Pacific coast, were heralded throughout the Atlantic cities, and the world, they produced a feeling not unlike the relation of some Eastern tale, upon the romantic imagination of the young.

Old men looked incredulous; young men listened with eagerness, and saw the airy castles of their future wealth arise in glittering magnificence before them. The middle aged received the report with concern, not omitting to make many inquiries of the respectability and the trustworthiness of the messengers. This paper described the specimens before them; another heard from a reliable source, that on the Rio Sacramento, or the Rio Americano—or some other river in California—smiles of the presc.
... and when he is on the brink of something, he is always ready to act. He is a man of the world, and he knows how to make the best of things, even in the most trying circumstances. He is a man who can see the good in the bad, and the bad in the good. He is a man who can be counted on in a crisis, and who can be depended on to do the right thing, no matter what the situation may be.
bucco in some shape, would whip out the balance of the world at almost anything but guessing and gassing; and, if you want to know more about him, just ask your neighbor—he can tell you the full story, and if he can't it's of no use our trying.

Now, permit us to introduce to your acquaintance Celestial John and his lady, types and shadows of the empire of China. A people that numbers in California, at this moment, over forty thousand, half enough to form a respectable sized State—a large majority of whom are doubtless from the lower orders, or estates; exhibiting a craving, abject sense of servility, to that degree that it appears a fixed trait of character in all but a few of the more intelligent and wealthy.

John (for they are all Johns) is probably the best educated foreigner we have among us. In the mines, where in many places they make a largely numerous class, though invariably minding their own business, and interfering with no one, except so far as their mere presence does it, he is constantly and almost every where subject to abuse, extortion, and even robbery, and generally with very little hope of redress—against which we unhesitatingly lift our voice, believing that if our laws permit them to come among us, our laws should certainly give to them protection, which now, unfortunately they do not.

He is an industrious every day worker, and content with small wages. In the cities and larger towns of the State, numbers are engaged in mercantile pursuits, dealing almost exclusively in commodities used by their countrymen.

In San Francisco they have their Josh temples for worship, and among their amusements, their theatre—the execrable din of which, during any evening of the week, will direct the right ear to its locality, on Dupont street.

Unlike other Oriental nations, the Chinese have sent hither swarms of their females; a large part of whom are a depraved class; and though with complexities in some instances approaching to fair, their whole physiognomy indicates but a slight removal from the African race.

CHIANS.
This type of our population is more generally found in the mines than in the cities; and it is there, with their short iron bar, ox-horn scraper, and wooden bowl, that, considering the means employed, they very successfully prosecute their search for gold.

Their women very frequently accompany the men to the scenes of their labor, and while the men prosecute the work of excavating, and bringing to the surface the pay dirt, the women not infrequently do the panning out, separating or washing the dirt from the "ore," in some adjacent pool.

You may look at a score of Chilian women, and in every one of them you will see an expression of countenance, telling this kind of a tale: "I am perfectly satisfied with my condition as a woman, with my cigarina in one hand, and my other hand and arm where it should be, whether the rest of man or woman kind are or not." Whilst the men almost invariably wear a cast of countenance indicative of a desire that the Yankees would just mind their own business, and let him and his mind theirs. The number of Chilians in California are less numerous than they were three or four years ago, and are annually decreasing, which can hardly be said of any other race of people among us, except the aborigines.

THE HINDOOS.

Yes, Hindostan long since sent grooping to California. A type of one caste of her people is before you; but we present him as he appeared after a three years' residence in the mines; and for a Hindoo, in possession of a fair competence, earned by his industry, and saved by his economy and prudence. And yet, as if almost doubting the fact of its being securely his own, he calmly surveys our artist in the act of sketching him. Divested of all that apparent sense of cringing servility to superiors, so distinctly exhibited as to

thing more than he knew before from the stern Creator, nor show so much reverence than God; but the God and the Hindoo.
thing more of true religion than he knew before. His Brahmin taught him from the sacred Sanscrit, of the great Creator, and he thinks that Christians show no more of religion in their practices than he. And though he once believed in numberless lesser deities, than God, he now abandons all, he says, but the Great Creator.

And thus he returns to his home and to his countrymen, thinking less favorably of Christianity than when he left his native land.

The World in California.

The Hindoo.

The Hindoo is a man of character in most of the Asiatic scenes and other Asiatics, that cities and our mines, he has stand up in the form and dignity, while he awaits the first for a passage to his native city, here only as an adventurer for gold, but possessing all his cuprises and superstitions too. Nor has he learned any-

The German.

Now let us introduce to your acquaintance our social and ever happy friend the German. With a smile of good nature that no one can mistake, with his pipe and his glass, he seems at peace with all the world, as the world usually is with him, and, to use a homely figure, it just matters to him very little "whether school keeps or not," who is or who is not President.

Our cities they constitute a highly respectable class of our merchants, traders, and artisans: and in the mining
regions, in many places, are more numerous than any other one class of foreigners, and engaged in every possible pursuit connected in any way with money making. As citizens, they are as proverbially law abiding and upright in their dealings as any class among us.

Lovers of the "Heavenly maid," they nearly all musicians, many occupying a high rank.

The Sailor, must not be forgotten in our notice of the World in California, as he has played an important part in our history.

"The dark blue jacket that enrolls The Sailor's moveless breast, Bears more of real honor than The star and ermine vest." Sea of Neptune—thy cradle, the
crested billow—thy nursery lullaby the
storm shriek—the toys of thy childhood, the lightning and the broken—the play ground of thy youth, the mariner's verge—and the pride of thy manhood, a grapple with the fiends of the tempest. Thy daring mocks at the hurricane, and the covetous Lee shore's surf growls with malicious envy at thy skill.

Thy pinions are the "wings of the wind," and the limits of thy flight the boundaries of the world. With Maury, the great ocean pilot, for thy counselor, and the compass as thy guide, the eccentricities of thy wanderings have become the very guarantees of thy triumphs; and though thy track is lost almost at its very making, the ceaseless murmuring of thy dashing prow are echoed back from every shore; and the splash of thy anchor makes musical every lary and river.

Commerce worships at thy shrine, and civilization proudly acknowledges thee her great ally. The spreading of thy bunting is the joy of the philanthropist, and the hope of Christianity, as is the flapping of thy canvass the knoll of superstition and barbarism to the pagan. To thee California is largely debtor, for her present prosperity, and must long continue to be; for until a railroad shall have spanned the continent, will California look to thee for the transmission of the great pulsations of her prosperity, throughout the commercial system of the world.

Honor, then, say we, to the noble sailor, from the "quarter deck" to the "before the mast," for thine is a life full of hazards, dangers, and vicissitudes, not unmixed with cares, anxieties, hopes and disappointments. Thy
THE WORLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Here we have him who may well claim to be the pioneer of our coast waters and islands, as were the Spaniards of the coast lands, bays and rivers.

At a very early day in the history of the Pacific coast, we hear of the Russian prosecuting his toil along its coast and its islands, as far south as the Gulf of California. All this with the rest of mankind, he has a passion for gold, or that which gold will bring, and this has brought him from his high northern home, to participate in the eager strife for its possession among the gorges of the sierras of California.

Hardly in his conformation, and indomitable in the prosecution of any enterprise he undertakes, he is almost sure to make his perseverance and industry win a golden return.

He is miner, sailor, hunter, fisherman, or laborer, at anything that will bring him money, and has learned that great secret so difficult to most of mankind—that of minding his own business, an important secret, as many in practicing it, have made fortunes.

THE RUSSIAN.

Here they are, (see engraving on next page,) beautiful specimens of the genus Homo, a variety of the human species as distinct from the mass of mankind, as are the Gipsys of the eastern world; indeed, even more distinct, and a greater phenomenon upon the earth, for the Gipsy race is composed of two genders, the looser of both; therefore, their origin and early history, to this day remains in obscurity; it is sufficient, however, to know that they do exist—but how—it is even more of a mystery than that of their origin.

And though all countries may possess a fair quota, we are inclined to the belief that California endures rather more than her share, as every part of the world seems to have sent its representatives here.

Their world wide creed is, that “the world owes us a living,” and they seem inclined to get it the easiest way possible. Generally fluid of pictures, and are great patrons of the fine arts, at the rate of four bits a pack. True republicans,
for they annihilate more kings and queens annually, or come within an ace of it, than there are upon all the thrones of earth. They claim to be among our best citizens, as their principal occupation tends directly to the destruction of knaves; yet, with the power of clubs, or the presentation of diamonds, will either destroy, subdue, or mar the purity, by rendering them, every heart that comes within their influence.

Most of them are sensible fellows; many of them scholars, graduates of the cold lunch institute, and good judges of liquor in the early part of the evening. Thus we leave him, having said more in his favor than we supposed it possible we first took him in hand.

THE ITALIAN.

Yes—even the classic lands of Italy and Greece have their representatives in California.

In our cities we find them of every grade, from the street organ grinder, fastened to a string and led by a monkey or an ape, up to the talented musician, and accomplished artist.

In our mines we see them an industrious and frugal class, content with low wages, and taking the world easy as it goes; while on our bays and rivers, as
THE ITALIAN.

fishermen, they constitute a considerable force, prosecuting vigorously an important branch of our Pacific coast commerce; and as a people, are as clearly identified as a distinctive feature of our great babel of races, as almost any other class of our citizens.

Stand up, man! stand!
God haste us all!
The wine transmutes the flesh—
The living skin,
Both rich and poor are small,
Stand up, man! stand!
Free heart, free tongue, free hand.
From foot upon the sand!
And eyes that fear but God—
Whate'er your state or name,
Let those in God your trust!—
If there be anything you want—
Speak up! we may respect a charter, but we hate a symphony.

THE WHITE BREASTED SQUIRREL HAWK.

(Select California.)

"The wood, the mountain, and the heaven waste, the craggy rock, the river, and the lake, are never sated in vain; each have their peculiar inhabitants, that enliven the scene, and pierce the philosophic eye."—MONTAGUE.

"How well does the sentiment of the above quotation accord with my own feelings, as I have wandered alone in the wood, the barren waste or mountain heights, alone! no, I was not alone, the landscape so delightful to gaze upon, enlivened by the airy creatures, whose every movement is grace and elegance, the flowers whose fragrance and delicacy this re pleasing to the senses, with their rich and variegated foliage, the hills, the river, the marsh teeming with life, all proclaim to the river of nature, that he is not alone. A thousand objects surround him, offering ample subject for contemplation and a deep reverence for the Great Creator of all—and there in our own California, upon her quiet plains, and hills, with her calm, clear, and serene air, it is a pleasure to wander among them—to study the animated nature that enlivens her solitudes. The day is fine, low over the fields the smaller birds are flitting to and fro, varied with an occasional raven, the graceful calling turkey vulture, the swift moving and orderly travelling geese and ducks, wending their way to their feeding grounds—the monotonous plain animated by the frisky ground squirrel, whilst far above them all, may be seen the white breasted hawk, a mere white speck in the blue ether, floating slowly and gracefully as the gossamer, looking with a proud satisfaction upon the moving scene below.
The shades of evening have approached—it is now interesting to watch the different species hurrying to their respective retreats for the night—see that long and disorderly line of crows moving with tired pinions to the dense thicket, where they may rest in safety—now comes a flock of black birds skimming low over the plains with the rapidity of an arrow, and are soon lost to view, as they hasten to the thick and tangled "tule" of the marshes to rest in safety. The laggard raven and vulture may be seen slowly seeking some old oak or sycamore to roost securely—and if in winter, various fresh water fowls are hurrying in every direction for a suitable place to procure their evening repast—everything seems on the move.

Darkness has prevailed—and all is now quiet! How mysterious the change! How still the silence! when lo! the stealthy bittern, and night heron, quit their sequestered hiding place, and on silent wing they seek the muddy lagoon in quest of frogs and other reptiles. The night is dark, but nature has provided the American bittern and night heron with a dark luster, which they carry beneath the plumage of their breasts and wings, and as they steal along the silent pool, occasionally flash their phosphorescent light in front of them, in order to distinguish with more certainty, the moving objects upon which they feed. A fact just discovered, and therefore not generally known to Naturalists.

These and much more display the wonders of Providence, and the systematic economy of Creation!

But to our description of the White Breasted Squirrel Hawk:

This fine variety of the genus Buco, which in size is not much inferior to the Eagle, is found inhabiting the regions west of the Rocky Mountains only, as no species (edge) has ever been recorded in California, and is so rare that it is difficult to believe it still exists in this country, upon close examination.

This species of squirrel hawk was first described by the famous naturalist, who has given us a detailed account of its habits and characteristics. It is one of the most beautiful birds of prey, with a white breast and brown wings, and its fierce eye is always on the lookout for its prey.
THE WHITE BREASTED SQUIRREL HAWK.

only, as no specimen (to my knowledge) has ever been seen East of that range. It is a constant resident of California, and is always found in the vicinity of the burrowing squirrels of this country, upon which it almost entirely subsists.

This species of hawk seems to have escaped the particular notice of Naturalists who have travelled in this country, which, I can only account for from the fact of its near resemblance to the red tailed hawk (Buteo Borealis) which is extensively distributed over all parts of North America, and may also be confounded by the careless observer, with the rough-legged falcon (Buteo lagopus) of Fleming, to which it is more closely allied. But upon close and careful examination and comparison, I am fully satisfied of its being a distinct variety heretofore undescribed, and belonging peculiarly to the fauna of the Pacific slope.

I have seen this hawk abundant on the Tuare plains, the San Joaquin Valley, the Great Salt Lake basin, and still more common in the Valley of San Jose, where I made the drawing of the one figured on the opposite page.

The flight of the white breasted hawk is firm and protracted, rising to a great height above the plains in wide circlings, without flapping its wings, at times it seems almost motionless upon the air, looking like a white speck on the blue sky, it is then at this great height, observing distinctly the movements of the burrowing squirrels as they gambol and frisk about the plains, unmindful of the keen eye that is watching them from above, far beyond the extent of their own vision; it is then, the unsuspecting squirrel ventures some distance from its retreat, this, the hawk perceives, fixing his steady eye upon him, draws his wings close to its body, and headlong falls with the velocity of a meteor, upon its prey, which it soon crushes to death; and either devours it on the spot, or bears it off to a neighboring tree, where it picks the bones and skin clean, before it is satisfied.

