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OVERLAND, FOR A RAILROAD,
FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The reader will doubtless remember that during the years 1853 and 1854, Acts of Congress were passed, authorizing and providing for the exploration and survey of the country lying between the Mississippi river and the Pacific Ocean, for the purpose of ascertaining the most practicable and economical route for a railroad across that portion of the American continent. In accordance with the provisions of that Act, expeditions were fitted out and dispatched on that mission, from various starting points, and on different parallels of latitude.

One, under Gov. J. J. Stevens, left St. Paul's, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi river, in latitude 45°, and explored from thence near the forty-seventh and forty-ninth parallels of north latitude, to Seattle, on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, a distance of 2025 miles.
Another, from Council Bluffs and Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri river, to Fort Bridger, on a tributary of Green river, was examined by Col. Fremont and Capt.斯坦伯里; and the examination and exploration continued from Fort Bridger to the Pacific, under Lt. Beckwith, near the forty-first and forty-second parallels of north latitude, by way of the Madison Pass, to the Sierra Nevada, to Fort Reading, on the Sacramento river, a distance of 1980 miles.

A third, under Capt. J. W. Gunnison, (who, with seven others, was barbarously murdered on the 26th of October, 1853, said to be by the Pai Ute Indians, on the Sevier river, and near the lake of that name in the Territory of Utah, while engaged in the performance of the duties committed to his charge,) with Lt. E. G. Beckwith as his assistant, (and upon whom, after the lamented death of Capt. Gunnison, devoted the command,) left Fort Leavenworth, to explore the route near the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallels of north latitude, through the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of the head waters of the Rio del Norte by way of the Huerfano river and Coo-cho-to-pa Pass (Col. Benton's route) to Grand river valley, Rio, Green, White and San Rafael rivers by the Great Salt Lake Valley to Fort Bridger, and from thence on the forty-first and forty-second parallels, to California, as mentioned above.

A fourth, under Lt. A. W. Whipple, from Fort Smith, Arkansas, started up the valley of the Canadian river and explored the country lying near the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, to Los Angeles, California.

A fifth, under Capt. John Pope, from Preston, on Red river, to the Rio Grande; continued from thence by Lt. J. Q. Parke to the Pimas villages on the Gila river, and from that point to the Gila's mouth the reconnaissance was made in 1848 by Maj. Emory; from the mouth of the Gila to San Francisco the exploration of Lt. B. S. Williams has furnished the data; the line of survey being near the thirty-second parallel of latitude. The whole distance from the navigable waters of the Mississippi to the Pacific on this route being 1600 miles.

In this connection we might mention the one from San Antonio, Texas, to San Diego, California, known as the Arizona route, on which, (according to the President's Message,) between the western boundary of Texas, on the Rio Grande, and the eastern boundary of California, on the Colorado, the distance does not exceed four hundred and seventy miles, and the face of the country is in the main favorable.

These form the principal routes surveyed by the U. S. Government for the purposes named.

It is our intention at the present time further to explain the various routes surveyed, or to advocate any particular one, than to present to the California public a brief outline of one of these routes, and which, although among the most interesting, in perhaps, upon the whole, less generally known than either of the others, and deserves a better acquaintance; we allude to that lying near the thirty-fifth parallel of north latitude, extending from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Los Angeles, California, surveyed under the direction of Lt. A. W. Whipple, of the Topographical Engineers, in 1853 and 1854; in giving which the language of his report will be preserved as much as possible.

This expedition consisted of a surgeon and botanist, geologist and mining engineer, physician and naturalist, principal assistant railroad engineer, topographer and artist, assistant astronomer, two assistant meteorological observers and surveyors, assistant astronomer and secretary, assistant engineer, assistant astronomer and computer, and an assistant surveyor, with the necessary outfit, escort, etc., and all other accompaniments to such an expedition.

The party made their place of rendezvous at Fort Smith, (a military post of the United States on the Arkansas river, 100 feet west of the boundary line of the State of
The whole waters of life on this article shall mention Texas, to San the Arizona to the Pres- the western Grande, and again on the not exceed lies, and the main favor-

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of Arkansas) and proceeded with their labors up the heavily timbered and fer-
tile bottom lands of the river, adjacent to the Fort, and coded to the Choctaw Na-
tion, (where no white man can, in his own right, acquire a land title or resi-
dence without the permission of the In-
dians and their agents,) when after passing through forests of oaks to an elevated plain, known as Ring’s prairie, covered with rank grass, upon which herds of cattle were feeding, they arrived at Saull-
lyville, (Saullipinna, Indian for money,) the seat of the Choctaw Nation Agency, fifteen miles from the Fort. This place consists of about thirty buildings, mostly stores, where the Indian can purchase such articles as he pleases for use or or-
nament. A pretty brook flows through the centre of the place, bearing the same name as the town.

Leaving Saulliville the road traversed a country of well wooded hills, with gentle slopes and fine grassy prairies inter-

vening, upon which farm-houses, sur-

rounded by corn-fields and gardens, were thinly scattered; through dense forests, occasionally somewhat broken, and across numerous rivulets; everywhere around the scenery being as beautiful, and some-

what resembling an English park.

The route of the expedition lay princip-

dally up the main valley of the Canadian river— one of the large branches of the Arkansas—to ascend which, a number of its tributaries, and several points of ele-

vated ridges, with occasional patches of undulating prairie were crossed. Upon the rich and well timbered bottom lands of nearly all of these streams evidences of semi-civilization were visible in the many cultivated farms, gardens, and homes of the Choctaws, Shawnees, and other In-
dians who occupy this beautiful, exceedingly fertile, and well watered do-

main. It is a fact somewhat singular that among these Indians are many Mexican captives; which once purchased from the Camanches, who had stolen them, are kept for the most part as slaves, many of them possessed of considerable intel-

ligence.

For a distance of over one hundred and twenty miles from Fort Smith carbon-
iferous formation is distinctly visible, and believed to be rich in bituminous coal. On Coal Creek, as its name indi-
cates, large veins crop out in many places; and the Indians speak highly of it; and from its use in the blacksmith’s forges belonging to the survey, it proved to be of excellent quality. Sandstone, and lime-
stone, suitable for bridges and viaducts, is also found in large quantities.

When near the outskirts of the half-civilized Indian settlements, a good guide became indispensable to the successful prosecution of the work; insomuch as the streams were unusually low, water scarce, and the country before them almost unknown; to obtain this was a matter of much difficulty, as those who were the best qualified to fill such an important position, could not be prevailed upon to take it; and even when one had consented (John Bushman, a Delaware,) to accept it at $2.50 per day, on the following morning he receded from his engagement, saying—"Maybe you find no water; maybe you all die;" and no amount of persuasion, argument, or money, could prevail upon him to accept the post. In this position they determined to press on and take their chances; but fortunately Mr. Chisholm, a Shawnee trader, placed at their disposal an intelligent Mexican boy named Vincante, of about sixteen years of age, well acquainted with the Indian character, and who understood Comanche, Spanish and English.

This difficulty met in some degree, the party struck out upon the vast western prairies, where the Indians, untamed by civilization, roam at will. Now crossing a wide and gently undulating ridge, resembling an extensive plain, that is watered and fertilized by streams fringed with trees; now descending the difficult crossings of those streams; now, again, climbing the ridges, and crossing points of land broken up by ravines; still keeping as their main route the southern side of the Canadian valley—of course entertained with the usual variety of traveling and camp life, such as the upsetting and breaking of wagons and instruments, tents buried down by the wind, clothes saturated with rain, coffee or camp-kettles tipped over in the fire; washing clothes, standing guard, and fifty duties which each individual has to perform, and which cannot be shirked; it being fully as much as any one person needs, at such a time and place, simply to discharge his own, without being burdened with the duties of others.

About three hundred and twenty-five miles distant from the Fort, large quantities of gypsum were discovered, in every variety of form—fibrous, laminated, and crystal.

By the opposite and north bank of the river, some four hundred and eighty miles on their journey, stood or rather laid the adobe ruins of an old trading post, bar boun df from a distant and skeleton-like appearance, was left in the vicinity of the Canadian.
OVERLAND FOR A RAILROAD.

A CANGACHE INDIAN CAMP.

Having reached the head of the valley of the Canadian, the expedition proceeded up the valley of Tucumcari Creek, (one of the highest branches of the Canadian,) the sides of which were composed of red sand-stone, worn into many curious shapes, resembling monuments, races, and caves. Less timber was seen upon the line of travel for the last few days, although sufficient for camp purposes. Occasionally, however, large groves of cedars were passed. Numerous villages of prairie dogs were visited—old, familiar friends to those who have crossed the plains.

The party having ascended to the divide between the Canadian and Pecos rivers, a distance of seven hundred and fifteen miles from Fort Smith, found that the elevation was 5,034 feet above the sea; the attainment of which was generally so gradual, that nothing in the least was discoverable that could possibly stand in the way of a railroad; while plenty of timber, rock, coal and water were found very convenient for such purposes. Besides, such a road passing through so fine and fertile a country,
whether it becomes the way or not, would open up vast tracts of land for agricultural, grazing, and mining purposes, that will become invaluable to the people of the United States.

Near the top of the divide is a formation of sandstone, much of it broken, and lying in irregular shapes, among which are several enclosures resembling fortresses, where it is more than probable that some of the New Mexican shepherds protect themselves and their sheep from Indians and wolves.

It may be mentioned that no evidences whatever were found which could suggest that the district lying upon the upper waters of the Canadian, or any of its tributaries, has ever been in the possession of semi-enlightened tribes, such as exist on the Gila, and in several other sections of country west of the Pecos and Rio del Norte.

The line of travel now laid over a somewhat broken and elevated table land, resembling an undulating prairie, until the crest of a hill was reached, from which could be seen the valley of the Pecos, at Anton Chico, a town of New Mexico, and which was gained by an easy descent. The principal part of the town itself stands upon the west bank of the river, upon the first rise of ground above the irrigated fields. The houses, as usual in New Mexico, are built of adobes, and are singularly festooned in front with strings of red peppers—the much prized Chili ciliarato—intended less for ornament than use. The entrance to the town was guarded by wolfish-looking dogs—which, by-the-by, are celebrated for their sagacity in guarding sheep—and a large number of children; the latter dressed in loose cotton robes, generally torn from the feet to the very neck, and gracefully flowing behind. Having no other covering, they looked cool, if not comfortable: At this town resided an English and an American trader; the latter, Mr. Kitchen, entertained the officers of the expedition at his mansion with great hospitality during their brief stay there.

The general surface of the country here seems to have been, originally, an elevated table-land, through which has been worn a deep channel, with bluffs banks five hundred feet in height, which, above the town, rise directly from the river, and form a narrow cañon; but on descending the valley, the bluffs recede, leaving a strip of valley, and the fertile basin in which Anton Chico is situated. The river Pecos, which courses through this valley, rises and subsides very rapidly, occasioned most probably by heavy rains in the mountains near its source.
After a day or two spent in exploring the vicinity, recruiting of stock, and refreshing themselves, the party left the beautiful rich meadows and fields of ripening grain on the Pecos, to climb the steep bluff before referred to, and proceed upon their way. In order to explore two routes from here to the Rio Grande, the party was divided; the main portion proceeding with the survey directly to Galisteo.

Their course now lay over a hilly prairie to the entrance of Caison Blanco, a district comparatively level, and sparsely wooded with small cedars and pines.

The pretty valley and town of La Cuesta, on the Pecos, a couple of miles to the north of the road, was visited and sketched; and where, as the party descended the hill on foot and somewhat in a hurry, they were taken for Comanches, and consequently were the cause of some unnecessary alarm to the resident Mexicanos; but who, after the mistake was discovered, treated them civilly.

Proceeding through the gorge at the entrance of Caison Blanco, they traversed the valley to Laguna; where the party was again divided, the main part continuing to Albuquerque, and the other towards Galisteo, a snug-looking adobe-built village on the river of that name. The country traversed was through a succession of pleasant valleys, almost like an extended plain, with occasional hills and spurs; yet scarcely a tree was to be seen, although grass and water were abundant.

From Judge Baird—who was met in company with Major Wrightman, on their way from Albuquerque to the county court at San Miguel—they learned that there were beds of good coal in the canyon between San Antonio and Albuquerque.

Continuing a north-west course, they arrived at the village of Cienega, situated in an extinct volcano, where the gaily clad Mexican rancheros were amusing themselves. On leaving this village, the road lay through a deep arroyo—on the sides of which were cultivated fields, lavas, scoria, and smooth-faced rocks covered with hieroglyphics representing the sun, animals, footprints, &c.—until they reached an open country, extending to the base of the Gold Mountains, and over which they traveled to the valley of the Rio del Norte, which they entered at Peña Blanca; and which, though the de-
scent to it was almost imperceptible, was found to be one thousand feet below Calista. Passing the corn-fields, gardens and vineyards of the Indian pueblo of San Domingo—a town of striking contrast to most of the Mexican, exhibiting at a distance considerable architectural effect—an Indian came forward and offered the hospitality of his home, supper and a bed; at the same time showing a field where, well protected, the mules could graze for the night. Such hospitality is said to be no way uncommon among them.

As it will be impossible, in a brief outline of this expedition, to describe every object of interest and curiosity that was seen, we must pass the various towns comparatively undescibred, and proceed with the main object of the survey of the country—an railroad. As no obstruction to such a road has yet been found, let us accompany them by Covaro and San Fe-1ipo, up the left bank of the Rio del Norte—or Rio Grande, as it is more generally called by Americans, past Algo-
dones, Bernardillo; (celebrated for its excellent wine,) and Zandie, to Albu-
quero, one hundred and two miles from Anton Chico. One portion of the sur-
reying party report passing from the generally level country through a deep

SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAIN.

and narrow cañon at Carmel, and through which a road could easily be made to the valley of the Rio Grande.

Albuquerque contains a smaller popu-
lation than Santa Fe. Its situation, how-
ever, is more central to the inhabited portions of New Mexico. The number of inhabitants, including the rancheros, is estimated at 2,500, exclusive of Atris-
co, a town of some importance on the opposite bank of the river. Nearly the whole valley of the Rio del Norte is capa-
bly of yielding good crops; and be-
tween Bernardillo and Albuquerque are

the finest ranches and vineyards to be found in the Territory. As Indian depreda-
tions, and anticipated trouble on the Mexican frontier, had created consider-
able excitement, a day or two of delay was the result.

