Published Monthly.  Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

No. 25...JULY, 1858.

PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFIELD,
168 Montgomery Street, second door north of Clay, San Francisco.
POSTAGE PRE-PAID, ONE CENT TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES.
The wonders of California extend beyond her rich gold fields, mammoth trees, towering mountains, beautiful valleys, and her delicious fruits and huge vegetables. The strange variety of animals found within her borders, form not the least remarkable and interesting portion of her history. An enthusiastic admirer of our astonishing products has said that "California is the whole world, on a small scale," and that that which, in days past, was only secured after long and perilous voyages from one country to another, is found here, without difficulty, "all in a hop." That there is much truth in this assertion, no one who is posted will deny.

In previous numbers, as our readers will remember, our artist has furnished us with some very correct engravings of California wonders and curiosities. We have also given some more beautiful and remarkable birds. The great interest taken in the subject induced us to send our artist among the wild animals; and the result of his visit will be found in the present issue. We think he has succeeded to a charm. The first in the list, which forms a sort of frontispiece to the gallery of sketches, (see first page) is the far-famed "Sea Lion" of California. This is, indeed, a strange work of nature. Great numbers of them are to be found, almost at any time during the day, upon the rocks adjacent to the sea, where they keep up a clatter not at all pleasant to hear. They manifest the fondest regard for their young calves, over which they keep the closest guard. Some of the older ones appear, at first, to be very brave, and often, when teased, make towards you with open mouths, displaying at the same time their teeth. But we have discovered them to be, as a general thing, great cowards. The simple wave of your hand will often make them "take water." Still, should they be so pressed as to render a fight inevitable, they would, in our opinion, prove very tough customers to handle. We for one would not care to come in too close contact with them under such "pressing" circumstances. It is said, by those well acquainted with their habits, that they fight like tigers among themselves.

THE CAYOU.

This animal is, it is claimed by some, peculiar to California, and not found in any other country. Of this we have our doubts. It may exist elsewhere—per-
The California Wolf, unlike those found elsewhere, is of a gray color, slightly mixed with black. It is also larger and more dangerous. It boldly attacks sheep and cattle and carries them off, often in one act. The fearless nature of this animal is shown by the way in which it attacks and devours its prey. It is said that one of the California Wolves was seen to carry off a sheep in one bound. The wolf is also very fond of eggs and will often attack hens and kill them to get at the eggs.

The wolf is a very cunning animal and will often follow the trail of its prey for days, even when it is not visible. It is also very fond of fish and will often hunt along the coast for them. The wolf is a very dangerous animal and should be treated with caution. It is also very fond of fruit and will often raid orchards and fields for them.

The wolf is a very intelligent animal and will often use its cunning to its advantage. It is also very fond of meat and will often hunt larger animals for it. The wolf is a very fast animal and can run very far without getting tired. It is also very fond of water and will often go to rivers and streams for it.

The wolf is a very tiring animal and will often attack its prey in one act. It is also very fond of eggs and will often attack hens and kill them to get at the eggs. The wolf is a very dangerous animal and should be treated with caution. It is also very fond of fruit and will often raid orchards and fields for it.

The wolf is a very protective animal and will often attack other animals to protect its young. It is also very fond of meat and will often hunt larger animals for it. The wolf is a very fast animal and can run very far without getting tired. It is also very fond of water and will often go to rivers and streams for it.
If there is any one animal, in the list furnished by our artist, that will be admired more than another, it is the Fox. There he is, in all the beauty of life. For swiftness of foot, and shrewdness, the California Fox is said to surpass those of any other country. Isn't he a beautiful fellow?

The Raccoon.

It is not claimed that the above is any relation to that "same old coon" about which we have heard so much in other days. It is a native of California, and, upon examination, will be found to be different in many respects from the Coon of other States. The drawing is perfect, and is so taken as to enable the reader to view the animal in all its points. We are informed that, at certain seasons of the year, these Coons are to be found in great numbers along the upper Sacramento. We presume, however, they are confined to no particular section of the State. The California Coon is a beautiful animal, and we do not see how we could have got along without it in our series of sketches. In the above engraving we have secured it in the happiest style.
The Grizzly Bear of California is so well known, that we do not deem a description necessary to introduce it to our readers. The above engraving is a most truthful representation of this remarkable animal, as competent judges will readily admit. It appears almost as natural as when roaming at large through the mountains, and we dare say there are many of our early pioneers who, while marking out trails, or hunting for the precious metal, have seen some "just like him." The California Grizzly is unlike those of his species found in most other countries. It is exceeding foreboding, and powerful; and, unless treated to a densely bulled, is a hard customer to manage in an encounter. It fights with great desperation, and never yields while the least spark of life remains.

The Lynx.