In wet weather or damp mornings, it may be seen sitting upon a solitary tree or stake, and even upon the ground, in the neighborhood of the burrows, where it silently and patiently watches for an opportunity to seize upon its prey.

After gorging itself to its full satisfaction it retreats to some large oak, or sycamore, where among its branches, it sits in stupified listlessness for hours, until the feelings of hunger cause it again to venture forth, upon the mission which Providence has evidently intended it to fulfill.

I have observed, at times, this hawk whilst devouring a squirrel, so tormented and tormented by the ravens and crows, that becoming extremely disgusted by the black begging set, would leave his honestly gotten prey to be quarreled over by them, and again seek for a fresh squirrel, which would in time be taken away from him by the notorious, overbearing white headed eagle, in the same manner he is known to serve the fish hawk. And thus the white breasted squirrel hawk makes himself a useful resident, in destroying hundreds of these troublesome squirrels, which are a great pest to the farmer.

This ground squirrel, as it is called, is a species of marmot, and in some localities are very abundant and a great nuisance. I have seen large fields of
wheat and other grain entirely destroyed by them. The great number of burrows in certain localities where they most congregate, make it exceedingly dangerous to ride among them at a fast gait; a horse sometimes breaks his leg by stumbling into these holes, and not unfrequently causes severe injury to the rider.

The white breasted hawk is a great destroyer of these squirrels, he is their great enemy, and as such I would plead for his life, and request the farmer and gunner to spare him, that he may aid them in eventually exterminating this troublesome little animal.

This hawk never to my knowledge visits the poultry yard; nor have I ever seen him attempt to take any of the feathered race; confining himself to the smaller quadrupeds. Besides the ground squirrel, he preys upon gophers, rats, and rabbits. Before the white breasted hawk arrives at full maturity of plumage (which is about the third year) it might be taken by ordinary observers as a separate species from the old bird; the plumage of the young being much darker and of smaller size, the tarsus of the young, also remains bare of feathers—a peculiar feature which I have noted particularly between the old and young.

Hawks generally differ very much in different stages of life before they become fully developed in their plumage; so much so indeed, that it puzzlesthe best observers to place them properly.

I have seen only one nest of this hawk, which was placed in a very tall sycamore, near the top, close to the body of the tree, the nest was large and compactly built of dried branches, exactly like the red-tailed hawk, only much larger; it was inaccessible, and I am therefore unable to say anything about the interior of the nest.

**Dimension and color** (adult male).—Bill black, blueish towards the base, cere, yellow, as also the margin of the bill at the base, Iris pale yellow, projecting part of the eyebrow pale blue, tarsi and toes yellow, claws black. The general color of the upper parts of the head, neck, wings, and body, is a chocolate color; the under parts pure white, marked upon the breast and neck with a few dark brown longitudinal stripes, feathers upon the tibiae marked with a few brownish spots, tail covers white, some of the upper ones barred with reddish brown—tail, sober grey, margined with rufous tint with dusky bars, white at the base. Body full, plumage compact, feet ordinary length, very robust, tarsus strong, roundish, feathered anteriorly to within an inch of the toes, with short white and brownish feathers, posteriorly covered with broad flat scales, from joint to joint—balance of tarsi and toes scullate.

Length of bill, 2 in., dorsal line, from the feathers. Length of eye, 2½ in. Length of front, 2 in. Length of Tarsus, 5 in., from middle toe to tip of last. Length of middle toe, 1½ in. Extent of wings, 4 ft., 6½ in. From tip of bill to tip of tail, 2 ft., upper side.

Tarsi covered with feathers anteriorly nearly to toes, outer toe connected to the middle at the base, middle and outer long, curved and stout. Tarsi and tibiae very stout and muscular—the whole appearance of the foot indicates strength. The feet were much eaten by squirrels.

A good countenance is the best letter of introduction.
This beautiful view will be immediately recognized by every one who has journeyed from Stockton to Sonora, by way of the Green Springs, as what is generally (although erroneously) called "The end of Table Mountain" near O'Byrne's Ferry, on the Stanislaus river. Its bold and abrupt appearance as you look down the heavily timbered ravine, might give the impression of its being the end of this rich and remarkable volcanic formed mountain; but the same formation is easily traceable for twelve or fifteen miles below this point. In the foreground of the picture, the fence incloses a fertile meadow and flourishing vineyard; and possesses the advantage of being in the vicinity of a good market for all its surplus produce. This is one of the many pleasant and green spots to be found in California; and as you reach it, will amply repay you by its beauty, for the look you may have while riding past it. Try it and see if we are right.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

The sun shone out with redoubled splendor on the morning of the nineteenth of April, as we left Fairfield with eight yoke of red, white, and spotted oxen, and three yoke of Mrs. Briand's, these drew quietly along the heavy loaded wagons, chewing their cuds, and lisping their utterances as much as to say they knew the trip before them was one of more than common interest to them, and ourselves in particular, as they made the white topped vehicles tremble along the uneven, muddy road, with sandy tin trappings beating a reveille in the rear. So with a dress of dear Mrs. Bloomer's invention, I complacently took my seat among camp kettles, spoons, bacon, and beans, waiting for the
carriage to overtake us, then a few miles in the rear. Just as the glowing sun was setting, its bright light became suddenly obscured, and the rain poured upon us in torrents, and night, with its stilly mantle, began to spread itself upon surrounding objects, and we poor denizens of the prairie, a thousand miles from anywhere, beyond the sight of shrub or hill alignment, facing the pitiless pelting of the angry storm. Our only guide, as to the direction we should travel, was a stake driven at intervals to mark the road before us. And how the next traveler ever found his way I never stopped to ask, for we pulled those up for fire wood, [oh! I] more than likely he sought his way to the land of gold by common instinct. The above engraving fully represents a first night's camping in the open plains, and reader, if you have never been an over-lander, I will tell you a little about camp life. The first night's camping, yes, and all the petty annoyances seem heart-breaking to think of now, in my momnts of meditative reminiscences of the past. Just think how pleasant it was to get the tent pitched, and well pinned down and then have a sweet little hurricane come, and tea up the pins from the moist earth, and lay it again as flat as a flannel. But the watchword of life is "never give up," so after vigorously tugging against relentless fate for an hour, as luck would have it, we succeeded in erecting our little pavilion of comfort to shelter us; a band of roving Gipsies, which in every way we approximated in exterior resemblance, while seated in front of a smoky fire, listening to the howling of the storm-god as he went whirling and shrieking through the boundless fields of the western wild.

The first night's encampment on the prairie was spent in bed time by the young, "hopefuls" singing California gold songs with a glee and hilarity that sounded, as it floated out upon the night air, as though their young and happy hearts intended to grasp every ray of love and sunshine that came within their reach, while we lay in the bed, with a bitter cold, wet expectation, soon to be passed as dreams, I imagine. I began that Park Ben solo at an earnest, truthful line:

Gold, gold, in a

The future was

And the mind

To exist then, we

Come, gentle

stout pair of

longhorns, I

don't forge through Dute across the

Surely, the N

coon rivers, with

tent streams, which

and winding, it

towards the sun.

Then, with

pair, we are

a city of "latter

ing a short life in the fore

of the Missouri of May, land

drift along with

sion, which

lets bent in

off West.

But before

take a step or

...
To gain thee, man barters eternity's crown, upo~s, and Ul)On it
"Yields honor, af'ucfio,, and lasting renown.

Come, gentle reader, slip on a long stout pair of one hundred and fifty
leagie boots, and they will take you, if
I have not forgotten, over the bad roads,
thorough Dutch towns and open plains,
across the Des Moines, then to its tributaries, the Nithany, Botany, and Raccoon rivers, which wander in their serpentine courses to mingle with a sister stream, which eventually goes eddying and winding, to join the Father of waters in his wandering resistlessness, towards the sea.

Then, with a few accidents and repairs, we are at the city of Kanesville, a city of "hutler day Saints." After bearing a short highbiflin sermon preached in the forest which skirts the banks of the Missouri, we are, on the eleventh of May, landed on the other side, to drift along with the tide of moving population, which is on every hand, all faces bent in the direction of the far-off West.

But before we part company I must take a stop or two backward in my nar-
tative, and tell you of a, "circular circumstances," that excited my rabilities so much that even now I can scarcely keep my face straight, as it forces itself upon my memory, long enough to write it.

On the frontier lives a race of men elevated only a degree or two, in my estimation, above the red men, paying their taxes in hoop poles and cow skins, voting, as they suppose, for Jackson; yet they live a life of stupidity and igno-
nence. That you may better appreciate their display of estuatian, I place it before you. We stopped in front of a farmer's house, built of shapeless logs, and just before the door swung a sign, upon ponderous hinges, and upon it were emblazoned, in bold letters, painted with lampblack, by a "masterly" hand, these words:

"Palmers in
INTURTAYNMUNTS
FUR
STRAYNGUIS"
as. This river was difficult to cross, the moving quicksand making it extremely dangerous to ford. Some, who dashed into the stream regardless of entreaties, paid the penalty of their rashness and folly by being precipitated into deep and mirey holes, where the bottom had fallen out, and came near being carried down by Davy Jones' locker by the swift currents. Horses, men, women, and children, in one grand confusion, and we standing by as helpless spectators, for they were beyond our help and assistance.

We now traveled on the north side of the Platte, whose banks, as far as the bluffs, were covered with a most luxuriant growth of flowers, of every color, including the red, white, and pink mallow. Along the North Platte bottoms are numerous ponds of alkaline water, and in many places the alkali effloresces upon the surface of the ground for acres together.

We followed up the Platte nearly seven hundred miles. The timber is very scarce for hundreds of miles, except on the islands, which form almost a continuous archipelago for over one hundred miles from its mouth. In some places we saw numerous herds of buffalo at a distance, whilst their numerous skull bones, strewn everywhere around, attest that the animals at no great remote period have been far more numerous than at present.

May 30th we were opposite Court House Rock, a solitary tower, resembling a large public edifice, eight miles from the emigrant road; it is nearly square, and over two hundred feet high. The dome, at the top, is vast and, quite regular, rounded and fifty feet or more high; it is a magnificent structure of nature, standing out in bold relief for many miles on either side of its summit.

In April, on the crest of the crown of the emigrants' rig, we saw the sun rise in all its beauty, and it was ours to withstand the sudden shock and stand still, as the world rolls around us.

We were high noon only a short relief, and by the light of the sun, we present its beauty, among the barren wastes, as if it were in its place.

With a little thick cloud of dust, we were increasing on the advances of any of the possible growths in the valley as it rolled through the land, and the appearance of our wagon, in advance, was usually so light, heartfelt, and cheerful.
THE PHANTOM FAWN.

BY PENITENT.

In April, five years ago, we were one of the crew of the top-sail schooner C—— of New York, handsomely laden with merchandise, ascending the Sacramento river. The same detention that so frequently attends the navigation of the river at the present day, was ours then, for as we were driving onward before a spanking breeze, we suddenly found ourselves at a dead stand still upon the noted "hog's-back," with an ebbing tide. It was high noon, and as it was evident that only a returning tide would bring us relief, we made all necessary preparations and lowered a boat for the purpose of making a general reconnaissance of the sloughs and tributaries in the vicinity, in search of such game as might present itself.

With a single companion with us, we had already made a few good shots among the water-fowls, when our attention was arrested by a strange blinding, as if of some animal in deep distress. Hastily making for the shore, we were met by an almost impetuous thicket, but as the same unusual sounds were continued and evidently increasing in intensity, we resolved upon penetrating the thicket at the cost of any effort, and at all hazards, and if possible satisfy our curiosity as to their origin. We were compelled to creep, and at times to cut a part of our way through the tangled vines and brushwood—till at length, and when we had apparently almost reached the object of our curiosity, we saw but a few feet in advance of us, a small opening, less than thirty yards in circumference, and destitute of all vegetation and even of grass,—because enveloped dark and thick by a net work of over-hanging boughs, tangled in with the wild grape-vines.

We had hardly moved again, ere we discovered the object of our laborious pursuit. Near the middle of the opening, stood a snow-white fawn,—with neck distended, and eyeballs almost starting from their sockets, with mouth open, bleating piously and trembling in every joint and limb. He seemed the very picture of terror and despair.

Cautionly approaching still nearer, for we had not the heart to shoot the poor animal, we saw two large pilot snakes, slowly making their circuit around him at a distance of three or four yards, but at every round, drawing nearer and nearer their victim. While on the opposite side of the opening, upon a perfect parapet of verdure five or six feet from the ground, lay an enormous mitesnake, with his head raised high above his own loathly coil, he seemed to be acting as conductor of the attack,—whilst "ever and anon," his whizzing tail seemed to be rattling out the death knell of their victim.

Watching our opportunity for a simultaneous shot, a single discharge from each of our double barrels, and one of the two pilot snakes had left the threatening circuit, to play with himself the game of death. The other, badly wounded, slowly made his way into the tangled thicket,—whilst the fawn, as if conscious of its rescue, with a long and a bound disappeared through an opening in the thicket on the opposite side till then unnoticed. As the smoke cleared away, the rattler still remained in position, but silent and motionless.
Fourth years had passed away, nearly obliterating from our memory every recollection of the events of the day along the slough. Fickle fortune had sported with us, we had seen her smiles and her frowns, and now fate had brought us to the position of a keeper of a trading post at —— on the Connes river. For two years we had known Indian chief, John—for there are many Such. But this John, was a miserably poor, intemperate, and foul-some specimen of his race. The only redeeming trait he possessed, was his fluency of speech, his command to some extent of both the Spanish and English languages, and his willingness at all times to communicate.

We had no recollection of having anywhere seen him but in that immediate vicinity. We had missed him for ten days,—at length he came again, and bringing with him a set of rudely constructed, old and rusty manacles or gyves. As usual, for those, as with everything else he could get to dispose of—he wanted whiskey. On asking him where he obtained the gyves,—for the first time since we had known him, he hesitated to reply, and placing his fingers upon his lips, maintained a sullen silence.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, my friends, nor children, more shall be behold, Nor friends, nor sacred homes."—

"Tis not a fawn! but I know what it is,—it is the spirit of the white-man on its annual visit to his lonely grave! In an hour, before every year, and always on the very day I buried him in yonder thicket, I see this spirit—fawn! I know it is, for often have I drawn the bow-string with strong and steady hand upon him, and swiftly let the arrows fly, but either above, below, or through, the arrow goes beyond; and so too, oft have I tried the cruel ride on him, but the ball drops, for the spirit never dies!"

