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Gilbert A. Grant

Is a son of Gilbert and Maria Grant, of Rockingham, county of Windham, Vermont, where he was born March 17, 1817. On his father's side he is descended from the Scotch, and on the mother's side from the Puritan settlers of New England. He studied law at Windsor, Vermont, in the office of the Hon. Am. Aiken—formerly one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of that State, and one of the most profound lawyers and accomplished scholars of New England—and was admitted to the bar in 1842. In 1849 he emigrated from the city of New York, then his place of residence, to California; arriving in San Francisco April 1st, of that year.

Josiah Johnson

Was born in the village of Winterville, County of Orleans, State of New York, Dec. 25th, 1811, where he resided with his
parents until 1833, at which time he went to New York City. There he served as clerk in a foreign and domestic commission house, until 1837; he then succeeded his employers, carrying on the same business, with little interruption until 1849, when he started for California, and arrived in Sacramento City, Jan. 1st, 1850. From that time to the present he has been trading in merchandise, real estate, and agricultural produce. In 1853, he was elected Supervisor for the County of Sacramento, on the Democratic ticket; occupying the position of chairman in that body, during the term for which he was elected. In 1856, he was elected on the same ticket, to represent the 9th Senatorial District, Sacramento County, in the State Senate, which place he now occupies. In 1857, he was chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and by reappointment now holds the same position. Mr. Johnson has generally been successful in all his undertakings, and which is mainly attributable to his untried industry. In 1837, he took upon himself the responsible duties of matrimony, and has now a flourishing family of seven sons—two have died, making nine altogether—each one of whom is engaged in some useful occupation,—Mr. J. being somewhat of a believer with them, that "the gods have placed labor before virtue." How much better it would be for every state, county and people under heaven, if the same course were followed.

In 1854, at the age of eleven, he left his native State with his father, who was a farmer, for the (then) Territory of Michigan, where he resided until 1840; when he emigrated to Washington county, Wisconsin, and there engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1840 he crossed the Platte to California, and followed mining until the spring of 1850, when he established a trading-post at what has since been known as Baker's Ranch, Placer county. In the summer of 1851 he visited the East. Returning across the Platte in 1851, at Fort Laramie he had the misfortune to lose an excellent wife. He still remains a widower. Since August, 1852, Mr. B. has been engaged in merchandising and stock trading. In politics he is a democrat; and was a candidate for the Assembly on the anti-Brodie ticket in 1854, but was defeated. In 1857 he was elected Senator from Placer county on the democratic ticket. He is now thirty-five years of age.

SAM B. BELL

Is a native of Orange County, in the State of New York. At an early age he was educated for the legal profession, and was admitted an attorney of the Supreme Court of that State. In 1845 he was married, and removed to Arkansas; and from thence to Kentucky, in 1846. In 1852 he was ordained a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and immediately thereafter was sent to California, by the American Home Missionary Society.

Arriving he came pasture at Oakland, with his family to the South and East.

J. II. BAKER

Was born in Genesee county, New York, in the year 1825, and is a twin brother.
Members of the California Senate.

Arriving here in February, 1853, he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Oakland, where he has since resided with his family. In 1856 he was elected to the Senate from the counties of Alameda and Santa Clara, on the Republican ticket.

Cameron E. Thom

Is a native of Culpepper County, Virginia, and is now twenty-nine years old. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and bred to the profession of the law. In the spring of 1840 he crossed the plains to California, and arrived in Sacramento City in the fall of the same year. From this point he repaired to Mormon Island, to follow the popular pastime of mining, where, by good luck, he made sufficient to spend, go, and then almost starve, on Mathews' Creek, in El Dorado County. As starving was not to him a favorite way of getting through life, he left Mathews' Creek, and mining, to follow his profession in Sacramento City. Here he remained until April, 1854, at which time he received an appointment from the U. S. Land Commission, then sitting in San Francisco, to proceed to Los Angeles, for the purpose of taking testimony to be used as evidence before the Board, in the adjudication of land titles. In the fall of the same year he took up his permanent residence in Los Angeles, and was made District Attorney. In 1855 he was reelected to the same office for three years. In the spring of 1856 he was elected City Attorney in and for that city, and reelected to that office in 1857. At the last general election he was chosen Senator from the First District, consisting of the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego.

In 1852 Mr. Thom was united in marriage to Miss E. L. Bosch, but was not privileged long to enjoy her pleasant society; for, although her delicate state of health was a principal reason for his removing to the salubrious climate of Los Angeles, she lingered but a short time, and then passed away—but not to her memory. Mr. Thom is still a widower.

Romualdo Pacheco

Is a native Californian. Was born at Santa Barbara, October, 1831. His father died the year that he was born. His mother's maiden name was Ramona Carrillo, of San Diego; and who, some years after the decease of Mr. Pacheco, was united in marriage to Capt. John Wilson, a Scot in birth, who arrived in California in 1837, and settled at San Luis Obispo, where he has since resided. Mr. R. Pacheco, the subject of this sketch, in common with each of the other step-children, was cared for and watched over by Capt. W., with all the solicitude and kindness of a father. At the age of six years he was sent to the Sandwich Islands to be educated, where he remained until 1843. After leaving school, he spent three years on a coasting vessel, as clerk; and on leaving the sea, he engaged in the business of farming. His entrance to public life was caused by his election to the Assembly, in 1853—then
In the twenty-second year of his age, after his return home at the expiration of his term of office, he was elected to the Senate, on the Independent ticket, from the counties of San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. He is at present "single" in his social relationship.

Mariano Pacheco, his brother, was a member of the Assembly in 1852.

ISAAC ALLEN

Was born at Oxford, Grafton County, New Hampshire, in 1822. In his father's shop he learned to engrave on marble, at a very early age. When in his twenty-third year, he left his native State for Alabama, where he resided for about a year, working at his trade. At this time he returned home; but after a few months his yearnings for the sunny south induced him to go to Texas, taking with him a stock of marble to commence business on his own account. This however proved a failure, and he left Texas in disgust and returned to Alabama, where he formed a copartnership with his old employer, with whom he made sufficient money to pay off his old debts, and his passage to California. In June, 1850, he left Alabama for this State, by the Isthmus, in a sailing vessel; the captain of which, finding it quite as easy to sail wrong as it was to sail right, went considerably out of his course, and made the passage from New Orleans to Chagres, in the unprecedently quick time of thirty-two days. After the usual experiences of crossing the Isthmus, he embarked on a steaminily for San Francisco, where he arrived Aug. 6th of the same year. From this city he went to Mormon Island and there engaged in mining; but falling sick and remaining so for several months, upon his recovery he abandoned mining, and formed a partnership with another to keep a hotel. In this business he made some little money, which he invested in buildings; but, as a fire swept these away, he considered that as a poor investment, no doubt. Next he engaged in lumbering, in Yuba County, but in this he failed but little better for a time, as a fire reduced his mill and business to a very low condition. Nothing daunted he recommenced his mill, and at the present time (although a member of a very wicked body! the Senate) his business is in a flourishing condition, in Yuba County, about thirty miles from Marysville.—He is as yet unmarried.

The public life of Mr. Allen commenced in 1855, when he was elected a Supervisor of Yuba County. In 1856, he was elected a member of the Senate, on the Democratic ticket, from the 15th Senatorial District, composed of the Counties of Yuba and Sutter.

JOHN CHILTON BURCH.

In 1820, the subject of this sketch was born. At eighteen years of age he began the study of law. In 1847 his maiden
having attained his majority, he applied
and was admitted to the bar, and during
the same year was appointed to the office
of military Secretary to John C. Edwards,
then Governor of Missouri. In 1850, after
three years of native labor in his profes-
sional and official capacity, he emigrated
to California, and in the following year
located in Trinity County, prior, however,
to its organization. Immediately upon
the organization of the County, he was
elected Clerk, and held the office for two
years. At the expiration of the term for
which he was elected, he accepted the
nomination from the Democratic party,
and was elected District Attorney. Whilst
yet the incumbent of this office, the same
political party gave him the nomination,
and placed his name upon the ticket for
Representative. He was defeated by a
small majority. At this election, which
was held in 1854, the whole Democratic
County Ticket was defeated, with the sol-
itary exception of County Assessor. It is
true, however, that Mr. Butch was de-
fected in this contest, by a smaller major-
ity than any of his brother partisans who
were cotemporaneous aspirants for official
honors in that election. At the next reg-
ular annual election, (November, 1855,) the
democracy again gave him the nomi-
nation for Representative, and again he
took the field, but this time with better
success—he was elected by a triumphant
vote, and on the 1st Monday in January,
1856, took his seat in the House of Rep-
resentatives. During this session he was
an active member of several important
standing committees, and among which
were the "Judiciary" and "Ways and
Means."

Having faithfully discharged his legis-
lative office, he returned to his constitu-
cy to receive their gratulations and
subsequent support. At the November election in 1857, Mr.
Butch was again brought into the politi-
cal arena. The democratic party gave
him the nomination for the office of Sen-
ator; he accepted, and was elected by an
overwhelming majority. He now occupies
a seat in the Senate, and is a member of
the Judiciary, Finance, Mining and Min-
ing Interest Committees, as also chairman
of the Committee on Swamps and Over-
flowed Lands.

On the evening of the 24th of Decem-
ber, 1857, Mr. Butch was married to Miss
Martha L. Gordon, an estimable lady,
resident of the City of Sacramento.

JOHN COULTER

Was born in Cumberland County, Penn-
sylvania, and is now in his fiftieth year.
His father, in October, 1811, emigrated
to Pickaway County, Ohio, where the
subject of this sketch was reared, and
where, and in Fairfield and Franklin
Counties, of the same State, he was en-
gaged in agricultural pursuits. In the
spring of 1839 he crossed the plains to
California, arriving on Feather River in
November of the same year. Here he
engaged in placer mining until May,
1851, which he abandoned at that time
to enter into quartz mining, in Plumas
County. In the fall of 1856 he returned to
Ohio for his family; and, after spend-
ing the winter there, he reentered the
plains in the summer of 1852—unfortu-
nately losing his wife shortly after their
arrival here, and is still a widower. Mr.
C. has been, and still is, following quartz
mining in Plumas County. He was
elected to the Senate on the Democratic
ticket, last fall, from the fourteenth Sen-
atorial district, which comprises the coun-
ties of Butte and Plumas.
EUGENE L. SULLIVAN

Was born in the City of New York, Dec. 21st, 1823, and educated to the profession of the law. Early in 1842, he emigrated to California by way of the Isthmus, and followed merchandising in San Francisco, during his early residence there; but since that time he has been engaged in the practice of his profession. He was never in public life until his election to the Senate, from San Francisco, in the fall of 1856, on the Republican ticket. Mr. Sullivan is a widower.

SAMUEL A. MERRITT

Was born in Staunton County, Virginia, Aug. 15, 1828. He graduated at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, in June, 1847, and studied law until March, 1849; at which time he emigrated, by the Fort Smith route, to California, arriving in August of the same year. In September following, he commenced a series of gymnastic exercises with a pick and shovel, on the Molokumne River, at what is technically termed "mining"; but finding that his muscular development was greater, in proportion, than his buckskin purse, he concluded to abandon that spot for one more favorable to the latter, and removed to Mariposa County. Here he seems to have "hatted between two opinions": at first doubtful whether he should still pursue the physical, or try some mental employment, for the enlargement of his fortune. He determined in favor of the latter; consequently, he sought the county clerkship of Mariposa County, and obtained it, in April, 1850. In the following October, he was elected to the Assembly. In September, 1851, he was re-elected to the same post; and, the same year, was admitted to the practice of his profession in the Supreme Court of this State. In November, 1856, he was elected Senator, from the Sixth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Mariposa, Merced, Tulare, and Fresno. Whether he is rich or poor, "deponent saith not." In politics he is a Democrat. We regret to add, that although possessed of many excellent social qualities, as a true man and gentleman, and certainly Merritt a wife, he is still a bachelor, aged 29.

WILLIAM HOLDEN

Is thirty-four years of age, a native of Kentucky, and single. Being educated to the law, in 1845 he was admitted an attorney and counselor at law, practicing his profession in Johnson County, Ky.,
MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA SENATE.

S. F. HAMM

Was born near Charlottesville, Delaware County, Virginia, Aug. 29th, 1822. In 1843, he became a school teacher in Madison County, of the same State. In September, 1845, he removed to Missouri, and there studied medicine with his brother, Dr. S. T. Hamm. In 1846 he entered the University of Lexington; and in May, 1848, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in the City of Philadelphia, after which he practiced medicine with his brother, until 1850, when he started overland to California and located himself at Danville, Solano County, where he resided until November, 1851. At that time he removed to Diamond Springs, El Dorado County, followed the practice of his profession, and there continues to reside.

Mr. Hamm has ever been a Democrat, in 1855 he was nominated by the Democratic party for the Assembly, but shared the same defeat as his fellow candidates on the same ticket. In 1856 he was again nominated for the same position, and was elected by a large majority. During the sitting of the joint convention for the election of U. S. Senators, in 1857, he was a warm supporter of Dr. Grinnell and John B. Wells.

At the adjournment of the Legislature, he resumed the practice of his profession at Diamond Springs until his election to the Senate, in 1858, from the 18th Senatorial District, El Dorado County, on the Democratic ticket, by a very large majority. His term expires Jan., 1860.

The following table, from the State Register, will give the Senatorial Districts, and the Counties comprising the same:

1st District—Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Diego, elect one Senator.
2d District—San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, elect one Senator.
3d District—Monterey and Santa Cruz, elect one Senator.
4th District—Santa Clara and Alameda, elect one Senator.
5th District—San Francisco and San Mateo, elect four Senators.
6th District—Contra Costa and Suisun, elect one Senator.
7th District—Suisun and Yolo, elect two Senators.
8th District—Contra Costa and San Joaquin, elect one Senator.
9th District—Sacramento, elects two Senators.
10th District—Napa, Solano and Yolo, elect two Senators.
11th District—Marin, Mendocino and Sonoma, elect one Senator.
12th District—Alameda and Siskiyou, elect one Senator.
13th District—Colusa, Shasta and Tehama, elect one Senator.
14th District—Butte and Plumas, elect two Senators.
15th District—Butte and Yuba, (two by Yuba and one by Butte and Sutter jointly,) elect three Senators.
16th District—Nevada, elects two Senators.
17th District—Placer, elects two Senators.
18th District—El Dorado, elects four Senators.
19th District—Amador and Calaveras, elect two Senators.
What is the mystic music of their march?
What music is sung out the flight of time?
Are they the shapeless outlines of bliss—
The outlines of that infernal world,—
From whose bright walls, in ignominious rout,
The flaming choral of hell was hurled?
Are they the embattled warriors of the sky,
And are the azure-listed lines of heaven
The gaudy ensigns of the glittering host,
That guard the matchless majesty of heaven?
We ask in vain—with voiceless eloquence
That starry pomp unanswerings moves along
The dazzling, infernal, fiery path,
That starry path, on glistening wings,
That moves through the shinling sand,
They mould the shapeless shadows of our night.
No woe, no step, no faltering, lingering look,
Obstruct the endless circles of their way;
No woe, no step, no faltering, lingering look,
Obstruct the endless circles of their way;
No drooping banners drop the declining day.
What unseen power propels those rolling spheres?
What master hand arrayed that host sublince?
Fort Miller.

