that tradition said, that the gulls and partridges were one and the same; that half the year they lived on the water, the other half upon land, and said he, the thing is plain enough; you have only to flatten the beak of the partridge and web his feet and the gull appears, for indeed in color there is a resemblance. But the strangest part of the tale is this:—He said tradition says that these birds are departed Indians, who had been particularly wicked, and therefore are compelled to wander the earth in this shape for punishment.

I shall not enter upon the similarity of these traditions with the doctrine of Metempsychosis and the doctrine of annihilation of the Buddhists; these may be traced out by the more learned and more interested; but what the Indian gods really are is unknown, although certain stone and wooden images have been supposed to represent them. An Indian woman once became sick and lay in a trance for some days; fortunately she was not buried, but recovered; she related having been above among the great chiefs that were, who wanted to know what business she had among them, and they advised her to return, but at the same time advised her to take a young man for a husband, which she, having return-

ed to the earth or recovered from trance, very quickly did, although she had two husbands living already. This case is rather peculiar, not only as bearing upon the existence of a future state among the Indians, but in the fact that although Indians may and do possess many wives, yet it is rare for a woman to possess more than one husband. This lady was, however, a great chief, which may make a difference; at all events at her death a large log was placed near her residence, covered with carving and hieroglyphics, which was held in much veneration.

It has already been stated that the rites of the medicine feasts are more numerous and more dreadful the further we go north. Before the persons are here thrown into a mesmeric state, they are (it is said) starved for a long time, until they become pallid and emaciated. It is said that starvation is carried on for two or three weeks, but it is probable that some substance is slyly administered. When starvation has been carried to a sufficient extent, they are ready for the mesmerist. Here we stop, and know no more; but it is stated by some that the cataleptic condition is produced by rattling before the individual and making all kinds of noises, until the due effect is produced; this, however, is doubtful. It must however be recollected, that the term "medicine feast" has no relation to what we term the medical art; any one can be a doctor who chooses. "Medicine feasts" refers to those things already related.

The effects of these rites upon the Indian mind are very numerous and various; it renders them superstitious, believers in charms, spells, and evil influences. They suppose that with a hair of the head bad medicine may be worked so as to destroy life, either gradually or suddenly. This being the case with hair, blood is considered more potent, so much so that the greatest care is exercised,

whenever blood is spilled in any way, to see that none of it falls into strange hands. It is not necessary that the bad medicine should be administered; on the contrary, it may act by charm, incantations, &c., from any distance, and may be made either by enemies in their own tribe or from without. Of course none can tell the mode or manner in which such things are made or act, but the belief is strong, as also that of the "evil eye." Many cases of real bodily disease are frequently put down to "evil influence wrought upon the person," and it is not uncommon for an Indian to be shot, who from some cause or other has been suspected of dabbling in the occult sciences. Some idea may now be formed of the power medicine men have over their subordinates; for of all powers, mystery, superstition, and the belief in charms, spells, &c., are the greatest; in fact, they are the keys of life and death.

Now what are the Indian ideas of diseases proper and their treatment, omitting accidents, wounds and such like? As a rule it is supposed that a person suffering from internal disease, has become possessed of the devil, or has been worked upon by charm and spell. Possessed of a devil, means that a wolf, bear, crow, fox, or some other animal, has taken possession of the patient, or perhaps some other noxious influences. The obvious mode of treatment to the Indian, or to any one else is to drive it or them out again, but the Indian proceeds about it in a peculiar manner. The medicine man or doctor is consulted, who gives his opinion that some animal has possessed the patient and must be got rid of. He summons about two dozen people, who enter the lodge, arrange themselves in a circle round the fire, each one possessing a short stick and a box or piece of flat wood; the patient and doctor are sometimes placed in the midst. After a certain time this circle set up a chant and

beat with their sticks upon the boxes or flat pieces of board. The time kept is very good and the tunes often not unpleasant. The doctor now commences his incantations; then uses rattles and makes other noises; rubs, champoos, blows upon the patient and spits upon him, often paints the body black, or places him before the fire and covers him with burnt charcoal or leaves, powdered cedar bark, and what not. After a longer or shorter interval spent in these interesting exercises, which are very laborious to the medical attendant, the patient is put to bed and for the most part starved, lest the food should be consumed by his internal enemy.

If the patient recover of course the adversary has been driven out by the potency of the treatment: but if he only partially recover one of two things takes place; he either goes through the same performance again or the doctor declares that although the wolf, bear or whatever it was, has been driven out, still that a beaver, crow, or some other animal has taken his place and the necessary incantations and treatment for the expulsion of this must be had recourse to. Well and good: various modifications of the treatment alluded to, then go on again, until the patient gets well; and when he does he has to pay pretty sweetly his medical adviser. But if the patient dies, he may die because the enemy has taken too strong possession to be dislodged, or it may be considered the fault of the physician, in which case he is very likely to be killed in return, so that the medical practitioner does not enjoy a very enviable position. But even here as in civilized communities, additional advice is often sought, and if the patient be a man of note, half a dozen doctors are by no means extraordinary. Scarifications and sucking the blood are very much employed. A woman was troubled with swelling of the

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abdomen: the doctor said it was full of blood which must be taken out. He set about the treatment as before mentioned with women, sticks, drums, rattles, incantations, and so on, but he determined to suck the blood out. He commenced sucking the skin over the abdomen: after a while he spat a little blood from his mouth; in process of time the quantity increased so that at last he brought out mouthfuls; the floor of the lodge was streaming with blood! The abdomen diminished in size and the patient was well. Where the blood came from must be left to others to judge, but the fact is as stated. Up north *post mortem* examinations are very frequently made by the doctor before the friends of the deceased, and of course the doctor takes pretty good care, that his diagnosis shall be found correct by the examination. One instance I remember. An Indian died; the diagnosis before death was, that he had a musket ball in his interior placed there by bad medicine. A *post mortem* examination was held and after some search lo and behold! a musket ball is produced from the intestines. This was certainly a piece of chicanery on the part of the doctor, but it saved his life.