Casting but little for the superstition he seemed inclined to throw around us, we began to question him in regard to the "white man's grave"—but from that moment he maintained a perfect silence upon the whole subject, as well in reference to the grave as to the spirit-fawn, as he termed it, and any allusion we would make to the subject, was invariably answered by placing his fingers firmly upon his compressed lips. And thus were we compelled to leave him and the whole subject, shrouded in mystery.

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This occurrence and his whole demeanour, at once brought vividly to our recollection the circumstances of the mysterious grave, nor was it difficult to see, what for two years had escaped our observation, that the lineaments of his face bore a striking resemblance to the Indian of the slough.

Seizing him by the shoulder with one hand, trod his constant comrade, with the other, and astoning to know ranch more Upon the subject than we really did, we told him that, he must now tell the story and all he knew of the white man's grave on the slough, or we would put these gyves upon him, and lie should die as the white man died.

"Well," said he—"I have known you long, but you seemed to have quite forgotten me till now,—yet are my friend, I will tell you all, for I no longer fear the vengeance of the white men, even though they live." And with these words, and casting a hasty glance at the manacles, seated himself on the ground and then said:

"Seven times has the sun made his journey to the south and back, since first my home and hunting ground was along the slough.

"One morning, just as the sun was rising, two men in a boat approached the shore where stood my hunting lodge, and asked me 'if I was alone,' yes, I replied,—'then,' says one of them, 'we have something for you to do. In this boat is our sick companion, he will die soon, so we will leave him with you, and when he dies—bury him (pointing to the tubes) where no white man can ever find him; and we will give you this rifle, this powder and these bullets—but forever let your lips be sealed.'
dying; asked him if he was an American, he nodded assent, for he could not say yes. Have you a wife and children, and if so where are they? Once more giving the same token of assent, and with eyes streaming with tears, he again raised his maimed hands, and pointed toward the rising sun.

"Believing him to be dying, I told him so, and begged he would make one effort and if possible, to tell me his name. Motionless and breathless for a moment, as if permitting nature to recover for a last effort, then raising his eyes imploringly toward the skies, breathed out with his last gasp the curt and if possible, to tell me his name. Motionless and breathless, for a moment, as if permitting nature to recover for a last effort, then raising his eyes imploringly toward the skies, breathed out with his last gasp the name of— but with the name, muttered upon his lips, he died.

"And this is all I know of the poor sick stranger, except that those are the manacles that were upon him. I buried him, but not in the town— you know where he sleeps, for you have seen his spirit on its annual round, you have seen the Phantom Farm.

*These manacles, made in their construction, old and eaten by the rust, can be seen in the window of our office, 146 Montgomery street, one door north of Clay, San Francisco. —Ed. Mag.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

We give the following as a specimen of that kind of composition so often sent us, with a desire that we will accept it, make what we can of it, and give it a place in the Magazine, as the author is a subscriber. We do sometimes try to make something of poetry thus sent us, but if there is any man in this world who can make anything more of the following than there is now, or that can better it, we would like to engage that man on a salary, as we can give him steady employment. —Ed. Mag.

To the conclusion to send us as truly Californian in character the tale I made

On the old cat, and it will be necessary to explain the case of the cat coming to such an untimely end. She was a real old thief, and it was a hardly matter to keep any thing out of her way. She was so skilled in her profession, that she could take the lid off of a steak, and her conduct had become unanswerable and my pursuer wanted to Shout her, but I thought this would be murder in the 1st degree. So we concluded it would be better to set a snare and have her to be her own executioner. So I set the snare and to convince her that some things could be done as well as others! There was 2 cats that prowled about the shop, one was a tolerable honest cat, and she got into the snare before we went to bed, and she was released from her paws situation, after she had got enough to know how good it was, but the old cat was left to her own free will, and I have now doubt that it was an Affidavit to here but it was left to her own free will and if she had not touched the ham, she might have lived still but such is the fate of evil doers.

THE TALE.

The tale to you I will relate, concerning a cat that bit at a baste, pues be, it out, it would be longer and the tale is true as sworn as you are born.

The old cat was a midnight rober, and I could not catch her to stop her, At least in a plan, I set a snare baited with ham.

It lured the desired effect, and presently the old range it did detect, her as soon as the baste she bit, the snare is sprung.

And in the morning there she hung.

To her that was an awful sight, when around her neck the baste drew tight, but it was left to her own free will, and if she had not touched the ham, she might have lived still.

But her wicked ways she would not alter, until she found her neck there in a halter. She had eaten that which was not her own, and when too late had cause to mourn.

Jesus so it is with wicked men, they will continue in their sin,

Until there Lives In sadness they do I hope the morn
Some weeks should I do not keep the save, But I know they
Now the old cat I think she has it mourn, Where she has gone Whether to heaven My friend first To the river he And threw her in It unsoled not swam.

But she has fallen. And left me to I performed the ding a tone And the going over
The old cat I And has not swam.

I now trust I Can put this Of a place it Use your own Do not give it. That she has Throve was of

LO

Sacred Sacred

Beautiful place of our life of him strange is it Lone Moon upon the Sea with heart

mines? not Driven by cruel led fling, these by spirits, as if

leanness, not
Until there lives a nearly Sean,  
In sadness they do then repent.

I hope the morrow may not be missed,  
Some неке should not be broken but home a twain. 
I do not know that the old cat had a tale to  
Save,  
But I know they're no repentance in the grave.

Now the old cat is dead and gone,  
I think she has left no friends her love to  
Mourn.  
Where she has gone is not far to tell,  
Whether to heaven or hell.  
But she is gone.

My friend Fred had promised if I would  
To the river he would fetch [Unreadable word],  
And throw her line.  
It mattered not whether she would sink or  
Swim.  
But Fred looked out and went to sleep,  
And left me to Launch her to the deep—  
I performed the finest service which shedding  
A tear,  
And the gossamer of the cat I do not fear.  

The old cat is gone she has gone hence,  
And has not been seen since.  
I now trust this to your care, if you  
Can put this in the shape to be worthy  
Of a place in the Magazine you can  
Use your one pleasure but if you should,  
Do not give the name you may judge  
That she had not many friends for  
There was only one at her funeral.  

A SUBSCRIBER.

LONE MOUNTAIN.  
Sacred to the dead of men,  
Sacred to the living bird.  
Beautiful is it nay—that the resting  
Place of our dead, should be the paradise of  
Birds? But so it is! and  
Strange is it not—that the environs of  
Lone Mountain, is a Christian land,  
Upon the Sabbath day, should be begirt  
With heartless, unfeeling, thoughtless minds? not birds—they are within.  
Driven by the murderous gun and  
Cruel lead from the shadows of the living,  
These beautiful emblems of happy spirits, as if to rebuke us for our heartlessness, and reprove us for our cruelty,  
Make Lone Mountain cemetery vocal with their melodies.  
Well might shame point her withering  
Finger at the heartless vandal, who  
Would wantonly pluck these musical blossoms of the air, from life.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.  

BY ANNA M. HAYES.

In the stilly hush of the midnight,  
There comes a vision fair,  
With the summer rose bed wearing,  
The folds of her long dark hair;  
While the young moon of the meadow  
Is lifting her drapes of snow,  
And the low line deep in the flowers,  
And the winds are breathing low.  

When the violets bells are pealing  
Through the fading sunset light,  
And the rock is slowly winging  
To rest on some lovely height,  
There comes a tune on the savory,  
A song on the scented air,  
I turn to gaze the midnight—  
'Twas only a vision there.

Deep in the cells of my spirit,  
Does her refrain memory sink,  
Like the partly closed of a dew drop,  
Bound the cedary leaves of gold;  
And oft in my daily dreaming  
With a flower before me rise,  
Whose eye hath a brighter meaning  
Than the stars thus girt the skies.

I go to Sleep's misty portal  
And view in the realm of dreams  
She lingers, the young immortal,  
With me by those shining streams;  
In the stilly hush of the midnight  
And in daylight's sunny hours,  
Hazy and precious the memory—  
Strewing Life's path with flowers!

Suwanee, Jan. 17th, 1857.

"Joe, so you have been out prospecting to-day, eh?"
"Yes."
"Well what luck old fellow—did you miss the "color"?"
"No—but I raised a tro-men-fous big bidder."

Society, like studded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive you.
Lizzie Midderson.

By W. H. S.

My father died when I was quite young, leaving my mother alone in the world with no near relation except her "dear child," as she called me. We resided at the time of "dear child," as She called me. We

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father ather marriage, and she was so

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much space in narratiug those hapl)y

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er consented to do. At first I disliked

last request was, that mother shonld

girl about seven years of' age, and her

a widow

The first six Inonths wert tedious lo

off tbr new scenes and new adventures.

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hills and seek some dist.mct clime :~s

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The day arrived and Lizzie took her

The day arrived and Lizzie took her

The day arrived and Lizzie took her

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Manning. Will,

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"Dear Will, w

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I came, off age, so that I could determine to leave my native little, as it could be taken in at the time. My arrival I learned to Lizzie, much as her uncle, in Savannah, so by my step-father, his visit, so well when you become acquainted with him, he is so kind and unassuming, and then so very handsome, but then I shall not portray his character to you in too glowing terms for fear your imagination might picture a perfect man, and when you see him your opinion may not be so good as I would wish.

"My uncle and aunt are very much opposed to his visits, so much so that they have forbid his coming to the house to see me, and I have had many clandestine meetings with him. He urges me to run away with him and get married, but I cannot quite consent to do so, though I love him better than I do my own soul, for I believe him to be as noble a soul as ever walked on earth."

"Dear Will, write me what you think of the matter, for I have none to consult with. Sometimes I am almost ready to leave all and follow him, for I believe he will be my friend through life."

He has portrayed to me in such eloquent terms the many happy days we shall spend together in that bright romantic country of California, for he says he has a brother there who is wealthy and will assist him into business. Will, I am almost persuaded to leave home and friends and throw myself under his protection, for what is wealth, or even life, without his society—nothing. Write to me soon and tell me what you think of what I have told you. As ever, Yours,

Lizzie."

As soon as I received her letter I sat down and answered it, warning her of the impropriety of these clandestine matches, and the danger of such a man who would prevail on her to leave her home, contrary to the wishes of her friends. I presume she did not like the tone of my letter, for she did not answer it before I left home for this country, which was about a month subsequent. I had been in San Francisco about a year when Dick came to me one day and told me he saw Lizzie. I told him that he must be mistaken, but he insisted that he had seen her. Says he, "I know that was Lizzie, for you can't fool me in blue or red, or dem curls, don't she look at me again, and I believe, Miss William, she thought she know'd this darkie." I determined to find out that night whether Dick was mistaken or not, for he had watched her until she went into a house situated on Dupont street. About two o'clock that night I took a friend with me and we went up to a house that was well known in San Francisco at that time. We went in and had been seated a few moments in the reception room when two ladies came in, and one of them was Lizzie. I know I must have turned pale for I was nearly blind, and I trembled like an asp. Lizzie was so great was the shock, notwithstanding I thought it might be possible she was there.

After sitting there sometime, seeing that she did not recognize me, I determined to speak to her. So I went and took a seat by her side and commenced conversation, but I had spoken but few words when she looked me in the face and exclaimed, "My God, is it Will!"
and threw her arms around my neck and laid her head upon my shoulders and wept like a child.

We went to her room where she told me her sad tale, of the scenes she had passed through during the last twelve months.

"Soon after I received your last letter, I ran off with Maning and went to New Orleans, where we went through the ceremonies of a mock marriage, which I thought at the time genuine, but to my sorrow I learned to the contrary. Maning kept deluding our sailing for California for some purpose I did not know, for about two months, when one night he came home and commenced abusing me, saying I was only his mistress, that he never intended to marry me or take me to California. You can better imagine my feelings at this information than I can describe them to you, and from that moment my love was turned to hatred, and still the flame burns within this bosom, and will continue so to do until the end of life."

"We had been living in splendid style and I supposed Maning had plenty of money until next day we had our orders to leave unless our board bill was paid, and the next day Maning did leave and I have not seen him since, but heard he came home and commenced abusing me, saying I was only his mistress, that he never intended to marry me or take me to California."

"Soon after I had an opportunity to come to this country, and about six weeks since I landed in San Francisco. Since my arrival here I have learned that Maning is keeping a gambling school in one of the interior towns, and it was my intention to start for there to-morrow, disguised in the attire of a male. I will seek the midnight hour to drink his heart's blood to quench the hatred that is burning in my soul—for he has deceived me, he has made me an outcast in the world by taking from me that which earth cannot replace, now he shall pay the penalty of the crime at my hands."

When she finished her sad tale she stood up and walked the room with her hands pressed upon her heart. How changed from the last I saw her! That kind smile, that gentle look which rested upon her countenance I have not, to go back to uncle's I cannot, not, to go back to uncle's I cannot do another, or it, then had any other, it would be that of the seducer, for I believe the crime too heinous to be on a grade with any other sin that man can commit."

While I was talking she came and threw her arms around me, saying: "If you will procure me a situation as a servant, I will work for my livelihood and let the wretch meet his fate." I told her she should not work as a servant, only leave her present course of life—that I would see that, she be provided with every necessity of life. Urgent business called me into the interior on a very short notice and I did not get to see her previous to my leaving. On my return to the city I found the asylum my child! I requested them to call it Lizzie, but never to let her know who her mother was, or what became of her.

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Since the scenes of this narrative occurred, I have been to the Atlantic States, and saw her uncle and told him all concerning her fate, and he started immediately for New Orleans after the child, and nothing would do but I must remain at his house until he returned. He returned bringing Isadora, the most beautiful child, I thought, I ever beheld. She will fall heir to their immense fortune, and God grant her life may be more fortunate than that of her poor mother.

Pine Grove, Sierra Co., Feb. 12, 1857.

"Land of the West—beneath the Heaven There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime."