[Press an anterior by Bishop of Melbourne.]

Fort Miller.

About two months ago, the previous company was increased to its present number by about thirty young recruits. It is astounding with what accuracy they can now perform their exercise. It does one good to listen on a fine morning to the clear, distinct voice of the several officers as they put the men through their duty, and observe the prompt manner in which the different orders are obeyed.

About nine o'clock the stirring sounds of martial music muster them before going to bed, choosing the tall-worn minor, who with ravished ears listens to the distance. As well as some of our own popular negro melodies, and some of the noblest German music, we can recognize in liberal measure our old Scotch favorites— including General Hay's March, the Lad wi' the White Cockade, the Highland Laddie, my Love she's but a Lassie yet—the half-Scotch, half-Irish air of the Girl I left behind me, and the eternal Yankee Doodle.

Before sunrise the same sounds rouse them from their slumbers, intermixed on this occasion with still sweeter airs. Now we can discover the plaintive notes of The Lass that made the bed to me, Loglo o' Muchan, and The Bonny House o' Airley.

Some time ago the too-confiding privates were in the practice of wasting the greater portion of their pay in the purchase of spurious liquors, sold to them at more than double their value, under the specious names of brandy and whisky. By the good example of some of the more intelligent of the company, a considerable portion of this money is now expended for reading matter, and to this, among other reasons, we may naturally suppose that the present orderly condi-
tion of the men is in some measure to be attributed.

The buildings of the Fort stand at a distance from the river of about two hundred yards, on the left bank, (descending,) on a flat, or shelf, which at some previous time must have formed the bed of the river. Every stone is a rounded, water-worn pebble. The location is unusually beautiful. The little valley, which is well sprinkled with trees, forms a perfect amphitheatre among the hills, a narrow gap at one corner leaving just room enough for the river to get through, and a view from the Fort of the distant snow-cloaked Nevadas. About three-quarters of a mile down the river, the hills again contract in the same way as a place called "the Point of Rocks," and though there the ground on the opposite bank has a more gradual ascent, the view is closed up by the surrounding hills at a very short distance.

The name of Fort Miller was given to the station out of compliment to Major Miller, an officer of much popularity in the earlier days of California. It is considered a very appropriate site, on account of the fort-like appearance of the picturesque bluff of the high table-land immediately behind the buildings.

The meteorological observations, as kept by the doctor's mate at the hospital, indicate an excess of summer heat and a deficiency of rain.

The village of Millerton, though not over a mile from the Fort, is mostly concealed from view by the Point of Rocks and the trees on the edge of the river. It is well supplied with goods of all kinds; has a highly respectable hotel, kept by McCrory & Co., and a number of well-built houses.

W. T.

MEXICAN LAND-CLAIMS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. HUTCHINS.

The establishment of the American dominion in California, made it necessary that the titles to land, owned in the State, under grants from Mexico, should be recognized and protected, in accordance with the principles of American law. Protection was due to the land owners under the general principles of equity; and the laws of nations, and had been expressly provided for in the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo. It was necessary that the protection should be in accordance with the principles of American law, because the vast majority of the population soon came to be composed of Americans, who naturally introduced their own system of law, - the only system suited to their method of conducting business.

But there was a question of much difficulty as to how this protection should be furnished. The Mexican titles were lacking in many of the conditions necessary to a perfect title under the American laws. The land systems of the two countries were constructed on entirely different principles and with different objects. The Mexican system was a good one for the purpose of being acquired by it; it was suited to the wants of the natives of California. They were stock-growers - their only occupation, and wealth and staple food was furnished by their herds. They owned immense numbers of horses and horned cattle, and to furnish them with pasture, each ranchero required a large tract of land, which might be used by his own stock, exclusively. The public land in California was very extensive: it was worth nothing; there was little demand for it; no evils had been experienced, none were feared from the accumulation of great tracts, in the hands of a few owners; every grant was supposed to be a benefit to the State, by furnishing a home to a new citizen; and so, large grants were made without stint, on nearly every application. If the applicant could show that the land was public property, and unoccupied, he could obtain from 10,000 to 50,000 acres without expense, on condition that he would make the ranch his home, build a house on it, and place several hundred
head of horned cattle upon it. These grants were usually made without any accurate description of the land; there never had been any government survey of any portion of the territory; there were no surveys in the country to locate the boundaries; neither would the applicants have been willing in most cases to pay for surveys; nor was there any apparent need for them, land being very cheap and quarrels about boundaries very rare. Sometimes the land granted was described with certain fixed natural boundaries. In other cases, the grant might be described as lying in a narrow valley, between two ranges of mountains, and extending from a tree, rock, or clump of willows, up or down the valley far enough to include three, six, or ten square leagues. The most common form of grant was for a certain number of square leagues, lying in a much larger district, bounded by well known land-marks. Thus the famous Mariposa grant of Fremont is for ten square leagues—44,380 acres, equivalent to a tract about nine miles square—in the district bounded by the San Joaquin river on the west, the Sierra Nevada mountains on the east, the Moccas river on the north, and the Chowchillas on the south; which district includes nearly 100 square leagues. Under such a grant, the Mexican law allowed the grantee to select any place within the larger limits, and make it his home.

The grants made were not carefully registered. The law prescribed that the petitions for land should all be preserved, and a record of them kept; and that a registry should be made of all the lands granted; but the affairs of the Governor's office were loosely conducted; and in many cases where the claimants have been in possession for twenty years, and have an undoubted title, there is nothing in the archives or records of the former government to show for it. In many respects the California governor had been very careless about granting lands. Some times they would grant the same lands to several persons; and there was one instance wherein Gov. Micheltorena ordered that every person in the Northern District of California, who had petitioned for land before a certain date, and whose petition had not been acted upon, should be the owner of the land asked for; provided the nearest Alcalde should certify that it belonged to the public domain. In these cases no title to the grants was ever made by the Governor.

I have thus briefly mentioned the main peculiarities of the Mexican system of disposing of the public land in California, as distinguished from the American system. The Mexican government made no survey of the land; granted it away in immense tracts, without any fixed boundaries, leaving the grantee a wide discretion in regard to location, and keeping no careful registry of the grants. When the great immigration of '49 filled the land with Americans, it became necessary to provide for the recognition and protection of the good Mexican titles by the American Courts. But how was this to be done? By the ordinary State Courts? The judges would not be sufficiently able, and would be ignorant of the laws under which the grants had been made; and the juries would be composed of Americans whose interests would lead them to do injustice to the large land-owners. Besides, the lawmakers and judges elected by a deeply interested populace could not be depend-
But that plan was not to prevail. Mr. Gwin's bill "to ascertain and settle the private land claims in the State of California," became a law, on the 30th of March, 1851. This act provides for the appointment of a special Judicial Committee, (to be composed of three judges) before which all claimants to land, in the State, under Mexican titles, should bring suit against the Federal Government, within two years after the date of the act, under penalty of forfeiting their land. It provided further, that a law agent should be appointed, who should "superintend the interests of the United States in every case." It provided further, that appeals might be taken in those land cases, from the judgments of the Commission to the U. S. District Court, and from the latter, to the Supreme Court of the United States. It provided further, that in the trial of these cases, the Commission and the courts should "be governed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the law of nations, the laws, usages and customs of the country from which the claim is derived, the principles of equity, and the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States."

This act provided that the owners of land should sue the Government or lose their land. But why be subjected to so severe a condition? The land owners had committed no offence, that they should be threatened with spoliation. It was not their fault that the Mexican land system differed from the American. The introduction of a new system by the Government did not justify the invalidation of titles, which had been good before, and the subjection of the owners to tedious and expensive litigation. When the American Government took California, it was in honor bound to leave the titles to property as secure as they were at the time of the transfer, and express provision to this effect was made in the treaty. Let us imagine that California were to be again transferred to some other power, whose land system is far more complex and strict than our own, and that all our present titles, should be declared incomplete and insecure, and that every land owner should be taxed to one-fourth of the value of his land to pay for defending his title before a foreign and hostile Court, and, if successful, should not get his title until six or eight years after the commencement of the litigation—would we not exclaim against it as extremely unjust? But what is the difference between that supposed case and the actual one under consideration? There is no difference between the principles involved in the two cases; each supposes a great wrong—such a wrong as has been committed by the Federal Government of the United States upon holders of land in California under Mexican grants.

The Land Commission was opened in this city, January 1st, 1852, and in the ensuing fourteen months, 812 suits were brought, and those were all decided previous to the 3d of March, 1855, at which time the Commission dissolved.

It was severe hardship for owners of land under grants from Mexico, that they should be required to sue the government of the United States, (which ought to have protected—not persecuted them,) or lose their land; but this hardship was rendered much more severe by the peculiar circumstances under which the suits had to be tried. The trials were to be had in San Francisco at a time when the expenses of travelling and of living in San Francisco were very great, and the fees of lawyers enormous. The prosecution of the suits required a study of the laws of Mexico, in regard to the disposition of the public lands, and this study had, of course, to be paid for by the claimants. In many cases the claimants had to come to San Francisco from remote parts of the State; having three hundred miles to travel, bringing their witnesses with them at their own expense. The witnesses were nearly all native Californians, and it was
necessary to employ interpreters at high prices.

Meanwhile the claimant could not dispose of his land, on account of the cloud there was on his title; neither could he have it surveyed by the U.S. Surveyor so as to give notice to the public where his land really lay. As he could not give a secure title, nor, in most cases, tell where his boundaries were, the Americans were not disposed to buy the land. Many squatters were, no doubt, glad of a pretext under which they might take other people's land and use without paying rent; but the circumstances were often such that they were justified in refusing to buy. The number of settlers or squatters became large; they formed a decided majority of the voters in several of the counties; their political influence was great; politicians bowed down before them; all political parties courted them; and most of the U.S. Land Agents, and District Attorneys, appointed under the influence of the California Congressmen, became the representatives of the settler interest, and failed to represent the true interest of the United States. Every device known to the law was resorted to to defeat the claimant, or delay the confirmation of his grant, as though it were the interest of the Federal Government to defeat every claimant, or to postpone his success as long as possible.

Eight hundred and twelve important suits, to be tried according to the principles of strange laws, and on evidence given in a strange tongue, and where the testimony, in many of the cases, covered hundreds of pages of manuscript, were not to be disposed of in any brief period. In fact, the Commission did not clear its docket until more than three years after its organization. This delay, which would have been disastrous in any country, was doubly so in California. During the greater portion of this time, the titles to most of the good farming land in the settled districts of the State, were deemed to be unsettled. The delay was an encouragement to dishonest, and often a justification of honest squatters. They wanted to cultivate the ground; they could not learn whether the land they wished to occupy, was public or private property; they knew the question would not be decided soon, and therefore they might know, if dishonest, that they might make a profit by seizing land which they were morally certain would be, and should be, confirmed to the claimant; and if honest, they could not be expected to pay for property, to which, in many cases, the title was one in which they could place no confidence. The consequence of the system was, that a large portion of the most valuable farming land in the State was occupied by squatters. This occupation contributed greatly to injure the value of the property. The land owner could not sell his land, nor use it, and yet he was compelled to pay taxes. It was the cause of a multitude of squatters, who—as a necessary consequence of antagonistic pecuniary interest,—were his bitter enemies. Cases we know, where they fenced in his house and garden; threatened to shoot him if he should trespass on their inclosure; killed his cattle if they broke through the sham fences; cut down his valuable shade and fruit trees, and sold them for firewood; made no permanent improvements, and acted generally as if they were determined to make all the immediate profit possible, out of the ranch. Such things were not rare: they are familiar to every person who knows the general course of events during the last two years in Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra Costa, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, and Monterey counties. Blood was not unfrequently spilled in consequence of the feud between the land holders and the squatters; the victims in nearly every case, belonging to the former class.

After the Federal Government had
committed the crime of compelling every Californian land owner to bring suit for his own land, which he had held in indisputable ownership under the Mexican domination, and even before the independence of Mexico and Spain,—and after the Government stubbornly contested every case before a tribunal whose learning, ability, and honesty, was and is, universally admitted,—after all this, it is strange that those persons, whose claims were confirmed, and who had been in possession of their land before the American conquest, and in cases where there was no suspicion of fraud, were not allowed to take their own property once for all. But no; Uncle Sam told all the Californians who had gained their suits, that they should not take their land till they had faced him again; he would appeal every case; the claimant must make another fight for his property, or be depoised.

Here, then, was the whole work to be gone over again in the Federal District Courts, of which there are two in the State; and in each district there are about four hundred claims, to be tried by a judge, much of whose time is occupied with the trial of admiralty cases. The land suits must all be defended, or attended to, by the United States District Attorney, much of whose time is occupied with criminal cases, and civil business in which the Federal Government is interested. The result is delay upon delay.

The first case was submitted to Judge Hoffman about July, 1853; and now, after the lapse of nearly five years, there are still about one hundred and twenty cases in both districts undecided. Of all this number, only twenty-two have been rejected; and in almost every case where a decree of confirmation was entered in the Land Commission, the judgment has been affirmed in the District Court. The Judges of both District Courts are men and lawyers of fair fame, and, so far as I am informed, are not accursed, by any person worthy of regard, of having rendered dishonest decisions. It would seem that after a second confirmation, the General Government would in common decency permit such claimants as had possession of their lands in 1846, and could show some kind of title from Mexico, to take the land as of perfect title; but no; in every case where the judgment was against the claimant, an appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court. It is true that not all the cases were forced to trial; the Government, after having had the cases placed on the docket, and having forced the claimants to prepare for trial, dismissed the appeals in some four hundred cases. But two hundred claims are now before the court of last resort, and the one hundred and twenty undecided must also go there, or most of them. The United States Supreme Court has decided about fifteen of the appealable claims within four years, and if they should make the same speed in the future, we may expect that their docket will be cleared of Californian land cases in seventy-five years, or thereabouts. The Government appeals from every decision of the District Court in favor of the claimant, but makes no provision to have the suits brought to a hearing in the Supreme Court. In appealed cases it is the recognized duty of the appealing party to pay for sending up the papers, so that the higher court can take some action in the matter. But the American Government violates this plain rule of right, and law, and custom, and tells the claimant that he must pay this expense out of his own pocket, or wait for an indefinite time before his title can be settled; and no provision is made that he shall be repaid, even when he advances the money.