Here is a specimen of white man's treatment of disease in Indians. A red-skin had been ill a long time, with some disease or pain in the stomach; he believed himself possessed of some evil spirit which the Indian doctors could not drive out. A glass of soda water or rather an effervescing draught was given him, and he was told to drink it. He looked aghast to drink the boiling fluid, but yielded and down it went; the Indian only being surprised at its being cold instead of hot. After a few moments as is very common after drinking such draughts, belching took place and a quantity of gas came up with considerable noise. "There!" says the white man, who had his wits about him, "there

is the skookum or evil spirit driven out at last and you are cured!" The Indian was not sick afterwards! Of course this disease had been a mere fancy, but no doubt the result of superstition working upon the mind.

Of medicines proper they may be said to know nothing: but the warm and steam bath is very commonly employed. Sometimes a dose of medicine given by a white man does not have so good an effect. A settler gave an Indian a dose of salts—the Indian took it and died the same day. The salts was immediately considered to have caused death and the administerer had to conceal himself for some days; otherwise he would have followed his patient to Walhalla. The excitement having subsided, the man returned and remained unharmed. But although they know but little of medicine proper, the recoveries from wounds is very surprising. Injuries that most certainly kill any white man are cured in the Indian, not from any skill in surgical treatment, but I presume from the fact of their being in a more natural or low state, than the white man, for it is said to be an axiom, that the more cultivated or civilized man becomes, the less able is he to bear any very serious wounds or injuries. In the Indian, joints may be shot through and the man recovered, and more than one may be seen, who has been shot in the lungs or abdomen. There was an Indian on the coast who had a buck-shot in his brain—the only inconvenience being headache upon rapid motion or turning. He lived thus for a long time, but one night he got intoxicated, and the next morning was a corpse.

Second sight is believed among the Indians: individuals can foretell things about to happen; such men are looked upon with veneration by their tribes. The individuals are few in number and do not prophecy often. As a matter of

course but little faith is put in their sayings by white men, but the following incidents are at least curious. An Indian up north related to a white man, that by "second sight" he had seen an English "man-of-war," and that she would be upon the coast in three days from that time. No one about the place expected anything of the kind, and he was laughed at—a very improper mode of treating an Indian—but upon the third day, lo and behold, a man-of-war appeared, and more than that; at the time the Indian prophesied the arrival, this ship was hundreds of miles away and therefore could not have been seen by superiority of vision.

A grey headed venerable man sat pensive and desponding before his lodge; he was a known seer. At length he spake, and at intervals said: "Woe unto you,

my children, woe unto you, my friends—destruction awaits many—I see men armed for the fight—they belong to the tribe [naming it] they move on and now they attack you, my friends—the slaughter is fearful. At the third moon from this blood will flow like water on the lands—remember what I say, for before that I shall be no more." The old man remained melancholy and dejected and ere long died; but at the time indicated the attack took place. His tribe was unprepared, and frightful slaughter took place—and in truth the blood flowed like water upon the land.

CALIFORNIAN WHORTLEBERRIES.—Whortleberries are said to be unusually plenty, this fall, in Humboldt county.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY W. F. B. J.

I

THE life-blood of the year is ebbing slowly,
 Staining with crimson drops the fallen leaves
 He who was once so proud now lies there lowly,
 While Autumn garners up her golden sheaves.
 The flaunting aster, purple-lipped, has perished,
 The rainbow-colored dahlias withered all,
 And, like one fond regret which love hath cherished,
 Alone the ivy shivers on the wall.

II.

A voice o'erburdened with a low, wild moaning,
 Sighs out its plaints upon the midnight air,
 Like a lost spirit for its sins atoning,
 Whose only whisper is the word 'Despair.'
 The waves of sound throb wildly 'gainst the shutter,
 And fast recede into the darksome night,
 Trembling with sadness, like the painful flutter
 Of frightened doves in their uncertain flight.

III.

The Frost-King is abroad, with magic finger
 Twining in Earth's tresses icy curls;
 While on her brow his freezing kisses linger
 'Till morn shall melt them to a crown of pearls;
 The naked trees fling out their quivering branches,
 Like spectral fingers clasping shadowy forms;
 While each hail-smitten crest in fury launches
 A proud defiance to the hissing storms.

IV.

I hear the waves of ocean far rebounding—
 The white-keyed organ of the universe—
 That in their eager joy, seem ever sounding
 Their Maker's praises in majestic verse:—
 Far, far through rocky halls the anthem pealing
 Fills the vast caverns with its floods of song,
 And on the distant ear comes softly stealing
 Like sighs of flowerets borne the wind along.

V.

O, winds and waves! with a tumultuous thronging,
 Old memories come on sorrow-burdened wing,—
 Memories of one, who, with an earnest longing,
 Drank deep the inspiration which ye bring.
 Your trembling lips pronounced a benediction,
 Morning and evening, on her youthful pride,—
 And when bowed down beneath the great affliction,
 Her wounded spirit drooped its wings and died.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

BY CHAUNCEY.

IN the Spring of 1859, having suffered in health from close study and long confinement, I was advised by my physician to take a trip to the country, and if possible "a little sea air." After due consideration of his candid advice I cast aside Chitty and Blackstone, and on a fine morning in the month of May, found myself on board one of the Northern steamers, bound for Victoria, with all the necessaries for a six weeks tour.

The last shaking of hands was soon over; the hawsers were cast loose; the wheels revolved; the steamer swung into the current; the parting gun was fired; and away we sped.

On the evening of the second day out, feeling much better, I remained on deck longer than usual, and sat at the stern, watching the luminous light of the steamer's wake, till a feeling of weariness came over me, and I fell asleep. I had slept perhaps an hour, when I was awakened by a touch on the shoulder, and, looking up, was startled by the appearance of a stranger bending over me.

There was not a living soul besides ourselves on deck; all had retired.

I arose to retire to my cabin, but the stranger pushed me violently back, and laughed with a strangeness, that sent a shudder through my entire frame. He was a large man, and in my weak condition I could not combat with him; but I was on the point of calling help, when he drew a long knife from his pocket, and told me to make no noise, or both of us would die, at the same time remarking with a diabolical chuckle that he could have thrown me overboard as I slept. It is unnecessary to say that I trembled with horror, for I saw that I was in the power of a madman.