And yet with this great truth before us, there are those who are ever speaking of her immoralities, her vices, her improvidences, her recklessness, as without parallel in the history of the world. They would magnify her faults and her blunders, but are careful never to speak of her ennui, or her rapid progress along the pathway of prosperous nations; for California is a nation within herself. Nearly eight hundred miles in length, and an average breadth of two hundred and fifty miles, containing an area of nearly 187,600 square miles or nearly twice as large as the whole of Great Britain, and embracing within her limits a greater number of races, languages, manners, customs and pursuits than any other country of the same extent on earth. Is it surprising that much of evil should exist with the good? Let wrong or outrage be heard of on the Gila, or on the summits of the Sierras or along the nearly eight hundred miles of ocean shore, or on the confines of Oregon and..."
it is charged to the account of California.

And yet with all her faults, and with now and then a retrograde movement, she is still mighty in her efforts and the aggregate of those efforts is her own and the world's advancement. All ponderous engines are susceptible of a turn backwards, and though this movement may seem at times a positive necessity, it does not become the established rule of its working. California is mighty in her efforts and management of the great hulk, that bears it, it does not for the Wel.

The heart I fondly deemed mine own.
My heart long years was wholly thine;
But now thy fancy is flown,
My heart no longer careth for mine.

Another's love's preferred to mine.
And the state of heart and love,
My heart is now forevermore
Subjected to thy tyrant's reign.

Nature's works have closed,
Another's eyes own have pressed;
But now thy fancy is flown,
My heart no longer careth for mine.

The noble Tell, who stood
In rapture grand once a Free land, lingers no more.

Amid the scenes he immortal mind saw
Who thus in grandeur That waves its coronal
Over proud Sierra's peak.

And sparkling morn on
With loveliness round the
Old ocean's waving source;
When Hope, the Guide Points out the golden
Its rocky hold by Fire Eternal fingers and
With wildest grand

To stand a guardian
Those lofty peaks tho And in imagination
Like pillars vast, so

The boundless sky as
Rounded thus
By Nature's works, in contemplation of
That first upheaved
Its rigid form in

With evergreen the
For man a home.

The "First Great Creator's birth, w
Long

Along those glorious
"The upper deck,
Belongs; like that
Which Science tells

As befits and fits
What more do we
To know that the
Yes, even this

A paradise, no it
Is more.

FLOWERS NOTE THE HOURS.

Flowers are the dial of the plain, the hill, the mountain and the glen. They tell the hour of the day, by the unfurling of the closing of their petals or their corollas.

The "morning glory"—unwinding at the dawn of day, and then a flower for every hour, till the lazy "dissipation flower"—from its rock-bound moosy cliff, looks out upon the sun first, at feverish noonday.

Again—a flower for every hour, till the "four o'clock"—a sleepy fellow, from his pillow, sniffs the evening air,—then awakes—but his toils never mends, till cooling off his temples by laithing in the dew.

LINES TO **

A few short weeks have passed, since last I gazed upon the many form,
But now my love for thee has passed,
And I but think of thee with scorn.

I did love fondly! and alas! too well,
I deemed thee noble, somewhat true;
Thy bosom has unlearned that spell,
And proved thee a deceiver, too.

All I would to Heaven the last few years
I could recall I and live them over;
But time are all my bitter woes,
For they are gone forevermore.

The heart I fondly deemed mine own,
My heart long years was wholly thine;
But now thy fancy is flown,
Another's love's preferred to mine.

Whilst then,—with miserable cheer,
And scars of constancy and love,
My heart is now forevermore
Subjected to a tyrant's reign.


J. WILSON.

So too, at night—till opening flowers, con "night-blooming cerea"
of kin, ushered in.

OUR MOUNTAIN.

"Once more I breathe mourn I read thy own face.
The noble Tell, who stood
In rapture grand once a Free land, lingers no more.

Amid the scenes he immortal mind saw
Who thus in grandeur That waves its coronal
Over proud Sierra's peak.

And sparkling morn on
With loveliness round the
Old ocean's waving source;
When Hope, the Guide Points out the golden
Its rocky hold by Fire Eternal fingers and
With wildest grand

To stand a guardian
Those lofty peaks tho And in imagination
Like pillars vast, so

The boundless sky as
Rounded thus
By Nature's works, in contemplation of
That first upheaved
Its rigid form in

With evergreen the
For man a home.

The "First Great Creator's birth, w
Long

Along those glorious
"The upper deck,
Belongs; like that
Which Science tells

As befits and fits
What more do we
To know that the
Yes, even this

A paradise, no it
Is more.
AGRADE.

LINES TO ***

Not weeks have passed, since last
Is from, and since the dawn, sweetly true,
My love for thee has passed,
And think of thee with scorn.

Oh! family and sea, too well,
And then male, sometimes true;
Not a heart that spurned, I mean,
Nor a breeze to bear a lover, too.

And to Heaven the last few years
Recall! and live them o'er;
Here are all my bitter tears,
And here are gone forevermore.

If I firmly blamed mine own,
Long years was wholly blame;
Yet, true, who can be blamed so well,
More, with merited deceit,
For love, not love's preferred to mine.

And, as the winds clap the leaves,
Waves of constancy and love,
Set me by thy will, albeit
They did the cold heart music.

Turn thy eyes where chased,
As this thin ear once has paused;
In true, inercous sorrows,
And in a tyrant reign.

NELLIE.

Lines, Feb. 12, 1857.

ERS LIKE THE HOURS.

As are the dints of the plain,
The mountain and the glen,
The hour of the day, by the
Or the closing of their petals
Shaded by, comes
Morning glory—unwinding
Of day, and then a flower
Hour, till the clay "disappear-
From its rock-bound

As a flower for every hour, till
And o'clock"aa sleepy fellow,
Pilgrim, mists the evening air,
Wakes—but his toilet never
Cooling off his temples by

THE TIMBER WORM.

So too, at night—the score of hourly
Opening flowers, could they be seen,
Would paint the passing hour—till the
"night-awakening breeze"—and its near
Of kin, ushered in the gray of morn.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

"Once more I建材的 the mountain air; once
More I meet my true love here!"

The noble Teiil, who thus exclaimed as o'er
His ramrod Switzerland, from Alpha
heights
In summer—once more upon his own
Home land, felt no less proud than we who
Are amid the scene of this, our mountain home.
Immortal minds instructive low to him
Who thus in grandeur raised the giant pine,
That waves its coronal of fearless green
O'er proud Stern's rock-ridden sides.

The pure
And sparkling mountain streams, that run
With dewy gait and rainbow spray, to
"Old ocean's bearing breast," find here its
Source;
Where lofty, the goddess of our floods
Points out the golden harvest year o'er all
Its rocky soil by Nature's lavish hand.

Beneath snows and winter's gaze, that dwells
With wistful grandeur "Tahoe Rock, which

To stand a guardian angel, watching o'er
Those lofty peaks that range along the coast,
And to imagination's eye appear
Like pillars vast, from marbles wrought, to

The broad blue vault of heaven up.
Suspended thus
By Nature's works, so wildly grand, the mind
In conception seeks to learn the cause
That first upheaved this mighty mass, and left
Its rugged form for Time to smoothe—

With overgrown the mountain's brow, and fit
For man a home.

The "First Great Cause," who spoke
Gentle's birth, whose mantle brought and
Wrought
Among those glowing orbs which shine, like
"The upper day," in him above the peaks
Belonged; His mighty hand has wrought the
Change
Which Science tells, and made the scenes our

As health and plenty crown our labors here,
What more do we require? 'tis all we wish
To know that flocks surround to cheer us on.
Yes, even this would make our mountain
Home
A paradise, had it no other joys
To store.

THE TIMBER WORM.

This destructive animal, the Teredo
Of Limnes, appears to be above all
Human control. Notwithstanding the
Advance of science, providing abundant
Remedies for almost every insect annoyance under the sun, it has yet to
Combat with the wholesome ravages of this timber pest.

About fifty years ago, Sir Everard
Homo, an eminent English naturalist,
Turned his attention to the Teredinidae
Or Timber San Worms; some
Specimens were sent to him at London,
From the Sheerness Dock Yard, in England
And alive; and they lived in salt wa-
Ter three days after being brought to his
Hand. During this time he had a
Good opportunity to watch their habits,
And has left a most interesting paper in
The Royal Society's transactions respect-

He observed that when the surface
Of the wood, which they had nibbled,
Was examined in a good light, while
Only an inch in the water, the animal
Threw out sometimes one, sometimes
two small tubes. When only one was
Protruded, the other immediately fol-

This was about three quar-
Gers of an inch long, the other only half
That size. When the longest was ex-
posed to its full extent, there was a
Fringe on the inside of its external or-
ifice, of about twenty small tentacles, or
Feelers, scarcely visible to the naked
Eye; these were never seen except in
That state, for when this tube was re-
tracted, or drawn back, the end was first
Gathered in, and so on, until the whole
Was completely inverted, and therefore
In a half protruded state its termina-

THE TIMBER WORM.
These tubes, he says, while playing about in the water, appeared at different times to vary in their direction, but were always conveniently distant from each other. The largest was always most erect, and its orifice the widest; the smaller was sometimes bent in or on itself, with the point touching the wood. In one instance, where a small insect came across the larger, the point of the smaller turned round and pushed it off, and then returned to its original situation. It was remarkable, whenever they were both retracted, they always were moved together. When the worm was confined within its tubercle, the orifice was not distinguished from the wood. The worm appeared commonly to bore in the direction of the grain of the wood, but sometimes it would bore across the grain to avoid the track of others in the same community. In some instances there was only a half transparent, skin-like partition left as a division from its neighbor.

There are two species of this worm. The Teredo navalis abounding for the most part on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, and the Teredo gigantea found on both shores of the Pacific and in tropic latitudes of the western Atlantic. The latter pest invades our shores with its visits, and while we are writing we read of more than one house tillling a prey to its ravages on our wharves.

Sir Everard Home observed, with reference to this animal’s food, that, “as the Teredo gigantea bores in mud, on which it cannot be supposed to subsist, or even to receive any part of its nutriment from it, it becomes a question whether the smaller species, the navalis, derives support from the wood it destroys, or whether it is supplied from the sea.” He supposed the latter, because having red blood, and perfect organs, they would require better nourishment than the wood could afford.

The aggregate of its shell and substance taken together, he found in bulk, and greater in specific gravity than the wood displaced from the hole, and therefor his conclusion must have been correct. He found, also, that the animal could be supported when detached from the wood; but sufficient time was not given to this experiment to furnish another argument for his supposition. The ravages of this creature so apparently insignificant, are most terrible. Almost all wooden structures, subjected to the surface of sea water, are ruined by it. The amazing rapidity of its growth, especially in temperate and hot climates, and the wonderful celerity of its work, are hardly credible. The master of one of H. B. M. dockyards, exhibited a piece of deal, forty feet long and eighteen inches thick, that in twenty days was capable of compression, almost by the thumb, in any part of it; and it was so light as to be capable of being lifted out of the water by two men. All kinds of wood, it is said, fall a prey to it, but the horsey; and that, perhaps, has not sufficiently been tested to prove its exemption from its ravages.

In England, the only method of preserving timber immersed in sea water is to cover all the part immersed with short broad headed nails. The action of the sea water expedites the iron, forming a thick coat, and this is said to be superior to copper sheathing. A Mr. Kyon, in 1832, patented in London his remedy, which is performed by inregnating timber, by means of forcing pumps, with a solution of bi-chloride of mercury; but, every time enclosed in the introduction of the animal’s prey, no doubt of its sublimate could be expected from the wood, as the changes Chloride of silver, &c., in some cases of iron to be made, and in others in the water, appeared at different times to vary in their direction.

Some of the methods now in use are too expensive for the smallness of the harbour.

A Mr. Pell is trying a lime process that seems to be successful, while long inserted manually or commences an animal to it are doubtless our antecedents, and the mental phytas of this proper wharves from the timber will consist...
mercury; but the expense of the process, every timber being obliged to be enclosed in shut up tanks, hinders its introduction on a large scale. There is no doubt of its effectually preventing the animal's progress, for the corrosive sublimate combining with the albumen of the wood, resists the ordinary chemical changes of all vegetable matter. Chloride of zinc, creosote, and pyrolignite of iron, have been tried, and in some cases appear to have been admirably successful. Coal tar, not vegetable tar, has been found also a preservative for many years; but as coal is with difficulty separated from its ammoniacal smell, which has the effect of producing an immediate decay, its indiscriminate use is not to be recommended.

Some of these, or other remedies must soon arrest the attention of the city holders of house property lying contiguous to our wharves, or they will some day find their timber in the sea, before their eyes as dexterously as the pantomime lots before the magic touch of the harlequin's wand.

A Mr. Fedon, in New York, we hear is trying various experiments with a lime process, which he hopes will prove successful. He borers the timber the whole length with an inch auger, and inserts unbleached lime, which is hermetically sealed, leaving the fusion to commence on the first approach of the animal to its deposit. We confess we are doubtful as to its effects, but hope our anticipations may be realized. In the meantime we deem it our duty prophetically to caution all poor holders of this property in the neighborhood of our wharves; for in less than two years from the time we write, these invaders will constitute their only inhabitants.

In concluding this article we earnestly invite a correspondence from our scientific friends on this interesting subject, with the view of eliciting some method to effectually stop the progress of this pest. The rats, thanks to the talented inventor of the phosphoric hon-ey, have had their quieter; they have been industriously snapping the foundations of our houses with their teeth, for a long period, (our own domicilli underwent new scaling and healing not many days ago,) surely there is to be found also some sweets for these sweet creatures, to charm away these frightful holders of property, so that we may rest secure in our beds, and our stores in our stores, without the hazard of a tumble into the sea, unforewarned by an earthquake.

[In our Magazine for April, we shall have an interesting article on the Timber Worm of California, with an engraving.—Ed.]
RISE EARLY.

He who would thrive be,
Would do well, to rise at three.
Who would have a thrifty store,
Should soar high, and soar be free.

Who would his daily business fix,
Should never later rise than six.

But he who has already bivouc'd,
May his death indulge till six o'clock.
Who live for splendour, and for state,
Self-appointed, may go till eight.

The drunken scot with creator's wine,
Can never rise before nine.