Such legislation as should make all land titles insecure—declare all landed property confiscated, unless the owner shall sue the Government and gain the suit, and should appeal to two higher courts, and a tribunal—should be of them for or fifteen years upon any double or one in. While his Government has been unwise, the “poor” land, and he on shall be it will not be in 150 years. The fact that there is the State, that every tested, one land in disfavored they protect the were called he should Government the injury, so all injustices and would have use of his of the land. It is not knowledge, losses to who subjected, Government insecure, I am informed from many old the land in lawyers or, and I suspect an average has paid away land in the one in. to
MEXICAN LAND-CLAIMS IN CALIFORNIA.

have been ruined by the conclusiveness of the litigation; and of those whose claims have been finally dismissed, a considera-
ble portion have been lost to the claimants merely because they were unable to pay for the costly litigation necessary to de-

Only two pleas have been made to ex-
tenuate or justify the stubborn opposition made by the agents of the Government to the recognition of the Californian land holders. These pleas are, first, that ma-
ny of the claims are fraudulent; and, secondly, that the Californians claim too much land.

It is not true that many of the claims are fraudulent. The Land Commission did not reject one claim, and the District
Courts have rejected only two, on the

The proclamation by the Government that there were no perfect land titles in the State, and the notoriety of the fact that
every claim was to be closely con-
tested, encouraged squatting upon the
land in dispute. The State Government
favored the squatters, and passed laws to
protect them; providing that if the claim
were confirmed to the Mexican grantor,
he should sell the land, or buy the im-
provements; the value of the land and
the improvements to be appraised by a
jury, so constituted that it would do great injustice to the Mexican claimant, who
would have to sell at one half of the val-
ue of his land, or buy at twice the value
of the improvements.

It is not possible to obtain any accurate
knowledge of the extent of the piranymy
losses to which the claimants have been
subjected, by the injustice of the Federal
Government, in thus rendering their titles
insure, and forcing them to go to law.
I am informed by an intelligent gentle-
man from Los Angeles, that it is com-
monly estimated there that two fifths of
the land has gone to pay the fees of the
lawyers employed to prosecute the claims;
and I suppose it may safely be said, that on
an average the holders of Mexican grants
paid away not less than one-fourth of their
land in defending their titles. More than
one in ten of the victorious claimants

The other plea is still worse. It may
be that the welfare of the people requires
the land to be equally divided among
them; but shall that justify the Govern-
ment in robbing—directly by violence, or
indirectly by litigation—the owners of
courts, and again gain the suit in each

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The other plea is still worse. It may
be that the welfare of the people requires
the land to be equally divided among
them; but shall that justify the Govern-
ment in robbing—directly by violence, or
indirectly by litigation—the owners of
large tracts? If it be wrong for me to rob my neighbor of his dollars, is it right for Uncle Sam to rob Peralta, or any other Californian, of his land? And let it be remembered that temporary dispossession is morally as wrong as entire and final spoliation. I admit that it was far better for the country that the Mexican grant-holders should not own so much land; I admit that it was better, looking at the question abstractly, that the settlers should own all the land they claim; I admit that the settlers are more active and industrious, and contribute vastly more, in proportion to their means, to the development and wealth of the State, than do the native holders of the large grants; but all this has nothing to do with the main question.

The question now naturally arises, whether, a great wrong having been done, there is any remedy? Are not the sufferers entitled to an indemnity from Congress? In justice they are; but there would be so many difficulties in the way of ascertaining the damages, and of apportioning the indemnifying fund among the losers, that probably any committee appointed by Congress to investigate the matter, would report against any indemnification.

The law prohibiting the official survey of Spanish claims previous to confirmation, has been productive of great evils to settlers and claimants. In most cases it is now too late to remedy these evils; in a few cases, perhaps, considerable benefits would be conferred by changing the law, and permitting all claimants to have United States surveys made of their ranches, so that the surveys, being recorded, may serve as notice of what land is not claimed. And if the grant holder be unwilling to pay for the survey of his land before final confirmation, the Government should pay in every case where there are many settlers, in justice to the latter. It would have been well if the law of 1851 had provided for the early survey of all the claims in possession at the time of the conquest, and had prohibited the maintenance of any ejectment suit until the recording of an official survey. Under the present law, the holder of a confirmed Spanish grant, to be located within certain boundaries, may eject settlers from any place within those boundaries, though they contain ten times the amount of land called for by the grant.

Not only has the system adopted by the Federal Government, in regard to Mexican grants, been most injurious and unjust to the claimants, but it has also been very injurious to the country at large. It has deprived the people in the most populous agricultural districts, of permanent titles; has prevented the erection of fine houses, valuable improvements, permanent homes; has contributed to make the population unsettled; to keep families from coming to the country; and, in fine, has been one of the chief causes of the present unsound condition of the social and business relations of California.

**SING ME THAT SONG AGAIN.**

A friend, when dying, said “Sing me the hymn—Sweet fields beyond the flood.”

Sing me that song again—

The song my mother sung!

Sing it, as round my bed ye stand,

With free, unswerving tongue.

Sing, as my spirit flies,

Up to her home with God!

Oh! sing that heavenly song to me—

“Sweet fields beyond the flood!”

My mother sung that song,

The song she breathed it then,

My gentle sister breathed it then,

And passed from earth away.

And ere my spirit flies

Up to her last abode,

Sings ye that blessed song to me—

“Sweet fields beyond the flood.”

G. T. S.
A TALE OF THE GREAT CANYON.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

BY THE "OLD MOUNTAINER."

The North Fork of Feather River rises in the great chain of mountains dividing our State from that most of consummate ungodliness, the Salt Lake or Colorado Basin. The waters pass out of the mountains by a south-west course, into a very extensive valley-like country, covered with the finest grasses in the world, and capable of sustaining, almost for the entire year, one half of the stock of the State. Many fine ranchos have been selected by handy, energetic men, within the past year or two; and extensive improvements are constantly being made. The water, after sluggishly finding its way through this flat—known as the "Big Meadows"—forms a fine stream, as it again enters the mountains, near Knight's Ranch. From this point, or immediately below, the character of the whole country is abruptly changed; and the river, from being a sluggish, unrippled stream, meandering through rich alluvial soil, covered with beautiful flowers and waving grass, plunges madly over huge rocks, and rushes furiously down through narrow chasms; rendering it an impassable barrier to man's footsteps, except at long intervals, until its connection with the East Branch of Feather River, at Janetion Bar. From this point, until you reach the head of the "Great Canyon," the river is under the complete dominion of the sturdy and industrious miner, and is daily yielding up its vast wealth to well-directed and scientific labor.

To the miners in all this section of the mineral region, the "Big Canyon" has been a fruitful theme of fireside conversation and mystery; and many is the story recounted of favored ones having found their way into its depths, by intricate, dark, and gloomy caverns, through the mountains, and returned laden with untold wealth.

The cañon commences about eight miles below the junction of the north and east branches of the river. At this point the mountains, which on either side have hitherto kept at a respectful distance from the water, abruptly close nearly together, forming a very narrow passage for the stream, and which appears to be constantly struggle to get through. Standing at the head of this great cañon, and gazing down its dark and lonely channel, the beholder is struck with wonder and awe at the grandeur and majesty of the scene. The mighty old mountains are piled, cliff upon cliff, thousands of feet above the water's surface; with their perpendicular and often-times overhanging sides, they bid defiance to the footsteps of any mortal who may have the hardihood to endeavor to fashion its untold secrets, or enter the portals to its hidden wealth; and which has been washed there, during centuries of time, from the profile gold-bearing mountains above. In the narrow bed of the stream can be seen immense masses of quartz and lava, that have been disrupted by earth's internal throes, in by-gone ages, from the mountain's top and side, and hurled down into the stream, there forming deep eddies and violent whirlpools, through which, in passing, the largest pine are dashed into atoms.

The length of the cañon, from its head to its feet, is twenty-four miles; and such are its dangers, that no one has ever yet had the temerity to venture through it; although many attempts have been made by different parties of miners to descend the mountain sides into it—myself among the number; and of the perils and dangers incidental thereto I will now speak.

It was in the winter of 1852-53, that I and my three partners—Louis C., Capt. J. M. C., and Capt. Jas. M.—were engaged in mining at the M—Diggings; or rather, we were cabin'd there snugly, with an abundance of provisions, as we had supposed in the fall that we could work there all winter; in which, however, we were disappointed, with thousands
of other tellers. The winter set in with unbroken rigour and severity; the snow fell thick and fast; the blitzen came rearing and howling down from its home in the moist north; the tall pines crackled, and groaned, and shivered, as they swayed to and fro beneath the fury of the wind; and for days and months we were shut up in our mountain home, listening to these—the hungry howl of the怎样ing coyotes, that came to our door in search of food; the telling and listening to tales and stories of "old home," with all its beloved associations; recounting to each other the ever-recurring love of our mothers, of brotherly affection, and sisterly kindness, in days "lang-ways," and laying our plans for future labors in the spring.

Among the many projects we unfolded and perfected, that of prospecting the Big Canon was ever uppermost; and we determined as soon as spring should open, that we would make a desperate effort to descend by means of ropes the very hour the callos, from the top of the mountain; and through this stoke of hardship, gain what we had long and woefully sought for, without avail—a fortune.

Time rolled on his sluggish wheels; the dreary winter faded away; the huge piles of accumulated snow rapidly disappeared before the heat of the spring sun; and the sweet song of the beautiful oriole was heard in the branches of the blooming and fragrant manzanita; the mountain torrent, that had so long ceased the music of its gushing waters, was again heard, as it came bounding, sparkling, and roaring, down the mountain side.

The eventful day at length arrived, on which we were to put our project into execution. Having procured from the Rancho a large quantity of bush rope, and a small cord as a guy or signal-line, and arranged other necessary comforts; on the morning of the third of May we started for the scene of our intended operations, in high spirits. After a toil

some journey, we reached the point at which we determined to make the dangerous attempt at descent. Here a difficulty arose as to which of our party should go down; which at length was decided by lot; and, an "unlucky" lot fell on Jonah—myself. I immediately pulled off my coat and boots; after seeing the main cord firmly fastened to a stout collar, that fortunately grew at the right spot, and making a slip-noose for my feet at the end, and using a small cord to pass around my body below the arms, to hold me without exertion to the main rope, I sat down upon a jet of the overhanging precipice; and taking the guy or signal-cord in my hand, I gave the signal to "lower away." When down, I gently slipped from the surface of the rock. Slowly and steadily was the rope drawn, "pulled out," and slow was my descent, until I had reached about half way in my terrible journey. Here I alighted on a flat, smooth table of rock, that project-ed several feet beyond the main body of the mountain. At this point I gave the prescribed signal of "rest." Stopping to the edge of the rock, I cautiously gazed down to the foaming and rushing waters, that were still five hundred feet below my resting-place; and I could plainly see large pieces of pure gold, sparkling in the clear waters of the callos. The scene captivated me, and nerves me to renew my fearful task, fully determined that I would be the owner of a portion of that precious gold. After making a careful survey, and examining sufficiently rested, I sat down on the verge of the projecting table of rock; and, giving the signal to "lower," again committed myself to the mercy of an inch rope, and chances, which so far had favored me. As I again slowly descended, I found that the wall of the mountain under the table upon which I had rested now rapidly receded; consequently I had nothing whatever to guide my descent, and was swinging out some thirty feet from the rock; and, to increase the difficulty, the wind, which had been calm, now blew with considerable violence, and the rugged cliffs seemed on my part very cut.

I had a feeling that I was going to be hurled down. I gave the cord, which I held in my right hand, to John; and as I looked up to the mountain peak, I thought I saw something approach me; but I soon perceived that I was in error; it was the shadow of the mountain. I then gave a long pull on the signal-cord, and it jerked from the hand of John; and it was a hundred feet for feet above water, it pointed as if it was a little bit south, let my cupful of cord fly, and I was not long in reaching it. It was a hundred feet for feet above water, it pointed as if it was a little bit south. I then gave a long pull on the signal-cord, and it jerked from the hand of John; and it was a hundred feet for feet above water, it pointed as if it was a little bit south. I then gave a long pull on the signal-cord, and it jerked from the hand of John; and it was a hundred feet for feet above water, it pointed as if it was a little bit south. I then gave a long pull on the signal-cord, and it jerked from the hand of John; and it was a hundred feet for feet above water, it pointed as if it was a little bit south.
violence, swaying me to and fro against the jagged surface of the mountain, requiring great exertion and watchfulness on my part to keep me from being severely cut and bruised.

I had descended about two hundred feet farther in this manner, when I perceived that I remained stationary, and gave the usual signal to my comrades above to "hurry away;" but still I found that I did not descend. This surprised me; and looking up, I plainly perceived that the main rope had slipped into a perpendicular crevice in the rock which I had left but a short time previous, and was fast. Here was an awful predicament! Swinging out in the air, two hundred feet below the only possible place for a foothold, and three hundred feet above a boiling cauldron of angry water, through whose surface sharp-pointed rocks could be seen peering out, as if anxious to receive my body to dash in such a plume! This was horrible! Cold, alteration, and fear now increased to a feverish gale, which had been blowing, a steady wind, the last of which had been turned loose. It struck me, and with a wild shriek, I threw out my arms and caught the signal-rod, which had been pulled up by my companions, and a slip-noose made in which I might sit, and a weight attached, to prevent, if possible, its vibration. How I got that cord around my body, or how I was extricated from the agonizing peril of my situation, was all a mystery to me, as I had no recollection of any thing whatever, after seizing it. Some days
consciousness is represented to me by my friends who watched over me, as distressing in the extreme to listen to. It was several months before I recovered from the shock; and, as long as memory remains to me, shall I remember this thrilling incident of my experience, when prospecting for gold in the "Big Oakon."

REQUIEM THE WEDDED LAMP: By Rev. 
Dr. Scott. Marriage—Marriage is both an honorable and holy estate. It furnishes a lawful and natural mode of gratifying the strongest passions of human nature, and it calls into exercise the holiest feelings, and plies the strongest motives to industry. Writers on the penal colonies of Great Britain, tell us there is but little hope of a female convict unless she marries and becomes a mother. The intercourse of the sexes is ordained by our Creator. It is of the first importance to society that it should take place under such regulations as shall secure the greatest good to society.

