

Published Monthly.

Price 25 Cents

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 57...MARCH, 1861.



PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD.

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

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

[MARCH, 1861.]

CONTENTS.

NUMBER [LVII.]

BEE RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.....	385
ILLUSTRATIONS—A Swarm of Bees—Hives of Bees—California Hive— Storyfying Hive—Improved Chamber Hive.	
NICOLAS BONNOT IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY AND GOLD.....	392
THE BOTTLE AT SEA.....	401
"AND THEN?".....	411
A HOME SKETCH.....	412
FAITH.....	413
AN EVERY DAY STORY.....	417
A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.....	418
THE GRAVE OF AMELIA WELBY.....	420
SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.....	421
TO E.....	421
GLEANINGS.....	422
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.....	
Moonshine—God save the Republic—Union-saving in 1817—Make lee-way allowances—The Skeleton in every House—Death's Doings—Spring—A French Anecdote—A Financial Statement—Self-Help—Letter from Camp Stool—Dinner with the Chinese.	
OUR TREASURY.....	428
THE FASHIONS.....	428
EDITOR'S TABLE.....	429
Adventures of a French Officer—About the Sandwich Islands—Anecdote of Gen. Scott—Art Criticism Extraordinary—Little Troubles—Rest from Labor—A German Secessionist.	
LITERARY NOTICES.....	432

**OAK HALL
CLOTHING**

EMPORIUM,
178 CLAY & 107 MERCHANT ST.

LOCKWOOD, EWELL & Co
Merchant Tailors,

AND DEALERS IN

Gents' & Boys' Clothing

—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS.

N. B.—We are not open on Sundays.—
Our customers will bear this in mind, and
make their purchases on Saturday.

L., E. & CO.

**WHOLESALE
BOOK ESTABLISHMENT.**

ANTON ROMAN. FRANK D. CARLTON.

A. ROMAN & CO.
Booksellers, Importers,

— AND —
PUBLISHERS,
No. 507 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Having permanently established ourselves in
the above business, we invite the especial attention
of the book trade to our immense Stock of STAND-
ARD and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, and to our
superior facilities for filling orders and procuring
Home and Foreign Publications, at the shortest
possible notice.

Orders filled with promptness and dispatch
and at the lowest possible rates.
Our own and publishers' Catalogues furnished
gratis.

CA

Vol.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5. MARCH, 1861. No. 9.

BEE RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.



A SWARM OF BEES.

MARCH, 1861.

385
Hive—

392
401
411
412
413
413
417
418
420
421
421
422

Make lee-way
—Spring—A
from Camp

428
428
429
ads—Anecdote
es—Resi from

432

RESALE
BLISHMENT.

FRANK D. CARLTON.
AN & CO.
Importers,
AND
PUBLISHERS,
Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ntly established ourselves in
invite the especial attention
or immense Stock of STANB-
NEOUS BOOKS, and to our
filling orders and procuring
publications, at the shortest

with promptness and dispatch
possible rates.
Publishers' Catalogues furnish

BEE RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. S. HARBISON.*

BEE raising is becoming an important and profitable branch of industrial pursuit in California; and the study of its habits an interesting employment. Now almost every inmate of a comfortable home seems desirous of adding this valuable worker, either for ornament or use, to his group of home-like associations and realities. A brief description, therefore, will be cordially welcomed by our numerous readers.

Each family of bees is composed, during a portion of the year, of three classes—viz: queen, drones and workers. During the remainder there are only two—the queen and workers, or developed and undeveloped females.

The queen, or *mother*, is the only perfectly developed female in the hive. Her form is symmetrical and graceful; her color, on the back and sides, is usually of a dark brown, but occasionally of a slightly yellow or variegated appearance; while the belly and legs are of a bright copper color. Strictly speaking, the queen is a working mother, rather than a ruling sovereign. Her main office is to deposit eggs in the cells; which is proved by the fact that a queenless colony continue labor with nearly the same alacrity as though they possessed one, till finally terminated by the death of the generation.

Bees, if left to themselves to swarm in the natural way, only breed queens at a

*The following very interesting article has been prepared for us by Mr. Harbison, from the opening chapters of his new and valuable work on bees. This important treatise will soon issue from the press of Towne & Bacon, of this city, and should be ordered by every one interested in the subject. The work will contain several hundred pages, illustrated throughout, with numerous cuts and engravings, and with practical explanations of everything appertaining to successful bee culture. We have examined carefully the advance sheets of this valuable work, and cordially commend it to the notice of agriculturalists of the State.

period preparatory to swarming, or to supply the place of old ones about to die. When a hive is sufficiently full, and pasture abundant at the season when instinct prompts them to swarm, from five to eight days prior to the first one leaving, they form a number of queen cells, usually from three to eight, in which the queen deposits eggs. This is done at intervals up to the time when the first swarm departs, at which time one or more of the cells are sealed; the remaining ones are sealed afterward, in the order of their respective ages, all being finished by the sixth day after the swarm has left, (the old queen invariably accompanying the first swarm,) at which time, or within twenty-four hours thereafter, (being seven days from the departure of the first swarm,) the first sealed queen emerges, and usually in three days from her birth she accompanies the second swarm.

The second queen accompanies a third swarm, on the second or third day from the second; a fourth, and even a fifth swarm sometimes follows, at intervals of every other day. All the swarms from the same hive must depart within nineteen days from the time the first one left; after which time no one can depart for a period of from forty to sixty days: instances of a hive swarming at a second period during the same season are very rare. Bees also rear queens from worker larvae, when deprived of their queen. It is on this fact that artificial division or formation of colonies is founded.

When a number of queen cells remain in a hive that does not intend to swarm any more, the first queen out destroys all her embryo sister queens, by gnawing into the cells, and either biting or stinging them. The workers then carry out the dead and demolish the mutilated cells; this is usually done the first day of the existence of the queen.

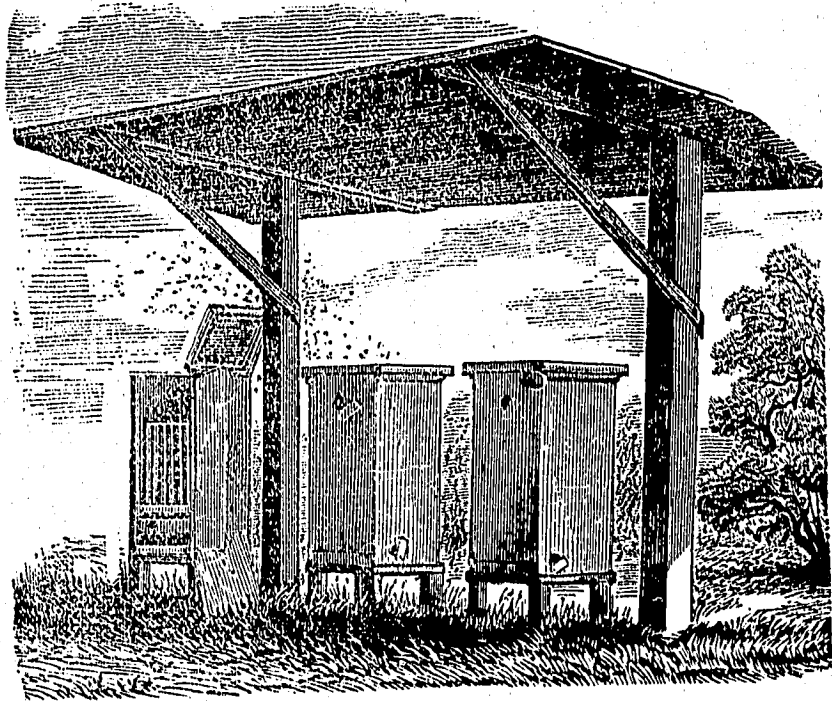
If it is intended that other swarms

shall be
destroyed.
departe
destroy
Seco
several
four,
swarm
Ab
an aft
with t
suppl
exam
swarm
after,
had
uro c
Th
dist
whic
usu
ere
nin
in

ZINE.

ry to swarming, or to
old ones about to die.
fficiently full, and pas-
e season when instinct
swarm, from five to
the first one leaving,
of queen cells, usu-
eight, in which the
This is done at in-
ime when the first
which time one or
sealed; the remain-
afterward, in the
ve ages, all being
ay after the swarm
een invariably ac-
swarm,) at which
four hours there-
from the depart-
the first sealed
ally in three days
panies the sec-

panies a third
third day from
d even a fifth
at intervals of
swarms from
within nine-
e first one left ;
n depart for a
ixty days : in-
g at a second
ason are very
s from worker
eir queen. It
l division or
ded.
n cells remain
ed to swarm
t destroys all
y gnawing
ing or sting-
en carry out
e mutilated
the first day
n.
ther swarm^s



HIVES OF BEES.

shall issue, the royal cells are not destroyed. But after the swarms have all departed, the remaining royal pupa is destroyed.

Second and third swarms may contain several queens; frequently two, three and four, or even six have been found in swarms of this character.

About the first of June, 1860, I hived an after-swarm which had seven queens with them. I removed all but one, and supplied them to artificial colonies. I examined the hive from whence the swarm had issued within an hour thereafter, and found two more queens, which had probably emerged after the departure of the swarm.

The loss of the queen creates much disturbance during the first day, after which the bees continue their labors as usual. As soon as their loss is discovered, numbers of them may be seen running out of the hive and roaming about in an inquiring manner, evidently search-

ing for their lost *mother*. Though other causes frequently produce similar excitement, the agitation will be brief; whereas, the loss of the queen will cause its continuance after the labors of the day close; and, not unfrequently, late at night.

The bees of a colony that is queenless, but rearing young ones, or having one not yet fertile, are very sensitive, and will attack and sting their keeper or other persons disturbing them, more readily than those having a prolific queen.

As a matter of animal economy, or to save the expense of useless boarders, the workers destroy the drones at irregular periods during the spring, summer, and fall. The immediate moving cause is the scarcity of honey and pollen secreted in the flowers. They seldom kill all at these periods in the spring or summer, but when flowers fail at autumn, and no more honey can be gathered, they are all

killed or driven forth to perish from hunger and cold.

When this killing occurs about the time that swarms should be expected, it is a sure indication that this intention is abandoned or deferred. When a hive retains its drones after all others have killed them, it indicates that such a hive is queenless.

In the summer of 1856, I discovered in one of my hives a number of drones, with heads nearly white, some of which continued through the season up to the usual time of killing drones.

The same phenomena has re-appeared in the same hive each year ever since that time, and during the past year they have been more numerous than in any of the preceding. I have counted as many

as thirty-six of these in sight at once, by looking through the glass in the rear of the hive. In the spring of 1859 a young queen superseded the old one in this hive; still the drones reared afterward were the same, there being about one-half thus marked. I have examined a large number of stocks in the middle and western States, and have made inquiries of various bee-keepers, but have failed to learn of another instance of like character.

The workers are undeveloped females, in size much less than either the queen or drones; in numbers, comprising the great majority, and being practically the sovereigns of the hive. All as members of the same family, work together in the greatest harmony.

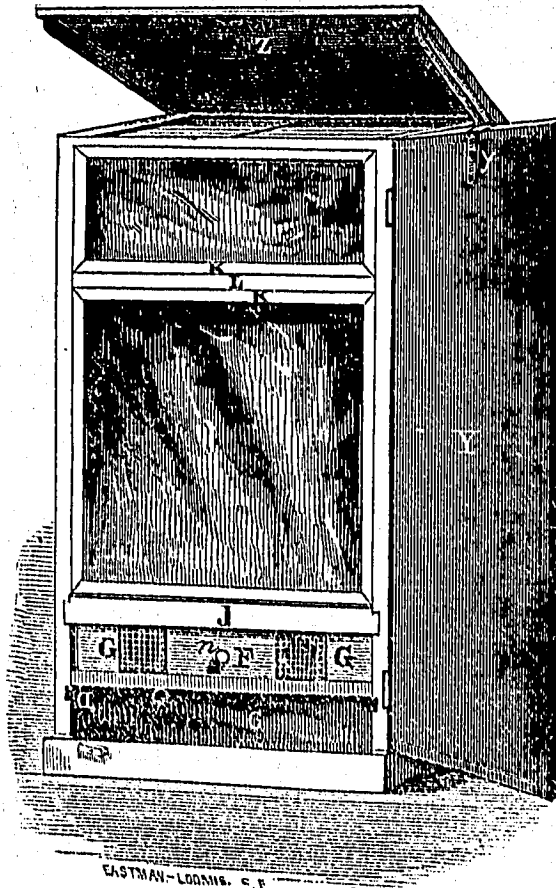
Nature has provided all animals, birds and insects with means to protect and guard themselves, so as to insure their proper increase; hence we find the honey bee armed and equipped in accordance with the above laws.

No less formidable weapon, or less courage than that which they possess, would suffice to guard their young and their treasures, affording, as they do, temptations to so many hungry creatures.

Their means of defence consists of a sting to pierce, and poison to inject into the wound by means of the sting. As a means of protection, nature provides them with a habitation inaccessible to the most of their enemies.

When a bee stings another, it does not usually lose its sting, as in the case of stinging other objects.

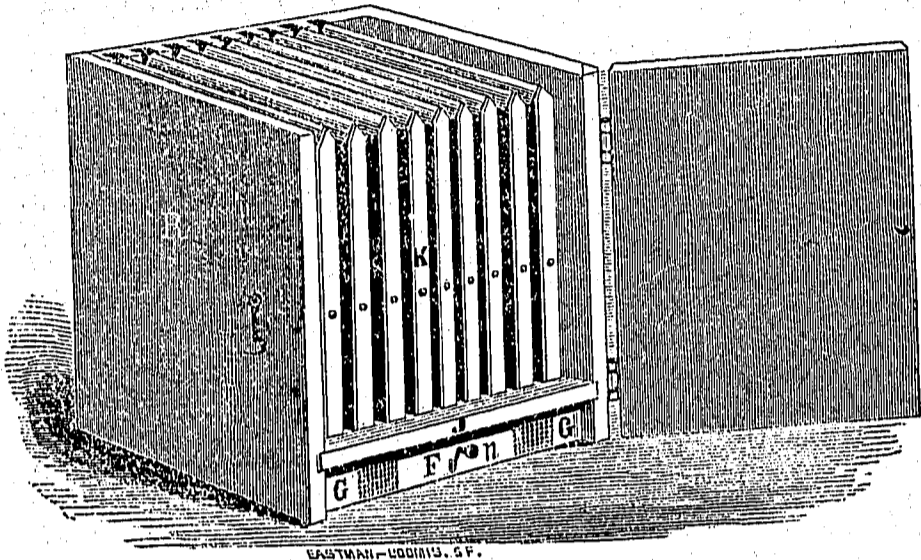
They are natural mechanics, and appear to do their work as perfectly the first



EASTMAN-LOOMIS. C. P.

CALIFORNIA HIVE.

day of
zans th
a life ti
Their
enabling
tect the
consider
the ch
most
Their
strong
for ca
thighs
from t
and cu
for th
Eac
cial w
produ
ter be
Th
polle
also
the
It is
tho
T
pos



STORYFYING HIVE.

day of their labors as the old artisans that have plied their trade for nearly a life time.

Their sight and smell are very keen, enabling them to discover objects and detect the presence of honey when at a considerable distance; hence, to select the choicest pasturage and make the most rapid accumulations possible. Their peculiar formation—combining strength and activity—with their baskets for carrying bread or pollen on their thighs, and an internal sac (separate from their main stomachs) for receiving and carrying honey—eminently fits them for their laborious and provident habits.

Each department of labor has its special workmen, such as field laborers, wax producers, builders and nurses, the latter being also the guards.

The field laborers collect honey and pollen, and store it in the combs, and also collect propolis with which to coat the interior surface of their habitation. It is probable that the field laborers are the principal comb builders.

The wax of which the comb is composed, is an animal secretion, emitted

from the folds of the abdomen in a manner similar to the emission of silk from the silk worm.

The wax producers remain in the hive inactive, while elaborating the wax. This consumes several days from the time they commence feeding for the purpose. Their food during this time is mostly honey; pollen as food is not essential to the elaboration of wax.

The wax appears in two rows of scales of four each, in sacklets on the under side of the abdomen. These are taken away by the builders and converted into combs.

When about to lay the foundations of a new comb, the bees cluster in ranks, formed into festoons, so that the builders can pass freely at their work; this arrangement seems designed to create and maintain a sufficiently warm and uniform temperature to enable them to mould the wax into a perfect structure, which, when first built, is white, semi-transparent and fragile; it afterward changes to a darker color, and becomes stronger. These effects are produced by the thickening of the partition walls of the cells, and also

by the cocoons left by each emerging young bee.

The bees that remain inactive, forming these clusters, are mainly wax producers, and are thus constantly at hand with a supply of *mortar* ready for the use of the builders, who, by means of relays, continue their labors day and night during the time of their harvests. But when this is ended, and no further accumulation of stores can be expected, no more *garners* are built.

It is probable that the wax producers continue their emissions for some time, and then die. Or it may be that they produce wax at different periods; yet they are certainly short-lived. (This subject will be further investigated at some future time.) This class of bees are non-resistant, and never volunteer an attack.

The nurses attend to the wants of the young from the egg, until they emerge from the comb, protecting the brood with great constancy. They are also the water carriers and guards.

Their care and attention to the wants of the queen are of the most devoted kind. Sometimes when swarming she falls to the ground near the hive, when she is soon surrounded with her faithful attendants, who remain till death parts them.

Their ability to determine the course and locality of their hives, after passing from flower to flower, in all directions, and for a long time, is truly wonderful. On the approach of a storm, they take the alarm and seek their homes for safety. If overtaken and blown down, they usually crawl under leaves and other places of shelter, where they remain in safety until the storm has passed over. Yet numbers are frequently caught out and perish from cold and wet.

Their disposition is mild and peaceful, while rapidly acquiring riches; but as soon as pasturage fails they become irri-

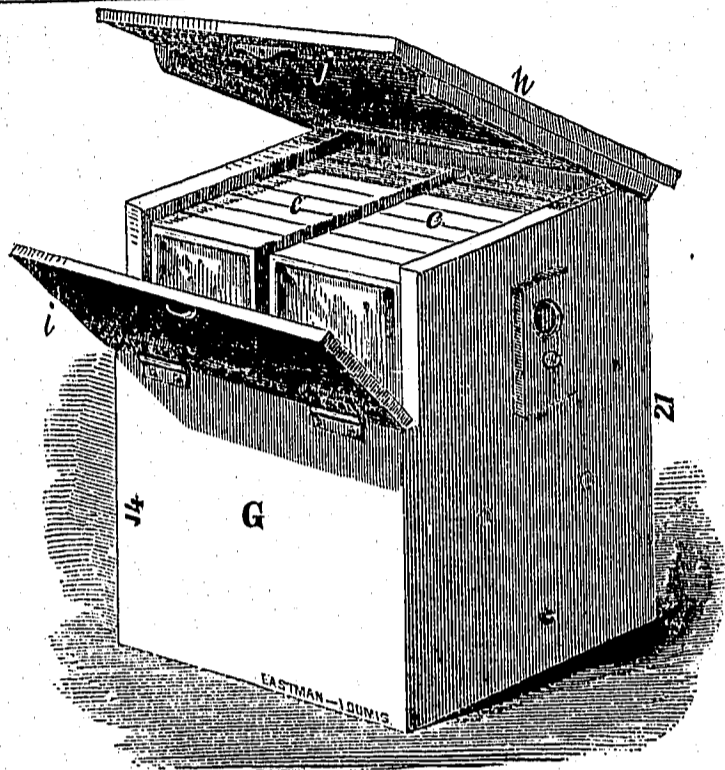
table, and will not permit intrusion without resisting it *sharply*.