The Lynx is of a reddish color, with dark brown spots on the end of the tail. In size they measure from three to four feet in length. They are exceedingly
blood-thirsty, oftenounding upon more
victims than they can devour at one time.
They have been known to kill as many
as thirty sheep in one night. They are
the terror of young cattle—though the
deer, it appears, is their principal food.
They twist upon the branch of a tree, like
a cat; and leap upon their unsuspecting
victims from a distance of twelve or four-
ten feet. Immediately upon grasping a
sheep, they kill it by opening the veins
of the throat, and then drink the blood.
They then cut the intestines, head and
shoulders, and leave the remainder. Sin-
gular to relate, after having killed more
sheep than is required at one meal, they
remove them to some secure place, and
spread them out carefully in the air.
They then leave for two or three days;
and if, upon their return, they find the
meat tainted, it is deserted for something
more fresh. We have this interesting
fact from old mountaineers who are well
acquainted with the habits of the animal.
The eyes of the Lynx are very large, full
and piercing, and of a bright yellow
color. The Lynx has a beautiful skin,
and its meat is pronounced by those who
pretend to be well posted, a rare and de-
crate morsel. The engraving furnished by
our artist may be relied upon as entirely
correct.

THE CALIFORNIA DEER.

We give above a very correct drawing
of the California Deer—by many called
the Elk. We are at a loss to conceive
how this beautiful animal should be con-
founded with the clumsy, ill-shaped Elk.
It differs from the Elk in a great many
respects, especially in its most striking
features. The Elk, besides the great
hump on the neck, has a much longer
head and ears, and heavier horns. The
nostrils of the Elk also resemble those of
the horse; while those of the Deer, as
CALIFORNIA ANIMALS.

will be observed, bear no resemblance to the horse. A most striking peculiarity of the California Buck, and one which has doubtless been observed by hunters, is their savage disposition after being wounded. After being pursued for hours, and arrested at length by a bullet, they turn suddenly upon their pursuers, and make desperate battle. This movement on their part, as may be imagined, generally creates considerable excitement; still as it is never resorted to until a leaden messenger has been felt, the gallant bearing of the animal is of but short duration. The version of California is pronounced the finest in the world.

![The Lion](image)

With all her wonders, there are few persons at a distance who will be willing to believe that California produces an animal like that represented in the above engraving; yet, strange and remarkable as it may appear, it is true. A veritable Lion, of which the above is a correct sketch, is found within the limits of our State. Hence, we choose to refer to it as the California Lion. We have seen one of them, and a splendid fellow he was, too. In point of size, strength, or beauty, we hesitate not to pronounce the California Lion equal, if not superior, to any that we have ever met in the famous menageries of the Atlantic States. It will be observed that they differ greatly in appearance from the Lions of other countries, resembling more the ferocious tiger of the old world.

A gentleman who passed through the northern portion of the State in the fall of '50, describes a fight which he witnessed between a Grizzly Bear and Lion. Upon facing each other, the Bear showed signs of distress, and commenced "backing out." The Lion at the same time drew himself forward very cautiously, until within ten or fifteen feet of his adversary, when coiling his tail under his body, he made a spring, with a hissing noise. He missed his object, but suddenly gathering his energies, he made a second leap, landing full upon the Bear's back. The result of the struggle soon became apparent. The Bear fought with desperation, but was finally compelled to yield beneath the huge jaws of his antagonist. The fight lasted about half an hour. The Lion was considerably bruised.
ALONE.

BY T. E. P.

When joy upon the heart, with feeble glare,
The smile of inward pleasure spreads around,
Or gleam and mirth within the mind declare.
That happiness shall, reign and there be crown'd;
This joyous night,
These visions bright,
Are as sunbeams that mark when day has flown.
Though strange it seems, 'tis night, and I'm alone.

When memory brings its traces of the past,
My heart in sadness heaves a heavy sigh,
And longs again to wear what cannot last—
The smile of joy it wore in days gone by:
Like fading flowers,
Youth's sunny hours,
And cherished dreams have quickly come and gone;
How strange it seems, in sadness, I'm alone.

In sorrow now, no tear is shed for me,
No feeling of true pity can I find;
No heart, by chorus of love or sympathy,
Or fond affection, is to mine inclined:
With spirit meek
I humbly seek
The flowing streams that Hope to me had shown;
How strange it seems, in sadness, I'm alone.

But not alone beside the sparkling rill,
Along the meadows, clothed in verdure green,
Beneath the giant trees that crown the hill;
There birds within their lazy towers, unseen,
In merry glee
Bring back to me
The past, that beams with all I have known
Of joy: it seems that here I'm not alone.

When night has shrouded earth with its net,
And luna's lamp sends forth its mellow rays;
When myriad stars in Heaven's blue vaults are set,
I walk where we have walked in other days;
I gaze above
In mournful love,
Fancy redome the light which long had floun,
Her spirit here communes with mine alone.
DID I LOVE HER!

