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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. JUNE, 1858. No. 12.

FARM HOUSE IN CARSON VALLEY. SCENE NEAR ENSO.

A TRIP TO WALKER'S RIVER AND CARSON VALLEY.

By * * *.

(Concluded.)

At 3 o'clock, P. M., we came to a lake, partially drained by the emigrants, to make it more easily forded, and which, like them, we were compelled to ford. The road from this point to the place of our encampment three miles below, beg-
gans all description. How an emigrant train could ever get over it with their wagons, was, to us, almost a problem. In this short distance we passed the wrecks of about twenty wagons, some of them still in a tolerable state of preservation, while the bones of cattle were thick-
ly strewn on either side; a sad memorial of the hardship of the passage. In many places, had our animals made a misstep, they would have been hurled into a yawn-
ing gulf below. I was compelled to ride from my utter inability to walk, excepting down some of the roughest descents, and then I clung to my horse with suspended breath as he climbed up the rocky slopes.

Just before sunset we descended to the river again, which was here a great deal larger than where we last crossed it, three miles above, showing that some considerable branches from the east had formed a junction with it, as we were still on the west side. On a little grassy flat, we pitched our camp, tired and exhausted, each entertaining a vague hope that we might not be obliged to retraverse the road we had just passed.

We were now twelve miles from the Summit and in a somewhat milder climate, yet our cheerful fire imparted a pleasing sensation to our still shivering bodies.

Anxious to get out of this inhospitable region, we made an early start on the following morning. In the first half mile we crossed the river three times; then, for a mile, our trail was as rugged and difficult as it was the evening previous, when we descended suddenly into a large and beautiful valley, and through which wound the river, now quiet and noiseless, and we felt assured, from the appearance of the country to the north and east, that we were now out of the rugged hills, and that our road henceforward would be comparatively easy. Here we met the U. S. Surveying party of Von Schmidt, on its way to the west side of the mountains, having closed its labors for the season. This party had been running the eastern boundary line of the State, having been out since February. The party numbered some ten men and as many animals. Von Schmidt himself was not with them, he having returned by one of the southern routes.

We detained the party a few moments in making inquiries respecting the country beyond and the trail to Carson Valley, but of this latter they could tell us nothing. Their last camp, from whence they started the day before, was in the vicinity of Mono Lake and distant some thirty-five miles, and on or near the extreme eastern branch of Walker's river, they informed us that those reports were mere fabrications, for they had known of but one prospecting party having penetrated that section—that they "missed the color," but nothing more, and very soon left. To our inquiries respecting Indians they told us that they had seen none, excepting a small party of Mono Indians that hovered about their last camping place, but that the evening before they saw fires, indicating that there were some around. Bidding them a hasty good morning, with injunction to report us to our friends, in Sonora and Columbia, we passed on across the river and under the low ridge to the east, and in half an hour we descended into the valley where the surveying party had camped the night previous—the smoke still curling up from their camp fire.

This little valley, or basin, was one of the few truly beautiful spots in this wild region, containing perhaps thirty or forty acres, and at the northern extremity a little miniature lake, the water cool and clear as crystal, and floating upon its surface was a little flock of ducks, which gave life to the picture. On the south and east, and rising abruptly from the little grassy meadow, were high barren peaks, while on the west was a low sandy ridge, which formed the trail.

One mile further on and gradually descending, we came to another valley, larger but less romantic and beautiful; then the trail bore more to the east, and a little way beyond we rose a sandy ridge,
when we overlooked another little basin and lake quite similar to the one just described, lying a little to the left of the trail, and in the pond a flock of canvas-backs, which we at once resolved to attack. Just as we came to this conclusion we descried a smoke curling up from behind a low ridge a little beyond the valley we had just crossed, and directly, a little more to the north, though at a greater distance, another and more suspicious smoke rose suddenly, leaving us no longer in doubt of our proximity to Indians. We felt thankful for so much good luck, for this was the first game of any description since that memorable day's journey here.

We now resumed our journey, and one mile further on we came to another lake of the same beautiful nature, but considerably larger than the last two. A large flock of ducks were occupying this also, but our efforts to get a shot were unavailing. Passing on two or three miles further we descended to a fourth and larger valley, and here we discovered in the trail fresh Indian footprints, made since the passing of the surveying party the evening previous, which fully confirmed our suspicions of their being around us, and we doubted not that even then they were watching our movements from behind some screen- ing rock on the adjoining ridges.

About midway the valley the trail ran blind, and we spent more than an hour in searching for its place of entrance, and finally struck off to the northwest, regardless of it, and about two miles further on, struck another large fork of the stream coming in from the southeast, and here again found the trail. There was excellent grass on either side of the stream, and this being the first consideration in selecting a camping place, we crossed over and concluded to end this day's journey here.

The country now immediately around us began to indicate the existence of gold, and P. resolved to make here his first prospect, and, accordingly, unbound his pick and shovel and struck into a little bar a few yards below, and his first pan prospected a color, as did also two or three succeeding ones, but nothing more. This, however, he got in the loose gravel high up from the ledge. What a more thorough prospect might develop we are unable to say. That gold exists in this locality is certain, but we doubt if it does so to any considerable extent.

This night we used somewhat more ordinary caution in our camping arrangements, taking our animals close in beside us and letting our fire go down early, lest it might more readily expose our position to the Indians should they entertain hostile designs towards us, but the morning found us all right, as usual. The night was cold and chilly, the white frost gathering thick on our blankets and water froze in our cups; but, nevertheless, we passed it very comfortably under the lee of the thick willows that lined the bank of the stream.

From this point we took a direction due east; saw a sandy table land a few hundred yards from our camp, and now our trail lay for a mile and a half over a sandy plain, when a slight descent brought us into a lovely little valley running east and west, at the foot of which we observed a curious mist rising, and as we entered the meadow we discovered a beautiful and limpid little streamlet silently coursing through the tall rich grass which lapped over and so nearly concealed it that we were not aware of its presence until my horse was about to stumble into it. Our trail lay along the northern margin of the valley, and as we approached its eastern end, we discovered the origin of the mist or steam. Here was a large and beautiful hot spring, from which flowed the stream that ran through the meadow. The spring boils up from the level ground just above a rocky point that makes out
into the valley from the low ridge on the north, making a noise like that of a boiling cauldron, and presenting a novel and beautiful appearance. Its temperature was equal to boiling water, and what appeared to us very curious, not more than twenty feet above it was another spring, though very small, the water of which was almost ice cold. The hot spring yields about forty or fifty inches of water, and just below the rocky point it has formed a large body several feet in depth, of what appears to be decayed soda, while here the pure, fresh soda, like a heavy white froth, borders each side of the stream, and more singular than all, only four hundred yards below the spring the stream is literally alive with little fish, which we ascertained to be suckers.

About three hundred yards below the spring the soda mound terminates abruptly, making a little fall, or rapid, over which a small portion of the stream ripples, while the main body of the water sinks a few yards below, and again gushes out at the base of the mound, forming a kind of natural bathing tub, in which we luxuriated—for it was indeed a luxury compared to any other bath. The temperature of the water here was just as high as our bodies could bear, and as we lay with the swift current passing over us, our heads a little elevated by making a pillow of a rock, we could gaze upon the heavy banks of snow that lay on the lofty peaks to the west, and so at naught the chilly air that wafted down from them.

The next morning we were off early. About one mile from the spring a high ridge of rugged granite, intermixed with the conglomerate rock, intersected our trail, but through which there is a natural pass, the cliffs rising almost perpendicularly on each side, while the little space between of a few yards in width, across which lay our trail, was smooth and level and carpeted with rich grass, while underneath the cliff to the right was a little grove of a dozen poplars, making it, altogether, a romantic spot, and we named it “The Portal.”

Beyond this pass we entered another valley of some three miles in length by a half mile in width, with a gentle inclination to the east, and bound on the north and south by high ridges, their bases wall timbered with pine and cedar. Passing this we descended suddenly into another valley larger but less beautiful, stretching away to the south, and through which ran a beautiful stream, one of the tributaries of the middle eastern fork of Walk-
or's river. This valley was some six miles in length, but far less fertile than those through which we had just passed, being for the most part a barren, sandy waste, corresponding with the hills surrounding it.

Following the trail of the surveying party we passed the entire length of this valley, and down the stream for about two miles beyond, when we suddenly emerged into another valley that far excelled in extent and fertility any that we had yet seen, being, as we judged, fifteen or twenty miles in length by five or six in width, and coursing through it to the north runs the middle east fork of Walker's river. The tall rank grass, as I rode through it, reached nearly to my knees, and at a distance, as the wind waved it, it presented the appearance of a vast field of grain. To the east of the valley rose a low, barren ridge, apparently that which separated this from the extreme eastern branch of the river. We called the valley the Big Mono, from the fact of our finding here a small party of Mono Indians.

The trail for the first few miles was dim and difficult to follow, running entirely blind in some places, causing us to pick our way cautiously, but presently it became more broad and beaten, showing the recent footsteps of Indians, which induced us to believe that we should come out somewhere, at least, and probably at some large rancheria; but this mattered little to us, since it kept a course agreeable to our notions of the locality of Carson Valley. It lay through a country rough, wild and barren, with not a single valley for a distance of twenty-five miles to relieve it of its desolate appearance, yet, agreeable to our expectations of it as an Indian trail, it was comparatively easy. It crossed one deep gorge or chasm through which bubbled a limpid stream which ran to the west and emptied into the river. The ground on either side, to the very brink of the chasm was nearly level, it being here a kind of table land lying between the high ridge to the right and the river low down to the left, and it seemed that the ground had once time been opened here by some terrible concussion of nature. It was little more than an easy rifle shot across it, and yet it was not less than three hundred feet to the bed of the stream. We had to lead our animals down the zigzag trail with the greatest care, and in ascending the opposite side, I was obliged to pass my rifle to my companions and give all my attention to the guiding and clinging to my horse, now swerving to one side to avoid some sharp jagged rock, then lying forward on the neck of my horse to keep my head from coming in contact with some overhanging trees, for though I was much improved in health, yet it would have been impossible for me to have
ascended this steep on foot, and as my kind and faithful horse rose to the plain above he trampled in every limb. From this place on for five or six miles our trail was again easy, when the ridge over which it lay terminated abruptly in a rugged granite range which stretched across the country from east to west, and pitching to the north, and here again, for a short distance, we found a rough trail. As we turned a sharp point of rock an extensive valley suddenly burst in view far down below, but apparently within an hour's travel, and though it was now only about 3 o'clock, yet it was near sunset ere we fairly struck into it, and descending rapidly all the while. Such is the delusion of vision in this region. Distances that seemed only three or four miles generally proved to be twice and even thrice that number.

We designated this the Big Pyut Valley. It is some fifteen miles in length by four in width. The main chain of the Sierras rises abruptly from the valley on the west, and near the base is sparsely covered with pine and cedar, while on the east rises a low ridge almost entirely without tree or bush, while to the south the mountains rise suddenly to a great height and are a succession of sharp peaks. The western fork of Walker's river, with all its tributaries concentrated, traverses its entire length near the base of the western ridge and passes out to the northeast. The northern portion of the valley in the immediate vicinity of the river is rich alluvial soil, but by far the greater part of it is a sandy desert.

In the afternoon I proposed to C. to take a little pause down the valley, and, accordingly, we mounted our animals and proceeded down the river about two miles, when we crossed over and came up the opposite side. As we rounded a little knoll we discovered what appeared to be nearly the entire number of Indians in a bend of the river making preparations to catch fish, and we at once rode down to witness the sport, which proved to be a novel scene. Stretching nearly across the stream was a rocky bar, over which a very little of the water rippled, while the main body of it made a sudden bend around, keeping close to the opposite bank. Just above the bar was a deep
and keeping it near the bottom swept it eddy when they all gathered in above it. Stream and let it sweep down to the each side with a thick growth of low, willow. Here of this willow the Indians made a drag about two feet in diameter and in length sufficient to reach across the stream. On the bar they had built a slight wall of the small rock in the form of a half circle at the lower side of which was a willow fish-trap, the water being only a few inches at a foot deep inside the circle. When all was ready they swung the drag out across the stream and let it sweep down to the eddy when they all gathered in above it and keeping it near the bottom swept it through to the shallower bar, bringing the two ends to join the wall, when they had all the fish "corralled" within the circle, then pressing their knees upon the drag to keep it firmly to the bottom, they commenced the exciting sport of pulling out the fish, which as a matter of course endeavored to find a place of refuge at the upper side. The Indians, which constituted a greater portion of the fish, were easily taken in this way; but the trout, more wily, slipped lightly over the drag and away up stream again. The scene they presented as they knelt over the drag, men and squaws, old and young mixed up indiscriminately, and carried the fish to their mouths as they caught them to bite their heads, frequently holding them in their teeth for some minutes, then, as suckers twisting themselves spasmodically in their death agonies, was truly ludicrous and amusing. A few of the fish entered the trap, and at the last, one big fellow seemed to have got an idea of the danger that awaited him on either hand, and flipped about in the centre of the pool, falling for a long time all their efforts to catch him, they in the meantime getting highly excited, but finally a squaw pounced upon him and held him up in triumph.

These Indians were of the Wyutt tribe, and this range of country was evidently their summer hunting ground. They were very friendly, but a little shy, and the information that we desired respecting the locality of Carson Valley they would not or could not give us.

The next morning we made an early start. We had discovered the eulogistic trail on the west side of the river, and crossed over immediately at our camp. It was rather a cool, frosty morning, and none of us relished the idea of wading the stream; so we spliced two of our trail ropes, and attaching one end to the neck of the little mustang, C. rode her over, then P. hauled her back, by which means he too got over with dry feet; but Judge becoming a little impatient at the time which this course occupied, pulled off his boots, and rolling up his pants, started across on his own hook, with his boots slung over his shoulder and the shovel for a staff, presenting a very apt illustration of Pilgrim's Progress. We soon came to where the valley narrowed up and the river made out to the east; our trail now lying along its bank, occasionally bearing over to the little rolling knolls to the right. An hour's travel brought us to where the river had entered into a wild gorge, the hills rising abruptly on either side, and here we halted for a few minutes to water our animals and rest our own weary limbs. We felt the importance of getting through this pass before nightfall, knowing that our safety for that night depended upon our camping in an advantageous position, and we very soon pushed on again. The trail entered the gorge, and in the next mile and a half crossed the river four times; and here along the banks of the stream was growing in considerable numbers the tree known as the Bahm of Gilman—a fact that we consider worthy of mention.