I sat still, hoping that some one of the officers of the ship would come around, and then I would be saved; but suddenly the madman cried, "Come, let us jump overboard, and then all is oblivion."

His eyeballs rolled meanwhile, and his hands twitched with an uneasy motion; there seemed not a moment to be lost,—when, fortunately I thought of a subterfuge, and asked him before taking the final leap that he should give me his history. He looked at me with a suspicious glare for a moment, but seemed to reflect and said, yes, it would be better to give his history first—and seating himself beside me he commenced:

"I was born in Pennsylvania, and my name is Joseph Thorpe. At the age of 13 years, I lost both my parents and was consigned to the care of an uncle. This uncle, having no family of his own, lavished all his kindness upon me. He sent me to school and college and I graduated with honor. I entered a merchant's office, where I remained about three years, when an event occurred, which changed my prospects for life. My employer was a kind-hearted man, very easy-tempered and never found fault with me, and consequently I grew bolder and bolder with him, till one day he reprimanded me se-

verely before all the other clerks. I deserved his rebuke, but in my blind passion could not see it, and I swore a bitter oath that I would be revenged, and how do you think I got my revenge?

About three months after the period referred to my employer desired to go to New York, and wished to take his daughter with him, a beautiful young lady who was attending boarding school about forty miles distant. He commissioned me to go for her and I took the train and was soon on the way. But I had not gone far when the fiendish thought entered my head that now the hour of revenge was come! The devil tempted me and I could not resist him. I determined that when the cars should be going at full speed, to push her off.

I soon arrived at the seminary and telling her her father's wish, she was soon prepared. She was, as I said before, a beautiful girl about fifteen years of age, buoyant and merry. Little did she think, poor thing, as she bade good bye to her school mates, that she was never to see them again. Well do I mind the sunny smile that illumined her countenance, as the train began to move towards her father's house. Alas, how soon was that smile to be set in death! As the train rushed on, it seemed as if a thousand fiends were pursuing; and anon as the shrill shriek of the whistle would burst forth, I thought that one of the fiends had at last reached the cars, and that he came towards me and whispered in my ear. I feigned to see a beautiful sight and asked the young lady to step out on the platform, telling her we could see it to better advantage. There were a number of passengers in our car, but they sat with their backs toward us and did not observe me. We gained the platform and, telling her to look in the direction I pointed, I gave her a violent push.

The next moment a terrible shriek was heard, and an object flitted by.—The

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passengers were dumb with horror. The train was stopped; but all that was picked up was a mangled corpse. I played my part so well that I was not even suspected; while I had the satisfaction of seeing her father suffer, I might say a thousand deaths—but now a worm was tearing at my heart; remorse was awakened, and I must try and quiet it.

I determined to travel, and went West where I became a Santa Fe trader. I soon gathered a large fortune, and in the exciting life which I led, for a time forgot my crime; but gradually the awful truth burst upon me, that I was pursued by a fiend. Was there no escape? I fled into Mexico and opened a monte table, and for months continued winning, but in one night lost all. I then determined to come to California, where I would dig for gold, and then go to some foreign country and, in an active life try to bury all in oblivion. I soon reached California and went to the Northern Mines, where I was quite successful. But one dark stormy night, the fiend which dogs my steps, peered into my cabin, and whispered in my ear, that the next time he visited me, he would take me. In my agony I shrieked; my brain was on fire. I rushed out endeavoring to escape; but soon fell unconscious. When I regained my senses, they told me that I had been for several days in a delirious condition; that I had accused myself of a horrible crime; but all this was thought to be the effects of the fever, and nothing more was said. I was confined to my bed for a long time afterwards, but at length I recovered. I now determined to escape from California; but my money had all wasted away in medical expenses. I however managed to get to San Francisco, where I found I could work my passage to the North, and I caught at anything to escape."

At this point of the madman's narrative, with which I had become deeply

horrified, a dark form was seen to approach. I saw that it was the mate, and oh, how I blessed his appearance; but the poor wretch before me howled with terror, and jumping up he cried, "The fiend! the fiend comes to take me!—I will yet escape," and suiting the action to the word he leaped overboard, and a momentary flash in the luminous track of the steamer was all I saw of him. It was a dark night and the vessel going swiftly, so that an attempt to save him was vain.

The mate told me that just before the sailing of the steamer, one of the old hands had deserted, and that this poor wretch, offering his services, they had been accepted; and he knew nothing more about him. But I had learned enough to know that the fiend that constantly pursued him, was his conscience; and of the truth of his story, I have not the least doubt.

When I retired to my cabin, I threw myself on my knees and thanked God for my narrow escape.

THE ALLIGATOR IN PYRAMID LAKE.—A marvelous, though by no means impossible, story, has created much discussion lately in regard to a nondescript in Pyramid Lake. This inland sea is salt only in the northern portion, while the southern part, where the Truckee river enters it, is fresh. The water is deep, and large fish are found in it. Though certainly not a usual thing to find alligators so far north as this region, yet it is well known that they are common in the southern rivers on the western as well as on the eastern shores of the continent; and it is therefore not improbable that the story of the Saurian in the Great Basin is entitled to credit. It is at any rate worthy of being placed on record. We are perfectly well convinced that there are a number of

discoveries in natural history yet to be made in our neighborhood. There is, for instance, a nondescript beast in the southern part of Oregon; why should there not be a nondescript in Pyramid Lake? The story is thus told by William H. Jardin, in the *Sierra Citizen*:

Last July, three of us crossed the Truckee river a short distance above the American camp, and proceeded along the northern shore of the lake in search of wild fowl, great numbers of which abound in and about the tules. We had proceeded perhaps three-quarters of a mile, when Mr. Enslow shot a duck which fell some rods from the shore, and continued fluttering a considerable time, when we were amazed to see an extraordinary object driving swiftly towards our game, which suddenly disappeared, amid great commotion of the water. Enslow exclaimed that it was an alligator; but at my direction we sat quietly in the reeds, in hopes that the creature, whatever it might be, would reappear. Within five minutes the water again showed signs of some large animal in motion, and directly the creature's head appeared slowly moving towards the shore. The monster slowly crawled on land, its tail dragging through the mud and its legs apparently sustaining its immense body with great difficulty, each leg alternating, like the steps of a sluggish quadruped. Having gained the shore, the creature stopped, within thirty feet of our hiding place, cautiously peering about, I suppose, to observe any lurking danger. Just then, while endeavoring to get a better view of the animal, a brittle stick broke under me with a sharp crack, when he turned about with great haste and awkwardness and made for the lake, in which he speedily disappeared, but not before receiving two charges of duck-shot, which, I hardly think, did him serious harm.

