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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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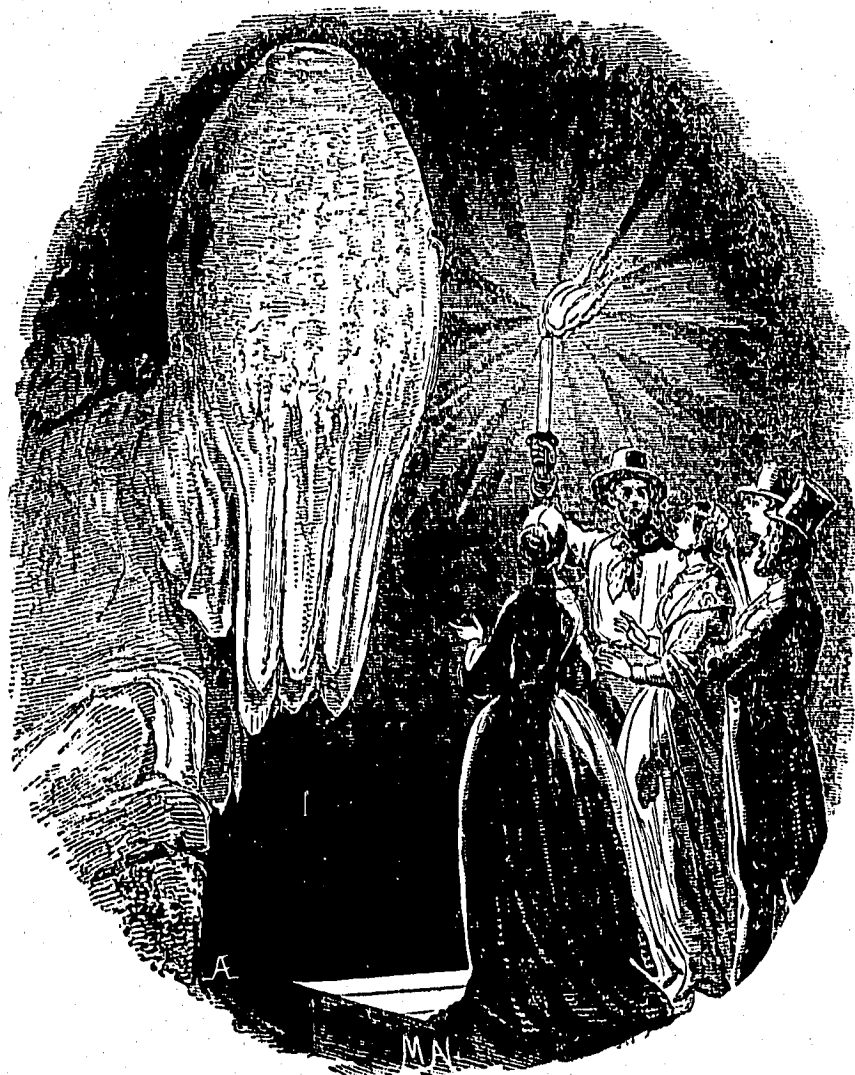
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HUTCHINGS'

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VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1860. No. 6.

THE ALABASTER CAVE, OF EL DORADO, CO., CAL'A.



THE PULPIT.

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WHENEVER nature steps out of her usual course to make anything very beautiful or very wonderful, it is not unreasonable to expect that men and women, generally, will be gratefully willing to go out of their way to see it. It is true that many men love money, more than they love nature, and will not go; others, love nature more than money, and yet often feel too poor, almost, to gratify that love; and yet another class have become so much habituated to the same stool in the counting-house, the same old chair in the office, the same familiar standing-place in the store, and the same spot in the workshop, mine, or field; that nothing short of an earthquake or revolution, could induce them to turn aside from the well-worn highways of business habit, to see anything beyond themselves, and their business routine. In their eyes it is the Alpha and Omega of life, the beginning and end of all things, yea, life itself. But unfortunately—or fortunately!—hab. it unfits them for anything beyond the machine—man. The blue sky, the bright sunshine, the flower-carpeted earth, the foliage-clothed trees, the moss-grown cavern, the mighty hills, or the forest-formed harps touched by the fingers of the wind, and playing their grand old anthems of praise have no inviting and suggestive voice, that “man was made for enjoyment as well as duty—for happiness as well as business” and that the probability is apparent, that the God-like faculties bestowed upon him, enabling him, if cultivated, to hold communion with the beautiful, the enobling, the sublime, or wonderful, would not have been if man were not expected to be something loftier than a mere hum-drum business machine.

Nature sometimes turns over some new and wonderful pages in her glorious old volume, and discovers to men such marvels as the Groves of Mammoth trees,

the Yo-semite valley, the Geysers, the natural bridges, and caves, and recently the Alabaster cave of El Dorado county. At such times there are many persons who will find time to open their sight-seeing eyes, and take a glimpse, if only to say, that “they have seen them,” lest they should be deemed behind the age or out of the fashion. But there are others again, and their name is legion, in this new State, who adore, yea almost worship, the beautiful, the grand, the astonishing; from the handful of soil, that gives out so many varieties of rare and fragrant flowers, and luscious fruits, to the vast cathedral-formed arches and intricate draperies of stone, produced by chemical agencies and mystical combinations in one or more of nature's great laboratories beneath the surface of the earth.

With the latter class it is always a pleasure to be in company; as a pleasure shared is always doubled; besides, kindred spirits have a happy faculty of reproduction, denied to others.

A ledge of limestone rock, resembling marble in appearance, cropped out by the side of the El Dorado valley turnpike road, which, after testing, was found to be capable of producing an excellent quality of lime. Early in the present year Mr. William Gwynn employed a number of men to quarry this rock, and build a kiln. To these works he gave the name of “Alabaster Lime Quarry, and Kiln.”

On the 18th of April last, two workmen, George S. Halterman and John Harris, were quarrying limestone from this ledge, when, upon the removal of a piece of rock, a dark aperture was visible, which upon being enlarged enabled them to enter. The flood of light pouring in through the opening made, enabled them to proceed some fifty feet. Before venturing further they throw a stone forward, which, falling into water,

determined them to procure lights before advancing farther.

At this juncture, Mr. Gwynn came up, and, upon being informed of the discovery, sent for candles, to enable them to further prosecute their explorations. Mr. Swan of Placerville by chance making his appearance they all entered together. The result of this, after several hours spent, cannot be better given than in Mr. Gwynn's own language, from a letter addressed to Mr. Holmes, a gentleman friend of his, residing in Sacramento City, and afterwards published in the *Sacramento Bee*, dated April 19th, 1860:

DEAR HARRY:—Wonders will never cease. On yesterday, we in quarrying rock, made an opening to the most beautiful cave you ever beheld. On our first entrance, we descended about fifteen feet, gradually, to the center of the room, which is one hundred by thirty feet. At the northend there is a most magnificent pulpit, in the Episcopal church style, that man ever has seen. It seems that it is, and should be called, the "Holy of Holies." It is completed with the most beautiful drapery of alabaster, of all colors, varying from white to pink-red, all overhanging the beholder. Immediately under the pulpit, there is a beautiful lake of water, extending to an unknown distance. We thought this all, but, to our great admiration, on arriving at the center of the first room, we saw an entrance to an inner chamber, still more splendid, two hundred by one hundred feet, with the most beautiful alabaster overhanging in every possible shape of drapery. Here stands magnitude, giving the instant impression of a power above man; grandeur, that defies decay; antiquity, that tells of ages unnumbered; beauty, that the touch of time makes more beautiful; use, exhaustless for the service of men; strength, imperishable as the globe, the monument of eternity—the truest earthly emblem of that everlasting and unchangeable, irresistible majesty by whom and for whom all things were made. WM. GWYNN.

As soon as this interesting announcement was noised abroad, hundreds of people flocked to see the newly discovered

wonder from all the surrounding mining settlements of Whiskey Bar, Wild Goose Flat, Rattlesnake Bar, Pilot Hill, (Centreville,) and other places, so that within the first six days, it was visited by upwards of four hundred persons; many of whom, we regret to say, possessed a larger organ of acquisitiveness than of veneration, and laid vandal hands on some of the most beautiful portions within reach, near the entrance. This determined the proprietor to close it until arrangements could be made for its protection and systematic illumination, the better to see and not to touch the specimens.

At this time Mr. Gwynn leased the cave to Messrs. Smith & Halterman, who immediately began to prepare it for the reception of the public by erecting barricades, platforms, etcetera; and placing a large number of coal oil lamps at favorable points, for the better inspection of the different chambers.

The discovery being made in the spring, considerable water was standing in some of the deepest of the chambers; but signs were already visible of its recession at the rate of nearly six inches per day, and, in a few weeks, it entirely disappeared, leaving the cave perfectly dry. This afforded opportunities for further explorations; when it was found that a more convenient entrance could be made, with but little labor, from an unimportant room within a few feet of the road. This was accordingly made, and which, in addition to convenience, allows of the free circulation of pure air. Having thus given an historical sketch of the discovery, with other matters connected with its preservation and management, we shall now endeavor to take the reader with us—at least in imagination—in describing

OUR VISIT.

We had grown tired of looking, month after month, upon the same sanctum walls; of being a mere pen-driving ma-

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chine from week beginning to week ending; and, consequently, felt ready for anything that offered a change. It is true the flowers, for the most part, had dried up and departed; that the grass had grown withered and sere, and that dust, in all kinds of cloudy sportiveness, had given intimations of a readiness to powder hair—and clothes, too, for that matter—to any extent, free of charge. Besides, knowing—or at least believing—that our “peck of dust,” allowed by (no one can tell how ancient a) tradition to every person I had, years ago, followed the fortunes and destinies of our meals, and had quietly been disposed of without visible injury, we were prepared to receive any new instalments of the article in store, on our own account, or on that of anybody else.

Therefore, nothing daunted, we elbowed our way aboard the new and convenient California built steamboat, the Chrysolis—or, as a merry friend of ours calls it, (we think in sportive derision of the name,) the “Erysipelas”—we arrived in Sacramento shortly after midnight; remained on board until daylight; at half-past six o'clock, A. M., took the cars of the Sacramento Valley Railroad for Folsom, and arrived there at a quarter to eight, making the distance of 22½ miles, within an hour and a quarter.

Folsom is a perfect stage coach Babel, where stages from all points of the central mines connect with that terminus; but, as we shall have something to say about this in a future number, we will leave the subject for the present, and make our way for that quiet-looking, open-faced (and hearted,) middle-aged man, who is patiently sitting on the box of his stage, his good-natured countenance invitingly saying, “If there are any ladies and gentlemen who wish a pleasant ride to-day, to “Alabaster Cave,” it shall not be my fault if it is

not one of the most agreeable they ever took.” That gentleman is Capt. Nye.

We ask, somewhat hurriedly, if his is the conveyance for the Cave, when a bluff and kindly response is, “Yes, sir; but don't hurry yourself, I shall not start for a few minutes, and the day is before us.” It may not be amiss here to remark that the Alabaster Cave is located on Kidd's ravine, almost three quarters of a mile from its debouchment in the north fork of the American river; ten miles from Folsom, by the “Whiskey Bar” road; and thirteen miles by “Shaws” road, known as the El Dorado Valley Turnpike.

As our coachman cries “all aboard,” and as he has way-passengers on the latter route and none on the former, we, of course, give it the preference.

From Folsom, then, our course lay over gently rolling hills, with here and there an occasional bush or tree, to Mormon Island. Here peach orchards and well-cultivated gardens offered a grateful relief to the dry and somewhat dusty road.

Crossing the south fork of the American by a long, high, and well-built suspension bridge, we ascended, on an easy grade, to a mining camp, named Negro Hill. Threading our way among mining claims, miners, and ditches, we passed through this latter town into the open country, where buckeye bushes, now scantily clad in dry brown leaves that bespeak the approach of autumn—the nut pine, and the dark, rich foliage of white oaks, dotted the landscape.

Presently, we reached the foot of a long hill covered with a dense growth of chapparel, composed mostly of chemical bushes. As we ascended, we felt the advantage of having an intelligent and agreeable coachman, who explained the localities visible from the road. From the summit of Chapparel Hill, we had a glorious prospect of the country for many miles.

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THE ALABASTER CAVE.

There, is "Monte Diablo," sleeping in the purple distance; yonder, "Sutter's Buttes," which bespeak, at once, their prominence and altitude; while the rich valley, and the bright silvery sheen of the Sacramento, and tributaries, are spread out in beauty before us. The descent to the cave is very picturesque and beautiful, from the shadowy grandeur of the groups of hills seen in the distance.

Arriving at the cave, or rather at the "Alabaster Hotel," we had an excellent appetite for a good dinner, and soon found enough to satisfy it. Indeed, we were much indebted to Mr. Holmes, the proprietor of the hotel, for the many attentions extended to us by him during our stay. This will also, with great justice, extend to the gentlemanly lessees of the cave, who, with prompt pleasure, gave us all the information, and pointed out wonders, that might have been overlooked in the multitude of attractions found.

Here let us give a table of distances to Alabaster Cave, from

Rattlesnake Bar,.....	1½	miles.
Pilot Hill,.....	4	"
Gold Hill, Placer Co.....	6	"
Mormon Island,.....	6½	"
Auburn,.....	8	"
Negro Hill,.....	6	"
Greenwood Valley,.....	9	"
Lincoln,.....	9	"
Folsom,.....	10 and 13	"
Uniontown and Coloma,.....	16	"
Georgetown, El Dorado Co.,.....	18	"
Diamond Sp's. & El Dorado City,.....	20	"
Iowa Hill, Placer Co.,.....	20	"
Forrest Hill,.....	20	"
Placerville,.....	23	"
Grass Valley,.....	30	"
Sacramento,.....	32	"
Nevada,.....	34	"
Marysville,.....	36	"

Dinner being quietly over, let us take a good rest before presuming to look upon the marvels we have come to see;

for too many do injustice to themselves, and the sights to be seen by attempting to see them hurriedly, or where the body is fatigued.

On leaving the hotel, it is but a short and pleasant walk to the cave. At our right hand, a few steps before reaching it, there is a lime-kiln—a perpetual lime-kiln—which, being interpreted, means one in which the article in question, can be continually made, without the necessity of cooling off, as under the old method. Here a large portion of the limo consumed in San Francisco, is manufactured. It is hauled down to Folsom or Sacramento in wagons, as return freight, and from thence transported below. To see this kiln at night, in full blast, as we did, is a sight which alone would almost repay the trouble of a visit. The red-hot doors at the base, with the light flashing on the faces of the men as they stir the fire, or wood-up; with the flames escaping out from the top; and when to this is added the deep ravine, darkened by tall, overhanging, and large-topped tree, and shrubs; while high aloft sails the moon, throwing her silvery scintillations on every object around, from the foliage-draped hill, to the bright little rivulet that murmurs by.

At these works, there are forty barrels of limo manufactured every twenty-four hours. To produce these, three and a half cords of wood are consumed, costing, for cutting only, \$1 75 per cord. To haul this to the works, requires a man and team constantly. Two men are employed to excavate the rock, and two more to attend to the burning—relieving each other, at the furnace, every twelve hours; from morn to midnight.

The rock, as will be seen in the engraving, is supplied from the top, and is drawn from the bottom every six hours, both day and night.

When entering the cave from the road, which is directly in front of the aperture,



THE CRYSTAL CHAPEL.

on our way to the Crystal Chapel, enter other little chambers, in whose roofs are formations that resemble streams of water that had been arrested in their flow, and turned to ice. In another, a perfectly formed boat, from one point of view; and, from another, the front of a small elephant's head. A beautiful, bell-shaped, hollow near here is called "Julia's Bower!"

Advancing along a narrow, low-roofed passage, we emerge into the most beauti-

ful chamber of the whole suite, entitled the "Crystal Chapel." It is impossible to find suitable language or comparisons to describe this magnificent spot. From the beginning, we have felt that we were almost presumptuous in attempting to portray these wonderful scenes; but, in the hope of inducing others to see, with their natural eyes, the sights that we have seen, and enjoy the pleasure that we have enjoyed, we entered upon the task, even though inadequately, of giving an out-

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line—nothing more. Here, however, we confess ourselves entirely at a loss.

Miss Maude Neeham, a young lady visitor from Yreka, has succeeded in giving an admirable idea of this sublime sight, in some excellent drawings, made upon the spot; two of which we have engraved, and herewith present to the reader.

The sublime grandeur of this imposing sight fills the soul with astonishment, that wells up from within as though its purpose was to make the beholder speechless—the language of silence being the most fitting and impressive, when puny man treads the great halls of nature, the more surely to lead him, humbly, from these, to the untold glory of the Infinite One, who devised the laws and superintended the processes that brought such wonders into being.

After the mind seems prepared to examine this gorgeous spectacle, somewhat in detail, we look upon the ceiling—if we may so speak—which is entirely covered with myriads of the most beautiful of stone icicles, long, large, and brilliant; between these, are squares, or panels; the mullions or bars of which seem to be formed of diamonds; while the panels themselves resemble the frosting upon windows in the very depth of winter; and even these are of many colors; that most prevailing being of a light pinkish-cream. Moss, coral, floss, wool, trees, and many other forms adorn the interstices between the larger of the stalactites. At the farther end, is one vast mass of rock, resembling congealed water, apparently formed into many folds, and little hillocks; in many instances connected by pillars with the roof above. Deep down, and underneath this, is the entrance by which we reached this chamber.