But, only sickness and old men
Are privileged to lie till ten.

He who is later than this call
Will not rise, and never shall.

He has favorite old Rhine adages, which
Recall the rhymes in use, as we have seen them, in the old English print of Queen Elizabeth's time. That queen, it is recorded of her, till the day of her death, in health or sickness, never indulged herself in bed till seven o'clock; at that hour, she and her maids of honor had breakfasted, (a quart of good ale forming one of the components,) and were parading ye regale grounds of ye Hampton Court.

Judging from the royal slippers that we have seen in the Fitzwilliam museum in the English Cambridge University, she must have been almost gigantic in size, like unto her royal father, queen killing memory. His javelin, we have also seen in the Tower of London, as well as his sword, and the armor he wore, when a prince. We will venture to say, that few men of the present day could shoulder the first, wield the second, or bear long the weight of the third article. How far the degeneracy of the Saxon race may be owing to the substitution of tea, coffee, &c., &c., and the practice of smoking and emancipating the Indian weed,

luxuries unknown in these times,—

we have to every one's reason to determine for himself. The effect of the former beverages on the human constitution may be seen in that shrivelled-up, puny, slow checkered race, the Chinese; and the latter practice, to the dwarfish and stunted appearance of those nations where the latter predominates to any excess.

AN AFTERNOON IN A BACHELOR'S SANCTUM.

BY MARY MOSHER KIRKE.

Reader, it mattered not how I gained access to that room; suffice it to say, that I was there on an afternoon as bright and glorious as ever smiled upon our earth.

I was there alone, with no sound to disturb my meditations, save the quiet tickling of the little French ehmk upon the mantle, or the occasional movement of a great shaggy dog, that lay stretched lazily upon the hearth, as he opened his keen eyes for a moment, to gaze wonderingly at the new occupant of the huge arm chair by the fire.

Probably the animal had never before beheld a feminine face resting against the crimson cushions, where a maiden head was wont to recline; and it might have been a mystery to his dogship, why the familiar dressing gown and cap of his master, was replaced by the full flow of a lady's dress; but as I said before, it matters not how it all came about—there I was, comfortably ensconced in the sheltering arms of that great chair, with my feet resting upon a little embroidered ottoman, one hand upon a table covered with books, papers, etc., which was drawn up before the fire, and the other holding a little box of exquisite workmanship, the contents of which were as yet unopened.

But my thoughts were not upon this; my eyes were wandering from one object to another, within that easy room, from the pictures on the walls to the pattern of the carpet upon the floor.
Every article came in for a share of observation.

For a moment, the thought that I was actually in this room, devoted exclusively to the reading, writing, cigar smoking, and reading habits of a Finished old bachelor, startled me; and I half arose from the chair as an intruder—that chair so sacred to "my rights" and—daring! I certainly felt that it was a piece of great presumption in thus appropriating the apartment to myself; but a glance, at the opposing expression of a pair of dark eyes looking down upon me from the canvas directly opposite, quite reassured me; and I nestled down again among the yielding cushions.

Now, after a few moments of quiet thought, I ventured to turn the key of the little box in my hand, stealing another glance at the dark eyes before me, to gather courage to raise the cover. They still smiled encouragingly, and I took up a package of tiny notes, which is the first thing that meets my eye upon raising the lid. I remove the silken thread that confines them, and open the first that my hand touches. It is addressed in a lady's delicate chirography, to a name very familiar. It is merely an acknowledgment of the reception of some poems, and a delicate expressed wish that the sentiments thus passionately begun may be continued. Then follows several more from the same hand. Gradually the tone grows more warm and tender, until the whole soul of the writer seems to flow with the outgushing of love, with the whole current of trust, joy, and anticipation.

Now I open the rest of this package, dated some weeks later:

"Well, E——, you have spoken it! So oohes back my heart—farewell! and farewell! May God bless you, E——, though I feel that you have quenched from my life every ray of hope and happiness."

"I know not what the cause may be, but I feel it, oh! so fully and bitterly—you love me no longer!"

"A thought comes up that you never loved me—but what matters it? I can live on as many have lived before me, passively receiving what life may have to give; even though the bright sunlight is forever extinguished—I can still live!"

"Again, E——, may Heaven bless you. This is my prayer, even to the end."

SARAH T."

"I lean back in my seat, still holding the note even before me. Thoughts, strange and bewildering, are rushing through my mind. A new light, or rather a darkness made visible, is stealing into my brain—but I pause not to think, and soon another note, sealed, and directed to the same name, is in my hand. As I remove the envelope, a ring falls into my lap from a folded paper, upon which is traced in a bold, free, and almost masculine hand—"

"A perjured gift is valueless."

IDA NOVIT.

"Now, a soft silken ringlet meets my eye. This has nothing explanatory attached. Imagination fills out the story of its original resting place, above a fair, white brow, from whence it was lowered to whisper young love's timid confession to one who soon forgot the gift—but this is only fancy."

"A miniature is in my hand. I pause many moments over it. Strange, wild thoughts are rushing tumultuously through my soul. A tide of indignant feeling flushes my brow, and crimson my cheeks. Shall I explore yet further, and learn still more of his fickleness, his heartless perjury? Do I not know enough, ay! too much already? Will not the knowledge gained embitter the whole current of life? Is it not, even now, turning the sweet waters of trust, joy, love, into scorn, contempt, and hate?"

"But I will search still further! I will know the whole! I will drain the cup, even to the very dregs, though I drink to misery and despair!"

"My hands tremble, my breath comes quick and gaspingly, as I open the miniature."

"It mattered not how I gained the room; suffice it to say, there on an afternoon as glorious as ever smiled upon me, SOON I entered the little French clock, upon the occasional movement shaggy dog, that lay stretched upon the hearth, as he opened eyes for a moment, to gaze at the now occupant of the chair by the fire."

"The animal had never had a feminine face resting upon its master, was replaced by a lady's dress; but as it matters not how it all—there I was, comfortably in the sheltering arms of that little French clock. When my first resting upon untired arm, the silken thread that confines them, and open the first that my hand touches. It is addressed in a lady's delicate chirography, to a name very familiar. It is merely an acknowledgment of the reception of some poems, and a delicate expressed wish that the sentiments thus passionately begun may be continued. Then follows several more from the same hand. Gradually the tone grows more warm and tender, until the whole soul of the writer seems to flow with the outgushing of love, with the whole current of trust, joy, and anticipation.

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"It mattered not how I gained the room; suffice it to say, there on an afternoon as glorious as ever smiled upon me, SOON I entered the little French clock, upon..."
Oh! the bewildering beauty of those eyes—dark, deep, love-dazed eyes! There is a strange fascination in their gaze; I close my own to shut out the penetrating glance, but I see it still.

Upon that clear, white forehead, Intellect has set her seal; around those beautiful lips, a smile, full of passionate love, is lingering—and the rich glow upon the full, round cheek, rivals the tint of earth's fairest flowers.

Yet there is a strange expression about the eyes, that startles, while it fascinates me. What does it mean? Oh! here is a little folded paper—I know that hand writing; many a time has it caused my heart to thrill with rapture. I read—"Revenge! oh! there is music in the sound! let me again repeat it—revenge! And have I not paid mine? Let this picture tell how fully and perfectly. His wife—his idol! into whose fair hands he placed his every hope of earthly happiness, loves him no longer! Upon me, the wronged of other days, is the love bestowed. My hand has struck the blow which deprives him of peace and happiness, forever; and now the relentless spirit of revenge can rest! Retribution has at last overtaken, one at least, of those who made me what I am.

"True, the game was long, and difficult, but it has been played out, and—"

I have won!

"Did he think I would forget? Never!"

"I know where his happiness rested; I marked where every hope was staked. But enough—he knows all! Let him suffer on; let him grope about in the dark, darkness, vainly trying to catch one gleam of light! I exult in his misery!"

A cold shudder runs through my veins, and my heart seems turning to stone.

Oh, man! oh, evil human nature! will those ever spread desolation and ruin over the fair world? Will the reign of sin never cease?

My head is bowed in an agony of grief, and shame. Blinding tears are falling from my eyes upon the picture of the beautiful, loving wife. Who was she? and where is she now? I cannot know—this is all!

A dark shadow seems to pervade the room—dense and oppressive. I rise and go to the window; the sun is still shining brilliantly, but to my heart, comes not a ray. I throw up the shutters, brush back the hair from my forehead—its weight seems crushing my very brain. The cool air fans my cheek refreshingly, and cools my burning brow. I look at the clear blue sky; at the joyfully dancing little streams beneath; at the brilliant hues of autumn foliage; at the troops of children, just escaped from the restraints of the school-room; they are shouting in glee—happy, happy childhood! I weep, as in the bright morning of existence; the sweet roses of life's happy morn, while yet the thorns lie hidden. Once, oh! it seems so long ago, I too was a child—but now the weight of years of sorrow seems pressing upon my heart.

I cannot bear the bright glare of the sunlight, and folding the heavy curtains half over the window, I soften the light, I again take my place at the table, for my task is not yet accomplished.

I shudder as I look at the little casket. A deadly serpent seems coiling there. With scowling eyes, and cold, trembling fingers, I push it from me, concealing it beneath some papers.

For a long time I sit thinking—oh! so bitterly thinking of the revelations of the last hour. But I assure myself, and take from the table a manuscript, which bears the marks of time and use.

It is written in the same familiar, manly hand, that has so often brought joy and happiness to me—will it ever again? I feel that to me, this manuscript will prove the book of life! Will it lift me from this darkness, to light and hope once more, or will it sink me yet deeper in despair? Let me hasten to know:

"June, 18—. This day I bid fare-
AN AFTERNOON IN A BACHELOR'S SANCTUARY.

eyes upon the picture, aching with. Who there is she now? I this is till!--
how seems to pervade and oppressive. I window; the sun is thinly, but to my heart,
I throw up the sash, air from my forlorn canvas; crushing my very air fits my cheek reveals my burning brow;
the blue sky; at the joy-

little stream beneath;

hues of autumn foliage;

children, just escaped
of the school-room;

in glee—happily, improved, as in the bright
gene; the sweet roses
more, while yet the

"Here I cast myself upon its swelling
current. Bear me on, on, I seek not
where; upon rocks, beneath the boiling
surges at their base, or let me be
bosed upon the heaving waves—it

matters not. My bark is upon the
deep sea, without sail, chart, or compass,
wholly at the mercy of wind and wave! BUT I can free! free as air! and reck-

less as free! I care not what circum-
stances may arise, or what may befall me. Welcome excitement! Welcome
danger! Welcome the giddy whirl of
life's gayest scene! Welcome anything
that will drive away thought! I
will not think! The future—what care
I what is bring?"

This is the beginning of the strange
journal. Then follows a long succes-
sion of wanderings in different parts of
the earth. Upon the burning islets of
Arabia; amidst the snow-clad hills of
the frozen North; through the orange
groves of the "sunny south"; in the
sweet vales of Switzerland; and luxuri-
os Italy, the restless foot of the wander-
ter; reckless, aimless and wrecked.

Sometimes, long intervals of weeks and
months occur, without a word in the
journal; again the events of each day
are carefully noted down—

"I have seen the weak, silly, but

beautiful creature, once move, and

for the last time. Were it possible for
such as I to regret, I might, perhaps, grieve
that one so lovely should so foolishly
throw away her heart—her heart!—what

should be a word for sentimentalists and fools! What lies this cold world to do with
warm hearts? Ah! too much! I crush-

es from them every high and holy

impulse; chills every glowing affection;
turns the sweet fountain of love into
gall and wormwood. Love! a failure of
the false enchantress Hope, to lure her
victims on to despair; the stern hand
of Reality soon tears inside the illusion
veil—the dream past, forever gone!
Yet it is a sweet, sweet, dream. Long
years ago I told the power of that delu-
sive dream. Did I really love? Ah! I

calm! you can best answer that ques-
tion; you best know whether this icy
block of marble ever contained a pure
fountain of affection; you best know why
the bright fell so early upon our souls;
you best know why the bright sunlight
was so suddenly slant off from my life
path—shall I why do I yield to this
influence—away! I will not so for for-
get what I am! The memories of the
past shall not arise now to thwart me
in my purpose. I will carry out what
I have planned! No weak softening
of the marble heart; no girlish tears—
no relenting! Why should I not I be like
the rest of this false world? I will! I
will test to the utmost extent the pow-
er I possess, and name myself while I
may. 'Irresistibly attracted'—yes, that
was what she said—does she then
acknowledge the influence? Let her
take the consequences! Let the silly
nath flatterer on while his wings are un-
burned, and then let it fall and die! The
flame will burn on as brightiy as ever,

mchealing the death throes of the self-
sacrificed victims.

"Beautiful I know she is; beautiful
as an hour. I love to look upon the
fair cheek; marvelously lovely is the
glow that heightens there as I whisper
praises of its beauty; gloriously light
are those eyes, growing darker, deeper,
brighter, as I gaze into their liquid
depths. I love to listen to the soft tones
of her voice as she breathes my name;
or when the gentle sigh comes trem-
bling through the full rosy lips—it is for
me that sigh is breathed.

"The timid close of that little hand
on mine is pleasant, but I have lingered
here too long—let me see, two months
have passed—can it be possible? Well,
so much more of life is gone; another
hour in its fitful day is past; but even
this luxurious dream is getting stale
like all of life's pleasures—to-morrow
I go again. 'Tis better not to see the
fair creature before leaving; doubtless
will dis the brightness of her eye
for a while, and then some new love
will sparkle there again—but do I really believe this? Well, what matters it, I have no heart to give, and the sooner she awakes from the dream the better. The lesson must be learned, and why may I not be the teacher?"

I clutch the manuscript convulsively in my hand, while words of bitter reproach rise to my lips. Oh! must man! created in the glorious image of God; endowed with intellect but little lower than the angels; heir to an immortal inheritance; capable of such high and holy aspirations and attainments, yet fallen, oh! how low! Grottering in the dark of earth; marring the dark stains of sinful passions, the spirit's purity; perverting thy holy God-given powers; trampling beneath thy relentless foot the finest gift heaven has bestowed upon thee, when, oh! when shall thy evil reign cease?—but I forbear.