Of course, there could be no doubt of

the animal being an alligator; two of us, Enslow and myself, having been familiar with the sight of the creature in the south-western waters. I estimate the dimensions of this one between seven and eight feet long, the head being perhaps twenty inches. On discovering us, the monster raised on his legs, uttering a blowing sound and displaying formidable rows of teeth, but it showed no signs of fight. His color was darker than those of the Mississippi, and less rough, though in other respects I remarked no difference.

PEARL FISHING IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.—A late Mexican journal, published at Ures, in Sonora, notices the fact of a charter of a small schooner by three Americans, for the purpose of pearl fishing in the Gulf of California. They purpose fishing in the Bay of Mulego, where pearls are said to have been found of extraordinary value and astonishing brilliancy. It was here, according to report, that an Englishman named Jeremiah Evans, more than half a century ago, obtained a number of magnificent pearls, of which a collar was subsequently made for the Queen of Spain, which was the admiration of Europe. The pearls of the Gulf of California are, as a general rule, recognized as superior to all others. The fisheries during the time of the Spanish dominion and even down to within a few years, were carried on with great activity, and were a source of wealth to the people of the California Peninsula; but recently they have declined. The American expedition may have the effect of bringing them into prominent notice again. It is supposed that the value of the shells alone will be sufficient to defray the expenses of the expedition; and that what pearls may be obtained will be clear gain.

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CALIFORNIAN TAR BUSH.—(*Triodactylon Californicum*.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE condensed illustration here given, will enable any one—not already familiar with the shrub—to recognize it; if he attends carefully to the following description:

The Tar Bush, from Sulphur Cave, was presented to us a few days since, by Mr. Hutchings, together with many other rare and interesting novelties of the vegetable kingdom, which we shall notice in detail very shortly. This bush in particular, so far abounds in California, that to notice all its known localities, would be too tedious. We propose simply to give a short, popular description, in order to make it better known and duly appreciated for its medicinal properties.

The Tar Bush is shrubby, erect, branching, and smooth; three to five feet in height. The recent stems and leaves exude a gum-resin. It is this sticky or pitchy property which is so significantly set forth in the common name.

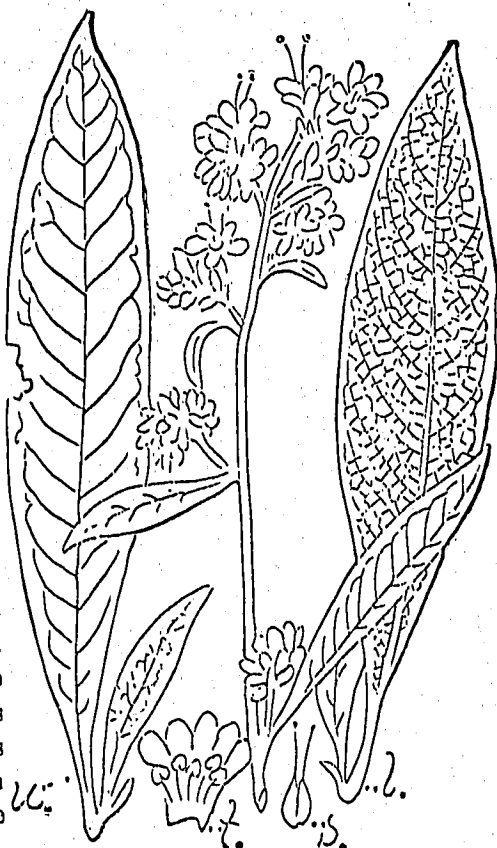
The thick and leathery leaves are about three or four inches in length and somewhat variable in breadth, often without teeth; elliptical-lance-shaped; tapering gradually into the short leaf-stem, alternately set. The feather-veined appearance of the upper surface is seen in the leaf marked *u*. They are also often worm eaten, as we see in this example.

The lower surface is remarkably net-veined, rendered more conspicuous by the short white down in the little angular interspaces as represented in the leaf *l*, showing the lower side. The flowers are rather pretty, of a pale purplish-blue; arranged in clustered and coiled racemes at the ends of the branches—*f*, a flower laid open showing the five short stamens—*s* the seed-vessel with its two styles.

The leaves have a strong terebinthine

taste, and a fragrant balsamic odor. They are eaten by those suffering from chronic rheumatism and affections of the kidneys and adjacent viscera. Beaten up and applied to eruptions from poison oak, they are also useful—or in salves for ill-conditioned and indolent sores, and for healing cuts &c.

The best method in rheumatism, is to make an infusion by steeping a single handful of the leaves to a pint of water, and drink it during the day. We have had the most emphatic personal assurance of relief, from those who have used it. In one instance of excruciating gout, it was used both internally and externally, with great success. As a healing and emollient poultice, we think it entitled to favor. Its reputation, however, is not fully established in all these respects. There can scarcely be a doubt, even with the most skeptical, as to its beneficial effects as a general tonic.



Our Social Chair.

ON social occasions it is good to make due and proper allowances for the individualities and peculiarities of acquaintances and to agree with them on all matters of small importance, rather than mar the general harmony by contradiction and contention. In this *Social Chair* we shall accordingly treat all the world and the rest of mankind with politeness; and we hope that the compliment will be returned to us, when we chance to say things that all readers may not endorse or when we write a little too much or a little too little on any given subject. It is a bad state of affairs when a serious man can not unbend once in a while. It is not necessary that he should be boisterous, or tell old stories, or set the table in a roar;—that is not our idea of a Social Chair;—but every man ought to pay up his proportion of talk, and gossip, and cheerfulness, whenever and wherever these are specially in demand.