The valley that we were now entering was after the style of the last, being, for the most part, a sandy waste, and skirted on the east by a range of barren hills.
IT was with some surprise that we found an excellent butler to go with our bread and whisky. We got some proprietor's stock of trading material early in the morning to a small party of emigrants. Set about five miles and encamped just at sunset and the broad Pacific. We passed on soon striking into the emigrant road, that great highway between the Mississippi and the broad Pacific. We passed on about five miles and camped just at sunset on the bend of the river, and in close proximity to a small party of emigrants.

We started the next morning at an early hour and at noon arrived at the trading post, a little bash concern, the proprietor's stock of trading material consisting of a very few drygoods and a good deal of whisky. Here we got some butter to go with our bread, making us what we then termed an excellent dinner, which having dispatched, we then proceeded to dress up our Indian guide.

This night we reached Gold CAfon, crossed the river and camped on the opposite side in order to find grass for our animals. At this place we found about twenty American miners and some forty or fifty Chinese, and from the man who kept the little trading post here we learned that the diggings prospected well, and that a company of men were about conducting water in by a ditch about four or five miles long. From where we first struck the road to this place it had kept along the bank of the river, which was skirted by thrifty cottonwoods; but...
A TRIP TO WALKER'S RIVER AND CARSON VALLEY.

After our arrival at Cottonwood we struck the Placerville road and on the second day of our journey reached Silver Creek, where we crossed the river and camped for the night. We were in company with three other parties, and were all perfectly delighted with the beauty of the country through which we were passing. We had not been in the valley more than a day or two when we heard of the Mormons moving to the valley, and on the third day of our journey we reached Carson Valley. We had been told that the Mormons were in camp at Eagle Valley just preparatory to their exodus, and we rode around to look at them, while Judge and myself took the direct road to Carson Valley. We saw probably a hundred wagons drawn up in a circle, and in an enclosed field, containing many hundreds of acres, were several hundred head of mules and horses, while the saints themselves were loitering idly about, evidently ready to move at a day's notice. Having satisfied our curiosity we put our horses into a smart gallop across the rolling sandy plain to the south, in order to come up with our companions, for we had traveled out of our direct course some four or five miles, and in a half hour came into Carson Valley at Silver Creek, and again joined our companions.

We next crossed to Carson Creek, entered it and camped on a little flat about a mile from its mouth, in company with five emigrants, with whom we had traveled most of the day. This cation, through which Carson river leaps and foams; is a wild, rocky gorge, six miles in length, and opens into Hope Valley, when the road forks--that to the right leading to Placerville, and the left to Murphy's, by the Big Tree Grove. The next day we passed through the cation, and taking the Big Tree road, accompanied by several emigrants, we camped that night one mile to the west of Summit. The road runs far from the cation for three miles, and is the most excellent road we have previously anticipated of it, possessing a strange contrast with that over which we passed in our outward journey, and which, we will venture to assert, will hold true also in regard to any other road over the Sierra Nevada, and we predict that when its superiority is more generally known, almost the entire overland emigration to our State will pass over this road, notwithstanding the powerful influence that is constantly kept at work in Carson Valley by the people of the northern districts to turn the emigration that way. We amused ourselves somewhat while passing through the valley in testing the truthfulness of this northern influence, for our companion O. had twice passed over both the Placer and Big Tree roads, and mixed up as we wore with the emigrants, and presented an exterior, from our long journey, essentially the same, to our inquiries. We had crossed out of one district and into another, and our clothing varied from that of the southern to that of the northern.
we received the same recommendations of the northern routes, and the same de-
rogatory opinions of the Big Tree road that was dealt out to the lackless emi-
grant.

The next morning we rose from our
blankets at an earlier hour than usual,
from the feet of our suffering somewhat
with cold. As we gathered around our
clothes fire it occurred to us that this
was the Sabbath, and as the sun shot in
upon us his genial rays through the tall
junipers that grew on either hand, we
felt, standing as we were almost on the
very summit of the "snowy mountain," in
with the broad view of the receding hills,
even to the valley of the San Joaquin,
before us, a thrill of devotion and a high-
er conception of Him who teacheth us
wisdom in the simplest of His works, and
spakest to us in the thunder of the
elements.

Passing on over a road equally as easy
as that from the Oakies to the Summit,
we camped at night within three miles
of the Big Tree Grove. The next morn-
ing, having resolved to take breakfast
at the Big Tree, we started unusually early,
and before the inmates of the Big Tree
House were astir we raised our horses
up before it; the thought of the excellent
tables that was sure to be spread before
us having doubtless accelerated our steps.

Ordering our meal, we occupied the in-
tervening time in scrubbing our grim
and sunburnt faces and clearing the dust
from our swollen eyes.

Our breakfast over—and it took no
little time to get over it, either, consider-
ing its excellence together with the length
and breadth of our stomachs—we took a
lusty glance at the sights—their world-
wide celebrity having it unnecessary for
us to enter into the description in regard
to them. For my own part I climbed, by
means of a ladder, on to the summit of
the tree lying near the house, rolled a
game of tarpins on one of the two alleys
on the log, and danced a single-handed
schottische to music of my own making
on the stump; then, jumping on my
horse, galloped out into the groove and
rode my horse, sitting nearly erect in
my saddle, through a section of some
thirty feet of one of the old fallen trees,
and returning to the house we again re-
named our journey, and at 1 o'clock en-
tered Murphy's, where, to my compan-
ions, Judge C. and J., the journey was
ended. Taking a social dinner at Sper-
ry's excellent hotel, we separated, P., and
ourselves to return to our respective homes
at Sonora and Columbia, where our
friends met us with some doubts as to
our identity, so disguised were we under
our sunburned skins and tattered habil-
iments; and on comparing dates we found
that we had been absent twenty-seven
days, and had traveled in that time four
hundred and fifty miles.

Fix Your Mind. — Lay it down as a
sound maxim, that nothing can be accom-
plished without a fixed purpose—a con-
centration of mind and energy. What-
ever you attempt to do, whether it be the
writing of an essay, or whittling of a
stick, let it be done as well as you can do
it. It was this habit that made Franklin,
and Newton, and hundreds whose labors
have been of inestimable service to man-
kind. Fix your mind closely on what
you undertake; in no other way can you
have a reasonable hope of success. An
energy that dies in a day is good for
nothing; an hour's fixed attention Will
neveravail. The inventions that bless
mankind were no work of a moment's
thought and investigation. A lifetime
has often been given to a single object.
If you, then, have a desire to bless your
species, or to get to yourself a glorious
name, fix your mind upon something,
and let it remain fixed.

Breathe satisfied with doing well, and
leave others to talk of you what they
please.
TEHUANTEPEC.

With all its Indians, is a happy place. The fiestas commence in May and end in October; thus devoting one-half the year to revelry and religion in a peculiar manner. Each barrio, or ward, has its regular time for celebrating its fiestas, which continue from ten to eighteen days, until all the barrios are finished, numbering sixteen in all. No one who has not witnessed the scenes at these fiestas, can form any idea of them; my pen is incompetent to convey to the reader the ridiculous comicalities they present to the stranger who is unacustomed to the manners of these people. Differing as they do from any other portion of Mexico, or any other portion of the known world, one is carried back in studying them, to the days anterior to the conquest, and even to the discovery of this continent, for these simple people are but little changed in their habits, their customs or their religion. Simple, and gentle in their manners, you seldom see any drunkenness or disorderly behaviour in the streets, and during my stay there of nine months, I did not see a single combat, or any person carrying arms. There are no murders or assassinations to chronicle, and if a newspaper was published there, it would present something of a contrast to a California paper in that respect. But these fiestas to a foreigner are a great nuisance, the constant ringing of the church bells, the eternal popping of fire-crackers, processions accompanied by horrid music on tin and brass horns, drums beating, fire-dances, bull-fights, ending with horsemaking in the street; these are kept up until the whole round of fiestas are completed. During the vigils of the fiestas, a Ranchero who had come in from the country to participate in the horse races, attracted my attention from his singular dress, and the immense stirrups, in the shape of a cross, which nearly reached the ground. His "tout ensemble" reminded me favorably of the figures I have seen representing Don Quixote—and his carrying an old fashioned lance completed the character. These stirrups were of Iron, weighing each twelve pounds. It is said, when Cortes first came to Tehuantepec he ordered the natives to make him a pair of stirrups of gold, which was done, and if they were the size of the above mentioned they must have been valuable.

In the month of September I made the journey to Corro Guadalupe, upon the summit of which the rains of a once large city is situated; after engaging a guide a day or two before hand.

ONE OF THE STIRRUPS, and making all necessary preparations for a three day's absence, taking Manuel, my servant boy, with me, we crossed the river early in the morning, and found my guide waiting for me, with a horse to pack our camp requisites, which consisted of a couple of hammocks, water gourds, coffee, chocolate, dried beef and tortillas, which could have been easily carried by Manuel and the guide, but I thought the horse would be required in case I should find some of the antiquities worth bringing away. A walk of about nine miles brought us to the foot of the mountain where we found an old deserted shed, under which I hung my hammock.

The morning was bright and beautiful. We were beneath the shadows of this rugged old mountain, upon whose summits and base once thronged a dense population, long since passed away. After breakfasting on broiled game, we proceeded to the gorge where we were to ascend, and proceeding a mile along the foot of the mountain, whose precipitous
sides towered above our heads, and the Tehuantepec river upon our right, my guide stopped and directed my attention through an opening in the woods to a point high up on the mountain's side. I there beheld what at first seemed to be only a pile of rocks, but upon examining them with my glass, I could see plainly that it was a wall built by the hand of man. We now followed up a ravine which led in the direction of the centre of this mountain. As we advanced, and commenced ascending this dark and gloomy gorge, our way became exceedingly difficult and dangerous—scrambling over rocks, through brush, vines, and thorns, sometimes near the edge and on the sides of awful precipices, that made me tremble to look upon. In about two hours' hard scrambling, that made the perspiration stream from me, we reached the wall that encloses the old ruins, where is crossed the gorge we had been following. It was here very solid and perfect, about thirty feet high and four feet thick, built of ledge stone. In the rainy season the torrent rushes over it here, causing a water-fall. We climbed to its summit by the aid of vines, trees and huge boulders. In every direction within this wall I found the ruins of many large and small houses, temples and broken pottery. The walls and pillars were built of ledge stone, some of which were cemented with lime and still perfect. Wherever there was a place sufficiently level, could be seen a ruin. The wall which surrounds this ancient city is said to be nine miles; they are all nearly covered by trees and creepers. The city was evidently intended as a place of security against enemies, and a more wild and inaccessible location could not be found. After scrambling about among these ruins for a mile and a half or more we at length reached the summit of the mountain, where we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country and the Pacific Ocean, distant about twenty miles. Rocks, gorges and caves, overrun with low stunted trees, vines, cactus and thorny shrubs, gives to this mountain a savage and forbidden aspect, and indeed moving about among the ruins is attended with great labor, fatigue and danger. From the summit I could see the continuation of the wall and ruined houses and temples, raising their dark and stately towers above the trees, as far as the eye could reach. I could only discover indications of but one street, which seems to run through the centre of the ruins. The walls of these ancient buildings were not high. Many of them are still standing. Some of the houses were large—perhaps one hundred feet square—with pillars in the centre, doubtless to support the roof. The timber used

WALL ENCLOSING AN ANCIENT CITY.

in their construction. Quartz stone in abundance, containing no more than six feet of the boulders, proved an obstacle in the ascent;赖 much labor in descending, with making these ascent on the face of the mountain were great. Over the water-cours and to make for a young man to play a part.
in their construction had long since decayed. Quarries from whence the ledge stone in building was taken, I discovered near at hand. Some of the larger houses contained small rooms, some of which were very small, measuring not more than six feet by four. The general formation of the mountain is of high granite boulders, projecting very sharply, and upon striking them with another stone a clear ringing sound is produced, not much inferior to the best bell. The Indians with us took great delight in ringing these natural bells, and the different tones produced by them cast a spell of melancholy over the picture before us. I regret exceedingly my time was too limited to make sketches of the ruins, and to make further investigations, but our water-gourd having been drank dry, we were compelled to retrace our steps down the mountain, for the shades of evening were already upon us, and to make the descent in darkness would be impossible. After a tedious and dangerous tramp, we finally reached the plain below. As darkness set in, my guide directed me to a fine spring of water, gushing from beneath the root of a large wild fig-tree, where we encamped for the night, not a little fatigued after our toilsome day's adventure.

On October 28th, 1857, at 3 o'clock, a.m., in company with the Juez de 1st Instancia of Tehuantepec, the Pugular, an officer of the army, servants, pack animals, &c., &c., I departed from Tehuantepec for a journey across the Isthmus, and I found in him a true and disinterested friend, such as it has seldom been my good fortune to know. Both Mexicans and Americans who have visited or sojourned in Tehuantepec will remember Don Juan Abendafia, the kindliest and best wishes, as I do. "Quo Dies lo conserve mil Años."
Our party set out in fine, buoyant spirits. Though still dark, the stars gave sufficient light to discover who were accompanying da viaje. The Pay-Master of the Troops, was agreeable; he is very dark, a real Mexican; the other I did not know, the Judge's Secretary carried his staff of office strapped up in a silk handkerchief. We traveled along a level, but sandy road, through a forest of low trees, many of which were, at this season of the year, bare of leaves. We now left the American road, as this tunnel is called, and took a smaller one leading through a mountainous country. About noon we arrived at "Chusanc," where we dined after which, we proceeded on our way by a small path or trail, which was through the mountains, and at dark arrived at a small hacienda belonging to Don Joseph Pablo, who lives in Toluamtoo and owns a sugar mill and hacienda, called "Santa Cruz," near by. The road was mountainous and had my horse fall down in passing a narrow place between precipitous slides, with scarcely room enough to pass—no harm done, however, we reached El Burro and Patapa about 2 o'clock, both of these places which are near together contain a population of 2000, mostly Indians, filthy and degraded, the houses are miserable huts, with no comfort whatever. Each place contains a church of large size and tolerable good appearance. We stopped at the Presidio at Patapa where we found the company of soldiers that were to accompany us, who had preceded us from Toluamtoo.