The following quotations from *Bevan*, give a very full and correct description of the manner in which the egg is laid, and the appearance and treatment of the insect in all stages to full development:

"It is the office of the queen bee to multiply the species by laying eggs, which she deposits in cells constructed for their reception by the working bees. These cells vary from one another in size (and in the instances of the royal cells, they also vary in form and direction) according as they are intended to be the depositories of eggs that are to become drones, or of those that are to become workers. When the queen bee is about to lay, she puts her head into a cell and remains in that position for a second or two, probably to ascertain its fitness for the deposit she is about to make. She then withdraws her head, and curving her body downwards, inserts her tail into the cell; in a few seconds she turns half round upon herself and withdraws, leaving an egg behind her. When she lays a considerable number, she does it equally on each side of the comb, those on the one side being as exactly opposite to those on the other as the relative position of the cells will admit. The effect of this is to produce a concentration and economy of heat for developing the various changes of the brood.

"The eggs of bees are of a lengthened oval shape, with a slight curvature, and of a bluish white color; are composed of a thin membrane filled with a whitish liquor, and being besmeared at the time of laying with a glutinous substance, they adhere to the basis of the cell and remain unchanged in figure or situation for four days; then they are hatched, the bottom of each cell presenting to view a small white worm or maggot, with several ventral rings. On its growing so as to touch the opposite angle of the cell, it

coils i
ole;
dam,
it is
whit
ited
by
beco
sion
ano
obt
lar
far
me
fio
we
op
lik
no
p
q
r



IMPROVED CHAMBER HIVE.

coils itself up in the shape of a semicircle; to use the language of Swammerdam, 'it coils itself up like a dog when it is going to sleep;' and floats in a whitish transparent fluid which is deposited in the cells by the nursing bees, and by which it is probably nourished; it becomes gradually enlarged in its dimensions till the two extremities touch one another and form a ring. In this state it obtains indifferently the name of *worm*, *larva*, *maggot*, or *grub*, and is fed with farina or bee-bread. The slightest movement on the part of the nursing bees suffices to attract it to its food, to receive the welcome morsels of which it eagerly opens its two lateral pincers, and a most liberal supply is afforded to it, though by no means trenching on the bounds of prodigality.

"So nicely do the bees calculate the quantity which will be required, that none remains in the cell when the larva

is transformed to a nymph. It was the opinion of Reaumur, and is still that of many eminent naturalists, that farina does not constitute the whole food of the bee-larva, but that it consists of a mixture of farina with a certain portion of honey and water, partly digested in the stomachs of the *nursing bees*, the relative proportions of honey and farina varying according to the age of the young. The compound at first is nearly insipid, but gradually receives an accession of sweetness and acescency, which increase as the insects approach maturity.

"The larva having derived support in the manner above described, for four, or six days, according to the season, continues to increase during that period, till it occupies the whole breadth and nearly the whole length of the cell. The nursing bees now seal up the cell, with a light brown cover, externally, more or less convex, (the cap of a drone cell is more

convex than of a worker) and thus differing from that of a honey cell, which is *paler* and somewhat *concave*. The larva is no sooner perfectly enclosed than it begins to labor, alternately extending and shortening its body, whilst it lines the cell by spinning round itself, after the manner of the silk worm, a whitish silky fibre, or *cocoon*, by which it is encased, as it were, in a pod or pellicle. 'The silken thread employed in forming this covering proceeds from the middle part of the under lip, and is, in fact, composed of threads gummed together as they issue from the orifices of the spinner.' When it has undergone this change, it has usually borne the name of *nymph*, or *pupa*.

[Concluded next month.]

NICOLAS BONNOT IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY AND GOLD.

OUR English cousins once solely monopolized the privilege of satirizing our people and their institutions, but not long since a young French woman, Madame De Grandforte, essayed a book of travels in that line, which, though piquantly written, out trolloped Trollope in many of its incidents by flood and field. It is so natural to be curious as to the opinions of foreigners regarding our manners and customs, that a certain quantum of abuse and exaggeration of Brother Jonathan, his wooden clocks and his Colt's revolvers, guaranties a ready sale of the work on this side of the Atlantic, and Madame De Grandforte of course reaped a golden harvest from her French glance at American society. We have writers, too, in California, who introduce into their correspondence and sketches a little more of the spice of detraction than the plain paragraphs of truth. Many of these satirical hits are amusing for their humor, and

often slightly instructive in their home-thrusts. The following, we translate for our readers from the pen of one of our Gallic neighbors.

Nicolas Bonnot, a Frenchman who sailed for his native land about three months ago, after having spent ten years in our State, left a curious history of his sojourn and adventures at the disposal of the *Mineur*, for the enlightenment of his compatriots.

"Weary," he writes, "of waiting in his own country for the establishment of the liberty that he thought he saw at the end of his nose in 1848, he sailed, at the first news of gold, for California, with the double purpose of becoming rich and free. He disembarked in this land of promise in 1850, proceeded immediately to the placers, and at the end of six months had made seven thousand dollars, of which he expended, without extravagance, three thousand for his living, and employed four thousand in purchasing the side of a sand bank in San Francisco.

The notary before whom the purchase of this property was ratified, who was at the same time advocate and judge, had for the convenience of his clients installed himself in a drinking saloon, of which the bar served for his study, and the counter for his office; his official transactions, issuing from among the glasses and bottles, were certainly invested with but little pomp, but attributing this to the "liberty of the country," Nicolas permitted it to pass unquestioned.

These first earnings securely disposed of, he returned to the mountains, and at the end of nine months returned again with five thousand dollars in gold dust. His first care was to visit his property, which he found enriched with two wooden houses, and a board fence five feet high. Surprised at this miraculous growth, he went in search of his notary, Judge Skimmer, whom he was unable to find, that worthy having returned to his

home on the titles of record the

Bonnot sufficient tion with returned evidence his com black b both can belt, don at their

"But mine," his recd assertio was as er to t lot, te down bages las th he wo moue thoug did n of viction

II him in t in pas No tur cou tai he pr mi

hi of n r c l

home on the Atlantic, forgetting to leave the titles of his clients behind him, or to record the same.

Bonnot, who by this time had acquired sufficient English to attempt an explanation with the occupants of his sand-bank, returned to the spot, furnished with such evidences of his purchase as were still at his command. Two men, one with a black beard, the other with a red one, both carrying big pistols in a Mexican belt, demanded his reasons for knocking at their doors.

"But," said Nicolas, "this land is mine," and at the same time unfolding his receipt for money paid, in proof of his assertion. He of the red beard, who was as like as one drop of water to another to the proprietor who had sold him the lot, turned quickly away, and bending down was busying himself planting cabbages, while the other signified to Nicolas that if he did not vacate the premises he would make him acquainted with the mouths of his "shooting irons." Although armed with the right, our hero did not wish to expose himself to an act of violence, and so set off with the intention of finding justice.

His first step was to disembarass himself of his gold-dust, which he placed in the hands of a banker, taking a receipt in due form. He next demanded of passers-by where he should find justice. No one could tell him, until a good natured man responded "this is a free country in which justice is not to be obtained." Not knowing whom to address, he concluded to abandon his case for the present, and prepare to return to the mines.

The landlord to whom he had given his valise in charge, could find nothing of it. Nicolas, who had not yet lost the notions of his country, where people are not free to do everything, talked loudly of arrests, police, and robbery, only to have people laugh in his face for ideas

so totally out of place in a republic.

The next day at an early hour Nicolas once more took his departure for the mines, where he had left a valuable claim. This he found occupied by three gay fellows, having, in accordance with their "liberty," three rifles at their door. An attempt to reclaim his rights under those conditions was not prudent, so he became convinced that he must strike his pick elsewhere.

His new diggings on the next day began to show the "color." An individual who had watched him on the preceding evening, and had been sitting smoking his pipe all day on the bank above the hole where he was at work, now approached and warned him to leave that place, because it was comprised in the claim of his company. Resistance to an entire company was incompatible with the pacific disposition of Nicolas, he therefore went prospecting in another spot, under the protection of the liberty of the State. At the end of eight days he perceived symptoms of remuneration, and marking the place with his name, recognized himself as the proprietor of a new claim. He was consoling the inner man with *eau de vie*, when a band of miners operating above him, made an opening in the bank surrounding a body of water, in order to obtain a fall for washing. The surplus flowed down the slope inundating Nicolas and his claim, and from which he made his exit dripping like a water rat.

The judge of the district, who was the friend of the miners above, and whom they treated that evening at the tavern, mocked at the complaint of Nicolas, who wished, he said, to interfere with the liberty of these laborers. He sought redress, and was not long in finding out that the judge could give a decision at variance with the law. The neighborhood of the defendant was no longer tenable, now that five against one rendered

their right superior to that of Nicolas Bonnot.

Our hero removed to Tuolomne county, where he made the acquaintance of a fellow countryman, Pierre Merlin. They encouraged each other, and in less than three months had accumulated several hundreds of dollars apiece, when one day a dozen Milesians, occupying a claim a few thousands of feet above them, turned aside and monopolized the stream of water, rendering worthless the diggings of the two Frenchmen.

Disgusted with the business, Nicolas and his companion now formed the project of coming to San Francisco and establishing a restaurant. Their success for two months was marvelous, then came a fire that swept the city and left them penniless. Here, said Nicolas, was an accumulation of miseries, but after all we were free to go without passports wherever it seemed good to us. The two associates now equipped themselves and returned to their old place in the mines. The collector of taxes demanded an arrearage, which they swore upon the Bible they were unable to pay, and the magistrate seized the goods and tools of the miners. Nicolas was known thereabouts for an honest and industrious laborer; a trader in the neighborhood therefore credited him with an outfit for himself and companion, and with undaunted courage they began their labors anew.

The fortunes of Nicolas began to improve. He had been told of Indians coming in the night to rob sluices in his district, he therefore purchased for himself and Pierre, two muskets and ammunition. One evening, between daylight and dark, a troop of Indians came to pay him a visit; their loaded guns, leaning against the outside of their hut, were in the power of the intruders before our miners had time to escape from the holes where they were at work. The poor redskins paid no attention to the loaded

arms, but piteously begged for food. Nicolas brought out all of his provisions, and divided them among eleven famished mouths. The savages were scarcely out of sight, before five representatives of civilization appeared and demanded something to drink, saying that they were in chase of the *bucks*, (a name given through contempt to the Indians, to justify their destruction and assimilate them to beasts.)

Nicolas offered water to them.

"It is brandy that we want."

"We have none."

"Then we will take your guns till we return," was the answer; and, without giving the proprietors time to respond they seized upon the arms, together with their store of powder and balls; then in the face of the two miners, these brigands, for they were none other, emptied their little sluice and carried away all the gold that was in it. Pierre, the Parisian, more inexperienced than his companion, would have resisted this movement, but Nicolas prevented him.

"Are you crazy?" he said, "Do you wish to have them take the liberty of assassinating us before they go? you surely know that they are free to do so in this country, where every one does what he pleases. After all our guns are not necessary against the heathen, who are good people, and useless against the Christians." After this reasoning, our heroes went supporless to their beds.

Three weeks after this double visit, whilst they were sharing their dinner one day with a boggar who had stopped at that point, two Indian squaws of the families they had succored, came, bringing to them a number of specimens of ore which they very respectfully demanded to exchange for blankets and provisions. Nicolas gave them everything that the cabin contained of these kinds; but from an old world scruple, estimating the gold at some hundreds of dollars, he bade the woman return in three day

to receive many other additional objects. The poor squaws informed them that they lived beyond the hills towards the north, more than twenty miles away, that there were no whites in the valley where they were encamped, and where they had digged this gold, and that they would bring them more another time.

The pretended beggar went away at the same time that the women left, and Nicolas buried the specimens under the ashes in the fire-place of their cabin with the gold dust saved as the result of the labor of many months.

The next day he went to the nearest settlement to purchase provisions, returning in about six hours. During his absence, Nicolas received a visit from the under sheriff, accompanied by two men armed with pistols and knives, and guided by the beggar of the previous day.

"The sluices," said the sheriff, "a few miles from here, were robbed one night about a month ago. The robbers could have been no others than those Indians; and," added this protector of the public property, pointing to the beggar, "here is a witness who saw their squaws bring here to you the fruit of their larcenies. Give me then, immediately, the purse of specimens, if you do not wish to be treated as a receiver.

Nicolas repeated what the women had said concerning the place where they obtained the gold, and remarked that they did not seem to have had it in their possession for an entire month.

"We know these colors," responded the agent of public power, "I did not come to listen to your stories; give me the gold this instant, or I will take you with me, with your arms tied behind your back, like a criminal as you are."

Poor Nicolas was obliged to obey. He went therefore and disinterred the specimens; the singular *commissaire de police* seizing also the little bag of gold dust of our miners.

"Return that dust to me," said Nicolas, "it is the result of four months painful labor of my companion and myself. The beggar, who is your witness, can attest to the fact that the squaws brought me no dust."

"Silence, if you value your skin," replied the sheriff.

During this time, the beggar had turned the moments to his own profit by robbing the sluice without.

"It must all be endured," said Bonnot to himself, regarding his treasury despoiled by authority. "Here are four citizens who have made the most of their liberty, and, as there is no other remedy against force, one must use philosophy."

The thread of his reflections was cut by a braying salutation at his door; it was the shopkeeper's donkey that Pierre had brought to carry his purchases. The Parisian had come back gay as a sparrow at harvest time, humming a merry song.

"There is my beast, my comrade," said he to Nicolas, "make him turn around any way that it suits you;—but what is it that has happened here?"

Nicolas told him of the wet sheet that had descended on their prosperity.

"How unlucky," cried Pierre, "for me, when I was just intending to write to my cousin Louise so encouragingly of our approaching marriage. It is unfortunate, but we must resume our work with hope and ardor."

When they had finished their repast, the night had come, and they shut the animal in the cabin, "for I fear," said he, "that the bears in our neighborhood are as fond of the flesh of donkeys, as the Bolognians are of sausages."

"Hold," said Pierre, "I have been thinking of a new plan; we are too near to civilization, not to be distressed anew by these republicans; come, let us go live over yonder, among the Indians who sent us the gold."

"As you wish. We know what meas-

ure we will get among the educated; let us go try it among the savages."

The next day they loaded their own backs and that of the donkey, and set off upon their singular expedition.

Nicolas was not too sure of the route by which to reach the camp of the Indians, but they went forth under the protection of God, like the Apostles of peace, unarmed with the exception of Pierre, who carried a cutlass, like his namesake who cut off the ear of Malchus.

They traveled with their faces toward the rock at the north which the squaws had pointed out to them, and towards night descended the other side of the mountains in the direction of several columns of smoke, that arose from a group of fir trees at their right. If the donkey had not betrayed them with his braying, our adventurers would have arrived unperceived in the midst of the savages. At the resounding of this trumpet, the entire tribe rushed towards them, discharging their fire arms and arrows.

"Wait here with the baggage," said Nicolas, "I wish to go and make their acquaintance all alone, with these two blankets, which will serve as an offering as well as a shield until I am able to speak to them."

The Indians, mollified by this inoffensive diplomacy, permitted him to enter without hindrance within the circle of their wigwams. He was soon recognized and conducted to the chief, to whom several men and women, all speaking at the same time, seemed to be giving information concerning the visitor. The chief, by means of an Indian who spoke English, inquired of Nicolas how many they were, what arms they had, to what nation they belonged, and what were their intentions.

"There are but two of us," he replied, "we have neither guns nor pistols; we are from the country of France, and we come to work here if you will permit."

These responses, together with the previous good conduct of the Frenchmen, were satisfactory to the chief. An order was given to place a tent at the disposal of these subjects of the great *Kapolio*, (he intended to say Napoleon) and one of the squaws went in search of Pierre and the donkey. The ass was unladen by the light of their torches. Nicolas gave a red blanket to the chief, and white ones to the three women who composed his family.

"Have you other red blankets?" inquired the chief.

"No."

"So much the better; I, the chief, alone can have one."

After having given the things they promised to the two women who had brought them the specimens, they distributed to the women and children of the tribe all that remained, except two blankets which they retained for themselves, and their tobacco which they shared with the men.

The chief took Nicolas and Pierre under his special protection, and *Kapolio* became to these political apprentices of 1848 a generic name more profitable than that of republicans which they had found to be so depopulated in this classic land.

After having explored the locality, our miners discovered its richness less fabulous than they had supposed; but as they brought strong arms and good will to their labor, their day's works promised to be lucrative enough.

They spent eighteen months in this quarter. Pierre, accompanied by his donkey, went every three months to purchase goods at the shop of the Irishman, his purveyor. These journeys were performed very cautiously, for fear of being followed at his return by the adventurers who everywhere infested this free country, where people are permitted to circulate without proofs of identity or morality.

At t
estim
lated,
sacks,
dollars
comfor
dispos
exclus
decide
panio
retur

Be
passi
ive l
ed to
to t
have
Par
pati
wit
exp
of
ras
the

at
th
fo
th
co
st
is
n
I
t

At the end of eighteen months, they estimated the treasure they had accumulated, and which they kept in four little sacks, to be worth nearly thirty thousand dollars. The privation of the numerous comforts of civilization, and frequent indispositions resulting from a diet almost exclusively of animal food, made them decide to separate from their savage companions, re-enter the civilized world, and return to France as soon as possible.

Both were radically cured of their passion for republicanism, and their native land with its imperfect liberty, seemed to them smiling as an Eden, compared to this model republic whose citizens have the right to do anything. The Parisian was beside himself with anticipations of an existence free from care, with his cousin Louiso, and frequently expressed himself with warmth in favor of the good *gendarmes* who prevented rascals from taking openly and by force the goods of their neighbors.

It was agreed between the two associates not to make known to their friends, the savages, their project of departure, for fear of hindrance of some kind; and that Pierre should take the donkey on a certain day and transport one of the sacks of treasure for safe keeping to the house of the trader, without however making that individual the custodian. In order to accomplish this, Pierre slept beside the animal in the stable, and during the night buried the gold under an old bin filled with oats. A fortnight afterwards he transported a second sack, and buried it beside the first which he found intact.

The wife of the trader, as true a daughter of Eve as ever had a tongue, having imprudently made remarks about the great number of purchases made by the French minor, some pillars of the drinking saloon, (for the trader also sold liquors,) formed the project of following

Pierre at his return in order to discover the mine which appeared to be so remunerative to him. Pierre had accomplished about half of his homeward journey, when he discovered himself to be followed. According to his custom he traveled in a roundabout way, and in order to mislead the wretches who were pursuing him, he deviated still more from the direct way to his domicile; this caused a delay that detained him until after dark, and forced him to stop where night overtook him, until the next day. His enemies, who did not expect to halt in the woods without lodgings or provisions, soon joined him and unmasked their designs, declaring their intention to accompany him to his home as soon as it was daylight, and that until that time he must share with them his coverings for the night, and whatever he had to eat. Resistance was out of the question, poor Pierre therefore obeyed. By the light of a fire that the bandits kindled, he recognized his beggar of former times; he now had no doubt of the misfortune that menaced his retreat. He determined to fly during the sleep of his sinister companions, and succeeded in arriving in time to warn Nicolas.