Cannot a man be a very sociable, pleasant, agreeable, whole-souled fellow, and at the same time be serious and earnest? We know among our living friends some very companionable individuals, who never attempted a pun or cracked a joke in their lives; and among our dead friends, that is to say the literary geniuses, we confess a penchant for the sober old fellows as solid companions. To our mind old Montaigne and old Burton and the rest of the old crop of gossips are more companionable than all the jest books in the world; even though they never make us laugh, but only provoke a smile. A good broad laugh here and there, is without doubt a good thing; doctors say it is healthy; that great laughers grow fat, and fat men enjoy life; but it is a matter of doubt whether there is not quite as much and may be more benefit in the chaster and more refined pleasure of a smile than in the loudest laugh of the equine family. A stump speaker will rehash you any quan-

tity of old saws and parade you any number of grotesque images; and you, in common with the rest of his audience, may feel like shattering the benches with your big stick; but after all is said and done, there is not left in the soul that genial and satisfied feeling, which the after dinner talk of a great traveller or a superior man of any kind produces. Cheerfulness is better than joy for its wearing qualities. Jests are like champagne wine, they pop and foam and sparkle for a while, and then are—dish water.

Reader, have you been to see the wreck of the Granada? If you have not, you have lost an opportunity of being very sentimental. There is something so affecting in the fact that the Granada should have come 14,000 miles, more than half the circumference of the globe, through cold and heat and wind and wave, only to be dashed to pieces at the end of her voyage. She could securely steam her way through the rocks and currents of Magellan; but the passage of the Golden Gate—that was too much for her. Thus a man often sails prosperously down the broad stream of time, braving death and danger in a thousand different horrible forms and shapes, and just as he imagines he is entering the harbor of his hopes and aspirations and carelessly dashes ahead, of a sudden he hears the roar of breakers ahead and sees rocks under his bows. But he is fated; and it is no use to reverse the engines. G-r-r, I thump! crack!—and all is over with him. Forty thousand steam-tugs will never draw him out into the broad current again.

There is another sentiment which this wreck suggests. Captain Howes brings her 14,000 miles without a graze or scratch; and just as the voyage is up he has to trust for the last 20 miles to another. For ninety long days and nights, the ves-

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sel has fronted the dangers of the great ocean; but in a paltry half hour in careless hands, she is thrown up, a melancholy spectacle. Thus too often is the careful and laborious work of years wrecked on the eve of fruition.

This puts one in mind of politics, which is just now the almost sole topic of excitement. How ought a philosopher to look upon and treat politics, such as we see it around us? Some rail at it; some despise it. We have often seen a couple of tumble-bugs fighting over a round ball of dirt, which each regarded as a treasure though it was in fact but a lump of nastiness—yet it was interesting to witness the strife; it showed the nature of the bugs. Just so does the strife over the spoils of office show the nature of politicians.

The tumble-bug rolls his ball of tumble-bug-wealth together by turning tail on and pushing backwards.

What a happy fellow a Prince must be, to be sure! Not so much because he has such an abundance of all that wealth can buy; but to be so noticed and caressed by the world; to have the universal Yankee nation at one's feet; to have the New York belles by the ears, who shall have the first dance with me! But there goes a story that the prince has *also* been spanked by his royal mamma. We warrant you that he has the heart-burn quite as often as other gay young men. History nowhere shows that Princes are the happiest of mortals. But it would be glorious to be a Prince—for a change.

Pure blood reminds us that we have had a great show of blooded stock in San Francisco. Mr. Emerson of Santa Clara had a splendid looking specimen, genus *bos*, there, called "Prince of the Pacific"—and this Prince too was noticed and caressed, in his way. It might take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell which of the two Princes ought to feel most flattered at the notice taken of them.

The Fashions.

Cloaks are cut, first a large Circular reaching as long as to the first flounce on the bottom of the dress, this circular is then slashed to the droop of the shoulder in five places, viz: once on each shoulder and three times in the back—a square Pagoda sleeve is set in on the back seam of the gore, the other three gores are of the same width, and when this circular is of cloth and the gores of velvet, and the sleeves trimmed with velvet and lace—and a hood of velvet is trimmed with a cord and tassels to correspond—this cloak is exceedingly stylish, and is quite new, and is called the "venetiana." In trimming up the gores, embroidery is prettiest, but a less expensive and at the same time rich and tasty trimming is the daisy button, surrounded with lace.

For Misses—plain circulars with hoods, and of one solid color, trimming and all, are worn most. Merinos are most used for the entire suit—gaiters to match in color,—Leghorn hat with white Ostrich feather, rosettes and strings of white.

Bonnets.

Bonnets are a size smaller and two sizes shorter at the corners, which are also made wider, and the string is set up a little, and the ties are of narrow ribbon. Buckram frames are most used at the present, as velvets are in requisition for the cold weather. They are still made of mixed colors.

Bonnets are gaily trimmed with large red and yellow roses made still more gorgeous by a mixture of bright blue harebells and whitesnowdrops; indeed *nothing*, writes our correspondent, can vie in coloring with this Fall's ribbons and flowers but the banks of our glorious "Hudson,"—and whose drapery so profusely magnificent as hers, whose dye stuffs so varied and costly seeming, as those wherein she steepers her woodland foliage?—but we are occupying more than our allotted space, and will stop short by stating that *black and bright colors* in plaid ribbons and in plaid silks for

dresses are the style in New York. Next month we will speak of bridal dresses &c.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

STATE.

POLITICS is just now the chief topic of conversation and news throughout the State; and the people generally care for little else, talk of little else, and think of little else than politics. When a mail arrives from the East, the first question asked is a political one. Over the whole State for the last few weeks the cry has been politics, politics, politics; stump-speakers have gone the rounds, tracts have been distributed, letters and circulars have been sent, newspapers by the thousand, newspapers by the million have been printed and distributed; it is the way over the entire Union, and if the people do not vote understandingly at the coming election, it will not be for the want of preaching and talking to.

The most exciting and doubtless the most important political news of the last month, was the election of Col. E. D. Baker and J. W. Nesmith to the U. S. Senate, from Oregon. Col. Baker is an old Californian, well known to the public as a lawyer and able speaker for many years. The news of his election was received in California with tumultuous and widespread enthusiasm.