Fording the river at Atrisco, the jour-
ney was continued westward, by gradu-
ally climbing the ridge which bounds in
this great valley, at the average of about eighty or ninety feet to the mile for about six miles, when the country was again found to be comparatively level; until by a ravine they were gently led to the val-
As we approached the town," says Lieut. Whipple, "the Germans of the party almost imagined themselves in 'Father-land.' The western sun shone upon the place through a haze, which softened the outlines, and rendered the view strikingly similar to pictures of Dutch cities." This is an old Indian pueblo, containing about one thousand persons; and where Mr. Gorman, a missionary of the Baptist persuasion, has established himself, and opened a school, which is well attended; and where even the adults listen respectfully to his instructions. In the centre of the pueblo is a plaza, surrounded by houses facing inwards. Here the Indians collect upon certain festivals, which no Mexican is allowed to witness; although Americans are freely admitted, because, say they, fanciously perhaps, we are of the same race and people as themselves. Here the ancient buffalo dance is performed, as well as other superstitious rites regarding Montezuma.

For the greater distance from Rio Puerco to this place, although the soil appears to be good, it is little cultivated, for want of moisture. The country, however, seems favorable for artesian and other wells.

From Laguna the party proceeded westwardly, up the valley of San José, till opposite Covero; then leaving the river-side, turned north two and a half miles to the town, where they encamped. This town contains about sixty families; and, being a frontier Mexican settlement, has suffered greatly from the incursions of the Navajoes. While here, a singular old custom of Mexican peonage was illustrated. A fiesta was interrupted in the evening, when people rushed to see what was the matter, in a state of great excitement. Mocking words were hollered, knives flourished, and pistols drawn. The whole town was in an uproar, and no one seemed to know what it was all about. At length it was ascertained that one of the herdsmen belonging
to the survey, named Torrivo, had been recognized as a peon, and some man wished to seize and imprison him, till he could be restored to his original state of servitude. Torrivo had tasted freedom, and was manfully defending it. The claim was only fifteen or twenty dollars; so the money was advanced, and order immediately restored. Had it not been paid, this little debt might have kept the poor fellow bound to his master for life; and of all the Mexicans who accompanied the expedition, no one was more efficient than Torrivo. In New Mexico the system of peonage has been abolished by law, though not in practice.

When preparing to start on the following morning, there was great delay, which, upon inquiry, was found to be due to a lot of herdsmen and packers belonging to the survey. It appeared that this was the home of the greater part of them, and that their female friends were begging them to stay. It seemed doubtful for a while which would prevail—love or duty; but at length, a month's pay being advanced for them to leave behind, their families became somewhat reconciled, and allowed them to depart.

All things being satisfactorily adjusted, the surveying party continued their course up the Rio San José to a short distance above Hay Camp—so called by Americans, and where hay is sometimes obtained for the military posts. Here the roads divided; when they continued westwardly to the head of the valley, towards Zufi, until they reached the base of the mountains, where the road turned gradually towards the south and south-west, rising at the rate of about sixty feet to the mile, along the smooth slope which bounds the valley; and near a forest of spruce and pine trees, that were tall, straight, and sound, and for railroad-ties would be very suitable.

From this valley their course lay up a gradual rise, at the rate of about ninety feet to the mile, through a beautiful pine forest, to Agua Fria—the last stream upon their route which finds its way to the waters of the Atlantic. Its source is near the summit of the Sierra Madre, seven thousand nine hundred and forty-six feet above the level of the sea. Leaving Agua Fria, they turned around the point up a ravine to the foot of a cliff ridge, about two hundred feet high, leading to the summit of the Sierra. Here, by a deep cut out of a few hundred yards, or a tunnel...
of about three-quarters of a mile in length, communication for a railway could be opened to a similar ravine on the other side. The rock would be easily excavated, being a soft, compact limestone. Descending the ravine, at about fifty feet to the mile, they reached a beautiful valley, in which stands the singular rock called "El Moro" by the Mexicans, but which was christened "Inscription Rock" by Mr. Simpson.

This rock at its north-east corner is rectangular, one side of which is vertical and smooth to the height of nearly two hundred feet. Here are found numerous Spanish inscriptions and Indian hieroglyphs. In the distance, from the singularity of its shape, it appears like a large Moorish castle, and from which its Spanish name is evidently derived. Scattered about in great profusion were fragments of pottery, painted in bright colors in dots, bands, and many stripes, similar to those found upon the Gila. Here were also found obsidian arrow-heads, stone axes, and numerous other evidences of connection with the founders of the Gila cities.

East of the Rio del Norte, it has before been stated, none of these has ever been found.

Upon leaving this interesting spot, the road lay over a low ridge into a long valley, whose bed was upon lava, now mostly covered with a grassy soil; thence to another charming valley named Ojo Pescado, and where also an endless quantity of relics were found. It is by no means improbable that in this district once were the celebrated "seven cities of Cevola," which Coronado says stood within four leagues of each other. Here a few thin veins of bituminous coal were discovered cropping out from the cliffs; the specimens of which were good, although the quantity is supposed to be small.

After gathering many curiosities of the singular people once occupying this district, the train moved down the Rio Pescado, past another Indian village, to its intersection with the Rio de Zapé; the wide valley of which sweeps westwardly, with precipitous cliffs apparently encompassing it, which rise proudly from the plain to the height of a thousand feet. In the valley are numerous ranches and gardens, and just at the foot of the moun-
Those dances are in imitation of boasts council of the Cahuas had been held: with horns, which the dancers do upon their affairs, at which the objects, beast-like costume, when they appear as of a expedition had been discussed and wild and fantastic as can or need be in approved, and they were willing to place imagined. This court was surrounded by any assistance in their power and disposed. Accordingly, Indian guides were procured, for which no recompense was accepted, to accompany the train by a new and better route than that generally travelled westward for about twelve miles from the pueblo. "Rising gradually to a plain, they traversed a country moderately level to the crest of a sand-stone ridge, which accounts for their presence there: was abruptly descended some forty feet; many years ago, centuries perhaps, a then, at a fall of four hundred feet in the Zufi Fab-rick, they passed once quite a forest of petrified trees, the largest of which was ten feet in diameter and a hundred feet in length, yet where now but very little wood could be found—until they entered the valley of the Rio Colorado Oliquino. From this point eastward, the route for a railroad, says Lieut. W., should ascend.
table-land, and upon which were seen, often; carvings, objects which a man held so dear, and objects of interest to him. It was a place where dances were held, and where the Indians, after dancing, sat on the ground, and told stories.

The valley of the Colorado Chiquito resembles that of the Gila, and is very wide, with a good soil. Here the Zuni guides left; the survey proceeding down the right bank of the river, in a course a little north of west, towards the snowy peaks of San Francisco Mountain, which for several days had been visible, and of which, after passing a network of river channels bordered with cottonwoods, they commenced making a reconnaissance westward towards its southern slope, which they found to be nearly level, with the exception of a short distance through a cotton, which they named "Cotton Diablos."

Now thickets of cedar and forests of pine and Douglas spruce were passed. Following up a wide valley-like opening, and ascending 200 feet in five miles, they reached the divide between the waters of the Colorado Chiquito and those flowing into the Gila. Thence appeared a smooth grassy valley, sloping towards the south; and beyond, a magnificent view of a vast forest, extending as far as the eye could reach, probably over fifty miles. Tufa, volcanic scoria, and sandstone, are here abundant.

San Francisco Mountain, so often referred to, is a huge volcanic pile, with several central peaks near the centre; its steep slopes covered with a dense growth of timber, spruce and pine, extending nearly to the summit. The height of this mountain is given as twelve thousand feet above the sea.

Some considerable time having been spent in exploring the country lying at the base of San Francisco Mountain, and
other hills and chasms in that vicinity, they turned their backs upon it, and making across a tolerably level district, arriving at Cedar Creek. Here Christmas was celebrated with much éclat, when a magnificent display of fire-works was made by setting off a large number of isolated pines standing around their camp. A fall of snow, too, gave them Christmas weather, and changed and perhaps improved the landscape. With a slight cutting at the summit of a dividing ridge here, the road across this district would be nearly level.

The march was continued through a long prairie, surrounded by pine forests and volcanic hills, in a south-west course towards Bill Williams' Mountain, over a country appearing beautifully smooth at a distance, but cut up by ravines; the party having to depend much upon pools of water for their animals, until they reached Cedar Creek, down and by which they traveled westwardly, by a gradual descent into the great basin of the Black Forest. Here, as in nearly every other portion of the route, wild game of all kinds was in very great abundance. Here, too, it appears were found "partidges with tufted plumes, like those of California." Coal is supposed to exist in this basin. The volcanic hills and streams of lava passed here, put the magnetic instruments out of order.

The country around the Black Forest is somewhat uneven, although not difficult for road or railroad, and is the pleasantest region which the party saw since leaving the Choctaw Territory; and inasmuch as there are clear rivulets, fertile valleys, and fine forests extending from the Black Forest, down the Río Verde to the Salinas and Gila, there is every indication of its being able to support a large agricultural and pastoral population; the mountains and streams, too, show signs of mineral wealth.

On, on their journey, over a country similar to that described above, until they reached Axtex Pass.

In the general summary of the various routes, it is said of this one—and these remarks, from the necessarily limited space of this magazine, must for the time being entitle the remaining observations to be made upon it—from the Axtex Pass the descent to the Colorado of the West is made by a circuitous route, northward along the valleys of its tributaries, the largest and last being Bill Williams' Fork; the mouth of which, on the Colorado, is 1,022 miles from Fort Smith, and at an elevation above the sea of about two hundred and eight feet.

The party now ascended thirty-four miles, the route leaving at the Needles. The supposed mouth of the Mojave River was examined; by the valley of this stream it was expected to ascend to the Cajon Pass in the Sierras, Nevada. This proved, however, to be the valley of a stream, dry at the time, whose source was in an elevated ridge, which probably divides the Great Basin from the waters of the Colorado. It is not yet ascertained that the valley of the Mojave River is continuous to the Colorado, though Mount Whitney is supposed that it will be found to be so. From the summit, 5,203 feet above the sea, the descent is made to Soda Lake—the recipient, at some seasons, of the waters of the Mojave River—1,117 feet above the sea, at an average grade of 100 feet to the mile for 41 miles; the steepest grade yet required on this route. The ascent to the summit of the Tunnel, elevation 4,170 feet, in the Cajon Pass in the Sierras, Nevada, is made by following the valley of the Mojave River. The summit of this pass, by the line of location, is 1,783 miles from Fort Smith, and 242 from the point of crossing the Colorado. Here, according to Lieut. Whipple, a tunnel of 23 miles is required. But according to Bill Williams, who spent more time upon it, it would be 4,430 miles. The Tunnel descends to the west with an inclination of 180 feet per mile, which grade will be the average for 28 miles, into the valley of Los Angeles, by side location, and thence to the point of San Pedro, one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two miles distant from Fort Smith.

Should it be desired to reach San Francisco, by the Tulare and San Joaquin valleys, the route should leave the Mojave Valley some twenty miles from the entrance to the Cajon Pass, 1,786 miles from Fort Smith, elevation 5,660 feet, and proceed across the south-west corner of the Great Basin, towards the Teh-co-chay-pah Pass, reaching its entrance at an elevation of 2,300 feet, in a distance of 80 miles.

An examination of the profile of this route shows that in respect to grade it is not only practicable, but that the heaviest grades that will probably be required do not equal those in use on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.
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**TABLE**

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There where the birds of heaven,
Sooe and so sweetly sing;
While unto Nature is given,
That bride of earth, the Spring;
There where the distant Sierras,
In dazzling beauty glow,
Towering into the heavens,
Robed with eternal snow;
There where all Nature meets us,
With beautiful gifts so free,
And each lovely wild flower greets us,
Love proffers a home to thee.

Come from all other pleasures,
Come for his precious treasures,
Call thee away, away.
Come with a faithful promise,
Come with a loving heart;
Come with thy beauty and goodness;
They shall never depart.
Come with a heart all lightness,
Come with thy mirth and glee;
Come to a heart whose brightness
Shall never find clouds with thee.
Come to the love that greets thee,
Come to the heart that is thine;
Come and make happy forever,
Thy faithful Valentine.
MARY MORTON.

A LIFE SKETCH.

Nobody knew Mary Morton but to love her. Wherever she dwelt, the house was flooded with sunshine. Her silver voice rang the loudest and sweetest in the merry laugh, and filled the dwelling with music so rich and melodious, as to make one forget for the moment that there was aught else in the world but beauty and gladness.

It is a duty I owe to the memory of Mary, to give the reader some description of what she once was. Her complexion was not exactly a blonde, but it was much too fair for a brunette. Her forehead was high and smooth; her features regular and impressive, leading somewhat to the Grecian, and when in repose there was an air of languishment about them that was perfectly bewitching, and yet at the same time entirely exempt from affectation. Her hair was black and glossy, and she wore it either in long, rich curls, or braided bands, that set off the beautiful contour of her features to the best possible advantage. Her eyes were of the same jetty blackness as her hair; and full, round, large, lustrous, and fringed with the most beautiful silken lashes, they ovin'od a depth of feeling that is much easier imagined than described, which gave a singular charm to the whole expression, and made you love her whether you were in a good humor or not.

We had both exchanged the boarding-school for home, during a month's vacation, and were to return at the expiration of that time. At all the little parties and merry-makings could the petted Mary be found, and a report was soon rumored that Gilbert Cleaveland was the accepted lover. And so it proved; for Mary never returned to the seminary of L-- to con over the much dreaded "French lesson," or her daily routine of studies.

Bright and beautiful was the morning that the young and promising lawyer bore Mary, the only daughter and child, to his out of love; and for five long years life had been to her one sweet dream of wedded bliss. Who then could not say that the horizon to her was rose-colored, and that her small feet were destined to tread the future upon the silver sands of love and hope? Time to her, thus far, had been measured off in golden hours. A change, alas! was yet to come over the spirit of her dream, and the bitter chalice of sorrow drained to the dregs. The cup overflowing with happiness was soon dashed to the earth, and she had scarcely paused it at her lips.

In 1849, Gilbert gained the consent of Mary to visit the gold region of California, that her future years might be made happy, and her sky cloudless from care or care. That moment of her life had come when she saw Gilbert for the last time bend over the cradle of their two smiling cherubs, and invoke a father's blessing upon his darling ones. "Good buyol, was at last spoken, between sobs and tears, and the cottage home was now desolate and lonely, where had over been a long, protracted day of love.

Like all castle-building of the mind, before the dome is properly shaped, the whole structure falls to the ground. Gilbert Cleaveland was unsuccessful in his hurried attempt to gain a rapid fortune in the golden placers of the mountains. After a little, his letters, once overflowing with love and kindness, became more and more unaffectionate and unfrequent, until he had altogether ceased to remember the absent wife and children, except with the bitter pang of a remorseful conscience.