After vanquishing unheard-of difficulties, he reached the little valley and was informed that there were not within its limits ten men capable of offering resistance. The chief and most of the men were absent on a hunting excursion in the interior. The men from whom they expected an attack were seven in number, and armed with guns and revolvers; the Indians and the two Frenchmen had not a single fire-arm amongst them all. They held a council and decided to raise the camp, and take refuge in the wooded mountains. While the Indians prepared for flight, Nicolas and Pierre buried every thing of value that they possessed, and concealed the holes where they had dug their gold with dead branches.

Pierre still hoped that the direction in which he had led the false prospectors was so at variance from the path that led to this place, that they might still for some days escape the search of these villains; but an old Indian had observed that the ass possesses an intelligence similar to the horse, concerning a route he has traveled, and assured them if the animal was allowed its liberty it would in a few hours guide the enemies to the spot they desired to discover.

They therefore resolved upon immediate departure, and accordingly their camp was deserted within three hours after the return of Pierre. A solitary Indian, mounted upon a horse, remained watching the approaches to their late encampment, in order to keep the fugitives informed of whatever transpired.

A young Indian was sent to expedite the return of the chief and the men of the tribe, who were fifty or sixty miles distant. The caravan under the charge of Nicolas, removed eight miles from the valley of their encampment to an impassable gorge, the perpendicular walls of which could not be scaled to disturb those who had taken refuge within; its entrance was but a few feet in width and admitted of an easy defense. They had spread their tents and were preparing supper, when the spy whom they had left came to announce that the robbers, preceded by the traitorous donkey, were descending the side of the mountain towards the deserted camping ground of the Indians. It was resolved, that after the repast, of which every one was in need, Nicolas should take the necessary measures to guard against a surprise, and that Pierre should profit by the general pre-occupation to find a hiding place for the two little sacks of gold that still remained in the possession of our miners.

To accomplish this important object, Pierre advanced far into the defile out of sight of the Indians, who were occupied

in rolling fragments of rock to the entrance to stop the mouth of their entrenchment. The night soon assembled this nomadic horde around a blazing fire, and Pierre deferred until the following day to point out to Nicolas the spot where he had concealed the treasure.

A wise old Indian predicted, that if the ass was maltreated by those who had stolen him, that he would follow the tracks of his old master and end by bringing misfortune upon them; urging that their security rendered it necessary to kill the animal, and that a young Indian lad should go during the night and despatch the dangerous friend; accordingly the lad set off in the darkness, armed with the hunting knife of Pierre.

He had promised to return at dawn, but when the sun had run half its course he had not yet come into camp. They awaited him in vain, until the moment when the fatal sound of those whose coming he had hastened was heard; at the first uncertain cry, a squaw placed her ear against the ground, and after listening for a moment, said: "Several white people are approaching and are near us." Pierre followed by a few Indians armed with bows and arrows, placed themselves in ambuscade behind the rocks at the entrance of the gorge. The darkness aided in equalizing the advantage of the different arms. Nicolas, as a rear guard, was busy extinguishing the fires and preparing for the defence. Already several shots had responded to the arrows of the advance, when an Indian war-whoop, electrifying the companions in misfortune of the two miners, arose behind the aggressors. The chief had returned with his braves. Pierre had already beaten down with a piece of wood the foremost of these wretches, now flying before the Indians, and seized upon his gun, with which he fired upon those who followed. The flash that accompanied the discharge of his gun, drew upon him several shots

from revolvers, one of their balls taking fatal effect in his temple. Nicolas now came running up with a torch to light the steps of their liberators. Six out of seven of the robbers were writhing in the dust; among these Nicolas recognized the beggar. Not a single Indian had perished; Pierre was the sole victim on their side. Upon one of the men was found the hunting knife with which Pierre had armed the young Indian.

Nicolas, bowed down with grief at the loss of Pierre, resolved to leave the poor Indians, as soon as he had buried the remains of his friend, and go at once to France.

It was several days after the interment of Pierre, before it occurred to Nicolas that his death hid forever the knowledge of the place where half of their fortune was concealed, but regret for his affectionate companion rendered him so indifferent upon this subject, that he had not even a thought of searching for the lost treasure. After distributing among the Indians everything that had belonged to Pierre and himself, he bade them adieu, and during the following night reached the house of the Irish trader, who informed him of the return of one of the gang, who had escaped the fate of his confreres, counseling Nicolas to leave the country at once, if he did not wish to be hanged by the friends of the defunct. Nicolas certainly wished to carry with him his wealth, hidden under the box in the stable, but the idea of being suspended at the end of a rope, disposed him to obey the advice of Patrick O'Dilly, and to decide at another time how to regain possession of the two little sacks.

Mrs. Patrick O'Dilly, not having any one at hand at the moment to whom to confide the critical position of the French minor, repeated the story at an early hour the next morning to her faithful friend Mrs. Helligan, wife of the consta-

ble of that district, who carried the report all warm to her husband. The latter, for confirmation of the news, came to the trader, without whose devotion Nicolas would have been lost. By means of a pint of whiskey, O'Dilly contrived to make the officer slack his haste to pursue the fugitive. Nicolas arrived at Stockton, and took lodgings for the night at the house of a friend of O'Dilly's, Father Heller, a good German, and whose daughter, a pretty girl with rosy cheeks and voluptuous figure, made a decided impression upon the famished heart of the miner. To the project of setting off immediately for France, love substituted the plan of espousing Minna Heller. The first thing to be done, however, was to disinter the gold hidden in the stable of the trader. Nicolas proposed to Heller, to take his daughter with him in a carriage, and go in search of the treasure.

Under the pretext of a journey for pleasure, they stopped at the house of O'Dilly, where Heller purchased a sack of oats to feed his horse, which had, he said, a journey of some days to make in the mountains; during the night the two sacks took the place of a part of the oats, and two days afterwards the future father-in-law faithfully delivered to Nicolas his fortune, intact. The marriage took place on the next day, and the wedded pair came to San Francisco. The amount of the gold proved to be \$21,700, which Nicolas divided, and sent half to his own disposal in France, without yielding to the temptation of making the transaction known to his wife, who, not having accompanied him to the house of the assayer, was ignorant of the amount of her husband's fortune.

Minna had a penchant, long suppressed for want of aliment, for luxurious dress and ornaments. Nicolas, in the fervor of the first week of the honeymoon, had expended sixteen hundred dollars

upon the caprices of his bride. He allowed himself to become so entangled, that, at the end of the next two weeks of shopping, theatre, and hotel, there remained but \$7,000 with which to open a store in Stockton. A first cloud now burst upon the happy pair. The taste of Madame Nicolas was for objects of fashion, whilst that Monsieur pronounced in favor of printed cloths and calico. The matrimonial horizon was seriously overcast, when Nicolas placed his veto upon the extravagances of his wife.

"I believe you are ten times richer than you pretend; you have deceived me."

Things had come to this point, when a jeweler arrived, bringing a gold watch and chain that Madame had ordered. Nicolas refused to pay for these objects, and was obliged to take them out of the hands of his wife, to return them to the merchant. Minna would not release the things. Nicolas employed a little gentle force, and, in the struggle Madame slipped upon an apple peeling, fell upon the floor, and accused her husband of striking her. The merchant, angered at not receiving his pay, served as a witness for Madame Bonnot, who on the next day sued for a divorce, claiming \$4,000 which Nicolas had in due form settled upon her before marriage. The judge, convinced by the testimony of the jeweler and a waiter of the hotel, who swore that he had heard the husband maltreat his wife, pronounced the dissolution of the marriage, with costs to the monster of a husband.

When all expenses were deducted, there remained in the possession of our hero but \$1,400. Disembarrassed of the superfluities which put the rich so ill at ease, emancipated from his conjugal bonds which he had found so truly distressing, and beside being uncontrolled master of his time, he was seized with a curiosity to see the city and to visit his

former property. His sand bank was transformed into a line of good houses on the south side of Powell street. He thought that he recognized the name of his notary upon the door plate of the best of these dwellings, and impelled by the devil he rang at the door. In a moment he found himself face to face with his man, whom he perfectly recognized.

"Is it truly to M. Skimmer that I have the honor of speaking?"

"Yes."

"Notary?"

"Judge."

"Have you no recollection of me?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Nicolas Bonnot, who, by your official ministrations, purchased, ten years ago, the ground upon which this row of houses is built."

"I do not know you."

"You had your office in a saloon upon the wharf."

"You insult me."

"*Pardon, monsieur*, you are too smart for me," replied our Frenchman; and fearing an action for defamation in a country so punctilious concerning honor, sailed for France by the steamer of the twenty first of October last.

At the end of the notes which served to compose the recital of his adventures in California, he added in pencil:

"Whereas, in consequence of our association, the profits and losses should be equally divided between the heirs of Pierre and myself; and whereas, the said Pierre was a foundling, and had no legitimate heirs; and whereas, Louise, the intended of Pierre, is frustrated of her rights by his death, I promise, at my return to France, to espouse the said Louise, to acquit my conscience, and to fill the office that death interdicted to my good friend Pierre, if to all this there is no objection on her part."

Signed: NICOLAS BONNOT.

Formerly Notary's Clerk.

THE BOTTLE AT SEA.

[From the French of Leon Gozlan.]

BY D.

[Concluded from page 329.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, at dawn, when we awoke, a thousand boats,—I do not exaggerate the number—surrounded ours, which they recognized as sacred.

“We were before Colombo, the capital of the Island of Ceylon. We were towed in triumph when they were informed how we encountered the expiatory barge. The God of the tempests had visibly protected us, and those whom the gods protect!”—

M. Louis Van Ostal was about to finish this phrase, when a young woman entered, but paused suddenly upon the threshold.

“Ah! pardon,” she exclaimed—“I did not know that Monsieur”—

“Monsieur is our guest, and consequently, our friend,” said M. Van Ostal, presenting me to his wife.

“It is the breakfast that my wife came to announce,” continued M. Van Ostal: “come to breakfast. Come to breakfast,” said he, pulling me gently by the arm, and smiling at my indecision.

I remained in my place looking at Madam Van Ostal with a curiosity, an attention and interest that I could not repress.

“Come to breakfast!”

“Our sojourn at Colombo was short,” resumed M. Van Ostal while we were breakfasting. “We only remained the length of time indispensable for Buxton and myself to recover from the frightful shock we had experienced from our shipwreck. By selling a magnificent diamond ring that he wore at the moment of our disaster, Buxton realized, without delay, the sum necessary to convey us to Madras. Once in this capital of English India, it was easy for me to inform my

friends, and my companions in arms, whom I was on my way to rejoin at Batavia, of my fate. While awaiting their response, I traversed each day this rich metropolis of the British sovereignty, the seat of the old dominion of the Hindoo Kings.

“During six months I had studied its curious manners and its monuments, so unlike anything in ancient Europe, when chance, that god of idlers and travelers, conducted me one day to the cemetery, where repose the English and the thousands of foreigners who so quickly pay their tribute to death beneath this sky so deadly but so fair. High and powerful lords and charming ladies reposed beneath those gorgeous marbles, covered with inscriptions regretting their virtues, and ornaments not always regretted by the artist! I did not fail to experience a certain serious satisfaction of my tastes, such as one feels in walking among the dead for whom one has no real grief. This idea had scarcely occurred to me, when, as I lifted the limb of a catalpa, of which the branches swept the ground and obstructed my path, I perceived the marble of a tomb. Although I had already read so many epitaphs, still I paused to read this, of which the golden characters seemed to seek my eyes. I read!—my astonishment—my fright—my grief!—The branch of catalpa escaped from me, and I sank down upon the stone I had just read! A thousand birds, frightened by the shock of the catalpa branch, flew noisily away. I remained alone in the green and silent enclosure, with my gaze riveted upon these lines:—

“Here reposes forever

IN THE ARMS OF THE LORD,
MARGUERITE FLOREFF.

AUGUST 27, 1836.

Weep!”

“So she is there,” said I to myself; “she is there—beneath this tree which

veils her tomb,—this tomb that hides her from my eyes. Was it therefore written in the black book of sympathetic sorrow that we must meet thus?—The ideal is not then a deception, a dream, if it is always a misfortune!

"This sweet name of Marguerite Floreff had revealed love to me, a love impossible, and I had again found this name! I had there found her! I clasped the marble, and gazed at it as if I could have seen through it. I loved to place it between my throbbing heart and this which had ceased to beat ten years before; my lips murmured,—'Marguerite! Marguerite!'"

"Ah! monsieur," exclaimed Van Ostal, as if to excuse the emotion with which he trembled in my presence, "I had not had the joy of pronouncing this name in the bliss of a love returned, in the sacred and blessed intoxication of love consecrated by marriage in the plenitude of life; it was surely permissible to me to proffer it in the bitterness of despair? All others poured out their youthful exaltation to the hearts of women whom they saw, to whom they listened, who had smiled upon them; mine was wasted upon the ashes of one who could not listen to me, and who had never smiled upon me."

Here, M. Van Ostal, stifled with emotion, silently extended his hand across the table to Madame Van Ostal, who abandoned to him her own, looking at her with a divine tenderness that seemed to demand forgiveness for a passion, a sincere recital of which he did not fear to have heard. At least, I so interpreted the movement and intention of my host. My admiration was divided between the courageous frankness of the confession, and the noble indulgence of the pardon.

Van Ostal resumed: This madness would have killed me if I had prolonged the devouring costacy. I arose, and go-

ing to a little stream that flowed near there, filled with water two of the large, rounded, and shell-shaped leaves of the tulip tree, and returning, watered the little orange-colored campanulas that grew near the tomb of Marguerite Floreff. Will you believe, that from time to time, I returned to see if she was not hidden behind the trunk of some tree, and viewing my work of piety with indescribable tenderness! When one leaves a circle, narrow as possible, is it not an aberration that the heart, this world of which one never makes the tour, produces? See these dreams! I loved one who was dead—I was jealous!—Yes, jealous—jealous to the extent of examining if near this tomb, some other tomb did not enclose the remains of some young lord. I saw nothing except the gorgeous sepulchres of old nabobs who had been dead since the time of Tippoo Saib. I was reassured. Night alone could drive me from the cemetery of Madras. Before going, I lifted the branch of the entalpa to see by the last rays of daylight, these letters, this name; Marguerite Floreff!

"Returning sadly to the city, I thought of this succession of events, of the chain of circumstances, which had conducted, wave by wave, from the bottom of the sea, the corpse of the poor young girl. Nothing could be more natural: the monsoon had agitated the sea, and impelled by the currents, Marguerite had been thrown upon the shore; her name had been found upon her; English piety, although it is not more exquisite at that place than elsewhere, is nevertheless always present; it had buried Marguerite Floreff; some noble and poetical soul had erected the tomb; God had done the rest. So, whilst the bottle still demanded from those who traversed the ocean a prayer for the shipwrecked, she had slept for ten years in the cemetery of Madras. She no longer solicited the prayers of any one.

I alone would pray for her, as I alone loved her.

"It is this that shall decide my life," murmured I, as I re-entered the city of Madras: "I could not marry her, and I will not leave Madras—will not separate myself from this tomb!"

"We will leave to-morrow," said Buxton to me, when I entered the hotel at which we lodged together.

"Never!" I responded.

"I tell you that we will sail to-morrow. This coffer full of gold has just been sent from Batavia to pay our expenses here, and, as you did not return, I have taken passage for us both on the steamer *Coromandel*, which will take us directly to Batavia."

"You will go alone to Batavia."

"See—we can exchange these pleasures whilst packing our trunks—our time is precious."

"But, *sacre blou!* I cannot go with you to Batavia. You must go for both of us."

"I know that the sun, here, occasions diseases of the brain and liver, but I did not know that it ever made people so crazy as this. Come! why will you not go to Batavia, where your regiment is, where your friends are, and your reason perhaps!—Where have you been? You are pale, fatigued—you alarm me."

"I have found her."

"Whom have you found?"

"Her."

"Her?"

"Marguerite Floreff."

"Ah! my God!—my fears increase—you have found the drowned?"

"Yes."

"Where then?"

"Where one finds the dead, in the cemetery of Madras."

"Ah! that, at least, is possible!—Ah well, what do you intend to do?"

"What will I do! I will remain

where she reposes, and await the day when, in my turn—"

"Surely you are mad!" cried Buxton striding up and down the room; "ordinarily everything ends with death; with you it is the contrary, everything commences. What!—we must remain at Madras—we must not go to Batavia—because what?—Be reasonable. Pray, weep! sigh! if it pleases you; but, afterwards, go!"

"Never!"

"Carry there with you then, your dead, but go!"

"You have given me an idea! a terrible idea, but one upon which I shall act. Yes, I will carry Marguerite Floreff with us, as you have said!"

"Of what are you thinking? As if I could think of such a thing."

"Buried there in that burning soil," I urged, "she has long been a skeleton."

"But the English laws?—the government?—*diable!*"

"No person need know of this profanation. Are you afraid, Buxton?"

"I afraid!—but we have not time—we sail this night—"

"Disinter her then to-night!"

"*Diable!* it is not easy."

"Buxton, my friend!"

"Do you intend to speak to me again of this woman?—Cursed bottle!"

"I will say no more to you."

"This then must be the only service that you demand of me," said Buxton glancing about him: "Take this silk sack, which I bought for another use. I will hide this old sabre under this tunic. All India is asleep:—Come!"

"Buxton made me pause at the door of the apartment."

"Will you swear to me upon your honor," said he, "that when this sad freak is once accomplished, you will no longer hesitate to embark with me for Batavia?"

"I swear to you!"

"Buxton rang. A yellow domestic appeared.

"Here is our bill,' said Buxton to him. 'Have our trunks placed on board the Coromandel.'

"Yes, milord.'

"And you need not wait for us at the hotel; we will not return here again. Ask the captain of the Coromandel to send his boat to the landing, and to direct the sailors to wait for us until dawn if necessary. Here is a guinea for you.'

"The yellow servant bowed, and closed the door behind us.

"March! said my devoted comrade to me afterwards.

CHAPTER V.

"THE 'deed without a name,' which we were about to perform, kept both Buxton and myself silent until we reached the cemetery. The wall was low, and we easily climbed over it; but, if it had been forty feet high we should not have thought of retreating.

"Conduct me,' said Buxton, disengaging from his belt the large blade that he had taken for our nocturnal equipment.—'Do not let me make a mistake,' he continued, as he separated the curtain of vines, and large leaved parasites, 'and take up some old governor who died of indigestion fifty years ago. We ought to have had a lantern—the night, it is true, is so clear—'

"It is here!' I exclaimed.

"Lower! Speak lower,' said Buxton.

"We paused, and aided by Buxton, I drew aside the large branch of the catalpa, and we glided into the little verdant enclosure, in the centre of which was the tombstone that covered Marguerite Floress.