At our right stands a large stalagmite, dome-shaped at the top, and covered with beautifully undulating and wavy folds. Every imaginary gracefulness possible

to the most curiously arranged drapery, is here visible, "carved in alabaster" by the Great Architect of the universe.

In order to examine this object with more minuteness, a temporary platform has been erected, which, although detractive of the general effect, in our opinion, affords a nearer and better view of all these remarkable objects in detail.

As this spectacle, as well as the others, is brilliantly illuminated, the scene is very imposing, and reminds one of those highly-wrought pictures of the imagination, painted in such charming language, and with such good effect, in such works as the "Arabian Nights."

Other apartments, known as the "Picture Gallery," etc., might detain us longer; but, as they bear a striking resemblance, in many respects, to other scenes already described, we must take our leave, in the hope that we have said enough to enlist an increased attention in favor of this new California wonder.

As the ride is agreeable; the fare cheap; the coachman obliging; the guides attentive; and the spectacle one of the most singular and imposing in the State, we say to every one, by all means, *go and see it.*

LA PORTE, SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

HOW well do we remember the few agreeable days, spent in this mining town in the winter of 1856; when snow was several feet in depth, and still falling. To sit in the cozy cabin by the large log fire, and listen to the cheerful converse of the miners, when the snow-king had driven them from their daily labors, and clogged the water ditches, was a time to be remembered. We have often thought that mining, if the claim pays well, is one of the most independent and pleasant of all occupations in the mountains—even while ad-

whole scene, united
It is impossible
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mitting that it is very laborious and fatiguing. But to the history.

In 1859 the *Mountain Messenger*, published at La Porte, gave a very interesting account of several mining towns in Sierra county, among which was the one here illustrated, and we know that we cannot do better than present that history to the reader, as there given.—

This flourishing place is pleasantly situated on the north side of Rabbit Creek, on the dividing ridge between the Yuba and Feather Rivers, about sixty-eight miles north of Marysville, and twenty miles from Downieville; and during the winter season is the highest point of the Sierra Nevadas reached by passenger trains. The altitude of La Porte is about four thousand five hundred feet above the sea level.

There is but very little definite or accurate information concerning the time of the discovery of gold in this part; but the year 1851 is generally admitted to be the time. The name of the discoverer is not now known, and probably this very important item in the town's history will ever remain among the things unchronicled.

Mr. Hackett, now a resident of Gardiner's Point, in this county, worked on Rabbit Creek in 1851, and is now the only person residing in this vicinity who was a resident at that early period.

Several stories are rumored in regard to the origin of the name by which this place was known till the year 1857; but the following has the precedence for correctness: some miners who were working, on what is now known as the West Branch, one evening were returning from their labors, when they saw a rabbit.—The sight being a rather novel one in this altitudinous region, the name RABBIT CREEK, was given to the stream; afterwards to the town—if we may dignify a few cabins by that name. In the year 1855, when a Postoffice was established, the

name Rabbit Town was assumed.

The year 1851 marks an important era in the history of this town—in that year Siller's Ditch, the first brought into the place, was completed.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1852.

The succeeding season, 1852, is also a memorable one in the recollection of the old residents of the town. In this year the Rabbit Creek House, the first building erected in the town, was built by Mr. Eli S. Lester, still a resident of La Porte. He had commenced selling goods here in April of that year. The Lexington House, two miles south of this place, built in 1851, was at this time the head of team navigation on what was known as the Jamison route; and from the Lexington, all goods and provisions for more northern points, were packed.

In this year, the first hill diggings were opened on Rabbit Creek. The "Sailor Boys," Hillard & Co., Harrison & Co., O'Hara & Co., Hackett & Co., Brown & Co., Wagoner & Co., and Hudson & Co., opened claims on the West Branch, and E. C. Smith & Co., and Newton & Co., on the East Branch. The completion of Lester's Ditch afforded increased facilities for mining, adding considerably to the prosperity of the camp.

The latter part of the winter, '52 and '53, formed the most disagreeable season ever known in this locality. The snow averaged fifteen feet in depth, and was accompanied by very cold, boisterous weather. There may have been nearly as severe weather, as much snow, and as keen freezing since that time, but ample preparations have been made for the advent of the storm-king, and precautions which could not be taken at that early day, have contributed to make the winters much more pleasant than the one which will be remembered by the old settler, as an epoch in his life to be looked back upon with commingled feelings of joy and sadness.

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STREET VIEW OF LA PORTE, SIERRA COUNTY.



Provisions this year were very scarce, and many articles not to be procured by any means, consequently high prices were demanded. Something of an idea of the prices of early times may be formed from the following list of rates:—Flour, 50 cts. per pound; pork, 65 cts.; coffee, 50 cts.; sugar, 45 cts.; butter, \$1; and fresh beef—seldom to be obtained—sold for fifty cents per pound.

There were but two buildings on the present site of the town, at the close of this year; a log structure erected by Robert Bruce & Co., and Lester's building, to which we have previously alluded. But two families, Jacob Peters, wife and child, and Isaac Griffith and lady, resided here during the winter. About one hundred miners wintered on the Creek, in cabins erected near their claims, during the preceding summer.

The mines, taking into consideration the facilities for working, paid very well in 1852.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1853.

In the year 1853, but few improvements had been made, although the claims about were paying well.

Two stores—one kept by E. S. Lester, and the other by Mortimer Cook—carried on a fair business.

This year was a remarkable one in the history of mining in this section; being the time when hydraulic sluicing, or as it is more commonly called, "piping," was introduced. Mr. Eli Lester, (Eli Straight,) now residing in Sonoma Co., was among the first to introduce the new system of mining. The nozzle attached to the hose first used, measured but one inch in diameter.

The new manner of sluicing away the dirt was found to be a great improvement on the old method, and was generally adopted the same season. About fifty companies worked on Rabbit Creek during the water season, and as a general thing were amply rewarded for their labors.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1854.

During the year following, 1854, the town began to improve rapidly. More buildings were erected in the spring and summer than had been built previous to that time. Mr. Thomas Tregaskis built a dwelling house; A. Lefevre, a butcher shop; Henry Smith, a dwelling house; J. W. Perry, *alias* "Chicago," a blacksmith shop; Allen & Ball, a house; Davis & Smith, a tin shop; Everts, Davis & Co., an express office; Rigby & Co., a saw mill, on the south side of Rabbit Creek; Wells, Fargo & Co., an express and banking office.

Cutler Arnold took possession of the Rabbit Creek House in December.

Two casualties, the first that occurred here, took place this year. A man named Jenkins was killed by the falling of a tree. Another man (name unknown) was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own hands. The small pox became prevalent and took away a number of victims.

In October of this year, M. D. Harlow murdered Henry Smith, in the vicinity of Rigby's mill. The circumstances of this murder are well known, and we will consequently make but a brief allusion to them. Harlow boarded at the house of Smith, who was a married man. The two men were chopping saw-logs, south of Rabbit Creek, on the 11th of October. Thomas Tregaskis, in passing the place, saw the form of Smith lying beneath a pile of brush, the head fractured in five places. Harlow, who was seated with an ax in his hand, requested Tregaskis to stop, but the latter appearing to pay no attention to his conversation, and apparently unobserving the murdered man, proceeded to town, and gave the alarm. Several persons repaired to the scene of the murder, and found Smith's corpse lying on the snow. Harlow had, in the meantime, made his escape. In about a year afterward he was arrested at San

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Francisco, taken to Downieville and tried in the 14th Judicial District, before Judge Searls; H. B. Cossitt, district attorney, for the prosecution; W. S. Spear and R. H. Taylor, for the defense. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree, sentenced, and hung on the 18th of April, 1856.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1855.

The town continued to improve in the year 1855. Quite a number of good buildings were erected: Madame Cayote built the Hotel de France; Murray, the Kitt's Hotel, (now called the Union); Jacob Peters, a brewery and hotel; V. Bonn, the El Dorado saloon; Dan Daley & Co., a bowling Alley; besides various dwellings erected in different parts of the town.

Messrs. Cook, Fuller & Buell, and Loeb, were engaged in mercantile business.

The introduction of a still greater supply of the needful water, by the Martindale ditch, formed an occasion for rejoicing among the miners.

A meeting was held in American Hall, December 22d, for the purpose of agitating the question for the division of the county, from which period the continued efforts of the citizens have their first date.

During this year, a never to be forgotten event occurred, which for a time cast a gloom over the State, from which it did not soon recover: we allude to the failure of Adams & Co. About the time the news of the failure came to this town, Mr. F. D. Everts, then agent for Adams & Co., received instructions to forward all specie on hand to the principal office at San Francisco. Many miners, merchants and others, who had made deposits, called on Mr. E., and were promptly paid, as long as a dollar remained in the office. He preferred paying the money to the honest, but too confidential depositor, to giving it to the unscrupulous, and we may add, dishonest bankers. This act of honesty on the part of Mr. Everts

is well worth recording, and adds another proof to the many that our community is not destitute of men who possess integrity.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1856.

In 1856, Fuller & Buell erected their fire-proof brick store—*this was the first brick building built in Sierra county.* The same season H. C. Brown finished his brick store, and the same year sold goods in it.

John Conly opened a banking house, for the purpose of buying gold dust and doing a general banking business.

A man named John J. Rousch, (a soda water pedler, from the valley,) committed suicide at Kitt's Hotel, May 18th, by taking laudanum. He had been in a state of despondency for some time, and finding himself a prey to dissipation and gambling, and not having the moral strength to conquer these demons, he concluded to launch his frail life bark in the untried waters of death. Rousch left a wife and children in the Atlantic States.

On the 3rd of October, C. Stockman, better known as "Coush," was killed by a man named Betts, at the "Pontoosue," a house of ill-fame, situated in the upper part of the town. Betts and one of the female occupants of the house were in a sleeping apartment together, when Coush knocked at the door and demanded admittance, and upon being refused he broke open the door. Some words were exchanged, whereupon Betts shot him. Immediately after the killing of Coush, Betts made his escape to Salt Lake, where he remained for several months, during which time he held an office under the Government. He afterwards returned to this State, was arrested in Oroville, taken to Gibsonville, in this county, where he was tried and acquitted.

In 1856, a number of good paying

claims were opened, several main and branch tunnels were run, and the diggings yielded a much larger amount of gold than had been taken out at any former season. Notwithstanding the depressed financial state of affairs which existed in many of the mining towns of this State, caused by the heavy failures the year previous, La Porte, or as it was then called, Rabbit Creek, felt but slightly the shock which had almost paralyzed many of its sister towns.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1857.

In 1857, the people, having a dislike to the name by which the town was called, held a meeting, and resolved to substitute LA PORTE for Rabbit Creek. Accordingly on the 16th of October, the name was changed, and in the language of Moore (slightly altered):

What was Rabbit then, is La Porte now.

On the 26th of April, a murder and suicide was committed, the particulars of which are still familiar to many citizens. A man named Harry Yates, an individual of rather intemperate habits, lived on the creek, and was deeply in love with a young lady named Miss Caroline Young. His demonstrations of love were not cordially received by the young woman, and being of desperate character, he resolved to either win her affections, or kill her. He went to the house of her brother-in-law, a Mr. Anderson, and immediately after his arrival, he went into a room where the girl was. He asked her to marry him, and upon being refused, drew a pistol and fired, killing her instantly. He then shot himself through the neck, lay down by the side of the murdered girl, and finding that his first attempt at self-murder had not proved effectual, he arose, put his revolver on a table, took a deringer, placed it to his head, and ended the tragedy by blowing out his brains.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1858.

The year 1858 was a prosperous one. The water season was as lengthy as usual, better facilities were afforded for mining than had been at any former season, and notwithstanding the Frazer river stampede, La Porte was in a healthy financial condition. Many valuable claims were opened, which though scarcely prospected, last season, amply remunerated the owners for their labors. The town rapidly improved; many valuable buildings—among others, the fire-proof banking house erected by John Conly—were put up. Prominent in the improvement line, was the project—talked of years ago, but never carried out till last summer—by which the town was to be amply supplied with water. The water is brought from a spring, which is one mile from Everts, Wilson & Co's Express office, through logs which are laid below the surface. The spring is 75 or 80 feet above the level of the town, never failing, and not excelled for its purity and coldness. All the stores, and nearly all the family dwellings in the place are supplied by water which is conveyed to the buildings by hydrants. To the energy of B. W. Barns our citizens are indebted for this improvement.

MOUNTAIN MESSENGER.—In August, 1856, Myers & Head removed the *Mountain Messenger* printing establishment to this place, from Gibsonville, where the paper had formerly been published. It was published under this firm for two successive years, when A. L. Smith purchased Mr. Head's interest. Myers and Smith continued in partnership some four months, at the expiration of which time Mr. M. became sole proprietor, and continued as such until 1858, when Mr. Wm. Y. Head again became its publisher. Mr. H. continued its publication to the 1st of January, 1859, when A. T. Dowey was

received into partnership; the paper appeared in new dress, machine job presses and new type were added to the office, rendering it the most complete newspaper and job printing establishment in the mining towns of this State. The paper is in a prosperous condition, and steadily increasing in circulation.

RABBIT CREEK FLUME.—This important acquisition to the mines in Rabbit Creek was located in June, 1857, by Wm. H. Reed and J. M. Barry. Work was commenced in July, and the same season the flume was finished to the bridge, a distance of 1,000 feet. The proprietors, Messrs. Reed, Underhill, Bourom and Barry, have continued the flume to the length of 2,850 feet, with a branch flume up the East Branch a distance of 1,000 feet. The intention is to run the main flume 2,500 feet farther. Dimensions of flume: 6 feet in width (below the dam), above, 5 feet, (board flume), and branch flume, 3 by 4½ feet wide.

The Rabbit Creek Flume has already proved beneficial to the miners on the Creek, and when completed cannot fail to accomplish results which must add largely to the wealth of La Porte. Many miners on Rabbit Creek will be ready to run tailings through the flume in the coming spring, and when it is completed there will be an opportunity to work one hundred valuable claims.

WATER DITCHES.—There are now four ditches coming into this place. The Martindale ditch carries forty sluice-heads of water, Feather River ditch sixty, Yankoo Hill ditch twenty-five, and John C. Fall's sixty—making a total of 185 sluice heads, all of which are used during the mining season.

THE TOWN—ITS PROSPECTS.

The town now contains thirty-five business houses—has a number of wholesale establishments, which do an extensive business in selling goods to many of the miners and retail dealers in the adjoining

mining camps. An extensive travel passes through La Porte, both in summer and winter, and during the former season a semi-daily line of stages runs to this place.

A brisk business season is expected as soon as water comes, and mining commences. Fifteen companies will be ready to work in a few weeks; and about three hundred miners will be at work on Rabbit Creek next season. Some of the most valuable claims in the mountains were opened last fall, and when worked, next season, a bountiful golden yield may be looked for.

THE TRUE CONSERVATISM.

When the hurryburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.—SHAKESPEARE.

A GAIN the great quadrennial revolution of the Federal Government of the United States has transpired. Again that marvel of modern times, the peaceable and bloodless change of national rulers, has taken its place among the events of history; and the unpanoplied but weary soldiery rest from their marching and countermarching—the victorious with a sweet and joyous repose, the defeated in hopeful resignation. The dead (hopes) have been decently interred; the wounded (feelings) are in a fair way to convalesce. Though the smoke of battle has scarcely had time to clear away, a stranger visiting the scene of conflict might go on his way unconscious of the event, for all the hint he would get from the appearances of things. To us, however, who have mingled in the fight, whose field was the ballot-box, some reflections naturally arise, based upon the late experience, and from which may perhaps be drawn some hints for future guidance.

It is not a new experience in the exercise of the elective franchise, that a large proportion of the conservative vote is thrown away—utterly wasted. It is not, perhaps,

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er.—In August, moved the Moun- establishment to ville, where the en published. It this firm for two A. L. Smith pur- rest. Myers and nership some four ion of which time oprietor, and con- S, when Mr. Wm. its publisher. Mr. tion to the 1st of A. T. Dewey was

doing the conservative man justice to call him an old foggy, or even significantly stigmatize him as a member of the "Old Gentleman's" party. There is, without doubt, a germ of patriotism at the core of conservatism; else, why is money, time, and earnest effort so often spent in a hopeless contest—a contest at the end of which lie no party spoils, but simply the satisfaction of having performed a duty to his country, negative though it be, and almost Quixotic in its aimless and useless expenditure of energy and means. But of what value is a power, unless it be so directed that its influence may be felt for good—may assist to eradicate an evil, and build up something better in its place. Even admitting that something to be not the *best* thing, in the conservative's view, it may be a step towards the end desired; and, at any rate, where one of two parties is likely to be triumphant, the wiser course of the true lover of his country would seem to be to make a choice between them, rather than remain in the isolated position of a cypher. We know that even a cypher, by being judiciously placed *with other figures*, may be made to represent something, instead of nothing. But conservatives, by standing alone, and in the minority, (as they generally do,) represent value no better than an indefinite number of ciphers unaccompanied by other figures.

"I have always been in the minority, and suppose I always shall be," remarked an intelligent gentleman on election day.