He soon dipped deep in the prevailing vices of the day, and could be nightly found among the devotees of chance in the gambling-houses, or in other foul dens of iniquity, and the Lethcan draught from the wine cup was now his daily potion. Mary, broken hearted at home, had received the startling and sad intelligence of likeness, and of heartless deser-
...whisper words of comfort, and say, 'I am still the remembered and loved.' In this the poor bleeding heart was doomed to bitterness and hatefull taunts about him, from her friends, had reached her sensitive ear.

One proud and firm resolve she had now fostered in her bosom; that was, to seek him in that land, at that time, of cards and gold. To be near her idol of her heart would be a consolation, even if she was denied the privilege of his society—and though his love was given to another.

Now look in upon the inmates of that once happy home, and witness the misery that is brooding there! There is a being pacing the floor, whose hollow eyes fully attest the sleepless vigils they have kept. How she gazes into vacancy, as her pale countenance speaks of the mind's agonizing bewilderment. There in that room, where the lamplight and moonlight are struggling for the mastery, are three pure beings that dream not of their future desertion, and of which is as yet untold, though written in the sealed and mysterious book of Fate. Why does she now and then falter and hesitate for a moment, as she adds another to her household gods, while making up the small bundle that is to go with her on the long, long journey to the El Dorado? Yes, she has it now; she will take her babes with her, to be with him, near him. She kissed the worn and rumpled letter—his first; put a little dear and torn-stained miniature in her bosom, and she was gone. "My destiny," she soliloquized, "was linked with his, and why should I stay when duty calleth me? What if he should reject and scorn me? cast me upon the cold charity of the world? If he does, revenge then would be sweet!"

From that moment the demon of distrust crept into her guiltless heart, and she began to doubt the integrity of her kind—doubled, in her madness, the love and goodness of her Creator, who had thus noted out with an unerring hand the bitter wormwood and gall, as her greatest portion. After a few short months of dusty travel across the plains—for she had prevailed upon a friend to allow her a place in the train with his family—she at last arrived in Sacramento. In the fall of 1852, the reader perhaps will remember seeing a woman playing upon the violin in one of the gambling-houses of that place, and who afterwards was engaged at the Union Hotel at Placerville. Do not be startled, dear reader, when I say it was none other than the once faultless Mary Morton!

She accidentally met Gilbert, who saluted her, in the house where she dealt monte. She soon found, to her soul-writhing sorrow, that it was too late; he was lost to her, and to the little ones that still said, in artless ignorance, "Ny Pa," and wondered why he did not come. The first piercing gaze she had of his bloated features told her that he had been stung by the still-worm, that lay coiled by the way-side, and could be no more the idol of her poor broken heart.

In the fall of the same year, the wily tempter wove his meshes firmly about her, and upon the lofty pinnacle of soul-agonizing despair she saw love's guiding star set in a night of darkness. Her ill-secured feet slipped from the dizzy height, and like a shattered temple, the fragments looked beautiful amid ruin and decay. Goaded to desperation, she sank deeper and deeper in the slough of dissipation. Ofttimes Mary was heard to revile the name of the Creator; and she
One evening, we were startled from a pleasant chat at the supper table by the entrance of Dr. Rodolph, who visited the dining-room of the Iowa House at Placerville, and said to us, in an under-tone, that our assistance was needed in laying out the corpse of a young lady who had suddenly died a few moments before. It had been raining most of the day, and the streets were now muddy and dark, as we wended our way to the house of death, which stood at the foot of the hill before us. As we reached the steps of the lonely-looking hotel, we could see no light burning at the window. We stood with mute expectation in the dark, until Mrs. L. brought us a light, which soon revealed to us the sad spectacle before us. Oh! how can I write it? There, partly reversed, lay there, the beautiful creature, and—could I trust my eyes? When the light fell full upon her face, I discovered, to my infinite horror, my old school-mate, Mary. There were to be seen the same dark, luminous eyes, staring deep in their sockets—eyes that had once beamed with tenderness upon me, in days the remembrance of which only enshrined the present. There lay the long curls, partly shading the face, and falling down over the long attenuated arm and hand—looking much like a sleeping angel, save that calm look of despair, and the compressed expression of the lips, looking bitter at the world in the last struggle with the grim monster. It needed no far-fetched theology to convince me that I was in the room of vice and lewdness; but she could not harm me now, as the soul had left the beautiful satchet that lay so lovely and rigid before me.

Oh! what a weight of sinking misery I then felt creeping into my heart. Laying my head upon her throbless bosom, I mingled her dark tresses with my own. The misery of an eternity was crowded into the space of an hour. How could I

still the wild agony that now deluged the soul with all the fury of a tornado! Vainly did I call upon her name; she needed not my wild lamentations. Yet at that moment I felt the angels of heaven to be lifting the gates of paradise; for how could I believe her to be anything but that pure being, Mary, my school-mate?—she was not the denounced world had made her.

I then knew why the tall woman who played in the gambling-house had passed upon the other side of the street, and pulled her thick veil over her face—i t was the fear of recognition. In one corner lay a hideous looking creature, who was her partner in crime, and who was a mass of corruption. We glanced from her, however, that Mary was called to the door by somebody rapping, who, upon opening it, proved to be none other than the perfidious Gilbert. She articulated, "Oh, my God!" and fell a corpse upon the floor. Her husband dragged her to the bed where we found her, and immediately fled to parts unknown. Her children both died from want and negligence, while the mother nightly played in a gambling-house.

The next day, a few gamblers and women from the doors of shams followed poor Mary Morton's remains to the hill-side. I felt glad when the cloaks fell with a hollow sound upon the coffin lid, and rejoiced with her freed spirit that the mother, earth, had hidden away so much sorrow, and guilt, and wretchedness.

MARY MORTON.
THE STEP BEHIND THE DOOR.

BY MRS. E. P. DAYTON.

"Thus o'er those scenes my memory wakes, And fondly broods with miner's care, Time but the impression deeper makes, As streams their channels deeper wear."

Gloomy shadows round me gather; Weary is my heart to-day. For I'm thinking, sadly thinking, Of the loved so far away. Memories come with heavy voices, Telling of the days of yore, Like the music of the waters, Sighing on a distant shore.

O, 'tis weary, very weary, Sitting here for many an hour, Of that home so lately thinking, Thinking of such love and sorrow; Thinking of the smiling faces I have seen, but see no more, As we sat in early twilight On that step beside the door.

Oh, that spot, how many pictures Spread upon my heart-leaves now, While I'm thinking, sadly thinking, With the shadows on my brow. There I've sat for many an hour, Dreaming of the joys in store, Dreaming of the future, dreaming On that step beside the door.

Youthful footsteps gayly fleeting Over that step so light and free, How their mellow voices greeting, Still like echoes come to me. There we've stood in silence musing When the daylight 10ug was o'er, And the moon and stars were shining On that step beside the door.

But the time has left its traces On each eye and heart of care, And they're scattered, widely scattered, Hearts which lingered with me there. Now the merry laugh is silent, Joyful voices come no more, And I sit so lonely thinking Of that step beside the door.

Lazened bosoms round us stealing From the blooming roses there, Breathing, O, so sweetly breathing, From their opening beauties fair. Other footsteps now are slumbering, Other faces brighten there, And the greetings still are proving On that step beside the door.

But fond memories o'er them gather, In the still twilight gray, And they feel the spirit's whisperings Of the loved so far away. O, could I with those whispers softly Fly the stormy ocean o'er, And then sit on in the twilight On the step beside the door! (Novels, New York, 1845.)

THE SPIRIT'S LODGE.

A LEGEND OF LAKE BIGLER.

On the east side of Lake Bigler there is said to be a cavity formed in the rock, which, according to Indian tradition, sends forth a terrible voice, especially at certain seasons of the year; and on this account has been called "The Spirit's Lodge."

"For half a mile along the border of the lake, and stretching back for a mile and a half, is a beautiful and fertile slope of country, in which is to be seen small groups of the fir, the ash, and pine, the ground completely netted with the mountain clover, which forms a most beautiful landscape. The shores of the lake is sandy, and at this point from that irregular jutting of the rocks which deludes lie in masses but a few feet below the surface. At the west end of this cleft is a lofty mountain peak, in the top of which is an open crater of considerable dimensions, of an extinct volcano, which long since ceased to send forth its volumes of burning lava. The Diggers generally assemble in the above valley in the spring, and continue to reside there until the snows of winter compel them to seek a more genial climate. The lake abounds in salmon and trout, which they take out in large quantities. Opposite the above vale is the great gorge to whose hoarse voice has terrified father and son for numberless generations. A party visited this lake some time since—sailed into the gorge, and explored it thoroughly. They found that the un-earthly sounds which proceeded from its entrance for so long a time had been produced by the swells striking the rock at
THE SPIRIT LODGE.

from the sea, and swept away all of them, and they were seen no more—all but a few Digger slaves and their masters. They were the Great spirits or teachers of their people; and as there were no mountains then, they had to assemble on the top of the great mountains where they had been compelled to rear, and where they worshipped the column of perpetual fire; and there was a remnant of our fathers and mothers saved, together with a few of their task-masters.

But no sooner had the waters all gone back, the earth once more became green, and the Tro-k0-nene flowed within its banks as before, than the earth became convulsed and rolled from side to side, and the first thunderings over known beneath the ground were heard, and they were terrible. At length, however, all was still again; but before half a moon had passed away, terrible fires burst forth from out the ground, and showers of hot sulphurous ashes fell around. Our masters sought refuge in the great temple we had reared, but they shut the poor folk out. The Great Spirit was displeased; for now the heavy thunderings were heard again, the earth shook and trembled, and deep chasms were opened, that threw up vast volumes of smoke for a few moments, then sud-

c bearing the name of the lake is from that which a few feet east and east of a peak in the con-

fused valley of that large and beautiful lake is from that which our ancestors called lake, and which continued to exist for many years, but at length dried up and was lost, as the waters of the Tro-k0-nene now are, by the sands that lie under the rising sun. On being asked what became of the Great Spirit, their masters, that had taken refuge in the temple, he replied—"First let us follow the fortunes of my people. No sooner had their hated masters closed the doors against them, than our people, to escape the fires that were bursting out around them, hurried to the Tro-k0-nene, and in their canoes bounded along its now rapidly extending current to the sea; and they had barely made their escape, before these mountains, by one awful convulsive shock of the earth, were lifted up, and all the beautiful ground and homes of our ancient fathers and their subsequent conquerors were alike wrapt in an awful chaos of fire, ashes and smoke. The Tro-k0-nene, no longer the greatest river in the western sea, couring its entire length through

its extremity, and the sound gathered force and tone as it passed to the entrance or mouth of the preceding giant's home.

The following legend, written by W. Washworth, as interpreted by Col. J. C. Johnson, is so very near to all others that have come to our knowledge, that we give it in full. It is related by an old blind father of his race, who has felt the chilling frosts of more than a hundred winters gathering around his shivered form. His ears can no longer behold the sunbeams play around the heaven-pierc-

ing trails of those central hills ere it sinks to nightly rest. Those who wish to speculate upon the former situation of this wonderful country and its inhabit-

ants, can do so by reading the tradition, and find food for conjecture for time to come.

"Long before these mountains were lifted up so very high as they now are, the Digger Indians possessed the whole earth, and was a great people. Then the little valley and lake made a part of the great river Tro-k0-nene, (or Hinnehold) which at that time poured its waters into the great sea in which the sun sets. Then were our people happy, for the whole country was more level than now, and far more beautiful. The great fish (meaning the salmon) now only numer-
inous in the lake, were plentiful even to the head waters of the Tro-k0-nene, and the whole country was filled with trees and vines that bore fruit.

"But the time arrived when a new people, unlike our fathers only in being more warlike and powerful, though speak-
ing a different language, came down from the north and began a terrible war, destroying our homes, our wives and our children. Though unaccustomed to war, our fathers made a long and determined resistance; but after years of troublesome warfare, they were at length all driven away, or made the slaves of their con-

questors, for life. Yes," said he, his sightless eyes trembling with tears, "our fathers and mothers made slaves, and for ages did their children toil on and serve their terrible masters. So hard was their lot, so deep and adjoint their sorrow, they became fools, and lost all record of the moon, or time, and, like trees, knew nothing. But at length the Great Spirit put a stop to this by destroy-
ing alike our people and their oppressors. A great wave like a mountain came up

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A
field and forest of perpetual green, but
reduced to a mere mountain torrent, came
hissing and boiling down among the deep
volcanic gorges.

"But the pale-faces would gain
what became of the remnant of the op-
pressors of our people. For more than
twenty moons were the mountains hid
from our view, by day in a canopy of
smoke and flame, and by night great fires
streamed up until they reached the stars,
many of which were melted away and
fell to the earth like rain-drops, and those
made the one that the white man seeks.
At last, when all was still again—when
the great ruin had put the fires all out,
and a wind greater than ever was felt be-
fore had driven the smoke away—our
fathers saw how terrible had been the
anger of the Great Spirit. Instead of
green fields, and trees teeming with rich
fruit, every vestige of vegetation had been
swept away; and instead of a plain, so
gentle in its descent to the sea as hardly
to be perceived, all was one sterile moun-
tain, traversed by rocky precipices and
deep gorges, as you now see them, and on
which the first snows ever seen by our
fathers fell, and from which they have
ever fully disappeared, nor ever will
until the children of the Great Spirit
shall again see these lands, in which once
the whole earth was burned, and the
sakes thrown into the sea.

"It was a long time before the spot
where stood the great fire-temple could be
recognized; for though the mountains
had ceased to tremble, and the great fires
that had caused them all had gone out,
yet there were five great volcanoes that con-
tinued to burn; and which neither the
great rains or yet the winter's snows
could extinguish. One of them, and the
last and greatest of them all, is the one
on the top of the mountain at the head
of this little vale; but even this long
since has gone out; for when I was but
a boy, small volumes of smoke issued
from deep fissures in the rock; but while
it did burn, say our fathers, it cast forth
a veil of fire, which ran along the ground,
filling up deep yawning chasms that lay
along it. But for this little lake freezing
the fiery river in its course, the spirit
home of the fire-worshippers would have
been left up, and every trace of their
precious house would have been lost for-
ever."