Now comes a gleam of sunshine to the dark picture. There is a glimmer of that heaven lighted lamp which is never entirely quenched within the breast of any man; it still burns though dimly, and the feeble rays seem almost extinguished by the weight of surrounding evil, yet the vital spark remains, to lighten occasionally the darkness of sin's night. Tears of joy fill my eyes as I read this paragraph. It is written at sea.

"What means this strange influence? this unusual melting of the heart, this awakening of feelings long buried? As I sit here in the bash of night, looking into the deep blue sky, or the boundless expanse of waters beneath, where the glittering stars are so faithfully mirrored, with no sound to break the deep silence, holy influences seem to be around me, pure spirits are hovering over me, shedding from their radiant wings a light, so heavenly and clear that it penetrates my very soul, and oh! how I shudder and turn sick at the scene there revealed. I cannot hold this strange feeling down—what does it mean? Lead me not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Oh! Lord merciful, keep my darling boy from falling into temptation. Keep him, oh! keep him "unspotted from the world." Oh! shut those eyes, that gently breathing prayer! Mother! Mother! thy painted presence is with me at this hour. Oh! bless this wretched, miserable heart again. Mother! long months have passed since that halowed name fell from my lips, but to-night it lingers there like heavenly music; again those loving eyes are bending over me; that gentle hand is pressed once more in blessing upon my head. I start to clasp the loved form to my breast, but the vision flies, and—

I am alone! Alone! chill and cold in all its bitterness that word now falls upon my heart, more desolate, more lonely than ever. Alone! in all God's universe, there lives not a single friend for me. Oh! for the love of one true, constant heart! I know I do not deserve such a boon. I am more false than those I most condemn. Yet, methinks, there been been one to extend the true, honest hand of friendship, and encouragement, I might have been—but I will not look at what "might have been." I am weary, weary of this earthly wandering! Oh! life, cease thy false dream! Let me rest in eternal sleep! let me die now, before another day shall dawn; to me it will bring not a ray of light. Existence has become a burden—why should I still bear it? One plunge—a struggle two—and then the aching heart will be at rest; the blue waves will flow gently over the sleepless form, so sweetly sleeping within their embrace. Some irresistible power holds me back—well be it so! the burden of life must be borne a while longer—look again to the cold world, where there is no truth, no peace, no happiness! Human friendship is but an idle tale, often told, but never realized. Yet there must be one faithful one—but not for me! not for me!—alone! alone!"

"Hours pass unheeded by, as page after page of this strange history is eagerly devoured. Many conflicting emotions are awakened within my bosom. "Scoon and indi renced," now, wretched, suffxing heart, the view, and a y words of poet tossed toter hopelessnes. Where now is before which my in admiration liing, endowed excellence, so Oh! is it a bath that "the shrews devotion, is the broken idol, a hate stood a firm its parts, it is all But I have fuse to flow. Its fury, and hardly at the still is."

The deep, dark shadows in deep gloom burrs faintly it continues its seems to have started in its hie unceasingly at up a few with the oppressive Oecasionally it sort of mute lies. I lay my head, and rest. The fading lig window, falls all in the din, but some a softness; the eyes upon me, and upon the lips, turn, thoughtfully, covering my at my skin, percepting one. I listen a heed the pleasant hands, have the holy trust. I
AN AFTERNOON IN A BACHELOR'S SANCTUM

...to lead that unhappy, penitent wanderer, back to the path of truth, and peace.

God grant that I may not betray the trust! I kneel, with heart and soul ascending in prayer to Heaven, that I may indeed be the means of bringing the prodigal back to his Father's house.

As I pray, my soul is lifted from earth, and I seem to stand in the presence of the Infinite; a heavenly brightness is all around me, and in that light, I feel for the first time, that I have been rendering to the creature the homage due to the Creator alone, and that this lesson has been sent to raise my affections to the only object worthy of supreme love.

And from my inmost soul, I render thanks to "Him who doeth all things well," for the lesson.

I am conscious of a door opening; I hear a footsteps approaching, and in another moment a manly form is kneeling, beside me, a proud head bowed low, and burning tears are falling upon my forehead, and a voice tremulous with emotion, asks, "Myra, am I forgiven?"

In a moment, my arms are around his neck—words are useless from me.

The "God bless you, my own guardian angel!" And that solemn oath, taken there, "before high heaven and before the God, who in mercy has suffered me to live to see this hour, I will devote, from this time henceforth, and forever, life, time, talents, all, everything, to His service," was more than enough to repay me for all the anguish I had suffered. And if tears of heartfelt repentance, and years of striving for a better purpose, with a humble reliance upon the blood of our Great Redeemer, can atone for years of crime and sin, I know that vow will be faithfully kept.

An hour later, and I was his wife.

A wrong—a selfish, personal wrong, inflicted upon any human being, will sooner or later meet with its merited punishment—even though that wrong may be deeply repented of.
THE STORM.

In gathering fury,  
The raging storm swells,  
    The winds shriek in madness,  
      With demon-like yells;  
    Thus the storm-driven sky,  
       And the element thin,  
        Are peace to the conflict.

    That rage within.

    The storm-king that reigns  
      In cold Northern lands,  
        Has summoned to battle  
          His thundering bands,—  
            Wild spirits that fight.

    At their leader'shest,—  
          A type of the tumult  
            That reigns in the breast.

    As I exult in your power!  
    Lash ocean's dark wave;  
    Mock man's pany strength,—  
      Riling him down to his grove;

    Dash the shrieking ships,  
    And to the sky,  
    With hands of delight,  
    Drawn the mariner's cry.

    Ye furious winds!  
    In merciless bands,  
    Ye are sweeping away,  
    To fair southern lands;

    To play with the palm-trees,  
    In beautiful bowers,  
    And breathe in soft symphonies,  
    Over tropical flowers.

San Francisco, February.

OLD FORTY-NINE.

W. Y.-

"Why then death dealt, a bloodless gloss of truth,  
    Must after honor and advancement yield,  
    And not in happy for devouring death,  
    As 'tis the eye of that which weे. must  
    As life's days forever should remain."

The night was past, that had begun  
    To me a doubting, desperate one, in hope—and the black clouds, the chill,  
    Smoky, misty atmosphere, the sighing wind, that beat down walls of nature in  
    Her sleep were gone. God's sun was up: God's glorious sun with bright  
    Rays flashing over the world—leaping over continent and oceans, land and sea,  
    Mountains, plain and glen; and over our  
    Beautiful bay, it poured a flood of golden  
    Light, which peered beneath the curtains  
    Of my tent, and woke me from a dream  
    Of a great battle-field, on which the hot  
    Sun was pouring down with a fierce  
    Light, and I was leader of a charge to  
    Victory.

And so the morn was up again,  
    And it was morning now with me, for the  
    Strong impulse of last night's adventure  
    Had given me an aim, which made the  
    Day's sun welcome, as he ushered in the  
    Morn.

Old friend, I tell thee, I was  
    Re-youthed, and as I looked my boot-tome  
    Upon my foot, and threw my arms out  
    To brace the muscles, I felt as I did of  
    Old, when a mad young student, I pulled  
    The stroke oar in our gig, the Frazilly,  
    And heard the steersman's loud whis-  
    -per—giving you boys for your life, we are  
    first, another swing and we are home.

Look back, comme, to some hour of  
    Your life, for we all have those hours,  
    When the chance we drink from, hath  
    No bright flash in the wine, for 'tis the  
    Bitter cup of death—death to our hopes,  
    Death to all our glorious aspirations—  
    No matter who has filled the cup—it  
    May have been a friend, for whom you,  
    In your loyalty, would have quaffed your  
    Soul—it may have been a lover, whose  
    Truth you would have wagered against  
    The brightest angel in the skies—it  
    May have been the time of a darling  
    Scheme, thought some as hum'rous  
    Calculation could assurc—But they were all  
    False—false as the earth's living daily  
    Lies, friendship, love and truth, as none  
    Renders them in his intercourse with man.

And the dark hour would be with  
    You, and you looking out, away over  
    The ocean of the future, a wanderer upon  
    Its shores; sinking knee-deep in the  
    Quicksands of misfortune, and no friendly  
    Boat on all the long and dreary  
    Beach; no beckoning land, no voice to  
    Say, come, I will take thee quickly  
    To your glorious coast, away over the  
    Dark sea, to a land of hope and joy. You  
    Must recollect this, and if in these black  
    Days you to me, a light ahead appeared,  
    You will then understand, the elasticity  
    Of frame and spirit which I felt, on that  
    Eventful morn, to me,—as with a half  
    Mind, yet brisk step, I made my way  
    To the quarter of the city where Harold's  
    Office was situated.
He was there before me, and received me, with a kindliness of manner, which won my esteem at once. For some hours he sat beside me and explained my duties. Well, months rolled on and I was engaged, day after day, and often, night after night, in copying and making duplicates of a correspondence in cipher, which extended to many a land; and I was engaged in a scheme so glorious, that even now, years past, it makes my blood boil excited.

And Harold was the master spirit, and worked with a giant energy, in the new mission of his life. I watched him often then, and in my admiration for his genius, and the height of his aspirings, I felt my soul knit to his with a tie which death alone could untie.

The "Gallant," was returned and he was with me reading later after letter, of some hundreds he received. I could see the smile of triumph on his face, as he threw one he had opened to me, in which was a sealed parchment deed. I looked at it, and my brow flushed with heat, for I saw my own name. I read on, breathless and startled to my feet, exclaiming, Harold, I thank thee.

I was appointed a Colonel of Cavalry, by the Council of Twelve, who managed the government of the work we had engaged in.

"Oh! now I am happy," exclaimed Harold, "my hour of triumph is approaching, and you, my friend, will see me in another field than this; and we will both write our names on the pages of the future, as the founders of an enlightened, free, and glorious Republic; the builders of great State, from the broken fragments and ruins of an old and fallen one.

"Must we here to-night," he continued, "and I will give you further insight into our matters and introduce you to six of our companions, who have come up in the schooner, to make the final arrangements—for we have in four days from this. In the mean time you can read these letters and study those charts.

And as he left he pointed to a pile of them, which were unloosed from their fastenings and lay upon the table. I sat down to study, and now for the first time I understood the gigantic scheme we were to be the actors in. Mexico was to be revolutionized and wrested from the intolerant race who, sunk in ignorance and slavish superstition, had forfeited their titles to a nation's rights; and I felt as if God had made us instruments to work out his high behests.

As I quickly glanced over the well-laid plans, the deep reasons, and the evident close weighing of every contingency, I could see that master minds were at work as our assistants.

Harold's chief mission in California had been to procure arms and ammunition, of which he had procured many cargoes and, as yet, had not attracted the attention of the authorities. and in Mexico.

Some fifty gentlemen, in the old States and Europe, well versed in the strategy of war, had pledged themselves to lend each a hundred men, well drilled and trained, at a given point, within a certain time, and Harold was to be their chief—the rest was with the future and the gods of war.

You know me, old friend, how exultable I am, and you can well imagine how I was carried away with enthusiastic zeal as I read on, for I beheld fame, fortune, honor, before me, and the joy of returning home crowned with the laurels of our triumph. And in my dear home I would be surrounded by old friends to welcome back the wealthy soldier, around whose brow were twined the proud wreath of true nobility, worn on the battle-field, amid the rolling war-cloud, the path of blood, the cry of death, the charge, the fight, the glorious shout of victory.

Did I forget Levinia, the idolized—in that hour of fierce hope! True, the trumpet call, the cannon's peal, the rush of the bursting shell, the high toned word of command, and the proud neigh of the war-steed, were ringing in my mental ear, shutting out the memory of
my love. It was not long, for she, the
adored, was with me once again, living
in my heart and imagination. Her fair
arms were circling round my neck and
she was whispering sweet welcome to
the wanderer, returned to claim her as
his own, never more to be parted on
this side the grave—to be his pride, his
hope, his joy, his morning star; glance
ning bright beams and granting all their
light to him in tokens of sweet love.
For this hope had he crossed the boisterous
ocean, for this had he toiled in unknown
depths, for this had he toiled in unknown
strange futility, and back again—back again—soul was
knit to soul.

The night was with us once again—
the sun was gone and all his glial light
which had given youth and fresh heat
to the earth, which had kissed the flow-
er into life and beauty, and from his
warm and wonton glances blushed their
bright tints with the hues of his glow-
ing light. For it was darkness now,
all covered with the black canopy and
mystery of the night.

So with the life of man—it is sun-
shine, stroke, and night—joy and sor-
row in their turns—though some have
joy which hath no night, and some have
sorrow which hath no day.

The Conspirators were met. Eight
of us in Harold's room, and he looked
in his office as President, well worthy
of the post; and from his head expla-
nations and clear instructions, we were
filled with a certainty of success which
gave us confidence and hope.

He finished, and then he placed be-
fore us, the articles of our compact,
and read them with his deep toned
voice, which fell upon our ear like the
solemn words of a priest, before the
altar.

And then came the oath, and we all
stood upon our feet, and extending both
arms above our heads, we, looking at
each other, heard the words—

"To this I swear and pledge my
honor, and bind myself to hold sacred by
word and deed hereafter. And particu-
larly I swear that until this
work is completed, that every angry
feeling, that every enmity for quarrel, that
any feeling of revenge; no matter what
the occasion, towards any member of
this confederation, will be overlooked—
and no account be required—to this
I pledge my sacred honor."

So ended our meeting, and we sepa-
rated.

And when in the silent hours of
night, I thought over our instructions
and our oath, I felt I was pledged to
the work—come well or woe, and it
was now either the night or the morn-
ing of my life. I tossed in my bed,
fevered for hours,—I could not sleep
that night, for my brain was full of
strange fancies—and again and again
there came, half waking dreams of
horror, which chilled me to the heart.

Once I thought that my own hand, was
held up before me, and it was white as
marble, with the blue veins traced ul-
timately in every branch—suddenly
there came upon it, a spot, a round dark spot of blood, which grew
broad in its circle till the whole hand
was covered, and, oh God! drops of
blood which grew

And now I saw a man in elp. Malay
which hurried over the banks breasted and
slammed and still to my senses. He was
beaten, afflicting the breast and fixing
me to my
shades which took in days and months,
and years upon years. And as my
eyes in their waking dreaming, wan-
dered over the

to the west, I was
looking at
which ruled in
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erosis future
there broke
words of the
Lavinia, for
Lavinia."