The Bible, history, and jurisprudence agree in declaring marriage as regulated in Christendom on the whole, to be the best mode of fulfilling the beneficent purposes of our Creator. He is a friend to his country therefore, as well as to virtue and religion, who keeps pure the married estate, and retums the lamp of virtuous love. To rob a father of his child—to take her portion and spend it on a harlot—to forswear, injure, ruin, and in fact, murder her by cruelty, injustice and neglect, is a sin of unparalleled aggravation—an agony than none but a father can feel with full force. Lawful love, like the sun in the spring, whose warmth calls forth the latent powers of vegetation, excites the most amiable dispositions, and develops the most heroic virtues.

THE COUNTESS OF SAN-DIAGO; 
or, THE BISHOP'S BLESSING. 
BY CLR.

Mr. Thompson, a merchant on the is- 
land of Cuba, had amassed a large for-
tune, and returned to England, his native 
place, with the intention of spending the 
remainder of his life. in his native land. 
Being an old bachelor of forty-five, he 
thought it quite time for him to take a 
wife, and enjoy his hoarded wealth. In 
conseuial felicity. Purchasing a beauti-
ful home near Liverpool, he found no difficulty in adorning it equal in bauty and 
and magnificence to that of a prince. 
Being a man of ordinary education, and 
his perceptive faculties, except in money-
making, very limited, he hadnever paid 
to least regard to the forms of society, 
and was as ignorant of the first principles 
of a gentleman of fashion as a Turk. 
He was no little flustered at being invi-
ted to attend a festival, given by a neigh-
boring gentleman of nobility; quite an 
emergency for a man as ignorant of eti-
quette as himself. However, he deter-
mmed to do his best, and maintain his 
position as a gentleman. Giving partic-
ular orders relative to his new clothes, he 
said to his tailor, "Do you know any 
person that I could get, who understands 
English etiquette? An old bachelor like 
myself, sir, needs a person of that de-
scription." 

"I think I do, sir: my wife employs a 
laundry, in reduced circumstances, to do 
neat needlework: it is very likely that 
she would be glad of an opportunity of 
that kind." 

"Send her to me without delay, Mr. 
Tailor," and Mr. Thompson returned 
home in a state of no little anxiety. 
The next day the expected lady made 
her appearance at Mr. Thompson's man-
se. She was rather young, poorly clad, 
and pale as death, but perfectly self-pos-
sessed and lady-like. Mr. Thompson 
looked at her, and was somewhat disap-
pointed, in the appearance of her desti-
THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO.

Two weeks of hard toil found Mr. Thompson somewhat improved in manner, and considerable light began to dawn on his dark vision. Mrs. Adair was indeed a very competent and faithful teacher.

"Mrs. Adair, I don't know whether I can remember the half you have told me: my head is so full that I am considerably bothered," suggested Mr. Thompson.

A smile of mirth passed over the melancholy face of Mrs. Adair, as she surveyed from time to time the awkward blunders of her pupil. Mr. Thompson was too fully occupied with his improvement to notice the changes that passed over her sorrowful countenance.

"Do you think, Mrs. Adair, that I improve?"

"Certainly, sir: a little more ease and dignity in your deportment, sir, and I think you will pass."

The day at length arrived. Mr. Thompson, with splendid carriage, and servants in livery, made his first appearance in the company of the English gentry. Major Wedon, the gentleman of whom he purchased his mansion, was first to recognize him. "Glad to see you, Mr. Thompson; permit me to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Frank, sister to Sir James Frank."

After a few remarks to Miss Frank of a complimentary nature, Mr. Thompson took the Major's arm, and walked through the superb dressing-room; the Major introducing him to as many of the ladies as were known to himself.

Satisfaction with the beauty and magnificent appearance of the ladies, Mr. Thompson came to the conclusion that he could find Mrs. Thompson without difficulty, among the fashionable group. His heart was in his throat, as he came again in contact with Miss Frank, who recognized him with a smile: "Do you find the entertainment as pleasant as you anticipated, Mr. Thompson?"

"It is certainly exquisite to me, and pleasant beyond my anticipation," Mr. Thompson remarked, as he accepted a refreshment sent by the side of Miss Frank. Throwing himself in as favorable an attitude as possible, and endeavoring to call to mind as much of Mrs. Adair's instructions as he could with certainty; he made several attempts to play the agreeable, but made many and blunders. Miss Frank's good breeding, however, restored his self-confidence.

Miss Frank was rather prepossessing in her appearance; although forty, she had a juvenile look; her fine features, and luxuriant wig set off her ample, round face to great advantage. Mr. Thompson was in love at first sight; and he determined to make a favorable impression on the heart of Miss Frank if possible. The remainder of the evening she had his undivided attention. She appeared pleased with the rich Mr.
Thompson, and they parted with an agreement to form a better acquaintance. He did not wait many days before he improved the privilege of calling on her, to make love in more tender terms.

Miss Frank, after keeping him in suspense two months, was afraid the disease would prove fatal, and concluded to wed her distressed lover. A grand wedding, and their happiness was consummated. He had been successful beyond his anticipations; being married to a bonbon's sister, and cousin to Maj. Welden. Certainly his lot had been cast in pleasant places. A bridal tour was taken to France, during the honey-moon. A few months and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson began to think of returning to their mansion in England. Nothing of importance happened on their journey homeward. After a brief home residence, Mrs. Thompson began to doubt the propriety of her husband's politeness to his servant, Mrs. Adair. That she was a lady that had seen better days, she was convinced. She possessed accomplishments that were only acquired in the first classes of society. She knew, too, that English beauties were not as pure in all respects as they might be. With these mysteries unveiled, Mrs. Thompson attributed Mr. Thompson's respect and sympathy to a wrong cause. In several instances, she threw out some cutting remarks to Mrs. Adair, into whose heart they sank deeply. Her destitute situation procured resentment; and, stingling her feelings, she endeavored to perform her duties as lady's-maid to Mrs. Thompson; to whom her dignified and lady-like demeanor was galling. She could not make a humble servant out of her, although she required many humbling services; but for the support of her innocent child, what would she not suffer?

The trials to which she was subjected made her heart burn with the utmost resentment. The wantonness of the unfortunate Mrs. Adair. At length Mrs. Thompson could endure it no longer, and she determined to dismiss her, and get another that would not annoy her with her proud airs. Calling Mrs. Adair, she told her that she must get another situation, for she wanted her no longer.

"This is a considerable amount of loss, Mrs. Thompson," said Mrs. Adair, "and I cannot leave without some remuneration for my labor."

"I do not know what you have done; I am sure you have not earned your board since I have been mistress of this dwelling. Perhaps Mr. Thompson can tell your merits better than I can." With these insulting remarks, she ordered Mrs. Adair out of her presence, to her exceeding distress of mind. She had received nothing from Mrs. Thompson for nearly a year's service, and was considerably indebted for her child's maintenance; and she knew the poor woman who cared for her child could ill afford to lose it. What should she do?

While these distressing thoughts were occupying her mind, as she was seated in her own room, she heard footsteps approaching. Mrs. Thompson made her appearance, and in an angry tone commanded her to take her bundle and be off. Mrs. Adair replied—

"You will not, surely, be so unkind as to turn me off without paying me."

"You have not earned any thing," said Mrs. Thompson. "Take her to the hall-door, Jane." (speaking to a coarse-looking servant.) "And put her out, and throw her bundle after her."

"I will go," said Mrs. Adair: "if you will but permit me to see Mrs. Thompson. I am sure he will not refuse to pay me."

"See my husband, indeed, and settle with him! That is a fine idea! I dare say you would like to see me! I'll nip your business with him in the bud!—away with you, this minute!" And fitting the action to the word, she closed the door on her, and threw her bundle after her.

Poor Mrs. Adair! Penniless and heart-broken, she knew not which way to go; her indebtedness for her child's food and care bore heavily on her mind. In
her destitute situation, she knew her child would be homeless as well as herself. In this friendless position, poor Mrs. Adair sat down under a hedge, unable to proceed farther; and, giving way to her grief in tears, she knew not that night was fast approaching; but as darkness was closing around her, she partially recovered herself, and arose to her feet, unconscious where she was. Calling her distracted thoughts together, she remembered her destination. Again sinking upon the ground, her limbs refused to move; and, as the darkness deepened around her, she knew not which way to go. All that cold night she lay beneath the hedge, without the least covering; and, chilled and benumbed, her delicate frame sunk under this last heavy stroke. Her dark, luxuriant curls hung in masses over her unconscious forehead; her inanimate and still beautiful face lay on the cold ground.

Mr. Thompson, who on his morning walk, was not aware that his tender spouse had turned the defenseless widow from his dwelling. To his surprise he found the sufferer he had discovered by the way-side to be Mrs. Adair; unable to give the least cause why she should be found in this peculiar situation, he returned quickly to the mansion to procure a conveyance to take her there. On returning to the place where he had left her, he soon discovered that she was perfectly unconscious; and, taking her home, he placed her in her own room, and called a physician. Mrs. Thompson affected to be ignorant of the cause of Mrs. Adair's leaving the house, and being found in the hedge. It was now evident that the grave would soon close over her and her little trials. She never revived, but grew weaker and weaker until her pure spirit took its flight to a world of rest.

After her interment she was almost forgotten, when a woman called and inquired after Mrs. Adair; she was informed by the servant that Mrs. Adair was dead and buried more than a month ago. The aged visitor appeared exceedingly distressed at this unwelcome news.

"I would like very much to see Mrs. Thompson," said the old lady.

"Your name, madam," said the servant.

"Mrs. Whitlow." The servant instantly departed and soon returned, with Mr. Thompson's compliments, and that he would see her in the library. Mrs. Whitlow was soon ushered into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. "I understand, madam, that you are making inquiries about Mrs. Adair."

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Whitlow, in answer to Mr. Thompson's question, "I have come on particular business with Mrs. Adair."

"Have you been long acquainted with her?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"I have known her for four years, sir; and part of the time I have had her child boarding with me, for which I shall be indebted to me a considerable amount; she has not paid me for several months, and my circumstances are such that it will be hard for me to lose it; besides, I shall have to put her child in the poor-house."

"Well," said Mr. Thompson, "I will pay you for keeping the child, but I wish you to give me an account of all you know of Mrs. Adair's history."

"Well, sir, I heard her say she was born in Madrid, and married against her father's will, and that her husband was an Englishman; that after they had lived together two years their limited funds were so far exhausted as to make it necessary for her husband to make exertions for their support. After several unsuccessful attempts to engage in some business in Madrid, he was under the necessity of leaving her and her child with a friend, while he went in search of a new home; and that was the last certain intelligence she ever had of him. Once she was informed that he was in Liverpool, and she went there at once to seek him, and this is the cause of her being in this country; but in this she was disappointed, as she could gain no clue of his ever having been..."
in Liverpool. This is all I knew of Mrs. Adair." Here a pause ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Whitlow, with the inquiry—"What had I better do with the child, sir? It is a pity to put her in the poor-house, as she is very delicate." "What say you, Mrs. Thompson," said Mr. Thompson, "that we take the child?" "Do as you please, but be sure and have her housed in such a manner that no one can interfere." "Well, Mrs. Whitlow," replied Mr. Thompson, "you may send the child to us, and here is your money; be sure and send her here to-morrow, with all her effects." "Mrs. Whitlow left the mansion, well pleased with her success in obtaining the money for the child’s maintenance and for the prospect of freeing herself from the responsibilities of its care. Agreeable to promise, the child was sent to Mr. Thompson the following day. Mr. Thompson not being at home, she was taken to Mr. Thompson’s room. As soon as she saw the child, when Jane led her by the hand towards her, her dislike to the child’s mother made her harsh to the poor orphan. "What is your name?" said Mrs. Thompson. "Ella Adair," replied the affrighted child. "Ella Adair!" said Mr. Thompson, "I was in hopes that I should never hear that hateful name again. Call one of the servants, Jane, to take her away, and take care of her." "What things were brought with her, Jane?" "There lays the little bundle, at the door." "Bring it here, and let me examine it. I don’t think there is any thing in the whole bundle that is fit for any thing but the fire; yet, let me see: oh, yes, here is a curious ebony box. I wonder what is in it!" She found the box was locked, and on examining it carefully, he accidentally discovered a little spring in the lid. Pressing her finger on the spring, there opened a little cavity which contained the key. She took the key, and immediately unlocked the box. What was her surprise at finding several fine miniatures, that she knew by their dress were Spanish nobles! There was also a roll of papers, written in the Spanish language, and in beautiful style,—several letters, a singular manuscript, and something that resembled an old will,—were tied together with a black ribbon. Not being able to read the Spanish language fluently, her unsatisfied curiosity was excited to its highest bounds. She determined, however, to conceal those from her husband until she could hear them read by some capable person, thinking that they were papers of importance and value. She determined, if such was the case, to appropriate them to herself, if possible; and putting the papers in a safe place, she left the box, with the miniatures, and her husband’s inspection. On Mr. Thompson’s returning and entering the room, she showed him the box and the pictures; and, seeing nothing very peculiar to his imagination, returned it and gave it back to his wife. Mrs. Thompson, glad that her husband’s curiosity was not easily excited, placed the papers back again into the box, and put it away for further investigation.

A few months passed, and Mr. Thompson was the happy father of a pair of fine daughters: a splendid christening at the mansion, and the two little favorites were called Julian and Juliette. Time wore on, and Mrs. Thompson had not yet found any proper person to read the manuscripts, and her curiosity began somewhat to subside. Another year, and a son was added to their family. Mr. Thompson’s joy was unbounded at the prospect of his name being handed down to posterity. Another christening, and the young heir was honored with the name of James Frank. Although Mr. Thompson was quite satisfied with these christenings, yet again, in the space of four years more Mrs. Thompson favored
him with two more children—Lawrence and Helen.

Poor Ella found constant employment in the nursery of the young Thomsons. Her gentle, loving heart found ample development in the care of these little ones. In all their troubles they found a sympathetic friend in Ella. Seven years of hard service Ella had now passed in the house of her bondage. No favor was shown her from either Mrs. Thompson or the servants. As for Mr. Thompson, he kept himself aloof from indoor business—as domestic storms too often occurred after his first attempts to inquire into such matters. Ella was remarkable for her sweet temperament under the most trying circumstances. She was tall of her age, and remarkably handsome; her large, dark, but mild expressive eyes set off her beautiful complexion; naturally graceful in all her movements, her lady-like appearance was the cause of Mrs. Thompson drawing many comparisons between Ella and her own children, and she could not but observe the natural superiority of Ella over her own; and this consciousness caused her to feel a deeper hatred towards the dependent orphan. No one feeling of sympathy did she know; but, determined upon a great or degree of severity, knowing that Ella had learned to read before she was bound to her, and that she improved every opportunity afforded her in reading all the books that she could find.