The question was asked, "How came
they there, when your fathers left them
locked within the temple walls?" He
replied—"The temple stood upon
the bank of the Truckee-river, but all trace of
that deep and ancient river was lost, ex-
cept this lake, this valley, and a deep ra-
vine beyond yonder cave in the western
slope of the mountain. Here, where now
stands the lake, once stood the temple-
grove of the ancient conquerors of our
fathers; but when the mountains from
all around were lifted up by the mighty
force beneath, and raised so very high,
the temple and its grove were lifted too,
but its foundations were the essence that
fed the burning volcano from beneath.
At length a vast chasm was formed, that
when the mountain came to burn and
throw up its fiery torrents from below,
bore itself filled with water from the melting
snow on the mountain; but its great
foundations had been weakened, and it
sank down with all its altars and burned-
up groves, deep beneath the level of the
waters of the lake—all but the dome of
the great temple, around which clung the
remnant of the brutal race. Because
they would thus cling to life, the Great
Spirit became enraged, descended to the
c earth, walked upon the waters as though
solid ground, and taking them one by
one, hurled them, as a child would a pebb-
le, into the deep recesses of the cavern.
The waters of the lake rose to their presen-

t height, and shut them in. Since
that day, to this hour, their walls and
meanings have been heard, increasing in
tone and intensity as the waters of the
lake are increased by the melting of the
winter snows. And there must they cov-
er remain, until the great spirit releases
them, by another and the last of earth's
volcanic burnings."

Nearly in the centre of the lake is a
rock, whose top reaches nearly to the
surface of the water, being in the form of
a dome. It is supposed that reference
was had to this, as being the top of the
sunken temple spokeman of in the above
legend. It is rather a singular forma-
tion, and resembles much the shape of a
tower. The cave adjoining the lake is
one of great beauty; the water in it is
perfectly clear. The lake and the cave
adjacent it will doubtless become one
long subject of frequent visits from those
who love the contemplation of nature's
works in all their grandeur and glory.
Of these, no country can boast a more
beautiful supply than California.—For
a beautiful view and full description of
Lake Nigh, we refer the reader to the
second volume of this magazine, p. 107.
A LAMENT—THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

A LAMENT.

BY W. H. N.

I.
The Autumn winds around me sigh,
The night-hawk tells her dismal story,And from the branches of the tree
The withered leaves fall silently,
Their glory fled; When in my heart each mournful tone,
Finds echo more sad than its own,
Where Love's fair flowers of promise all
Too early withered, soon shall fall,
Forever dead.

II.
O, why should sacred joys depart,Or pure affections of the heart,That throw enchantment o'er the day,And glorified life's devious way,Be doomed to blight?
Or why should sorrow's awful power,In scathing tempests o'er us lower,And with a force beyond control,Drive downward the despairing soul,To blackest night?

III.
What a dark mystery is life,Its solemn thought, its certain goal,Its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,Its tranquil peace, its bitter tears,Which soon must end—
Come childhood with thy joyous glee,Come manhood with thy thoughtful brow,Come age with wisdom, tell me now,Where do you tend?

IV.
No more returns the silent past,The new and future shall not last,Life's quick pulsations with its breath,Must soon be swallowed up in death,That comes to all—
Answer, thou dark and silent tomb,Where all shall meet a kindred doom;I hast thou no voice from thy repose,To mitigate the crushing woes,That on us fall?

V.
Say, shall we not again arise,And, looking upward to the skies,The Father's many mansions find,
Where Jesus' love for all mankind
Shall all restore?
Is there no land of rest,Where sorrowing souls may find a rest,Where troubles from the wicked cease,And all are tranquil in God's peace
Forevermore!

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. B. NORTHWICK.

CHAPTER VII.

DIGGERS INDIANS—COON HOLLOW—COYOTE CREEK—THE WEATHER AND THE CLIMATE—CHRISTIANITY—A CELEBRAL "MUSES."

We had a visit at our cabin one Sunday from an Indian and his squaw. She was such a particularly ugly specimen of human nature, that I made her sit down, and proceeded to take a sketch of her, to the great delight of her dutiful husband, who looked over my shoulder and reported progress to her. I offered her the sketch when I had finished, but after admiring herself in the bottom of a new tin pan, the only substitute for a looking-glass which I could find, and comparing her own beautiful face with her portrait, she was by no means pleased, and would have nothing to do with it. I suppose she thought I had not done her justice, which was very likely, for no doubt our ideas of female beauty must have differed very materially.

We continued working our claim at Middletown, having taken into partnership an old seaman whom we found there working alone. It paid us very well for about three weeks, when, from the continued dry weather, the water began to fall, and we were obliged to think of moving off to other diggings.

It was now time to commence preparatory operations before working the beds of the creeks and rivers, as their water was falling rapidly; and as most of our party owned shares in claims on different rivers, we became dispersed. A young Englishman and myself remained, uncertain as to where we should go.

We had gone into Hangtown one night for provisions, when we heard that a great strike had been made at a place called Coon Hollow, about a mile distant. One man was reported to have taken out that day about fifteen hundred dollars. Before daylight next morning we started over the
hill, intending to stake off a claim on the same ground; but even by the time we got there, the whole hillside was already pegged off into claims of thirty feet square, on each of which men were commencing to sink shafts, while hundreds of others were proving about, too late to get a claim which would be thought worth taking up.

Those who had claims, immediately surrounding that of the lucky man, who had covered all the excitement by letting all his good fortune be known, were very sanguine. Two Cornish miners had got what was supposed to be the most likely claim, and declared they would not take ten thousand dollars for it. Of course, no one thought of offering such a sum; but so great was the excitement that they might have got eight hundred or a thousand dollars for their claim before ever they put a pick in the ground. As it turned out, however, they spent a month in sinking a shaft about a hundred foot deep; and after drilling all round, they could not get a cent out of it, while many of the claims adjacent to theirs proved extremely rich.

Such diggings as these are called "coyote" diggings, receiving their name from an animal called the "coyote," which abounds all over the plains of Mexico and California, and which lives in the creek and ravines made in the plains by the extreme heat of summer. It is half dog, half fox, and, as an Irishman might say, half wolf also. They howl most dissonantly, just like a dog, on moonlight nights, and are seen in great numbers ranging about the plains.

Connected with them is a curious fact in natural history. They are intensely carnivorous—so are cannibals—but as cannibals object to the flavor of roasted sailors as being too peppery, I have heard the fact mentioned over and over again, by Americans who had been in the Mexican war, that on going over the field after their battles, they found their own comrades with the flesh eaten from their bones by the coyotes, while never a Mexican corpse had been touched; and the only and most natural way to account for this phenomenon was in the fact that the Mexicans, by the constant and indiscriminate eating of the lard ppopcorn, the "Chili" cornflakes, had so impoverished their system with pepper as to render their flesh too savory a morsel for the natural and unvitiated taste of the coyotes.

These coyote diggings require to be very rich to pay, from the great amount of labor necessary before any pay-dirt can be obtained. They are generally worked by only two men. A shaft is sunk, over which is rigged a rude windlass, tended by one man, who draws up the dirt in a large bucket, while his partner is digging down below. When the bed rock is reached on which the rich dirt is found, excavations are made all round, leaving only the necessary supporting pillars of earth, which are also ultimately removed, and replaced by logs of wood. Accidents frequently occur from the "cringing" of these diggings, the result generally of the carelessness of the men themselves.

The Cornish miners, of whom numbers had come to California from the mines of Mexico and South America, generally devoted themselves to these deep diggings, as did also the lead-miners from Wisconsin. Such men were quite at home a hundred feet or so under ground, digging through hard rock by candlelight; at the same time, gold mining in any way was to almost every one a new occupation, and men who had passed their lives hitherto above ground, took quite as naturally to this subterranean style of digging as to any other.

We felt no particular fancy for it, however, especially as we could not get a claim; and having heard a favorable account of the diggings on Weaver Creek, we concluded to migrate to that place. It was about fifteen miles off; and having hired a mule and cart of a man in Hangtown to carry our long ton, hosses, picks, shovels, bluejackets and pots and pans, we started only the next morning, and arrived at our destination about noon. We passed through some beautiful scenery on the way. The ground was not yet parched and scorched by the summer sun, but was still green, and on the hill-sides were patches of wild-flowers growing so thick that they were quite soft and delightful to lie down upon. For some distance we followed a winding road between smooth rounded hills, thickly wooded with immense pines and oaks, gradually ascending till we came upon the comparative level country, which had all the beauty of an English park. The ground was quite smooth, though gently undulating, and the verdure was diversified with numbers of white, yellow and
purple flowers. The oaks of various kinds, which were the only tree, were of an immense size, but not so numerous as to confine the view; and the only under-wood was the manzanitas, a very beautiful and graceful shrub, generally growing in single plants to the height of six or eight feet. There was no appearance of ruggedness or disorder; we might have imagined ourselves in a well kept domain; and the solitude, and the vast unoccupied wealth of nature, alone reminded us that we were among the wild mountains of California.

After traveling some miles over this sort of country, we got among the pine trees once more, and very soon came to the brink of the high mountains over-hanging Weaver Creek. The descent was so steep that we had the greatest difficulty in getting the cart down without a capsize, having to make short tacks down the face of the hill, and generally steering for a tree, to bring up in easy positions. At the point where we reached the Creek there was a store, and scattered along the rocky bank were a few miner's tents and cabins. We had expected to have to camp out here, but seeing a small tent unoccupied near the store, we made inquiry of the storekeeper, and finding that it belonged to him, and that he had no objection to our using it, we took possession accordingly, and proceeded to light a fire and cook our dinner.

Not knowing how far we might be from a store, we had brought along with us a supply of flour, ham, beans, and tea, with which we were independent. After prospecting a little, we soon found a spot on the bank of the stream which we judged would yield us pretty fair pay for our labour. We had some difficulty at first in bringing water to our long tom, having to lend out a considerable distance up the stream to obtain sufficient elevation; but we soon got everything in working order, and pitched in. The gold which we found here was of the finest kind, and required great care in washing. It was in exceedingly small thin scales — so thin, that in washing out in a pan at the end of the day, a scale of gold would occasionally float for an instant on the surface of the water. This is the most valuable kind of gold dust, and is worth one or two dollars an ounce more than the coarse clunky dust.

It was a wild rocky place where we were now located. The steep mountains rising abruptly all round us, so confined the view that we seemed to be shut out from the rest of the world. The nearest village or settlement was about ten miles distant; and all the miners on the Creek within four or five miles living in small cabins, tents, and brush-houses, or camping on the rocks, asserted for provisions to the small store already mentioned, which was supplied with a general assortment of provisions and clothing.

There had still been occasional heavy rains, from which our tents were but poor protection, and we awoke sometimes in the morning, finding small pools of water in the folds of our blankets, and everything so soaking wet, inside the tent as well as outside, that it was hopeless to attempt to light a fire. On such occasions, raw ham, hard bread, and cold water was all the breakfast we could raise; oiling it out, however, with an extra pipe, and relieving our feelings by laying in readiness with pick and shovel.

The weather very soon, however, became quite settled. The sky was always bright and cloudless; all verdure was fresh and growing, the Married miners from the mines of vicinity, generally those deep diggings from which we came up, while the pastures, rock by rock, gold mining in every corner, who had passed over ground, took its exhalation more or less by another fancy for a howling wind. We got a favorable asc Weaver Creek, so we took advantage of this, and after having a man in charge, house keepers, cooks, and pers. We morning, and ar about noon, and was not yet by the summer heat, and on all hill-world flowers were quite set and open, and the road side hills, thickly covered with shrubs, and flowers, which hid all the field. The house, though pretty veranda was liver white, yellow and
A whole merry of Chinamen had recently made their appearance on the creek. Their camp, consisting of a dozen or so of small tents and brush-houses, was near our cabin on the side of the hill—too near to be pleasant, for they kept up a continual straining all night, which was rather tiresome till we got used to it.

They were very averse to working in the water, and for four or five hours in the heat of the day they assembled under the shade of a tree, where they sat fanning themselves, drinking tea, and saying "too much hot." On the whole, they seemed harmless, inoffensive people; but one day, as we were going to dinner, we heard an unusual hubbub going on where the Ohio, unsatisfactory term as to exhaust the whole vocabulary; both parties then give in for want of ammunition, and the fight is over. I presume it was by a similar process that the Chinamen arrived at a solution of their difficulty; at all events, disunion seemed to form a very large component part of Celestial valor.

TO "LITTLE MARY," DEPARTED.

A child of three years, remarkable for her beauty. "What the flowers said," and "what the birds said," was always her theme. At last she told of "what the angels said." Then we knew that voices from the unseen world had said "come up hither."

The angels called for thee, and thou didst go! In the still purple evening, who, the stars giv'd thee to prove thy worth. With thee in birds and flowers, and whispering O! thou avowed voices, sent by God, Heard in the aural visions of the night, In secret too sweet for mortal ears, Off heard by thee, and now in mercy sent To summon thee away.

The Spoiler touched thee, and thy face was changed; Into a seraph's, for the Conqueror Had plucked his sting away. "Twas hard to give thee up, with thy sweet smile Of angel beauty, and thy soft blue eyes, And looks of lustrous gold. Gone to God! When in thy early dawning, ere the sun Ascented, or with the echoes of the morning mingled, The stars, the sky, and earth, were all in God's keeping. Upon the hills of God.

John L. Stephens took away from our shores but one hundred and eighty passengers, on the fifth of January last. California has never been apprenticed, even by her own sons, until now.
ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.

NO. II.

Another day awoke. The tinselled rays of morning played upon the bosom of the sleeping valley — the wild birds chanted merrily their orisons to the Great Giver of life and light, and beauty was spread on "Nature's face," that filled our hearts with surpassing joy and delight.

Our company was camped upon the bank of the American River, near its junction with the Sacramento, and where the two meet in liquid harmony, and proudly roll along the fertile plains, low murmuring to the breeze, as if still "amorous of the scenes" of mountain clefts and deep ravines they left behind.

The hour of breakfast came—but no breakfast was provided. Here was a hungry demonstration of the saying: "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." But who was to be our "chef d'ecuisine"?

Having finished loading, the dough was placed upon plates of tin, which were set around the fire, backed up by sundry pieces of wood, and other articles none too delicate for kitchen use. Somehow it slipped several times into the ashes before it was cooked, so that when it was declared to be done, it presented no very inviting appearance to the fastidious appetite, but gave an occasion for one to declare the cook had converted the "staff of life into the cudgel of death." This, however, we managed to eat, without too much pain, and pork cooked as on a former occasion.

Having determined to make Vernon our rendezvous, it was agreed we should run all night, in order to avoid the scorching rays of the sun. Accordingly, at 4 o'clock, P.M., we left, half doubting, yet hoping for success to crown our future efforts. To me, according to the Sacramento, was not less adventurous than the ascent of the Nile by Lolyard. The current was strong, and on either bank was seen the native wildness, with here and there a few wigwams or thatched huts, that bespoke the habits of a wild and roving people.

I was selected to pilot the party up this (to us) unknown river,—as if it were a difficult matter to tell whether we were going forward or coming back; for no one could have been more ignorant of the obstacles to be overcome than myself.