But what a humiliating confession is this, when closely scanned! Think of an American citizen having allowed six or eight Presidential elections to pass without ever having exercised his privilege of voting, during that long period, with sufficient discrimination to have had a voice in the government of the nation! As well might he, for all practical purposes, have entirely refrained from voting.

As an example of what a different course of action might sometimes accomplish, our own State, in the election which has just transpired, is an instance. It was pretty generally understood that the contest would be a close one between the Republicans and the Douglas Democrats. The "Union" men professed to entertain the laudable object of defeating disunion projects, and pacifying the sectional animosities which had, as they contended, reached a crisis of danger. Between the two parties named there was doubtless a choice in the minds of most "Union" men, however much they may have deprecated both. To say they had no preference, would be absurd. But their action, in adhering to their favorite candidate, who stood not the shadow of a chance of carrying the State, was tantamount to remaining at home or at their business posts, and not voting at all. They practically shut themselves out from having a voice in the matter, where their votes, limited though they were, would have decidedly told in favor of the party of their choice. That they had plausible reasons for the course they pursued, there is no question; but, from the patriotic point of view, do not those reasons appear puerile, empty and insufficient?

The preservation and peace of the Union, and its general prosperity, lie possibly within the control of the powerful and everywhere pervading influence of the conservative element of our population. This hypothesis, however, rests upon the assumption of the judicious exercise of that influence, but as utterly fails if that influence be not so exercised as if it were not exercised at all. The conservative element is confessedly small, in proportion to the great mass; yet, by proper management, it may always occupy the driver's seat of the Government coach, and, holding the reins, guide it safely along the highroad of prosperity. Let conservatives reflect upon this.

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THE JOY AND BEAUTY OF LIFE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

THOU shalt go through the world, as though it were
The dwelling place of gods. Day unto day
Shall utter speech, and night to night show knowledge.

The summer woods, through which the breezes float,
And singing birds sit warbling all the day,
Shall fill thine heart with tuneful harmonies,
Such as ne'er floated through the mazy arch
Of earth's old, grand cathedrals, where the sound
Of mighty organs rolled their thunder tones,
Or died away in melodies, soft and sweet
As angels' whispers, at still midnight heard
By infants in their dreams. All the bright earth
Shall minister to thee, and its fulness pour
Into thy cup of joy. The clouds, that seem
The chariot path of angels, the low flowers
That smile along the desert, the old trees
Swayed by the storms of ages, rocks and brooks,
The ever heaving, ever changeless main,—
All, all shall talk with thee; and thou shalt learn
From out their silent teachings all high thoughts,
Of grandeur and of beauty, all sweet love,
All due humility and grace of life,
All charity and wide benevolence,—
Blessing and making many rich, while, lo!
Angels shall stoop and kiss thy brow, all radiant
With such sweet joy of life.

CALIFORNIA SUNFLOWER.

[*Helianthus Californicus.*]

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE accompanying sketch exhibits
the true characteristic features of
the California Sunflower as found in this
vicinity. The outline drawing was made
by us directly from a growing specimen
brought from the other side of the bay of
San Francisco by Mr. Dunn of Oakland.

This sunflower has mostly a simple
stem—although in very rich open situa-
tions we believe it is sometimes seen with
spreading branches. It usually grows
to about four to eight feet in height,
with a loose open top of golden flowers,
radiant as little suns, blooming late in
September and October.

To us, few flowers have such an honest,
candid, open-hearted, good old home-like
countenance as the sun-flower. We nev-
er see one without wishing to press it to

our bosom—and we always stop to admire it and do homage to its virtues.

We have observed this class of plants for more than twenty years past, with a view to ascertain whether they were justly entitled to their reputation for preventing the effects of malaria, and rendering the atmosphere around them more salubrious. During many years residence in Georgia and Alabama we had better opportunities for this kind of observation than since our residence in the comparatively healthy climate of California. But we were then, as we are now, persuaded there is much truth in the observation. It is but fair, however, to note some facts which tend to mislead our judgment and militate against any hasty conclusions. We seldom knew a rich planter cultivate a sun-flower; and they were those who commonly owned the richest and more malarious districts; while the light, dry, or sandy and to some extent wooded ridges, remote from swamps, were owned by the poorer or well-to-do classes who were more given to planting them, in this their more genial soil.

Doubtless if we studied the higher and more useful laws that govern the great ocean of atmospheric fluid in which we live, with as much care and skill as the keeper of an aquarium does his reservoirs, we should find it equally as easy to understand and avoid any ill-balanced culture, and thus be able to supply the needed natural compensating vegetable life exactly suited to purify the air by absorbing injurious exhalations and effluvia accumulations consequent upon stagnation and excess; and also counteracting their baleful influences by balsamic and ethereal exhalations in such abundance as to supply the brain and nervous system with its appropriate pabulum and consequent vital force—sufficient at least to counteract the temporary tendency and preserve a general state of healthy equilibrium.

The time is drawing nigh, we would

gain hope, when we shall need the physician less, because we are more willing to search out and submit to the divine laws of Nature. Those who may be skeptical on these points, and too ready to dismiss the subject without investigating for themselves, would do well to consider; that with regard to this plant, it is one of the most remarkably absorbing and exhaling properties. The perspiration of the sun-flower is seventeen times greater than the human body, and its exhalations are peculiarly balsamic and healing in mucous irritations.

To dwell on the powerful, although often insensible nature of the resinous, oleaginous, inflammable and electrical, besides numerous other qualities of these vegetable exhalations, would be to extend our remarks to a volume, instead of a short notice; we hope enough has been suggested to induce observers to entertain the subject, so far at least, as may be useful for investigation.

This plant appears to be an intermediate form between *H. Californicus* (D. C.) and *H. Californicus* (Nutt.) which are distinct species in T. & Gray's Flora. In Nuttall's description, his plant has leaves "narrowly lance-linear" or "4 to 6 inches long" and only "2 to 5 lines wide" *H. Nuttallii* of T. & G.

In De Candolle's description the leaves are "entire"—ours it will be observed, are slightly serrate—the cup-scales of the flower (involucre) are spoken of as "rigid" and a "little longer than the disk" and "not ciliate," in which respect it also differs. Notwithstanding these discrepancies, we believe this is the plant alluded to—at least with the facilities here offered the scientific reader will be better enabled to form an opinion.

It would be gratifying to us to receive specimens from other localities with which to compare this plant.

Technical description—stem smooth, leaves broadly-lanceolate, entire or cre-



THE CALIFORNIA SUNFLOWER.

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nate-serrate, strongly triplinerved toward the base, leather veined, tapering into a short winged petiole, ciliate, apex elongated acuminate, slightly scabrous. Branch leaves mostly opposite. Involucral scales ovate, ciliate, 3-nerved at the base, apex attenuate long-linear, squarose 2 or 3 times the length of disk, unequal. Rays 14—pappus of two broadly subulate awns, achenia smooth and shining anthers of disk florets dark-brown or black, florets nerved, 5 toothed, scabrous externally. Chaff of receptacle acute entire short villous above.

THE HEROINE OF THE RHINE.

"I have a thousand spirits in my breast."—SHAK.

At the foot of the Vosges mountains, in that part of the Kingdom of Bavaria which lies on the western banks of the Rhine, stands the old romantic town of Zweibrucken. In one of its oldest mansions, thirty years ago, lived Jacob Ambos, a rich wine merchant, his wife, and five children. Of these, Henri was the eldest, and a few years younger than himself was Betti, or, as the neighbors used to call her, the "Fairy Fawn of Zweibrucken." Her figure was small; her eyes dark, and full of frank earnest expression; her firm, close set mouth betrayed resolution and decision; and her fair high forehead shone gracefully through the bands of plaited hair which she wore fastened to the top of the head, after the fashion of the German peasant girls. She loved her brother Henri more than any other being, and thought him, by far, the wisest, the bravest and the best of all the fair youths of Zweibrucken.

And dearly did Henri Ambos prize his sister's love. They had spent all their happy childhood together; together roamed the fields, gathering blue-bells and little pinks which grow so luxuriantly among the broad pasture lands of the Rhine; together they climbed the

hills covered with old vine-clad ruins, which impart such picturesque beauty to the scenery of Germany, and fed their flocks of white and brown goats, and watched them as they scaled the steep castle-crowned cliffs at the foot of the Vosges mountains.

An old stork had built a nest for its young in the roof of their father's dwelling; old Jacob Ambos said it was the same that built there when he was a boy, full forty years before. Be that as it may, the children never disturbed them. "Do not molest them," their father would say. "Where the storks build their nests God sends a blessing"—for such is the old German proverb.

Happy days, these, for Henri and Betti Ambos! They did not dream of the changes that time would soon bring—time, that scatters families and separates brothers and sisters from each other, and lays our parents in the dust.

When Henri was nineteen years old, he was sent to the University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, to learn a profession, and Betti was left alone with her father and mother who were now getting to be old. Much did she miss her brother, who had been her only companion; and she used to watch and listen for hours, for the wheels of the coach that was to bring him home to spend his vacations with her. But when he came, and she saw him grown up a noble and very learned and wise man, then was Betti's heart happier than when they played together among the cliffs of Zweibrucken; and we must forgive her if she looked with a feeling of pride on her high minded, noble spirited brother.

After a few years Henri finished his studies at the University, and one of the Princes of the north of Germany chose him for his private secretary. With him he traveled over many of the Kingdoms of Europe, and afterwards became professor in the University at Riga. Here

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he fell in love with the daughter of a rich Jewish merchant, but, as he was not of the Hebrew faith, her father forbade their union, and Henri persuaded her to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silicia, and there become his wife.

She consented to do so, and one night they fled; but her father pursued them and took his daughter home, and Henri Ambos was accused of stealing the daughter of the rich Jewish merchant, which, in that country, where the Jews are protected by law, is considered a capital crime. He denied the charge, and said that she had followed him voluntarily, and to become his wife. "Call her," he said; "she will answer for herself." Pale and trembling she came into court, with her father beside her, and when the judge asked her "if it was by her own will she had fled with Henri Ambos," she answered in a faint voice "no." "Had then violence been used to carry her off?" "Yes!" "Was she a Christian?" "No!" "Did she regard Henri Ambos as her affianced husband?" "No!"

Henri Ambos sprang to his feet on hearing this falsehood; "Darest thou say this," he asked, "in the face of man and of God? Darest thou say it to me, thy affianced husband?"

Her eye quailed—she could not speak. "A curse upon thee!" he said, "for thou hast perjured thy soul!"—and seizing a knife he endeavoured to throw it at her, and then to strike it into his own heart. But it was wrested from him, and he was committed to prison.

A few weeks after he was sentenced to spend the remainder of his life, an exile among the wilds of Siberia. He was conveyed to the fortress of Barenski, in Siberia, where he was loaded with irons, and made to work, breaking stones, chained to the vilest of criminals.

Poor Beni Ambos! When she heard of it she went almost distracted. "I

will see him," she said. "I will go to the Emperor at St. Petersburg! I will throw myself at his feet! I will plead till I die! but I will save Henri, my poor, wronged, and innocent brother. Do not stop me, mother," she said; do not look at me as if you thought me mad; but I love Henri, my dear good brother, the companion of my youth and the idol of my heart. Oh, mother, bless me, and let me go!"

Her mother approached her, and laying her hands on her daughter's head, said, "Go, my daughter, and may God touch the Emperor's heart, that he may restore Henri to us once again! The blessing of the mighty One be with thee! Go, my daughter."

And so the next day Betti Ambos departed with her mother's blessing resting upon her. "It was that which made me so strong," she said. I feared not kings or emperors. With my mother's blessing resting upon me I could have gone to the ends of the earth."

She arrived at Riga, on the road to St. Petersburg. Here she obtained the proofs of her brother's innocence and unfair trial, and with the necessary papers, she started for St. Petersburg. When she arrived there a good friend drew up a petition, and with great difficulty she gained access to one of the Ministers of the Court, and begged him to present it to the Emperor. But the mean-hearted official treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added brutality.

"Your brother was a *mauvais sujet*; he *ought not* to be pardoned; and, if I were Emperor, I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervor, "I call God to witness that my brother was innocent, and I thank

God that you are not the Emperor, for I can still hope." The Minister, in a rage, said, "Do you dare speak to me thus? Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," she replied, "you are his Excellency the Minister C——, but what of that? You are a cruel man; but I put my trust in God and the Emperor;" and then, said she, "I left him without even a curtsey, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily."

What was now to be done? For six long weeks did this brave girl try to find some friend to present her case to the Emperor, but all refused. At length God, who never deserts his children, raised her up a powerful friend, indeed. It was a very rich Countess, who had heard her story, and invited her to her residence in the city.

"I pity you, Betti Ambos," she said; "therefore I sent for you. I love you for your perseverance, which nothing can conquer, and I reverence your love for your brother. I will do for you all I can with the Emperor. But I dare not present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished from Court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants; I will dress you in one of my robes, and you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain an audience under my name. When once in the presence of the Emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk this much for you, you must venture yourself to do the rest."

Betti then threw herself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown. "You are my good angel," she said. "You have saved my brother. God will reward you for this."

This plan being arranged, on the day appointed our resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage,

preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the Emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back. "I sprang forward," said she, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming with clasped hands, 'pardon, imperial majesty! pardon!'

"Who are you?" said the Emperor, astonished, 'and what can I do for you?'

"He spoke more gently than any of his ministers, and overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears.

"May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——; I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. Oh, pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, imperial majesty, pardon my poor brother!"

"I held out the petition and the papers, at the same time, prostrate on my knees; I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat and pressed it to my lips. The Emperor said, 'Rise, rise!' but I would not rise. I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them.

"At last the Emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying, 'Rise, mademoiselle, I command you to rise!' I ventured to kiss his hand, and said with tears, 'I pray your majesty to read that paper.'

"I will read it," he replied.

"I then rose from the ground and stood watching him, while he unfolded the petition and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice, 'Is it possible? This is dreadful!'

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"When he had finished he folded up the paper, and without any observation, said at once, 'Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned!' The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said—'your imperial majesty is a God upon earth. Do you indeed pardon my brother? Your minister would never suffer me to approach you, and even yet I fear——' He said 'fear nothing; you have my promise!' "He then raised me from the ground and conducted me, himself, to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not. He held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room." (To be continued.)

HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

EDMUND RANDOLPH'S ORATION BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SEPTEMBER, 1860.*

THE early history of California having been preserved, for the most part, in fragmentary papers, written in Spanish, and stowed away among the musty archives of the Missions, has not been readily available to persons unfamiliar with that language; or, who were unable or unwilling to go to much trouble to find the interesting facts thus treasured up.

In 1853 E. S. Capron paid this State a flying visit, and returned with the material for a small volume; but his opportunities were small, and as a consequence his little work, historically speaking, was very meagre.

In 1855, that ably edited and comprehensive volume, "The Annals of San Francisco,"—which, has not, we are sorry to say, as yet, received the appreciation to which its merits so justly entitle it—made its appearance, and in its first six chapters gave a general history of California, the material for which was principally collated from various published works. Mr. Randolph, on the other hand, although necessitated to draw a portion of his facts from similar sources,

* This has been given to the world, entire, in a neat pamphlet of seventy-two pages, with maps, by A. Roman, the enterprising publisher and bookseller of Montgomery street, San Francisco.

derived them mainly from the old Spanish records, thus materially increasing the historical knowledge of this portion of the world, while he rescued from decay and oblivion the substance of many scarce and valuable papers.

We have heard many "Orations" that have not been remarkable for their eloquence, point, or practical tendencies. Mr. Randolph's was not of this class. It was our good fortune, not only to be a member of the Society of California Pioneers, but to be a delighted hearer on the occasion of its delivery; and we must confess that the three hours passed in listening, was among the best and the most profitable we ever spent. To us there was not one fatiguing or tedious sentence—not a line that we could wish expunged,—and we feel a meanness stealing over us at the idea we have entertained of mutilating it by giving only an abridgment in this article; but as many of our readers may not probably see the Oration entire—we sincerely hope they will obtain it,—under the impression that "half a loaf is better than none," we appropriate the small consolation which this conviction gives, and proceed with our abridgment:

PIONEERS:—From the importunities of the active Present which surrounds us,

a running footman, with keys, in full dress, mounted he was announced as the ———, who supplicated audience of his majesty, open, and in a few minutes the presence of the Emperor advanced one or two steps to an air of gallantry, but ed back. "I sprang forward, and knelt at his feet, clasped hands, 'pardon, y! pardon!'

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we turn for a brief space to the Past. To-day we give ourselves up to memory.

And first, our thoughts are due to those who are not here assembled with us; whom we meet not on street nor highway, and welcome not again at the door of our dwellings; upon whom shines no more the sun which now gladdens the hills, the plains, the waters of California: to the Pioneers who are dead. Your companions died that California might exist. Fear not that you will honor them overmuch. But how died they, and where do they repose—the dead of the Pioneers of California?

Old men amongst you will recall the rugged trapper; his frame was strong; his soul courageous; his knowledge was of the Indian's trail and haunts of game; his wealth and his defence, a rifle and a horse; his bed the earth; his home the mountains. He was slain by the treacherous savage. His scalp adorned the wigwam of a chief. The wolf and the vulture in the desert feasted on the body of this Pioneer. A companion, wounded, unarmed and famishing, wanders out through some rocky cañon and lives to recount this tale—lives, more fortunate in his declining years, to measure, perhaps, his lands by the league and to number his cattle by the thousand. And the sea too, has claimed tribute; the remorseless waves, amid the terrors of shipwreck, too often in these latter days have closed over the manly form of the noble Pioneer. The monsters of the deep have parted amongst them the flesh of our friends, and their discovered members are floating, suspended now in the vast abysses of the ocean, or roll upon distant strands—playthings tossed by the currents in their wanderings.