That Ella constantly improved, Mrs. Thompson could not but observe; and it became necessary now for her to procure a governess for the other children. Last Ella should be benefited by the instructions of the new governess, she gave her particular orders not to instruct Ella, under any circumstances whatever, alleging that it would unfit her for her position as a servant. The old governess, in spite of Mrs. Thompson's injunctions, could not but answer Ella's questions, which soon raised her from among the meanest ranks in the household. Two years had passed since Mrs. Thompson's orders, Ella studied all the time she could spare. The governoress was pleased with her success and took especial pleasure in instructing Ella. Her clearness in understanding the mysteries of knowledge, induced the old governess to afford her every possible opportunity in her every study. How sweetly she sang! Her old friends were never tired of hearing her gentle voice, or looking at her sweet, intelligent face. Ella repaid her a thousand times for the interest she took in her. When the old governess was at her wits' end to know how to quiet the turbulent dispositions of the young Thomsons, Ella, by her gentleness, would restore them to good nature and quietness.

In an unlucky moment, Mrs. Thompson heard the old governess instructing Ella; and her chagrin can better be imagined than described. The old governess was immediately dismissed, for "such an unpardonable outrage;" but Mrs. Thompson could not now recall the instructions Ella had received for the two years past. (Continued.)

A THOUGHT.

Upon a mountain
In the vision land,
There is a fountain
Gushing upward, and
Dying, takes life again
In the beautiful rain.

A sea, sea of seas,
Hath this fountain set—
And unseen forces
Up the pearly jet
Unto itself again
In the beautiful rain.

A son, sea of sons,
Hath this fountain set—
And unseen, forces
Up the pearly jet
Unto itself again
In the beautiful rain.

In the heart of men,
In the heart of life,
Works this very plan,
Urging on the strife,—
Urging the endeavor
Heavenward forever. A. J. N.
PARADISE LOST. THE GENIUS OF MILTON.

If we are not called upon as literary critics to trace in their several bearings the theological characteristics of the writings of the poets, except so far as their influence is directly moral or the reverse, there is another influence, very intimate-ly blended with Milton's representation of Satan and Hell, which falls more appropriately within our province in that capacity: How happens it that Milton so successfully undermines those conservative notions of Hell which we have imbibed from our fathers as a part of our religion, and accepted as veritable truth from the traditions of a thousand years? We are not less surprised at the change in our opinions, than puzzled about the means by which the poet effects it; and, like the Philistines of old in regard to the champion of Gath, have a wonderful curiosity to ascertain "where his great strength lieth."

Let us not forget that poets are the priests of Nature—baptized in her living streams, and sworn at her mountain altars, to interpret to the dull ear of common humanity as they come directly from her, and not from those ordinary sources which are accessible to other men. Imbued with perfect consciousness of the dignity of his office, and in possession of a more than double portion of his predecessors' spirit, which the mantle worn by a hundred bards (whom in rapt vision he could trace in their ascent to the skies) has conferred upon him, though Milton reveres the Christian Scriptures much, he equally reveres his divine gift. He is the priest of Nature, and as such can serve God in a ritual which she disapproves.

He feels for Satan; and what good man does not? "The devil is the father of curses and lies, says Doctor Slope, and is cursed and damned already. "I am sorry for it," says my uncle Toby.

"Im was to think up your den, Even for your sake,"
said poor Burns. "Dear, hearty, noble-minded Burns," says Leigh Hunt, "how Uncle Toby would have loved him for it!" "The very devil," says Thomas Carlyle, he can not hate with right orthodoxy."

Such too was Milton, but he does not waste his powers in useless wranglings. He resolves to create a sympathy for Satan, not among those worthless repro-ducts, who, after indulging in all manner of licentious excesses, would lay the blame of their disgusting conduct on a noble-minded spirit who can only view them with contempt; but among the good, the tender-hearted, and the merciful—the best of our species, who look not to the cause of misery so much as to its condition. He goes cunningly to work. He not only brings the unhappy spirits before us in proper form, making them relate their convictions of being injured with forcible distinctness, but between us and them he interposes the veil of his magic genius, on which is represented a series of dissolving views of wonderful interest, by which he manages to make them appear whatever he has a mind to do. How can we elude the craft of such an ingenious thief?

As a first attempt, merely it would seem to show his powers, he transformed Satan, lying at his length on the sulphurous waters of Hell, into "the sea-beast Lovatian slumbering on the Norway foam." From out one of the land-locked fiords of that country, at the head of which stands his little cottage, comes a venturesome fisherman. We see him emerge from among the trees which surround its entrance to the ocean. The sun gradually descends, and shines horizontally on the golden-crested waves. He dips below the waters, and the lingering twilight sobers down into night. The fisherman cares not to return. He concludes to remain till morning; and mistaking the monster for an island,

"With ease and esthetic Mouns by his side he
Invents the sea, and
With this result we include fisherman, he only sufices his object. To use a line from the Book of Job, "in our nostrils," and make us forget his name, and follow him mild. Then when the gulf of Hell is no more pleasing, he view the triumphal way we gaze upon the we are informed that are magnificently two tunnals of love and carried away into forest. We see a tree nothing over its labyrinthous on the architectural a grandest except gorgeous shadow bar.

"The very red
Now, it seems the organ of human sight. As a falt in poor unfortunate contemplation (as a lovely as those been extilo, a mental, who, with bitter on their minds, in the punishment of blames, says he.

"The wind is Can weigh this."
Who gave the Milton, the in perfection of Cyril and of Hell appear.
Nor is it or pleasure or
"With fixed anchor in his deadly pool,
Moores by his side under the lay, while night
Inveats the sea, and wither for mom delays.

We blunder to think of the poor deluded fisherman, but the mighty master only smiles. He has accomplished his object. To use a homely metaphor from the Book of Job, "he has placed his book in our noses," and is aware that he can make us forget Satan when he pleases, and follow himself wherever he has a mind. Even when our eyes are fixed on the Gulf of Hel, he can "soothe our soul to pleasures." He exhibits in panoramic view the throned legions of Satan. As we gaze upon them, the scene changes; we are in Nirvanian shades, and the devils are magically transformed into the aerial leaves of Vallombrosa. We are carried away into the cool retreats of the forest. We see the giant limbs of the trees meeting over our heads, and shaping its labyrinths and natural avenues into the architectural naisc, as superb as the grandest conceptions of art in the most gorgeous cathedral. Now, we fancy we hear the "river rushing o'er its pebbly bed." Now, it seems the "alpason full" of the organ in harmony with the cathedral choir. Alas! it is but the hum of those poor unfortunate, half in sorrow, half in contempt, (as they think of scenes as lovely as those from which they have been exiled, and their cruel imprisonment) in response to their daring chief, who, with bitter sarcasm, is impressing on their minds how despicable, in his estimation, is the conqueror who could punish them so severely. "No matter," says he.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Who does not perceive how cunningly Milton has contrived to introduce, as it were, the suavities of sylvan seclusion, to make the contrast of Hell appear the more revolting?

Nor is it common holiday sight-seers, or pleasure parties going a planning to the country, alone, upon whom he aspires to captivate. The learned naturalist does not escape his snares. When Satan leaves the infernal lake, and plants his feet on the solid bristling, the circum
country seems

"As when the force
Of subterraneous wind unseals a hill
Torn from its foundation, or the matted side
Of thundering Etna," and such men as Humboldt are something worth looking at. From amidst Sicilian groves, we observe the towering height of the snow-clad Etna; not only thundering from its crater flames, and smoking, and hero, but by means of accumulated gases tearing itself asunder, and presenting opportunities for scientific investigation, such as only learned men know how to appreciate.

When he shows us the armor of Satan, he is equally learned, and equally seductive. He takes us to the top of Pele-sol—one of Nature's own observatories—that we may look with Galileo through his newly-invented telescope. We are admitted to the rare privilege of observing the enormously-magnified disc of the full moon. Is the magic in the glass? or in the exhibitor? We take another look; and as the satirised Mirza, who saw the islands of the blessed, and the wondrous bridge of life stretching its broken arches into the tide of time, on looking up found his spirit-guides departed, and instead of such interesting scenery his native valley of Bagghid, and the sheep and cattle grazing on its sides—so we, on touching the poet's magic wand, find that what we have mistaken for the moon is the shield of Satan, who stands before us in the full magnitudes of his immense proportions.

But all men have not poetical tendencies, neither are they all natural philosophers. The history of former times, and the lessons which they convey, have more charms for many than descriptions of scenery however grand or beautiful, or appeals to the feelings however direct and pathetic; and this class is too numerous for Milton to neglect. He need
not call on them to appreciate the sylvan
shades of Valloombrosa,

"The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers."

Their minds are cast in a different mould.
The attractions of Nature to them are in-
ferior to the attractions of a good coal fire
and sperm candles, in a well-furnished
library. It matters not. They cannot un-
escape the poet who has now got hold of
them. To them he presents an historical
panorama. For their especial benefit
Satan's legions are transformed, first, into

** * * * * "the pityful cloud
Of locusts wagging on the eastern wind," which the liberator Moses brought on the
frightened Egyptians; then into Greeks and
Scythians and Scandinavians, throwing off the shackles of imperial
Rome, and pouring from "the populous
North" in irresistible numbers.

Here again we have a display of the
same insidious ingenuity to accomplish
the same object. The Israelites, in whose
behalf their supernaturally gifted leader
performed his wonders, were exposed to
the oppression of a superior who treated
them as slaves. The soldier from the
frozen North had learned the fate of his
countrymen.

"Blessed to grace a Roman holiday,"

He yielded unwillingly to a power which
had only the plea of supremacy, by which
to justify its violation of the principle of
equal right which he could never emul-
cate from his bosom. In both cases, the
enraged successfully routed the injuri-
es of their oppressors, and were free.
Satan too is oppression, and subjected to
an extremity of punishment such as the
most heartless tyrant on earth never
dreamed of. What verdict can a jury of
adepts in historical knowledge return in
the teeth of historical testimony having
such a close bearing on the case before
them? The world cries shame on Brit-
ain for having condemned the great Na-
poleon,

"The last single captive to millions in war,"
to wear his chain, like another Andromeda,
on a rock in the ocean. But Britain was
afraid of him. The Omnipotent can not
have subjected the vanquished Arch-en-
gal to a harsher punishment for a similar
reason.

Milton so far carries the learned world,
and hearts poetically tender, along with
him; but none of the illustrations quoted
are sufficiently comprehensive to indi-
icate the great bulk of mankind. Let him try
again. The impressions and associations
of early life are indelible. They cling to
us wherever we go.

"The adventurous boy, who asks his little share,
And lies from home with many a goosey prayer;
never can forget in after life his happiest
of his days which were spent with " the
old folks at home." The bride,

"Who has pledged her faith of her own free will," and
whose parents readily admit, that

"Bright is the prospect her future spreads,
And aside the heart which her galant voice;
" as she crosses the threshold of her home
(no longer), has tours in her eyes, when she
takes a parting view of

"The sunny spot where her childhood played."

No matter whether learned or ignorant,
the influences of such scenes "tad their
impressions and associations find a chord in every bosom.

"The days o'lang synch calmly the existence of yesterday. The tree, around

"In early life we sported,"

It would be sacrilege to cut down. Even
"the old oaken bucket, which hung in
the well," has twenty times the value of
any new one by which it can be replaced.
Milton knew all this right well, and he
furnishes a domestic comparison which re-
calls our fondest memories and appeals to
every heart. He makes Satan's assiduities
converse as follows:

"As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Four forth their populous youth down the hive
In clusters; and among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro; or on the smoothly pluck,
The nectar of their straw-built citadel,
New-hatched, with hopes, expectation, and to
their state affairs."

Crafty again; exceeding crafty! Satan

and his confederates are in a conference in regard to
their next step.

"Sight and sound, and the
the bees, among fresh dew at
the hottest season of the
year, have no need of his wasp
turn to pity them; bees are
vain to interest. There is
no doubt, when the fate of
early alive; then nature
not content with robber
matory, or their hairs to
accomplish his purposes
will consign them, as Hu

"The devil's in it."

But Milton has sufficient
this portion of their kind.
"The world cries shame on Brit-
ain for having condemned the great Na-
poleon, who as pledged her
one by which it can be replaced.
Satan too is oppression,
subjected to an extremity of punishment
the most heartless tyrant on earth never
dreamed of. What verdict can a jury of
adepts in historical knowledge return in
the teeth of historical testimony having
such a close bearing on the case before
them? The world cries shame on Brit-
ain for having condemned the great Na-
poleon, who as pledged her
one by which it can be replaced.
But Britain's omnipotent can not squelched Archimand for a similar
the learned word under, along with illustrations quite sensitive to indecision. Let history
and associations be. They cling to
so ask his little sisters, says a gossip's prayer, a life the happiest
spent with "the birds, and of her own face we only admit, that
future spreads, in her girlhood was held of her home in her eyes, when
of our childhood plays, or igno winds and scenes that in every home, as cut out the
"The death of devils, binionness reel"
But Milton has sufficient cunning to keep this portion of their history out of view. We only see them at work in their "straw
built citadel," or fancy them holding consultations for their common good. Who does not dream over again the high hopes of his boyhood, when his mother's bees seemed part of the family, and he sat beside those who were nearest and dearest to his heart, and listened to the gay song of his sisters, alternating, or commingling together? Has Satan no recollections of former happiness correspondent with our own? Poor Satan!
If this is not enough, the magician performs another charm, equally potent. Of all the superstitions of rural life, there is none more pleasing than the belief in faires, those sportive spirits who occupy their time in mirth and dancing. The bulky forms of the infernal divinities may have overawed us. At his nod, they became such "fairy elves" as merrily trip the green wood-land slope, while even the moon appears bewitched, and lingers in her course to survey their gambols.
We cannot help inquiring, although it has nothing to do with the poet's purpose as such, what he means by all this? Is he a more soother? an atheist in disguise? one who would rob us of our due respect for Heaven's Eternal King, and make us do homage to Satan whom we know to be his and our enemy? By no means. But before we can properly comprehend what he did mean, it is necessary to take into consideration the prevalent notions of the Devil in Milton's time, and the times immediately preceding. The religious sentiments of England, then, was very different from that of England or the United States, now. The inhabitants were divided into about as many sects, but on certain points they concurred; such as that the deity had chiefly in view his own glory, that he was jealous of his power, and vindictive as to matters of faith; and such, from a principle of duty, were they. The catholics had been so before them, and for the same reason. The massacres of St. Bartholomew, and the creativities of "the bloody Mary," were looked upon by those who perpetrated them, as sets well pleasing to God. So was the burning of Servetus by Calvin; and so were now the persecutions of protestants by each other in the British dominions. They believed them to be in conformity with the will of God, and none dared to think, for a moment, that if such were the case, that will was wrong. That Milton has helped to engender such thoughts in as, and consequently has assisted to convince us of the absurdity of their common belief, is true. That he only meant to do so to a small extent, his prose works plainly testify. His object evidently was to show that Satan, whom God had justly doomed to endless punishment of the most degrading and disgusting kind, was not so bad, nor so degrading as many who professed to be actuated by christian zeal. That his poem has had an additional effect on us, is owing to our being influenced by more rational and humane sentiments than those of our forefathers.