Accordingly I seated myself on the prow of the boat, and, to give dignity and importance to my station, I often cried out, with the voice of a Stentor: "Left that starboard oar!" "Portholm!" when it would have been better to have remained quiet. Alas! the right we too often neglect, and pander to human weakness in our ambition to gain immortal fame. Another morning came, and we were busy pitching our tents upon the banks of Feather River; and in this vicinity were most of my labors spent in the fall of 1849.

I entered largely into speculations—bought cattle, horses, and land—built houses—land boats running to Sacramento for goods, and teams carrying them to the mines—hired men to cut hay and stack it, and practiced medicine. My success in business begat a corresponding convivial spirit. I was full of life and animation. It was then I made the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady. I thought her the "peerless empress of my affections." Her name was Polly Ann. O! what melancholy pleasure that name brings to my memory. When I told her how dear I loved her, she replied—"Well, that's right, purty talk, any how." No sooner were these words spoken than a cold breeze passed over my system. The fever of my love was quenched, and I sentenced—"took my hat, bade her good night, and—left. I soon, however, became familiar with the cant phrases of the West, but saw no more of my Polly Ann. I have since learned to regard the difference between "mine and thine" and "thine and mine" to be equal; or, in other words, the difference between..."
the West and East to be mutual; and am
convinced that custom is the topographi-
cal idol we unconsciously worship, and
that it limits our conceptions of right
and propriety to the narrowed associa-
tions of home.

During the protracted rain of '49, and
while the country was inundated, I dem-
onded in a small morrow whose dimen-
sions were 10x8 feet, with two of my
companions to this golden land. Three
hammocks were hung lengthwise, while
my bed was made directly under them,
on the damp ground. My friends,
having somewhat of the Yankee about
them, managed to take boarders, and
kept a little good gin for sale, which we
thought added much to the tone of soci-
ety and prevented our "taking cold."
Thus our little tent was converted into
a bar-room, dining-room, hall and sleeping
apartment, besides serving as a store-
room for sundry articles of baggage.

A few weeks prior to this, I very nar-
rowly escaped being shot by a villain,
who sought my life. I shall never forget
the strangeness of the feeling that came
over me, when last I saw him alive; a
maniac's smile curled his lip—a feverish
excitement was in every movement. O!
how I shuddered as I gazed upon him;
my blood recoiled upon its own impulse,
my heart began to palpitate, and
confused—while I stood spill-bound, with
rigid muscles, like one half-waking from
some horrid insomnes of the night.

During the high water and most
thrilling accident occurred, resulting in
the loss of several lives. One Sunday,
about sunset, while the wind was blow-
ing fresh from the north, a banter was
given to cross the river in a small boat.
The banter was accepted. Six of us
jumped into the frail sldff, and in a few
moments were borne by the wind near
the middle of the river. The current
bore us rapidly down: the oars were put
out, and long we tried in vain to gain the
opposite side. We turned, in hopes of
gaining the side we had left, and were
still borne rapidly down the river. But
we were doomed to disappointment:
night, cold and dark, came on, and we
again changed our course and pulled for
the opposite bank; but just as we were
coming in reach of the bushes that grow
along the river, a flaw of wind struck the
boat—in an instant she expired, and my
comrades went down to rise no more.

Being an expert swimmer, and self-pos-
seed, I struggled hard, and my good
fortunes led me to grasp hold of a limb, which
enabled me safely to get upon the
bank. I called to the others, but no
voice answered my cry—a solemn si-
ence hovered around me. I knew they
were lost. I turned away in sadness;
and though unaccustomed to shed tears,
in every movement. O! how I shuddered as I
gazed upon him; my blood recoiled upon its own impulse;
my heart began to palpitate, and
confused—while I stood spill-bound, with
rigid muscles, like one half-waking from
some horrid insomnes of the night.

A few weeks prior to this, I very nar-
rowly escaped being shot by a villain,
who sought my life. I shall never forget
the strangeness of the feeling that came
over me, when last I saw him alive; a
maniac's smile curled his lip—a feverish
excitement was in every movement. O!
how I shuddered as I gazed upon him;
my blood recoiled upon its own impulse,
my heart began to palpitate, and
confused—while I stood spill-bound, with
rigid muscles, like one half-waking from
some horrid insomnes of the night.

On the first of January, the waters
having returned to their natural chan-
nels, I determined to try my luck in the
mines—to cease longer to be a follower
of the famed Eureka, and become an
"honest miner." Our goals were to be
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ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.
as some but those who have crossed the plains can give, and a loud "roll up there," our teams moved on. This day we went about six miles, to a very pleasant valley, where the tenatoves concluded to lay up one day to recruit the cattle. Here we met with some trouble with the Indians, who came upon us at night, and drove away two of our best oxen. In the morning, three of our company followed upon their trail about twelve miles, when they came suddenly upon their camp, and were as suddenly obliged to beat a retreat to escape the arrows shot at them from the surrounding hills.

Having a pretty good "constitution for comfort," I did not care to waste my strength hunting after Indians, that were known to be rather unfriendly; so I took a jug-full of something, said to be a very good antidote for the bite of rattlesnakes— as in these days we never failed to provide ourselves for such emergencies—and in company with Mr. P., I started for Rose's Bar, on the Yuba River, where we arrived about noon. Here my attention was at once called to a gentleman sick with the scurvy, who had been under treatment nearly three months, and one leg was swollen from the foot to the body, presenting a very red and ghastly appearance, such as follows the bite of a rattlesnake or tarantula. As this disease often behoves the skill of the most eminent physicians, I deemed it proper here to state that I invariably bound the affected part in the fibrous portion of beef, changing often balsam the skill of the most eminent physicians, and such is the cure of all these crooked and green ones running in every direction? "Don't you know?" said he. "No." "In the dry season," he replied, "the ground cracks; and after the first rain, and before the ground swells and closes again, the wild oats, by the help of the wind and their own legs." "Their own legs?" I remarked, interrogatively. "Yes, their own legs; for, by some provision of nature, they have a kind of leg, by which, when the rain swells them, they manage naturally to curl into their crevices, and are there saved, otherwise the fire that sweeps across the prairie would destroy them,"

Afterwards learned that I was not alone, and that the misfortune was not uncommon; and as "misery likes company," this was some consolation, although it did not wholly comfort with my idea of a hero—for I never lost sight of the proceeding that I was to be a hero—and the following lines, by Longfellow, constantly rang in my ear as the sure synonym of my future greatness,—

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the temple of his soul,
Be a hero in the strife!"

How often have I reflected upon these words—wafted by some kind angel's breath to my memory; and how much have they comforted and encouraged me in times of great trouble, and made me desire more than all else to leave some "foot-print" behind, that should be worthy of imitation in the future—

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's stormy main,
Some doubtful and shipwrecked brother—
Seeping, may take heart again."

LOWCUT DAILY, Jan. 8, 1858.

(To be continued.)

While walking across the beautiful plains on Dry Creek, Sacramento Co., on Christmas day, I observed that the young wild oats were springing up in small and irregular rows, when I inquired of my companion, "What is the cause of all these crooked and green ones running in every direction?" "Don't you know?" said he.

"No." "In the dry season," he replied, "the ground cracks; and after the first rain, and before the ground swells and closes again, the wild oats, by the help of the wind and their own legs." "Their own legs?" I remarked, interrogatively. "Yes, their own legs; for, by some provision of nature, they have a kind of leg, by which, when the rain swells them, they manage naturally to curl into their crevices, and are there saved, otherwise the fire that sweeps across the prairie would destroy them,"
EMISSION TO CALIFORNIA—HER RESOURCES.

BY R. A.

There has been so much said upon emigration to this country, I do not anticipate I shall bring forth anything new upon the subject. Yet it is one that all true Californians are deeply interested in; therefore too much cannot be said, if said in the right spirit. We want a larger population. We have everything that nature can produce to sustain a larger one; and we have a more convenient mode of conveyance, we would soon have large accessions to our already prosperous State.

There is not another country in the wide world which has more beautiful natural scenery than California. You can ramble among her woodland bowers and in her verdant valleys at midsummer day, and at the same time look upon her snow-capped mountains. You can bathe in her smooth-flowing streams, and gambol on the banks, until weary with summer sports; and in two hours you can ascend the mountain, and chase the deer over snow twenty feet deep, until amusement cease to give any pleasure; and return home the same night, to inhale the evening breeze, mingled with the sweet perfumes of flowers of every hue. A more delightful climate cannot be imagined by man than California contains. During my residence here, I have lived where there is snow the year around, and I have lived where there is no snow; so there is no difficulty in any one getting a climate to suit them in this country. To some this may look improbable, but such is the case; for here where I am now, or at least a few hundred yards from here, there is snow all the year. We have as fine agricultural land as there is under the protection of the stars and stripes; indeed, this soil appears peculiarly adapted to raising supplies for the wants of mankind. The best potatoes I ever ate in my life were raised on the mountains, where they are subject to snow eight months in the year.

The great beacon star of the emigrant to this country is the gold mines. It is that which leads them on to the far distant west; it is that which tempts them to leave their native land, and break loose from the bonds of childhood's associations, and seek a new home on the Pacific shores; and it is of the mines I wish to speak; for I have been, to use a common phrase, an "honest miner," and have been in different portions of the mines, and what I say is from my own observation, with some exceptions. I shall not exaggerate things, as hundreds can bear testimony. I hear men around me, every day, cursing the country, and complaining they cannot make money enough to take them to the Atlantic States; now, if these same men were there, they would not remain, if they could get money enough to return to California. I do not wish to be understood to say that all who follow mining make money, for such is not the case. There are many sober, industrious, noble-hearted fellows, who have toiled month after month—yes, year after year—and made nothing more than a living; but is there a country on the face of the globe where all men make money? make a fortune, in a few months or even years? If there is, I should be most happy to find it; but I will venture the assertion, that there is not another country on the earth where so many men make money, and in such a quantity, in so short a space of time, as California. The emigrant comes here with too bright anticipations dancing before his delighted fancy. I know this from experience. Although the idea of making a fortune in a year is fast dying away, yet it is too much believed by many at this period, and when they arrive here, they are dissatisfied, from the fact they do not find things as they anticipated in regard to the mines. Would they come to this country as they do to any other, they would think it the garden spot of earth; a climate unequalled, a soil unsurpassed
and rich gold mines combined, make the country the brightest in the galaxy of all the green spots inhabited by civilized or uncivilized man.

This portion of the mines in which I reside is known as "Sears' Diggings," and comprises a district about three and a half miles in length by two in width. There are about seven hundred inhabitants within this district, as near as I can get at the number. The principal mode of mining here is tunneling, though there are several hydraulic diggings in operation during the water season, and would be many more, had we plenty of water; but there is only a sufficiency about four months in the year, and then not enough to supply the demand. Those who are working in tunnels drift during the winter, and wash up in the spring; and for four months here we have a lively time. We have three ditches completed, and the three will carry about two hundred sluice heads. The amount of dust taken out here last year is said to have been eight thousand dollars, which would be an average of a little over one thousand dollars to each inhabitant of the district. This I do not think can be surpassed much by any district in the State.

I have taken some pains to procure as near as possible the true state of things. I do not wish to exaggerate, for it would be of no benefit to myself, as I am one of the laborers. I do not wish to mislead any one.

The mines here around Pine Grove were once almost abandoned, but now they are good diggings, and well worked; and I feel confident in saying, from what I know of them, they are scarcely prospected. It is not always the case that the mines that are pulled up are the best. This I learned from experience, and to my sorrow; therefore I would not make false representations, neither would I advise any one to come here if he has any profitable employment elsewhere; but otherwise I do not think he could lose any thing in coming.

My only desire is to give your readers a fair and impartial statement in regard to this portion of the mines. As for myself, I would not exchange it for any other that I have seen. This spring we anticipate an unusually prosperous season, for there is more snow here now than there has been since 1852, and there is a large quantity of drift dirt out, ready to wash. I think, from present prospects, we shall have water five or six months.

I know of no better place for those who have families, and wish to follow mining; for when you get a claim opened, it will last for years, and you are not under the necessity of moving about so often. And then a family is always hailed with pleasure in the mountains; it brightens the miner's heart, and makes him think the world is not so desolate, after all; it calls to mind other days, when he was gathered with loved ones around the domestic fireside in his native land.

And we have plenty of ladies here, our winters would not appear so long, and time would fly swiftly away, while wealth was crowning our labors. I hope we shall have many additions to our present stock, which is small, though unsurpassed in kind. God bless them—"May their shadows never grow less."

Pine Grove, Jan. 7, 1858.

- Hutchings' California Magazine.
The mothers of New England! How doth the very name Wake up, through all the echoing heart, As with a tongues of flame, The voices of the buried Past— The treasured ones of old— As down the silent tide of time, Above its wrecks, they're rolled.

The mothers of New England! Who lived in days of yore, When battle shook the startled land, And bathed its fields in gore; They saw the valleys and the hills Red with their children's blood, But shrank not, as they pledged them To Liberty and God!

The mothers of New England! Their names are garnered wide In every land where sweeps the breeze, Or swells the ocean tide, Deep, deep in many an echoing heart, Like treasured gems they lie, Gilding with glorious beauty there The halls of memory.

The mothers of New England! How deep the music thrills! How upward loiter on the sea, The wanderer on the hills; The traveler in the stranger's land, The soldier on the plain, Start as he hears the magic sound Come bounding back again.

The mothers of New England! The blessed ones of old! They reared a noble race of sons, In conscious manhood bold. They taught them to defend the right, To fear no hireling crew, And only bow the knee to One— The God their fathers knew!

The mothers of New England! The name is holy there! It mingleth with the morning song, And with the evening prayer; It goes like sweetest incense up Where swells the chorlal lays; And thousands learn to bless their name, And thousands speak their praise.

The mothers of New England! They sung us to our rest, When we were cradled in their arms, And pillowed on their breast. They led us all our infant days, And watched the paths we trod; They blessed us with their dying breath And then arose to God!

The mothers of New England! Their graves are scattered wide Through every hamlet in the land, By every mountain side. They're watered by the summer showers, And rived by winter snows— Oh! hollow ye the sacred spot On which their boses repos.

San Francisco, Jan., 1858.

G. T. E.

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

BY DOINGS.