There is nothing worthy of remark about these two places. I shall consequently pass on to "San Juan Gecheen," where we reached the next day after passing over the worst road I ever saw, and in many places dangerous. It was very mountainous, and in the very worst part of the road, and upon a high mountain is Gecheen, an Indian town of 5000 inhabitants who lived there when the country was first discovered by the Spaniards, and have changed but little since. A large church was commenced here, upon a very extensive plan, but was never finished. No one can tell when it was commenced, or who commenced it. The Indians here have a tradition, that Cortez had a contract from God to build it in one night, being as a cement, the white of eggs, but as he failed in his contract to finish the said church in one night, having his contract from so high an authority, no one has dared attempt to complete what he has failed to accomplish. But I think the Padres who first came to this country from Spain compelled these poor Indians to do what work has been done on it, and before it was finished, perhaps, refused to work any more, in consequence of which, it has remained unfinished to the present day. The work that was done on it, however, was well done, and calculated to last for ages; indeed, it is stupendous. The walls are as solid as rock, and present a great contrast to the miserable huts that surround it. The size of this building is 200 feet high by 80 feet in width. The walls are built to the necessary height of brick and stone, and are ten feet thick with "Escolar" on either side. Over the altar, the arch or roof is completed, as also, at the principal entrance. These arches are ten feet thick. The whole roof was to have been arched of the same material. Nothing remains to complete this stupendous building but the roof, and it is to be regretted that it was not finished, although such a building is of about as much benefit to these dull and uncouth savages, as a granite bolster of the same size would be. Mass is sometimes said in it by a priest, who is very diminutive in person, and who is permitted to live there by special consent of the Indians of San Juan, and the natives are about as far advanced in Christianity as they were at the time of the conquest. They are still idolators; over the altar is a large wooden figure of Cortez, whom they call a Saint, and worship his image in their own peculiar way, sometimes by cutting off a turkey's head and letting the blood spilt or flow upon the altar. There are many other wooden images over the altar and niches of the wall, many of them so worn out as to look like honey-comb wood, in which myriads of knots live. St. John the Baptist is there, with his head off, lying at the feet of Cortez, and in his head a small honey-pee (peculiar to that country,) has lived; these bees have no doubt will ever remain sacred and free from the invading hordes of the lower class of the savages of their toll. The Turkey with those people is a sacred bird, of which they have great numbers, as also snakes, neither of which they will part with for any price.

On the 30th, we continued on our journey, having been joined here by the al-
The “para” of Tehuantepec.

and our little Judge taking his staff of office from his secretary, proceeded to give possession to the claimants, in the following manner: Placing his stick in the cleared place, he took the hands of those who were to receive the land, throwing up some of the earth in the air, led around the stick, read aloud from a paper the boundaries of said land, No. of Leagues, &c., and possession was given at No. 1. After these proceedings, we continued on the transit road, which was here only a small trail, crossed the Mogonia river, which was the first point where the possession was to be given. The grass was cleared away by the Indians with their machetes,
a mile farther brought us to Mr. York's place. Mr. York is a young man, who has just finished his education in Paris, and who has settled in this wild country as a pioneer, he has commenced improving his ranch; intends cultivating sugar, &c., and should the railroad ever be completed, his place will be valuable, should he survive the mosquitoes and sand flies, which are very numerous and annoying in this part of the Estancia. We then proceeded to the "Boca del Monte," the country here which is called the Serrana plain, situated between the Magdalena and Suribita rivers, is a rolling prairie land, not unlike the lands of the Western States. After erecting a high cross at Boca del Monte, we broke up camp early in the morning and proceeded four miles over a beautiful prairie country, to Suribita river, which we crossed by swimming our horses and the aid of a canoe; here another possession was given, in the same manner as the first, but to different parties; after this we continued on over a beautiful prairie country, and in about a mile and a half, arrived at another pioneer's ranch, a Mr. Sanderson, who had built himself a tolerable mud house, with thatched roof, but no doors. Taking possession of the land, we breakfasted with Mr. Sanderson, got a few bottles of very bad American whiskey, and proceeding on our journey, over the beautiful country, we reached the Rio Tntagui, upon the banks of which we encamped, in the woods, which are here very dark and impassable, except by the aid of a lantern. For a wonder, it did not rain, and there were no mosquitoes. Mr. Lafont shot some rare and beautiful birds, among which, was the King, or Mexican Vulture; the most beautiful of its species, also, a Black Curassow, or Crax, called here, "Puru," about the size of a Turkey. I saw numbers of rare, and pretty birds, altogether new to me; we also saw a couple of deer bounding over the prairie, and monkeys in the woods, and many other objects of natural history, that interested me. I caught a fine cat-fish out of the Tortuga, off of which we made a savory meal, for he is remembered our party had not provided themselves with any provisions, many of us in consequence went hungry. Here, another ceremony of giving possession was performed, and cutting a huge cross upon a tree to mark the spot, we took up our return march, this being the extreme north boundary of the land. We returned to San Juan Colorado by a different route, thence to El Barilo, where we rested a day, when the judge finished the formalities of giving possession, by making out and signing the deeds.

Having again recovered my health, I had a longing desire to make further explorations of this interesting and primitive country; but the next time, my explorations will be by water, along the sea coast, north of this place, in a canoe, or barge. And thus I take my leave, until I again have an opportunity of sending you a letter.

Some gentle wave of the Tropic sea,
And breezes fair from the fragrant land,
Thy murmurs are ever sweet to me,
Breaking on the distant strand. G.
We met in the gay halls of pleasure,  
We revelled and danced with the throng;  
We listened to music's sweet measure,  
'Till joy and laughter and song,

'Til night With its honied sweets laden
Glided swiftly away into morn,

When I said to a beautiful maiden,
"Shall I wait on thee home ere the dawn?"

When we soon bid adieu to the pleasure,
To the revel, the dim song;

But our hearts were beating one
More joyful than that of the throng.

'Twas in the small hours of the morning,
The starlight beam'd down from the sky,
With flashes of beauty adorning,
Th' world held for its but one treasure,

'Twas in the small hours of the morning,
The starlight beam'd down from the sky,
With flashes of beauty adorning,

There were the words that we spoke,
Whose lips that were destined to meet,
And joy in those rapturous blisses,
That only love's votaries great;

Our voices grew gentle and tender,
And few were the words that we spoke,
These shrill did our hearts then surrender,
While tremulous whisperings broke,

Each heart that dear treasure had won,
And all the thought of the receding pleasure

Figures and beautiful their admiration,
Her superior intellect their highest respect,
Ella went on deck to bid good-bye to all her friends, and to thank them
For their kindness and sympathy.

Ella now came forward, with a good-natured smile:
"Why, what are you all crying about?
Even the Admiral's eyes look wet. Good-bye, young lady, and remember Jack as a friend."

"Yes, while I live," sobbed Ella, "I will remember you and Ben with gratitude.

Here the Admiral took Ella's arm and conducted her to his sister's residence. Lady Dunbar received her with marked
"The child who has been at school or college for years, has perhaps, if he is a man, formed a habit of thinking for himself. When he comes home, he finds a different world. The world is not the same as it was when he left it. He has been away from home, and has perhaps met with new people, new ideas, new experiences. He has been exposed to new influences, and has perhaps grown in knowledge and understanding. When he returns home, he finds a world that is different from the one he left. He may find that his family has changed, that his friends have changed, that the world has changed. He may find that he is not as he was, that he has grown in knowledge and understanding. He may find that he has become a different person, that he has grown in maturity and wisdom. When he returns home, he finds a world that is different from the one he left. He may find that he is not as he was, that he has grown in knowledge and understanding. He may find that he has become a different person, that he has grown in maturity and wisdom."
I should at the thought," said Lady Dunbar; "and the fact is, I think that family is capable of doing any deed that would advance their worldly interest."

We will now leave Ella with her adoptive mother, while we take a look at Mrs. Thompson. After seeing the murderers in possession of Ella, Mrs. Thompson felt quite relieved. She heard nothing of Tom Alvaron. The deed was done, and he had left the country, was her conclusion; and satisfying the children that Ella was going to remain in Italy, she made quick preparations and sailed for Spain.

On reaching Madrid, Dr. Valero was waiting for her under the assumed name of Mrs. Adair. Mrs. Thompson told the children that she and this Mr. Adair were married in Italy, and had kept it a secret, in consequence of the too recent death of their father; and also requiring them to be silent and call themselves by the name of Adair. They had no trouble in proving their identity, with the will and other letters, and also the family pictures. No one even suspected their avaricious claim to the estate of San Diego.

Taking possession of the former residence of Don Desmoldo, and assuming the responsibilities of the liege lord, no one was there to dispute. Don Desmoldo being a man of solitary habits, his daughter was little known. This circumstance facilitated in some degree the success of the unworthy claimants. Don Desmoldo had never returned. He was still in Mexico.

Castle San Diego was one of those magnificent Spanish buildings, standing a monument of the wealth and grandeur of this ancient family. Several crowned heads had resided from its high walls. This castle was venerated by all classes of the Spanish people as a peculiar favor from God. Many superstitious stories were told of promises made to this family. One was, that the Castle San Diego, in giving succor to the Catholic Church in a time of great need, had been blessed and presented with a cross—a token of the bishop's blessing and promise; that none of the house of San Diego should ever die a violent death—a promise which had been kept for more than a century.

The family burial-ground gave strong evidence to the validity of the bishop's promise. In this elegant and sumptuous palace Mrs. Thompson, the Countess of San Diego, received the homage of her Spanish subjects. Her son James, now the Count, was idolized as the head of this favored family, while Velotto was content to be Mr. Adair. For a while she disliked the acquisition of opulence; but, alas! in spite of all her success, dark visions would fly before her imagination, and the innocent Ella would rise up before her. That superstitious promise troubled her. Perhaps Tom did not murder her, after all. Then she would try to banish such thoughts and endeavor to enjoy her ill-begotten wealth. Her children were the pictures of happiness.

Dr. Velotto, or would-be Mr. Adair, passed his time in gambling and dissipation, to his perfect satisfaction. He soon became a great annoyance to his pretended wife. She began to fear him. She thought she could see feelings of hatred manifested to the young counts. Thoughts strange and dark crossed her mind.

"Yes, I must get rid of him. I believe I could be happy if Velotto were dead."

No sooner had she come to this conclusion, than she made preparations to carry into effect her resolution. Being a great lover of wine, she always kept a supply for her own use. Procuring some poison, she filled a bottle with wine, and added the fatal mixture. Placing it in a closet by itself, she watched a favorable opportunity of giving him the dose. His habits had become so dissolute that she knew he was liable to be taken off at any time. Under these circumstances she knew that
there would be no suspicion excited if he were to die at any moment. She became more attentive to him, and solicited his presence in her evening amusements. He seemed to be in no mood to be sociable. The poisoned wine still remained in the closet. A gentleman called to pay her an amount of money. Taking the money, she placed it in the closet which contained the wine. Hearing the Doctor below, in an unconscious good humor, she hastily closed the door without locking it, and descended to the drawing-room, in hopes of decoying him to drink wine with her.

The young Count wishing some money, and knowing that his mother had just received some, went to her room, supposing her to be there; but seeing no one, and a closet door partly open, he seized the bottle of wine; he tasted and pronounced it excellent. He was delighted with its flavor. Taking the wine, he carried it to his own room, where two of his sisters soon joined him. They were not long in emptying the bottle of its contents. They soon began to feel symptoms of sickness, but unconscious of their danger, they delayed calling for assistance until the young Count fell in spasms. The mother was called, but the young Count lay in the agony of death. The young ladies were soon similarly affected. The Doctor pronounced them poisoned. The horrid truth flashed through the mind of Mrs. Thompson. She hastened to the closet, and found that the fatal bottle had been removed. The young Count and his two sisters had fallen into the snare laid for Dr. Velotto, by their own mother. No one could account for this dreadful calamity, except their mother. Everything was hung in mourning—three bodies lay in their coffins side by side.

This unusual occurrence at the house of San Diego caused superstitious people to doubt that all was right, or there was no virtue in the bishop's promise. The Countess had still one son and daughter to build her hopes upon. This partially solaced her sufferings.

At the burial, consternation was depicted on every countenance. Three of the house of San Diego had come to an untimely end. Dissipation secured to pervert the superstitious community. Perhaps it was the cause of Desmondo upon his daughter for her disobedience in marrying against his will. This seemed to quiet, but not to satisfy the minds of the people entirely. They were the first to be deposited in the burying-ground at San Diego that had come to an untimely end. Mrs. Thompson endeavored, by dissipation, to drown the remorse of conscience that was continually praying upon her mind. Her villainy had murdered three of her own offspring.

Tortured with these reflections, we leave Dr. Velotto and Mrs. Thompson and take another look after Ella.

CHAPTER V.

A year had passed since the Admiral left for America with Pachecoham. Every one was in high expectation of the return of Mr. Kane and Admiral Lambert. The battle of New Orleans had been fought and lost. Pachecoham, Benzie and Gibbons were the victims of that bloody battle. Lambert was spared and unhurt. Lady Dunbar rejoiced to see her worthy brother again, after so long an absence. Ella welcomed him home with a shower of affection, such as a daughter would feel. She had improved wonderfully during his absence. She was faultless in looks. The Admiral thought he never saw a more handsome young lady. Lady Dunbar was never tired of speaking of Ella's good qualities. Admiral Lambert received an invitation from an old friend, Sir Parker, to spend a few weeks with them in Scotland. They accepted the invitation, Ella accompanying them. Sir Parker received them as old friends. Lady Parker was quite charmed with...
Ellie's graceful appearance, and having a daughter of her own, though much younger than Ella, she was anxious that Lettie should cultivate Ellie's acquaintance. She spoke freely of this to Lady Dunbar.

"Have you a good governess for your daughter?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"Yes; a lady of much experience—a Miss Summers," replied Ellie—"why! that was the governess' name that was at Mrs. Thompson's at the time we left for Italy. I would like to see her very much."

"Lettie, go call Miss Summers, and ask her to come down," said Lady Parker.

Miss Summers was immediately presented. Ella recognized her old teacher immediately.

"Dear Ella, is this you?" exclaimed Miss Summers; "you have grown so that I scarcely know you. Have you left Mrs. Thompson?"

"She sent me away," answered Ella; and she told all that happened to her since she had left the Thompson Mansion.

Miss Summers was quite shocked at the recital of Ella's story.

"I am satisfied," said Miss Summers, "that Mrs. Thompson hired those men to murder you."

"What makes you think so?" inquired the Admiral.

"My reasons are these: While I resided in the house of Mrs. Thompson, I noticed that Mrs. Thompson took great pains to keep Ella ignorant; and this is not all. She told me that Ella was of Spanish descent, and that her mother died in their house, and that she had in her possession MSS. and letters, and also family pictures in a curious ebony box. The writings were in Spanish, and she could not read them. She wished me to read them for her, but first wished me to keep it a profound secret. I would not promise, and Mrs. Thompson dismissed me on that account. I did not read the papers, so that I am ignorant of their contents.