Agnolus.

There is no possible position in life that can at any time justify a man in committing a wrong act.
MEMORY'S DREAM.

By O. F. Moursell.

In the balmy hours of twilight,
When day gives place to night,
When nature, hushed, secretly sleeps,
And o'er the earth sweet slumber creeps,
'Tis then—when memory loves to roam,—
To bury, with its heavenly roll,
The heart with pleasure threnody thrills,
Sending through its thousand rills
The sweetest flowers and sups:
And brings upon my troubled brow
To-morrow dreams and visions shrouds,
Lost to all reality,
And neither Earth nor sky I see,
Thus lost—
I lean upon my window-sill,
All intimation hushed and still,
Such blessed and hallowed scenes are mine,
When sitting here at evening,
When mingled, let the mind run free,
While o'er me creeps sweet witchery;
And charmed beneath the magic spell,
I seem in realms of bliss to dwell;
And Charmed beneath the magic spell,
I seem in realms of bliss to dwell;
And Charmed beneath the magic spell,
I seem in realms of bliss to dwell;
And Charmed beneath the magic spell,
I seem in realms of bliss to dwell;
WHAT A ROBBERY.—STANZAS.

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There is a flower which seeks
The dark wells by the wood;
Its vestal robe bequests
A mystery for good:
It blooms amid the blackest ashes,
And sanguine rises among its heav'ns;
But 'twill be glorious through all time,
In every song the poet weaves.

It blooms amid the blackest shine,
And sanguine wears upon its brow;
But if it be sung, it swells;
Because it stands like Christ, and sings.

A halo round all meaner things.

There is a flower that naught
No factory from the proud;
Its beauty it unites
To none of this world's crowd;
It flaunts no sly or gaudy dress,
Nor boots nobility of birth,
But in some silent wilderness
It spends its unrecorded worth.

Its perfume blesses those, whose feet
Tread quiet paths and humble street;
Mary! I would this sacred flower
Might symbolize thy life's young hour.

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A halo round all meaner things.

There is a flower that naught
No factory from the proud;
Its beauty it unites
To none of this world's crowd;
It flaunts no sly or gaudy dress,
Nor boots nobility of birth,
But in some silent wilderness
It spends its unrecorded worth.

Its perfume blesses those, whose feet
Tread quiet paths and humble street;
Mary! I would this sacred flower
Might symbolize thy life's young hour.

STANZAS.

There is a flower which seeks
The dark wells by the wood;
Its vestal robe bequests
A mystery for good:
It blooms amid the blackest ashes,
And sanguine rises among its heav'ns;
But 'twill be glorious through all time,
In every song the poet weaves.

It blooms amid the blackest shine,
And sanguine wears upon its brow;
But if it be sung, it swells;
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Nor boots nobility of birth,
His Maiden Speech.—A few years since one of our mountain counties was represented in the Senate by a gentleman who proved to be a first-rate silent member, to the great dissatisfaction of his constituents, who were desirous that his voice should be heard. But the Hon. gentleman assiduously declined making an ass of himself in public, until near the end of the session, when he yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and, after several days spent in preparation, announced, to their great surprise and joy, that he was ready to "do the State some service;" and, on the day appointed, they assembled to listen and applaud.

He arose majestically from his seat in the Senate Chamber, and, thrusting his right hand into the bosom of his vest, inclined his body gently forward, and said, "Mr. President,—then removing his hand from the precincts of his heart, and waving it calmly to the southward!—"I come, sir, from the snow-clad mountains of Mariposa, where the wild deer roams and the red Indian treads the forests, and naught is to be heard but the distant water-falls, and the howling of the coyotes." Just at this juncture, some wicked fellow in the gallery exclaimed "git!"—the Senator paused, looked fiercely toward the gallery, and then, turning pompously with dignity to the "Chair," spoke as follows: "Sir, the gentleman may cry 'git!' but, sir, the member from Mariposa will not 'git!'"

He did, though, and that speech was never finished; it was his first and last attempt. He sat down ashamed and confused, amid "dazzling shouting of laughter," and "much applause." 

There is no peace of mind equal to that arising from a good and approving conscience; there is no wealth so productive of true happiness as that which is honestly and industriously obtained; and there is no money so much valued as that which is earned by severe and fatiguing labor.

The Ocean Burial.

BY S. R. DRYDEN.

Oh! bury him deep in the dark blue sea; Let the waves above chant mournfully, For there he lies in dreamless rest; His heart is cold within his breast, And the lips which moved in silent prayer Have grown to icy stillness there; And the eye whose light 'twas joy to see, Will sleep so calm in the deep blue sea. 

0! bury him deep in the meaning sea, Where the sea-woods intertwine and embrace; Where the wind's low wail and the sea-bird's note Will over his grave in sadness float. 

The Father calls, his work is done— The loved ones weep for the dear one gone, They'll mourn their loss, his gain 'twill be; Then bury him deep in the meaning sea. 

Oh! bury him there in the restless deep; He's far from the spot where his loved ones weep; From her whose cheek grew cold with fear, When the death-word reached her waiting ear.

She may not kiss these cold lips now, Nor part the hair on his death-chilled brow; She may not kiss these cold lips now, Nor part the hair on his death-chilled brow, For he must lie in the restless deep.

Oh! bury him there, in the cold dark deep— The stars will watch o'er his quiet sleep— The stars will watch o'er his quiet sleep— The sculptor's hand may mark the spot Where those who rest are by man forgot: There needs no stone, or drooping tree— His tablet is the lapping sea.

Ye have laid him there to a tranquil rest, Far down beneath the ocean's billowy crest; He is safe from the voices of the foeman's taunt, The sculptor's hand may mark the spot Where those who rest are by man forgot: There needs no stone, or drooping tree— His tablet is the lapping sea.

A National distinctive one, an in the tradition of a people.
"OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE."

THE WRITING OF THE UNIVERSE.

G. T. B.

Our National Literature.

The desire to form a National Literature, is one which has possession of many minds, and calls forth a multitude of predictions which will never be realized. It is, doubtless, both pleasant and patriotic to indulge in visions of literary supremacy, in which our territorial greatness is to be surpassed by our superiority in the world of letters, and which is to afford just ground for the self-praise, which is to be our national weakness.

However, these anticipations are not based on just and mature reflection, and a little observation will prove them as unreal as they are undesirably.

A National Literature must be a distinctive one, and has generally originated in the traditions, the history or religion of a people. There must be something in the stories of a past age—or at least in the glory or the struggle of a present one—to leave its impress on the national mind, and inspire its orators, its poets and its historians. It would have been impossible for any contemporary Homer to have composed the Iliad; nor could Xenophon have written the retreat of the ten thousand, without a cloudy faith in the Athenian Minerva, and Jupiter the protector.

It is thus, that all literature which has assumed a distinctive national character, had its origin, and therefore it is, that when either the faith or the history of a people is merged or united with other events, or creeds, that its literature ceases, or rather fails, to become peculiar.

When Herodotus wrote the history of the Persian invasion, and Thucydides narrated the internal Hellanic war, the works which rendered them immortal, were the great foundations of Greek his.
toral learning, just because they were
preeminently Greek—Gods, Heroes, Tri-
umphs—all were Hellenic, and the stories
were as masterly as the events were glori-
ous, but the narration and the struggle
were alike national. They were not only
the great historians, but in their time, al-
most the only ones—and that, too, in an
age, when not to be Greek was to be a
barbarian.

The same course of remark will hold
true of Roman literature; it was na-
tional because Rome was everywhere;
there was no other nation which had a
literature, unless Greece be excepted—
that was decayed indeed, but yet living.

If this be true of the oldest and noblest
literature in the world, is it any less so
when we consider later ages, and inferior
nations?

And so without a course of events re-
markable and long continued, with strug-
gle and battle, and success, and renown,
without trial and vicissitude, no nation
can have great historians—it requires all
these to color the narration—to point the
reflection—to stamp the philosophy with
the features of nationality.

Nor is the case different, when we
come to consider the realm of imagina-
tion. Dante was the poet, not of Italy,
but of the church; Shakespeare, not of
England, but of humanity; Milton, not
of any nation, or any age, but of the uni-
verse and eternity.

Neither is it the language which makes
literature national; but the events it re-
cords, the philosophy it reveals, the in-
agination it embodies; not finding its pu-
trone in the courts of princes, but in the
assemblies of the people. The idea which
springs to birth in the vigorous and free-
speaking Saxon, loses little of its tone, but
rather finds a perfected beauty in the
verse and eternity.

Each alike predicts utter ruin to the
purity of faith and morals, or to simplici-
ty of taste, if his opinions and dogmas
be not exclusively maintained, adding his
portion to literature in lamentations for
its downfall.

Such things are not new—they lead to
a censorship of the press. They did
dwell much to call forth Milton's noble essay
on unlicensed printing. They substituted
the terribly bad productions of the
reign of Charles II. for the terrifically
poor productions of Charles I.; and
promoted vice, by making virtue too
dull and too proy.

The hope for American literature is to
be found in its general—even universal—
scope and comprehension; it is to reach
the mind of the world as widely as a

We may pursue views of thought,
who will misunderstand it will never cease
dullness. We shall
but the whole world
more the narration and the struggle
more of the church; Shakespero, not of
more the only ones—and that, too, in an
The man of science points with scorn
the national taste, and will admit no-

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"OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE."

Our national literature is to reach

the mind of the world, and must therefore be as wide as the world.

We may infuse new blood into the veins of thought, but the rod and vial tide will mingle with the whole stream—it will never concentrate into congested dulness. We shall have, not American—but the whole world for our theme. Our creators will discuss, not only our government, but all governments—our philosophers will contribute to a science which is always universal. Our poets will discover new forms of beauty, whether of the body or the soul, whether of cloud or calm—whersever the sunset shall glow or the torrent breaks its spray, or the eye reveal the splendor of inspiring thought. Our periodical press will record the events of the hour, whether transpiring on the banks of the Ganges, or the plains of the Oronoon.

Indeed, the great office of literature is to narrate events, and embody thoughts in language that shall penetrate everywhere. All invention, all art, all philosophy, all poetry, all oratory, all statesmanship, all religion, is fast coming to be national, and becoming universal.

Literature is the sum of all these; it must be free to discuss, to depict, to criticize, to approve, to condemn, every thing and every body. It holds a great tournament—the lists are open to all—the armor of the combatant may be of any device, and his shield may bear any motto; he may fight with any weapon, and touch the shield of the challenger with the point of his lance, if he so will it. If, in such a contest, particular theories or systems are to prevail, they must trust to defensive and offensive armure—the shield must be ample, and the temper of the blade well proved.

It is no doubt true, that on such a field many a foul blow will be struck, and many an unkinightly quality will be shown; but as in the brilliant passages at arms, which preceded the better days of chivalry, there were horrids in the lists, and multitudes without the barriers, to proclaim the foul deed, and pronounce the sentence of dishonor; so, in the lists of literature, there will be found a presiding task to approve the knightly deed, and scorn the false blow. It will allow much for the infinite variety of human opinion, and more for the imperfect state of human knowledge; but it will require of the combatants some exhibition of the qualities of true knighthood, some love for the noble and the true, some reverence for humanity, and for God.

Without these, the wreath of the victor is seldom won; without these, fame will not follow, even the most daring deed. These are they that have stimulated the good and the wise of all ages, and through which they have gained immortal fame and renown.

We desire in conclusion, to express our confidence in the guardianship of taste: it is superior to law, and more powerful than patronage. The union of a brilliant style, and false morals, may prevail tor a moment; corrupt imaginations may steal the splendor of genius, to their alliances and their aid, but at last, sound theology; purity in morals; simplicity in style; favor for truth; faith in man; faith in God—these are the permanent securities for literary success, and they who fight with these arms, will receive the crown of immortal fame, which is always bestowed, not by a single nation, but by the world; not by an age, but by all coming generations.

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As you approach the town of —— on the Stanmerio road, there is (or was) a goldmastanding just out of town. Right across the road from the gallows is the new court; then the first building you see in town is the jail. Now the story goes that on the first advent of brother ——, a Methodist minister, into town, he was naturally looking around, to "see what was to be seen," and the first thing he saw was a gallows, the next a race track, and the next a jail. He then met a man carrying a jug, of whom he inquired if there was a church, or a place for the noble and the true, some love for the noble and the true, some reverence for humanity, and for God.

Brother —— preached that night on the "dignity of man."
MY TEACHERS.

By John Green.

I was yet too young to wade through the heavy snow-drifts to the "winter school." Summer came again, and I traded away with my little "dinner pot" in my hand. A row "school-ma'am" was there, very large and fat, with a face as big as a full moon, and rol as a poony. I remember very little of her, except that she "forbade" me for the tricks of another boy.

Next winter I had a pair of new cowhide boots, a red woolen tippet, a seal-skin muffs, a pair of thick mittens knitted by my "Aunt Nett," and a sled. One cold morning, posed as a king, I posted off to my "Second School," to ask leave to go out and sit under the shade. Two seats were painted, but I thought it very fine. But as the school was nearer to my home, I posted off to my "First School," and went out, and met me the golden hours of a summer day.

We all loved her very much. She was a plotient school-ma'am. It was a pleasant school. "Tom" and "Ram" sat together. We were the best scholars in school. "Tom" was quicker than myself, but I was the more studious.

We both fell in love that summer with little Miss B., the daughter of a neighboring farmer; a pretty, blue-eyed creature, with a silvery voice, and brown hair. We gathered for her beautiful flowers. We grew sentimental, and wrote little "love letters," which were smuggled across the school-room, behind the teacher's back.

I wrote my first attempts at rhyming. I should think my stars if I had never written more foolish verses since. She was a little coquette, and kept us both "in tow"; never manifesting any very decided preference. Tom was handsome and confident; I was plain and awkward. Tom was a favorite with the girls; I was a leader among the boys. Not that I admired the girls less than he; but my diffidence led me to avoid them. If Tom were looking over my shoulder now, I should tell him the distinction of boyhood exists in manhood.

Tom was endowed with the natural graces which win the heart of woman. I used to wonder which of us would marry her. We little thought then, dear Tom, that we should drift away from our native village to the shores of the Pacific, and meet on the golden banks of Feather river, around a miner's camp-fire there, as the stars beamd softly down on our hard couch, to talk of the fair girl who won our boyish hearts. We felt, Tom, that in the rough scenes of mountain life, when fate was against us, and for-
tuno was hard, that tho hearts were
growing as callous as our hands; but
when "letters from home" reached us—
messages warm with a mother's love—how
the waters of boyish affection gushed in-
to our arid hearts!