Pursuing still this sad review, you well remember how with the eager tide along and up the course of rivers, and over many a stony ascent, you were swept into the heart of the difficult regions of

the gold mines; how you there encountered an equal stream pouring in from the East, and in a summer all the bars and flats, and gulches, throughout the length and breadth of that vast tract of hills, were flooded with human life. Into that rich harvest Death quickly put his sickle. Toil to those who had never toiled, toil, the hardest toil, often at once beneath a torrid, blazing sun, and in an icy stream; congestion, typhus, fevers in whatever form most fatal; and the rot of scurvy; drunkenness and violence, despair, suicide and madness; the desolate cabin; houseless starvation, amid snows; all these bring back again upon you in a frightful picture, many a death scene of those days. There fell the Pioneers who perished from the van of those who first heaved back the bolts that barred the vaulted hills, and poured the millions of the treasures of California upon the world!

Of populous Christian countries, Upper California is among the newest. Her whole history is embraced within the lifetime of men now living. Just ninety-one years have passed since man of European origin first planted his footsteps within the limits of what is now our State, with purpose of permanent inhabitation.—Hence all the inhabitants of California have been but Pioneers.

Cortez about the year 1537 fitted out several small vessels at his port of Tehuantepec, sailed north and to the head of the Gulf of California. It is said that his vessels were provided with everything requisite for planting a colony in the newly discovered region, and transported four hundred Spaniards and three hundred negro slaves, which he had assembled for that purpose; and that he imagined by that coast and sea to discover another New Spain. But sands and rocks and sterile mountains—a parched and thorny waste—vanquished the Conqueror of Mexico. He was glad to escape

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Christian countries, Upper California is among the newest. Her territory is embraced within the life of men now living. Just ninety-one years have passed since man of European descent planted his footsteps within the limits of what is now our State, with the hope of permanent inhabitation.—All the inhabitants of California are but Pioneers.

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with his life, and never crossed the line which marks our southern boundary.

The viceroy Mendoza, soon after the failure of Cortez, despatched another expedition, by sea and land, in the same direction, but accomplished still less—and again in 1542 the same viceroy sent out Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a courageous Portuguese, with two ships to survey the outward or western coast of California. In the latitude of 32 degrees he made a cape which was called, by himself, I suppose, *Capo Engaño*, (Deceit); in 33 degrees that of *la Cruz*, and that of *Galera* in 36½, and opposite the last he met with two large islands where they informed him that at some distance there was a nation who wore clothes; in 37 degrees and a half he had sight of some hills covered with trees, which he called *San Martin*, as he did also the cape running into the sea at the end of these eminences. Beyond this to 40 degrees the coast lies northeast and southwest, and about the 40th degree he saw two mountains covered with snow, and betwixt them a large cape which in honor of the viceroy he called *Mendocino*. This headland, therefore according to Venegas, was christened three hundred and eighteen years ago. Cabrillo continued his voyage to the north in mid-winter, and reached the 44th degree of latitude on the 10th of March, 1543. From this point he was compelled by want of provisions and the bad condition of his ships to return, and on the 14th of April he entered the harbor of *Natividad*, from which he had sailed.

In 1578, at mid-summer, Sir Francis Drake landed upon this coast, only a few miles northward from the Bay of San Francisco, at a bay which still bears his name. Sir Walter Raleigh had not yet sailed on his first voyage to Virginia. It will be interesting to know how things looked in this country at that time. After telling us how the natives mistook

them for Gods and worshiped them and offered sacrifices to them much against their will, and how he took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth, the narrative goes on: "Our necessary business being ended, our General with his companie travailed up into the countrey to their villages, where we found heardes of deere by 1000 in a companie being most large and fat bodie."

"There is no part of earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not a reasonable quantitie of gold or silver." [1578.]

And it would also appear that Sir Francis Drake knew nothing of Cabrillo's voyage, for he says: "It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country, neither did discover the lande by many degrees to the southward of this place."

There were other expeditions to Lower California and the Western Coast, after the time of Cortez and Cabrillo, but they all proved fruitless until the Count de Monterey, Viceroy of New Spain, by order of the King, sent out Sebastian Vizcayno. He sailed from Acapulco on the 5th day of May, 1602, with two large vessels and a tender, as Captain-general of the voyage; and three bare-footed Carmelites, Father Andrew de la Assumpcion, Father Antonio de la Ascension, and Father Tomas de Aguiño, also accompanied him; likewise Capt. Geronimo Martin, who went as cosmographer, in order to make draughts of the countries discovered.

Sebastian Vizcayno with his fleet struggled up with immenso difficulty against the same northwest wind. On the 10th of November, 1602, he entered San Diego. In Lower California he landed frequently, and made an accurate survey of the coast. Above San Diego he kept further from the shore, noting the most conspicuous landmarks. But he came through the canal of Santa Barbara, and when at anchor under one of the islands, was

visited by the King of that country, who came with a fleet of boats and earnestly pressed him to land, offering as a proof of his hospitable intentions, to furnish every one of his seamen with ten wives. Finally he anchored in the bay of Monterey, on the 16th of December, 1602. The name of Monterey was given to this port, in honor of the Viceroy. On the 17th day of December, 1602, a church—tent or arbor—was erected under a large oak, close to the seaside, and Fathers Andrew de la Assumpcion and Antonio de la Ascension said mass; and so continued to do whilst the expedition remained there. Yet this was not the first Christian worship on these shores, for Drake had worshipped according to a Protestant ritual, at a place where he landed, twenty-five years before. Vizcayno sent back one of his ships with the news, and with the sick; and with the other left Monterey on the 3d of January, 1603, and it was never visited more for a hundred and sixty-six years.

In 1697, the Jesuits with patient art and devoted zeal, accomplished that which had defied the energy of Cortez and baffled the efforts of the Spanish monarchy, for generations afterwards. They possessed themselves of Lower California, and occupied the greater portion of that peninsula, repulsive as it was, with their missions. In 1742, Anson, the English Commodore, cruising off the western coast of Mexico, watched for the Spanish galleon, which still plied an annual trip between Acapulco and Manilla, and captured her. On board was a million and a half of dollars, and a chart, on which we find that the coast of California from a little further north than Punta de los Reyes, is laid down with remarkable accuracy. We have a great indentation of the coast immediately below Punta de los Reyes, a large land-locked bay with a narrow entrance, immediately off which lie seven little

black spots, called Los Farralones—in short, a bay at San Francisco, but without a name.

In 1769, the history of mankind may be said to have begun upon this coast.

In 1767, the Jesuits being banished from the Spanish dominions, Lower California was transferred to the charge of another celebrated order, the Franciscans. Into this field, when it had been wrested from the Society of Jesus, the Franciscans were led by one who was born in an island of the Mediterranean, the son of humble laborers. From his infancy Father Junipero Serra was reared for the Church. He had already distinguished himself in the conversion and civilization of heathen savages in other parts of Mexico; and afterwards had preached revivals of the faith in Christian places, illustrating, as we are told, the strength of his convictions and the fervor of his zeal by demonstrations which would startle us now coming from the pulpit—such as burning his flesh with the blaze of a candle, beating himself with a chain, and bruising his breast with a stone which he carried in his hand. Further, this devout man was lame from an incurable sore on his leg, contracted soon after his landing in Mexico; but he usually traveled on foot none the less. You have before you the first great Pioneer of California.*

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into his plans. Galvez, the better to fulfill the wishes of his Majesty, determined besides the expedition to sea, to send another in search of San Diego by land, at which point the two expeditions should meet and make an establishment. And he further resolved to found three Missions, one at San Diego, one at Monterey, and another mid-way between these, at San Buena Ventura. Galvez ordered to be boxed up and embarked all kinds of household and field utensils, with the necessary iron-work for cultivating the lands, and every species of seeds, as well those of Old as of New Spain, without forgetting the very least, such as garden herbs, flowers and flax, the land being he said in his opinion fertile for everything, as it was in the same latitude with Spain. For the same purpose, he determined that from the furthest north of the old missions, the land expedition should carry two hundred head of cows, bulls and oxen, to stock that new country with large cattle, in order to cultivate the whole of it, and that in proper time there should be no want of something to eat. Father Junipero blessed the vessels and the flags, Galvez made an impressive harangue, the expedition embarked, and the *San Carlos* sailed from La Paz, in Lower California, on the 9th day of January, 1769. The *San Antonio* also sailed on the 15th of February, following, on board of which were the historians of the period, Fathers Vizeyno and Gomez. The land expedition started shortly afterwards.

Father Junipero Serra, President of the Missions of Lower California, and of those that were to be founded, marched with Portalá and came up in very bad condition. He was traveling with an escort of two soldiers, and hardly able to get on or off his mule. His foot and leg were greatly inflamed, and the more that he always wore sandals, and never used boots, shoes, or stockings. His priests

and the Governor tried to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he said he would rather die on the road, yet he had faith that the Lord would carry him safely through. A letter was even sent to Galvez, but he was a kindred spirit, and agreed with Father Junipero, who, however, was far into the wilderness before the answer was received. On the second day out, his pain was so great that he could neither sit nor stand, nor sleep, and Portalá, being still unable to induce him to return, gave orders for a litter to be made. Hearing this, Father Junipero was greatly distressed on the score of the Indians, who would have to carry him. He called one of the muleteers and addressed him, so runs the story, in these words: "Son, don't you know some remedy for the sore on my foot and leg?" But the muleteer answered: "Father, what remedy can I know? Am I a surgeon? I am a muleteer, and have only cured the sore backs of beasts." "Then consider me a beast," said the Father, "and this sore which has produced this swelling of my legs, and the grievous pains I am suffering, and that neither let me stand nor sleep, to be a sore back, and give me the same treatment you would apply to a beast." The muleteer, smiling, as did all the rest who heard him, answered, "I will Father, to please you;" and taking a small piece of tallow mashed it between two stones, mixing it with herbs, which he found growing close by, and having heated it over the fire, anointed the foot and leg, leaving a plaster of it on the sore. God wrought in such a manner—for so wrote father Junipero himself from San Diego—that he slept all that night until daybreak, and awoke so much relieved from his pains that he got up and said Matins and Primo and afterwards Mass, as if he had never suffered such an accident; and to the astonishment of the Governor and the troop at seeing the Father in such health

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into his plans. Galvez, the better to fulfill the wishes of his Majesty, determined besides the expedition to sea, to send another in search of San Diego by land, at which point the two expeditions should meet and make an establishment. And he further resolved to found three Missions, one at San Diego, one at Monterey, and another mid-way between these, at San Buena Ventura. Galvez ordered to be boxed up and embarked all kinds of household and field utensils, with the necessary iron-work for cultivating the lands, and every species of seeds, as well those of Old as of New Spain, without forgetting the very least, such as garden herbs, flowers and flax, the land being he said in his opinion fertile for everything, as it was in the same latitude with Spain. For the same purpose, he determined that from the furthest north of the old missions, the land expedition should carry two hundred head of cows, bulls and oxen, to stock that new country with large cattle, in order to cultivate the whole of it, and that in proper time there should be no want of something to eat. Father Junipero blessed the vessels and the flags, Galvez made an impressive harangue, the expedition embarked, and the *San Carlos* sailed from La Paz, in Lower California, on the 9th day of January, 1769. The *San Antonio* also sailed on the 15th of February, following, on board of which wore the historians of the period, Fathers Vizcayno and Gomez. The land expedition started shortly afterwards.

Father Junipero Serra, President of the Missions of Lower California, and of those that were to be founded, marched with Portalá and came up in very bad condition. He was traveling with an escort of two soldiers, and hardly able to get on or off his mule. His foot and leg were greatly inflamed, and the more that he always wore sandals, and never used boots, shoes, or stockings. His priests

and the Governor tried to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he said he would rather die on the road, yet he had faith that the Lord would carry him safely through. A letter was even sent to Galvez, but he was a kindred spirit, and agreed with Father Junipero, who, however, was far into the wilderness before the answer was received. On the second day out, his pain was so great that he could neither sit nor stand, nor sleep, and Portalá, being still unable to induce him to return, gave orders for a litter to be made. Hearing this, Father Junipero was greatly distressed on the score of the Indians, who would have to carry him. He called one of the muleteers and addressed him, so runs the story, in these words: "Son, don't you know some remedy for the sore on my foot and leg?" But the muleteer answered: "Father, what remedy can I know? Am I a surgeon? I am a muleteer, and have only cured the sore backs of beasts." "Then consider me a beast," said the Father, "and this sore which has produced this swelling of my legs, and the grievous pains I am suffering, and that neither let me stand nor sleep, to be a sore back, and give me the same treatment you would apply to a beast." The muleteer, smiling, as did all the rest who heard him, answered, "I will Father, to please you;" and taking a small piece of tallow mashed it between two stones, mixing it with herbs, which he found growing close by, and having heated it over the fire, anointed the foot and leg, leaving a plaster of it on the sore. God wrought in such a manner—for so wrote father Junipero himself from San Diego—that he slept all that night until daybreak, and awoke so much relieved from his pains that he got up and said Matins and Primo and afterwards Mass, as if he had never suffered such an accident; and to the astonishment of the Governor and the troop at seeing the Father in such health

and spirits for the journey, which was not delayed a moment on his account. Such a man was Father Junipero Serra, and so he journeyed when he went to conquer California. On the first of July, 1769, they reached San Diego, all well, in forty-six days after leaving the frontier. The first day of July, ninety-one years ago, is the first day of California. The year 1769 is our era. The obscure events that I have noticed, must yet by us be classed among its greatest occurrences, although it saw the birth of Napoleon and Wellington.

The number of souls then at San Diego should have been about two hundred and fifty, but the San Carlos had had a very hard time at sea, not reaching San Diego, which place she found with difficulty, until twenty days after the arrival of the San Antonio, which sailed five weeks later. She had, of the crew, but one sailor and the cook left alive; all the rest had died of scurvy. The first thing to be done was to found a Mission and to look for Monterey, which from Vizenyno's time had been lost to the world.

The Mission being founded, the next thing was to attract the Indians. This was done in the simplest manner by presents of food and cloth to the older ones, and bits of sugar to the young ones. At the same time they were drawn from a wandering life, collected in villages around the Mission Church, and instructed in the habits and arts of civilized life. Father Junipero began the work at San Diego on the 16th day of July. An untoward incident of a very unusual nature in California, attended this first essay. The Indians not being permitted to steal all the cloth they coveted, surprised the Mission when only four soldiers, the carpenter and blacksmith were present, and Father Junipero would have been murdered then at the outset, but for the muskets, leathern jackets and bucklers, and mainly the valor of the blacksmith. This

man had just come from the communion, to which circumstance the Fathers attributed his heroism, and although he wore no defensive armor of skins, he rushed out shouting, *vivas for the faith of Jesus Christ and death to the dogs, its enemies*, at the same time firing away at the savages.

On the 14th day of July, the Governor Portala and a servant; Father Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez; Captain Moncada, the second in command, with a sergeant and twenty-six soldiers of the leathern-jackets; Lieutenant Pedro Fages and seven of his soldiers—the rest had died on the San Carlos or were left at San Diego—Don Constanzo, the Engineer; seven muleteers and fifteen Christian Indians, sixty-five persons in all, with a pack train carrying a large supply of provisions, set out to re-discover Monterey by land. Portala passed Monterey without visiting it, and kept on further towards the north, and at forty leagues distant in that direction they discovered the Port of San Francisco, which they recognized at once by the description they had of it. The Fathers considered this circumstance as providential. They remembered that when Galvez was instructing Father Junipero by what names to call the three Missions he was to found, the Father had asked him:

"But sir, is there to be no Mission for our Father St. Francis?" and that the Visitor-general had replied: "If St. Francis wants a Mission, let him show us his port, and we will put one there." And in view of the discovery, they thought that it was now clear that St. Francis did want a Mission, and had concealed Monterey from them purposely that they might go and find this Port. A question of more than historical interest, or curiosity at least, is whether, notwithstanding that Portala knew the port from description as soon as he saw it, any other white man ever had seen it be-

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fore. His latest guide was the voyage of Vizcayno, who had entered the port of San Francisco on the 12th of January 1603, and anchored under a point of land called *Punta de los Reyes*, namely in the bight outside the heads and north of point Bonita.

It seems to me certain that Portala was the discoverer. And I regard it as one of the most remarkable facts in history, that others had passed it, anchored near it and actually given its name to adjacent roadsteads, and so described its position that it was immediately known; and yet that the cloud had never been lifted which concealed the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco, and that it was at last discovered by land. [Here follows a long and interesting account of the Missions; and of the return of Portala and others to Mexico; which we are reluctantly obliged to omit.] When they were gone there remained only Father Junipero Serra and five priests, and the Lieutenant Pedro Fages and thirty soldiers in all California. It is impossible to imagine anything more lonely and secluded than their situation here, at the time the bells were ringing so joyfully in Mexico, on their account. Very soon, however, they began to get on good terms with the Indians, for Father Junipero was not a man to lose any time in beginning his work.