"I have just seen two eyes,' said I to Buxton, in a stifled voice and below my breath.

"Two eyes! where?'

"Hold, there—look! They are horrible!' I cried.

"Horrible,' repeated Buxton. 'Is this to punish us for the profanation we are about to commit?'

"Let us leave then!'

"I had retreated—afterwards I advanced resolutely, Buxton preceding me. His sabre descended between the two eyes and they stared at us no longer. A heavy body fell from branch to branch, disturbing the foliage of the catalpa, and alighted against the tomb. There it fluttered an instant, then its velvet wings stiffened and it was dead.

"It was a gigantic *chauve souris*, two feet and a half high, and five between the tips of its wings.

"Place!' said Buxton, seizing the *chauve souris* by the wings, and throwing it far over his head. Then thrusting his enormous sabre between the marble of the tomb and the earth, he raised the cover. We laid the slab carefully aside, and commenced to dig, he with his sabre and I with my hands. At the end of half an hour we were not very far advanced.

"Ah, there!' said Buxton, fatigued by the exercise. 'They bury people very deep in this country. Is it to prevent them from coming up again?'

"Something!'—I cried, 'I feel something!'

"See,' said Buxton, planting his sabre in the place I had indicated. 'Wait, it is not wood, it is metal. In what kind of a case do they bury one here?'

"The effort that Buxton made to raise the object beneath which he had introduced his blade, was so disproportioned to the resistance that it offered, that he was thrown violently upon his back, and lay stunned by the fall.

"I went to him and took up the tin box he had just removed from the bottom of the tomb.

"Decidedly,' said Buxton, rubbing

the back of his head, 'these adventures in the cemetery always turn out badly. However, I believe in neither God nor the devil. What is that you have there?'

"A tin box—this is what you throw out."

"What do you think? Could they have burned the corpse? It was formerly a custom in India, and it may be that these are the ashes."

"Pleasantries at a moment like this!"

"Give me that box then. Do you wish to see what is enclosed in it, before saying anything more?"

"The sabre of Buxton served also for this operation. With the point we raised the edges on three sides, and the box was opened; we found within it a paper."

"What is written upon it? demanded Buxton."

"Stepping out into the moonlight, I read these words traced in large characters:

"After having been interred in this grave, and remaining here fifteen months the body of Marguerite Floreff has been transported to Amsterdam, her native city, where she had asked to be buried. Her wish is accomplished: may it be the will of God!"

"Buxton and I looked at each other, with a surprise that you can scarcely comprehend. There was nothing in the tomb we had opened; Marguerite Floreff was in Holland, whence I had come, and where, after a few years, I should return."

"What made it seem so singular, was to find a letter instead of a skeleton, in a tomb. We would have been infinitely less astonished, if we had lived in India since our infancy. We should then have known, as everybody does, that rich Europeans are jealous of being separated from their country, even after they are dead; and that tombs are erected, which they occupy until the time when a vessel will take their remains to their native land."

"We have nothing more to do here," said Buxton, assisting me to replace the cover of the tomb.

"No!"

"The boat of the Coromandel awaits us at the landing. Let us hasten! Sailors are not always very patient, you know."

"But you are patient towards me," said I to Buxton, as I carried the box in which I had discovered the letter; taking also some flowers, white moss, catalpa leaves, and three little shells I had found in the earth of the sepulchre. She was no longer in this tomb, it is true, but she had slept there. Was that not enough?"

"It was daylight when we arrived at the landing; it was time! The captain had just ordered, by a signal, the two sailors to return to the steamer without us."

"The voyage from Madras to Batavia was long and disagreeable, but no event of any note marked its course."

"*Mon ami*," interrupted Madame Van Ostal, "it will perhaps be agreeable to Monsieur to take tea in the conservatory where you received him?"

"So be it then," replied M. Van Ostal rising and directing us to the conservatory by a botanical gallery through which we had not passed in going to the dining hall, and that consequently I had not yet seen."

I offered my arm to Madame Van Ostal. M. Van Ostal did not follow us immediately."

"Whenever it happens," said Madame Van Ostal, "that my husband recalls these somewhat adventurous years of his youth, he experiences a melancholy that continues several days."

"I regret," I replied, "that he becomes so; if I had known that by the indiscretion of my visit, and above all of my questions"—

"Why?—He is not less happy, believe

They are hor-

ted Buxton. 'Is the profanation we

terwards I advan-

preceding me.

between the two

us no longer. A

branch to branch,

the catalpa, and

b. There it flut-

s velvet wings

ve souris, two

d five between

n, seizing the

gs, and throw-

Then thrusting

een the marble

n, he raised the

carefully aside,

e with his sabre

At the end of

ot very far ad-

Buxton, fatigued

bury people ve-

Is it to prevent

ain?"

ied, 'I feel some-

planting his sa-

icated. 'Wait,

i. In what kind

ve here?"

ten made to raise

ch he had intro-

a disproportioned

ffered, that he

on his back, and

ook up the tin

from the bottom

Buxton, rubbing

it, and, for my part, I would be unwilling that he should refuse to inform you of those romantic circumstances."

"Which proves madame, the elevation of his spirit, and" I added a little lower, "the clemency of yours."

A smile, which did not enable me to divine all the thoughts of Madame Van Ostal, interrupted our dialogue and the efforts of my imagination, as an unexpected ray of light in the studio sometimes suspends the pencil of the painter. What did this mysterious smile signify!

"Do you see nothing at the foot of the tree that the Indians call the tree of the traveler?" inquired Madame Van Ostal, suddenly changing the current of the conversation. She then called:

"James! Colombo!"

Two fair and rosy children who were playing at the foot of the tree ran and threw themselves into her arms.

"These are my sons," she said to me; "in winter, it is here, in this gallery more moderately warmed than the others, that they come to take their recreations. My husband," continued madame Van Ostal, "wished to name the eldest Colombo, in memory of the city where he landed after his shipwreck, and the second James, which is the name of Mr. Buxton, the companion whose history is so intimately connected with his own. But here is M. Van Ostal with his good cigars."

"Will you permit me to remain?" demanded Madame Van Ostal of her husband and of me, after having poured out my tea in a Japanese cup. "I am anxious to hear the end of the history of Marguerite Floress."

We seated ourselves all three of us before the eternal English tea-pot and mountain of toasted bread, and M. Van Ostal continued:

"Three months afterward I resumed my post in the military service of Batavia, and the garrison life so dissipated and so luxurious in the colonies. Few

exercises, few reviews, no studies, plenty of dinners, plenty of balls, plenty of fetes, and for the most of the officers an eternal intoxication of wine, rum, and tobacco.

"One day my turn came to assist at the religious service celebrated each Sunday in the finest temple in Java, and consequently in Batavia. I with my comrades, all clad in full dress, took our places near the desk of the clergyman. The service ended, according to custom in the most profound silence; the orator had edified us by an eloquent sermon prepared especially for us. We had arisen finally to meditate without upon the grave lessons of religious information he had given us, when he requested us to seat ourselves again. I must not omit to state that Buxton was present.

"My brethren, and you my sisters," said the preacher, 'a French captain remitted to me this morning the sum of a thousand pounds sterling as alms for prayers to be said, and to erect a tomb over two persons whose names I will presently announce. Divine Providence has charged itself with this mission, of which it has acquitted itself towards me, and of which I in my turn acquit myself towards you. Here is what it has done in all its sapient simplicity. In the open sea was found a bottle, in the interior of which was a thousand pounds sterling in bank bills, which have been remitted to me with this paper'—(exhibiting the paper)—'upon which I have read that to which you are about to listen;

"I, Louis Van Ostal, about to perish a hundred leagues from Ceylon; I give the thousand pounds sterling enclosed in this bottle to him or to her who, after having found it, will cause prayers to be said for me and for my well-beloved unknown Marguerite Floress, and will cause to be erected for us one and the same tomb!

"Pray therefore my brethren, and you my sisters, for Louis Van Ostal—'

"Ho
desk.
wrote th
dead!"

"To
order ca
ple fill
highly
possibl
that th
itself
when,
pit to
tered
out at

"
turn,
powe
was
guer
corp
to B

"
ed
pre
be
"J
the
ton

to
y
fi
c
a
y

to
y
fi
c
a
y

to
y
fi
c
a
y

to
y
fi
c
a
y

to
y
fi
c
a
y

to
y
fi
c
a
y

"Hold!" I cried, rushing towards the desk. "I am the Louis Van Ostal who wrote those lines, and, surely, I am not dead!"

"To depict to you the trouble and disorder caused by this event, in that temple filled with noble Dutch lords and highly aristocratic Batavian ladies is impossible.—But what I can tell you is, that the infernal laugh of Buxton made itself heard above every other sound, when, having arrived in front of the pulpit to give some explanations, I encountered face to face a woman who had cried out at the same time that I had done:

"I am Marguerite Floreff!"

"What! whom?" I exclaimed, in my turn,—I who had listened with all my power of attention to M. Van Ostal. "It was her!—but how? This tomb of Marguerite Floreff erected at Madras?—the corpse of Marguerite Floreff transported to Europe?"

"It was, and it was not her," responded M. Van Ostal.

"And this woman, was she young and pretty, as you had dreamed she would be?"

"Frightful!" replied M. Van Ostal. "Frightful! and that was the cause of the diabolical hilarity of that satan Buxton. My ideal was a monster.

"It is certainly proper," said Buxton to me afterwards, 'that those who like you pursue the eagle of the ideal, should finish by capturing the egg of the mystification. You have had deplorable success. After having pursued across seas, and beyond death, an imaginary woman you have discovered whom? An old woman, toothless, yellow, and who, to complete the horror, is not dead!'

"I made no reply.

"You see," continued Buxton, 'these are your stupid religious beliefs that have conducted you from folly to folly; that is to say, to see things as they are not in

reality; to see sentiments where there are only wants, sympathies where there are only appetites; to see angels where there are only women subject to the same infirmities as other creatures; to see heaven where there are only clouds; and God where there is nothing at all. Believe me, espouse some rich creole, who will bring you plenty of pepper, plenty of cinnamon, plenty of tea, later plenty of children, and let your brain, which is only a soft substance, and your heart which is only a muscle, rest.'

"This time I responded:

"I am going to see this woman!—"

"What! are you not convinced?"

"No. There is something in it very improbable!—"

"But since she has said—"

"It is not too much to ask her to explain herself a second time; besides, I have not interrogated her personally.'

"But this public avowal?"

"No matter!"

"Why should she have made it?"

"I do not know, but I have a pre-sentiment—"

"You are incurable with your pre-sentiments; I am sure that you believe firmly that you have had an adventure with a fairy; which you expect to prove *a la* the fairy Citron; and that if you fall at her feet, despite her villainous feet, and take her hands despite her hideous hands, she will transform herself suddenly into a young and superb princess, happy to recompense your constancy by a love worthy of your own. My friend, nurses themselves do not believe such blue stories, and babies refuse to be put to sleep with such nonsense as this.'

"Come with me to the house of this woman, I say to you.'

"Come! Do you know where she lives?"

"Yes—I have informed myself.'

"I am at your service.'

CHAPTER VI.

"We went together to the house of the woman, or rather of the sorceress, who had played that ridiculous scene with me on the preceding Sunday. Her lodgings were more than modest; it needed much discretion not to call them miserable.

"Madame," I said to her, "I am M. Louis Van Ostal, whose name was found mixed with yours, the other day at the church, where we both had the honor of being present. It must have appeared to you singularly strange that, in a day of calamity, I should have taken the very inexcusable liberty of requesting that prayers should be said for you and for me, and that a single tomb should be erected for both of us."

"In fact, monsieur," stammered she of whom I have spoken.

"But," I resumed, "if my action is extraordinary, avow, madame, that your position is not less so. Concerning the shipwreck—for you were shipwrecked!"

"Yes, monsieur, in the Indian sea, two hundred leagues north of Madagascar."

"The precision of her response staggered me, I avow. If she had not been shipwrecked, she could not have had this topographic certitude.

"You wereshipwrecked," I said, "and at the moment of perishing, you wrote upon a sheet of paper, that you carefully enclosed in a bottle, your last desire. To this, I afterwards added my own in absolutely similar circumstances; what happened after that?"

"I awaited her response.

"It happened," she replied, "that the bottle in which you had placed the sheet of paper written by you, and that written by me was encountered by a French captain—"

"Oh! pardon, madame, something else occurred previous to this."

"And what was it that occurred, monsieur?"

"Your corpse was thrown upon the beach."

"Madame having been dead," interposed Buxton, "she cannot ignore that circumstance—"

"Neither can she ignore," said I more and more convinced that we were having an affair with an adventuress, "that she has been interred."

"Buxton burst into a roar of laughter. The woman terminated my phrase:

"Yes, interred at Madras."

"We laughed no more, neither Buxton nor I.

"Ah! you know, madame, that you have been interred at Madras, then you know also," continued Buxton, "where your skeleton is now—I do not speak of that which we have the honor of conversing with at this moment—but the original."

"The woman looked at each of us with the most perfect assurance, then responded—'I repose in the cemetery of Amsterdam.'"

"Buxton, the atheist, shivered to the last hair of his moustache.

"See, madame," I said, "no one is more disposed to the marvelous than I; but if you are dead—"

"My God! I should not have pretended to have been so," she replied, "but you put me so forcibly in this funeral way that I could not do otherwise than follow you. The Marguerite Floreff of whom I speak never perished in the Indian Ocean. Daughter of a Dutch merchant, she died at Madras, very tranquilly in her bed. Her father, whom she loved very much, having been buried in the cemetery at Amsterdam, she wished also to repose there."

"But who are you then, you who bear the same name?"

"I am her god-daughter and her niece."

"How everything is lighted up!" exclaimed Buxton. "We have incontesti-

bly before us Marguerite Floreff, my poor friend!

"Her niece and her god-daughter, I ought to hear her name, and in good justice I ought also to possess the thousand pounds sterling enclosed in the bottle."

"Aye!" said Buxton, 'aye.'

"My gesture could not silence him.

"Yes," he went on, 'you have the right to the thousand pounds sterling, but upon one condition—it is that some one shuts you up in the tomb that those thousand pounds sterling were destined to build.'

"To inter me!"

"Hold," said I, 'my friend jests—Have pen and paper brought, and write a receipt for the thousand pounds sterling; I have the sum with me.'

"The woman wrote. At the second line I interrupted her—

"Is that truly your writing?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then this—I drew the paper that I had found and replaced in the bottle—is not yours!"

"I examined both handwritings. The deception was discovered, its cause still remained to be revealed.

"The eyes of the unfortunate woman filled with great tears; she bowed her head without saying a word except, 'Misery! Her name was surely Floreff, but she was a distant relative, and not the god-daughter of her whose tomb bears the name of Marguerite Floreff. When the preacher said that the thousand pounds sterling were destined to erect a monument to her who had perished, she said to herself with the quick instinct of the poor:

"If one will give such a very large sum for a dead Floreff, one will surely give the half of this sum for a Floreff living. I escaped the peril of the shipwreck—She did not observe that the name of another person that had escaped her had nearly demented me—

"Take the thousand pounds,' I said, 'but tell me, upon the sacred name of God, and the salvation of your soul, if there exists a Marguerite Floreff; if her hand traced these lines, borne to me upon the sea, has she ever lived—for now—'

"She has existed,"

"And did she die in the open sea?"

"I do not know that any accident has happened to her at sea. On her arrival at Batavia, where she did not remain very long, she did not inform me of any misfortune that had occurred during her voyage—'

"But then we may not speak of the same person—for in fact—'

"I know nothing more in truth, monsieur. Ah," she exclaimed, 'I have some of Marguerite's letters, and her portrait. You can compare the letters with the lines written by her that you have there; and if the two handwritings—'

"Give me the letters! Give me the portrait!—give them! give them!"

"The handwritings were compared, and were at once proven to be identical.

"The portrait," I cried, 'the portrait!'

"The portrait was given to me.

"It is hers!" was the cry that went up from my heart.

"You know her then? Have you seen her?"

"Never!"

"Buxton bent over the portrait. 'Here is that,' he said, 'which would make me believe in God; if he had not created and placed in the world so many who are deformed, and so many gluttons of whom he is pleased, in his admirable justice, to perpetuate the species; yes, these tresses of such an angelic blonde, these eyes of heaven's own blue, these divine hands—(Buxton, like Byron and Voltaire, adorned beautiful hands)—all this would make me believe in God—'

"I clasped Buxton in my arms. The woman whose impudence I had unveiled, performed an act of kindness that went

to my heart; on receiving the thousand pounds that I had given her, she gave me the portrait of Marguerite Floreff.

"Do you know madame," I asked, 'where mademoiselle Marguerite Floreff went from Batavia?'

"Yes, monsieur."

"Who was with her? who accompanied her?'

"Her father, the inspector general of the colonial custom-houses."

"And how long since they left Batavia?'

"Nearly eighteen months."

"Eighteen months! But then, that shipwreck of which you are ignorant must have taken place on her return! it has taken place!—the found again! the lost! And where has she gone? to Europe?'

"No, monsieur, to America—to Surinam."

"Your romance ends there," said Buxton taking me by the arm and leading me out of the house; 'you have pursued it far enough. You have made me believe in the prophets—they performed miracles I see, solely because they wished so strongly for what they wished.'

"Sad miracle, this that I have produced!'

"Do you hope that the fish of the ocean, which have eaten her, will return her to you, living, young, and beautiful as her portrait? And *a propos* of your pretended good God, who has so well arranged his world, that it can only exist upon the rigorous condition of ceaseless devouring. Your God, if he existed, would be the God of butchers and tripvenders.'

"Atheism, my dear Buxton."

"To-day, atheism is going to render you a service."

"Do with me whatever you wish."

"Buxton conducted me to one of the finest quarters of Batavia, the palace of the Navy, where the vessels that arrive

at Batavia deposit their patents, and where their days of departure are appointed.

"Buxton addressed a friend, of whom he had sometimes spoken to me.

"Can you tell me," said he, 'if a ship left here eighteen months ago for Surinam, and if any disaster occurred during her voyage?'

"The friend of Buxton searched the Atlantic registers.

"Surinam!" cried he, 'Surinam!' 'Here it is!—a cross on the folio. Yes, she was lost!'

"Buxton pressed my hand closely, and I saw tears fall from his eyes.

"How was she lost?" demanded he afterwards.'

"Impossible to tell, if any were saved."

"But no, monsieur, it is not impossible," said the secretary general, who had overheard us behind the grating which separated his cabinet from the hall where we were occupied with our researches. 'Turn to the colonial correspondence,' said he, 'see if any ship that has arrived in Batavia within eighteen months has been witness of an accident that has befallen a vessel going to Surinam.'

"The Albatross, captain Boxwell, nothing, no report. The Arrow, captain Verhagen, nothing; not even a remark. The Dorado, captain Ixel, nothing—nothing.'