Unlucky days, who does not have them? Who does not sometimes arise in the morning, and, however strange it may seem, commence with a trifling, or perhaps serious accident; continues throughout the day to break things, or inflict injuries upon themselves and others; feeling ill-tempered, cross and peevish towards others, and venting their spleen and bad humor upon unoffending persons and things? There are various, causes assigned for such days, by "old women," and also by some of the opposite sexes, who are doubtless as learned and profound as their revered authority. Such people tell us, that to get out of bed on the wrong side," or, "to put the wrong sock on first," are among the primary incentives to an "unlucky day." We shall not attempt to investigate history, for the purpose of ascertaining how or when such valuable and important information was first dis-
covered; but we will not deny the theory, and thereby perhaps involve ourselves in controversy. We confess to "unlucky days." We have had experience, and purpose here to detail the adventures of one such day. We are in this instance obliged to set aside the causes given as above, for the reason that the scene is in the mountains, and the time years ago, when we had no beds save mother earth, and but one possible way to get up, and that the simple and ingenious method of scavenging. As for socks, the kind most in vogue were those more readily removed by water, and of a material so common that a fresh pair every day was not considered at all extravagant; and besides, the rolling-up process often-times left our feet exposed, and for their better protection during the night, we usually wore our boots, as we did on this occasion.

It was yet dark when our camp was aroused, and preparations for a start commenced. We had for some days been encamped in Grass Valley, and were now to leave, intending to go up, and crossing Nelson Creek and the Middle Fork of the Feather, proceed westward. This had been determined the day previous, and in order to facilitate matters, a large quantity of bread had been made up and baked. One among our number was a Spaniard, Domingo by name; he having become dissatisfied with our company, and preferring to associate with his own countrymen, was to leave us that morning, and return his way back to the valleys.

I think I never felt better; in fact, we were all in good spirits; glad with the prospect of being so soon under way, and full of bright anticipations. Breakfast was prepared, and sitting as usual in a circle, with the bread and pork in the center, we were about to "pitch in," when my host in some unaccountable manner became entangled with the handle of the coffee-pot, and that utensil was capsized, and its contents spilled all over the table, damaging a goodly portion of our bread, and depriving us of that which the miner ever considers his main stay in the grub line. This innocent and unintentional act upon my part, brought upon this oriental head curses without number. I needed bore them all, for I felt very badly, and thought that for my carelessness I deserved them. Our breakfast, I assure you, was not a pleasant one. We ate and finished in silence, and as punishment for my misdemeanor, I was left to collect the culinary utensils, wash the dishes, and prepare for packing, while the others went out to find and drive up the animals. Domingo was first to return, and having fastened his blankets and other accouterments upon his saddle, touched his hat, and was in the act of saying, "Give me a pan," when I happened to notice by the fire a pan which I supposed was his; near it was a large quantity of bread, our intended supply for the day. Pointing towards the fire, I said, "Domingo, don't forget your pan." Having completed the duties assigned me, I walked off to hunt up and assist the boys. The animals were nearly packed, when Harry, our captain, said—

"Where's the bread?"

"Bread?" said I, for it just then crossed my mind that I had neglected to put it in the sack; "Down by the fire."

"Where? I don't see it."

I looked, and sure enough it was not there.

"Domingo must have taken it," I replied.

"Impossible!" retorted Harry; "Domingo I know would not have taken it without permission. What did he say when he left?"

"Well, he didn't say much of anything. Just as he was going, I saw his pan, and told him he had better take it; but there it is, and he has certainly taken the bread."

"You're a fool! Don't you know that 'pan' is the Spanish for bread? That's not his pan, but one I loaned him; and understanding so little of English as he does, he very naturally supposed you told him to take the bread."

...
If ever a person felt cheap, I think I did then; it was one of my first lessons in Spanish, and I shall never forget it. This time, instead of curses, my ears were greeted with the loudest kind of guffaws, in which I was compelled to join; and I was notified that at the next camping there would be a nice little job for me.

One of our animals was a dark gray mule, and was called after that renowned Mexican individual, Santa Anna. He was not a large mule, but a very tough one, and could carry a good load very handsomely when he had a mind to. I don’t think any harm was intended, but he often indulged in little episodes, which, however amusing they may have been to him, were to us sources of great annoyance. He doubtless considered kicking up with the hind legs, lying down and endeavoring to roll with a pack on, and a sudden halt, with a firm determination to stay there, as grand jokes, and in a mirthful way enjoyed them. Somehow he had fallen to the special protection and guidance of “Phan.,” “Doc.,” and myself; and we threw, on this day, as usual, packed and started him off. Before reaching Onion Valley, he contrived to work his pack loose six or eight times, and upon our arrival there we weren’t in the best of humor, for the frequent detentions had caused us to be some distance behind the remainder of our company. Growing at each other, and unitedly heaping imprressions upon Santa Anna, we endeavored to push more rapidly ahead; but Santa Anna was opposed to such proceedings, and the lashings thickened, and the pack commenced to turn; with another shout, the vaqueros themselves rushed by. We did not stop to swear, nor to speak a word, but springing to the pack, caught it as it fell, and taking off piece by piece, laid it on the ground near by; then, with the most heart-rending and woebegone expression, looked alternately at the wreck and at each other, and then, siding upon our “plunder,” laughed loud and long. It was too much. We had been cross-grained and ill-tempered since morning; we were as irritated as we possibly could be after this last mishap befell us, and that was so bad as to border on the ridiculous, causing a reaction which made us laugh our cross-grains smooth again.

There is no such annihilator to “blue devils” as laughter; no panacea to a mind diseased with the ague; no better pass-word along the road of life than laughter. Would you have health, laugh; would you be happy, laugh; would you be sure of a welcome among friends, laugh. But do not laugh out of
time and place; for there are moments when the heart is full of sorrow, then laughter is a mockery, and barely genuine upon the soul.

And, so we laughed our troubles all away; and, feeling bright and gay as any given number of jay-birds, gathered as much of the spilled flour as possible into an empty sack, packed Santa Anna once more, and without further incident arrived at the mouth of Nelson Creek, just after noon. We found the balance of the company at dinner awaiting us, and we congratulated ourselves that the diameter of the day was over. About 2 o’clock, P. M., being refreshed, and in excellent spirits, we were ready for another start.

Across the creek was a very large log. It must at some time have drifted down the stream and lodged there, for I could see nothing to indicate its having grown near where it lay. In diameter it measured nearly five feet, and some thoughtful person or persons had hewn the top down, until it presented a level surface about three and a half feet wide, making a capital bridge, across which both men and mules passed daily. Over this log one route held; and, as a matter of course, Santa Anna led off in the rear. The other animals had passed over in good style, and it came to Santa Anna’s turn. Cautionly he stepped upon the log, and timidly advanced to the center, where he stopped. We allowed him a moment, to collect himself, and then by coaxing encouraged to urge him on; till falling, we tried driving; and then we took a hitches over his nose with the halter, hoping to lead him; but settling himself back, he converted his fore-legs into a pair of braces, and effectually threatened our purpose. Several miners now came to our assistance, and with poles pushed behind, while we pulled in front. This was more than Santa Anna could possibly endure, and he commenced to use his hind-legs in a most fearful manner. Now, above the bridge had collected, a large quantity of logs and driftwood, bark and leaves; the latter of which, being light, floated upon the surface, causing the whole to resemble an uninterrupted plot of mud. Santa Anna, doubtless considering it genuine terra firma, with a sudden jerk, pulled the halter from our hands, jumped from the bridge, and disappeared. He soon came up, and then began a desperate conflict. Sometimes he had the best of it, and then the logs; and there he splashed, floundered, and struggled. Santa Anna was becoming exhausted; his pack was heavy, and very inconvenient; the logs were round, strong, accustomed to the water, and had every advantage.

Miners came rushing up by dozens, bringing with them short poles and long poles, big poles and little poles, straight poles and crooked poles; and they pushed, piled, and shouted, they laughed and hallooed, and some of them I think used profane language. That the logs would win seemed hardly a matter of doubt—nothing but the bend of Santa Anna was to be seen. The hope we had entertained of his rescue, slight though it was, had faded quite away, when most opportune a Mexican arrived upon the opposite bank, and with precision threw his lasso over the receding head. Eight or ten able-bodied men caught hold and heaved with the Mexican; the miners in the rear pushed, piled, and shouted; the logs gave way, and great was the triumph of Santa Anna. He was drawn upon dry land, and stripped of his burden; which, consisting of flour and pork, sustained but little damage. After indulging in several wholesome rolls, he stood up, shook himself, and nodding to his brother and sister mules, with very loud and sonorous voice remarked, “To-eh! to-eh! o-e-o-a-ab!” and whistled. Experience is mighty, and Santa Anna had experience.

The Middle Fork of the Feather was fordable; we crossed it, and proceeding up the hill, camped in what is now called Long Valley, without further accident.

Sitting around the fire that night, we talked and laughed over the incidents of
AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Feeling in right good humor with myself, and with the boys, too— for they had forgotten their threat made in the mornings— and Harry himself had made the box, only asking of me to secure the baking—I related an adventure concerning my mule experience previous to joining this company, and which I considered as first among mule stories. I never told it but exclamations of surprise and wonder interrupted me as I proceeded, and I was always rewarded in the end, by hearing it pronounced universally as "tough, but devilish good"; nor did I fail of applause this time. Yet I should have known better than to have told it while "Bluff" was about; for no one ever told a story in his presence, no matter how ludicrous, how pathetic, or how extravagant, but he would follow, relating one that was almost certain to knock the proceeding into insignificance. He had a story for all occasions. I believe the fellow made the most of them up as he went along; and, although a true, staunch and honest friend and companion, he was in his way the most consummate liar I ever knew. When the applause over my story had subsided, I heard a short, dry cough. I knew it in an instant, and with an inexpressible groan I mentally exclaimed, "This is an unlucky day!"

Taking another pull at a short, black pipe, he commenced—"Little more nor six months ago, I was down south on the Stanislows. Me and some other boys had four mules. One on 'em was white, a little bigger 'n Santi' Ann here, an' the wickedest animal I ever see; he always gut ugly an' kicked jest in the wrong time. Wal, one day we was gittin' long on the side-hill, stopper nor any hill up this way: 'twas right up an' down all the time, an' the trail was blazed bad. I reck'n 'twas bout a mile high perpendicular from the trail to a sort of a bench, an' bout one hundred and thirty foot straight down on to a flat. We was right in the roughest piece of the trail, when that blessed mule—Dick, we called him—begun to kick. Presently he lost his hold; an' away he went down the hill, over, an' over, an' over. I tell you, I could 'a' made yer git right up, to see that crooked go git, over rocks an' bushes; an' once or twice he struck agin' the trees, but it didn't make no difference—he just slowed rout, an' never let up till he went over the bench; an' then I see to Bill Smart—him as I told yer jest that fer with me—so I, Bill, he's a good, d— a him; but grub's mighty scarce. I reckon the boys must go on, an' you an' I'll go down an' git that plowman. So Bill, he an' I started out. We had to go nigh on to three miles round, afore we struck the spot where the blasted mule cum down; an' then, dog on my picture, of that ar 'cussed mule want browsin' that jest as int'lrol no life."—

"What! was he alive?"

"Sartin, he was. The tin pains was pretty much smashed; but Dick was jest as good as now, an' riter that, nobody ever had a better nor truer animal nor he was. An' if you ever cum across Bill Smart, he'll tell you that's so."

He told this in a manner forcible and sincere, with nothing upon his countenance to indicate the least deviation from truth, or to carry a doubt to the mind of the listener. Having finished, he lighted his pipe, and like a man fully prepared and ready to meet any emergency, blew out dense clouds of smoke. During the next half hour, not a man of us spoke a word, and then, with side-long glances as Bluff, we retired to "roll up" and end—

An Unlucky Day.
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

PARADISE LOST.—HELL, AND THE FALLEN ANGELS.

Let capricious critics assert that Paly wrote his "Reasons for Contemplating" for preferment purposes; that well-written lines speak to the heart, and it matters little for what purpose he wrote it. There is also an illustration in it which I consider particularly appropriate. He compiles mankind to the audience in a theater, who, as long as the actors perform their parts properly, have their attention so taken up with the acting and the play, that they do not think for the time of the comparative respectability of pit and boxes.

Let us suppose ourselves in such a theater. Let us amplify the idea, and imagine it large enough to contain the whole human race, and that the principal characters which are about to appear on the stage are the Porses and Potentates of Heaven and Hell. "Mysteries," as they were called, of a sublimated description, have been noted for the gratification of the imagination and instruction of semi-barbarous Christians, who probably would have convened in greater numbers to see a bull-fight; but there is something of a subordinato description, have been acted for the gratification and curiosity. We discover living beings in "the sulphurous canopy, afloat on the sulphurous lake—figures of gigantic proportions, unsurpassed by those of Grecian song—and chief, the Arch-Angel Satan:

"With brend up-like above the wave, and eyes That sparkling beams his other parts besides:

That on the secret top
Of Thoth, or of Bwind, did inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen race
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose of Chaos."
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS. 375

Satan does not like the looks of the country; but while he mournfully contrasts it with "the blissful sons above," he meets his fate with scorn, undaunted:

"Is this the region I this the soil, the clime,
That we must change for Heaven! this mournful gloom"

For that celestial light? Do it so; since he
Who now is sovereign can dispense and bid
What shall be right. Farthest from him is best.

Heaven! here let infernal world and those profoundest Hell
Receive thy new peer. Here for his envy, will not drive us hence.
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell.
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

We have only seen Satan groveling on the lake, or spreading his dronched and heavy pinions in the scarcely penetrable gloom of an unnatural atmosphere, without an opportunity of amusing his martial pretensions. See him now—

"His ponderous shield,
Ethernal temper, many, large, and round,
Round him cast, or spreading his drenched and heavy pinions in the scarcely penetrable gloom of an unnatural atmosphere, without an opportunity of amusing his martial pretensions. See him now—

But it is neither time nor place for regretting past exploits, or pining over the severity of their punishment. So Satan suggests the imminent assembling of the scattered children, for the purpose of holding a general council as to their future proceedings:

"Better than the desery plains, fertile and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glare of these vivid flames,
Costa pale and drearful! Tis here we send
From off the sullen of these fiery waves!
There rest, if any rest can harbor there,
And strewing all the illusory powers,
Consult how we may bestow most official
Our enemy, our own less need, how we
Ourselves the dire calamity,
What recompense we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair.""
Darkened, so ye shone,
Above them all, the Arch-Angel.

He calls his warriors to the council—

"Angel-forms who lay enframed
Thick as autumnal leaves that flew the brooks
In Vollathness, where the Etruscan shield
High over-arched embower; or scattered edge
Hark vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves
 Hovered and his Memphian chamber. (when he saw)
 White with perfidious hatred they pursued
The adjurations of Godless."

He summons them, stunned and stupified,
And lost in amazement and terror,
as only Archangel could—

"And called as loud that all the hollow deep
Of Holt resounded. Prince, Pessamine,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, one young—
With such intonation as this can raise
Fanciful spirits. Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your weary virility, for the case you fear,
To slumber here as in the vale of Heaven?
Or is this object posture here ye swear
To admire the conqueror, who now beholds
Church and burning rolling in the flood
With scattered ares and diestone, till noon
He swift pursuers from Heaven gaze discern
The advantage, and startled rising crease as dawn,
Thus loping; or with linked immortals
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake! Arise! or be for ever fallen!"