Father Junipero soon removed his Mission from Monterey to a more suitable place close by, on the river Carmelo. This was his own Mission, where he always resided when not engaged in founding or visiting other Missions, or in some other duty appertaining to his office of President of the Missions of Upper California. This high office he held for the first fifteen years of the history of California, and until his death, which occurred at his Mission of Carmel on the 28th of August, 1784. His activity and zeal in the conversion and civilization of

savages are really wonderful, and scarcely intelligible to us. The sight of a band of Indians filled him with as much delight as at this day a man feels at the prospect of making a fortune. He regarded them as so many souls that he was to save; and the baptism of an Indian baby filled him with transport.

The Missions of San Francisco and Santa Clara were not founded for several years after the occupation of Monterey. The wants of the new Missions of his jurisdiction induced the Reverend Father Junipero, to make a journey to Mexico to see the Viceroy in person in 1744, and come back again with a considerable number of soldiers and families in 1776. In the meantime in anticipation of his arrival the San Carlos was sent up to examine the port of San Francisco, and ascertain whether it could be really entered by a channel or mouth which had been seen from the land. This great problem was satisfactorily solved by the San Carlos—a ship of perhaps some two hundred tons burthen at the very utmost, in the month of June 1775.

The date of the foundation of the Presidio is the 17th of September, and of the Mission, the 9th of October, 1776. And after the Presidio, and before the Mission was established, an exploration of the interior was established, as usual, by sea and land. Point San Pablo was given as the rendezvous, but the captain of the Presidio, who undertook in person to lead the land party, failed to appear there, having with the design to shorten the distance entered a cañada somewhere near the head of the bay, which took him over to the San Joaquin river. So he discovered that stream.

There are some traits of the first inhabitants of the place, the primitive San Franciscans. They lived upon mussels, acorns, blackberries, strawberries and fish, and delighted above all things in the blubber of whales, when one was stranded on the

coast. Their marriages were very informal, the ceremony consisting in the consent alone of the parties; and their law of divorce was equally simple, for they separated as soon as they quarreled, and joined themselves to another, the children usually following the mother. They had no other expression to signify that the marriage was dissolved than to say, "I have thrown her away," or, "I have thrown him away." And in some of their customs they seemed to have been Mormons. In their marriages, affinity was not regarded as an objection, but rather an inducement. They preferred to marry their sisters-in-law, and even their mothers-in-law; and the rule was, if a man married a woman he also married all her sisters, having many wives who lived together, without jealousy, in the same house, and treated each other's children with the same love as their own.

Father Junipero's death closes the first period of our history. It is a period, too, marked by exploits—they are of those of humble and devoted, yet heroic missionaries. And only one instance of bloodshed attended the happy course of the spiritual conquest. The vicious Indians of San Diego, on a second attempt, murdered one of the Fathers, and two or three other persons, and burned the mission, which some little time afterwards was re-established.

[Concluded next month.]

TO AMI.

It may be folly, weakness, yet I feel
A strange, wild joy which words cannot
reveal,

A welling up of love within the soul;
An immortality of bliss—the whole
Of earthly happiness, whene'er I see
A pair of heaven-lit eyes bent down on me,
And read within their sparkling depths,
whate'er

Of Love and Faith pure thoughts have
written there. M.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

IT strikes me that there is a marked and important contrast between genuine benevolence, and that which the world designates as such. The word admits of a very broad and extended definition. I consider its correct meaning to be an "unostentatious donation to those who are in absolute need." And I furthermore believe, that in order for it to deserve the appellation of charity, the sole prompting incentive to the presentation, should be the relief of the subject of acceptance. When the object of the giver is the bombastic heralding of his name abroad as a great public benefactor, he deserves the finger of scorn to be pointed at him. Finally, there is, there can be but one motive, in true charity—the redemption from actual want, suffering and distress, of a worthy donee. Admitting my definition of the word to be correct, where are we to look for charity to-day, with a good prospect of finding it? I am forced to confess that I know not where. The papers of the present day, are filled with matter, extolling to the skies, men for spontaneous liberality, in making large donations; but reader, had generosity been the motive, the world would never have heard of it. How usual it is to take up a daily paper and read a paragraph like the following, to wit: Mr.—one of the wealthiest men of the present generation, died last week. Upon opening his will it was ascertained that he had made the following disposition of his immense property: For building a church of the ——— denomination one hundred thousand dollars; for defraying the expenses of missionaries to the heathen, ditto; and so on through, with perhaps ten or fifteen similar donations, to banks and all kinds of monopolizing institutions. What was the cause of that man's making such enormous

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gifts to such questionable institutions? *It was the glory of public eelat.*

Yes, in the name of charity he has given importance and influence to many monopolies, while true subjects of charity laid perishing, in the last agonies of starvation, at his very door. Call you that charity? I think not. Not a generous thought entered his mind. Had a charitable impulse have been present, his money would have been distributed amongst the thousands of haunts of misery, suffering and starvation which beset him on every side. It would have dried up the tears of the widow, and the sobbings of the orphan. Think you that great donator will ever receive one solitary blessing from heaven, for making such a distribution of his property? I think not. But had he given his property to the obscure poor, the world would not have given him any credit for it. Oh! what a perverted, degenerate age we live in. But I acknowledge a higher tribunal than man; and had I a million dollars to give away to-day, I should pursue precisely an opposite course to that which is followed by the would-be philanthropists of the present age. Edward Everett and the ladies of America have toiled for years, and raised thousands upon thousands of dollars, and for what? To enable them to buy the land and rear massive works of art on the spot where the ashes of the immortal Washington repose. What supreme absurdity! Could the spirit of that mighty patriot express its sentiments to those mistaken philanthropists, it would plead in thunder tones for them to desist from their work of foolish vanity, and expend that which has already been collected, in the worthy cause of redeeming the very people from whom it was extorted. You, who have in all sincerity contributed to that cause, stop and reflect one moment, upon the pitiful superstition, for a nation claiming a high standard of intellectual

excellence, apoing the aborigines, who either burn or bury, as the case may be, with the corpse, all the property that belonged to it when living, in the hope of securing a greater degree of happiness for the spirit which has leaped beyond the confines of time. Do you too, believe that the pecuniary sacrifices which you make over the mortal ashes of George Washington, are requisite to the happiness of the veteran spirit, which long, long ago, broke the ties of earthly connection, and spanned the ethereal space of immensity to the very gates of paradise? If not, you are not as excusable as the savage is, because he considers such superstitious proceedings essentially requisite to the happiness of the spirit. Does any one believe, for instance, that Mr. Everett would have traveled and lectured three or four years, at his own expense, and at the expiration of that time invested the whole proceeds thereof in clothing and feeding the poor amongst the many miserable haunts of destitution with which the Union abounds? Let us reflect upon those things, and forget not our poor brethren around us, who need our help; or if we do the one, let us not neglect the other.

THE AMIENTO, OR ASBESTOS.

DURING a short visit among the wild and beautifully picturesque scenes of north-western Mexico a short time ago, we had the good fortune to become acquainted with Dr. Narvaez, of Tepic,—a gentleman of extensive acquirements and devoted research into the wonderful and curious in nature,—to whom we were indebted for much information concerning the exhaustless resources of that politically unfortunate country. One of the facts he so kindly communicated, was the existence, near Colima, of a large hill composed of Asbestos.

This mineral, as most of our readers

know, is capable of being divided into fine threads, and woven into cloth; and is thoroughly indestructible by fire. The Greek ladies used to wear skirts made of asbestos, and which when soiled were not washed like ordinary clothing, but thrown upon a hot fire, from whence they were taken white and clean. In order to enlist the attention of ingenious young men to this subject, we give the following description of it by M. J. Girardin of Paris, and which was translated for this Magazine by Mr. P. Hale of Tepic.

We embrace the opportunity of saying a few words about one of the most remarkable substances that now engages our attention in the mineral kingdom, the Amianto or Asbestos, of which Aldini made one of the essential parts of his preserving apparatus.

This substance which is found in certain primitive rocks in small hillocks, possesses such singular properties that the ancients, seduced by a love for the marvelous, have enriched its history by a multitude of stories that have been preserved to our day. Its fibrous texture, its gloss, analogous to that of silk, the facility with which it can be separated into very fine filaments, flexible and elastic, so that it assimilates to flax or silk; in fine, its immutability and incombustibility by fire, caused the ancients to believe it to be a kind of incombustible flax grown in India. This opinion sustained by Pliny, who assures us that its property of resisting fire is owing to the dry hot climate in which it grows, has prevailed until some chemists examined those pretended vegetable fibres, and ascertained that the amianto is a mineral composed of many oxides of metals: lime, magnesia, alumina, in combination with an acid that in our day is called *Silica acid*.

This mineral, which is very scarce, is found in the Upper Alps, in the Pyrenees, and in that part of Savoy called

"Tarentesa." From this last country above all comes the amianto whose fibres are the longest and most pliable.

The ancients spun the amianto, which they wove into table-cloths, towels, coifs; and they threw them into the fire when soiled, from whence they drew them forth whiter than if washed, as the fire destroys all foreign matter and by no means attacks the amianto cloth. The word amianto signifies a thing that cannot be stained.

The Greeks and Romans who burned their dead, manufactured shrouds or winding-sheets of this in which they wrapped the bodies of their Kings, so as to collect their ashes intact. In Rome near the Nuevia gate, in 1702, there was found a funeral urn which contained a skull, burnt bones and ashes in a piece of amianto cloth of 2 metres long, and over 1½ metres broad. [A metre is about 3 ft. 3 in. and ⅓ of an inch in length.] This precious relic was seen in other times in the Vatican.

The incombustible wicks of the ancients were composed of amianto, which, according to some authors, burned in oil, without being consumed. Such is the origin of the perpetual lamp. The name of Asbesto, which signifies inextinguishable, appears to have been given to this stone on account of its use. Aldrovando, a Bolonian naturalist, in the sixteenth century certified that he could convert it into oil, which would burn forever. When the filaments of this substance are long enough, and at the same time smooth and pliable, they are easily woven, especially when mixed with cotton or hackled flax or hemp. When taken from the loom the cloth is thrown into the fire to burn the vegetable fibres, the amianto cloth alone remaining untouched by its contact with the fire. Some twenty years ago the Italians manufactured very fine amianto cloth, and oven laco. They also manufactured paste-board and pastel from the same substance. Madam

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Perpenti, who commenced this industry anew, presented some years since to the Institute of France, a work printed throughout on amianto paper. Father Kircher speaks of amianto paper thrown into the fire to blot the writing, and on which they wrote anew. According to Sage, they manufacture in China, sheets of similar paper 6 metres long, and also entire webs of cloth. The inhabitants of the Pyrenees manufacture purses and garters which they sell to the curious who visit their mountains. In Siberia, in Nerwinsky, they also manufacture purses, gloves, &c. Amianto paper could be advantageously used for deeds, &c. if a mineral ink were used, that without alteration could bear the action of a violent heat. The pastebord made of this substance, although fragile, could be advantageously used in many things, especially in decorating theatres.

The society for the encouragement of the Arts at Paris, has offered a premium of 500 francs to any person who will perfect the weaving of amianto, since Aldini has applied himself with so much success to the preservation of the firemen.

Such is the history of this curious mineral, the nature and properties of which have given a margin to so many strange and fabulous stories during entire centuries.

FALL OF ONE OF THE MAMMOTH TREES.—

The gale of the nineteenth November, which swept across this State from the north, with such fury, prostrated one of the largest of the mammoth trees in the Calaveras Grove, known as the "Minor's Cabin." This tree was three hundred and five feet in altitude, and ninety-one feet in circumference. It was very much burned at the base, so that there was a hollow large enough comfortably to seat some twenty persons. Here was its weakness, and the cause of its fall. We chronicle the fate of this noble monarch of the forest, with deep regret.

THE NEW MOON.—A LETTER.

I.

ONE eye I wooed and won a gracious "YES,"
This, and the life beyond, ordained to bless.
That eye, slender, and curved like reaper's blade,
And golden, like the golden autumn grain,
The "Harvest Moon" her maiden step essayed,
Tuning from Heaven to Earth her first refrain.*

Far down the purple-colored western slope,
With coming Night's expectant glories rife,
She hung; as hesitates the trembling maid,
Blushing, timid, verging on maturer life.
Thus, trembling on the margin of the skies,
Beamed the young creature's pure and trustful eyes
Into my heart fresh courage, firmness, hope.

II.

Again: The eye I bade my friends good bye,
To haste to my betrothed from afar:
That eye, all burnished in the tropic sky,
Serenely moving, came young Cynthia's ear,
Bright twinkling in the ripples of the lake,
And keeping music with the steamer's wake.
I hailed the hopeful omen as a charm,
New fervor nerved my heart, new strength my soul;
I felt the loved one leaning on my arm;
Her virgin breath came perfume to my cheek;
Her soft voice echoed in my inner life.
I knew that surely I approached my goal—
Safely to find the haven I would seek—
Safe, and all-loving, find my promised wife.

III.

Again: the hallowed eye that made us one;
Elate, as neared the hour of holy rite,
I turned my footsteps to the setting Sun.
Baptised in glory went he from the sight,
Yet left the firmament in crimson glow;
And lo! soft blushing in the violet air,
A new young Cynthia bent her modest bow,
And sped new beams of gladness to my heart. [Fair
To my fond thought she beamed more chaste and
Than other Cynthia that had e'er beamed there.

My goal was won; I knew that golden dart
Had poised two souls that never more would part—
In life or death to hold each other's love
Supreme of all things, save the great ABOVE.

Joyous yet thoughtful turned my footsteps east,
Where now was thined the gracious marriage feast.

IV.

* This vernal eye, another mild young moon
Directly up its slender crescent turns;
And memories throng me till my bosom burns.
Courtship, troth, tryst, and marriage tie,

* "Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth."—ADDISON.

The joy and love vouchsafed me in that boon,
All quleken at that upturned arc on high,
Yet solemn, tearful, thoughts come with it too—
Deep thoughts, and griefs I cannot all subdue.

V.

Forever shines a VERNAL MOON above
For us; the dear gone fledgling of our love,
He is not lost to us, beloved wife;
We see him clearly with our inner eyes,
Perpetual BOW OF PROMISE in the skies,
That upward, yonder, lies the better life,
Bright bud of promise, as we know him here;
Bright bow of promise, in the upper sphere.

Always remembered be this pensive eye,
Whence springs bright hope, from e'en the hour we
grieve;
Promises and faith from e'en the partings that be-

VI.

The Giant of the Forest and the little Flower,
Quitted of one accord this fateful hour;
Of one accord reposed their bodies in the earth;*
Together went their spirits to immortal birth:
Together crossed they over, hand in hand,
From sinful world up to the Better Land;
The tender fledgling, and the great old man,
Crossed the 'great gulf,' o'er iris-tinted span.
The love that bound that ancient and that young,
Will last while yet the heavenly union be sung.

This, the true faith whence strength, bereaved one,
Wisdom and strength to say, 'Thy will be done';
Whence catch we glimpses of the secret ways,
And feel the drawings of the mystic chords,
And guess the meaning of the charmed words,
The Lord appoints to bring us to his praise—
Forgive us, Lord, if tearful still we mourn
Thy chastening hand, and bring us to the self-gone
hourno.

VII.

Shine on bright Cynthia; let thy quivers go,
From off thy silver or thy golden bow;
Teaching constant, with thy pure young eyes;
How the time—how the hour—of promise flies;
Yet through our Master's love may come again,
As comest thou, and all the heavenly train,
Brighter for the clouds, fresher for the rain.

WM. CAREY JONES.

O STREET, WASHINGTON, 4th April, 1859.

*"It is a curious and affecting circumstance that the youngest and the eldest of the family should have died within a few hours of each other, under the same roof. An infant grandson of Col. Henton, the child of Mr. Wm. Carey Jones, died in the house of his grandfather yesterday morning, and the nursing and the grandsire now lie side by side in death on the same bier. The remains of both will be placed in the rail road cars this afternoon, on their way to St. Louis, for interment."—*National Intelligencer*, April 12th, 1858.

LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

NUMBER V.

HAVING repaired to my usual station, on the summit of the mountain, I scanned the horizon eagerly for a sail, not knowing what moment one might "heave in sight." Meeting with no success, I turned to my companion, who in this instance was a boy prince, about 14 years of age, and of beautiful features and proportions, saying to him "Mennü itä, lolü" which being interpreted means—would be welcome a ship, or a ship would be welcome, when he replied, "Nü äna" or "No to me." The forenoon was passed in mutual improvement in learning to talk the language of each other; and at about noon, the King, and Chief, with two young princes, and the Queen and Princess, came up with some poi, some young green coconuts, and shark, and we all took a hearty meal, and after passing round the omnipresent pipe, all retired to the hut to sleep, except myself, and my companion, who stuck to me with the tenacity of a leech. Being somewhat wearied with continual long sittings, I prevailed upon the prince to take a walk with me, and just as we proceeded towards a deep ravine, at a short distance from us, I glanced my eye around the horizon, and to my joy saw what I most earnestly hoped might be a ship. It was but a mere speck as yet, but I felt almost certain that deliverance was at hand, and at once began to consider the feasibility of certain means for my escape. Several canoes lay hauled up on the beach about a mile from us, and as I caught sight of them, my plans were immediately formed. My demeanor was nothing changed, for it was part of my plan to appear totally unconcerned and not seem to have seen anything. I succeeded admirably, and occasionally

stole a look towards

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Having many times

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running still

stole a look towards the speck, which now increased in size rapidly.