"There, monsieur, there!" I exclaimed. 'The Sumatra, captain Snyers; read, or rather permit me to read:

"Report.—Yesterday at sunset, while traversing the archipelago of the Maldives, we perceived, near the sixth of the group of the Seven Brothers, an immense light which announced, unfortunately beyond a doubt, a great conflagration. Although the wind would have carried us far from the burning vessel, we managed with so much skill and promptitude that we reached her in two hours. We attempted at first to save her; it was a

useless
then
and p
ed on
nate v
bas, c
nam,
gers a
Isles,
ongag
Two
the fi
who f
the b
"
"
pared
ing n
"
or, ha
"
is it?
"
a lon
"
"
"
"
"
resig
troop
Dute
mon
I ha
to g
at l
coun
guer
treat
old
know
lage
of o
poin
of
thro
the

useless task, a perilous devotion. We then exerted ourselves to save the crew and passengers. They were all embarked on board the Sumatra. The unfortunate vessel, which was called the Nicobas, captain Van Kessel, bound to Surinam, we left her burning. The passengers and crew disembarked at the Gama Isles, where a vessel of the company was engaged to transport them to Surinam. Two persons only perished, these were the first mate, and a young passenger who fell into the sea in descending into the boats.

“If this young person was—”

“Is my patent for Parimaribo prepared?” said a Dutch captain interrupting my reflection.

“Here it is,” replied the commissioner, handing him his patent.

“Parimaribo is not far from Surinam is it?” I enquired of the captain.

“Very near,” he replied, “only, it is a long distance from here to Surinam.”

“Do you take passengers?”

“If there are many, no.”

“Two; monsieur and me.”

“I sail in two hours.”

“We can be on board in two hours.”

Half an hour afterwards I sent my resignation to the general of the colonial troops, and embarked with Buxton for Dutch Guiana, where we arrived in four months after our departure from Batavia. I hastened to Surinam. It was my wish to go there alone. Buxton awaited me at Parimaribo. Alone I went to the country-house where the father of Marguerite Floreff, who had obtained his retreat, lived, as one said, retired. The old negro who gave me this information knew nothing more. I arrived at a village that seemed in every way like those of our dear Holland; his property was pointed out to me. I entered an alley of citron trees. Oh! how my heart throbbed!—those perfumes, the flowers, the air so sweet! I had a portrait in my

hand—at the end of the alley a young girl awaited me—it was—”

M. and Madame Van Ostal left the table and threw themselves into each other's arms.

I had before my eyes Marguerite Floreff!

“AND THEN.”

A YOUTH told proudly his hopes and plans,
With his own strong hand all his future drew,
To the calm old man, earth-tired, heaven-bound,

Who answered, from all his great heart knew,
Only these words, “And then?”

With a steady foot and a willing hand
I will climb to Earth's treasure-hold,
And claim my share of the wealth she hoards,

For her favored—the brave and the bold;
“And then?”

And then, with his wand in my happy hand,
I'll gather her gems at will;
I'll summon each draught of her pleasure-fount,

Till it fall, or my goblet I fill;
“And then?”

O then I'll try fame, and I'll coax till I win
From the noble old laurel a wreath;
This I'll cherish and keep, 'tis old Earth's choicest gift,

And its life dew her balmiest breath;
“And then?”

I'll be kindly, and share of my wealth and my joy,
So I'll bind many souls to my own;
For I'd sooner be Prince of a dozen warm hearts,

Than be Monarch of many a throne!
“And Then?”

Why then I'll be getting to staid middle age,
And the world will be Eden no more;
But I'll choose me an Eve, and build me a home,

And be found at my own open door;
“And Then?”

Then I will grow of a quiet old age,
In the midst of my pleasure and peace,
So muffled in treasure and comfort and love,

That to my ear Earth's discord shall cease;
"And Then?"

I'll grow older, and older, and then, I suppose,
Life and I will grow weary—and—why,
As my fathers have done, as my children
must do,
So I in my ripeness shall—die,
"And Then?"

A HOME SKETCH.

BY X.

HOW many separations might be prevented and families restored to peace, if there could be just at hand, in season, some aged and experienced friend of the parties whose years and relationship would give the right to be heard. Alas, that in our State there are so few old friends.

A wife sat weeping in her home, angered, she felt, past reconciliation, with her husband. The home was a very humble one, for its inmates had not been prosperous. The young wife's happiness was sadly marred by the toil to which in earlier years she had been unused. The husband had done some forbidden thing, and she thought her truth and love, and patient waiting, were all forgotten.

"I will never forgive him," she said between her sobs, to an elderly acquaintance who had chanced to call. "I have followed him here, where I have not a single friend but him, and earned my own bread and the children's. He ought to respect me enough at least not to have done what he has. I never wish to see him again and I have told him so."

"What! you have separated from him with words like these?"

"Yes."

"When will he return?"

"In a fortnight."

"His heart will be harder than steel when he comes if these words are left unsaid until then. Now tell me just how you think he feels about his conduct that

has caused your anger towards him?"

"I know that he would give the world if it were his, to undo it."

"Do you know what I would do if I were in your place, then?"

"Call upon a lawyer, I guess; I have been advised to do so."

"You have had a bad adviser then. Do that and all is lost—all your years of truth, and love, and toil—all lost together. Trust to his own heart to remind him of these, let no reproachful word of yours do so, or there will at once arise in his mind, a list of his forbearances and efforts to counterbalance these, and he will feel acquitted of all, and the chance is, that in his weariness he will feel thankful, rather than otherwise when the strife is ended and he is released by your act from obligations that misfortune has prevented him from fulfilling."

"Well, in my place what would you do?"

"Send him as kind a letter as it is possible to write."

"And let him think me a craven?"

"You mistake; women too often continue the vengefulness commenced in anger through fear. Be nobler; write conciliatory words; let him feel that this angry storm in which you separated is past. Win your husband; who can tell what store of happiness the future may hold for you, if you still cleave lovingly to each other. You will see wretchedness enough, I promise you if you do not."

The kind counsel prevailed. A brief but affectionate letter was written bidding the absent husband forget the unpleasant words spoken at their parting, and the unfortunate circumstance that had occasioned them. Nothing was written of faults or blame. The missive ended with words like these:

"We will be courageous, and patient, and I believe the time will soon come when success will crown your endeavors,

and you
home in
babes."

The
had fill
boding
the fau
less nig
ing me
nation
busine
the let

His
choerf
better

A fo
tic stri
hold,
wife's
heart
build
the ho
are gr
peacof

I F, s

A v

B

F

Which

Shoul

Each

At w

A

Flutt

Shall

For

A w

Flov

Who

and you will be able to build us a fair home in which we may rest and rear our babes."

The harsh words spoken at parting had filled the husband's heart with forebodings of harsh measures, for he knew the fault was justly his. After a sleepless night and a day spent in discouraging meditations, he arrived at his destination. Bad beginnings, these, for the business he had come to undertake, but the letter came and all was changed.

His labors were performed with a cheerful heart and willing hands, and better days soon dawned.

A few years have passed; the domestic strife so wisely quelled in that household, has never been renewed. The wife's reward is, that her husband's heart is retained, the pleasant home is builded, and her babes, instead of being the homeless children of a separated pair, are growing up in the happiness of a peaceful home.

FAITH.

BY E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

IF, swift as wingéd flame,
A visible angel to the portal came,
Bearing as lavish dower
Fame, honor, wealth and power,
Which Earth's poor plaudits win,—
Should we not haste to bid him enter in?

Each soul hath thus a door
At which an angel knocks forevermore;
Against the sealed portal,
We hear the wings immortal
Fluttering in wild unrest—
Shall we not open to the heavenly guest?

For Faith, blest angel, brings
A wealth unfound 'mid guarded stores of
The hovel seems a palace, [kings.
And from the meanest chalice
Flows forth God's royal wine,
Where enters in this messenger divine.

Then moments in their flight,
Are turned to gems of everlasting light,
Which seraph hands upgather,—
Until the loving Father
Whisper: Henceforth be blest—
Up where thy treasure is, come, child, and
rest!

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb., 1861.

AN EVERY DAY STORY.

BY D.

IN diving into the depths of our portfolio to procure "copy" for this number of "Hutchings," we came across the following sketch, "an ower true tale," a portion of which we once ushered into print, but in rather a crude shape. We now relate it more in detail, and from its pages much may be gleaned by those who care to profit by the lesson.

We were sitting together one evening, my dear friend Mary, Aunt Esther and I. Mary had just told us of having called during the day upon an invalid acquaintance whose end was evidently very near, when the church bell, after a few warning strokes, paused, and began solemnly to number the years of the dead, pausing at every ten. We looked silently in each other's faces till the last year was numbered.

"Thirty one," said Mary, "she did not seem so old; poor Emily! Your heart would have ached if you had seen her turn the dark earnest eyes of hers from one to another of those at her bedside. Some one whom she wished to see must have been absent, or, maybe she wished to make some parting request that she feared would be denied her."

"Of what did she die?" I asked.

"Consumption," Mary replied.

"She was murdered," said Aunt Esther, "and none the less so that she has suffered many years since she was victimized."

"Yes," continued Aunt Esther, as we

looked in her face, mute with astonishment, "the time was when she was merry and light hearted as any girl in the village, yet I do not believe that either of you can remember seeing her laugh. Nevertheless, her sweet smiles and kind words were ever ready for those about her, which made me pity her the more, because I realized that she was striving to make others happy, when her own joys were embittered at their very spring.

"She, as you know, was one of several sisters, some older, some younger than herself; the eldest of these was married, and the mother of an interesting little family, a weak, nervous creature, whose cares were multiplied by her inexperience; in temper and disposition the opposite of Emily, who was then a gay young girl, about whom were just gathering the associations that were to determine her future position and measure of happiness. Few had fairer prospects—poor girl!—blight and mildew has been upon every green thing in her pathway since.

"There is a rose-tree here in the garden, whose fate has seemed to me very much like hers. Something has grown up beside it and overshadowed it, and season after season it has put forth its delicate, beautiful buds, then they have mouldered and fallen to the ground, and I have never seen one of its blossoms come to maturity.

"A dankening shadow fell upon the girlhood of that poor lady, and every bud of hope and promise withered beneath its spectral shade.

"With this older sister of whom I have spoken, Emily was residing, the life of her sister's household, a gay, thoughtless, perhaps not always a prudent girl; but all her previous, all her subsequent life, forbids the supposition that she ever made any grave departure from propriety.

"Linked with these families by some

intermarriage, is a certain woman, very religious in her way, but whose duty toward any one is never done until she has privately lamented over all their faults, of which, take her authority, every one has plenty except herself; always, by way of showing her penetration, prognosticating some evil, then watching the subjects of her prophecies as if her reputation was at stake if her predictions should not come to pass.

"Of the death of her whose years you have just heard numbered, I believe this person—this gnome—this ghoul—to be guilty.

"She was a frequent visitor in the family, and it was not long before her intimations, and vaguely expressed fears, had awakened suspicion both in the breast of the sister and elsewhere.

"Repulsed with frowns by her sister, and grave looks by her friends, deserted by her lover, for she had one, Emily's situation was fast becoming unendurable; drooping in health and spirits, she returned to her home; her physician recommended change of air and scenery, knowing well that a draught of *Lethe* was the only balm for malady like hers.

"Accordingly, attended by her mother and brother, she journeyed to the far south; where, won by the soothing influence of a genial climate, and the attention of friends who made her happiness and recovery their constant care, her health and cheerfulness gradually returned; scarcely her former self, still so much improved from her late languid nerveless state, that it was deemed prudent to return with her.

"At home again where she was really beloved and where but few had been permanently prejudiced against her, she was greeted with every kindness and attention, and all traces of unpleasantness seemed for the time to be obliterated.

"There was but one who had the heartlessness to renew any scandal; mov-

ing in
nearly
whom
kind
some
pressio
bestov
to su
regard
donab

"T
blight
One g
in this
Emily
Mrs. J

"
I alwa
er di
though
ly, I
thing
much
should
if I f
her w
looks

"I
sation
next t
met.
fore r
was
means
"S
of ac
shade,
out th
friend

"I
uncas
glove
with
cossit
"I
unpo
droop
unsh

ing in the same circle, she had access to nearly every valued friend, scarce one of whom could ever in her presence speak a kind word of Emily without eliciting some vague hint, or half withheld expression of acquiescence, or sympathy bestowed in such a manner as to lead one to suppose that its object was tenderly regarded notwithstanding some unpardonable act of impropriety.

"These things never failed of their blighting effect upon new acquaintances. One gentleman was poisoned against her in this way. Having spoken of meeting Emily, and of the pleasing impression, Mrs. L— replied hesitatingly:

"Yes—a very pleasant young lady—I always liked her very much, and never did believe anything against her, though circumstances did look suspiciously, I confess. No one really knows anything against her, she has changed very much though in the past two years. I should blame Edward B— very much, if I felt sure that his engagement with her was broken off without cause. She looks melancholy, I am sure I pity her."

"I was within hearing of this conversation, and chanced to be present the next time Emily and this young friend met. They had parted but the day before rather more than friends; now, he was constrained—cold—at a loss for means to disguise his changed sentiments.

"She, with the sad instinct that comes of acquaintance with some pursuing shade, seemed to comprehend it all without the slightest explanation. Another friend was lost to her.

"He sat, after exchanging salutations, uneasily drawing on and putting off his glove, and making common-place remarks with the air of one who speaks from necessity.

"I saw her steal one glance at his face unperceived by him, and as her eyelids drooped, I fancied they were heavy with unshed tears. When he had gone, she

slipped away unperceived to her room; a week afterward she re-appeared, wan and pale; more gentle and saint-like than ever, and striving to conceal her grief with smiles that were sadder than tears. The circumstance that I have related gave me a clue to the manner in which several other friendships were terminated.

"Perhaps it was six years later than this occurrence, when one evening I was at a sewing circle, a meeting held semi-monthly by pious ladies, generally for the purpose of interchanging information in regard to the private affairs of their neighbors and providing winter clothing for children in Africa. Of course Mrs. S—, of whom I have been telling you, was there, the very person to be the leading spirit of that institution.

"Really," said a quiet lady at my elbow, "I do not see how our sewing circle could exist without Mrs. S—; for one I am sure I could never fill her place; just the individual for first directress."

"The heroine of this admiration, was busily engaged in unpacking from the society's big basket various pieces of unfinished work, and distributing them about the room, accompanying the articles with inquiries after the absent, and volunteering little items of information about their affairs, not always strictly complimentary, in that case generally closing her remarks with 'tis a pity, but then 'tis true or I would not mention it."

"In the course of half an hour she had completed her tour of the rooms, and settled herself with the complaisance of one who is conscious of having rendered the country a service; after a momentary survey of the busy scene, she and the lady next her began sewing the opposite sleeves of a red flannel shirt and employing their tongues with poor Emily's affairs.

"Where is Emily to-night?" queried

one of those patterns of benevolence.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. S—, 'she will be here soon, I think; she is generally regular in her attendance, but does not seem to take a deep interest in the business of the society, in fact is not an efficient member of it.'

"I think," said the other, 'that she has some interesting affairs of her own that quite occupy her attention for the present. I suppose you have noticed how pointed Mervine, our new lawyer, has grown in his addresses of late. He is amiable, talented, and will be wealthy—will be a very suitable match.'

"I agree with you, and trust it may prove to be so, for really, she is fast becoming an old maid; it is singular, too, for she has had a host of admirers, first and last. I suppose she would have been married long ago, if it had not been for that unlucky scandal that got afloat some years ago, when, if you will remember, she absented herself from home for some months, which, you know, tended to confirm people's suspicions. For my part, though, I never believed anything against her and always pitied her I am sure, and have often thought that some one who had heard nothing about it would come along yet and marry her.'

"Heavenly Father, thought I, when will this relentless pitying end.

"Just on the other side of an open door within three feet of where they sat, stood the young gentleman, Mervine, examining some plates that lay upon a small table; I noticed that he looked at but one during the conversation, and that was upside down.

"Six months after he married,—her cousin. Since then, as you know, she has in winter resided with an aunt in Georgia, who has sometimes in summer accompanied her to her northern home. At midsummer of last year, a *distingue* looking stranger appeared in town as the guest of Emily's father; his stay was a

brief one, and he departed without extending his circle of acquaintance beyond the family of his host. In autumn, before the frosts grow keen, or the birds flitted to sunnier climes, the stranger came again, there was a quick wedding, and Emily went away with him to his fair southern home.

"I remarked a startled look upon the face of the bride as her husband assured her friends that he intended to come with Emily to spend the next summer with them.

"She returned here this year earlier in the season than usual. Her aunt, who came with her, told me one day that Emily's husband had, because of her alarming debility, urged her departure at a much earlier period than that upon which he had originally fixed as the date of their visit, he was therefore unable to accompany her, although he expected to rejoin her soon. Almost the first letter she received from him after her arrival here, conveyed the intelligence that a complicated lawsuit in which he was engaged would, he feared, prevent him from doing more than pay her a flying visit late in the summer. 'Do not,' he wrote, 'let this disappointment rob you of the invigorating effect of your bracing climate. Assure yourself that I do not abandon without regret the pleasures I proposed to share with you—the pleasant drives along the margin of those mirror-like lakes, the visits to the waterfalls, that I think must have been your first loves, you are so constant to their memory, and have so often described them to me. If they were human I would be jealous; as it is, I shall have them all photographed so you can bring their likenesses back with you as a specific against home-sickness. I shall be very weary when I arrive, and shall be able to stay but a short time, so do not expect to introduce me to many of your friends this year; the little while that I can remain

with you, I yourself.'

"In a few from the fatidly regained participated had done for pleasures p. A delicate b her eyes, in searching an have mentio light of cont

"Unexpect epidemic had city of his re sent business were able to of infection. and he into at least.

"From th ed to me. to sense of in like a fever session of l our to wrest If he was the moment peared like with forebod and she had him, and rea heart rema eyes brighto and she be in manners alternated b sion and fe health, whic pletely und been here took a sligh to have co day—from For,

"She is.

with you, I wish to devote wholly to yourself.'

"In a few weeks Emily had recovered from the fatigue of her journey, and rapidly regained her health and spirits, and participated more heartily than ever she had done for many years, in the simple pleasures planned for her amusement. A delicate bloom adorned her cheeks; and her eyes, instead of sending forth those searching and apprehensive glances you have mentioned, beamed with the soft light of contentment and love.

"Unexpectedly her husband came. An epidemic had made its appearance in the city of his residence, and by common consent business was suspended, and all who were able took refuge beyond the reach of infection. It was scarcely midsummer, and he intended to remain three months at least.

"From the day of his arrival, she seemed to me to be constantly haunted by a sense of insecurity which consumed her like a fever, as if a fear had taken possession of her that something would occur to wrest from her her husband's love. If he was absent and did not return at the moment she expected him, she appeared like one completely overwhelmed with forebodings of evil, until he came, and she had stolen a searching glance at him, and read that her dominion over his heart remained undisturbed; then her eyes brightened and her cheeks flushed, and she became animated and brilliant in manners and conversation. So she alternated between this sickening depression and feverish excitement, until her health, which was never firm, was completely undermined. Her husband had been here perhaps a month, when she took a slight cold, not sufficient of itself to have confined her to her room for a day—from which she never recovered. For,

'The lamp when once wasted,
Oh, how can it burn.'

"She is dead, and to-morrow you will

see at her funeral the person whose breath has so poisoned her atmosphere, loud in her lamentations at her untimely end, and the last individual to take to herself a thought of blame for having hastened it."