"Are you willing to testify to this before a court of Justice?" asked the Admiral.

"Yes," answered Miss Summers; "I am perfectly willing."

"Light begins to dawn on this subject—a deep-laid plot," continued the Admiral. "I will forget out this thing."

All seemed interested in the singular development of coincidences.

"I soon ascertainment through her agent that Mrs. Thompson was a resident of Spain."

This convinced the Admiral that she had good reasons for plotting Ella's death.

"I think it best to have this thing looked into immediately. We can all make a pleasure trip to Spain, and see if our conjectures are right."

Sir Parker and Lady and Miss Summers determined to accompany them. Hasty preparations were made for the journey. Meeting Ben and Jack in London, the Admiral thought it most prudent to take them along. After a somewhat tedious voyage, they arrived in Madrid. The Admiral soon ascertained that Mrs. Thompson was in possession of Spanish property, in company with a Dr. Velotte, passing himself off as Mr. Adair. The Admiral had them arrested. Much excitement prevailed in consequence of the arrest. Every possible device was resorted to by Velotte and Mrs. Thompson to sustain their claim to the title of Sun Diego. False witnesses were hastily paid by Mrs. Thompson. The Admiral brought in Ella as the heir to Sun Diego. Miss Summers' testimony was good, but not enough to establish the fact in the eyes of the Spanish Court. It was decided that, as Don Desmonde was still alive, he should decide whether the present Countess was his daughter or not. The old gentleman was still in Mexico. This
he exclaimed, descending to where Ella stood, and embracing her. "Is your mother dead? I had hoped to see her."

At this affecting scene, many were brought to tears. Mrs. Thompson was again called, and offered pardon, if she would confess her faults and give in her evidence of the conspiracy. Life was still sweet to this wicked woman. She made a full confession, and received pardon.

Dr. Valletto was condemned and executed. Mrs. Thompson was requested to leave Spain, on peril of life.

Ella's friends took a reluctant leave for England, with many hopes and promises of meeting again. Lady Dunbar could not be prevailed upon to leave Ella. Ella rewarded Miss Summers with a handsome yearly income. The trusty Ben and Jack were retained in the young Countess' service. After Ella gained her title and possession, her grandfather soon grew tired of Spain; he longed for his wild home in Mexico. Ella saw his discontent, and determined to accompany him, to be a comfort to him in his declining years. He still held his office, and could not be prevailed upon to resign. Ella left her estates in the hands of trusty servants, and accompanied her grandfather to Mexico, taking Lady Dunbar with them. They were delighted with the city of Mexico. Don Desmonde had estates in several different localities, and in traveling from one place to another, he passed his time to his highest gratification. No expense was spared—some of his locations were a garden of Eden. He had taken great pains in the cultivation of fruits, grain and vegetables. Many half-breds were employed in herding his numerous cattle. At one favorite place in old California, he spent a few months each year.

Lady Dunbar and Ella were soon as fond of rambling on horseback as he could wish. Ella was quite attractive, and he wished to keep her from the influence of Cupid. She had a heart, and as yet it was at ease, he wished to keep it so for a time. He was to some of his friends and family, Ellas and fifty pages, a faithful and loving companion. They could hardly be recognized. Pale and haggard, who would not be prevailed upon to leave Ella? Ella rewarded Miss Summers with a handsome yearly income. The trusty Ben and Jack were retained in the young Countess' service. After Ella gained her title and possession, her grandfather soon grew tired of Spain; he longed for his wild home in Mexico. Ella saw his discontent, and determined to accompany him, to be a comfort to him in his declining years. He still held his office, and could not be prevailed upon to resign. Ella left her estates in the hands of trusty servants, and accompanied her grandfather to Mexico, taking Lady Dunbar with them. They were delighted with the city of Mexico. Don Desmonde had estates in several different localities, and in traveling from one place to another, he passed his time to his highest gratification. No expense was spared—some of his locations were a garden of Eden. He had taken great pains in the cultivation of fruits, grain and vegetables. Many half-breds were employed in herding his numerous cattle. At one favorite place in old California, he spent a few months each year.

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Sir Thomas was now preparing for a tour to some of his locations. Lady Dunbar, Ella and fifty Mexicans, comprised the company, Don Desmonde proudly taking the lead, Lady Dunbar and Ella riding closely behind him. Four days of pleasant enjoyment brought them to a castle, a beautiful place. Ella wondered at so much waste, and yet there was about it a wild fascinating appearance. Grapes in great abundance hung in blue clusters over the vines; a fruit of which they were exceedingly fond. Lady Dunbar's health was never so good in her life, and they enjoyed the good things of this place to their heart's content. A few days of rest and Desmonde proceeded further to visit his other locations. Desmonde thought he discovered unfriendly feelings in some of the little villas through which he passed. It was not aware that rebellion against the Spanish government was fast ripening.

They arrived late in the evening at his favorite ranch in old California; everything looked prosperous and they had the pleasure of seeing many herds of wild horses, deer and antelope. They were delighted to find this place exceeded their expectations; peaches, pears, grapes, and many other fruits graced the plantation. The house was a large commodious mansion, built of unburnt brick, enclosed by a wall of the same material. Many small houses were also in the enclosure, for the accommodation of soldiers. Several beautiful live oak trees graced the enclosure, while a soft green turf covered the yard. The house was well furnished, and had a cheerful home-like appearance. Lady Dunbar and Ella expressed a wish to remain some time in this wild, fascinating retreat. Mexicans were dispatched to San Luens for luxuries, and on their return Desmonde's present wants were supplied. A pleasant residence of three months in this little fort brought many rich Buchaniers to visit them. Don Desmonde was extensively known in this quarter and was believed to possess rich treasure, concealed in this adobe castle. This was often referred to by visitors, but as often unnoticed by Don Desmonde. Lady Dunbar and Ella were taking their accustomed walk one evening, when they espied a man riding furiously up to the house. His excited manner alarmed them.

"What can be the matter," inquired Lady Dunbar, eyeing the stranger as he continued to converse with Don Desmonde on the outside of the wall. It was evident that something unusual engaged them in conversation.

"I fear something has happened," said Ella. "Grandfather is quite excited; let us return to the house."

As they approached Don Desmonde, they discovered a change in his countenance.

"What is the matter, grandfather?"

"Don't be alarmed, child; there is singular movements in the neighborhood; there is no telling what will be the result; we may be attacked before morning."

"What shall we do?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"There is no need else much alarm," said Desmonde, hurrying from the room and calling up all his men to prepare for an attack. They gathered in his forces, he was surprised to find but thirty guns, while his ammunition was also limited. In this dilemma Don Desmonde was somewhat puzzled to know the best course to pursue. He could not hide his fears. Lady Dunbar and Ella watched him with anxious eye, and noticing his excitement, Ella asked in tones of despair, what they should do.

"Leave that to me, child; I have no fears of being conquered by any of them," said the old General, in a spirit of bold defiance.

The evening was now fast approaching. Desmonde called his men, gave them his particular orders, and placed sentinels in an elevated position, so that they could see if any one approached. At 7 o'clock
the moon apace in full, shedding a soft, mellow light, almost equal to daylight. There is a splendour and magnificence in the moonlight nights of Mexico and California, unequalled in any other place in the world. Slowly a leaf moved on the trees; every one was open to the least sound. At length the sentinel gave the alarm.

"They are coming! We hear them! Yes, we see them! There is a thousand armed men!"

"A thousand?" repeated Don Desmonde, "there is not half that number. Call the men to station themselves near the gate." Desmonde caught a glimpse of the enemy; there was a larger number than he expected. "Don Desmonde was never conquered," said he, looking back at the pale face of Lady Dunbar and Ella; and closing several rooms, he stood beside a chapel that contained a much venerable cross. It was of popular construction. It seemed an ancient relic. Lifting it from its place on the chapel he returned to where Lady Dunbar and Ella stood in dread of the approaching enemy. Holding the cross in his hand he handed it to Ella, saying, "Take this in your right hand; place this dagger in the rings; it will do for a handle; it can be elonated higher—there, that will do; now, my dear Ella, go and stand in the open gate; hold the cross so to attract the attention of the enemy—it will save us."

Ella obeyed. Gathering her white robe closely about her, her long black curls hanging floating over her white neck, she seemed an inhabitant of another world. Taking her position in the open gate she elonated her little jewelled cross on the point of Don Desmonde's dagger. Not another human could be seen. The enemy saw her.

"What is that?" asked the leader.

"Hail!"

Ella moved forward with her elonated cross. The Catholic Moxicans looked at her as ominous of evil and refused to advance. A superstitious dread was fast freezing in their veins; they thought her a ghost; all order was forgotten, and they were fast retreating. One ruffian, not a Catholic, surprised at the absurdity of their superstitions, dismounted and approached Ella. Grasping the cross above Ella's hand, the sharp dagger cut his hand severely. The blood streamed over Ella's white dress, making her look more singular. The unaccustomed Ella stood firm, still holding her cross.

"D—n that cross," said the ruffian, retracting a little, and endeavoring to stop the blood that streamed from his wound. The superstitions soldiers and commanders were horror-struck—and, without striking a blow, returned to the village to ruminate on the frightful spectacle that stood in their way. After discussing the matter, some of the men were content to let Desmonde rest. Making up a company of about thirty, they returned to the charge.

Don Desmonde was now rejoicing at his victory. The gate was closed, and they had retired to a room to compliment Ella upon her fortitude and perseverance in not giving way. A knock was heard at the gate. A servant inquired the business. They wished to remain for the night; said they were travelers. Don Desmonde, ever hospitable, ordered admittance. He soon had cause to regret it, for no sooner were they admitted than they commenced butchering all that came in their way. Don Desmonde soon saw that to regain order was impossible. The cries of the flying servants soon brought confusion and conflagration. All was lost. Don Desmonde, quickly taking Ella, Lady Dunbar and two servants, led the way to the chapel. Lifting a little trap-door, he mentioned to them to enter. Snatching the crosses from the servant he let the door down softly. Still they heard the shriek of the flying servants.
flying servants, as they ran from one room to another, for safety. Desmondo motioned them to descend the narrow stair-way; they descended in the dark, feeling their way, and soon came to a door. Ella, feeling for an opening, accidentally touched a spring; the door flew open and they were admitted into a room. A wax-candle was dimly burning near a rude chapel; the light was a welcome treasure. Don Desmondo hurriedly descended the stairs. Taking the wax-taper he opened another trap-door, leading to another passage, at the end of which was another room, giving Ella a key to unlock the other room, while he and Waas remained to ascertain whether the robbers could intrude further. Ella and Lady Dunbar descended a long and narrow passage. At length, coming to a door, she unlocked it; here, to their surprise, a large room with seats, and beds and other furniture met their wandering gaze.

"This is a singular place, Ella," said Lady Dunbar.

They were soon aroused by a loud knocking. "Grandfather is coming," shouted Ella. "How they do hammer; I fear they will break the door down."

Don Desmondo now entered with his man Waas, and taking down a fire-board, Waas touched the candles to some dry sticks, which made a cheerful fire.

"Will they not discover us by the fire, grandfather?" asked Ella, with much concern.

"No; we can escape through a secret door." Crash went a door. Desmondo started; a yell of triumph was plainly heard; they soon discovered the other trap-door. It was evident the robbers would succeed in opening it. Drawing a dagger, Desmondo secreted himself in a place in the wall, while he commanded Waas to drag the robbers in the room. He took his place in a cavity in the wall, and as they advanced, one by one, his sharp dagger pierced their hearts. Waas, true to his master's commands, hailed them bleeding into the room. The others, unconscious of their danger, in noisy tumult pressed their way to the pits of Desmondo's dagger. Another and another received his death at the hands of Desmondo; fifteen lay as they were dragged by Waas on the floor. The blood ran in thick puddles over the hard cement floor. Don Desmondo waited, but no more came. Desmondo, faint from over-exertion, leaned on the arm of his faithful Waas. Ella waded through the pools of blood to his assistance, to hand him a draught of wine. This revived him. The cold perspiration now covered his venerable face. Ella bestowed his titles. He lay as if asleep, while Lady Dunbar and Ella sat watching him in great anxiety, lest he should die. Waas ascended the stairs cautiously to see the state of things above. Stopping at the door, he listened. All was still. The air had now risen. Not a single cloud obscured its pleasant rays. Examining the room, he saw many dead bodies in all directions, lying cold in death. All the servants that had not been killed had fled. Many of the robbers had been killed in the conflict. After a hasty examination he returned to report the issue of the fight to Desmondo. As Waas explained to them what he saw, Desmondo looked up.

"Waas," said he, "drag those men in yonder room, where more than one enemy's bones are hid."

Waas obeyed. Opening a door to a dark square room he dragged them one by one throwing them in a promiscuous mass, sweeping the blood after them. Ella approached the door, and, looking in, she saw several skeletons. A feeling of horror crept through her veins. She still gazed on them.

"Ella," said the old man, "this is the third time that the devils have tried to rob me, and met my never-sparing dagger. My treasures are still safe. They
are for you, my Ella." Here the old man's voice trembled—almost ceased. Ella glanced to his side.

"Wasa, can't you take grandfather above?" Desmonde shook his head. He motioned to Ella and Lady Dunbar to follow him. Opening another side door a narrow passage led to a little door which opened to a small room, twelve feet long by six feet wide. Desmonde seated himself on a singular elevation across one end of the room. As soon as he was sufficiently revived, he spoke:

"Ella, my dear, under this step is gold that I purchased from an Indian. It is in its pure state. I have vainly tried to discover where the Indian found it, but, as yet, have failed. The Indian comes only once a year; last year he failed to make his appearance; I feel that I can survive a few days, and there are some things to tell you. In the first place, when I die, I wish to be laid in this little room, until such times as it will be prudent for you to remove my bones to Spain, and bury me in our family vault." Suddenly rising he opened a trap door to the step, requesting Lady Dunbar and Ella to look. "Did you ever see so much virgin gold?" The beautiful yellow mettle lay in little piles, all shapes and sizes, just as he had procured it of the Indian.

"Have you any idea of its value?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"Near a million. I have been buying of this Indian for nearly twelve years."

"Did the Indian live near here?"