I started as
in a vital
the blow. I
saw a man in
cliff. Malay
which hurried
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THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

No. III.

It is Spring again. Bright rays come and linger on the scene all the day long; the gentle breeze, laden with its gifts of balm, goes righ'ting among the fresh green leaves; the wild flowers are springing forth on every plain and hill side; and the birds make the air resound, all day long, with their cheerful strains. Even after our slight winter, this season comes like the most welcome of old friends, and its vital gush of gladness seems even to influence ourselves, for the sluggish blood, that winter's nearly congealed, goes rushing through our veins, reviving the sleeping spirit of joy within us. As we lie listlessly upon the ground, and look upon the fresh and blooming scene, and it recalls Spring past, as we live through all the events again that have become balled up by the cherishing care of memory, what a feeling of tender sadness awakens in our breasts, a regret so pure and sweet that we love to dwell upon it. And as our thoughts glide back on the lovely distance of years, to the Spring of our youthful days, to what an exquisite grief does this feeling deepen. The holy maze of youth, that memory clothes perpetually with Spring. Time has traveled down, or tinted with charming hues, all the little sorceries we knew when we dwelt in it; and as we gaze back on its flowers, its birds, its fields which never fade, never change, never feel the chilling blasts that sweep all other times of life, we look upon it as upon a beautiful Eden, from which we have been cruelly driven.

Such have been some of my thoughts during the bright Spring days, and I have ranged the hills with them for my companions, until, in the overflow of my buoyant spirits, I have forgotten the world, except as it was in my careless boyhood. There has been one great drawback on my joyfulness. It has become perceptible that Ben is falling very fast. He only walks with difficulty; he is with me. On the contrary, when I hear of the noble action of some ob-
sore persons like ourselves; whose station and sentiments are similar to our own, it elicited for him the grace of sympathy, the earnest gratitude and warm affection of our hearts. It is the same when we gaze on ruins. When we behold the remains of great cities and mighty nations, the same vague feelings of awe and cold sorrow press us. But when we look upon the desolate hearth of some humble dwelling, the scene of homely life, the tenderest emotions of heartfelt interest and sadness are awakened.

The life of the California Miner, makes this last description of ruins very numerous. Almost as restlessly in their mode of life as the Arabs, to-day you see their tattered roofs forming a part of some scene, and tomorrow they are gone; but, unlike the habitations of the desert dwellers, the traces of the miners' cabin remain visible for years.

How near are these cabins a type of our knowledge of their owners. They spring up suddenly as scenes in the drama of existence—teeming with all the active bustle of life; and their owners, as characters, help to carry out the plot of our little tale of life—known for a time in all the warmth of reality; and then they are gone. The cabins stand plain and life-like, like the fresh memory of those departed from them. Time lingers on and the freshness of the memory fades; the moss covered logs of the cabin fall to the ground, vegetation springs up and clothes the wasting heap, and in a few short years the ruins become as indistinct as our memory of their owners.

I love to linger about deserted cabins, and try to discover among their ruins some traces of the nature and tastes of their departed dwellers. The tokens are few enough, indeed, generally consisting of a host of empty bottles. Yet even they are not wholly uninteresting, unless seen with the constricted vision of some prejudiced temperance votary. They speak of good cheer and joviality; for the miner rarely enjoys his luxuries without the assistance of his neighbors.

It is easy, while standing beside the remains of some old cabin, to vividly recall, without any other assistance than these few scattered bottles, the time when the old cabin stood in its glory—the picturesque company around the huge fire—the freely circulating bottle—and all the boisterous mirth and unrestrained, unrestrained good fellowship of the early miners.

This, perhaps, is the most common thought that connects itself with the ruins of strange cabins. Yet I always believe that there are deeper secrets of strong affection, and parting grief linked with all of them. There is with many, I know, and they are so much resembling others, that there certainly must be with all. Would a stranger observe anything different from the remains of other cabins, in that old pile of ruins across the creek, those moss covered logs, and fallen chimney? Yet they have had their part in the events of my life. I remember, as if but yesterday, how one morning I heard the strokes of an axe among the pine trees, and I knew a miner had begun to build his cabin. In course of time it was finished, and I came to number Jones, its occupant, among my intimate friends; and he and his cabin became as much a reality in my little world as if I had known them from the hour of birth. Time passed on, and I could have almost believed Jones to be an alchemist, for all he touched seemed to turn to gold. He amassed a fortune, and prepared to return to his home in the east. Before he went he gave a great farewell to all his friends. In the course of some valedictory remarks, delivered under the genial influence of the dinner, he said:

"One of the greatest regrets which I feel on leaving this place, is the parting with this old cabin; I have formed such a strong attachment for it, during our long companionship, that I look upon it with almost the same feelings of affection that I should upon an old human companion. When I think of the fierce storms that have raged around me, and the- have shed most regrets and protectors. The memory of the companionship of the early miners, and the scenes of elegance that I have seen in my mind's eye, is.a pleasant memory.

Jones world, on his departure, to his former friends: "You are such busy people, that you have no time to visit me.

I love to linger about deserted cabins, and try to discover among their ruins some traces of the nature and tastes of their departed dwellers. The tokens are few enough, indeed, generally consisting of a host of empty bottles. Yet even they are not wholly uninteresting, unless seen with the constricted vision of some prejudiced temperance votary. They speak of good cheer and joviality; for the miner rarely enjoys his luxuries without the assistance of his neighbors.
...the faithful roof and walls that have shielded me from their fury, I almost regard them as conscious friendly protectors. Every inch of it has grown so familiar, every easy place for the reception of some article, every spot of elegance and comfort, that I sigh to think that I shall never find one so familiar again. And, though doubtful my destiny leads me to a more elegant, grand, and luxurious home, I feel certain I shall never again experience such perfectly unrestrained and unloyed happiness as I have felt in the society of my friends, in this old cabin.

Jones disappeared from my little world, and the floods of time closed over his departure. The circling waves of memory, so distinct at first, grew fainter and fainter, as they spread away over the distance of years, until now I sometimes doubt whether it was a wolf sunk in life's sea, that caused these faint vibrations, or not. And when these spells of doubt come over me, I go and sit down among the ruins of Jones' cabin. It is like striking the key note of a forgotten tune. All the old, cheerful recollections come rushing back upon me. I sit again at the paring dinner, and hear Jones' words of strong attachment for his cabin, sounding again in my ears. I start, and these visions fade; I sit until the waning ruses of the object of his attachment, and then my wonder tries to pierce the veil which hides the world's secrets, and sea where upon the human sea floats Jones, the wolf that disappeared from my sight a long ago. It is a vain attempt. But the ruins of the cabin, for which he had so strong an affection, stand, like a relic in the memory of the departed cheerful times, and speak as eloquently in their desolation, as if they possessed tongues, and were not the inanimate things that they are.

Such are the feelings that stir within me as I sit among the ruins of the cabin of the wealthy Jones. God knows there is but little sympathy between the rich and poor—not half so much as there ought to be; yet when I stand by these wanting fragments; and recall the sincerity of Jones' grief at parting, I cannot say but what it affects me as much as if I stood by the remains of the cabin of Brown, and recalled his parting. I feel in common with both of them, although my sympathies naturally incline to Brown, as being a poor man, like myself.

Brown came on the creek at nearly the same time as Jones; for years he worked hard, early and late, and was strictly temperate; yet he barely managed to make a living; and when he went away he had not a dollar in the world. He could not give a feast, like Jones, but he invited me over to spend the evening, before he departed. In the course of our conversation, when speaking about going away, he said:

"I should have left this place long before, but I could not break the attachment I have formed for this cabin. Of all the pairings of my life, and that they have been by no means few, I have never had one come so heavily upon me as this; and I shall turn from this place as I would turn from the grave where I had buried all I loved of earth. If I knew that life were long to be that which it has been, the forming of affections but to have them broken, I should be glad to never see the morrow."

During the years of adverse fortune in which I have remained here, I have formed a love for this place so deep, that I now leave the dearest thing on earth in leaving it. When without everything has gone wrong, and friends have proved faithless, I have come into this cabin, and left the world at the door, and the silent legs have spoken—so frankly, as it were, of my reliance on them as things that could be impartially dependent upon, that I have given them my confidence and affection, for want of any other object to bestow it upon. And they have borne their trust well. It may appear weak to you, but I doubt not but that I shall shed the tears that I take the last look of it; and for a long, long time,
Whatever my fortune may be, I shall yearn for its beloved hearth."

Strange words to read in connection with a log cabin. More strange to hear them uttered with all the vehemence of passionate speech. And yet I think that Brown was less sensitive than Jones. In the adversity of fortune in which some of the brightest and purest love that earth has ever known, has been nursed, and had formed bonds of feeling stronger than even his own passionate words expressed.

I saw him next morning, as he turned from its beloved hearth, with all he possessed in the world upon his back, to go again among strange scenes, and strange faces. I saw him as he paused on the last elevation from which he could see his cabin, turn and look long and fondly on its cherished form; and then dashing the tears away with his coarse sleeve, move onward with such a swelling heart, as only those who have parted from dearly loved homes can know.

Jones died in his cabin. As we gathered around his bed, where he was dying, he feebly said:

"When I am dead, boys, bury me near the cabin. It soothed the thoughts of dying away from all the dear friends who should gather around us in this trying hour, to think that I shall rest close to the spot which, of all on earth, but one, I love the best."

As his voice failed him, his eyes wandered around the familiar room, and a smile lighted up his features, which remained on them when they were fixed and cold.

With such recollections of the partings I have witnessed, can I fail to be interested in these frailside rules? They were all occupied by Jonases, Browns, or Smiths. It may be that it was only the condescension of a rich man, to his less fortunate fellows—it may be that it was only the solicitude for sympathy, of a poor man—it may be that it was only the peevish request of a dying man—it may be that selfishness lies at the bottom of all of our affections—it may be that the sophisms of philosophers, who have not the capacity for feeling deep emotions, are truths. I leave such belief to others. I believe in the spontaneous flow of affection that extends even to inanimate things, the love with which the heart invests every object that comes within our sphere of life. And this belief, and the recollection of the pain with which I have always parted from former homes. And in memory that some day this old cabin, where we now gather so cheerful and happy, will one day be numbered among them, while we are scattered widely over the earth. I shall always look with sad interest upon deserted cabins.

YES, WE MISS THEE.

[Many, doubtless, there are in California, who have sent home to friends, not from the newspapers of the day, the beautiful lines beginning with—"

"Do they miss me at home?"

And many are the heart-throbs that have been a response to these thrilling lines. But here we give the warm greetings of a sister's love in answer to C. A. K.—(Ed.)

Dear wanderer from home, yes we miss thee,
And the tear will unbidden come,
As we think of the time when we met thee,
And gave thee a fond welcome home;
For once to the bright El Dorado,
Over the desert's far reaching track,
You hastened for gold, while forgetting
Your longed for the home of your childhood;
For the shade of the old homestead tree;
We miss thee at morn and at even,
And with thee a lovely laden sigh,
For a shelter that seems like our loved one's
In fancy we see gilding thy
Come back! 'tis a sister that calls thee;
Come back, thy home and her love;
Come back—say the loved ones in among—
We sigh, till no longer you can stay;
For warmer and purer may be truer;
Though time gilds on, and are changing,
We will love thee even as now.

MARY.
"Why do you waste that biscuit?" said a gentleman to a young lad who was busily employed in breaking up a fresh roll, and molding the pieces between his thumb and finger, into different shapes. The boy hung his head, and was about to leave the table, when the gentleman, taking him kindly by the arm, said, "See here, I want to tell you a circumstance which occurred on board of my whaling ship a few years ago; and which made such an impression on my mind that I can never again endure to see a crumb of food wasted."

A few years ago, when I was in New Bedford, preparing for my last whaling cruise, my Aunt came to me, requesting that I would take her son, a very interesting boy of about fourteen years, to sea with me. "It will be very hard for me to part with Willie," said the mother, "for he is all I have; but his health is so poor, and he is so delicate, that I think I shall lose him by death. Had his father lived he would have taken him to sea long before this time."

I readily consented to the mother's request, and Willie sailed with me. It proved but a short time to prove how wise and apparent had been the course of the mother, for Willie's health improved daily; and his amiable disposition made him a favorite with all. "We had been out nearly three years, and would, with two or three more whales, have completed our cruise. Willie was now able to engage in the exciting and dangerous sport of whaling. One day it had been unusually dull; towards night the men on the look-out cried—

"A whale! a whale!"

I peered looking in the direction indicated, discovered a large whale making right towards us. It was too late in the day for us to entertain the hope of capturing her; so I ordered our ship to be put about, well knowing that a whale will not attack a vessel, under ordinary circumstances. Having seen my orders obeyed, I went below deck, where Willie and some more of my companions, were whiling away the time by song and jest; when, suddenly, something struck our ship with such force that every timber quivered. A loud cry from the men on deck; and ere we had time to think, we received another shock, and the water came rushing in upon us."

"In the boats, to the boats!" I cried. "In less time than I can tell it to you, the boats were lowered; and, snatching such articles of provison as were in our way, we embarked in them. Suddenly had the last man left the wreck, ere our gallant ship went down. The whale, I think, must have been enraged by other pursuers, and wreaked her vengeance upon us. The boat in which it was my lot to be cast, contained some ten persons, among whom was my young friend, Willie. Our hope was that we might fall in with some whaling vessel, and be rescued. Our stock of provisions was very small, and from the first was dealt out in rations, with great care, that not one should have a crumb more than another. When the fifth day dawned we had not one particle of food, and the little that we had eaten for the few days previous, had been far from sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, to say nothing of keeping up the strength of men who were toiling at the oars day and night. The small jug of wafer that we had with us was nearly exhausted, and yet no friendly sail have in sight. As far as our eyes could reach there was nothing to be seen save the sky above, and the sea beneath; and yet we toiled on, hoping that each succeeding morrow would reveal to us a sail."

"But no! the tenth day dawned, yet no sail had been discovered; hope
had nearly deserted us. The men were frantic and clamorous for food. One had suddenly thrown himself overboard, preferring drowning to the lingering death of starvation; and the son, like some huge monster, opened her insatiate jaws, and swallowed him. Now the men whispered to one another, and their eyes glittered like mance. At last, one, holder than the rest, spoke out.