The next day we went with the throng that followed her to the grave. There was bitter mourning as they bore her there, by many beside her own household; for each, now that she was gone, could remember her unvarying gentleness; the poor and the orphan wept, for she had been their friend, and no sting marred the memory of kindnesses she had done them.

Mrs. S— stood with the mourners, making liberal use of her pocket handkerchief, and as they turned to leave the grave, she concluded some remark to some one near, with "I pitied her."

"Aye, to death," said Aunt Esther bitterly, "to death!"

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. L. T. VINING.

BRING Amaranths, bring Amaranths,
To crown the Dying Year,
And break his trance with stirring chants,
That may exalt and cheer.
In solemn state the Ages wait,
And count the throbs sublime,
While yet the gate shall separate
Eternity and Time.

Bring Asphodels, bring Asphodels
To crown the Infant Year,
And peal the bells above the knells
Still tolling on the ear.
Pure from the hand that all things planne
Unwritten yet his scroll,—
Take noble stand, Earth's soul-lit band,
And worthy deeds enroll.

Bear on the bier, bear on the bier!
One moment, hearts be bowed,
And drop a tear to by-gones dear
Within the Old Year's shroud.

Then bury deep, as he shall sleep,
All envy, wrong and strife,
And learn to reap such joys as keep
A harvest-time for life.

The glad New Year! the glad New Year!
He calls to festive mirth!
Let songs of cheer, and hearts sincere,
Give kindly impulse birth.
Thus be life's knells, made joyful swells,
Its cares as calm laid down,
When passing bells change Asphodels
To Amaranthine crown.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January, 1861.

THE GRAVE OF AMELIA WELBY.

BY MRS. E. A. WELBY.

HT being my pleasant fortune to be detained in Louisville, Ky., for a day and a night, until the early Monday morning's train should convey me on my journey, I had an opportunity of gratifying a long cherished desire to stand beside the grave of one of the sweetest and most gifted daughters of song America has produced. It was a lovely spot, in one of the most beautiful "cities of the dead" I have ever visited. In point of scenery and beautiful diversity of surface it will hardly compare with Greenwood or Mount Auburn—where nature has left nothing undone—but art has accomplished much to make "Cave Hill" a fitting place of burial for just such beings as "Amelia," whose poet-souls might love to linger amid the almost unearthly beauties of their silent home. Though contrary to the prescribed cemetery regulation, that prohibits carriages from entering the enclosure on Sundays, the officer in waiting, when made acquainted with the object of our visit, permitted ours to pass in, and kindly pointed out the avenue leading to the sacred spot. How great would have been my disappointment, had I found, instead of the fresh green mound, and

bright flowers growing in beautiful luxuriance over and around it, a cold and ponderous, though costly vault, with barred door and forbidding aspect. Pleasanter by far to me was the green earth, with its fringe of dowy leaves; and the bright flowers which the hand of affection had planted there, how beautiful and life-like they seemed in the midst of the dark green leaves where they were embedded; and how genial the setting sunlight as it streamed in through the ever-green foliage, studding with stars of gold the grassy quilt, that lay so lightly on her breast. Not even a paling forbade our stepping within the sacred enclosure, which had long since become a hallowed shrine, where I had hoarded away some of the most pleasing and sacred thoughts my heart has ever known. The lot is enclosed by a wall of beautifully cut stone, about twenty inches in height, and twelve in width, but there is no paling on it, and but very few in the whole cemetery. I noticed this pleasing feature of Cave Hill, as our own contrasts so strangely with it, and other eastern cemeteries. Here it has become a custom to fence in the lots, laying them off into little paths, and flower patches, with the grave levelled down even with the surface, and flowers inappropriate to the place, and exhibiting a want of taste in those who placed them there, growing in great profusion. I have seen fox-glove, marigolds, and snap-dragon, where should only bloom flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. In this land of almost perpetual bloom and beauty, where the summer angel leaves her "bonnie shoon" in the track of February, and where roses and geraniums only ask a footing on our soil, to "seize upon maturity," and exhale their undying sweetness, it would seem as though our cemeteries ought to be unrivaled in tasteful decorations, as are our gardens in floral beauty and utility. Mrs. Welby's monument is one of

the m
any co
ied, b
my me
marbl
of mu
block
pure
eight
a wre
tern
a wr
Front
over l
encirc
acorn
true
is a g
seen
enthu
to the
there.
spirit
tion,
who l
On
wreat
the w
verse
"In
O
And
Och
The
This
ed hu
B
she c

the most beautiful I have ever seen, in any cemetery. The superscription I copied, but for the rest I have to rely upon my memory alone. Its base is a block of marble three feet square; second, block of marble two feet square, third, smaller block of marble. The die, or shaft, is of pure white marble, round, and about eight feet high. The cornice or capital, a wreath of flowers of most exquisite pattern and finish. The apex a harp, with a wreath of flowers hanging over it. Fronting to the west and immediately over her grave is sculptured her likeness, encircled by a wreath of oak leaves and acorns; a glance sufficed to reveal their true and holy significance. The likeness is a good one, judging from those I have seen in her "Poems;" but the warm, enthusiastic poet-soul, to give expression to the finely wrought features, was not there. The eye is large and full, but the spirit-light of love, of genius and inspiration, lives only in the memory of those who know and loved her.

On the opposite side of the shaft is a wreath of flowers, and two doves, one on the wing. Under the likeness is this verse from "The Summer Birds:"

"In the stillness of the starry hours,
When I am with the dead,
O! may they flutter mid the flowers,
That blossom o'er my head.
And pour their songs of gladness forth
In one melodious strain,
O'er lips, whose broken melody,
Shall never sing again."

The superscription is as follows:

To the memory of
AMELIA

This monument is erected by her bereaved husband, GEORGE B. WELBY, as a faint tribute of affection.

Born on the 3d of February, 1819,
she departed this life for a happier sphere
on the 3d day of May, 1852.

Thy faults were slight and few
As human faults could be,
Thy virtues were as many, too,
As gems beneath the sea.

Thy thoughts did heavenward roam,
Untill, like links of gold,
They drew thee up to thy blue home
Within the Savior's fold.

There was one little rose-bush that bent so closely and lovingly over the little green hillock, as to mingle its bright buds and blossoms with the silver green covering of her lowly bed. I could not refrain from gathering a few of the coveted treasures; they seemed so like an offering from the hands of the departed to one, who could in return say, "Thy songs have enchained a thousand hearts, but they have made one better, and happier, whenever it has sought, in poesy, to find the true, the beautiful, and the immortal." My master thought was not within the solemn cloister, where remained all that is left of the perishing dust of Amelia Welby, but with a young and beautiful form clothed with angelic sweetness, whose pure taste, and chaste conceptions of the beautiful, made the loveliness of home doubly attractive, by her many graceful and womanly qualities. I know not, I have never heard, whether the scene of her early authorship was a fairy-like boudoir, where her poet-soul might revel in the beauties of the material world, without a shade to cloud her sweet young face, or, whether, like many another of the gifted sisterhood, grief, disappointment and the cares of life weighed down the fluttering pinions of a spirit that struggled with existence. I only know that with the poems of Amelia are associated my earliest poetical readings, or rather, my love for "the beautiful and enduring in poetry."

I well remember with what intense emotion I first read "The Rainbow." I found it in our little village newspaper, copied from the *Louisville Journal*, and to this day, whenever I see the bright "bow of promise" spanning the glorious heavens, those melodious words with their unrivalled beauty and power fall

upon my heart like the dew upon the drooping plant, enabling me to forget the poor experience of this life, and cherish nobler thoughts of a brighter and better one to come. So with "Pulpit Eloquence," and "The Sisters;" what refined delicacy of thought and warm womanly feelings they express. I love them all, and the vibrations of her sweet lyre will echo in my heart until I, too, shall have trod the unknown shores of the silent land. Sleep on! sleep sweetly precious dust! and morning's dowy kiss, and evening's whispering breath, and moonlight's mellow ray, and song of blithest bird, alike will fall upon the holy spot—thy resting place; and loving hands will strew it o'er with Flora's richest gifts, and loving hearts will make it ever green.

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

HOW HE LOST HIS LEG.

We have given, from time to time, sketches or brief chapters from the stirring life of our old friend, Peg Leg Smith, and in this number propose to narrate the mode in which he obtained the sobriquet by which he is so widely known.

It was in the year 1827, while trapping for beaver on the head waters of the Platte, that the sad tidings was brought to Smith of his companion, Pratt's lamentable death, in a paroxysm of hydrophobia, having been bitten upon the hand some several months previous, by a lap-dog, to which no attention was paid, as there was no indication of the dog's being rabid. By force of circumstances a savage in war, yet Smith possessed the kindest feelings of our nature, and a heart as soft as a woman's; he turned away and shed tears to the memory of his noble friend, to whom he was warmly attached.

It is a trite saying that "misfortunes never come singly." Ten days after, he was standing conversing with his friend St. Vran, who was endeavoring to persuade Smith not to expose himself so much alone, with a hand resting upon his shoulder; the words had barely escaped his lips, when he was shot by an Indian, in the leg, a few inches above the ankle, shattering both bones; he attempted to step for his rifle, leaning against a tree hard by; the bones stuck in the ground, and he sat down, calling upon his friends to cut it off! No one had the hardihood to undertake the operation; in fact, they were perfectly ignorant of what should be done. He then called upon Basil, the cook, for his butcher knife, who reluctantly, with tears in his eyes, handed him the knife, with which he severed the muscles at the fracture with his own hand; when Milton Soublotte, compassionating his condition, took the knife from his hand and completed the operation by severing the tendon achilles, and bound it up with an old dirty shirt. Still bleeding profusely, it was proposed to sear it with a hot iron, but Smith objecting, he was left, as was supposed, to bleed to death, with the consoling assurance that they would not leave him till his death. But, contrary to all expectation, the hemorrhage ceased at the expiration of four and twenty hours, leaving him almost bloodless. They remained another day, and finding him as tenacious of life as a grizzly, they carried him by hand for two days in a litter, and after between two horses tandem fashion. Two men were detailed to wait upon him. Every attention and comfort was bestowed which his friend St. Vran possessed at his command, who now assumed the entire control of the expedition.

Observing a southwest course, they passed the mountains, striking upon Little Snake, a tributary of Green River, which they found narrow, with precipi-

tous, ro
strips o
bitter e
no heav

One
der of
slipped
with h
In the
heels-o
sitting
The cr
on got
him e
ment
wines
format
wrapp
mater
be mo
enjoy
self.

A
en by
India
visits

Ab
one o
protr
stump
bullet

by S
tion v

Ho
miles
ward

into
ber,
joine
dian

at-n
lost
ing,

spit
wor
whi
whi
the

tous, rocky borders, occasionally narrow strips of bottom land, covered with the bitter cottonwood, and affording little or no beaver.

One rainy day, passing up on the border of a small lake, one of the horses slipped and fell down the bank, dragging with him the other horse, litter and all. In the tumble poor Smith was tossed out heels-over-head, and precipitated, in a sitting position, up to his chin in water. The cry was, that Smith was killed; but on going to his assistance, and finding him entirely unhurt, a burst of merriment resounded from all hands, who had witnessed his compulsory acrobatic performance. Encased in a long red flannel wrapper, a sugar-loaf cap of the same material, and minus a foot, nothing could be more perfectly ridiculous; and none enjoyed the laugh more than Smith himself.

A few days after, the horses were stolen by a small party of wandering Crow Indians, who had paid them several short visits previously.

About this time, Smith discovered that one of the bones of his injured leg, which protruded nearly two inches beyond the stump, was moveable, and with a pair of bullet molds for pincers, was pulled out by Soublotte. In a few days the operation was repeated, on the other bone.

Here leaving the stream about fifty miles above its mouth, they crossed westwardly on to Green River, and entered into winter quarters the last of November, 1827. A few days after, they were joined by forty lodges of the Utah Indians, who, when they found Tovyv-ats-at-an-tuggy-bone, (the big friend,) had lost his leg, such crying, wailing, chanting, incantations, chewing of roots, and spitting on the stump by old and young women and children, was affecting to see, which was kept up for several days, while the stump gradually healed under the treatment. The first of March a

rough wooden leg was fashioned for him by the most mechanical genius in the company, and he was dubbed Peg Leg Smith by his white friends, and Wa-he-to-co, by his red friends, which title has adhered to him ever since.

TO E.....

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

SWEET be the dreams that visit thee to-night,
And calm thy slumbers as a moon-lit sea;
Should some white radiance charm thy darken'd sight,
Think, dearest, it is me.

Ours is the mingling of the holy rays
From stars remote, that on the green earth meet,
Though the red envious sun distract our
Yet still our nights are sweet, [days,
One sinless realm, the sacred realm of sleep,
To us is open in our pure repose;
Our hearts and glances concord only keep,
When our tired eyelids close.

GLEANINGS.

.....The curse which fell upon man, that he should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, was a sentence of punishment pronounced after a grievous offence; from which it may be logically concluded, that idleness is naturally the supreme pleasure of our species.

.....It would prevent many quarrels, if people would first examine whether that on which they differ is worth contending about, and whether their dispute is not rather about terms than things.

.....Applause must be received thankfully, and as a boon; for if we appear to expect it as a debt, a desire to withhold it is engendered.

.....To be honest with success requires far more talent than to be a rogue.

Our Social Chair.



MONG the potent and benevolent influences to which this sublunary sphere and its inhabitants are indebted for bliss and beauty, is that of moonshine. You have looked about you, dear reader, on moonlit nights, and seen the bare red walls and barren sand-hills, ugly features not yet outgrown by our city, clad in tints of pearl and grey, and their harsh outlines relieved by draperies of shadows. You have remarked assemblages of buildings that, by favor of the moonshine, would seem palatial, had not the envious daylight already revealed their graceless shabbiness, and want of unity; nevertheless their seeming was pleasant, and you were pleased, and went forth to enjoy your favorite scenes, thankful that the loving moonshine revealed no unsightliness that environed them. We therefore pronounce moonshine to be a most amiable principle, and deprecate the habit, so common, of remarking invidiously, this, or that, is all moonshine. Suppose the observation to be correct, would any one be better off if there were none? Believe it, many harsh surfaces and sharp angles would conflict with our mental complacency were all those with whom we come in contact to divest themselves of their pretty pretences, and charitable insincerities—in short, of their moonshine.

..... The anniversary of the birth of Washington has been the occasion for loyal demonstrations throughout California. In this city it was celebrated as a Union *fete* day, the people testifying with one accord their love for the flag for which their fathers fought, and under which the nation has so signally prospered. Here on the western confines of the American continent, divided by thousands of miles of weary travel from the old homestead, each heart cherishes the patriotic lessons of boyhood, and beats with exultant pulsations at the sound of our national anthems. We are

distant from sectional strife, far away from scenes of anarchy and ruin, and thinking of the Union in but one spirit and with but one hope, we cannot realize the danger which threatens it, or understand the maddened endeavors of those who would blot it out from among the nations of the earth. The earnest prayer of California is, "God save the Republic!"

..... We have before us an "old newspaper," the *New England Palladium*, bearing date February 11th, 1817, and hailing from Boston. The prominent article is one republished from the *North Carolina Minerva*, entitled "Massachusetts and Virginia." It introduces itself as follows:

"I have been led to couple together the names of these two States, by an article from the *Baltimore Patriot* of the 16th, and by the disclosure of Mr. Randolph respecting the original purpose of the Richmond Armory. The paragraph of the *Patriot* is in the shape of a letter from Washington City, and informs us that there is little likelihood that the mission of Mr. Lloyd, for Massachusetts militia claims, will prove successful."

Then follows a dog-in-the-manger quotation from the *Baltimore Patriot*, opposing the reimbursement to Massachusetts of moneys paid the militia, called out by the Governor in the war of 1812. The quotation is long and abusive, and ends—

"Let *Boston Stamp Federalism* repent its past misconduct, ask forgiveness, and solemnly promise future good-behavior in its relations with the Union, [saving the Union in those days?] then it will be time enough for government to reimburse their militia expenses."

To this the *Minerva* replies in terms conciliatory and courteous to the people of Massachusetts, but giving severe thrusts at the heads of the Old Dominion. He says:

"When the foregoing was penned, the author probably forgot, not only the history and character of the people of Massachusetts, but even that he was writing and publishing under a free government. Whatever may have been his intention, he has adopted the phraseology befitting only the meridian of despotism. Indeed, I know of no quarter of the globe in which the chief authority would dare to ask the degrading concessions which are here tauntingly flung in the face of a brave people."

Times change in forty years. We wonder if North Carolina would come as gallantly to the rescue of Massachusetts now-a-days.

..... It is best in all calculations concerning extensive expectations, to leave a margin for contingencies, for there is nothing so certain as uncertainty, and no principle so likely to make a man overrate himself as selfishness. There lived in a city near the Mediterranean, a man named Pantouillet, who, at the age of twenty-five years, finding himself in the possession of a considerable fortune, sat stingily down to consider by what means he might enjoy all his wealth himself, and leave nothing behind him for any one. As the term of human life rarely exceeds seventy years, he considered it improbable that he should live beyond that age, and making his calculations in accordance with that conclusion, he converted all his property into money, and dividing the sum into as many equal parts as he had decided he had got years to live, he hid them all away to be expended as he had planned. His divisions were so exact, that when his seventieth year had expired, he had nothing remaining to him except old age and beggary, so for many years he held out his hands for charity, abridging his history in his petition, thus:

"Have pity, gentlemen, for poor Pantouillet,
Whose life is longer, alas! than he expected."

.....ALTHOUGH the proverb, "There is a skeleton in every house," is familiar to all, comparatively few may be aware of its origin. There is an old Italian legend of the widow of a noble cavalier and her son who lived at Naples. The youth was the mother's idol and only care, and to fit him for future greatness, she sent him to Bologna to complete his education. After some years, when he had become eminent, and was on the eve of his return to his native city, he became ill, past all hopes of recovery. His regrets were now for his mother more than for himself, for he felt she would surely die of excessive grief; he therefore wrote to her the following words: "My dearest mother, I do entreat that you would be kind enough to get me a shirt made by the most beautiful and the happiest lady you can find in Naples—she who

is the most free from the cares or sorrows of the world." The mother undertook to comply with this request, and inquired among all her acquaintances where she might meet such a lady as her son described. At last she found one who appeared so cheerful, so beautiful, so happy, and so unconcerned, that she seemed incapable of feeling a single unpleasant thought. The mother went to the house of this lady, was kindly received, and stating her reasons, proffered her request. "You consider me," said the lady, "the happiest woman in Naples. I will prove to you the reverse, and that there never was born, perhaps, a more unfortunate woman than myself, or one who has more sorrows or heavy afflictions, and that you may be convinced of this, come with me;" then rising, she took the hand of her visitor and led her into an inner chamber, when drawing aside a curtain she pointed to a skeleton suspended from a beam. "This," said the lady, mournfully, "was a most worthy youth who loved me, for which my husband caused him to be hung as you see; and to increase my agonies, he compels me to come and look at my unfortunate lover every night and morning; think what must be my anguish at being obliged to see him thus, daily; yet, if you wish it, I will do that which you desire; but as to being the most cheerful, unconcerned and happy person, I am, on the contrary, the most wretched woman that was ever on the earth." The mother then saw that none were free from troubles, and calamities; and, that those who appear happiest are often the most wretched. She, therefore, took leave of the lady, and returning to her home, wrote to her son and told him that he must excuse her if she found herself unable to fulfill his request, for she could not find a single individual who was free from troubles and sorrows. In a few days news came that her son was dead; but, as she had seen that none were free from tribulation, she was submissive to the decree of heaven, and lived the more happily for her resignation.