Sporting men have hardly had time as yet to avail themselves of the opening of the game season, which commenced in accordance with law on September 15th. The markets, however, attest the fact that the horns of the hunters are heard on the hills, and that the slaughter of the innocents has commenced again.

A number of the newspapers created an excitement by the announcement that the cattle disease, which has lately been so fatal in the East, had made its appearance in California. The report was entirely unfounded, and the State continues quite as healthy for the genus *Bos* as for the genus *Homo*.

The Red Bluff *Beacon*, or some illy-informed writer of it, says, that the rivulets in the Red Bluff region are not only paved with coral, but that coral is being formed there. It would be easy to point out numerous sections of the earth's surface where the rivulets run over corals, which were buried in the old geological periods; but the idea that coral is being formed in fresh

water creeks, will not do. We can believe the story of the Alligator in Pyramid Lake; but then fresh water corals are a little too "steep."

The rainy season made its first decided appearance about the 24th of September. There were showers over the greater part of the State, earlier than for many years past.

The mining news are all favorable, and the season of plenty of water hopefully awaited. News from Washoe are of the most cheering kind, and capital is being invested there in large amounts. As an evidence of it, Virginia City is rapidly improving. Silver ore, from Pyramid Lake, is said to have assayed at Sacramento, at the rate of \$6,000 per ton.

A discovery of coal is reported within about one hundred miles of Carson City, in the Washoe region.

Works are to be erected for the reduction of cinnabar or quicksilver ores, which have been found in great reported richness at Knight's Valley, in Sonoma county.

Petaluma creek is full of sardines; the steamboats throw them up on the banks in passing along, and immense numbers of pelicans feed and fatten on them.

The Telegraph was completed as far south as Los Angeles, on October 9th, and we may soon expect a Pony Express by the southern route.

The fisheries at the north of the State are attracting much attention. Whales are plenty off the coast of Del Norte county, and salmon are multitudinous in Klamath, Klam, and other northern rivers.

The Turn Verein Societies of the State had a grand celebration at Stockton, on October 8th and 9th.

Judge Baldwin is reported to be about to resign from the Supreme Bench—hardly without a prospect of something better.

The Arabian camel enterprise in the southern part of the State is regarded as a failure; a camel, lately sent out from Los Angeles towards Fort Mohave, died of exhaustion on the desert. The animal has not had a fair chance as yet.

The discovery of a new silver mine is reported at Bear Valley, in San Bernardino county, of fabulous richness. The discoverers supposed the ore to be lead, and run bullets of it—so says the report—but afterwards it was discovered to be virgin silver worth \$15,000 a ton. The story is a good one, though the mine may not amount to much.

The Bay District opened their great exhibition of sports, course, and that of sports and agricultural products in this city. It has been resigned a few Mechanics' Institute successful exhibition billiard tournament Fair of the Bay District, and particularly races, which

The General and the Presbyterian meetings in

Two fires occurred on the 4th, at the near Sacramento broom factory: way, front and

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Two Courses commenced in this city at Music Hall:

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The British which had arrived on her way to

The steamer 6th October, was towed. The last accident by the below Acapulco

Her passage Acapulco, to Uncle Sam.

A judgment in the U. S. steamer *Uncle Sam* favor of W. H.

breach of piping in the City

Dr. Ver Me dies, on the streets, was the evening of October

The argument den Quicksilver the U. S. District

The will was admitted after a long

On the 9th city celebration by salutes

Sardinian Prince of the King of

CITY.

The Bay District Agricultural Society opened their great Fair on October 4th; the exhibition of stock at the Pioneer Race Course, and that of farm and orchard products and agricultural matters at the Pavilion in this city. The latter place had been resigned a few days previously by the Mechanics' Institute, after a month of successful exhibition, closing up with a grand billiard tournament of three days. The Fair of the Bay District Society was a success, and particularly the stock exhibition and races, which were well patronized.

The General Association of California and the Presbyterian Synod had their regular meetings the first week in October.

Two fires occurred on the night of October 4th, at the same time, one on Drumm near Sacramento street, which destroyed a broom factory; and the other on Broadway, Front and Chambers streets, destroying six or seven sailor boarding houses.

Two Courses of Lectures have been commenced in this city, one a "Military Course" at Music Hall; the other for the benefit of the Church of the Advent at Tucker's Hall.

The British ship-of-the-line *Ganges*, which had arrived from Victoria, departed on her way to England, on October 4th.

The steamer *Golden Age* arrived on the 6th October, with the *John L. Stephens* in tow. The latter steamer had sustained an accident by the breaking of her machinery below Acapulco, and had to be towed back. Her passengers and freight were left at Acapulco, to be forwarded on the steamer *Uncle Sam*.

A judgment of over \$13,000 was recorded in the U. S. Circuit Court, against the steamer *Uncle Sam*, on October 6th, in favor of W. H. Chamberlain and others, for breach of passenger contract, while running in the Garrison line.

Dr. Ver Mehr's Seminary for Young Ladies, on the corner of Bush and Taylor streets, was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of October 10th.

The argument in the great New Almaden Quicksilver Mine case, commenced in the U. S. District Court, on October 8th.

The will of Senator Broderick, deceased, was admitted to Probate on October 8th, after a long and severe contest.

On the 9th of October, the Italians of the city celebrated the successes of Garibaldi, by salutes, and a general display of the Sardinian flag.

Prince Kamehameha, elder brother to the King of Hawaii, arrived in his schooner

about the beginning of October, and made a visit of a couple of weeks. He found much to admire in the improvement of the State during the last ten years.

On the evening of October 13th, the ocean steamer *Granada*, while attempting to enter the harbor in a fog ran upon the rocks near Fort Point, and became a total wreck. She had just come from New York, and was intended for the proposed new Tehuantepec line.

Brevet Brigadier-General N. S. Clarke, of the U. S. Army, Commander of the Department of the Pacific, died on October 17th. The military turned out and made an imposing display on the occasion of his funeral. The body was conveyed to Benicia, and placed in the Army vault.