"There is no denying the fact, starvation stares us in the face. To go longer without food is impossible. I propose that we shall cast lots to see who shall die first, and by the sacrifice of one perhaps save many."

"For a moment a death-like stillness hung over our little boat; and nothing but the convulsive tremor of the ears in the water betrayed that those fearful words had been heard. At length the oars resumed their usual beat, and the proposal was seconded by another, and assented to by all. The lots were soon cast—ah! that I should live to tell the lot fell upon Willie. And now the question arose, Who shall slay him?

"As a last resource, we propose that we shall cast lots, to see who shall die first, and by the sacrifice of one perhaps save many."

"No sooner proposed than done; and the lot fell upon me."

"I will not do it, I cried; I will give myself in his stead. He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow."

"The lot fell upon him," was the reply, "and if you won't kill him, some one else must. We will cast lots again."

"It was done, and this time the lot fell upon a barly sailor."

"I will not do it," said he."

"As a pistol was produced by one of the men, it was agreed to shoot him. All this time Willie had been pulling at the oars; he now asked for some one to take his place, which being done, he moved along to the stern of the boat; when, turning his back on us, and lifting his tarpaulin from his head, he knelt in prayer for a few moments. Then rising, he approached me, and taking my hand, said—"

"Captain, if ever you reach home, remember my poor mother. Say to her, Willie was ready to die, but never let her know the real circumstances of my death."

"Then turning to his comrades, he said—"

"Comrades, I am ready."

"A neckerchief of one of the men served to tie his hands. He took his place in the bow of the boat. I turned my back, and leaned far over the boat side. The sharp report of a pistol, and Willie was no more. Thank God, he did not linger."

"The man seemed fearless at first to eat that which they had so coveted; but hunger soon compelled them to partake. They ate, sparingly at first, then ravenously. I did not partake; I could not."

"Four days after this, near sunset, we thought we discovered a dark spot upon the water. It might be a vessel; every nerve was strained to reach it. It proved to be an English whaler, and the Captain most humbly took us on board, and did everything he could for our relief and comfort."

"When the little boat which had been our home for fourteen days, was hoisted alongside, some of Willie's remains were yet to be seen; and the good Captain gave orders to have them gathered, and prepared for burial. It did not take long to haul them in a sheet, nor long to sew them in the casket—which is the sailor's coffin. His comrades, with such of the whaler's crew as could be spared from duty, gathered round his remains, and the Captain, reading the most impressive service from the book of 'Common Prayer,' committed his body to the deep."

"Never, since that time," said the gentleman, "do I see a well spread table, but I think of those poor famishing men. Never do I see a poor woman, when I
reached my home, Willie's mother hastened to me, to inquire, with anxious heart, after her dear boy. I could not tell her all, and left her with the impression that he was lost on the wreck."

CARRIE D.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

BY BENJ.

A blissful dreaminess had rested upon my heart all day. Oh! how could I help but be happy in this sweet spring-time, when the skies are so blue, and the earth so fair; when little dimpled hands have placed the early violets in my hair, and gentle voices, and soft bright eyes have spoken so pleasantly and encouragingly to me. Unhappy I could not be, gazing forth into the glad world, where every thing I see is a type of heaven, and heaven scarcely hid by the blue between! I had stood by the win dam door hours, though it seemed to me not as many minutes....A gay procession, the good, the true, the beautiful, of days long-gone, passed in review before me, and a gush of olden melodies thronged every avenue of my heart—filling it with gladness. In my selfishness, I prayed that I might enjoy the beautiful sunlight, and starlight, and love-light, which made my heart the dwelling-place of such angelic guests; forgetting for the moment, though our latter waters may have circled above us, it has been that we might rise with the pure pearls we have gathered beneath their dark waves. A gentle tap at the door, and my reverie was dispelled by the familiar voice of one of my pupils, exclaiming, "She is dying! Oh! Mrs. W., Lizzie is dying! Come quickly, she is almost gone!" Dying? dying? My little blue-eyed, pale face of Willie rises before me, and I am by her bedside, and a glance at the little sufferer tells me it is even so. * * Elise! the pure spirit approaches nearer and nearer the shore, where to such as are of the Kingdom of heaven, every footstep is upon flowers; and clear and low murmurs the limpid, amber-colored waves, that we call the Jordan of death. See! they are dashing over her, and the cool spray falls in pearls upon her forehead. Another struggle, and the frail dwelling that enthralled her pure spirit, is without an occupant.

Oh, there are so few who love us,—and surely there was room enough in this great world of ours! But there is like "the flower-girl, who, going forth to gather the first-born of the spring-time, the lilly, bending with the purest distillations of night, is gathered first." Oh, he not distressful ye stricken mother—be silent. Is not ye heaven your daughter's home? dwell not your Father there?

They brought me the little shroud, and asked me to put it on, and the ribbon to tie her hands, those hands which had so often clasped my own with such loving confidence, and smoothed my hair. They took from her finger a ring, and placed it upon mine, and told me to keep it, for she sake; and rose-buds, and geranium leaves, were nestling over the little guiltless heart, that for two years had been lovingly for me.

And now, there are five little graves up there in the church-yard, which in that time have been made for those who have passed out from under the school-room roof, to "a house not made with hands." Five times has the music which echoed from heart to heart, been muffled by the shroud-folds, and the funeral pall. Five times have I gone with my little flock, and folded back the winding-sheet, to show them all that remained of their play-fellow, or classmate,—and to-day we all kneel around little Lizzie's grave; and I prayed, not for long life to any of us, but that when we shall go hence, we may die in the pure in heart and soul.

This will be a hallowed spot, yours hence; and loving hands will part the boughs of the linden, and read on a plain little head-stone,—"Elizabeth Merker, aged 6 years and 4 months."
The following epistle explains and introduces itself:

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 13, 1856.

Messrs. Editors,—When we feel grateful to a person for anything, it doubles the pleasure of that gratitude to let him know it. That is all the apology I have to offer for intruding this upon you, and I shall feel still more grateful if I do not have to apologize for such an apology. I had read and digested all of the sentimental, the grave, and the witty, of Harvard’s latest monthly; had perused over some of the rather weighty articles of Putnam; had dedicated myself to study by the perusal of that glorious and venerable Ke Chooheriker; and had, as I thought, absorbed the best, the brightest, and the sweetest of the light literature which America could afford, when behold! I fresh and unalloyed from its long journey, bearing its treasure of literary gems, came your magazine. You, verily, had I forgotten that California contained anything of importance, except the dear brother who sent me your book, and who I have most heartily wished out of her dominions. I had forgotten, that within a few years, a people powerful in their sagacity and upward progress, have already displaced the stigma of insularism in California, and instituted in its stead, the fame of brilliant enterprise; not only as regards the attainment of gold from the mines, or by commerce—but that which is more important, the dissemination of education, by means of the schools, the newspaper, and that last of all, which combines in itself both instruction and entertainment, the monthly California Magazine. All this I had forgotten, but your welcome visitor brought it back to my recollection; and, when I had devoured its pages with delight, I felt really ashamed of my memory.

Its faithful portrayures of Californian life and scenes are indeed both novel and rich, and doubly so, when they step to relieve the monotony of this dull portion of our country. Then why should I not be grateful? Then why should I not make these few lines record such an immense distance to inform you of my gratitude? Why not? Perhaps after all, it may gratify you to know that your distant readers appreciate and enjoy the benefit of your labors. Be that as it may, I shall henceforth look forward with pleasure to the periodical visit of your magazine.

Yours respectfully,

[Signature]

We regret that distance prevents our taking you by the hand, and thanking you for your kind words of approval; but you will please consider our pains in yours, and the friendly grip, felt that (in imagination at least) we are shaking you by the hand, although thousands of miles away.

REPUTATION.—Everybody knows that, by a decision of the Supreme Court of this State, over two millions of dollars of our State indebtedness, is declared to be “illegal.”

We are sorry to see, that, because of this decision, there are some who raise the cry of “repudiation” of the debt.

We grant that we have been cursed with official corruption, to an amount unprecedented degree—with betrayals of trust, by men in high places—rather alarming. In every conceivable shape—with office holders, who have, for a per centage, disposed of croments at a fearful and unjust price. But rather than see this word, “repudiation,” unlaided by California, we would prefer that she should be sold, “stuck, lock, and barrell,” to pay her debt.

Why? shall a country like ours, which, from almost nothing, but, within eight short years, amassed a taxable property of over one hundred millions of dollars, besides sending away annually, not less than fifty millions more, “repudiate” the pittance sum of a couple of millions of dollars, more or less? The amount carried away on a single steamer? Shall her fair name, and glorious destiny be ever dimmed, or tarnished, for any consideration? much less for the insignificant amount declared to be “illegal”? We answer never. Yet we are glad of the decision, for the lesson of economy it may teach. But when it is submitted to a vote of the people, as it doubtless will be, we hope no effort shall be made to prevent the issue of the debt. Let no man, “repudiate.”

We believe that the mixture, with his wearying and heart-stirring disappointments—his unold patience, while waiting for water—his rolling through a burning sea, or in a drearless mile—with hopes and longings treasured up for dear ones afar away—surrounded by every distraction—would prefer to give his day or two of labor, however hard it might prove to him, if he could, to the assistance that was ever cast upon our glorious California. And when that amount can be paid, by over three hundred thousand new mountain is ever for a mean.

We know the way to the west, or

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Dell. Dell.
Our Neighbors on the right.—With all his excentricities and quixoticities, will appear next month.

Wake the Heart's Echoes.—On file for next month.

Forts.—We refer you to a "tale with a moral," in the present number, that you may judge how your article would look in print; last with this difference, that while our hero's tale had some little point, being founded on fact—yours can hardly be said to possess even such merit.

A Landmark.—We would have preferred a California landmark, with the "old chintz" (we don't know whether horse or tree) left out of it, as the tree is not found in California. The other article, from the mouths of quixotists, seems to have been borrowed. We usually like to make our own selections.

Realization of my conception.—Number 6 is received.

L. S. L.—There is nothing like trying, and as this is your second attempt, you are entitled to much credit; but unfortunately, we are wholly unacquainted with bigger hieroglyphics.

A Sketch.—Is received and placed upon file.

Communications should reach us by the tenth of the month in which they are expected to appear.

My Teachers.—Received, and on file.

Delay.—Your article is a little too much on the "Bag'-gar order, for one not engaged in the lively business. We hope you will take another subject, and let us hear from you.

D. K.—The earthquake, or something else, has played the very "Dickens" with your "Poetry;" here is the first line, in which the letter A, owing to its peculiar shape, stood up good and strong, but lost at the rest—"A strong line..." Really mixed up we think, and at the most of your own script, it is hard to make use of this, can you blame us for not giving it, in full?

The City of Our God.—Reserved for next number.
Nantah.—Three hundred I was, have been employed for so many days in transcribing your manuscript and fitting it for the press,—(and if that is not a job, we will, tell you one that is)—but no two of them have made the same story out of it, we don’t know which to give, consequently we must decline it.

Springfield.—We give in this place, four lines of what you call verse:

"Read and pause with delight over the verse, but in a word, and observe the
never try your name for making a fortune.

We have heard of names being written in lines or columns of fire, or "living flames," if you choose to have it so. But to sing it, or get it sung in, "living flame," would make a warm business for somebody. If you will let us use "sung" for "sang," we can make capital sense of it.—We also give two lines from your "Poem":

"I am the owner of those that live;
Out away from those that live.

Now there is a terrible responsibility resting upon that little "I," after the word "that," for let us correct the "that" into is, as it would be in sober grammatical prose—and we have:

"For away from those that is true.
Rather ambiguous we think!

Comments upon Notes.—We regret that the author did not borrow the same amount of labor, upon some subject possessing a Pacific coast interest.

M. Chandler.—That promised Dog has not reached us. Please send it immediately— if not sooner.

George P.—You are right; and we wish you distinctly to understand that we do not endeavored the sentiment contained in the three characters you mention of the "World in California," in our last number. A friend requested that he might write those three, and we complied; and, being on a little cruise in the interior, we did not see them until after the number was issued, or they would never have appeared.

Ice.—We marveling and ineffectually, pronounce you a very wicked diner! First for supposing it possible even that we could belong to any of the "enlisted" species. Next for your presuming on the bare probability of our being anything but "human"!

And sure, that (did we ever do such things) we would wager you one of the oldest of our very old bozos, that before we had been in your cabin half an hour, that you would acknowledge yourself wrong in every "count" of your "calculations." The fact is, "our family" intend visiting the Yo-Ham-on Valley sometime in May next, and (for your being such a chump against us!) we thought that you might like to be one of the number. That’s all.

P. Eleanor Spring.—Certainly. If you will give us a "singing" of a sigh, we can certainly get it sung; but it would be about as interesting to our readers as the subject you mention: nevertheless, we thank you for the suggestion.

Seeds, Survive.—Any monstrous reptile, in human shape, that would bite or strike his own parent, we shall with natural contempt and abhor these—and any one who acts against his mother’s land—notably for "satisfaction" on that reptile, in our estimation, whatever may be her feelings. We feel polluted by the very touch of your anachronistic paper, and instinctively make wide hands of its poisonous influence, as we commit it to the flames. We had rather that our hand should writer at our side (and yours too) and that our tongue should chatter to the end of its mouth (and yours too) than either should be instrumental in saving the seeds of discord among brethren. Go, Seeds, to the tomb of the venerable Clay, and there repeat thee of thy evil words, in sackcloth and ashes, that perchance, the spirit of his sentiments may teach thee that the true patriots "know no north, no south, no east, no west,—nothing but the Union." We believe that it is such now as you, who have said and betrayed our own California for the traitor’s sum of "thirty pieces of silver," and who would to-day batter away their conscience and their country for "a mass of pot- ages," or a ditch of whisky. Once and for all, lords you and your clans, may rest assured, that never, by our knowledge and consent, shall these pages be desecrated by such unholy sentences. Are you answered? Kitty Cloud,—is at home, but just a little too late for this number.

John S.—Yours is a glorious good article, but it must lie over for next month.