.....Since the commencement of the New Year, death has been busy in San Francisco. Many names well known and esteemed have been stricken from the lists of the living, and Lone Mountain now sentinel their resting-places. Familiar faces of old and young, of man in his prime, and woman in her beauty, are missed in our daily walks abroad, and will never more be met on earth. They have followed each other in rapid succession, and the pen trembles in writing a record which but a few weeks since would have been decked with flowers, and yet is so soon draped with the cypress.

.....This number ushers in the Spring—the season to which so many are hopefully turning for the realization of their golden and silvery dreams. Washoe and Emerald are looming up in giant-like proportions, and eyes weary with watching for the promised good are again scanning the horizon of a new land. There is much to encourage the industrious and the enterprising in the prospect, and this year of grace '61 will doubtless be marked on the calendar as one of unexampled prosperity on the Pacific slope.

.....French anecdotes are generally piquant. The following is a fair sample:—Two monks, one a Dominican, the other a Franciscan, in traveling together, found themselves arrested by a river. The Dominican said to the Franciscan, that, as he marched barefooted, he was obliged by the rules of his order to carry him across, and that if he refused he would commit a great sin. The Franciscan made no reply to this observation, but took the Dominican upon his shoulders. When they had reached the middle of the stream, the Franciscan demanded of the other if he had any money with him? "Yes," he replied, "I have two rials." "I beg your pardon very sincerely, my father," said the disciple of St. Francis, "but my order forbids me to carry money." With these words he threw his man into the river.

.....The following *jeu d'esprit* is a real live

communication received by us from a subscriber in the mountains. He desired a single No. of the Magazine, and enclosed the twenty-five cents necessary to accomplish that desirable literary object. Wells Fargo & Co., charged seventy-five cents, in addition to the cost of the Express envelope, as the bearer of the important missive, and thereupon a "correspondence ensued" from which we publish this happy rejoinder:—

DOWNTOWN, Jan. 18th, 1861.

Messrs. H. & R.: *Genis*.—Yours of the 12th inst. is before me, stating that mine with "funds enclosed" came safe to hand. I am glad to hear it, but sorry to learn that I had been the cause of so much trouble and expense to you. In order to satisfy you of my good faith in this matter, I will submit to you a part of the difficulties I had to encounter in raising the amount required, and getting it in such a shape that I could send it by express without incurring the "extra charge." In the first place, as you directed, I rushed furiously to the post-office, with fifty cents in one hand and twenty-five cents in the other, and was told by the postmaster that he had "no stamp." He said he had just received a letter from the Postmaster General at Washington, stating that the people of California would have to "make out" for the present with the stamps from the ends of "Brooks' Patent Spool Thread"; that the "immortal Washington," through his spiritual agent, had withdrawn his *countenance* from the department, and for the future the likenesses of Seward and Yancey were to appear instead, on all ten-cent stamps—those bearing the likeness of the former being intended for northern circulation exclusively, while the latter are not to be used north of "Mason & Dixon's Line"; that the "old lot," now in the hands of the department, were to be used by the government in sticking South Carolina to the Union; which, in connection with the blessings already apparent from the "day of fasting and prayer," was supposed to be equal to the present emergency.

ey, and it wa
fourth of
ceased, and
will remain
happy, for a

I left the
yet satisfied
I had obtain
fear you wo
the "six-bit
thing valua
mail or exp
sending you
had no me
married, an
would do y
wouldn't d
you my like
of knowing
if you were
turbance in
parisons un
cluded that
succeeded i
from a frien

You will
your "cash
bits." That
appropriate
ual benefit
to dictate, h
with a little

P. S.—"M
mean "Mer
am not so
"Mountain

....."Hel
you," is an
having one
soldiers of
that valor
alone coul
for him ins
have misin
to them, th
those who

A Bosto
Dear Socie
buried in s

cy, and it was fondly hoped that before the fourth of March all discord will have ceased, and Uncle Sam's wide domains will remain indissoluble, prosperous and happy, for ages to come.

I left the post office, feeling disappointed yet satisfied with the valuable information I had obtained. I began to feel uneasy for fear you would think I was not sound on the "six-bit" question; I thought of every thing valuable that had ever been sent, by mail or express, in letters; I thought of sending you a "bunch of blue ribbon," but had no means of knowing that you were married, and if you were *not*, I knew it would do you no good, so I concluded *that* wouldn't do. I then thought of sending you my likeness; but then I had no means of knowing that you were *not* married, and if you were, I did not wish to create a disturbance in your family by causing comparisons unfavorable to yourself, so I concluded *that* also would not do. Finally, I succeeded in obtaining a "temporary loan" from a friend, of a gold dollar—behold it!

You will see when you receive this that your "cash account overruns" just "two bits." That amount you are at liberty to appropriate, and use for your own individual benefit. I would advise, not wishing to dictate, however, that you take it *straight* with a little *fee*, and not over half fall.

Truly yours M. C.

P. S.—"M. C." in this instance does not mean "Member of Congress,"—no, no, I am not so far gone as that, but simply "Mountain Correspondent."

....."Help yourself, and others will help you," is an old and good adage. A monk having one time, while praying, hidgen the soldiers of Arnauld du Fort to remember that valor was of no avail, for that God alone could give victories, Arnauld sent for him instantly, and said to him: "You have misinformed my men. You must say to them, that God is always on the side of those who strike the hardest."

A Boston correspondent writes thus:—
Dear Social Chair: Camp stool is half buried in snow, and hears the continuous

jingling of sleigh bells, as he sits down to write his old friend Social Chair a happy new year. There is another sound, too, which now and again drowns the music of the bells. Great guns are banging away on the Common, for Old Hickory, Maj. Anderson, and the Union!

Your kind letter assures me that California still exists. Do you know that there are times when I look back upon our beautiful State, more as an enchanting dream than a reality. You have no idea how clannish Californians are, here. When a steamer arrives, we hurry to the different hotels, to see who has come. Here is somebody's name on the register; "John Smith, CALIFORNIA." There's love of country in that signature; see how modestly John writes his own name in small characters—but California is his home; he loves her, and is proud of her, and he don't care who knows it, so he dashes off her name in the biggest letters which the limited space in the book will allow.

Well, we say, "we never heard of a man named Smith before," but that don't matter, he's from California and we must find him. So we bundle up to his room and surprise him standing among a lot of trunks, hat-boxes and the like, encasing himself in his last carefully saved piece of clean linen. We add astonishment and delight to his surprise by announcing that we are Californians, too, and down we sit for a chat. How is old Frisco? Does the wind still blow there and the dust fly? Do those same old fogs still roll in over the hills? and does the sky still take fire as the sun goes down as it used to when we were there?—Do you know, good Mr. Social Chair (by way of parenthesis) that I have looked all down the western coast of America, round Cape Horn, and all the way up the eastern coast, for a sunset that would equal ours in California, and I couldn't find one.—How are they doing at Corral Hill? Has Jones got through that *blasted* rock yet? How is Simpkins doing in that "Incline?" Has he "struck it" yet? No? Oh well he will if he perse-

veres. So Pemberton is taking it big, is he? You bet! Good! Well, when are you going back?—(Ninety-nine hundredths of the returned Californians are going back again, friend Social Chair.)

So the Lyceum has been burned—and poor Barbier died "doing duty"—and Gen. Haven has fought his last battle and gone to report at the "General Head Quarters."—And then we fall into a serious mood, and talk of our old friend whom we laid beneath the towering sugar pines, above Downieville; and by the time Smith has put on his coat and got through swearing at the wrinkles in it, we are old friends all.

What a witchery there is about California, that thousands of miles from her confines converts, in a few minutes, utter strangers into warm friends, merely from the fact that they are Californians.

Then we go and take a drink, and sit down for a smoke, while we talk of times that are past—of friends living and dead—of the old cabin in the valley, and the cheerful camp-fire in the mountains. Boston, the snow, and the sleigh-bells are forgotten. Even the guns have no sound for us, as we roam again in fancy among the pines and the firs of California's glorious forests. Strangers gather round to hear us talk, they catch the enthusiasm, and with sparkling eyes they inquire, "What is the fare to California now?"

Yours, CAMP STOOL.

We guess "Camp Stool" had visited Tirrel's unrivalled panorama, now on exhibition in the vicinity of the "Hub of the Universe," and became homesick for the land he left behind him while he gazed at that vivid portrayal of its glorious scenes. By the bye, we have a letter in our drawer from our friend Mr. Tirrell, from which we shall take the liberty to quote an item or two of equal interest to our readers and ourselves. His panorama is a work of which every Californian may justly be proud as the most truthful representative of the Golden State that has ever left her shores.

"We have," he writes, "received most enthusiastic notices from all the papers here—and there are a great many of them—and all unite in pronouncing it the best of the kind which has ever been exhibited here. The returned Californians are in ecstasy over it. They come every night, and all are made homesick by it. You have no idea how they shout, as well remembered scenes come into view, nor how some of them shed tears—yes, repeatedly I have seen tears fall from the eyes of strong men, as some pictured scene brought to their minds recollections of the olden time.

"The Panorama is doing, and will continue to do, more for California than all the Senators and Representatives in Congress. The great mass of the people are now, for the first time, able to see for themselves what a country California is, and I assure you it sets them thinking. You have no idea how astonished people here are to see those great ditches, and hydraulic banks. They had no idea that there were such works in California."

.....Our brethren of the corps editorial who dined with the Celestials at their late festival, will read the following communication from one of their number with a relish:—

Dear Social Chair: We took it into our head to go to the festival at the Asylum of See Yup, on the ninth of February, the anniversary of the Chinese New Year. For want of some one to introduce us we announced ourself, then, as the celestial feast was spread for all, followed suit to the first individual who was kind enough to lead the way. The long table was loaded with a profusion of Chinese dainties, prepared, as we were informed by one of the tailed commissaries, from the rarest materials and in the most approved Mongolian style, and in our obscure barbarity we could penetrate no deeper than our almond eyed informant was pleased to enlighten us. We had the honor of being seated opposite Joss, who presided at the head of the banquet, between two officers

of the feast, who him first, with a would have pale Kings of the O was supposed to were passed to t part, we particip prudery, to the entertainers, wh with speeches i tone, and with dramas with w city not long a other a happy n benediction to t the Chinese lav other for ten y a dozen of us e realization of manna in good the corps we de clude the pres The request wa profane, for t among themse ho! and Ah! b ing our request

Among this in especial re of Joss, was on know—ah mu at our elbow. seemed to reli two others w whom seemed artesian wells into the dishes repast to be Dutch to hin particularly a feet congress a all hi-i-ing. Most of them their guests, we recognize go-Hang, a for some year who figured to His Imp kingdom, a

of the feast, whose duty it was to serve him first, with a ceremonial, before which would have paled the service of all the Kings of the Orient. After the divinity was supposed to be satiated, the plates were passed to the mortals, and, for our part, we participated without pretence or prudery, to the great satisfaction of our entertainers, who regaled us at intervals with speeches in their vernacular in the tone, and with the gesticulation of their dramas with which they astonished the city not long ago. We, in wishing each other a happy new year, circumscribe our benediction to the twelve months to come; the Chinese lavished blessings upon each other for ten years to come. There were a dozen of us editors there for whom the realization of these good wishes was a manna in good demand. In the name of the corps we demanded of our hosts to include the press in their petitions to Joss. The request was perhaps extraordinary or profane, for they hesitated and debated among themselves with many a loud Oh! ho! and Ah! ha! but concluded by granting our request.

Among this favored company, and held in especial reverence by the worshippers of Joss, was one with Hyperion curls. "Ho know—ah much," whispered a Chinaman at our elbow. Near him sat Mc—, who seemed to relish everything. Beyond were two others who arrived together, one of whom seemed overflowing with wit like artesian wells with water; the other dived into the dishes right and left, declaring the repast to be excellent, but that it was all Dutch to him. Behind these two, and particularly attentive to them, was a perfect congress of Sacramento street magnates all hi-i-ing with exemplary unanimity. Most of them seemed to be acquainted with their guests, and, in the midst of the group we recognized Ho-kee-Po-kee-Wy-keo-fun go-Hang, a big washee-man established for some years past in Sacramento street, who figured not long ago as actor-in-chief to His Imperial Majesty of the Flowery kingdom, and principal performer of the

Chinese dramatic company, that favored our citizens with a limited number of representations while detained here, awaiting the departure of the next steamer for the east, upon which they were to proceed, by command of their Emperor, and to appear before the President of the western barbarians. Near these two, and next to ourselves, was one of our sage seniors in journalism, a dignified Gaul; intent like the rest of us upon extracting fun and information from the occasion, and also, we suspect, upon slyly paying off a few old grudges held for Yankee jokes about horse-beef, frog's legs, and other French dishes not appreciated at this distance from the dominions of "mon oncle's" nephew.

"This soup, messieurs," said he pointing to a tureen containing a greenish compound, "is one of the most extravagant luxuries upon the table. I have just been assured that the quantity requisite for this feast was prepared at an expense of a thousand dollars, a dainty never equalled in costliness save by Nero's famous dish of humming bird's livers."

Several of us tasted the soup, and, as for ourself, we thought it very nice, with the exception that it needed a little more salt.

"And here, messieurs," he said handing us a plate filled with what seemed to be lark's legs, "is a delicious friassee highly esteemed by our friends the Chinese."

The friassee circulated among the editors; how many of them partook of it is more than we can tell, but *we did*, and precious sick its memory has made us; but we anticipate.

"How nicely these sweetments are prepared," continued our French neighbor, discussing a plate of chow-chow. "Have you tasted this ragout of birds' eyes yet?" and with a roguish twinkle in his eye he pointed to the identical dish of greenish soup of which we had been green enough to partake.

"Ragout, of what!" I asked with an emphasis.

"Of birds' eyes, monsieur; the eyes of the *ti hi* a rare Chinese bird."

Suppressing our emotions and an explosive that we felt disposed to apply equally to the eyes of our Gallie neighbor and those of the *rara avis* he had succeeded in smuggling down our throat, we turned to leave the table, and seeing Ili Chah, our laundry man, in the crowd behind us, with a gesture summoned him to our side.

"What is this made of, John?" we asked, pointing to the friassee.

"Lat. Sabe? Welly good lat, keep um in cage five six days—feed um muchee rice."

"Lat—lat? *Rats*, you mean!"

"Yah, yuh, *rata*, sabe?"

"I sabe," we replied, and clenching our teeth, elbowed our way through the crowd and proceeded at a pace rarely equalled by pedestrians, to our apartments, where we have since remained.

Bishop Hatto's hair could not have stood more stiffly on end, at sight of his legion of pursuing rats, than has ours at the remembrance of our dinner with the Chinese, which may we be choked if we ever repeat. We are recovering. The period of our convalescence we have spent in profound meditation, which has resulted in our complete purgation from all incipient Coolie proclivities, and in reversing our sentiments of toleration toward Mongolian emigrants in general.

To our French neighbor we acknowledge the corn, renounce our past prejudices, confess the odor of garlic to be charming, horse-beet delicious, frog's legs divine, and Paris Paradiso.

D.

Our Treasury.

....Employment is one of the best remedies for the disappointments of life.

....To criminate and re-criminate never yet was the road to reconciliation.

....Happiness, like liberty, is often overlooked in the search after it.

....He is a rich man who lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented.

....People who find nothing visible to love around them, are the last to whom we should listen when praising what is invisible above them.

....We can only guess what may be, by recollecting what has been.

....When a man is hideously ugly, his only safety is in glorying in it. Let him boldly claim it as a distinction.

....Reason is the test of ridicule, not ridicule the test of truth.

....Among the greatest of misfortunes is to doubt that which we love to think true.

....Safety is the usual compensation for insignificance.

....It is idle to bury animosity if you set a stone up over its grave.

....A hundred hours of vexation will not pay a farthing of debt.

The Fashions.

WE shall say but little on the subject of fashion just now, there being no change from that of December styles of promenade and home toilet, and none of course to be expected before April.

We hold ourselves in readiness to give a description of everything new and pretty, and particularly of those styles most approved here. It is thought by our best milliners that bonnets will be larger, with less flaring fronts, and the crowns slightly upraised; this may come to pass.

We have a few general remarks to make on this month's fashions for the benefit of our new subscribers, begging their pardon for not having done so last month. And to our old ones we would say, forgive our remissness; you were as much honored in the breach as in the observance.

"'Twas but repetition o'er
Of things that you had heard before."

There are a thousand-and-one pretty shades and patterns of silk dress goods, but the most approved is purple moire antique. Green is gaining favor; black "gros de naples," for plain silk dress, black and fancy colored brocades with gay flowers set far apart; for dinner dress, the

... is plain and
... with tasse
... the brocades look
... be trimmed up t
... lace graduated wi
... ion; sleeves are of
... in the back, and
... skirt.

Evening dress
the neck, plain wa



N intere
ures of
and of
tune, w

to one of his ec
ex-diplomatist r

"Achille Gou
nat," a corpor
the artillery, ha

ly by his lieuten
condemned to
ing provoked th

presence of his
"The next d
during the tum
sortie of the en
regiment facili

mant, who, ins
the Russians,
Turks, our alli

been attached
Paris received
in the costum

ed him with a
functionary
capital he t

charge of the
offered him
upon the Ru

Admitted
telligence ar
tracted the

waist is plain and high, buttoned down the corsage, with tassel buttons; skirts of all the brocades look best plain. *Moire* may be trimmed up the front with gimpure lace, graduated width, put on ladder fashion; sleeves are of the Pagoda style slit up in the back, and trimmed to match the skirt.

Evening dress of white *moire*, high in the neck, plain waist, long point back and

front, flowing sleeve with blonde undersleeve, bows of black lace trimming down the front of the skirt, in each of which is set pink roses without foliage; a corresponding wreath for the hair should be chosen; white gloves, pearl bracelets and necklace.

In bonnets, black leghorns trimmed with white or scarlet feathers. Chantilly, is still the lace to use.

Gaitor's Table.



An interesting recital of the adventures of a young French officer, and of his subsequent good fortune, was recently communicated to one of his compatriots, a distinguished ex-diplomatist resident in our city.

"Achille Gourmont," writes his informant, "a corporal in the sixth regiment of the artillery, having been punished unjustly by his lieutenant before Sebastopol, was condemned to five years in irons, for having provoked that officer to a duel in the presence of his companions in arms.

"The next day after his condemnation, during the tumult of an alarm caused by a sortie of the enemy, the vivandiere of the regiment facilitated the escape of Gourmont, who, instead of taking refuge among the Russians, went to the camp of the Turks, our allies, where a colonel, who had been attached to the Ottoman embassy at Paris received him hospitably, dressed him in the costume of his soldiers, and furnished him with a recommendation to a high functionary at Constantinople. To the capital he traveled as an attendant in charge of the wounded. His new patron offered him service in a corps stationed upon the Russian frontier.