His bitter and sarcastic words have the desired effect:

"They heaved and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as men who wish to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they chanced,
Roused and bent themselves as well awake—
Insensible, as wings the point red
Of Azura's sun, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the course, as called a petty cloud
Of heaves waving as the eastern wind,
That in the realm of imperious Pharaoh king
Like night, and darkness all the land of Nid,
A multitude like which the populous North
Purposely moved from her frozen hoe to pass
Rime or to the Danube, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibberish to the Lybian sands,
God-like shapes and forms
Excelling heaven, privity dignified.

Proud of their ready obedience, Satan
unfurled his imperial ensign, and marshaled
them with the stirring sounds of music
In proper style and

"Ten thousand homers rise into the air,
With orient pearls waving."

To use the words of another poet—

"There were two years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

He addresses them briefly, reminding them that their exilè had emptied Heaven,
and that it was by no means impossible but that they might yet repose their native seat. He points out the necessity of caution, as they may have to use stratagems to accomplish what they had failed to effect by force; and mentions a rumor current in Heaven, that the Omniscient was about to create a new world, where they might have many opportunities of furthering their united interest.

Meanwhile, Mammon and Malchior are not idle:

"Mammon, the lust erecter spirit that fell
From Heaven, (for even in Heaven his look and thought
Were always downward bent, adorning more
The riches of Heaven's pavestones, freestone gold,
Than might divers and likely, also enjoyed
In noetical views)," has discovered "rich diggings," the gold
Of which he employs liberally in all manner of ornaments for a palatial structure
besetting the principle residences of Hell, of which Malchior, who has been similarly engaged in Heaven, is the architect.

There, Satan proclaims that the council will be held; and thither they all wing their way, to ascertain the result of the debates.

"As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Possess their populous youth about the hive,
In clusters, they among dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smooth'd planks
Toward their straw-built enceinte, to discuss.
New-rubled with balah expat ate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the air filled
With scattered rems and ensigns, till the signal
given,
Robed in wonder; they who now but seemed
In steps to surpass earth's greatest men
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless; like that pygmy once
By the Indian mount, or airy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some besated peasant seen,
Or drowses be seen, while overhead the noon
Six address, and nearer to the earth 1 essence
Wheels her pale course, they on their nubil and
Andcast to with balah ensigns, till the signal
Gave, reduced their shapes immense;"

Except they had possessed this power of reducing, themselves within small dimensions, the courts of Pandemonium,

"Though like a covered fold where champions hold
Wooded in armed, and at the Soldier's chair
Defied the best of Psalms valiantly,"

....
would have been incapable of containing them: They are only inferior spirits, however, who are necessitated in this manner to concentrate their giant forms.

"Far worse, And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Samoico Lord and Cherubim In close recesses and secret corners sit. A thousand Demons on golden seats, Impotent and dull. After lawn silence then, And summen read, the grand exsult began."

Thus concludes the first book, and we naturally come to a pause. We have now for the first time an opportunity for reflection, which the vivacity and truth-like coloring of the story, the unnatural strangeness of the scenery, and the boldness of the language, all so different from any thing to be found elsewhere, have hitherto prevented. We have been flustered to an extent which we could not have believed possible. We are not sure that we have not been corrupted. The nursery stories about Mother Shipton, and the Catholic legends regarding Fulcher Dunstan, we now believe alike to be more libels. There may be nothing wrong in this; but the digits of Milton have carried us further. We feel an honest indignation rising in our breasts at the manner in which Satan has been abused, and the way in which we have heard him vilified from Protestant pulpits. From what does this proceed? Has Milton struck a chord in our bosoms which till now sent forth no sound? "Beware!" says Pantheism, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Even the Scriptures say so; and there is no denying that many of our natural impulses do not prompt to virtue. But for once that we have done wrong by listening to the heart, we have done so ten times from stifling its emotions. Beattie, the Minstrel of the North, forbids us to stifle them.

"Not to stir generous indignation checked, Nor check the tender tear to misery given." But his advice never came at a more unfortunate moment. Milton has half succeeded our affections to the cause of the enemy of God and man. Even gentle ladies feel indignant that one so noble should be consigned to such soul-barrowing punishment; for as Moore says, in apology for the occasional wilfulness of Neuronal-

"Even in the temple of love Light brevets will nuzzle the blossoms sometimes," and Scott, the poet of a more philosophical people, admits that Ellen, "the Lady of the Lea," cherished similar feelings, "When tale of injury called forth The indignant spirit of the North." The matter is beyond the jurisdiction of the heart, we must rule it out of court, and leave it to be decided at the tribunal of reason.

Agrigola.

Our Social Chair.

Do it ever occur to the reader, that, however prolific any one might be in any or every department of Science, Letters, Art, History, Politics, or the thousand and one branches of general knowledge, he could not please everybody? Perhaps, even, the reader may remember some portion of his experience being itself the teacher of the fact. He may be, even, as wise as the third king of Israel, as learned as Chiron, as skilful as Archimedes, as eloquent as Cicero or Demosthenes, as devoted as Leonidas, as inspired as Pindar, and withal as persuasive in address as Prometheus, or as illustrious in all the noble qualities of true greatness as Washington—yet shall he not please everybody. "And, although we write the above as kind of prelude to what is to follow, we do not wish the reader even for a moment to suppose that we claim any relationship whatever to the illustrious personages we have mentioned.

For the reader's amusement, we will present him this month with a sample or two of the correspondence we are at times receiving—and most of it, too, in the very
best of good-humor. One of our readers at
Chaparraville, for instance, sends us the fol-
lowing:

Dear Edit,—I am delighted with your ex-
cellent magazine, and the gloriously spirited
and true California style in which it is con-
ducted; still, I would suggest as an im-
provement that you put all the poetry into
one number, and then I assure you I would
buy the damned thing, and immediately burst
it, and all of the hops in our cabin would
do the same.

Now, any one can see at a glance that C.
has no portion of the poetic element in his
composition. A few mornings afterwards,
and before we had fully recovered from the
laughter which the reading and remembrance
of C's singular and good-hatured suggestion
had occasioned, came the following from
Petaluma.

Mr. Editor,—If it would not be tres-
touch upon your good-nature, or be in-
terpreted that I wish to find fault with your
planning and truly California magazine, I
would suggest that it would gratify myself
and friends, could you possibly give us a
little more poetry, (1) as the sentiment
there expressed made us feel nobler and bet-
ter for its reading; and such is its charm,
that we watch for its coming each month
with impatience. You will excuse me for
these suggestions; now, won't you?

Lizzie C.

The reader will see that Lizzie T. and C.
are somewhat at variance in their senti-
ments, so that we hope they may never be-
come man and wife, as in that case it might
take a serious turn. We, however, conclu-
sed that we might as well expect that
when we tried, to please every one, lest it
might be all "labor in vain." Another
writes us:

"It would be an especial favor to your
subscribers here, if you would give us more
tales, especially such as—
Do give us
more tales. Every body likes tales!

A Subscriber.

Upon the very heels of this last, and by
the same name, another subscriber with-
known to us "cannot find anything a
little more substantial to fill the pages of
your otherwise excellent magazine that
such nonsense as tales!"

Some, again, want scientific or statistical
articles; others do not want any of that kind,
and say, "Give us something to laugh at;
we have no time up here to read anything
that is dry. "Laugh and grow fat!" is a good
saying, and as we work hard we are poor
enough, and if that will put any flesh upon
our bones, or make us feel a little jolly dur-
ing our leisure hours, why, let's have it.";

It would be easy to fill many pages with
well-mean and mixed-up advice, similar to
the above; and which, after all, would re-
semble the kind of weather which every one
would have, could it be made purposely to
suit his or her individual tastes and circum-
sances. Many valuable suggestions we
have cheerfully adopted, and shall continue
so to do, if we think they are worthy of it;
and we always welcome any kindly and well-
meaning advice, even if we do not see it to
take it. It has ever been our desire to make
the Magazine a cheerful visitor to the cabin
of the miner, as well as to the parlors of the
tradesman, or the drawing-room of the man
of wealth.

Before the publication of this magazine
was commenced, we expended many thou-
ands of dollars, and nearly two years of
time, in visiting the many singular and
beautiful objects of interest from one end of
California to the other, and procured over
one thousand sketches and descriptions of
all the remarkable scenes to be found; many
of which have from time to time ap-
ppeared, and others will in due course follow.

We mention this to show that we were in
earnest to make ours a California magazine;
and we think that there has not as yet a sin-
gle illustrated article appeared in its pages,
which either was not well worth the twen-
ty-five cents charged for the number.

Of course the reader will understand that
we wish to give, and do give, as great a va-
tity and as excellent a quality of articles
as we can, many of which we know the
writers may never feel ashamed of; but as
in the case of improvement roll on together, the
one to assist the other, we hope that all will
as now, upon the whole, be well satisfied.

The following, we think, will be a little
amusing, as showing the way some folks
handle an editor, and is, we suppose, a sort
of revelation for what has been some time said
to some contributors; and as we have given
the reader one peep into the sanctum, we
will now give him another, although at first
light it may appear as though the tables
were turned against us:


By my truth, Mr. Editor, I would sup-
pose, from your strictures applied to your correspondents, that you were born in a crab-apple orchard, crowded in a vinegar vat, and soaked up on a pop-countryround of geometries and green perambulons. Ugh! I guess you got the grapes that the box ever so airily sour. Why don't you imbibe a quart of alkaline every morning, and rid yourself of a portion of your needful qualities? I, for instance, whom you hastily intimate is no wit. Now we are well satisfied that he is a real funny sort of a chap, and is fully capable of eating the world in an upper furious, would you but give him utterance. We laughed for hours at the immensity of the fellow's fun, and were two more at you for not "sorcery" him, thereby drawing it out. But thus parishes geniuses in eminency, and humanity mourns her loss in sackcloth and ashes.

A mighty field of accountability an editor has to plough, to sow, to reap, to thresh and winnow, and if he's not a good wind-mill, he's sure to let the grain go over the sieve with the chaff and tailings. Editing a journal or magazine is like plowing in a stumpy field with a yoke that is going to have a rhetorical shape, and on the back of it slipp'd its taloned wings, thereby preventing flight? T. M., for instance, whom you suddenly intimate is no wit. Now we are well satisfied that he is a real funny sort of a chap, and is fully capable of eating the world in an upper furious, would you but give him utterance. We laughed for hours at the immensity of the fellow's fun, and were two more at you for not "sorcery" him, thereby drawing it out. But thus parishes geniuses in eminency, and humanity mourns her loss in sackcloth and ashes.

By the way, did our friend your poetical correspondent in the October number, live after that "first kiss?" "Twas an awful affair, that—equal to the Muslimest; two calves at one cow are "no what." We asked a gentleman of the "called persuasion," the other day, what he thought about it to which Guthil replied, "that he tink de geniuns's soon get heed ob de reason—dat murderin' raw upon wum is rabbit's to dat circumstances." When we only think of the affair, and the great "sack-muslin need," it draws our hearts of compassion into our throat so thoroughly, that we can taste "badit" slang as we sate a week since. His peculiarity, so poetically expressed, fills our soul with poetry, and we will tell you what befell us in our family—private, you know—2-8 thus:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Her eyes with lightning were o'erbrigh</th>
<th>And thunder gusted on her brow,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>And into us she fiercely pitch'd,</td>
<td>As I will to you here.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She kick'd on my shin with her purdy foot,</td>
<td>She tossed my leaf by the handful out,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She likewise lou'd on my eye,</td>
<td>And I thought it time for to die.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She seized my heart by the handful out,</td>
<td>The above is purely classical and original.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And I thought it time for to die.</td>
<td>He has poetized his joys, I my sorrows. But</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Don't think I wish to potherize on the graves of your correspondents, when you have slain. No such a thing. There is insufficiency in your strictures—ny worse than insufficiency; for your prohibition acts on genius as a productive rather than a preventive cause, and this is why I write. The more you trample and fetter geniuses, the more prolific it becomes.

In my next, you will get "An ELECTION-EVILING CAMPAIGN; OR, One Week's Census Among the Schismatics."
Mrs. Willie," (I never did like William—Willie was the prettiest name), "Mr. and Mrs. Willie Walters," just to see how it would look in letters that were like what I would now call—well, I don't know what; at least it was almost as badly written as Rufus Choate's autograph. But I'm now in California, and Willie is at college in one of the Eastern States. He once wrote little brother a letter, since we came here, and closed by saying that as he (brother) couldn't write, perhaps Sister Mary would answer the letter for him; but May didn't take the hint—at least, she pretended she didn't.

Now we have any fine sleigh-rides here, do we? Isn't it too bad that I've grown as much that I am too large to ride down hill on a hand-sled? But never mind; when I come to see some of you up away in the snowy regions of California, we'll have a great sleigh-ride! Who knows but what I'll have one with the reader?

Dear Brother Frank,—I was going to give you a scolding—but never mind, I'll let it pass this time, (that's what my good mother sometimes says)—because you wanted me to pay a visit to your cabin, and of course I very naturally inquired where it was, and propounded a few other questions, whereupon you became a little indignant, didn't you? Why, brother, I couldn't start out and march through the northern and southern mines, and rep at every cabin door, and ask if Brother Frank lives here? Though I don't know but what I'll like it first-rate, if those girls I mentioned would go along; but I expect that you would have to pay the college. But then, we'd be so hungry when we would have gold in the Franklin Color. Just think of it!—half a dozen hungry girls! You'll have to go out and kill a grizzly bear—we're not afraid of well-cooked bear meat, if you'll only make us believe it's mutton, or anything else; to say nothing of good doughnuts and ginger-bread, because some of the girls are Yankees. Why, my heart is all through the mountains, with all of my brothers; and it appears rather selfish in you to want it all to go to your cabin and remain there—don't you think so, now, Brother Frank?

On Christmas evening, when we were dancing a quadrille, Dr. A., who was my partner, said—"Don't you think Frank a very fine young man, Miss May?—referring to some one in the room; and I replied, "Yes." Just as I did so, I heard a loud noise from the other side of the room, and upon looking around I observed little Billie, pretending to be unconscious of what had been said, addressing herself to a pretty black-eyed young lady. I determined to avail myself of the opportunity for paying him back. Every thing went on smoothly for several dances; but just as a polka was about half-finished, I observed Billie and the pretty young man slip out of the piazza, unnoticed, as they thought, to take a moonlight promenade. I waited a few moments, and then went cautiously to the open window, and peeped. Yes, I did!—I peeped out! "Luna was shedding her elfinament, etc., etc., and there stood the two at the end of the piazza. I just exclaimed, "Ben-so-thil!" and ran away. They came into the room immediately; but I was then dancing a quick re-
down, and looked like innocence itself. Billie surprised me, but he kept move. But I must be brief.