Having many times previously been out, sailing in a canoe with some of the natives, for pleasure, I gradually, and without any suspicion, enticed the prince down to the beach, saying I was going to take a sail, to sound him, but he made no demur, and having entered the canoe, we shoved off. As the canoe was small and clumsy, and I was encumbered with a few articles which I valued too highly to leave behind, and which I always carried with me in a bag, in case of an emergency of this kind, our progress was considerably retarded. When we had got out about a mile and a half, he made a sign to go back, and with considerable trepidation uttered "Lohü lohü, va toi lolo menka vü; toro" which means—a ship, a ship, pull, go back shore soon; now. But I turned upon him suddenly and by threatening motions made him sit still, and having taken the paddle from him, I propelled the canoe vigorously towards the ship, when I heard a loud shout, and looking towards the shore I saw from twenty to thirty canoes just leaving the beach in pursuit of us, for it seems that they had discovered the ship, and, missing the young prince and me, they instituted a search, but not finding us immediately, they rushed to the beach, and thus became aware of our whereabouts.

Our relative positions at this moment, I took in at a hasty glance; the ship was two miles from me to the S. W., and the canoes about two and a half miles due N. N. E., and between me and the shore. My only chance of escape was, in being seen by some one on board the ship, in which case, she would be kept off two points, which would soon materially lessen our distance. Happily this was the result, for I saw that her course was altered, and that she was running straight for me. Meantime, the

canoes came up with great rapidity, and gained upon me fearfully. When the ship was about half a mile from me, I observed a great commotion on board, and presently she "luffed up" to the wind, hauled aback the maintopsail, and the next moment, down came two boats well manned, and pulled quickly towards me. As one of them ran up alongside the canoe, I jumped into it, and told the men to pull for their lives, at the same time giving them a brief and hasty outline of my adventures. The canoes were now within speaking distance, but our boats distanced them, and in a few minutes, I stood upon the deck of the ship, happy and free. The canoes surrounded the vessel, and the natives made some angry demonstrations, but the Captain very ostentatiously displayed his whole ship's crew, armed with harpoons, cutting spades, hand-spikes, bill-hooks and old muskets, which had the effect of making them more peacefully inclined. A large canoe was now observed, just leaving the beach, and viewing it with a glass, I soon informed the Captain that he was about to be honored with a visit from the King, Queen, and the Princess my intended spouse; and, while waiting patiently for their arrival, I informed the Captain how matters stood, entreating him not to deliver me up to them. He handed me over to his wife, who took me down into the cabin, gave me a suit of the Captain's apparel put a wig on my head, she took off my spectacles; and when the King and the others came on deck, I was sitting at a table very composedly, playing a game of chess with her. My transformation was so complete that they were baffled for a time, but the lynx-eyed princess soon penetrated my disguise, and eagerly rushed towards me, but the mate caught her, and I escaped to the lower cabin. She did in reality love me (which admission is perhaps taking too much credit to myself) and I was

CANNIBALS.

RAW.

to my usual station on the mountain side for a moment one of the natives, saying to him which being inter-welcome a ship, when he "No to me." The improvement of the language of the King, and the young princes, and the green coconuts, and a hearty meal, the omnipresent but to sleep, ex-companion, who city of a leech. with continual upon the prince and just as we ravine, at a glance my eye to my joy saw and might be a speck as yet, at deliverance began to contain means for es lay hauled mile from us, em, my plans My demean-or it was part unconcerned on anything. occasionally

much pained at her apparently real sorrow, of which she made very loud demonstrations.

A long parley ensued, but as the Captain was firm, they were obliged to be contented with trading a few articles, and then they retired, uttering loud grunts of dissatisfaction. Before the King left, the Captain made several attempts to induce him to sell my chest and clothing which were on shore, but to no purpose. The crew, being made aware of my almost destitute condition, very kindly contributed each one some article of clothing, so that I was now suddenly rendered comparatively comfortable. The Captain and officers, not to be behind the crew in liberality, each presented me with some very useful and necessary appurtenances, and contrary to the usual custom, I was given the freedom of the ship. Some of these generous hearted tars wept, as I related many of my adventures among the Cannibals, and they were never wearied with hearing them. I found the vessel to be the bark S— N—, of N— B—, Captain R. H—, and learned that she was bound on a cruise down the line, for sperm whales, and thence to the Sandwich Islands. The names of the ship, Captain, officers and crew, together with that of the vessel I left, will be made known on the publication of "The White Cannibal."

Our voyage was not very successful, and we arrived after a few weeks cruising, at Lahaina, Sandwich Islands. Here ends the sketches of Life among the Cannibals. The series will be continued, under the caption of "Sandwich Island Notes."

PETRIFIED ANTLERS.—A gentleman left at the *Sonora Democrat* office a portion of the antlers of an elk, which was found in digging a well, fifteen feet below the surface, and below two layers of sand rock, each one foot in thickness. The full pair of antlers were found, but could not be taken out whole.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

BY J. H. S.

THE illustrated *London News* of the 9th of February, 1856, is furnished with engravings of two highly interesting mementos of this celebrated California Hero, of which the following account is given by a correspondent of that journal.

"At Nutwell Court, near the city of Exeter, are presented several mementos of the great circumnavigator Drake; and amongst them, unquestionably the most precious are the two jewels represented in the engravings, which as tradition says, were given to Drake by Queen Elizabeth, on his return from the voyage round the world.

"The smaller jewel, in form of a sun or star, has rubies set in the rays, and diamonds and opals in the border round the inner portion; engraved in this, in intaglio, is an orb, emblematical of sovereignty, and round the ruby are several very fine opals.

"The larger jewel is a most exquisite specimen of goldsmith's skill; it is richly enameled in red, yellow, blue and green, and has a few diamonds and rubies introduced in the border. The centre is composed of a very fine cameo, cut in onyx, believed to be by Valerio Vincentino—a most celebrated engraver of precious stones, and of whose works Felicien says, that if his designs were equal to his execution, he might be compared with the ancients. The subject of this Cameo is a representation of two heads—one of negro character, and the other a beautiful female face—typical doubtless of Europe and Africa. At the back of the jewel in the centre, is an exquisite miniature of Queen Elizabeth in all her glory of ruff and necklaco, painted by Nicholas Hilliard, and bearing date anno Dom. 1575, Regni 20. Hilliard was

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linner, jeweler and goldsmith to Queen Elizabeth; his works were highly esteemed. On the inner side of the cover to the back of the jewel, is a phoenix in enamel."

There is some discrepancy in the above date of 1575, with those dates which are the received ones of history, as relating to the voyage of Drake to California and the American Pacific Coasts, and so around the world through the Oriental seas of the Moluccas back to Old England. Probably it is a typographical error.

In the account of this voyage of circumnavigation as printed in Hakluyt's work, 1589, and quoted in Greenhow's history of Oregon and California, 1847, it appears that Drake sailed from Plymouth on the 13th of December, 1577, with five vessels—the expedition was winked at by Elizabeth, and its intention to filibuster on the Spanish settlements in Peru and Mexico well understood by his crews as well as his friends in England. The expedition entered the Pacific by the straits of Magellan in September, 1575—the squadron were all destroyed in a storm thereaway, excepting a schooner of a hundred tons, and some sixty men, with which, nothing daunted, the old Filibuster Captain went on to plunder the rich coast towns of the Spaniards, from Talenhuano in Chile, to Guatuleo in Mexico—the last is the present Huatuleo in Oaxaca, about 100 miles north of the city of Tehuantepec—from all of which they carried off in booty of gold, silver and precious stones, some three million of *pesos duros*. Fearing the attacks of Spanish galleons and caravals, Drake steered 1400 leagues west and north-west, and after great difficulties, privations and dangers, he came to anchor at the California shores on the 17th day of June, 1579, as Hakluyt states, "where it pleased God to send him into a fair and good bay, within 38 degrees toward the line." Here they remained five weeks. At this place Drake received the homage

of the King of the Ranchorias of Indians for his mistress Queen Bess, smoked native tobacco with the Californians, and took possession of the country, which he termed New Albion. This name it retained on most maps and charts, American and European (excepting Spanish), until those made after the 7th day of July, 1846.

After repairing his vessel, Drake sailed on the 22nd of July, 1579, from the bay of Punta de los Reyes, whose latitude, as stated by him, agrees with that more carefully ascertained by the officers of the United States Coast Survey since 1850.

Before his departure, Drake erected on the shores of the Bay which still retains his name, a pillar bearing an inscription commemorating the fact of this cession of sovereignty. He arrived in England by the way of the Cape of Good Hope on the 26th of September, 1580, after an absence of 1014 days, and was received by the Queen and Court of England with every demonstration of honor and respect. Elizabeth visited him on board of his California ship, the "Golden Hind," dubbed him Knight, and took him into great favor, which irritated the ambassador of Phillip, King of Spain, her brother-in-law to such a degree, as to be one of the moving causes of the fitting out of the celebrated Armada, a short time afterwards, which Drake by his skill and valor helped so materially to destroy and exterminate.

This California discovery ship, the Golden Hind, was afterwards broken up, and a chair made from its old timbers was presented to the University of Oxford, as stated by the Elizabethan chroniclers.

After the Armada, Drake continued to serve his country faithfully until the time of his death, which occurred about 1600, or thereabouts, on the Spanish main near Carthagena. His title, estates and hon-

ors were inherited by his nephew, whose descendants still represent in British aristocracy, the California Admiral of maritime antiquity.

Drake was cotemporary with the greatest men of the age, and as time has proved, even of the world. He lived in the epoch of William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon; of Edmund Spenser, and of Captain John Smith, that noble and chivalrous American Englishman who founded Virginia—also of the gallant Irishman and cordial-hearted cavalier, the ever to be lamented and remembered Sir Walter Raleigh—of the old sea chroniclers Hayluyt and Purchas, whose works are mints of ourious lore and instruction; and of the California navigator, Sebastian Visenino. But the greatest of all these was he, who gained sway over the world by the simple magic of the pen, unfolding the hidden mysteries of man's heart, and the overflowing beauties of nature to the present and to the future generations of Earth's children. His fame was as fresh, as flowery, as verdant, as mellow and mature then in 1600, as it is now in 1860.

A very pleasant and recently written description of Sir Francis Drake's Bay may be found in the Annals of San Francisco, 1854. The Tamalenos tribe of Indians, a remnant of which still inhabit the Punta los Reyes country, are thought to be the same *indigena* who received Drake with such hospitality and good will in 1579. One of our old pioneer friends, who lived thereabouts from 1833 to 1838, informs us that their habits, dress and customs, assimilate very faithfully to the accounts of them given by the Admiral two hundred odd years ago. They still gather the wild tobacco, and smoke it after their wild Gipsy fashion. We have never heard of any account of the inscribed pillar built by Drake at the site of his California anchorage. Some remains of it may be found even yet in existence.

An English resident of California, who lived for many years in the city of Oxford, England, states to us, that Drake's chair, made from the Golden Hind, is still preserved in the public halls of the aforesaid Bodlean library, and that he has many times sat in it. Suspended over this California memorial, is some original Government paper relating to the decapitation of King Charles the First. The old library spoken of is one of the most extensive and valuable in the world.

The forementioned Journal of February and March, 1856, says, there is an old tumbledown house in the town of Saint Aubins, Jersey, in which the islanders maintain Sir Francis Drake was born and spent his childhood. The story goes on to say, that the great navigator's name was originally Francois Malliard, "the patois for Drake in Jersey," but that when he became a great man he converted it into Francis Drake. The said house is still inhabited by a family of Mailliards who pretend to be descended from a brother of Sir Francis. Can any reader inform me where he (Sir Francis Drake) was born, and consequently whether my native isle has the honor of having been the birth place of such a famed one in England's history? *Celia Young, Jersey.*

Sir Francis Drake was born at Tavistock in Devonshire, a country which produced several Elizabethan heroes, among them Sir Francis, "worthy companion, both in life and death of Sir John Hawkins," Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and others of less note. Sir Francis died in 1596, off Nombre de Dios on the Isthmus of Panama; upon whose death one wrote thus:—

"The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb;
But for his fame, the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

All these are in answer to queries of correspondents.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—Devonshire has

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the honor of giving birth to the great circumnavigator. He was born in a farm house in the parish of Musbury, about three miles from Axminster. This was originally the family seat, and there is not a question as to the fact I state. If proof however be required, I refer your correspondent to my friend the Rev. Geo. Tucker, Rector of Musbury, an accomplished scholar of great research, who will readily furnish conclusive evidence.

FRED. TOLFREY.

P. S.—The monuments of the Drakes are in the parish church of Musbury.

The same Journal in June 1856 contains the following on the Astrolabe of Sir Francis Drake in Greenwich Hospital, and on some other matters pertaining to the great Admiral of England and California. Among the many relics of England's naval heroes enshrined in that stately and appropriate repository, Greenwich Hospital, a noble building dedicated to a nobler purpose—few are more interesting, few attract more attention, than the Astrolabe or instrument for taking the altitude of the sun or stars, once belonging to the famous Drake.

This instrument, constructed for Sir Francis when Captain Drake, prior to his first expedition to the West Indies in 1570, and subsequently preserved in a cabinet of antiquities belonging to the Stanhope family, was presented in 1783 by the Rt. Hon. Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, on his quitting England as ambassador to the Court of Spain, to the Rev. Francis Bigsby, A. M., of Stanton manor, Derbyshire, who had in the preceding year married the Hon. Francis Stanhope's widow, his Lordship's stepmother. In 1812, that gentleman having ruptured a large blood vessel, in anticipation of approaching death gave it as a token of affection to his younger brother Robert Bigsby, Esq., of Lion Hill house, Nottinghamshire, the father of whom had the honor of presenting it to King William

IV; by whom it was bestowed on the Royal Hospital of Greenwich.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—A statue of Sir Francis Drake has been presented to the town of Offenburg, by Herr Andreas Friederich, an eminent sculptor of Strasburg. It is executed in fine-grained red sand-stone, nine feet high, and is erected on a handsome pedestal of sand-stone, fourteen feet high, in one of the best situations of the town. Drake is represented standing on his ship at Deptford, on the 4th of April, 1587, having just received knighthood at the hands of Queen Elizabeth. He holds in his right hand a map of America, and in his left a bundle of potato stalks, with the roots, leaves, flowers, and berries attached. His arm leans on an anchor, over which a mantle falls in ample folds. On each side of the pedestal are inscriptions, the first being, "Sir Francis Drake, the introducer of potatoes into Europe, in the year of our Lord 1586;" the second, "The thanks of the town of Offenburg to Andreas Frederich of Strasburg, the executor and founder of the statue;" the third, "The blessings of millions of men who cultivate the globe of the earth, is thy most imperishable glory;" and the fourth, "The precious gift of God, as the help of the poor against need, prevents want." The citizens of Offenburg have presented the artist with a silver goblet, on the lid of which stands a model, in the same metal, of the statue of Drake.

National Magazine, 1858.

It seems, from the following newspaper articles of 1858, that the hereditary estates of Drake are in want of an heir:

Rev. Caswell Drake, of this State, has gone to England to establish his claim as a descendant and heir of the famous Sir Francis Drake, the great admiral and navigator, who was appointed and knighted by Queen Elizabeth.

North Carolina paper.

Mrs. Anna Cooper, of Cincinnati, formerly of New Jersey, claims to be a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Drake, who died in England in 1622, or thereabout, and left an immense estate, worth some \$80,000,000; which, after passing through several generations, has at last been unable to find one of the family upon whom to bestow itself.—*Eastern paper.*

These scattered scraps are well worth preserving in a California magazine, and will no doubt be found of great interest to our readers.

An excellent portrait may be found in a rare old English copy of Fletcher's account of Drake's Voyage, published in 1653, under the following quaint title, *verbatim et literalim*:

"Sir Francis Drake revived. Who is or may be a Pattern to stir up all Hero-icke and active SPIRITS of these Times, to benefit their countrey and eternise their names by like Noble ATTEMPTS. Being a summary and True Relation of foure Several voyages made by the said Sir Francis Drake to the West Indies—viz—His dangerous adventuring for Gold and Silver with the gaining thereof. And the surprising of Nombre de Dios by himself and two and Fifty men. His Encompassing the World. His voyage made with Christopher Carliol, Martin Frobisher, Francis Knollis and others. Their taking the townes of Saint Jago, Sancto Domingo, Carthagena and Saint Augustino. His last Voyage (in which he dyed) being accompanied with Sir John Hawkins, Sir Thomas Baskerfield, Sir Nicholas Clifford, with others. His manner of Buriall.

"Collected out of the Notes of the said Sir Francis Drake, Master Philip Nichols, Master Francis Fletcher, Frenchers; and the Notes of divers other Gentlemen (who went in the said Voyages) carefully compared together.

"Printed at London for Nicholas

Bourne, dwelling at the south entrance of the Royal Exchange, 1653."

This is something of a title, in these days of condensed entitulations. In 1653 things in the literary line went on in a charmingly slow, easy, old-fashioned way. It is a great pity the manner of 1860, with all its briefness, were not as good.