They say, dear Tom, that the pretty
girl is near a beautiful woman, and that
her heart is still her own. What is writ-
ten in the future?

How seldom are the hopes of boyhood
realized in manhood! But I am always
glad that it was my good fortune to go
to a country school with little girls. I
am thankful that our parents did not be-
long to that class of avaricious moral
reforner, so numerous at the present
day—those prating stoics, who put on
the green goggle of suspicion, and tinge
childhood with the deadly impurity of
their own hearts. The little girls of our
schools taught us better lessons than our
teachers. They taught us how to read
souls as well as our language and
feeling were more refined. Tom, had
we never loved the innocence and artlessness
of girlhood, we could never have ap-
preciated the beauty of womanhood.

Next came a great strapping "master,"
six feet two in his stockings; but a jolly
fellow, who told us stories, which I re-
member to this day. I studied "Coun-
stock's Philosophy" with a big boy—a
wonderful class of two—and I suspect
the master neglected many an urchin in
his "class," to illustrate our philosophical
difficulties. The "farmer's girl" went
to school dressed in a brown homespun
woolen gown.

Next summer my father died. I shall
never forget the terrible feeling which
came over me when I was wakened at
dawn of night, and told that he was dead.
I knelt beside my bed, in my little cham-
ber, and prayed; a prayer fervent and
heartfelt, if my lips have ever breathed
one. The sunshine of boyhood was dark-
ened. I grew precociously thoughtful;
but these feelings slowly wore away.

I went to the village academy. The
teacher was a bookworm; stiff, awkward,
and diffident in manner. He had no soul.
He read the questions from a book,
and never looked at us.

A real teacher soon took charge of the
academy, and I woke up to a new
life. He had the electric fire of sympathy. He
had a pleasing smile and looked us in
the eye. I remember to this day everything
he ever said in school. He made arith-
metic, algebra, and geometry delightful.
He did more towards forming my charac-
ter than all my other teachers.

No never examined us with books; he
asked us our minds, and taught us our
own powers. He would not suit a city
where "cramming" is in fashion, and
"brilliant examinations" the delight of
examining committees. Teaching with
him was not the dull drudgery of routine
—it was a creative art. A schoolmas-
ter may drill children into learning their
lessons; the true teacher warms the heart
and forms the character. "School com-
mittors," who estimate the art of teach-
ing by questions answered in "fifteen-
ing, reading, writing, and grammar,"
oftentimes prefer pedagogues to living
teachers. It is dangerous to be in ad-
vance of conservatism.

Here I close my "school-days" and
"teachers." If I have touched a chord
in the heart of any reader, I am satisfied.
I only hope and trust that no one of my
schoolmates shall ever look back upon me as
a "wooden teacher."

A DESULATORY POEM.

W. W. N.

CANTO VII.

1.

O, Youth! why did thy glorious visions fade?
Why hence my aspirations all departed?
Gone, too, are all the brilliant hopes that
made
My soul once feel that it had beenward soared,
Downward my footsteps (wond of life's gay gaze)
Despising, scorning, sick and broken-hearted,
Ah! this I know is but the common lot Of mortal, s're or which I am not complaining,-
But they to feel immortal gifts shall rise,
And die with us in our mortal shaving,
Are thoughts that fill the soul with sleep and despair,
And anguish which it cannot entirely bear.

VIII.
What might have been-a! why the question ask?
No longer silences my soul from mid-day's heaven;
Wasted and worn by countless days of toil,
Truth, I feel its full in vain that I have4
my soul is nay all bright and pure to feel,
And short the future that to me is given;'-
Suns set in glory, but my evening sky
Is shrouded o'er with clouds of darkest dye.

IX.
It cannot be,-no more I proudly tread
Thy vast and sere halls. Imagination,
Where ists of beauty on thy fair walls spread
Their stoes all emblem of the mind's creation.
No more I feel by adoring truths shed
Their soothing light upon my heart's sensations.
And Fancy's flesh is now a feeble ray,
To glimmer as the glory fades away.

X.
It cannot be,-no more unsullied Flora
Allures me on to scale the heights of heaven;
Its tropic shall not resteth with my name,
No glorious victory to me be given;-
My suffering shall never reach its aim:—
With how uttermost my weakened sense have strives
To speed it onward to the dazzling prize,
On which I saw must look with tearful eyes.

XI.
It cannot be--no more Ambition calls
Me up in visions to his towering mountain;
No more I can in dreams I need the sky's halls,
No more I battle in Heaven's clear fountain,
No more I climb the high embattled walls
Of golden cities that my soul would mount on,
No more on eagle wing's does strong desire
Bear up my soul where burns seraphic fire.

XII.
It cannot be--no more Love's gentle voice
Shall charm my ear like heavenly music swelling,
Of golden cities that my soul would mount on,
No more I can in dreams I need the sky's halls,
No more I battle in Heaven's clear fountain,
No more I climb the high embattled walls
Of golden cities that my soul would mount on,
No more on eagle wing's does strong desire
Bear up my soul where burns seraphic fire.
XIII.
It cannot be—wealth with its golden gleam,
Its pomp and pageant, and all its splendor,
Was once all mine; it vanished like a dream,
No joy it brought, and now I cannot tender
My soul to live upon a glittering beam—
No sympathy to such idle chime as these,
My coming years shall swiftly speed away
And bring no treasures to their fleeting day.

XIV.
It cannot be—my Name shall ne’er be known,
All heared in my country’s song or story—
No laurel on my pallid brow be bound,
If I but worship only at the shrines.
No’er my life’s large honors should be urine,
In one inspiring choral strain agreeing—
It cannot be—my Name shall ‘cease
To lift the weight that on my soul was laid.

XV.
It might have been—I know that gifts divine
Wore silent slumbering in my lowest being—
Where Genius dwells, these dwells its living signs,
A still small voice direct from the all-seen—
In visions heard! I not the sacred Nine,
In one inspiring choral strain agreeing,
That all their leafy honors should be urine,
In visions heard! I not the sacred Nine,

XVI.
It cannot be—all feebly now I sing (mortal),—
These dying strains that might have been im-
A still small voice direct from the all-seen—
In visions heard! I not the sacred Nine,
In one inspiring choral strain agreeing,
That all their leafy honors should be urine,
In visions heard! I not the sacred Nine,

XVII.
It cannot be—my thoughts no longer range,
From heaven to earth and from earth to heaven;
I cannot soar into the straitest’s home;
With rapturous gaze while fell the shadow of even,
No corn grows with shells nor ocean’s foam
And war and woe before the wild winds drive,
Can fill my soul with harmonies divine,
Caught from the choirs of the Sacred Nine.

XVIII.
It cannot be—no more shall heavenly tones
Of melody nay inner life be thrilling;
I only hear that Nature’s dying groans,
And Autumn winds through leafless bowers, filling
The silent air with melancholy moans,
And sighs from falling bowers the frosty air killing,
Where leafless glades lift their arms so high.
Against the Winter’s cold and cheerless sky.

XIX.
It cannot be—my agonizing wail
Never the dull cold birth and colder heaven,
My soul is out, and my smiling spirit’s fled—
But why should such a manful spirit be given?
No joy is given, nor can it ever avail
To strive for what cannot be forgiven,—
No sympathy is mine in my deep woe,
Bitter as my mortal heart can know.

XX.
It cannot be—my useless joys must cease,
Their dying echoes fall beyond my hearing,
Mists o’er close let their tears rise in peace,
And ne’er to mortal be again appearing—
O demon thought, now give a kind release,
From this embalming woe—phantom fean-
Depart! the Inspiration of my soul,
Arrest’d! ye horrid devils called "The Blues!"

BY "THE OLD MOUNTAINEER."
the stories told of fearful peril and adventure, by the fearless and hardy mountaineers—of personal conflict with the fierce grizzly bear, and the relentless wild-cat, which we will give hereafter.

But to our story.

We had been busily engaged about an hour, laying the "worm" of the fence, and wishing we had some one whom to tell our thoughts, as we felt lonesome, when we were aroused from our cogitations by the short, sharp yelp of a wolf. Raising ourselves up—so we were in a stooping posture—we cast a hurried glance towards the foot of the mountain; and discovered, through the storm-shade, a large pack of wolves, headed by a huge black one, bearing down towards us at full speed.

Being well acquainted with the nature and habits of the animal, we were satisfied in an instant that they had scented us, and that, unless we made a hasty retreat, we would be "their most" in the twinkling of a "tense"; so, without ado, we broke off and scampered up to the tree, which grew about a hundred yards off. The pack were some two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards off; we perceived that the race was between "nips" and "tucks," and that "nips" would have to stir his "stumps" if he won the race. We bolted off "worse" than a hare, and at the same time our oars were saluted by a demoniac howl from the whole pack, the peculiar intonation of which distinctly gave us to understand that they had accelerated their speed.

By this time we had got within a few feet of the tree, and the wolves were but a few feet behind us. All the Christian acts of our past life came before us, and we pleaded breathlessly the prayer taught us in our youthful days, commencing, "When in the course of human events," &c. By the time we had got thus far, we were at the tree, and knowing that faith was worth a copper without works, and being sorely pressed by the enemies of our body as well as soul, we gathered all our first exhausting energies, and made a desperate spring, seized a limb and swung up to the tree, one of the infuriated cursers at the same time grasping us behind, thereby sadly decapitating our garments.

But we were safe, at all events, though awfully out-done. We clambered high up the tree, out of the way of danger, and concluded to laugh at the calamity of our enemies. The whole pack soon gathered around us, uttering the most fearful and dismal yells, howlings, and gnashing with their teeth, as though they never saw a white man, up a tree before. We broke off and threw down some branches of the pine, and they fell on them and shook them furiously, occasionally getting up a "treen" fight among themselves, which caused us much sorrow.

We remained on the tree about three hours, and, by dint of hallooing, we attracted the attention of a small squad of miners—who luckily had guns and dogs with them—who were on a prospecting expedition. They bore down to our assistance, and, after killing two of the wolves, they took to their heels, and we—Zacharias like—came down out of the tree, until the laughter and jokes of the "boys." We went home—"gin a treat." We skinned the wolves—and swore we'd never again go out from home without being armed and equipped "according to law."

THE COMMON RAT.

Though the subject which concerns this disgusting little animal, the character of which is so well known by all, may seem to be without interest to the genro
THE COMMON RAT.

Every one—every thing hates the rat. They even destroy and eat one another; yet amid all his dangers and enemies, he lives and flourishes triumphantly.

Cuvier says that the rat originally came from Persia, and was not known in Europe until about 1727; and after having spread over the continent it found its way to England, and, six years later, to America. It is now the pest of all inhabited countries, dwelling particularly about the wharves, in the store-houses, and cellars of cities.

It is the most prolific of all quadrupeds, multiplying at the rate of sixty or eighty fold every year; so that it has been estimated that the descendants of one pair would amount to a million in two years. In some countries those animals are so numerous, and the depredations they commit on all kinds of provisions so great, as to produce famine among the people.

At one period the Isle of France was abandoned by the Dutch settlers on this account, nearly all their produce being destroyed by the rats, in spite of every means used in self-defence. In some houses on this Island, it is stated that 30,000 rats were killed in a year; it is no wonder, therefore, that such a country was forsaken.

Although every mean is employed to destroy this filthy pest, still it seems impossible to prevent their increase and their depredations in any place where they can find means of subsistence. Dogs, cats, traps, poison, sulphurous fumigations, and many other destroying agents, have been used against them; and it is supposed that all these combined do not equal the destruction they commit on each other, the old rats devouring their young in great numbers. Nature may have intended this animal for some good purpose, as she does all her works, but I doubt whether the good to be seen is not over-balanced by the immense harm it does to mankind.

A. J. G.

No man need come to California who expects to get rich without either labor or money.
Our Social Chair.

Mr. reader will remember an article in our last number entitled "Old Block Resurrected," this month we are enabled to present him with a fairest of the envelope which contained it; and which, we think, will create a slight disturbance of the "classics." The writer evidently intended to satisfy the express that we are Uncle Sam's letter-stamps were good for the post-office, his own "phil" ought to be good for the express charges! All right, Old Block, we like to catch the inspiriting feeling of your sunny and jovial-natured writings.

More along—make room for the subscriber in this our "Social Chair." I want to sit beside and have a talk with you and all "our folks." Although the Chair is large, it will not do at all for the "Sister May" and Brother Frank can take a three-legged stool, and sit there—my impression is that they will not object to the arrangement. "Nean," shall sit on the arm of this good-natured Chair, at my left; and "Charlie" (good boy), shall have the other, on my right. "Old Mountaineer," please take a cricket, and yourself right down here in front of me. And you, "Per So," oblige us by taking Dana "Methwith," and sit as far away as possible, but keep within hearing.

To "May" and "Frank," I have but little to say. They can fix things up to suit themselves, and I hope have no more angry words. If "Frank" is very desirous of hearing "May" with him, he had better come down and get her. But poor "Per So," unhappy individual! how I pity you! I filled what a misfortune,—and thrown off by one of those things known as women, who regard men as toys and playthings, or very handy to have about the house—who use us as they would a pair of dogs, to take up things—as a dog, to protect them—as a blanket, to draw on to pay bills—and when they find things better mounted, handsomer dogs, and habits more fresh, leave no more use for us. Ain't you a nice young man, to hope about, and cry, and sigh, and—pardon me, but I think you fill a little when you cry, "but still I love her." You ought to be ashamed of yourself: this bad enough to indulge such hysterical propensities in the privacy of your room, and not parade them before this public; you ought to be loo-ted, for coming into the happy, lively, jovial circle of our chair, with your blubberings, montings, love-sick grunts and groans; why, you deserve to be stuck full of green juice, and condensed to real Old Mountaineer's letter-tvies every day! Let me tell you sir, that the man who truly loves, and finds that love misplaced, never mentions it. There, you can go; we want nothing more of you till you get well; then, if you can bring a smile, come along. Mrs. Methwith, ain't I right? What say you all? "Asen." I know you would: and Mrs. M., in addition, recommends that you imbibe freely of cold-nip ton. She is a "willow" lady, of much "experience," and maintains a "puritanism in society." You had better set up to her; perhaps you will have better luck, and, if successful, get a wife and mother all in one. Now girl right soon. Ed., I've a good mind to blow a suitable conveyance in such a case in, but the next you, this thing joined to her, we always did it, "Cheerio!" you come again, this a-pistol-scarce if so, by and by, back, forgot Joe. My something, jested something, unbrags at, perhaps she is turns, I trust will speak to. "Mountaineer! your especial have appeared was drollness sent itself in.