Brothers, I wish you, every one, many, many Happy New Years.

Your affectionate Sister May.

P. S.—Perhaps the reason why I did not invite Brother Frank to come to our mines was not because I thought him a "rusty old bachelor," but, on the contrary, a very fine young man; and if he were to come to San Francisco, he might meet some young lady who is better-looking than myself, and then—and then—but you can imagine all the rest. Sincerely yours, Sister May.

A young man of our acquaintance—says the editor of San Jose Times—who has long been a mandarin for matrimony, but has not yet succeeded in securing an eligible mate to do his cooking and his sewing, has promised the nearer fairly by buying and settling up in his room a jiliman sewing machine. He says it is a pretty good make-grade. We do not exactly understand how it is, but we're afraid to ask any questions. Exactly—why doesn't the general article come out, (unless the crotine) and give gentlemen here a chance? Ladies at the east, there is only one woman to five men in California; why do you hesitate? Come with your hearts full of love and goodness, contentment and sunshine, hope and true-valance, and within a few years our glorious
State shall be as high in moral and social progress, as the most favored in the Union; as the now is richest and the best in every other respect.

We have received from the author a pamphlet of 128 pages, somewhat singular in appearance, entitled The Morning Star; Or, The First Notes of the Seventh Trumpet, by J. S. Kirkpatrick.

On the outside is engraving of a darkly dressed angel—a color somewhat unpopular and unprepossessing in its associations—holding a trumpet. The contents of the work are the author's interpretation, verse by verse, of the Book of Revelations, (excepting the last two chapters, which he has "in manuscript, and would print, but for his pecuniary embarrassment, and the high price of printing.")

The singular title is suggested to us by the idea of the author's engagement as a temporary or earth-angel (although we have generally been under the impression that such employment was especially reserved for those of the fair sex, who were adept in the art,) to unlock the mysteries of that Book and proclaim them to the world; as the "First Notes" we suppose to be the contents of the pamphlet, or so much thereof as the comment of the text implies.

Be that as it may, the author is evidently a thinker, and those who feel interested in such subjects would do no less like to see the work. We believe, however, that California has not as yet arrived at that point when religious works, for their own sake, will be extensively bought and read.

The first number of the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal, published monthly in San Francisco, under the editorial charge of Drs. John B. Tracy and David Wooton, is before us. It contains several able and original articles of interest to the general reader, and especially to members of the medical profession, from Drs. Morrison, Howland, Tooke, Cooper and others, in addition to a large amount of other valuable matter. There is a community of interest and feeling that should be cemented and cherished by the faculty, first for the general good, and next for its protection and advancement. To those who would seek to elevate the profession by intelligent communication and inquiry, this journal will be an invaluable medium. We are pleased to say that the spirit manifest on the pages of this monthly tends much towards such a result. The illustrated article on the removal and reproduction of bones, is alone worth many times the whole year's subscription, and must suggest the desirability of diffusing information upon so important a subject in our physical organization, to all classes, and we most cordially wish it God speed.

From the January and third number of the Atlantic Magazine, we cannot resist the temptation to steal the following beautiful and spirited sketch of

**TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.**

The weather looks on the top sail reefed,
The bowlines wind and the lee shrouds slacken,
The booms are bent, the little board quakes,
And the vessel with the coming squall-cloud blackens.

Open one point on the weather-bow
In the light-house tall on Fire Island head;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
And the weather springs to the rising seas,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud sways.

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
And as the sun goes down, the wind blows free,
And the pilot calls, "Stand by for state!
It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered oar in his hardened hands,
By task and bowline, by sheet and halyard;
Vesting the watchword impatient stands,
As trumpet winged, the pilot's sheet.

From the beam on the captain's seat, I hear
With the welcome call el all, "HEAVY, UP!"
No time to speak! It is shrill and swift, [poyer!]
And the captain growls, "Down, down, hard up!"
As my whistle on the whistling spouts I throw,
While leaveless green with the storm-cloud's brow,
High the light-brightness flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging seas;
And my shoulder stiff is the wheel's key.

As I answer, "Aye, aye, Sir! Hazard, aye!"
With the ever-increasing spout of a quarter steed
The ship flies like the eye of the wind,
The dangerous steers on the lee runnel,
And the heavy brisk wind, we have left behind.

The topgallant stays, the jib falls down,
And the boom rolls at the grinding clay,
And trouble the order, "FALL佈 SHORE!"
And the sail slips from view to view, [sigh!]
And now is the moment for "Mainsail,
Each month as it passes brings us some events of general interest and imp0rtance. The last is not among the least so to California. With its beginning came the President’s Message which, in addition to a distinct, moderate, and manly vindication of the interests of the Union as a whole contains other topics of especial importance to the people of this side of the continent and fir#. of all in magnitude and need is the Pacific Railroad. On this the Administration unites its expressed wish with that of almost every man and woman on this west-coast. United in heart, sympathy, in forests, hopes, and government ; until that road is constructed we are virtually separate. This our excellent President and his Cabinet most forcibly feel. Nothing is now wanting to insure its speedy commencement and completion but the action of Congress. Will the Legislature of California issue its instructions to our Senators and members of Congress to ask the attention of that body to this important want of the age, and of the Pacific coast ?

The unfortunate position of our Government with the Mormons in Utah, while it is convincing evidence of a present need, will offer the most striking proof of past inattention, if not of neglect, and thus accelerate an earnestness to legislate it without unnecessary delay —especially, now public opinion will no longer brook its postponement by designing politicians, who may still seek to make party capital out of it by continued agitation. The views of the President should be read and treasured by all until we see and hear the “Iron Horse” puffing and snorting its own advent across the plains to the Pacific.

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The Mormon Rebellion.—Upon this subject there seems to be a diversity of opinion as to the treatment or course proper to be pursued by the Government. Nearly all are ready to admit the necessity of its immediate suppression; and yet there are not wanting those who are advocating measures that, if carried out, would tend rather to strengthen the rebellion, than to crush it. Of this class, are those who at every opportunity are endeavoring to lead the public mind to the belief that the Mormons are the best abused, and best persecuted people, at this time, upon the face of the earth; and solely on account of their religious faith and social condition, when nothing can be further from the truth.

As a people, they have been permitted to occupy United States territory, with all their peculiar religious doctrines and social practices, undisturbed. All that the Government has ever asked of them, is obedience to the same laws that characterize the government of other Territories of the Republic. They have never been asked, much less compelled, to abandon any portion of their strange creeds, or put away one of their many wives; and yet, as if knowing they were committing a great moral wrong, are so exceedingly sensitive, that the slightest appearance of a desire on the part of the Government to see that the laws are properly administered among them, is met a
As religionists, they seem to be a positive anomaly; not willing that their social practices shall be fully known or made the subject of argument or hostile comment, and take offense at nothing so quickly as to be called a Mormon or bigamist, thus indicating that there is something they themselves know to be wrong in their social condition.

You may call the first man you meet a Methodist, the next an Episcopalian, the next Baptist, and the only religious belief he is—"Well, what of it?" But in journeying over the plains, and while passing through Utah, you call a man a Mormon—and one who really is—and you do it at the peril of your property and even life.

But why this sensitiveness? Simply because they know that their very practices as Mormons, have sunk them low in the scale of a civilized morality; so that there is no necessity for an argument to prove their social degradation.

But not for this, have they ever been persecuted, unless calling them Mormons—just what they profess to be—a persecution.

It is evidently nothing but the fear of justice being meted out to them, in accordance with their desert and positive crimes, that causes them to dread the proper administration of the laws, in accordance with former precedent and usage, in other territories.

It should not require the first breath of an argument to show, that such a state of things cannot be tolerated long under any government, without withering, in some extent, the moral strength of that government.

This is now the relative position of the Mormons with the Government; one or the other—too a holy but expensive people, must give way. Either Mormons, with all its social horrors, and open rebellion against the Government, must be permitted to go on in all its company, breaking in its strength, with the increase of its devotees, or it must be crushed out.

Nor is it enough simply, that they be permitted to leave United States territory; they must be made to feel the power of the Government they have abused and defied; and for the wrongs and crimes and treasons, already perpetrated, should be taught that justice and the honor of the Nation require something at their hands, that should stand as a precedent, a warning beacon to all future rebels.

FINANCIAL DAYLIGHT TO CALIFORNIA.

From Gov. Johnson’s second, and last, annual message—and we think his political enemies will do him the justice to admit that both of his annual messages have been characterized by considerable ability; but, unfortunately for himself and the State’s interest, his views did not receive the respect and support of the Legislature to which they were entitled; and the result was, that his spirit as well as letter they became comparatively dead—from Gov. Johnson’s message, we repeat, we learn that daylight, financially, is breaking upon California. That we know, to those who love her, will be good news; but let us show the fact by figures.

The expenditures for 1855 were...$1,157,517 07
The receipts for the same period were...$3,565,149 87
The excess of expenditures for that year were...$2,407,632 29

The expenditures for 1856 were...$1,362,450 23
Receipts for the same year were...$3,500,343 60
Excess of expenditures for 1856...$2,137,893 71

And during the past year ending the 31st of December, 1856, the receipts were...$1,150,314 09
The expenditure for the same period were...$2,262,323 24
Excess of receipts for 1857...$1,112,009 15

From the foregoing it will be perceived that the expenditures of the year 1857, ending with the thirty-first day of December last, were less than one-half of the expenditures for the corresponding time in the last year of the preceding administration; and the causes of the deficiency in the year 1857 were greater than the deficiency for the year 1856; and for the two past years the receipts have exceeded the expenditures $987,541 44, and caused the expenditures for the year 1856 to be less than the receipts of the year 1855, and for the year 1857.

The total bonded debt of the State is $3,368,209. Now, providing the amount collected from customs in California, before her admission into the Union, is refunded by the general government—which in all fairness it ought to be, after deducting the money expended for her benefit—the account would stand thus:

Total amount collected in 1856, 1857, and 1858...$2,673,208 49
Expenses during that time...$2,672,667 27
Balance due California...$5,363,412 13
When the sum due from the general government is paid, it will stand thus:

State Debt

From U.S. Government

Actual State Debt

That amount of debt in a State which possesses an acknowledged taxable property already to the extent of $140,000,000, besides sending away from eighty to one hundred millions annually, we think will show that there is nothing whatever to stand in the way of our future greatness, with all the political mismanagement for which California in the past has been proverbial—especially should her future course be that of justice, produce, and economy.

On the eighth ult. came the inauguration of a new Governor (and of a new era we hope) for California, when the Hon. John B. Weller was formally invested with the important duties and responsibilities of that office. His inaugural address, as "sunning events cast their shadows," indicates his future course. Firm, temperate, prudent, suggestive of watchfulness for the public good; it invited the confidence of the people; and the cooperation of both branches of the legislature to the most work committed to their care. We confess that we shall be much mistaken if the session just commenced, be not the brightest and most useful California has ever seen.

On the fourth day of January last, the seventh session of the California Legislature was convened. On the morning of the eighth, we looked in upon them as they sat; and although their seats alone can tell their strength of mind, purity of motive and earnestness of purpose; yet their clear and open consciences gave us the fullest confidence in their integrity and business ability.

If wrong is done it will be because the new members are not sufficiently watchful against the influence of the designing ones, whose every thought will be to perpetuate the disgraceful practices of past legislators; but most earnestly and reverently we say may God forbid, and they prevent.

MONTHLY CHAT,
WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C.—We will most certainly do so.

Row L., Sonora.—Our advice would be this—be careful. Adulation is not here, by any means. True, it may sometimes become the index and pathway thereto, but should never be mistaken for it, or the discovery might come too late. We may admire a beautiful painting, or a fine figure, or the good and noble qualities of an individual; yet we opine that such a feeling of admiration is very far from that known as love—"the heart’s elixir of life." It is better to think and judge before than after marriage.

A Fervorist.—We shall be most happy to find a place in the magazine; but why didn’t you send us your name? It puzzles us to know why men sending such articles as yours should omit it. Neither yourself nor any one else need ever think that under any circumstances the name would be made public.

Received.—Send us your name and address.

G. H., Mormon Island.—Yours is received, for which we shall find a place.

C. A.—No. All foreign letters should invariably be paid in money, inasmuch as any letter not fully paid is considered and treated as wholly void; according to treaty stipulations with foreign governments.

L.—Yours is not quite good enough for a convar, although a very fair beginning. Keep trying.

Sonora.—When a lady is in the case, it is O. K., we suppose, and the voice shall be listened to, providing the pieces are not too long.

***—The sketches are in process of engraving.

Reader.—"Friends of my Youth."—S. M. II.—"Where are the Forty-Niners?"—"Lights and Shadows."—I am Coming, Dearrat!"—A. Yuba Co.—"A Memory"—and several others.
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R. M. VANCE,
Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets,
Has, by the superiority of his DAGUERREOTYPES and AMBROTIPEs, again received
THE FIRST PREMIUM
Awarded by the STATE FAIR in 1859, being the THIRD TIME, received against all
competitors.

TO THOSE WHO WISH SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL,
We have purchased the PATENT RIGHT of CUTTINGS AMBROTIPEs FOR
THIS STATE, and are now prepared to take them in a style
UNEQUALLED IN THE UNITED STATES,
of any size—from the smallest Miniature to life size. I would say to all who have been
deceived and enticed with bogus pictures, not to condemn this new and beautiful invention
until they have seen the
GENUINE AMBROTIPEs:
They are said to be the most durable Pictures known, as neither Sun, Water, or dampness
of any kind can affect them. Those having Daguerreotypes who desire to preserve
forever, would do well to have them copied in Ambrotype.
Having secured the assistance of another of the best Artist in the State, together with
all new improvements direct from New York, we are now fully prepared to execute PHO-
TOGRAPHs by hundreds, at greatly reduced prices. We are also prepared to copy to any
part of the City or State to execute views of Buildings, Landscapes, Architecture, Mining
Claims, or anything of the kind, on reasonable terms and within shortest notice.
Groups of from two to twenty persons are taken perfect, also, portraits in Regalia,
and Military Dress, are taken without reversing insignias or letters. Children taken by
this new process in less than one second.

We still continue to execute our splendid PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES as usual.
Having made great and extensive additions to our Gallery, for the purpose of making and
exhibiting our Ambrotype Pictures, we would be pleased to have our work examined.

OUR GALLERY IS FREE TO ALL.