A NEW ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Courier des Etats Unis*, writing from Monagua, in Nicaragua, gives information of the discovery of a new route to the Pacific Ocean. The Atlantic terminus is about midway the Mosquito coast, on a stream marked on the map 'Rio Grande.' This is described as large enough to admit our ocean steamers, although it has been wholly overlooked thus far. The water of the river is deep, eighty miles inland, from which point it is but one hundred and twenty-three miles to the Pacific, over a level plain. All conditions favorable to the enterprise are declared by the writer to be supplied by this route. Not only is the level of the uniformity indicated, but the climate is less torrid than that of Louisiana, the region being singularly healthful; while the timber necessary to engineering labors is convenient and abundant.

A CALIFORNIA ANTEDILUVIAN

RELIC.—We are informed by the *Stanislaus Index*, published at Knight's Ferry, on the Stanislaus river, that a mammoth bone was taken out of a mining claim in a gulch a mile or two south of Lagrange, by some French miners. The bone was a good deal broken by the pick in taking it out, but the knee-joint is almost perfect. The circumference at the knee is nearly three feet. The length could not have been short of ten feet, but the lower end was too much broken to ascertain its exact size.

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Our Social Chair.

THIS would be a happy world, gentle reader, if each of us felt that the happiness of every one with whom we had either social or business converse was in our own personal keeping. That in proportion as we made our relationships pleasant, would be the pleasure communicated to others. Happiness is the great end that we all have in view, and did we understand the true philosophy of obtaining it, our methods of pursuit would differ very much from those adopted.

If we would allow a gentle but faithful voice within to speak words of admonishment or blame to us, we should often hear it say, "That sentence was too harsh and uncalled for, and gave severe pain, which might as well been avoided." "This thought, or speech, was one-sided, and unfair, and, consequently, unjust, and if known by the person of whom it was thought, or spoken, would not only grieve him or her, but be very apt to create a spirit of angry resentment, that would not only subtract from your comfort and happiness, but add materially to his discomfort and unhappiness; so that whenever you think of or meet the injured one, you will feel a pang shoot through you—and all of this could have been avoided."

We might go on *ad infinitum* with examples, but if the reader will only pause, feeling that his neighbor's happiness is in his keeping, he will always study to avoid giving pain, and strive, in every possible manner, to give pleasure. This will be the true philosophy of obtaining the most happiness on the best and safest principles, always remembering that to bless and be blessed, he must *eschew selfishness* in all its different phases. To this let us add, if as a rule you cannot speak a good word for a person—keep silent.

IMPROMPTU.

I.

When first I saw thee, Flora, 'twas on a summer's day:
The sun above was shining, all nature blithe and gay;
The pretty birds were warbling their sweet and joyous song,
And joy supreme pervaded that gay and bustling throng.

II.

When next I saw thee, Flora, 'twas at the county ball;
Of all those pretty maidens, the fairest of them all:
The hours glided swiftly like summer's waves in flight—
Thou wert the reigning goddess upon that blissful night.

III.

When last I saw thee, Flora, 'twas as a blushing bride,
And he, the happy bridegroom, was standing by thy side—
Angels above smiled sweetly upon the happy pair;
Celestial music floated and sounded through the air.
J. P. C.

Old Ben Simmons, of Missouri, used to tell the following story:—

I have had many a narrow escape in my day, escapes from the naked, yelling, bloody Indians; escapes from the catamounts, panthers and grizzly bears; but the most wonderful of all was when I was chased, one night, on horseback, on full tilt, by Parson Grimke's old log meeting-house.

You see I had been to a husking frolic at farmer Starkley's, who lived away up in the back part of the settlement, and I had danced with all the pretty girls, and sung songs and drank new cider, till my head felt about the size of a bushel basket; and my eyes felt, for all the world, like two balls of fire, ready to start out of it, it was hooped up so tight. Well, I was riding along towards home, after the frolic; it was about twelve o'clock, and the night was misty and kind of cloudy like; and as I passed Parson Grimke's old log meeting-house I thought it looked kind of gloomy, standing all alone there in the dark, and I looked at it for a long time; when suddenly it seemed to me to have changed its place, and to be much nearer to me than it did a few moments before. I rubbed my

eyes; I could not believe the evidence of my own senses; still it was so. I whipped up my nag and rode a few paces, and then made a stop and looked behind—and there was the meeting-house! It had whipped up and come along with me, and only stopped when I stopped. By this time I was pretty thoroughly scared. I put spurs to my horse, and rode like one possessed; but ride as fast as I would, the meeting-house kept close up, and was always at the same distance. It seemed only about twenty feet from the horse's tail. Then off I darted like a streak of lightning, spurring up my nag and puffing and blowing like a porpoise, over the hill, through the swamp, over the log bridge, and then away into the clearing among the stumps, when the wonder was I did not break my neck; still there was the meeting-house in full chase close behind me. "Good God! I thought, if ever I reached home and got into the barn safe and sound, will the meeting-house follow me there? Yes, it may—it is evidently bewitched, and can go through a barn door as easily as I can."

So I bolted on, spurring at the sides of my poor beast till she was all of a foam, and the sweat was pouring from her neck and sides; at last I reached the fence that surrounded my haystacks and barn. I did not wait for the lowest place, over I went; my horse plunging one way, towards the haystacks, and I thrown sprawling on my hands and knees, towards the barn, and my hat in the mud puddle between. I scrambled up in an instant, for I expected the meeting-house would be upon me and crush me to a jelly. I gazed all around me, but the meeting-house was not there; it had vanished.

"Have I been drunk," thought I, "or bewitched, or both together?"

I picked up my hat and put it on my head—then the mystery was explained.

A piece of the tattered lining hung below the rim, and to my heated vision it had assumed the appearance of Parson Grimke's old log meeting-house, as it hung there dangling before my eyes, following me, whether I walked or ran—and, of course, was "always the same distance off!"

The following ingenious composition appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, many years ago. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read, viz.: First, Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written. Second, Then the lines downward on the *left* of each comma, in every line. Third, In the same manner on the *right* of each comma. By the first reading, you will observe that the Revolutionary cause is deprecated,—and lauded by others:—

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon will shine
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join:
The Acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who Independence boast;
Who non resistance hold, they have my hand and heart.
May they for slaves be sold, who act a whiggish part;
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North, that British Lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General WASHINGTON.

A lady once pressed us very urgently to write something in her Album. Yet, such is our aversion to such an act, that we very ungallantly replied—"Ask us to hang, poison, or drown ourselves, and to oblige you we will do it! but, to write in an Album is asking altogether too much."

Recently one of these souvenirs came into our hands, belonging to our esteemed friend and correspondent "Alice," and although we could not conquer the old feeling against writing in it, we found the following very truthful and well-written lines, addressed to her from a sincere admirer,

that no great effort
temptation to
however much
matter:—

Thine eye is
Chasing the
Thy brow
No marble to
The dazzling
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Thy form is
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that no great effort was made to resist the temptation to steal something from it, however much we may be blamed in the matter:—

TO ALICE.

Thine eye is not a starry light,
Chasing the gloom of sorrow's night,
Thy brow no snow discloses;
No marble lends its hue to deck
The dazzling whiteness of thy neck,
Nor are thy lips twin roses.

Thy form is not some poet's dream,
Shadow'd at eve by crystal stream,
By his fantastic fancies;
They, who are formed of dreams and
flowers,
Ne'er walk in this cold world of ours,
But glitter in romances.

But thou to me art dearer far
Than rose, or dream, or brightest star
Through Heaven's clear azure steal—
For, Alice! in that heart of thine (ing
Three gentle powers have fixed their
Love, Purity, and Feeling. [shrine,
ALLEN.

THE following amusing anecdote was related to us by a friend who loves children, and who derives a large portion of her pleasures from watching their bright eyes, or listening to their shrewd sayings:

Little Freddy, who has passed his fourth summer, possesses a great partiality for cats, and an equal amount of aversion for dogs. Now, as we all know, great enmity has always existed between the canino and felino races, and that many encounters arise from this natural animosity to one another. "Towser," who is not only the larger and stronger, although not always the successful animal, has the faculty of inducing other dogs in the neighborhood to follow suit in all predatory forays after cats, so much so that "Tabby" usually has a very hard time of it. These unequal scrambles and fights toward his favorite, had often troubled Freddy's mind, whose sympathies, of course, were all on 'Tabby's side. One day, as his mother sat busily sewing, she was surprised to see master Freddy rush into the room, his face beaming with pleasure, and to hear him exclaim, "Oh, mother! I know why the Bible says 'for without are dogs and sorcerers.'" "Ah, Freddy," his mother replied, "why is

it?" "Don't you know? Why the dogs are put outside so that they cannot worry the cats!"

The following good story, from the *San Francisco Morning Call*, must be received with some grains of allowance; for although it savours somewhat of party, (and everybody knows that this social chair has nothing to do with party,) it will do very well to have a quiet, good-natured smile over:

AN INTELLIGENT SOVEREIGN.—One of the Republican canvassers tells a lurid story of an incident which came under his notice during the campaign just closed. He proposed to speak in a strong Democratic precinct in the mountains. Arriving at the place, he found two men engaged in active and violent discussion. One man was offering to bet \$10 that St. Louis is the capital of the United States! Another gave vent to his opinion as follows: "The people of the north dissolve this glorious Union! Why they can't begin to do it! Just let them try it once, and the people of the south would close the port of New Orleans in a jiffy! That would at once put a stop to all the trade and commerce of the north! The northerners couldn't get out, no way!" The Republican concluded that the schoolmaster was too far away from home for him to do any good there.

THERE was once an itinerant preacher in "West Tennessee," who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary Biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would very frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to announce it, and he would explain it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines." On one occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text, but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without any opportunity of "showing his learning," when a clap "back by the door" announced that he had a Biblical matter of great "concern" which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animatedly, professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement. "What I want to know," said the outsider, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler?" The "expounder" looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming in a loud voice, "I fetched him down on the

first question!" From that time forward the practice of asking for difficult passages was abandoned.

College life in the last century was very different from what it is now, not only in the mother country, but in our own. At that time the students were obliged to go to the kitchen doors with their bowls or pitchers for their supper, where they received their milk or chocolate in a vessel held in one hand, and their piece of bread in the other, and went straight to their rooms to devour it.

"There were suspicions at times," says a writer of that period, "that the milk was diluted with water, which led a sagacious Yankee student to put the matter to the test. So one day he said to the carrier boy,

"Why don't your mother mix the milk with warm water instead of cold?"

"She does," replied the boy; "she always puts in warm water."

Not unlike the reply of a little country girl, on a visit to her aunt in the city, who had waited long for the promised milkman to arrive, and who, when he *did* come, brought the usual "fluid."

The little girl had her bowl of milk crumbled with bread, and, after eating a mouthful or two, said,

"Aunty, I don't like *milkman's* milk as well as I do *cow's* milk. 'Tisn't near so good."

How much, in the way of a maxim or apothegm, there is sometimes in a single line from a simple-minded, honest thinker! Here is one which should not be lost upon the thousands who are thinking how they look, how they appear in the eyes of others at a party, or how, in the minds of their guests, their great dinner, which has cost them a world of trouble, fuss and feathers, is passing off: "*The happiest moment of your life is when you don't know it.*"

The Fashions.

The promise in our last that we would speak of "bridal dress" is with pleasure redeemed, as never was a prettier than the one we have to give, which is a white rep silk, with three skirts; the first trail in the back a hands breadth, and slope gradual so that in the front it swings free of the instep; the second is to slope the same, and to extend within a quarter of a yard of the first; the third is but half a yard in depth, and slopes the same; each is finished with a white satin cord, large sized; on the up-

per skirt is a flounce of deep blonde lace, fullled slightly under the cord. This flounce is looped up on each side with jessamine and orange flowers, among which are mingled bows of cloud lace, with long, floating barbs. The waist is high in the throat, with long point, back and front, flowing sleeves, very wide, undersleeves and veil of point lace. The hair combed off the forehead and braided and curled on the back of the head. The wreath of jessamine and orange buds is small, except on the right side is a somewhat large tuft of eglantine and wild roses, where the veil is thrown to the left side. We have seen this dress, and was compelled to wonder at the style and harmony so happily commingled, and although in colors it would be also pretty for a ball room, it is peculiarly adapted to the bridal. If the ceremony is to take place in church, a white cashmere circular, lined with pale blue silk, quilted, finished all around with a cord of blue and gold.

Boys' walking dress of fawn-colored poplin. Open jacket, trimmed with braid-work; coat sleeves, with collar and undersleeves of white linen, cut square. No change in the pants since our last description.

Girls' toilet, plaid poplin skirt, cut bias, and moderately long, plain waist and small flowing sleeves, trimmed in velvet, with velvet bretelles, open at the shoulder, and fastened at the waist in the back by a cord and tassels; cambric sleeves with cuffs and collar of plain linen; shirred black velvet flat, trimmed with cock's plumes.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE steamship *Washington*, which had been kept in reserve at Panama, arrived here on October 24th with the mails and passengers of the *John L. Stephens*.

The news of the sudden death of F. P. Tracy, one of the most eloquent and forcible speakers on the Pacific coast, and a Republican delegate to the Chicago nominating convention, was received here Oct. 24th. He died at Lowell, N. Y., on the 1st.

New silver mines were discovered on the head waters of the Clackamas river, Oregon.

The contract for the construction of the San Francisco & San Jose Railroad was awarded to Chas. McLaughlin and Co. of this city, October 24th, for \$2,000,000, \$500,000 in cash to be paid in the stock of the company, completed Oct. 1st. 1862.

The *Moses Taylor*, of the Pacific Mail line of steamships, was launched on the 19th ult., and named "Moses Taylor" or some other name. She was built at San Francisco, and will be the first ship to be built for this disense among "ship owners."

The *Uncle Sam* arrived at San Francisco on the 20th ult., with 500 passengers. She was the first ship to be built for the passage between here and San Francisco.

The *Mendocino Herald*, a weekly paper, was issued at Ukiah on the 9th ult.

Thanksgiving-day was celebrated with a grand slaughter of turkeys, geese, on the 29th ult.

About 8 o'clock, on the 31st, eight men with iron bars, entered the store of Pearson & Co. at Coloma, and demanded the safe, rifled it. Pearson left the room, when he was followed by one of the men at him, one of which struck him on the right eye. He is now recovering. Six men were sitting in the room, but being unarmed they were not hurt.

An artesian well was struck in Contra Costa county, 120 feet water was raised to the surface. While some time since, great roaring noise, which was heard at a candle.

The *Uncle Sam* arrived at San Francisco with 164 passengers.

A native Californian of San Jose, agreed to sell the San Jose race track for a wager of \$2,500 (of his own) as a match in 6 hours. Thirty one were present.

The *Sonora* arrived at San Francisco with 458 passengers.

The Republican light procession of the night of the election.

Digger Indians are now per day at Knappa, than many a day making in most.

The contract for the construction of the San Francisco & San Jose railroad was let to Chas. McLaughlin and A. H. Houston of this city, October 24th, for the sum of \$2,000,000, \$500,000 in cash, and the balance in the stock of the company. To be completed Oct. 1st. 1862.

The *Moses Taylor*, of the so called "People's line" of steamships, was to commence running on the 19th ult., but as a "black mail," or some other "arrangement" had been made, she was withdrawn. The Pacific railroad will be the only reliable cure for this disease among "honorable" steamship owners.

The *Uncle Sam* arrived Oct. 27th with 500 passengers. She was 15 days making the passage between here and Panama.

The *Mendocino Herald*, E. H. Budd, proprietor, was issued at Ukiah city on the 9th ult.

Thanksgiving-day was kept with the usual slaughter of turkeys, and family assemblages, on the 29th ult.

About 8 o'clock, on the evening of Oct. 31st, eight men with masked faces entered Pearson & Co's store at Peru, 4 miles from Coloma, and demanding the keys of the safe, rifled it. Pearson made an attempt to leave the room, when two shots were fired at him, one of which took effect on the right eye. He is not expected to live. Six men were sitting around the stove, but being unarmed they offered no resistance.

An artesian well was sunk near Pacheco, in Contra Costa county. At the depth of 120 feet water was forced three feet above the surface. While boring a well there, some time since, gas rushed out with a roaring noise, which burned on application of a candle.

The *Uncle Sam* sailed on the 1st ult., with 164 passengers, and \$1,188,071.

A native Californian named Ramon Pico, of San Jose, agreed to ride 150 miles on the San Jose race-course in 6 1/2 hours, for a wager of \$2,500, using as many horses (of his own) as he pleased. He won the match in 6 hours 16 minutes and 15 seconds. Thirty one horses were used.

The *Sonora* arrived on the 4th ult. with 456 passengers.

The Republicans had the largest torch-light procession ever known on this coast on the night of the 5th ult. the eve of the election.

Digger Indians are said to be making \$3 per day at Knights Ferry. This is more than many a hard working white man is making in most camps.

The rapid increase in the production of wheat in this State may be inferred from the following: From July 1 to Nov. 6th, 1858, there were received at this port 280,401 sacks of domestic wheat; from July 1 to Nov. 5, 1859, the amount received was 534,147 sacks; and from July 1 to Nov. 3 of the present year, 1,191,783 sacks were received. The receipts of barley have fallen off in about the same proportion that the receipts of wheat have increased.