"I think not. I accidentally met a party of Indians on a hunting excursion, and observed one Indian with this metal in his ears and pieces pounded flat strung around his neck. I bought several pieces, for which I gave him some clothing. I saw at once it was gold, and endeavored to find out where he procured it, but he would tell me nothing. He promised, if I would bring clothing, some guns and powder, he would procure for me abundance of this metal. He came at a stated time once a year. Half of this gold belongs to my Sovereign, a fourth to the Church and a fourth to Ella." Slanting the door, Desmonde again looked up his gold. Turning to go back to the other room, they followed him, seating himself again on his bed and taking another drink of wine, he paused; turning to Ella, he hailed her a boy. Wasa approached his master and prevailed on him to go up the stairs, as it would be more pleasant. Desmonde, with difficulty, ascended the stairs or narrow passages that led above.

Everything was in confusion; fifteen dead bodies were lying above; Desmonde sent Wasa in search of help to bury the dead; after some delay Wasa found some assistance and lifted the deceased. The robbers were defeated, and most of them killed. Desmonde was quite sick; his strength had fast failing; the fatigue he had endured for the last two days was too much for his old age; it was evident his days were numbered; he awoke from a long sleep quite refreshed.

"Wasa, call Ella." She was soon at his side. "Ella, my time has come—I will soon die. When I die, put me in the treasure room, and fasten the door with your own hands; at some future time remove me and the treasure; I wish to lie beside your grandmother. I also wish you to go to England and remove the bones of your mother and bury them beside me. Divide the treasure as I have told you; here is my will and my wishes that I desire you to perform; you are young and inexperienced—without a protector. I received a letter from your father some years ago, which I never answered. I know your father is in the United States; he fought in the battle of New Orleans; I believe he lives in the State of Kentucky; I saw his name among the generals of Kentucky; I wish you, soon as I am dead, to return to the city of Mexico, and draw money and proceed to America, and search for your father; I still retain that crown which I once wore the Wasa; you took it in the name of Ella, that you might be kept to be buried with them at the Swan House.

"Ella, again I put his hands on his head, close which I removed the little carring cup.

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THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO. 555

It was near Christmas, and Lady Dunbar and Ella determinet to return to the city of Mexico. The winter rains had already begun to fall, and mud had taken the place of dust.

Leaving the place with Wasa, Ella procured the services of a priest to accompany them, to assure safety. After a tedious journey they arrived in the city of Mexico. Evident signs of rebellion were visible in the city among the people. Ella and Lady Dunbar had already seen enough of fighting to satisfy them.

Leaving the Desmondo property in the city of Mexico to the Bishop, Ella prepared to visit America in search of her father. After a hasty preparation they took passage for America. After a tedious voyage they landed in the city of New Orleans. Ella could scarcely suppress a tear as she gazed upon the place where her father had fought a battle with other brave generals in behalf of liberty. While examining over these things Lady Dunbar touched her elbow.

"So, this is New Orleans, where my noble friends Thieron and Gibbes lost their lives; but, thank God, Lamart was spared; don't you think, dear Ella, we have much to be thankful for?"

"Yes, much; but I have gone through so many trials, lately, that I can scarcely believe in my own identity."

"No wonder, my dear, when we consider the changes that you have experienced in so short a time."

Having their rooms in a good hotel, the ladies had good opportunities to make social acquaintances. Ella's first object was to ascertain where she could find her father. To her many inquiries she could learn nothing but that General Adair was from Kentucky. Ella's anxiety to find her father made her impatient to leave New Orleans; in this Lady Dunbar shared.

(Concluded in our next.)

Now.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is the banner of the present. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to travel through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "then I will do it." No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

Says Longfellow: "Sunday is the golden sheep that binds together the volume of the week."
POOR AND PROUD.

Mother! I weary of toil and care,
Say, is there never a rest for me?
My brow is white and my hands are fair,
I tell that others may whiten be.
Why was I born on this benighted earth
Only to gather the thorn that grows?
Why does sorrow, instead of mirth,
Sally her viange to me disclose?
Poor, is I poor? is there sought but wealth
Worthy of striving and living for?
I watch pleasure only by stealth,
Others enjoy a boundless store.
Go to—God never created me
To tend to folly, or foster vice;
My heart is as warm as others be—
I sell it not for a paltry price.
Life with my lips while my soul rebels?
Stand at the altar all late and cold?
Here the chime of my marriage bells
Solemnly utter sold—sold?
Nay—he has gather'd worldly gold,
Men will honor him by and by;
But let him look to his inner self—
His daily life an embodied lie!
Seeming virtue varnishes o'er
A black and worldly heart within;
What should I sell my white robes for?
Gold is less when it glistens sin.
Nay, fair hands, lift up your white
Tapering fingers to God, and say—
Rather labor from morn till night,
Plunging the bridal ring away,
Than lay yourselves in his hallowed palm,
Perverted with gormandizing gain.
Mother, see, I am proud and cold—
Till him I never will hear his name.
Tell him that Truth, and Honor, and Right,
Are dearer far than the gold he brings;
Say his passion would cast a blight
Worse than that which to Poverty clings.
Sweetly the beams of the sunshine fall
Warming the tills of our cottage floor,
Goldly his shadow would strike the wall,
Leaving darkness forever more.
Give him again his professed vows,
All unworthy my heart's high shrine;
Gold is the God to whom he bows,
Gold shall never be god of mine.
Mother, my love his wealth demands,
Hearts can never be bought or sold;
Bid him go with his wicked gains—
Wed another as rich and cold.
Poor! I am poor—from morn to night,
Sitting with Toil for my daily bread;
Better than in the Father's sight [head;
Than bowing with shame my womanly
Better to mourn under Poverty's cloud,
'Tis our hearts rebel when the rich go by;
Better, Oh, mother! be Poor and Proud,
Then stand at the altar and speak a lie.

GOLD LAKE—AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY ALICE.

California can justly boast of as beautiful scenery as any country in the world.
Switzerland, with her many crystal lakes and rugged cliffs, and her far-famed snow-wreathed Blanc, loses some attraction when viewed beside the wonders of California.
Egypt will no longer be the wonder-land when they come to explore our woodland-haunting their lofty heads heavenward till lost in the morning mist or mingle with the blue clouds that hover beneath the sunlit dome of heaven; and no portion of this, "the garden of the world," will eventually be more attractive than Gold Lake, for the many pleasing associations that cluster around it.
This lake of magic beauty lies high up in the mountains, midway between Downieville and Sierra Valley. It is fed by the melting snows that cover the hazy-veiled Buttes and other small mountains of minor importance. This lake is three miles long and a mile and a half wide, deep and very clear, and remarkable for its finny tribes that consort themselves in its transparent waters for the angler's jolly sport and pastime. Sleep hills to the westward stand out to the water's edge as yearly sentinels, and at the low bank
at the southward stands a first-class hotel, kept during the summer season by Mr. Coleman, who has built a sail-boat, which plays upon its broad still bosom like a thing of life, often freighted with the elite and beauty of the mountains, which make the old primitive woods resound with glee and laughter. The lake is the head waters of the south fork of Rio de la Pumas, and also famous in the annals of California history for creating a great excitement and gold panics in 1850 among the miners who looked thicker in hundreds, supposing the bottom to be entirely covered with the glittering ore, pearls and precious stones. Hence the origin of its name—Gold Lake.

There is yet another legend in the red man's mythology connected with this spot of beauty worthy of notice, which I learned from Hotakoh, an old Pyuht Indian, who has been blind this many a year, and told about by his grandchildren; and the beautiful Indian girl roaming nears on the hill yonder is Hotakoh's granddaughter. He has lived more than a century, and the pitiless storms of many a cold, bleak winter have bent upon his faded locks and unprotected head. He keeps the number of years he has lived notched upon a pine stick, which will be handed down from generation to generation as an heirloom and relic of ancient antiquity.

Many, many years ago the Pyuht tribe was a great and powerful nation, and ranged from Humboldt river to Honey Lake Valley, and far beyond it. Their war-horses numbered many thousands; their warriors were numerous, valiant and brave, and in all the valleys of the Sierras they roamed. They were young giants compared to the now many, half-starved creatures that prowl around the infant settlements. No feud or animosity then existed between this tribe and the Washo's. Each hunting ground was the common property of the other, and a friendly relation sprung up between them. It is not to be supposed that in those days they had drank freely from the fountain of science, but they were a more stalwart, brave race of men, than the now degenerated race can ever hope or attain to be. This unbroken brotherhood and friendship remained the same until a singular circumstance intervened, which made them hostile and deadly enemies forever, and which feeling will exist until the last trace of the red man is obliterated by the hurrying march of civilization.

One morning, just before the monarch of day had climbed up over the red battlements of the east, a white man, pale and hungry-looking, came down the mountain side, and asked at Kaywood-tucks—the chief's lodge—for food. They gave the wanderer dried berries and roastéd venison, and nursed him until he grew strong.

In due time he became reconciled to his fate; and joined in their hunting excursions; and in a few moons learned their languages, and readily adopted their crude manners and customs. Whether the pure Castilian or Anglo-Saxon blood coursed in his veins, there were no means of knowing, but certain it is, that the woods never clouded to the foot-fall of a white man before, and from this time, the Pyuht dated their misfortunes; and the coming of the pale face was the omen of ill luck. Still he grew in favor as years advanced, and married Kaywood-tuck's prettiest daughter, who loved him with all the affection of her race, and soon became the mother of a little girl, who, as she grew older became the petted one, and because she could dance with a lighter foot than any girl that shimmered in her father's wigram, took the name of Kahlanna, (a pretty dancer,) and won the love of Mowahto and Hoochoo, the latter belonging to the Washo tribe, to which she showed a decided preference. Her mother and the rest of her people disapproved of her.
choice and preferred Mowatoo, as he was the son of a brave. Kahnamo grew more fascinating and beautiful each day of her life. She partook of all the Indian cunning and wile beauty which belonged to her parents. Strange to say, the white man, Kahnamo's father, disappeared as mysteriously as he came, and many rude conjectures were surmised of what and who he was.

Kahnamo had often sat by the lake side pouring forth devotion into Kahnamo's willing ear, and both drank in the bewildering beauty and enchantment of the surrounding scenery. He told not his burning words of love by the white light of moonlight. But his loved tones were whispered long after the crimson whirlwind of evening had passed away; when the harvest moon rode upon her silver car high up in the heavens, and the bright eyed stars were keeping their tireless watch above. Mowatoo grew enraged when Kahnamo refused his hand and pined and languished when away.

One day when the lovers were hunting together on the hill side, a dispute arose, and with the rashness of an Alexander, Mowatoo drew a poisoned arrow from his quiver and placed his rival's heart. Cold distress crept down into Kahnamo's soul when she saw the hatred of her own tribe turned against her—and even her mother, once so tender, now despised her for the white blood that mingled with the red current of her heart. The love of Mowatoo could not fill the vacuum she felt at her heart's core; and one night when the sun had sunk down behind the hilltops of the west, and queen Luma was shielding her silver halos over earth, Kahnamo, the wretched In heart, walked forth into the shadow of the mountain, and trudged lightly the narrow path the deer had made among the rocks till she neared the lake—which sloped as peaceful as an infant in the pale moonlight. There she shed her unrolling tears, which fell with the night dew among the sleeping flowers. She sank down where the wild thyme grew, and a fragrance of bruised flowers and of a bruised heart floated upon the sultry stillness of the evening. Stepping into her bright canoe, she moved out into the water till the middle of the lake was gained, when she raised her prodded form still higher till she stood on the prows of the boat. Nothing could escape the beauty of the scene, as she stood gazing upward into the clear sky. She raised her beautiful form still higher, lifting her arms above her head and clasping a moonbeam to her aching bosom, disappeared down among the voiceless waves. Death reigned on her soul, the foretold dream of life was o'er, and all was still!

Then the moon was shrouded; a veil of mourning hung before the face of nature, and the stars hid their sparkling eyes behind a dark gloomy cloud. The same angel that delivered the message to the shepherdess on the plains of Judea announcing the birth of Christ, in dazzling beauty was seen moving along the front of night. When hovering over the lake, he raised the spirit of the drowning girl in his arms and soared aloft. The hand that killed the Indian lover became palsied, and whenever Mowatoo came down to bathe his shrivelled limbs in the pure water of the lake, a muttering was heard mournful as the thunders of Sinai. Then nature grew convulsed, for the Great Spirit was angry. The fearful heights grew dizzy, tottered and fell—and the tribes of Pyrrhus also fell. Their camps were set on fire, their councils were broken up, their lodges moved farther and farther in the wilderness. The grass and flowers were blighted; the chase failed and many died from hunger and want. When the stormy air refused to yield their scorns, they knew the curse of the Great Spirit rested upon them; and an air of failed pump and decayed gran-}

...
WHERE ARE THE FORTY-NINERS!

When the first wonderful story of gold reached the eastern shore, the adventurous pioneers embarked on their long and tedious voyage for a nearly savage and almost unknown land. The "invasion" which influenced them was various. The young and sanguine easily enlisted in an adventure so promising and so romantic. That unsettled, fortune-hunting, brave and adventurous class, embarked on the first wave of immigration which rolled to these golden shores. The disinterested of all classes, to whom the strange stories seemed to promise an opportunity of placing their fortunes on a sure foundation, followed. They were men, most of them, of the true Anglo-Saxon blood, who had not much to lose, and everything to gain, whom no danger could deter and no difficulty appall. What they accomplished let the records of California tell.

But where are they now? The ships which brought them are dismantled and broken up; the beach where they landed is obliterated by the advancing streets of a populous city; the river, upon which they toiled in their boats, or sailed in their storm-littered ships, is plowed by the keels of splendid steamers; the mines where many of them labored, are long since exhausted and abandoned, but where are they? The answer to my question has carried happiness and comfort, or sorrow and mourning to many homes. Too many have shared the common fate of pioneers; they have fallen in the contest, and others have come after them to reap the benefit of their toil.

Along the banks of the rushing rivers, in the wild cedars, in lonely ravines, or near old forsaken camps, you may find their neglected graves. No mourner's tear moistened the sod which covers their ashes; but their memory lives in the brave hearts of those whose tilled hands consigned them to their last repose, and a mother's tear, a sister's sigh be their moments. Though the dim eye that watched their falling sail fade on the far horizon may never rest upon them again, though no stone mark the spot of their interment, they are remembered.

But many of the old 49-ers have met a different fate. Some returned with improved means, to lead usefulness to their manhood, and shed comfort on the years of declining age; while others, unsuccessful, have followed, preferring home with its associations, to a longer contest with the fickle goddess. Some have chosen this as the land of their choice, here to establish a new home of their own, many of whom have risen to stations of responsibility and honor. But there are others still, who continue the
A DIGGER IN THE CHIMNEY.