On October 18th, E. D. Baker, the new U. S. Senator from Oregon, arrived from the North, on his way to Washington, and was received with salutes by his political friends.

G. W. Ryckman, consul at Valparaiso, now on a visit to San Francisco, advertises for all the creditors of Harry Meiggs to call upon him and talk over a settlement.

The schooner *J. B. Ford*, 119 feet long and 280 tons register, the largest sailing vessel ever built in California, was launched in this city on October 15th.

The steamer *Moses Taylor* arrived in port on October 21st.

U. S. Senator Baker of Oregon, who arrived on the steamer *Brother Jonathan* on October 18th, received his friends at Tucker's Academy of Music on October 22nd. He was greeted by an immense throng of all parties.

The New Almaden case in the U. S. District Court was being argued, when we went to press. Mr. Peachy for the claimants made an opening address of seven days in length. Mr. Randolph for the Government followed at nearly as great length. J. P. Benjamin was to follow him, and then he was to reply. Reverdy Johnson was to come next, and then Mr. Randolph close.

A horrible murder, or series of murders, was committed at the ranch of Theophilus Johnson, near Lone Mountain Cemetery, on October 23d. Mrs. Johnson, her daughter, (thirteen years of age,) and a hired man named William Cook, were murdered by having their skulls beaten in with an axe. It seems probable that Cook was murdered first, by an enemy, and the other two to put the witnesses out of the way. No clue to the perpetrator or perpetrators, could be discovered.

Editor's Table.

WHAT does the general public want to read? In other words what is the most acceptable matter for a Californian Magazine? This question will be answered in different ways by different persons, and each will speak according to his own wisdom or folly. In so far as the community is gossipy, it will want gossip; in so far as it is scientific, it will want science. The general style of a writer shows not only his own character but the character of all, who read him with pleasure.

If we take up a book of Dickens' for instance, we find that his chief characteristic is a good heart, and that he writes for the good-hearts of men. It is no less a compliment to human nature than to himself that he finds so many readers. If we take up a newspaper of wide circulation, we can form a pretty accurate idea of the general character of the community where it is taken; and, on the other hand, if it is desired to give a newspaper a wide circulation, it must be in character with the spirit of its time and place. The community moulds the newspaper much more than the newspaper the community.

The same rule applies to a Magazine; it must adapt itself to the general intelligence and feelings of the community. We have an idea that the general reading public of California and particularly the mining population have been underrated, that they have not been given credit for the real degree of intelligence and good taste which they possess. A great many persons suppose that the only literature fit for the mines is of the "yellow livered" description; but we must differ from them, differ from them not only in opinion but in practice. We have an abiding faith that the

people want solid information and a sober, common-sense view of topics of interest--and we shall endeavor, as far as in our power lies, to supply them.

We have thrown out these remarks in answer to a remark made about our last number. We therein stated that it would be partly our desire to popularize science in so far as it might come up in our treatment of Californian subjects. A friend remarked that a Magazine was only valuable in as far as it enabled a reader to throw away his time pleasantly. Our answer was then, as it is now, that it was of vital importance to make a Magazine pleasant reading; but we have a higher respect for the intelligence of the reading public, than to subscribe to the "throwing away" portion of the remark.

We frequently find in the newspapers from the interior, notices of subjects of scientific or semi-scientific interest. We might cite as an illustration, the notices a few years ago of the tarantula and its winged enemy. Probably every reading man in the State read those notices and remembers them,--doubtless read them with more pleasure and remembers them with more distinctness than any mere editorial matter which has ever been published. So we find that any notice giving new or important information in regard to the natural history of the Pacific coast is eagerly copied from journal to journal; and we cannot but believe that such matter is acceptable to the reading public.

These considerations will explain why we have already given and shall continue to give a portion of our space to matters of a scientific cast, though it is by no means the intention to make them the exclusive subject of notice and treatment.

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Literary Notices.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

When a man takes delight in any particular branch of study, he is almost certain of attaining eminence in that department. It is a loss to the world when a devoted student in any of Nature's great mysteries possesses the power to learn, and yet has not the gift to teach. And observation and experience gives ample evidence that good scholars are not, *per se*, good teachers. Mr. Lewes, however, while he gives abundant proof, in the volume before us, that he has the former, shows also that he is endowed with the latter to an eminent degree. This author takes the reader by the hand, so to speak, and says "come with me, and lovingly study Nature;" and as he opens up this wonder, and explains that profound study, light breaks in upon the mind and opens up new fields of studious recreation. We should like to see such works as this in every school, and made to supersede the musty and unmeaning rubbish generally put into the hands of the young as "Moral Science" and "Intellectual Philosophy," the dry details of which only serve the more to mystify---if not altogether disgust---the youthful student, and set him against metaphysical studies altogether. This volume is a valuable addition to our literature, especially as showing the connecting links between the vegetable and animal world.

EL FURRUIS. By the Author of "The Lamplighter," and "Mabel Vaughan." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Sold by A. Roman, San Francisco.

All readers of Miss Cummings' first work "The Lamplighter," will readily and pleasantly call to mind the characteristic pictures of city life in New York there presented. In this new volume the imagination is transported into Syria, there to witness the beautifully wild, romantic scenes of Mount Lebanon, and to become

familiar to with the interesting employments and habits of the residents of that once remarkable land. The plot of the tale is very well laid, and the characters and their customs remarkably well painted. The author in this work has added new laurels to her already well-won reputation.

THE WEST INDIES AND THE SPANISH MAIN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Harper & Brothers, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

When we read this author's first work we received the impression that his style was somewhat affected. That affectation he has lost, or, our taste has undergone a change. The astute ability brought to bear on the themes upon which he unites, takes you out of the author into the subject. The vigor and life-like raciness with which he portrays the scenes and people in the tropics, is very entertaining, and leaves the conviction that the writer possesses a penetrating and impartial mind. This work, picturing as it does the present condition of those countries---especially of Jamaica---and their inhabitants, should be read by every sincere friend of the colored race, both North and South.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CHEMISTRY OF GOLD, SILVER, QUICKSILVER AND LEAD, tracing the crude ores from the mines through the various Mechanical and Metallurgic Elaborations, until the pure mineral is obtained. Collected from the best sources, and his own Practical Experience, by EDWARD PIQUE. Printed by Towne & Bacon, San Francisco. For sale by H. H. Bancroft & Co.