The value of exports from this port, other than treasury, for the month of October, was \$901,008.98. We are becoming a little more sensible at last.

Messrs. Smith & Searles are putting up works for the manufacture of salt, in South Cottonwood, Tehama county, about twenty-eight miles southwest of Red Bluff. They say the water is excellent and abundant, some of it so strongly impregnated, that it will yield three pounds of salt to the gallon.

The new Catholic cemetery near "Lone Mountain," was consecrated on the 8th ult., and the old cemetery at the Mission Dolores closed.

The *Sonora* sailed on the 11th ult. with 304 passengers and \$923,419.

During the month of October there arrived at this port from abroad 22 vessels (exclusive of steamers) of 16,329 tons capacity, and the freight value of their cargoes was \$309,057.25.

The *Golden Age* arrived on the 15th ult. with passengers.

The general election, which took place on the 6th ult. for President of the United States, resulted as follows in this State:

Lincoln.....	(Republican).....	39,025
Douglas.....	(Democrat).....	38,394
Breckenridge...	(Democrat).....	34,203
Bell.....	(Union).....	8,916

Lincoln over Douglas, 631; over Breckenridge, 4,822; Douglas over Breckenridge, 4,191. The entire vote of the State thus far—which is not quite complete, is 120,538.

On the 15th and 16th ult. a severe gale from the north blew down aqueducts and flumes, and trees, and caused considerable damage in our harbor.

The Pony Express arrived at Fort Churchill, on the 14th, with the Eastern election news of the 8th inst., which was immediately telegraphed to this city, bringing dates from St. Joseph, Missouri, in six days.

Two-thirds of the town at Don Pedro's Bay, Tuolumne county, was destroyed by fire on the 10th ult.

Two schooners were sunk in the San Joaquin river, by the steamer *Helen Hanson*, plying between Stockton and San Francisco. One had a total loss, with all her cargo. Her Captain cannot be considered among the most careful at least, that in our opinion.

James Capen Adams, the old, quaint-looking mountaineer and hunter of this State, died from an old wound, at Neponset, Mass. Poor Adams could stand the cold and exposure of our mountains, but was obliged to succumb to the oppressively hot days and nights of the Eastern States. The hot weather there is generally more fatal to the Californians than the cold.

Editor's Table.

WITH heartfelt sadness it becomes our melancholy task to make known to our readers the sudden death of one of the earliest contributors to this Magazine, Mr. William Henry Deitz; to whom, under the signature of "W. H. D.," we have been indebted for so many graceful and feeling pieces, both in prose and verse, with which to elevate and brighten these pages. But, alas! the fire of his poetic genius is forever quenched, at least, to us, for he has been called to join the great brotherhood of poets in the spirit-land of the blessed. He "still liveth," not only in these and other pages, and in the hearts of his friends, but to our mind, in a wider sphere of usefulness. We hope to feel that his pure spirit and friendly heart will be often near, to prompt and guide us. We do not believe—cannot believe—that disembodied spirits soar away to some unknown destiny beyond the stars; but, that they are always present, upon the earth, hovering among the scenes with which they were most familiar, and lingering in happy companionship with dear friends to whom they were most indebted, or with whom they enjoyed the brightest and noblest pleasures,—perhaps, as our guardian spirits, dear reader. Oh! that we, in the hours of temptation and need, may always feel that such an one is very near to us.

Mr. D. was born, 1816, in the city of New York, where he resided until 1856, and was connected with the prosperous and well-known house of Deitz Bros. & Co., lamp manufacturers, in all its branches, and the

inventors of the world-renowned coal oil lamps.

In 1842 he was married, and leaves three children, two girls and one boy, to mourn his loss.

In the fall of the year above mentioned, (1856,) he came to California to benefit his health, at which time the editor of this Magazine became acquainted with him; first through some affectionately written poetic pieces, and afterward, by personal interview, at which time a friendly acquaintance commenced, that ripened into a strong and warm hearted, brotherly friendship, which continued to the hour of his death. In 1858 he paid a visit to Fraser river, and was on board the *Cortes*, when making her pioneer trip. He returned to this State in January last, on his way to his native city; at which time he appeared very athletic and healthy, having increased in weight from one hundred and thirty-six pounds to one hundred and seventy-eight.

But the climate of New York, in summer—not the winter, which many so much dread—was too much for him, (as it has been by far too often with others,) for on the 3d of October last, he sickened with typhoid fever, and on the 16th—Sabbath morning—at the peaceful hour of midnight, he fell asleep like a child, and entered on that Sabbath which is to have no ending.

He retained his senses to the last. A short time before his death, feeling a little better, he sat up in his bed, and while his attentive attendant was temporarily absent,

he wrote a note of heart for her kind and never strikingly suggestive with his thoughtful regard, parent of his life. He was and owing to his devoted truthfulness, was the high-minded nobility character were striking writings; and equally dealings with business his social relationships, this with his relative sad bereavement, and lost, not only a writer friend.

Our readers will remember the celebration between Dr. Johnson and the latter received mer's dictionary, annoying delay, who received, and, thank you." To which he sends his compliments happy to find that thank God for any from memory.) I wish in the least countenance to us we must grateful in reference to the the bottom of our is over. Most of spirit-stirring exclusively devoted—until we have to their content the smoke has with the vanquish should furnish minded and cut the heart to its glorious Republic morning, and teners." But she or more exult that "to the vi "woe, woe un certain, and ou

Literary Notices.

he wrote a note of heartfelt thanks to her for her kind and never tiring care. How strikingly suggestive was this little act, of his thoughtful regard, manifested in every event of his life. He was one of ten children, and owing to his devoted amiability and truthfulness, was the favorite of them all. His high-minded nobility and gentleness of character were strikingly apparent in his writings; and equally so in his every day dealings with business men, as well as in all his social relationships. We deeply sympathize with his relatives and friends in their sad bereavement, and feel, also, that we have lost, not only a writer, but a brother and a friend.

Our readers will readily bring to remembrance the celebrated correspondence between Dr. Johnson and his publisher: when the latter received the "copy" for the former's dictionary, after a very long and annoying delay, who replied rather pettishly, "The last manuscript for your dictionary is received, and, thank God, I have done with you." To which he replied, "Johnson presents his compliments to Mr. —, and is happy to find that he has sufficient grace to thank God for anything." (We quote only from memory.) Now, although we do not wish in the least possible manner to give countenance to undue levity, or profanity, we must gratefully use a similar sentiment in reference to the recent election, for, from the bottom of our heart, we are glad that it is over. Most of our ever welcome and spirit-stirring exchanges have been too exclusively devoted to politics—party politics—until we have become entirely indifferent to their contents. Now, the battle is over, the smoke has cleared away, and the victors with the vanquished are revealed. If purity should furnish the motive, and honor—high-minded and ennobling honor—should nerve the heart to its duty, then the future of our glorious Republic will be "bright as the morning, and terrible as an army with banners." But should there be no higher motto, or more exalted principle to govern, than that "to the victors belong the spoils," then "woe, woe unto us," for our misfortunes are certain, and our degradation sure.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By EDWARD EVERETT. Published by A. Roman, San Francisco. Sheldon & Co., New York.

To say aught in praise of Mr. Everett as an author, would be a work of supererogation. His well-earned fame, as one of the most elegant and finished writers in the United States, or the world, is a sufficient guarantee that no line will leave his pen that would be unworthy of his genius. The volume before us was written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," at the suggestion of Lord Macaulay, the historian, and its requirements naturally suggested brevity and comprehensiveness. In style it is terse and elegant, and presents in beautiful language a cheering picture of the ever to be revered Washington.

HENRY LYLE, OR LIFE AND EXISTENCE. By EMILIA MARRYAT, author of "Temper," &c. Published by Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

The fair writer of this novel is a daughter of the late Capt. Marryat, the eminent author of "Peter Simple," "The King's Own," &c., &c. We cannot see, judging from this work, (the only one of Miss Marryat's we have read) that the daughter inherits in any remarkable degree the talents of the father. "Henry Lyle" belongs, in our estimation, to the class of insipid story books that have but little influence, either for good or evil. As soon as read—if read at all—the impression, if any, would be superficial and very evanescent; and on no account repays the time consumed in reading it.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. By JOHN TIMMS, F. S. A. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York. A. Roman, San Francisco.

This volume contains much valuable information on the most prominent discoveries and inventions in all ages and countries.

tries of the known world, from the screw of Archimedes to the latest improvements in the electric telegraph; and being written in a pleasing and popular style, is well adapted for the long winter evenings, and would make an excellent present for the Christmas and New Year holidays.

THE WHITE HILLS; THEIR LEGENDS, LANDSCAPES, AND POETRY. By THOS. STARR KING. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. A. Roman, San Francisco.

Mr. King's fame as a brilliant lecturer and forcible writer, will at once bespeak for this fine volume more than ordinary attention. Lovers of the beautiful in nature—those who delight in holding deep and impassioned communion with her glories and mysteries—will find a kindred spirit in the author of this elegant and finished work. It is not a mere centre-table ornament, whose only recommendation to notice is its ornamental binding—yet, it possesses this quality, also—but is a sublime delineation of God's works among the most remarkable of New England scenes, the White Mountains. We know of no Christmas and New Year's present more suitable than this. It is a book that will be a credit to the taste of the donor, as it will be a compliment to the refinement of the receiver. Mr. Roman has this work in five different styles of binding, (at Boston prices,) so that all classes may be gratified.

In looking over the large supply of beautifully bound books, just received by Mr. R.—for Christmas gifts—we notice many entirely new. This will be a feature of importance for the coming season. We wanted to have an interest in one corner of Croesus' purse, that we might make an investment in some of them. But—

THE HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN, for all the Diseases of Men, Women and Children. By IRA WARREN, A. M., M. D. Published by Bradley, Dayton & Co., Boston. Daniel Hunt, Agent, San Francisco.

This is a handsome volume of over 700 pages, written in plain yet comprehensive language, and not only embraces almost every disease known, but presents every

phase of it, with the proper method of treatment, and the kind of medicine required. In order to make it the more useful, it is illustrated with between two and three hundred engravings, besides a number of well lithographed and beautifully colored plates. It seems to us that the possession of a work like this, from the pen of so eminent a physician as Dr. Warren of Boston, would prevent many diseases, and obviate the necessity of calling in medical advice, except in the most difficult cases. It embraces the allopathic, homoeopathic, and hydropathic systems.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS. By the MARQUIS DE H——. Published by Charles Scribner, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

This is a well written memoir of a somewhat remarkable woman, whose amiable temper and gentle spirit seemed to wake the kindly feelings of all who knew her, in many scenes of trial. The womanly firmness and courage manifested at the time of the French revolution of 1848, when several loaded carbines were pointed at her, and at her sons the Duke de Nemours and Count De Paris, heirs to the throne of France, when in the Chamber of Deputies, is thrillingly portrayed. Her numerous letters reveal many secrets not patent to the world. Altogether it is an instructive and interesting volume.

NEMESIS. By MARIAN HARLAND. Derby & Jackson, publishers, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

This last production from the gifted author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Moss Side," &c., will, we are sure, be welcomed with great heartiness. The principal events in the story of Nemesis, are represented as taking place in Virginia, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and much light is pleasantly reflected on country life and manners of that time, and State. The characters are well drawn, many of the scenes are very impressive, and the story itself is such, we think, that it can hardly fail thrillingly to interest and benefit the reader.

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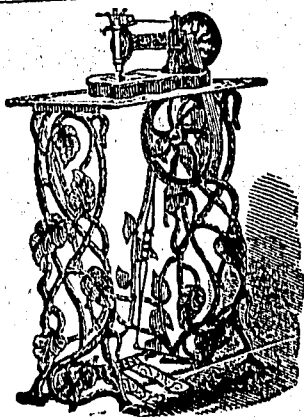
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this Seminary will commence on Wednesday, the 17th of October next, and will close on Monday, the 19th of June, 1861.

Misrepresentations, which have come to the knowledge of the Principal, compel her to draw the special attention of parents, guardians, and all interested in the matter, to the following rule of the institution, from which there is never any deviation:

"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."

For further particulars apply to

MARY ATKINS, Principal.

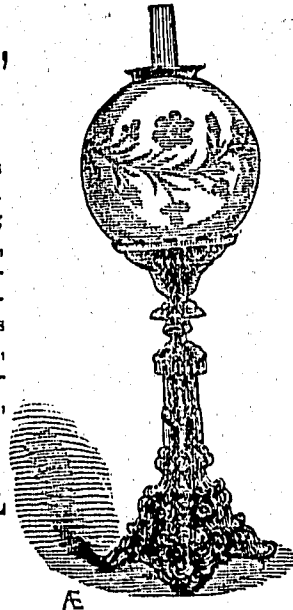
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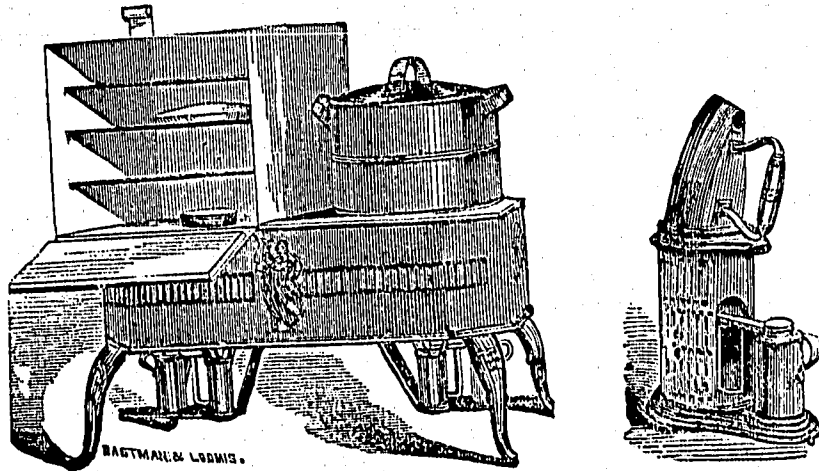


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IS PREPARED from the finest red Jamaica Sarsaparilla and English Iodide of Potass—remarkable as a RESTORATIVE and PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD. It cleanses the system of all morbid and impure matter,—removes Pimples, Boils and Eruptions from the skin,—cures Rheumatism and Pains of all kinds. All who can afford should use it, as it tends to give them strength, and prolongs life.

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Our goods are selling
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If you will only call
and try,
You cannot fall of us
to buy.



MINER.



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

MERCHANT.



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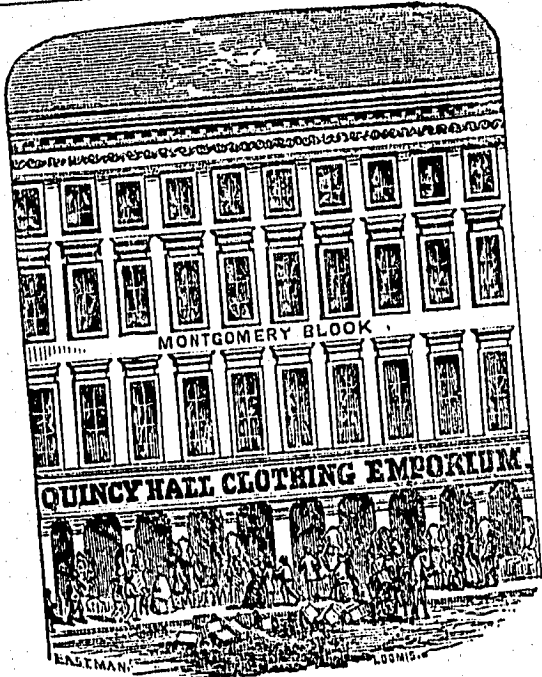
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Of whom to buy, and where to go.

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Our clothes and provi-
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So we must buy our
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Buy your CLOTHING at QUINCY HALL.
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Was awarded to the Hydro-Chloric Washer, when in competition with all the best Washing Machines of the United States, at the Bay District Agricultural Fair, held in the City of San Francisco, California, on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of September, 1860.

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Said Machine will heat twenty-five gallons of Water in eighteen minutes, and can wash twenty-four shirts in thorough style, in twenty-five minutes, without the least damage.

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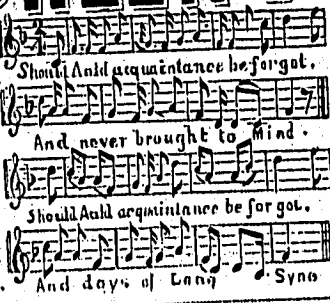
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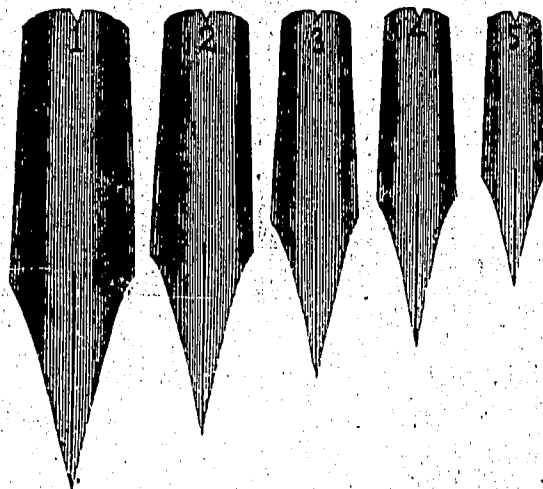
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