A MINING INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS.

My story is concerning the Indian of the class usually denominated "Diggers," and who on this occasion was named to "scratch gravel"—if I may be allowed the expression—for other purpose than obtaining sustenance. Now, I hope I offend no obnoxious individual when I say, that Mr. Indian will steal, which statement I will proceed to substantiate.

The "natives" were decidedly troublesome in the locality which we inhabited at an early period in California history; and while we were absent, had a habit of clearing out our cabin of everything it contained in the way of provisions, blankets, and sometimes even the frying pan was missing, though of what use they put it to, I cannot conjecture, never having learned that their knowledge of the science of cooking extended so far as to cause them to try anything. Well, after having our cabin sacked and pillaged several times while we were absent, we at last determined to secure the premises.

So, boarding up the windows, (which, by the way, were as free from glass as we might suppose are those of heaven,) and applying a huge padlock to the door, we considered the place impregnable against Indian ingenuity, and proceeded to work our claim perfectly regardless of our stores.

While at an early hour in the morning one of the company ascended the bank to adjust the level, he cast a glance towards the chimney, and discovering unusual proceedings therewith, called out to us, and with rapid gathering up of revolvers we scrambled up the bank. The first glance discovered to us an Indian sitting on the chimney top. A raucously "appropriator" was inside peeling our blankets to the "receiver," on the chimney, who quickly transferred them to the "purveyor" on the ground. Then came our look of flour pursuing the course of the blankets. Our goods were rapidly taken, their departure, for in wake of the sack of flour came our frying-pan, afterwards our old clothes; and finally, the Indian came also. Its, however, left in a hurry, the chimney's upper story having been warned by a pistol shot. The sound of a "purveyor" soiled the flour and commenced making quick time for the mountains, closely pursued by him of the chimney bearing the blankets, followed by the villains "appropriators."

Then came a race, in which those making the fastest time were to have the plunder. Three encaged miners were close on their heels, shooting straight ahead and at random. One fell but in effect in the old clothes and they fall, and with them the cooking utensil, but the sneaking thief only made more rapid progress. We next stumbled over the blankets, and were rapidly overtaking the flour, when the savage concluded to drop it and save his bacon. The pursued being frightened out of their load soon gained the mountains, where it was
ADELAIDE.—THE FEMALE GAMBLER. 501

BY W. B. S.

In the village where I was raised there lived a gentleman named James Thornton, who was possessed of considerable wealth and had an only daughter by the name of Adelaide, who was as fair as a new-born rose. For three long years we were schoolmates. She was the favorite of the village, for she was so gay and full of life, and none became acquainted with her but to love her. At the age of fifteen she was sent off to a boarding-school, and during her absence we removed to an adjoining State, and I did not see her for over three years. My mother had a sister residing in the village, and we returned there on a visit, after an absence of three years, and on our arrival I learned that Adelaide was about to marry a gentleman of reputed wealth, who had been spending the summer months in the village. Adelaide invited me to the wedding, which was to come off on the following Thursday evening. The time came around, and as I was intimate with the family I went very early and had a long conversation with her. I soon learned she was not going to marry the choice of her heart.

"Will," she said, "there is a still small voice which whispers in my ear that I am not doing right, although obeying the wishes of my parents. Yet that voice still rings in my soul."

"Why do you feel thus?"

"I can only account for it in this wise, and I presume you have heard of the circumstances: I was engaged to Charlie Watson, and through the influence of my parents was induced to break that engagement."

"Do you not feel as though you could live happily with your intended husband, Mr. Matson?"

"Oh, yes, I feel as though I should be happy, but I cannot banish from my mind the image of Charlie. Will, I loved him better than I can ever love another; but my parents forbid our marriage, and have encouraged the addresses of Mr. Matson, causing me to be in his society until at times I thought I might love him—and during one of those times I gave him the promise of my hand in marriage; but as the time draws near for the fulfillment of that promise, my heart begins to shrink. I feel I have done Charlie injustice, done injustice to my soul's future happiness in thus giving away to the influence of my parents, in marrying one whom my heart did not select. Will, say nothing of what I have told you, for perhaps I shall love him as well as Charlie when we are married, and then I shall have obeyed my parents' wishes; but oh! Charlie! Charlie! could I butバン

...your image from my heart, how much happier I should be!"

"Adelaide, have no fear. I sincerely hope your life in future may be lighted by hope's lightest lamp, and that a tear of sorrow may never dim those eyes, or a sigh escape that bosom."

"Will, I do from my very heart thank you for the kind wishes you express. I feel as though I could open the floodgates of my soul and let loose the inmost thoughts therein agitated from the world, and you would not laugh at my folly, or censure me for the indiscretion I have manifested in yielding to the will of my parents, who know not the heart of their child." Then the guests began to arrive, and the house of Mr. Thornton was brilliantly lighted as soon as the smile curtain of night began to draw near. The conversation I had with Adelaide had thrown a melancholy shade over my feelings, and the pleasant time anticipated had all vanished, and my heart was made sad by the thought that so beautiful a creature was to be sacrificed upon the marriage.
and altar to please the peculiar notions of her parents. As they came upon the floor they made a deep impression upon those around, for they were handsomely dressed. After the ceremony was over, they crowded around them to wish them a happy future. When I went up to give them my best wishes there was a sweet smile playing upon Adelaide's countenance, but behind that smile I could see a glistening tear-drop lingering in her light blue eyes, as she looked me full in the face, and thanked me for my wishes concerning her future prosperity.

The wedding passed off as well as could be expected, and the wedding couple next morning started on their bridal tour through the southern States. I returned home with fearful apprehensions that the match would prove an unhappy one.

Uncle Lou, as we always called him, was a well known New Orleans merchant. It was his usual custom to go up to Kentucky to spend the summer months during the sickly season. He went up during the summer of 1844 and remained at our house about three weeks, and while there they prevailed upon us to return with him, which I consented to do. I pictured to my delighted imagination many pleasant scenes and romantic adventures, and he then presented me with a valuable diamond ring, which I accepted with thanks.

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Orm. Witness-had been, out his money.

with Wild look, no saying a word, and left the table. In a few minutes he returned, telling Johnson that he was now prepared, and must have satisfaction for the insult offered him by drawing his revolver. Johnson told him he was no duelist, neither was he inclined to fight him; but if nothing else would do, he could make satisfaction when they arrived at Little Rock, which was but a short distance ahead. This appeared to be satisfactory, and the gambler told him to select his weapons and hour of meeting. Some of the passengers who were acquainted with the gambler tried to prevail upon Johnson not to fight him, as he was considered an extraordinary shot, but it was all to no purpose.

Johnson selected Stobbins as his second, and came to me and asked if I would go and witness the duel, saying that he wished to leave some papers in my care, provided he was killed. I was perfectly astonished at his request, and scarcely knew what answer to make him; but he prevailed upon me so that I at last consented. It was a mystery to me why I should be selected by him to take charge of his papers and money, but I asked no questions, concluding to let time solve the question. After we landed at Little Rock, the preliminaries being all arranged, we crossed the bridge on the banks of the Arkansas river, about a mile and a half below town. The distance ten paces, with dueling pistols. The first fire, Johnson’s bullet entered the gambler’s right arm, just above the wrist, and came out above the elbow. The code of honor being maintained, the affair was settled. After the duel was over, we returned to the hotel. The affair did not create much excitement, for there were but few who knew anything about it, and duels were so common those days in Arkansas that little attention was paid to them, with the exception of the sporting characters. I felt a peculiar interest in Johnson from some cause, I know not what, notwithstanding I knew him to be both a gambler and a duelist. I had some business to attend to in Little Rock, and then intended to continue my journey to the interior of the State, where I had several bills for collection. About three o’clock that afternoon a servant came to my room and handed me a note, requesting me to call at room No. 3, but making no explanations in regard to it. This rather astonished me, but I immediately repaired to the room where Johnson was waiting for me, or whom I shall now call Adelaide, for it was none other. I had scarcely entered the door before she came and threw her arms around my neck and commenced weeping. I could not speak for several moments, for the surprise was so great to find the beautiful and accomplished Adelaide, dressed in male attire and following the occupation of gambler, but the greatest mystery to me was that I had not recognized her. She said she could not keep herself longer disguised from me, for she desired to tell me her misfortunes. About three months after she was married, Mason was arrested for forgery on one of the eastern banks; tried, and sentenced to the state prison for ten years, where he soon afterwards died. My fears had been more than realized in regard to the unfortunate wedding, which was almost forced upon her by her parents.

“Adelaide,” said I, “what caused you to follow the river as a gambler?”

“Well, I hardly know, but I could never think of returning home again to endure the jeers of my old acquaintances. I sacrificed all my future happiness on
the matrimonial altar to please my parents, and gave my hand to one I did not love, who has since proven to be a failure. Once having made myself unworthy of the only one I ever did love, I made up my mind to choose between two evils the less. Will, do not answer me, and I know you would not if you only knew the pangs of anguish that are growing the cords of life one by one.

"You have not forgotten Charlie.

"Forgotten Charlie! Ask me if the sun has forgotten to rise, or the moon to send her pale rays over the earth, or time cease to move. I love Charlie dearer to-day than I love my own soul, but I know I am now unworthy of him." I kissed her aec-ylown now, and told her that although she was doing wrong in pursuing her present course of life, she could not now adorn the circles of good society with that grace and dignity which she did in other days. Yet I could not discomfit my childhood companion, but should ever cherish for her lookings of the warmest character, hoping that she would yet reform and become a lady once more.

"Will you almost persuade me to become a woman again, but thou know, when woman falls from her position, she falls never to rise again. It is different with man, for he can reform and enter society; but poor frail women have no hope, for when the lamp which lights the path of virtue and rectitude is once extinguished, it can never be lighted again."

"You should not talk so despondingly, for there are some in this world who are ever willing to assist those who desire to reform." They are few and far between. My own sex would be the last ones to countenance me should I attempt to reform, and then if I should reform, I could never make myself worthy of Charlie, for without his society the world has no charm for me. The Rubicon is past, hope enters not my heart. I am lost forever but.

"We parted, and I took the coach for the village of M--; to attend to my duties, but I was in a poor mood for doing business, my mind being so excited over what had transpired in the last twenty-four hours. After four weeks' travel over the State of Arkansas, I returned to New Orleans, hoping I might meet Adeline again, as she told me that she calculated to return on the boat she came up on. Let us pass over ten years which has so swiftly rolled by. Many changes have transpired in that space of time. Countless thousands have set sail on the dark river of death, while the snails of life of those who are living have been washing down into the dark waves which close upon them forever. Within that space California has been peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, who have been drawn here by the exhibition of her marvelous wealth. The mountains, which are covered with eternal snows, have become the dwelling place of civilized man, and the untold treasure which lies buried beneath those craggy cliffs is being brought to the eyes of a astonished world. The valleys have been made to yield all the luxuries of life. Cities have sprung up as if by magic, proving the indomitable spirit of the American people.

In the grand rush for the golden land, many tender tias have been severed, which has given rise to many incidents of a romantic character. It was considered early times when I came to California, that in the discovery of gold, and the mines were the great attraction. Nothing could induce me to remain in the city, for I thought I could make my fortune in a short time by mining; in fact, I felt sure I could pick up enough to go home. It was in the spring when I left San Francisco for Auburn. I expected to find

"Do you remember Charles Watson?"

A PAIR OF APPEAL BAY.

I told him I did; when he embraced me and wept like a child.

"I know you think I am foolish and am devoted to the feelings of a man, but that is not the case, for I have not seen one I know since I left my native land, nine long years ago?"

"How long?" he continued, "since you left home?"

"About eighteen months."

"I presume there have been many changes since I left."

"Yes, Charlie, you would not know the place. Girls have become young ladies since you left, and some have been laid in the cold earth, while others have gone forth into different portions of the world to seek their fortune."

"Did Adelaide and her husband ever return to the village?"

"They never returned."

"Do you know where they are?"

This question I did not know how to answer; but after hesitating for a moment, I concluded to tell him all I knew concerning poor unfortunate Adelaide. I learned she was long since dead. When I finished the sad narrative of her fate he covered his face with his hands and sat for some time without uttering a word, when he looked at me with tears glistening in his eyes.

"It is too hard," said he, "that two hearts that once beat in unison, should ever be separated."

When we arrived at Sacramento we took rooms together, and I learned he had been practicing medicine in Texas. He was then on his way to San Francisco to commence the practice of medicine again. The evening he entered his office, and found a Spanish woman waiting for Dr. Charlie. She said there was a lady near by, very ill, and must have a physician. Charlie and myself followed the directions which led to the house. When we arrived, we found the patient in a little four by six room, with an old lamp burning, which did not give light enough to distinguish anything in the room. Charlie told me to take a seat and he would go and get some candles. Neither of us had gone near the patient. As soon as he entered he stuck a light and went up to the bed; the rays of the light had hardly fallen upon her countenance, when Little girls have always had a smile in her countenance as pale as the driven snow, extinguishing:"

"Good Heavens, it is Adelaide!" Adelaide, hearing her name pronounced, rose up in the bed, looking more like a ghost than a human being, and cried out, "Oh, my God! I am Hilda Charlie!" The next moment they were in each other's arms. The scene of that meeting is one long to be remembered by me, for it is stamped upon my mind with such a deep impression that time can never erase it, but it will cling to me while time with me remains. A comfortable room was procured, with a waiting maid in attendance; everything was done for her that medical skill could desire, but all to no purpose; in less than two weeks, Adelaide, the female gambler, was no more.

On examination of her papers, which were in a little box under the head of her bed, it was found she had left, by her will, all her money to Charlie. Eight thousand dollars in different banks in this State, and ten thousand in New Orleans. Charlie closed out business in San Francisco and returned to the Atlantic States, to see if he could find Adelaide's parents. The following letter explains all, and is the conclusion of our narrative, which we hope is not without some interest, as it is not fiction for the scenes portrayed are of real life.

"LOUISVILLE, KY., 185-

"My Dear Will,—I write you according to promise, but have nothing of interest to relate. Have again wandered over the land; again I sit beneath the old wood tree on the banks of my favorite wandering little stream where love's first dream entered my heart, while the fairest creature that ever graced the earth rested upon my mind. I have again wandered over my childhood land; again I sit beneath the old wood tree on the banks of my favorite wandering little stream where love's first dream entered my heart, while the fairest creature that ever graced the earth rested upon my mind. I was considering returning to San Francisco when I received your letter, which much interested me. I am about to return to San Francisco on business which will take me about one year to complete. When I return, I shall have completed my medical studies, and return to my native land. My kind regards to all my friends in California."