In conclusion, I will say that I come personal and all; and Ingville do a home is at you little while can opposite the other daughter. A small terror, holy, of the S. for canoeing on the bank of its kind in gushed from native, which it will, how's issue! My joy, and you rope-looks and window-sills, and I will live.

In our com ear to see it's this O. but that in really its arms got her chicken of fun, jokes and pleasant priggings (vi
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR. 473

mind to blow you up [will you pressure a suitable conveyance for coming down again, in such a case?] for letting such a fellow in, but the accompanying remarks will save you, this time. Mrs. Marriott, we are rejoiced to know that you are yet alive; we always did like you, and we like you—still. "Charlie," you have been too long silent; consider, and often. It may be that this little book will get me into a right lively scrape; if so, will you and "Nathan" stand by and back me up? Bless us! I nearly forgot Sue. Where is he, and why don't he say something? And "Bunnie," the distracted maiden, who once upon a time took umbrage at some remarks of mine, but the accompanying remarks will save her. Sue is in the country when she says "There!" to the residence of Mrs. Boggs and her daughter, Mary Ann, (very nice people.)

A small terrier, the property of my hounds, she will speak to us from the "Chair." Friend "Mountaineer," we indited an epitaph for your especial benefit, and which should have appeared in the March number, but was doubtless "crowded out," and will present itself in this.

In conclusion, brethren and sisters, I will say that I would like very much to become personally acquainted with you, each and all; and should you ever come to Dingsville, do not fail to call upon me. My home is just above the corner, a little white cottage with a back yard, and opposite the residence of Mrs. Boggs and her daughter, Mary Ann, (very nice people.) A small terrier, the property of my landlady, of the Scotch breed—the terrier, I refer to—usually resides upon the door-sill. There are many dogs of its kind in town, but "Bach" is distinguished from others by the vivacity of its manner, which in its youth was cut short off. It will, however, be continued in the next issue! My landlady professes in horticulture, which is intended "as an answer to that new cotemporary, "The Atheneum," to awell ensheathed article, on page 465, suggested by the graceful salutatory of our new cotemporary, "The Athenian," and which is intended as an answer to that article: hence the caption, "Our National Literature." We would call the attention of the reader to a well considered article, on page 466, suggestive by the generous hospitality of our new cotemporary. "The Athenian," and which is intended as an answer to that article: hence the caption, "Our National Literature."

With a disposition to have our say, upon any subject or matter presenting itself, whether relating to books, beauty, or amusements, we can hardly forgo the inclination we feel, of saying a word about an unpretending little book, called the National Wagon Road Guide, recently published in this city.
The author, very much as authors are prone to do now-a-days, with a very respectful vibration of his penmanship, placed the little volume in our hands, just as we had thrown ourselves back in our social chair, dubious, with a sort of a daze, not ready for anything sort of an air; at least we thought so.

We had no idea of reading the book, any more than to give it a kind of cursory "going over," as editors usually do, the new publications submitted to them for "proof." But on turning to the "Introductory" we went, and quite to our surprise, pleased even with it, often time the most prosy and least interesting portion of a book; which induced us to turn another leaf; and leaf after leaf, till we had actually devour'd—the reader can judge of our capacity—its entire contents, of animals, birds, insects, reptiles, vegetation, and natural scenery—or at least an interesting description of them, as seen by the traveler upon the great plains, along the line of the National Wagon Road, recently traversed, and now in part occupied by the U. S. Expeditionary Army to Salt Lake Valley. And we think any one who will venture upon its perusal, will do just as we did, read it through, and be pleased with what he reads.

To Mr. W. K. Spencer, of Grass Valley, we are indebted for a beautifully executed lithographic view of that city of quarz mills, with which to ornament the walls of our sanctum, (we allude to the picture and not the quarz mills.) Please take our last friend, but, no, we must send the hat-so in its stead accept our thanks, and take our paper.

The receipt of a copy of the first book ever printed in the French language on the Pacific coast, we beg to acknowledge, from Mr. Henry Payot, 184 Washington street, the enterprising publisher. We advise and would teach the doctrine of self-reliance and the support of our home manufacturers, and as the book before us—"the Poems of Hébrard"—is as well executed as the Paris edition, all Frenchmen should become purchasers at once, as such works are of too slow a sale to repay the outlay, without an extra effort by those most interested in fostering home manufactures.

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ENIGMA.

I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 4, 15, 7, 16 and 15 signify before.

My 2, 15 and 1 tells of a holy choice.

My 16, 16, 5 and 14 is an inflammable substance.

My 11, 12, and 18 is used in measuring land.

My 12, 16 and 4 is a part of a circle.

My 6, 9, 14 and 3 is a tool.

My 17 is one of the letters of the alphabet.

My whole would be very beneficial to the United States.

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The answer to the enigma in your last number is "Enching's California Magazine."
satisfy the spirit of enterprise that is a characteristic of her people, that the comparative supineness of her successive Executive Governments in respect to the East, is tolerated by them, notwithstanding their predilections for maritime affairs, the consequent wants of her commerce, and the demands of her relative political position."—We should be pleased to give further extracts from our limited space permit, but, in the absence of the magazine itself, the extract above, will afford food for some reflection.

EPISTOLARY.

BY ORG. R. NUGENT.

SUGGESTED WHEN IN THE LINE.

NO LETTER.

Letters for all these people, And yet not any for me! Somebody's sick, perhaps dying, Else why is there none for me?

Letters from all over the world, Not a scrap nor scratch for me— Well, 'tis the strangest thing I have heard, That nobody writes to me.

Letters! that would cover a pasture— 'Tis queer there are none for me! Look again, mister Post Master— No—There's no letter for me.

Letters in stacks you have piled there, But 'mong them no letter for me. Oh dear! I shall die in despair! Won't somebody write one to me?

Worse than none.

Oh yes, here is a letter from home, Somebody's written to me— What do I care for these people, Staring so rudely at me?

'Tis my own—my name's on the cover, Somebody sent it to me, Spreading it is to her lover— What business is any but mine? Perhaps 'tis a sister or mother, Whispering over the son, Father, perhaps, or a brother; But either will whisper to me.

What if it heralded bad news, and brings Things unwelcome to me! Oh, then I'd rather the missive Was lost in the bottomless sea.

Alone to my chamber I'll take it, And nobody there can see Whether I laugh or cry, as I read what's written to me.

'Tis open—I hardly dare read— What gradation! I cannot be— And yet, it is—I'm "sold!" Indeed; The letter is not for me.

ONE LETTER FOR ME.

Joy, joy, joy! a letter is here, Full of affection and love, Of hopes, and of wishes most dear, Of prayers to the spirits above.

It tells of rare fountains that flow, Fed by sweet memory's spring; Of homes true and steady, that glow, Firm and bright with the fervor love brings.

Oh! what are these home-drop's so dear; Illust the paper and ink; The pen and the writers, most dear, Who so oft of us wanderers think.

Why are some men like some of the streets In San Francisco! Because they will not use the first moment that you trust them. No charge made for such a hint to keep you on your guard!

You want a story. Well, I have several to tell. They are true, as I know; they occurred within my experience, and they have never been published.

About ten years ago, in 1848, I was teaching a school in Ottawa, Illinois. Among the pupils were several young women, of sixteen and seventeen years of age. One of them, whom I shall call Amelia Skelton, was particularly troublesome. With a great deal of talent and wit, she seemed to have no ambition save to play tricks and to make fun, and to preserve, at the same time, the appearance of the utmost modesty, meekness, and demureness. Her conduct was always quiet, and at the very time when the whole school was in a roar of laughter at the tricks which she planned and induced others to carry out, she would wear an ex-
I have forgotten most of Amelia's tricks, or have forgotten the particulars of them. But I remember several of her witticisms, one of which is worthy of record. She took no interest in any kind of study, and read and recited her lessons with the most listless manner imaginable. One day she was in a class which was to read Byron's stanzas on the ball at Brussels. This ought to have been interesting to an intelligent young lady, particularly the verse wherein the author speaks of the eyes which "look'd love to eyes that spoke again," and which fell to Amelia to read; but she was as listless as ever. I was inattentive, took the book, read the stanza over with a loud voice, and a very emphatic, almost a furious manner; gave her the book again and told her to read as I did—to throw her whole soul into it. She raised her eyelids as though with a severe effort to her modesty, and replied with the mildest little voice—"I am afraid sir, I'll never get it back again." The wit of the reply is evident to every one: the screams can not be appreciated without seeing the recited model I had set for her, and my habitual high pressure method of doing luminous.

Although Amelia would not study, yet she liked to teach; and as my school was very large, I was compelled to have the smaller class recite the larger school's pieces, one at a time. I often put her in the post of sub-teacher. In the course of time I learned that though a poor reader, she knew what good reading was, and I allowed her to hear larger pieces to be broken. Away I went to the reservoir, half a mile further on. I arrived there in safety, and to my surprise, on striking a light, I found that it was—a paper bottle, though the water was raining, but no slip to robber. "Pahaw!" I said to myself as I retraced my steps to the cabin, "I'm sold this time sure, but I mightn't have been that's one comfort." A Brevv.

A book-worm friend of ours, who dropped in to see us, from Calcutta County, a few days ago, was tempted to make some purchases of books which he had not intended when he entered the store; and as he departed he cast a longing eye on the shelves, as if he could partly feel what the way to that was."

A man by the Prospect House—on a road, was engaged one time to that was moving stuck in it plaintively not to "hand him custom amount was promptly his way rejoiced out our friend D.

fortunate; and him a hand, just shown him
A man by the name of D——, owning the Prospect House—now called the Lake House—on the Sacramento and Stockton road, was engaged in hauling goods from one town to another. Overtaking a team that was “pinned,” (which simply means being stuck in the mud), the poor fellow very plaintively asked the assistance of Mr. D. to “haul him out,” according to the usual custom among teamsters, when the request was promptly acceded to, and he went on his way rejoicing. A few miles farther on our friend D—— met with the same misfortune; and asked the teamster to “haul him a hand” and return the favor he had just shown him, when he very coolly replied, as he turned up his face to look at the sun, “I haven’t time, nor as I want to get home before dark,” and left him just as he had found him. In about an hour afterwards another team passed which helped him out of his difficulty, when he related the circumstances above named, as they traveled on in company. To their mutual delight, at a corner of the road, the ungrateful-hearted “Pike” was again in the same position as when Mr. D—— first found him; and, after passing a few remarks rather cuttingly sarcastic concerning his past very generous act, they left him to his fate, and which resulted in several hours’ detention and floundering in the mud, the breaking of his wagon tongue, and a good soaking in a very heavy shower of rain.

Norse—That “saved him right,” to which added the adoption of the golden rule, of “As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.”

Editor’s Table.

LAW MAKERS.—That the election of law makers for a people is a frivolous undertaking, we have yet to find the first man who would venture the unworthy, and as a certain sense, fool-hardy assertion. That many persons, at an election, act as though it were a trifling time of holiday, or at least that they think so, any observer on election day may easily see. Others, again, who would work the very soul of the body and the soul of the soul in daily duties to themselves, from misdeeds or dignities, or some other unworthy cause of excesse, will tarry from the polls until the setting sun announces the damming fact that they are there too late to discharge their duty in their country as freemen and as citizens; while this very class will be the loudest and the longest in their anathemas upon the men who, by their suipniess and indifference, have assisted to elect their law-makers. It is to be regretted that there is yet another class not less numerous and dangerous to Republicanism, possessed of a large amount of brass and brawn, but, in most cases, of a small amount of brains, and less still of the patriot’s true love of country, who vote with and for party, right or wrong; and candor compels us to add, that in most cases it is with the motive hidden away in the recesses of the heart that “to the victors belong the spoils,” and consequently, that as they work for the victors, they expect with them to share the impodium for plunder. These remarks may be somewhat distasteful to the guilty; but to him who feels that there is a holy holiness in his heart, where no unhallowed or unclean selfishness can enter, he will admit, while he mourns the fact, that, alas! it is too true.

The result of these things is the election of many uneducated, unprincipled, licentious and inefficient men to official position, who by their acts stamp shame, in character of fire, upon their own brows, and send the iron of well-merited misgivings and reproof to the hearts of the people who did them the injustice to elect them.

Those whom the people honor with their confidence, by electing them to make their laws, should be in every way worthy of the trust reposed. They should be possessed of
good business ability, to insure dispatch; they should know well the wants of the people they represent, to make suitable provisions therefor; they should have the welfare, not of their districts only, but of the State, at heart, that the interests of the few may not be secured by the sacrifice of those of the many; they should be honest, that they might be just; they should be well endowed with strong common-sense (for many reasons, but more especially), that they may know when and how and on what to speak, and when to hold their tongues; for, with the State as with business men, time is money, and long and badly timed speeches produce a double wrong, first, in consuming valuable and high-priced time, and next, in postponing, if not in deluding, important and useful legislation; and the result is, that when discovered an impassioned and dangerous haste seizes them, by which bad and ill-adapted laws are enacted—in a hurry—and if they become not a dead letter upon the statute books, from their injustice they stand a perpetual disgrace to the body who caused them to be placed there.

Law Maker.—If every man would do right, and only right, the necessity for any other law would be void. To compel this whoa flce the disposition is: absent, is flce ahn, end and need of all law. To make this compulsion available to the good against the bad, the weak against the strong, and the wrong against the right, all laws should be just, clear and brief, and devoted of all extraneous verbosity and indicated-shielding technicalities; they should be so worded that a double, or even doubtful Interpretation, should be utterly impossible; and to make them available to all, they should not only be as cheap as possible, but in every way adapted to the wants of the people. Without these, as now too often experienced, the winner becomes a great loser, and the remedy applied wrongs worse than the disease itself. If the laws were as they should be, the members of the legal profession, even to live, would have to seek some other employment; and men, then, being able to live in peace would become rich and happy, and their country prosperous. We would therefore suggest to our representatives and lawmakers, that they make these things a little more their study than they have hitherto done, and we bespeak for them the grateful approbation of the good throughout the length and breadth of our glorious commonwealth.

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Monthly Chat

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Memory.—Could the author reduce the twenty-three stanzas sent to four or six, and embody all the beauties and sentiments of the whole, we shall be happy to find them a corner.

N. S. J. S.—haven't you a twist in the eye, and some gall in the heart? We think, however, that your limited acquaintance with any good will set as a protective to others, who, under other circumstances, might be influenced by you.

Scribe.—Yours are just the kind we do want.

A. E., St. Louis.—We have received several communications undersigned and commending that which you dislike. There's no accounting for taste. It is well that in such things men, and women too, "agree to differ."
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