This is a valuable little book of 133 pages, just published in this city, giving in a clear, condensed and well-arranged form a knowledge of the chemical properties of the metals named, particularly with reference to practical mining and assaying. It explains the various methods of treating the ores in the most celebrated mines in the world, and gives clear and intelligible directions for reductions, refinings, furnace building, amalgamation, and so on, illustrating the whole with thirty-seven wood cuts. The miner, who does not clearly

know all that the book contains, should inform himself as soon as possible. Mr. Pique's book is more than a Practical treatise; it is, to our mind, very interesting reading matter.

A LIFE STRUGGLE. By Miss PARDOE. Published by W. J. Pooley & Co., New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

Ferdinand Greville is the hero, and Laura Heathcote the heroine of this novel. They love each other, and are betrothed. After this it is discovered that the father of Greville has forged several papers, and in order to secure their destruction the hero agrees to give up Laura, and at the request of Mrs. Heathcote, who possesses the forged papers, to use his utmost influence to form a match between Laura and the Earl of Ravenswood. This union is instigated by her mother, to revenge herself on a sister who, having married a nobleman, looked down upon her as the untitled wife of a merchant. This union is consummated, and a young girl in her teens marries a

man of fifty, and who proves to be the father of Ferdinand, so that the sacrifice made by the hero in giving up Laura is found to be altogether unnecessary. The story is simply and pleasingly told, and, although not of the highest order, is very interesting.

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS; or Laughter for a Life-time. "Conceived, compiled, and comically concocted by SPAVERY; aided, added and abetted by over 200 curious kutz, from Original Designs carefully drawn out by McLenan, Hoppin, Darley, &c., &c., to say nothing of Leech, Pliny, Doyle, Cruikshank, Meadows, and others." The whole engraved by S. P. Avery. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. A. Roman, San Francisco.

To those very dyspeptic-looking and long-faced people who do not wish to be cured, and afterwards die laughing, we recommend them by no manner of means to buy this book. Its titles leaves nothing for us to say, except that "the half is not there told," for it is full to overflowing with racy wit and sparkling good-natured humor.

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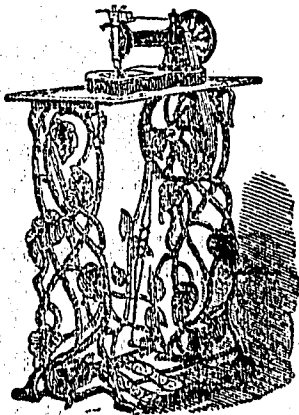
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"Young ladies entrusted to the care of the Principal, and boarding in the Institution, are never allowed to frequent balls or parties. They never leave even the precincts of the Seminary, unless accompanied by their parents or one or more of their teachers."

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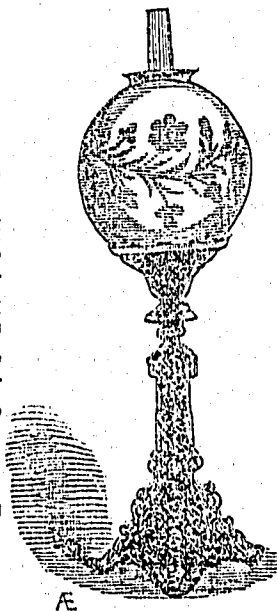
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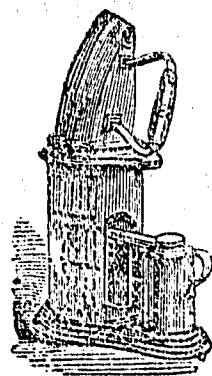
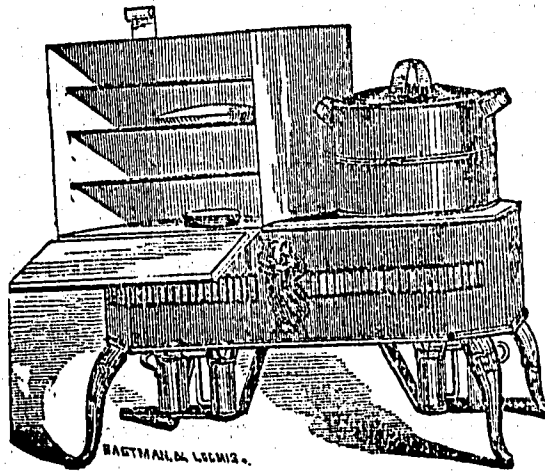


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To look for what we
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Just let us know the
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We pay the cash, not
run our face.

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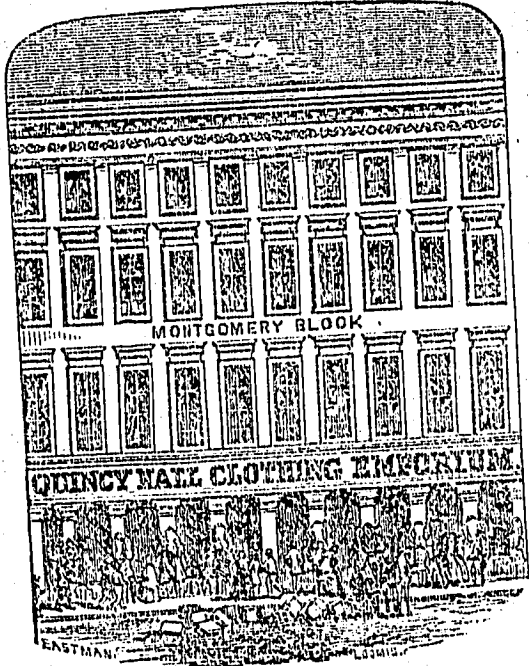
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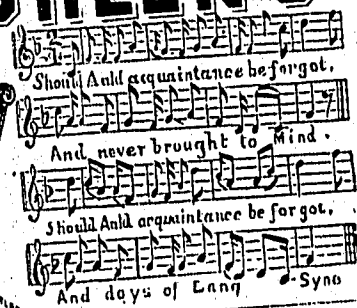
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