"Adelaide."
It is rare that we find in the public press of the day anything justly entitled to the name Poetry. This, we are aware, is a bold assertion; yet, we repeat it, and would like to see the man with sufficient impudence to put us to the proof. Nevertheless, poetical productions of striking merit do sometimes find their way into the bawdy papers, many of which, we may add, are so marked by the hand of Genius, that it is impossible to pass them by without pleasing recognition. Our attention was thus arrested not long since, by a Poem on the Stanley Globe of this city, entitled "Labor," from the pen of our well known fellow-townsmen, Paulo Suza, Esq. While cheerfully transferring this charming production to the pages of our Magazine, we can almost hear the joyous sound of the hammer and saw, and fancy that we can see the "fair ribbons" as they curl out gracefully from the "robbed plains." How sweet is the Song of Labor, and how sweetly is it sung by California's Poet! The effort is entirely worthy of the gifted author, and specially honorable to the State he takes delight in calling his home:

L A D Y O R—BY THOR HUDD.

Desire not labor! God did not desire
The hundredth which wrought this gorgeous globe;
That crowned turgid seas with yew jeweled sides,
And clad the earth in nature's glistening robe.
He did the first stone—till the river's bed—
Built the first bridge in the pulsing spring;
The first carpet forms his numerous tread,
The warp and weft of his first covering.
He made the pictures painter's canvas;
The statue's first grand model stood,
Took human intellect to conceive,
And human cunning to create.

The sun and moon in their exalted role,
The woodlers pictures of the opal were;
There was no idea of honest labor here,
That is not paralleled in the telling line,
Flower the hay scot, the limitless corn.

Go labor first, till theirs be His,
Assembled work! mechanic with thy; yon;
The tree they axe cut from its native soil,
And never in earth's things—yea, tall the beauty—
Was fashioned in the factory of Heaven.

Go build your ship, un, raise your lofty dome,
Your granite temple that through time endures,
Your humblest, or that proud pile of Rome.
Illusion has cooled in the grasp of years.
He made the flowers your laurel flowers man.
And crystallized the atoms of each germ,
Resolved faster in great Nature's plan;
And made it virtue's brightest diadem.
Whate'er thing is worthy to be told,
Is worthy of the tell by which 'tis was,
Just as the grain with which the fields are clad,
 Pays back the warning labor of the sun.

'Tis not pretension that enables men,
'Wit' the scepter that can one viole degrade;
'Twas not he to bring the viole thus,
The pulseless with his bolder and his seruce,
The telling banner hold his victor's, or ears,
The poet by his daily streams and floods,
The more, what'er his work, wherever done.
If intellect and honor guide his hand,
It was to him who greatest state hath won,
And rich as any Bachelor of the land.

All more distinguished based upon pretenses,
Are merely longing themes for needy hearts,
The miner's erudition claim'd from men of sense.
More honor than the youngling Bonaparte's,
That to pass them, and turn to nothing—go tell to fools—
"The sun and moon in their exalted role,
The woodlers pictures of the opal were;
There was no idea of honest labor here,
That is not paralleled in the telling line,
Flower the hay scot, the limitless corn.

That is the labor your travail shall rise,
The hay and scot, the limitless corn.

...
JOE BOWERS' WEDDING.

BY ONE WHO WAS "HERE."

The county of—, "away up in the mountains," boasts of one of the best judges in California. On the bench he is firm, decided, and prompt, never missing the snap of his finger for either the applause of friends, or the mutterings of enemies. He is, perhaps, the most devoted man to the law in all creation, and has his head so full of what he terms "judicial talk," that he not unfrequently finds himself making learned charges and passing sentence outside of the court room.

On a recent occasion, the judge was called on to exercise the "power and authority in him vested," in the case of a young couple, who desired to have their hearts united in the holy bond of wedlock. Of course he consented to perform the pleasing duty, and on the appointed evening, was promptly on hand, at the house at which the affair was to come off. The room was crowded by the beauty and fashion of the town, and none looked more dignified or happy than the judge himself, who was dressed within an inch of his life.

It is customary on occasions of the kind referred to, for the good folks of the mountain towns to pass around the wine quite freely, and to their everlasting credit, we will add, they consider it no harm for one to manifest his interest in the joyous event, by getting "lively." The judge is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, having in the course of his life led the third one to the altar. To use his own language, he is a "great believer in weddings," and that he should become a little mellow amid the glorious scene of the evening, was not to be wondered at by those who knew him intimately. He had the weakness of all good judges. He would take his "look."

The wine had passed round and round and round. The music had ceased. The time for making Joseph Bowers and Nancy Harkins one, had arrived. Every heart throbbed with the most delightful emotions. The young gentlemen desired to know how "Joe" would stand it, and the young ladies were anxious to see how "Nancy" would suffer the awful shock. Others, again, who had closely observed the turn of affairs during the evening, fixed their attention upon the judge, to see how he would come out of the scrape.

At length the trying moment was announced. The judge arose very cautiously from the chair which he had occupied in one corner of the room, and casting his eye over the company, he recognized the sheriff of the county, who was present as an invited guest. The judge had imbued just enough to make him forget the nature of his business. He was full of his "judicial talk," and required nothing but the presence of the sheriff to start him. Looking sternly at the officer, he shouted:

"Mr. Sheriff, open the Court and call order!"

A general twitter followed this command, in the midst of which the sheriff took the "court" gently by the arm, and led him to his seat in the corner, at the same time informing the angust personage of his mistake.

Everything now bid fair for a pleasant and sudden termination of the affair, until another annoyance, which was nothing less than the absence of the bridegroom, was observed. It turned out that he had just stepped across the street to join his friends in a parting drink, but before his return, some cold-blooded wag had whispered into the ear of our foggy judge, the cause of "delay in proceedings." Instantly the chair in the corner moved, and in that direction all eyes were fixed.

"Mr. Sheriff," slowly drawled the judge, "bring Joe into court on a supper!"—the judge had his own way of
pronouncing the word—then addressing
the bride who stood in the foreground,
and hung her head in confusion, he ad-
ded, "I spoke you're the plaintiff.
Well, don't take on. Innocence and vir-
tue will be protested by this here court."
This was the mostast blemish of all.
The judge was again made to see his mist-
take, and would have been considerably set back, had it not been for a corrective
in the shape of "forty drops of the ob-
tion" which he instantly applied.
In a few moments all was ready in
right down earnest. The bridegroom
had arrived, full of joy. The bride in
"gorgeous array," stood at his side.
The company pressed forward. The ex-
citement was intense. The judge never
looked so dignified in his life. He evi-
dently felt every inch a judge.
"J-J-o-C B-B-D-o-wers," commenced
the man of law, in that distressing style
of speech with which he was invariably
troubled when under the influence of liquor. "J-J-o-J C-B-B-D-o-wers, stand
up. Have ye any evidence to s-s-s-s-ay
w-w-w-w-h-w-h-w-w-e-e-e-e-e-t-t-t-t-?
"Stop, stop, stop, Judge," shouted the
Sheriff from the back part of the room.
"You are not going to hang the man,
but marry him."
The Judge drew a long breath and
blinked rapidly, but stood his ground.
Recovering himself, he proceeded:
"J-J-o-J B-B-D-o-wers, do y-y-o-u t-t-t-take
N-N-Nancy H-H-Harksens for y-y-your wife,
s-o b-b-e-l-i-p y-y-your God?"
This was a tolerable offer, and Joe
nodded assent.
"N-N-Nancy Harksens, it now remains
for this here C-C-Court to—"
Here the Sheriff again interrupted the
Judge, reminding him of the real busi-
ness of the evening.
"Miss N-N-Nancy," resumed the Judge,
after being set right, "d-d-do y-y-y-y-o-u t-t-t-take J-J-J-Joe B-B-B-Bowers for a hus-
b-band, b-b-to the best of your knowledge
and b-b-belief, o-o-o-o-r d-d-do you not?"
"You bet!" softly answered the light-
hearted Nancy.
The Judge then took the hands of the
happy couple, and joining them, wound
up the business as follows:
"It now remains for this b-b-here C-C-Court
C-C-County to pronounce you, J-J-Joe B-B-B-Bowers and y-y-your, Nancy H-H-Har-
kens, man and wife; and (here the Judge paused
to wipe the perspiration from his face,)"nancy G-G-Good On-on-oney b-b-b-b-b-b-b-
away on y-y-y-y-your s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-oles!" Sheriff, re-
pose the order!"
The company roared. Joe and Nancy
weakened. The Sheriff was taken with
a leaving. The Judge let himself out
loose in a glass of apple-juice. Taken by
and large, it was the greatest wedding
ever witnessed.

Look here, young man! Cast your
eye over this. It may do you good. And
when you have read it, stick it up in
some place where you will be apt to see
it at least once a day. It is equal to fifty
of our modern "sensation" sermons.
Keep good company. Never be idle.
If your hands cannot be usefully em-
ployed, attend to the cultivation of your
mind. Always speak the truth. Make
few promises. Live up to your engage-
ments. Keep secrets, if you have any.
When you speak to a person, look him
in the face. Good company and good
character is above all things else. Your
character cannot be essentially injured
except by your own acts. If any one
speaks evil of you, let your life be so that
no one will believe him. Drink no in-
toxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune
excepted) within your income. When
you retire to bed, think over what you
have been doing that day. Make no haste
to be rich, if you would prosper. Small
and steady gains give competency, with
tranquility of mind. Never play at any
game of chance. Avoid temptation, the
first you might not withstand it. Earn
your money before you spend it. Never
run in debt unless you can see a way to
get out again. Never borrow, if you can
possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of
any one. Be just before you are gener-
ous. Keep yourself innocent if you would
be happy.
Our readers, we feel sure, will share the pleasure we experience in being permitted to introduce a few gossips from the mind of a lady whose contributions to the journals of the South and West—we might have said throughout the great Valley of the Mississippi—have long since gained for her a reputation of which she has just cause to feel proud. We have the promise that E. will contribute regularly to our pages. Certainly, nothing could be finer than the following:

"MUST I LEAVE THEE, PARADISE?"

"Must I leave thee, Paradise?!"

Then upon the gentle grave,
As from her blessed Elen home
She took her sorrowful leave;
With agony of heart and love,
She gazed upon the wild,
Where she must make her cheerless home—
Elen's once happy child!

"Oh! must I leave thee, Paradise?"

Again those mournful eyes;
And every leaf and blossom wilted
To her deep agony:
For blest had the hours been
Within each home and grove;
And God had walked in glory there,
And bathed the scene in love!

Forth from the gate she sally came,
With mournful step and toil;
Her benumbed hand upon her breast,
Bewail in desolate woe;
With heaving heart and quivering lips,
She gazed upon the wild;
And passed the gate of Paradise
Close on its blighted child!

A blessed Elen home had I,
Where dwells a beauty grey;
Where my young elders round me smile,
And God was with us too!

For in our mother's earnest tone,
Each lullaby was given;
That softly we caught each breath,
And knew it came from Heaven!

But now, far from Paradise,
In mournful silence I roam;
Soothing upon the golden hours
That looked so happy hence.
A stranger in the wilderness—
An exile on the wild—
I feel as did the stopteen Yeo—
An Elen-blanched child!

E.

An up-country correspondent cracks us the following out for the "Clarion."

I observe that you treat your readers in the last issue of the Magazine to a veritable "Ghost Story," of which the renowned Col. Taylor, of the tripod, stage and bar is the hero. In truth the "afternoon" is "a fellow of infinite jest," and among other good things he has got off in his day and generation the following, which deserves to be placed on record:

It is a well known fact and slang custom with certain sets when an individual treats himself to a beam new suit, or even sports a single new article of wearing apparel, to intimate that there has been a recent fire in his neighborhood.

There was a fire "to moore's" in the mountain town where Col. Bob. resides and practices at the bar, which, among other establishments, took in its course all the clothing stores of the place. The owners implored the bystanders to aid them in "shaving to gotsch," and the crowd pitched in and carried off the stock of wearing apparel with a will. The Colonel, who was aiding and assisting in the good work, not liking the distribution of the garments, addressed the crowd in an indignant tone of remonstrance, with—

"O come, now, boys, don't let the hog! Don't all take coats—some of you take pantaloons!"

The said appellant, however, "took nothing by his notion."

We have always considered Fashion a great burning, but until we came across the following in the last number of the Harper's, we did not know what an awful thing it really is:

It is a sleepless agent, stalking abroad and assuming all conceivable forms and figures. It always wears a mask, and often conceals beneath is the beast of human motives. It is the deadly enemy of reason, and its mission is to render mankind as miserable as possible. It moves with stealthy tread through the halls of domestic peace,
and promotes discomfort in every household. It presents itself upon all public occasions, to the exclusion of every worthy purpose. Its want is insufferable; it is not content to dwell in the humble cot, but with its ceaseless suggestions, it tortures every heart with discontent. Wrought as a lachrymator, it�件 the lady's last high in the air, or suspends in the rear of her head, at the absolute defiance of all laws of gravity. It reduces or expands, lengthens or shortens the skirt at pleasure. It pales the cheek, pinches the foot, or tucks the waist. It substitutes the smile and simper for the solicited song, and possesses the happy faculty to conceal ignorance under a profession of knowledge. It thrusts the neglected infant into the nursery, and lures the library with an unknown jargon. It suggests the wholesale and the cotton, the range and the perfumery, as indispensable appendages to the gentleman's toilet. It delights in street-smoking, profane language and brands toddies. It glides conversation with unmeaning words, and rarely finds sufficient incentive for action in an intellectual pursuit. It is, altogether, a heartless tyrant, and has never yet been discovered to be the predestining genius of a prosperous people.