Admitted at first as a lieutenant, his intelligence and military capacity soon attracted the attention of his general, who

promoted him to the command of a fortified tower with the rank of captain. He profited by the opportunity afforded by this species of a garrison, to teach to the soldiers under his command the service of the artillery, in which they made such progress, that after six month's instruction, at the first inspection that occurred, he was elevated to the rank of major, and was afterwards sent to be placed at the disposal of the minister of war; here he found his first protector, who had become a general. He was now able to express himself with facility in the language of his new country, and was charged with the command of a little expedition against a revolted province. He succeeded in a short time in re-establishing order in that portion of the country; afterward in making his report, he managed to render apparent ameliorating circumstances that saved the head of the pacha against whom he was sent to fight, and whom he had taken prisoner. The pacha was pardoned, and his first act of gratitude was to give his only daughter, in marriage to Gourmont, with a princely portion.

At his return to Constantinople, he was presented to the Sultan, who appointed him general of a brigade with the title of pacha; he is now known under the name of Achil Pacha, which the Turks pronounce Akil

Pacha, and was made a member of the grand council of defense. Having sought last year, for tidings of Mariette Brughet, the vivandiere, to whom he was indebted for the means of the flight by which he escaped the disgrace of irons, he learned that her husband had been killed at Solferino, and that she subsisted upon a little pension of four hundred francs, with her poor mother, in the environs of Brest. At this news, Gourmont Achil Pacha secured to his *liberatrice* a pension of eight hundred francs a year, and it was in consequence of the correspondence opened to this effect that the secret of Achil Pacha was betrayed. The journal of Finistère which published these interesting details, adds, that in consequence of a petition presented to Napoleon by the commander of artillery, the lieutenant of Gourmont in the Crimea, the Emperor has promised to reverse the judgment of the council of war, annul the condemnation, and re-establish the pardoned in his quality of Frenchman, by authorizing him to continue his service in the army of the Grand Seigneur.

.....A contributor, writing to us from the Sandwich Islands, indites the following sharp letter, which we of course give as his own views. He says:

"Hawaii being the next neighbor of California, the destiny of this group must not be an indifferent subject to your readers; whose notions on these islands, malicious people say, are chiefly derived from the pens of our missionaries, who, it is also suggested, take care in their reports to show things in the light most likely to answer their own purpose; a smart line of conduct which they have followed ever since their arrival here, and which has helped them to attain the main object of their mission, that of all getting comparatively rich.

"The Kanaka has not been prosperous in the same ratio, and does not find that the white men's visit has otherwise altered his former condition, than in filling his land with the vices and the diseases of a refined civilization, and teaching him to

read the Bible, for which he cares but little except Solomon's song. In every other respect, baptized or not, he is a pagan at heart, and will die as such—an event which is fast approaching, if we notice the decrease of the population proclaimed by the periodical census, since the time that the Sandwich Islands have been administered by foreign politicians, who have blessed the people with a broad constitution of which they do not understand the meaning, and which has benefited but the white leeches.

"A few years ago the Commissioner of the United States tried with all his might to induce the late king, Kamehameha III., to sell his archipelago to the American republic. The attempt, if successful, would have been expensive nonsense, since the same object will be attained by the natural course of things. Why pelt the apple tree with stones, when the fruit will fall into your hands as soon as ripe? The immigration of foreigners being chiefly composed of Americans, will they not be the natural tenants of the premises, as soon as the indigenous stock has been extinguished by the multifarious elements of annihilation imported by their professors from abroad? Generous and brave people! possessing all the mental elements for occupying a conspicuous rank among civilized nations when first discovered, and doomed, before a century has elapsed from the date of their discovery, to be all silenced in death, like their numerous volcanic furnaces, of which a single one is alive to-day."

.....At a dinner given some years ago in New York, Gen. Scott, who was one of the guests, had been toasted and was called upon for a story. He related an incident of the Florida campaign that decidedly entitles him to the palm for his coolness in estimating the chances of war.

The General and his staff were quartered in a rough building, the floor of which was considerably elevated above the ground, but open at various places. They had just completed their preparations for the night

when a well known
warned them that
snakes had their
beneath the floor.

"I went outside,
eye," said Gen. Sc
floor from the grou
was beyond reach,
the tallest rattle
knew as a boy, fro
the snakes never j
turned, and told th
ed nevertheless, to
pronounced it sai
my glory, with m
me—a temporary
they camped out
enjoyed the discou
they rattled me t
to reach the hole

.....While pas
street one day,
cism extraordinary
us leading a
years of age; w
list's window opp
espied the statu
tain, and pullin
claimed:

"Mamma! m
angel, how it
shame, mamma,
such dreadful ca

"It is a wom
mother," not a
But the little
as unwilling to
his mother" co

.....One of
going the rou
that "It is lit
heart out. It
shell a mile th
tillery." Ever
difficulty in d
and the class
When one at
instead of d
sphere as mo
they flutter to

when a well known sound from below warned them that a battalion of rattle-snakes had their bivouac on the ground beneath the floor.

"I went outside, and measured with my eye," said Gen. Scott, "the height of the floor from the ground, and saw at once I was beyond reach, by about two inches, of the tallest rattle-snake ever known. I knew as a boy, from experiments, that rattle-snakes never jumped or darted. I returned, and told the officers that I intended nevertheless, to sleep on the floor, and pronounced it safe. But they left me in my glory, with my martial cloak around me—a temporary Sir John Moore—while they camped outside. Indeed, I rather enjoyed the discomfiture of the snakes, as they rattled me to sleep, and vainly tried to reach the hole in the floor."

.....While passing down Washington street one day, we overheard an art criticism extraordinary. A lady walked before us leading a little boy of perhaps four years of age; when they reached the florist's window opposite the Plaza, the child espied the statuette of Venus, in the fountain, and pulling at his mother's hand exclaimed:

"Mamma! mamma! see the poor little angel, how it humps itself. Isn't it a shame, mamma, to give it a shower bath in such *dreadful* cold water!"

"It is a woman, my son," replied the mother, "not an angel.—Come!"

But the little fellow lingered and looked as unwilling to go, as any older "son of his mother" could have done.

.....One of wisdom's waifs is just now going the rounds of the press, repeating that "It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery." Every one has experienced this difficulty in disposing of feathery trifles, and the class of vexations they represent. When one attempts to throw them away, instead of descending outside of one's sphere as more tangible things would do, they flutter for a moment above our heads,

then sink into places more vexatiously near than those from which they were rejected. Beneath the pressure of great troubles the power to resist is increased, and the heart is nerved anew for endurance; but how many noble hearts are worn out by "minor cares," and their pulsations stilled in the grave before their life-tasks are half accomplished.

.....More foolish than the immortalized three blind mice, are those persons who, in their pursuit of the blind goddess never pause to allow themselves breathing spells. Scarcely a week passes without cases of insanity or of sudden death from diseases of the heart upon its records; very many of them directly referable to over exertion and unremitting anxiety. It can never be known how many of these, had they been relieved by timely rest and diversion, might still stand sane and well in their places. Food is not more requisite than occasional recreations of a character to emancipate people from the bewildering calculations, upon the basis of which, by the familiar alchemy of business, they seek to transmute the baser things to gold. Every one ought to believe in the good time coming, and, at the same time, to keep an eye open to see that no good times go by unenjoyed;

for

"This changeable world
To our joys is unjust
All pleasure's uncertain,
So down with your dust.

In pleasure dispose
Your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we all shall be nothing
A hundred years hence."

.....The *German Gazette* at Charleston, a paper that has been prominent in the advocacy of secession, recently published the following amusing letter from a deeply disgusted soldier belonging to a regiment of German volunteers, the Green Yagers. We translate it for our readers. A wet blanket has surely descended upon the patriotism of the Green Yagers, and as it was amply decided in a recent debate of the sapient legislators of the Palmettonians, that green is a color that washes bad-

ly, these last cannot be astonished at the speedy fading of the verdant enthusiasm of their new lieges. Poor Hans! hear him.

"An old German proverb says: when an ass feels too well, he will go dance upon the ice; it is this which has happened to me for having shouted so loudly, Hurrah for South Carolina! I was sent along with other patriots of my country to toot my clarionet in the paradise of Morris Island, where nobody has attempted to commit any other sin than that of damning secession. A company of blowers that could have been scared away with fly-traps, received us upon the shore with thundering applause, but not one of them made a movement towards following us to the post of honor.

"We disembarked in a pelting rain at our destination, but we were in fine spirits, expecting to find a good supper to refresh the patriotism of those who had just entered the campaign.

"Our first strategic operation was to draw wheelbarrows for two hours. At the expiration of this time each of us received two sea biscuits, upon which we were expected to go to bed. The next day it was announced to us that the State had voted us *six cents* worth of rations per man; for our enthusiastic volunteers this ought certainly to suffice. Happily the enemy, Anderson, is not an evil disposed individual and does not disturb our sleep at night."

Literary Notices.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PHILIP SCHUYLER. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Published by Mason Bros., New York; A. Roman San Francisco.

Mr. Lossing established his reputation as a historian in his magnificent "Field Book of the Revolution." This new volume from his pen, therefore, will only need mentioning to insure it a hearty welcome and a wide circulation. Every library of merit, whether private or public, would be incomplete without this thrillingly interesting and valuable volume.

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER: An American Story. By J. G. HOLLAND. Published by Samson Low, Son, & Co., London; Charles Scribner, New York; Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

The works of this author are beginning to command the interest they deserve. In some respects this volume might be called "a religious novel" without the dullness that so often accompanies such books. One of the principal morals of the story is to create a high devotedness and intellectual fitness in those who aspire to the Christian ministry; and the other to show the folly of "cramming" young people with "learning" at a premature age in order to make them prodigies. Apart from these, this volume is as interesting, the plot as well laid, and the details as perfect as any of Miss Muloch's; and to our mind with a nobler tone to its pictures of human nature. We commend it with much cordiality.

HOPES AND FEARS: Or Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the Author of the "Heir of Redcliffe etc." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

This new candidate for public favor, is written with great power, and with sustained interest throughout. Its principal aim is directed against idolatrous love. In hands less able this would be a dangerous theme.

THE HEROES OF EUROPE: A Biographical Outline of European History. By HENRY G. HEWLETT. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; A. Roman, San Francisco.

The author has given a series of graphic and pleasing biographies of eminent characters who became notable in European History from the eighth to the eighteenth century. Those of England are omitted, on account of the intention of making this a companion to J. G. Edgar's "Heroes of England," while giving a wider scope to the term "Hero," than is contained in that author's works. This would make a very good historical outline for scholars.

GROVE

FIRS

N

FA

SEWIN

At Great

At Great

At Great

\$60

\$60

\$60

20 PER

20 PER

20 PER

FROM

R. G. B

91 MQ

SAN F

PIAN

ME

MUSICA

AND

RASC

SI

STRIN

190

ROMAN VIO

INSTRUM

Old Instru

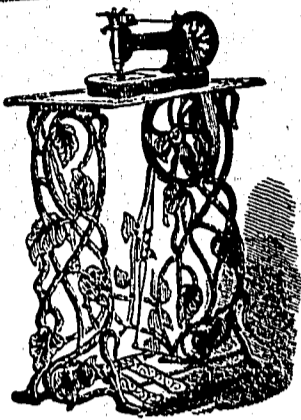
ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

**GROVER & BAKER'S
FIRST PREMIUM
NOISELESS
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES,**

At Greatly Reduced Prices!
At Greatly Reduced Prices!
At Greatly Reduced Prices!

\$60 and Upward.
\$60 and Upward.
\$60 and Upward.
20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.
20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.
20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.
FROM OUR FORMER PRICES.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.
91 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.



SINGERS' SEWING MACHINES.

The marked and ever extending popularity of SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES, both in America and Europe, is such as to fully establish their superiority of all others in the market. Sewing Machines, so called, may be bought, it is true, for a smaller amount of dollars, but it is a mistaken economy to invest any money in a worthless or unreliable article, and those who do so will regret it.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY MACHINES, letter A, or Transverse Shuttle Machine, is the most complete and perfect family machine ever invented; beautiful in form and ornamentation, quiet and easy in its operation, and adapted to every variety of work.— Price from \$50, upwards.

Singer's No. 1, 2 and 3, standard machines, for all kinds of manufacturing, are without rivals. Prices reduced to \$103 and \$110.

All of our machines make the Inter lock stitch, which is the best known. Please send for a circular.

J. H. DUNNELL, Agent, 47 Montgomery st.

PIANO FORTES
— AND —
MELODEONS,
MUSIC,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.



ROMAN VIOLIN & GUITAR STRINGS.
INSTRUMENTS TUNED AND REPAIRED.
Old Instruments taken in Exchange.

**BETTER THAN
PRESTON & MERRILL'S,
— AND —
AT LESS PRICES,
BOARDMAN'S
CHALLENGE
YEAST POWDER,
FULLY GUARANTEED.**

If not satisfactory, the money will be returned.

For Sale by all Jobbers, and by
J. C. WINANS,
50 California Street,

Who will also act as Commission Agent for purchasing all kinds of Goods.

ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

\$100,000
WORTH OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
AT RETAIL.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Goods sold at this Establishment, are superior to any offered in this Country, as regards their beauty, shape and durability.

To SAVE TIME and MONEY, Go to

HOLCOMBE BRO'S,
Down town Store,—Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff Sts.
Up “ “ Corner Washington and Kearny Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO.

WHAT CHEER HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Is the BEST, CHEAPEST and LARGEST HOTEL in California.

The best of Lodgings, 50 cts. per night, and at cheaper rates by the Week.

SHOWER BATHS

FREE to all the guests of the HOUSE, and are kept well supplied with Towels.

NO LIQUORS kept on the premises.

House open all night.

A LARGE FIRE-PROOF SAFE,

WITH COMBINATION LOCK, KEPT IN THE OFFICE.

The READING ROOM, LIBRARY and MUSEUM, are open during all hours of the Day and evening, to the FREE use of all the guests.

It is the House, above all others, where MERCHANTS, MINERS, MECHANICS, and all other classes can, at all times, secure superior accommodations at low prices.

R. B. WOODWARD, Proprietor.

MERCHANTS



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



MINERS



We Miners ha
ting to spare
To look for w
mat and wear
Just let us kn
cheapest place
We pay the ce
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 to buy.

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

GEORGE J. BROOKS,

FRANK W. BROOKS.

GEORGE J. BROOKS & CO., PAPER WAREHOUSE,

123 SANSOME,
CORNER OF MERCHANT STREET.
SAN FRANCISCO.

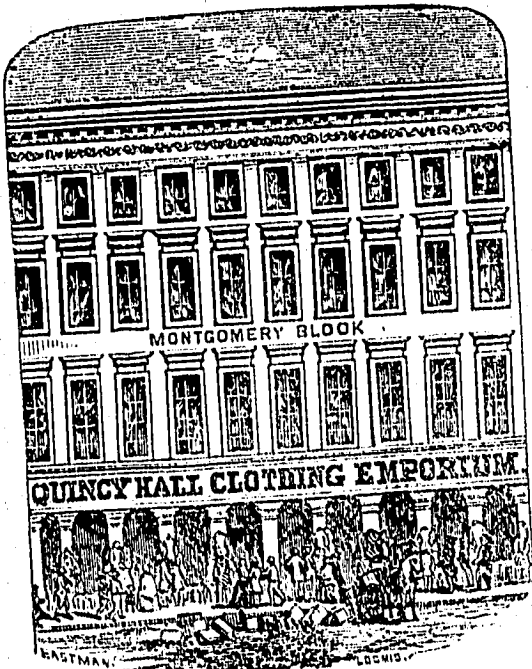
Importers and Dealers in
Printing, Wrapping and Writing Papers,

Of every description; also,
PRINTERS' MATERIALS,
Book, News and Colored Inks.

MECHANIC.



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



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.

Buy your **CLOTHING** at **QUINCY HALL.**
The Largest Clothing Emporium on the Pacific Coast,
149 & 151 Washington St., Montgomery Block,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ALEXANDER BUSWELL,
PRACTICAL
BOOK BINDER,

Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer,
No. 133 CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

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

SAILOR.



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

\$50,000 Worth of
BOOTS & SHOES,
ALL NEW STOCK,

At Corner of Pine and Montgomery Sts,

The Goods of this Establishment being all Newly Imported for our
NEW STORE,

It will be a saving of time and money to give us a trial.

J. S. DOLE & CO.,
Corner of Pine and Montgomery Streets.

\$100,000

At our WHOLESALE HOUSE, No. 72 CALIFORNIA STREET,
SUITABLE FOR CITY AND COUNTRY TRADE.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIRE RISKS TAKEN
— IN THE —

LIVERPOOL & LONDON FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

CAPITAL, \$10,000,000.

MARINE RISKS TAKEN
— IN THE —

ORIENT MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.....NEW YORK
MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.....NEW YORK
COMMERCIAL MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.....NEW YORK
GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE CO.....NEW YORK

WM. B. JOHNSTON, Agent,

March 1st, 1861.

No. 412 Montgomery Street.

GREAT REDUCTION.

ILLUSTRATED LETTER SHEET

For Sale at \$4 00 per 100, at

HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD'S,

No. 146 Montgomery Street, - San Francisco.

PUBLISHER
AND
DEALER

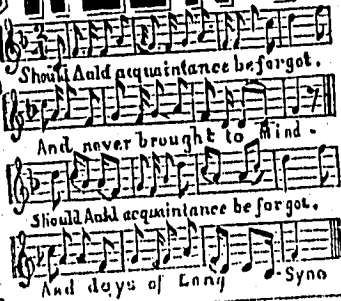
In New and Popular

Sheet Music,

AND
ALL KINDS
OF

Music Books.

KOHLER'S



IMPORTER
OF
MUSICAL

INSTRUMENTS,

FANCY GOODS,

AND

TOYS,

178

Washington Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CARRIE & DAMON,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

STATIONERY,

STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKS,

— AND —

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,

98 Battery St.,

EAST SIDE, NEAR CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE attention of Dealers is invited to our extensive assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY STATIONERY,

which embraces nearly every article in the trade.

Orders from the country solicited, and promptly filled, at PRICES WHICH DEFY COMPETITION.



AMUSEMENTS.

Maguire's Opera House.—The MARTINETTI TROUPE have been re-engaged at this Popular House. A variety of Pantomimes and ballets, so entirely new, will be produced. Admission, Dress Circle, \$1. Parquette, 50 cts.

CHAS. F. ROBBINS, PRINTER, 111 CLAY STREET, S. F.

PREMIUMS

TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO

HUTCHINGS' CAL. MAGAZINE,

Any person who will send us \$3.50 enclosed in a registered Letter, will receive Hutchings' California Magazine for one year; also, our large Lithograph (14 by 22 inches) of Yo-Semite Falls or Yo-Semite Valley, they can have their choice, (which are sold at \$2.50 each.)

Any person who will send us five yearly subscribers, at \$3 per year, will receive one Gold Pen and Silver Case, worth Five Dollars.

Any person who will send us Ten yearly subscribers, at \$3 per year, will receive one Gold Pen and Gold Pencil Case, worth Fifteen Dollars.

Any person who will send us twenty yearly subscribers, at \$3 per year, will receive one New Silver Hunting Case Watch, worth Thirty Dollars.

Address,

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