An exchange, received by the last mail from the East, tells us about a new and soul-stirring romance, entitled the "Bloody Bushwacker," by the gifted author of the "Phantom Elevator, or the Skeleton Path of the Haunted Coal Hole?" We have room but for an extract:

"Secretly had the Knight of the Green Garter uttered this thrilling impression, when the door of the prison was thrown violently open, and from behind it an industrial screen a sun in glittering armor spasm upon him, and drawing a dagger from his bosom, plunged it to the scullion in the bosom of the Knight. He uttered one long groan, and fell a corpse. No sound had he ceased breathing, than, from a secret door, a stranger entered, and stealthily approaching him, struck him one mortal blow. The unknown Knight fell senseless at his feet. Ere a moment had elapsed, from behind an embasure in the wall, stalked forth a giant-like form, who advanced steadily towards the strangler, and seizing him by the throat, tore his eyes from their sockets, and cast his head to the vultures of the neighboring hills. Ere the piercing form of his victim lay still in the icy embrace of death, a whitened hag, with long, skinny fingers, emerged from the door of a ruined hut, and clapping her hands over the eyes of the giant-like murderer, dragged him shrieking to the deepest dungeon of the castle. 'He, he!' shouts the Whacken, from an adjoining cell, 'then, too, has come down to these depths of woe.' "Who speaks?" said the unfortunate Knight, as he revived at the sound of human voice; at the same time he felt the gibbing cell of a huge box-carder hag grasping about his body. Anon is opens its vast mouth, its eyes glint like fire-balls—and it slowly devours its victim. Still does he shriek fearfully, and long after his bones are eaten by the remorseless jaws of the insatiate monster, does that heart-rending cry come up from the recesses of his stomach.

We pause here—the scene is too harrowing for our nervous temperament, and we can give but small instamments at a time.

TO ***

I miss thee in the morning.
When the birds begin to sing.
When the dew is on the flower
And the lark is on the wing.
When all is bright and beautiful,
And nature seems to shine
With sweet, quiet, peaceful beauty,
Which seems almost divine.

I miss thee in my daily walk,
As through the world I roam.
There is no one near to love me,
To watch when I shall come,
No eye to gleam with pleasure.
No hand to clasp my own,
No thrilling tones to welcome
The weary wanderer home.

I miss thee in the evening,
When the day is past and gone,
When all is hush'd and quiet,
Each hope and joy has flown.
I'm lonely then without thee,
The unbidden tear will start,
While memory's proudest glimmerings
Are busy round my heart.

In dreams, I still see thee near;
Thy bright and gentle eye,
Shone down its light upon me,
Like moonbeams from the sky;
Thy lips are on my forehead,
Thy form leans on my breast;
Oh! why should I awaken,
In dreams I still am lost.

Your mother.
San Francisco, March 26, 1859.
Editor's Table.

The second volume of our Magazine ends with the present number, and we cannot refer to the fact without making some grateful acknowledgments to the gentlemen of the California press, who from the beginning have shown so whole-hearted a disposition to encourage and push forward our enterprise. People may say what they please. For our own part, we have the good opinion of our contemporaries; and frankly confess that to their kindly monthly greetings we feel indebted for much of the prosperity we now, after a labor of two long years, enjoy. We would, in this connection, be pleased to reprint all the handsomely notices we have received, in order to let our friends at a distance know what competent judges think of us, but to do so would occupy more space than the limits of one number of our Magazine. One paper says "the great merit of the Magazine is that the subjects it treats of are Californian, and come home to the bosoms and business of all Californians who love their adopted home." Another says: "As the Magazine is the exclusive production of California, it has great claims on our citizens for a generous and liberal support." And such, we may say, is the almost universal opinion of the press.

We have reached a pretty pass, indeed! We have Scotchmen finding fault with the sweetness of our ballad writers because, forsooth, they sometimes breathe into their songs a spirit not wholly unlike that of the immortal Burns. We have Englishmen crying "thief!" every time they find a Californian story-writer with the faintest touch of the genius of Dickens or Trollope, or any of the men that lady stands the French and German poets we seldom read, yet we would not be surprised to hear that complaints often proceed from these quarters to the effect that their literary countrymen have, like other famous individuals, suffered from the incursions of the remorseless intellect of the Pacific Coast. Of the justice of the charges to which we refer, it is unnecessary for us to say much. That we have had, and still have, unblushing plagiarists amongst us, is too true; still, we should take care that in our denunciations of the guilty, we are not so sweeping as to cast suspicion upon those whose merits entitle them to honorable distinction. For example, we confess we are of those who can find nothing in the productions of our respected fellow-countryman, James Laver, Esq., which warrant the savage and malignant attack made upon his reputation by one of the city papers. If some of his songs have the delicious tone and melody of a Burns, we should put it down to his credit, rather than stain a weak point to show too close a resemblance to the great Scotch bard, for honest dealing. Taking the shanckless expositions of plagiarism that have been made in this State as a text, certain critics have fevered us with some very learned disquisitions and essays on the subject of Literature. Indeed, one would be led to suppose, from all that has been written on the subject, that some new and far more brilliant light than anything we have yet seen, was soon to burst on this dark and benighted region. Now we have no particular fault to find with the literati of California. On the contrary, we are decidedly in favor of cultivating and encouraging just the sort we are now treated to. We, for one, are proud of our Californian writers. Taken as a whole, the press of our State, in point of talent, enterprise, vigor and genuine ability, will compare favorably with any in the known world; while our weekly journals, devoted exclusively to literature, have long since very justly been pronounced as able and entertaining as they are complete and perfect. We would not part with them for bundles of the nearly-pamphlet "sensation" trash
imported into the State by each mail from the Atlantic. It is not altogether impossible that the majority of those who are so shocked with what they term California literature, are disappointed, unhappily spirits, whose own literary works have been coldly received in this or some other market. Poor souls!

A great and good man is gone! Col. Thomas Hart Benton, the noble Missourian, whose proud boast in his declining days was that he was a Senator of “six Roman historians,” has passed from earth! After a long life of unyielding devotion to his country, such as few have displayed, he gently whispers, “I am comfortable and content,” and drops into the arms of Death. He died as he had lived, with unshaken nerve; an intelligent mind, healthy, powerful, and kind at work. Mr. Benton’s place in the Conventions of the Nation has never been filled,—perhaps never will be. There were giants in his age, and he was of them. He was in the 75th year of his age.

READER, have you a wife or mother, or brothers or sisters beyond the ocean that separates us from the rest of the world? You have! And do you write them by each steamer? No! Then we hate you for it. You are an unfeeling, cold-hearted wretch, who doesn’t deserve the prayers of that wife and mother, or the constant thoughts of those brothers and sisters. We do not believe there is anything in our nature despotic or cruel, yet had we the power we would make a neglect to write home by each mail a high crime, and attach a heavy penalty to all such instances. This we would insist upon until Californians were taught to perform what we conceive to be their duty. Let us not forget home! In the change of seasons and lapses of years, we little know what is passing there. A young lady, with whose pleasant favors our readers are already familiar, writes us on this subject, and cannot fail to touch a tender chord in the breast of those for whom our remarks are intended. She received a letter from home the other day: Such good news, and such a letter! All about the happy, joyous land of girls that she played with. How beautiful some had grown—how accomplished others! How some of them had worn the orange wreath, how led to the altar, and were now happy wives. How the trees had grown in the school-yard! And how Harry was going to be a lawyer, and Neil a merchant, and Chaos a printer—and many were at college. And how, when the day was cold and dreary, the snow was brushed off a spot in the church-yard, and a grave revealed the form of one that had so loved in years gone by, and whom she still loved as a wife, who carried her over the rippling streams in the wild-wood, and swung her in the grapevine, and made her believe that echo was a fairy.

When the steamer went all away,
When the bright sunshine was always,
When no seagulls made musick,
When this singing branch was blown up,
And around was silent, Gone,
Where flowers ever freshly bloom.

When the day was cold and dreary,
When the seagull made musick,
When the singing branch was blown up,
And the围绕 was silent, Gone,
Where flowers ever fresh and bright.

The story goes,—and we desire to give it without any amplification or addition of our own—that Spriggins, the unfortunate individual whose troubles one artist has so graphically depicted in this number, came to California in the “flush times”—made many (of course) very fast,—and a palace fit for a queen— drove his own horses— rode in his own carriage—broke his own wife—and sold for his wife, the loved idol of his early efforts. That the “hatter half” through a pin, sensible, homespun woman, up to the time of her arrival in this country, “soon caught the prevailing infection,” and insisted on mounting a lofty horse. That he yielded, and rode with her. That Spriggins was wrecked in the financial storm of a latter day, and consequently found himself unable longer to live up to the high mark fixed by his with. That she grew furious. That he renounced, and exhibited his cachet account. That she ravished, and stormed and broke things. That he struggled on until he became exhausted in mind, body and purse, when the devoted imperation, whom be at the latter had rescued from (the former) immediately informed him in the confidence of the other woman, and the gallant effort to support her gave her own way, she knew that the heart-broken Spriggins deserved praise-worthy efforts. That he contemplated the family by friends from his there. That he was soon after desolate in a pit of “I now consented to the bill of all man he hastened to Stockton for admission to the bar, being sold to the examining committee, and was not quite far enough in his confidence, to deserve politicians. His dreams of hoarded fortunes explains the rest.

In the present number, entitled “A Trip to Walker’s River,” in a recent gold discovery she having directed public notice, we do not think in our pages will be interesting. We like the style in which the work is done; the illustrations taken on the spot, not so strictly correct.

Our interior correspondent finds that the hills rich harvest. Such parts of the State as this as an offshoot to give as a reason for others to go to, and consequently find themselves unable longer to live up to the high mark fixed by his with. That she grew furious. That he renounced, and exhibited his cachet account. That she ravished, and stormed and broke things. That he struggled on until he became exhausted in mind, body and purse, when the devoted
and new land of the Cherokees, they had splendid homes, gardens, and a very beautiful life. How much happier it is now, how much better off the Cherokees are, and how much they appreciate the freedom and independence they enjoy in their new home. It is a source of great joy to see the old and the young, the men and the women, all united in prosperity and happiness. The Cherokees have truly been blessed with the gift of freedom, and they are justly proud of their heritage.

E. D. O. HART

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In the present number the admirable article, entitled "A Trip to Carson Valley and Walker's River," is completed. The recent gold discovery along Walker's river, having directed public attention to that country, we doubt not the information furnished in our pages will prove both useful and interesting. We like the plain, familiar style in which the writer describes his journey. The illustrations are taken on the spot, and may be relied on as strictly correct.

One interior correspondent notes the gratifying fact that the miners are reaping a rich harvest. Such is the news from all parts of the State. We make mention of this as an offset to the cravings of those who give as a reason for going, or inducing others to go, to the Fraser river diggings, that the California mines are "giving out." From the first we have never doubted the existence of an abundance of the precious metal in the country north of us, and took occasion in our last number to urge forward the plan of persons who bang about our cities and towns, never venturing below the "sacrifice" for a fortune. Let such go, but when we hear them giving as a reason for so doing that our mines have failed, or that they no longer hold out interesting prospects, we begin to think they are too ignorant to be so far from their native land. For it is well known, as is stated by our correspondents, that as much, if not more gold is being taken out now, as days, than ever before in California; while throughout the state, mining districts we behold scenes of prosperity, happiness and general contentment, such as have never before been witnessed.

THE HISPURIBAN: A Journal of Art and Literature. Published Semi-Annually, and Edited by New York
M. F. FISHER and H. E. BAY. Terms: $4.00 per Year.

Though we are not in the habit of noticing the new publications of the day, we cannot omit the opportunity to pass to the attention of Californians the journal, whose title, as well as its aim and object, we have given above. It has been sold out here on the Pacific, that we may for and devote more literature than any other State in the Union. Without stopping to discuss a point upon which there may exist doubt, we would ask our continued beng for "something to read," we will fail to give a proper reception to a well-conducted journal, controlled entirely by California ladies, and devoted to the cultivation of the good, the true, the useful and beautiful in California Literature? The HISPURIBAN approaches us with more than ordinary claims. It is, we may say, the first enterprise of the kind ever presented for our consideration, and managed as it is by well known ladies, of whose brilliant efforts for years been so highly prized by the press and people of the State, we should take peculiar pride in rendering it assistance. The number before us, viewed either with regard to its merits or typographical appearance, will compare favorably with any of the leading journals of the United States. We trust the ladies may receive the encouragement they deserve, and that they will soon be able to announce that their paper is on a sound, substantial basis.
The Delightful Dream

of

MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON SPRIGGINS,

AN AMBITIOUS POLITICIAN,

WHO READ THE "LEADING PAPERS" OF THE STATE DURING THE SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Spriggins imagines himself a defeated candidate for Constable, in a large commercial city.

Disgusted with the "filthiness" of politics, the Major proceeds to the "Interior," where he falls in with an Honest Miner, just about the dinner hour.

"Hurrah for Spriggins!" Elected Overseer of the County, he becomes exceedingly popular.

He holds his first Inquest!—A Shocking Death.
GEORGE WASHINGTON SP RIGGINS.

THE MAJOR'S "KEERD."

FrECKLE STIFTERS.—I am a Demo-
crat and go in for the great Merckin
Bphen. I never was anythin else but
a Democrat, only when I jined the K.
F.S, and there's gone in and busted all
to shart long go. If I git your suf-
creres, I will do all I kin to extend
the Merckin flag over our pata. I want
I am in favor of universal education,
and go against niggers. I will vote to
have every empty house in our county
hired by the Governor, and turned in
to night schools. Ye more so present.
From your affectionate frin.
MONTHLY CHAT,
WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. Norton, Jacksonville, Twelvemile Co.—"Notes and Reminiscences," by Irwin, received. The sketches go at once into the hands of the engraver. Much obliged.

L. T., Sacramento.—Glad you have become so deeply interested. The "Countess" will be concluded in the July number. We are unable to answer your last query.

Inquirer, Stockton.—The "Hesperian" has no connection whatever, with the defunct Alhambra. Failing to consider the high and well known character of the parties engaged in the enterprise, we do not see how you could think otherwise.

Prospector, Marysville.—Have we a map of the Fraser River Diggings? Of course we have—plenty of them. But why ask us? Our Agents, Randall & Co., in your own town have, or should have them. Drop in on them and see for yourself.

Hunter, Oroville.—If nothing happens, you may look for about a dozen of the California wild animals in our next number. Kohl has tried himself on the drawings, and Armstrong has hit it exactly in the engraving—so we fancy.

New England, San Francisco.—We beg to be excused. Nothing of a violent political character can find a place in our pages. The MSS. is subject to your order.

S. M., Downeaville.—Really it is not in our power to furnish the information you desire. One of our daily papers—a very reliable one, by the by—stated a day or two since that Vancouver & Co. were about opening the Nicaragua route. This may be true—we know nothing to the contrary. But hold on—something may turn up soon.

O. P., San Jose.—Package received "right right side up with care." Thanks for your kind remembrance.

P. P., San Francisco.—Your "Farewell" is on file for our next number. Let us hear from you again.

C. W., Shasta.—Send us the "Reminiscences." Shall be glad to introduce you to the public.

C. W., Shasta.—We refer you to the "Miner's Own Book," just issued by us, for the information you desire.