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Many years ago—so very many that it almost makes me dizzy to look back at them—I was in love; so, at least, I fancied, though older heads insisted that it was some other feeling. Well, I'll tell you the story, and, when I have closed, I may again have occasion to ask the question: "Did I love her?"

It was, by all odds, the loveliest village in all Pennsylvania—the place where I was born. I can see it now, with its fine old trees and comfortable houses; its hardy old people and healthy children; its neat, tidy, handsome girls, and strong, active young men. The reader will observe that I indulge in none of the usual fancy pictures here, for the purpose of whining attention. When I say that the old people were hardy, the children healthy, the girls handsome, and the young men hearty and active, I mean it. I desire to present them in no other shape.

I had the reputation of being the wildest, most reckless boy in that quiet, beautiful, Heaven-favored village. Though I never, in all my life, did any member of the community an intentional injury, or even had the remotest idea of doing so, I continued (why, I know not,) to keep up the reputation just alluded to; and until, perhaps, up to the last year of my residence there, the very children, as they clustered around the blazing family hearth, in the cold wintry evenings, were frightened half to death by senseless, unfounded stories, in which I was, as a matter of course, the terrible hero. As before remarked, I was not what might be called a bad boy—neither am I considered a very bad man. It is true that, during my boyhood days, I was always full of life, and that I occasionally loved as dearly to invent a little fun as to enjoy it after it was invented. It is equally true that I was compelled to own up to every wicked thing that transpired in town; and, this being a position from which it was impossible for me to back out, why, I very naturally stuck my hands deeper and firmer than ever in my pantaloons pockets, and whistled much louder than I might under ordinary circumstances.

But, what has all this to do with our story? I will endeavor to show how a misunderstanding, produced by the bad name unjustly fastened upon me in the village, hurried two innocent beings to an untimely grave, and embittered the life of a third, which might otherwise have been sweet. I will not attempt, nor is it particularly necessary that I enumerate all the charges laid at my door. I will simply say that the Great Judge knows how innocent I was. The old people were too hard on me; but, as they now sleep beneath the dear old trees that sheltered me in the spring-time of life, I have not a harsh or unkind word to utter. May they rest in peace!

Among the many girls in my list of acquaintances, was one whom I at a certain period of life loved. I was going to say I thought I loved her; but that would hardly do. I knew too well—she knew too well—God and the Angels knew too well, I loved her as man seldom loves. A little patience, reader, and I will proceed. This is the love I spoke of at the start. The good old time, with all its sunny days, is upon me again, and my torn, incertidom heart, that has bled so long, feels just as if it were about to melt.
There, that will do! I feel much better. Well, as I was saying, I loved the girl. There certainly could be no mistake about that, though you have put my word for it. She, I believe, never doubted it; and I have reason to know, gave me a good, pure heart in return.

We were children together—my Mary and I. We had sat close together on the same old bench at the village school—had rejoiced at each other's triumphs over the "hard words," as they were given out by the fierce teacher—and had taken "great big bites" from the same slice of bread and butter, over and over again. We had climbed the long hills together—had chased butterflies together—had sung pretty songs together, and picked berries together. Why, our little cheeks and tips had been pressed together "as often as we had fingers and toes." And thus the years rolled on. Thus we grew up. She was ever ready to defend me. She understood me perfectly.

At length, the shock, from which my soul never recovered, came. I had reached the age of twenty-three. Mary was eighteen. I proposed marriage. So far as Mary herself was concerned, there was no difficulty. She had long been preparing for the event. We had long enjoyed the most blissful dreams of the future. But, ah! how little do we know what a day may bring forth! How suddenly is the sweet current of one's life turned into a dreary, desolate waste! Such was our fate. The shock came. Mary's parents and friends objected to me, in the strongest and most positive manner. I did not love her; said they, and could not make her happy! So obstinate and furious, indeed, became their opposition, after my intention was made known, that I concluded to absent myself for a time, in order, if possible, to bring about a change in their feelings. But things only grew worse for me. In less than a year my poor mother, borne down with grief at my distress, sank into her grave.

In despair, I returned to the village. It was in mid-winter, and the scene was as cheerless as can well be imagined. With the exception of several kind friends—whom I will ever remember with delight—I was pointed at as that "wild, reckless, bad young man." I bore up bravely beneath all this, for I know how little I deserved the treatment; but when I sought an interview with her in whom my dearest affections were centered—when I asked to see my Mary, and was refused—my heart and voice failed me. This was more than I could bear. She, too, had been poisoned against me. So, at least, I supposed—and that was enough. There is no longer need of detail. Being the only surviving member of my family, I turned the dear old homestead into money, and, bidding adieu to the place of my birth, wandered off to the then "Far West." I at once settled down in business, and endeavored to banish from my mind all thought of my former life. But that was out of the question. I could not forget how deeply I had been wronged. I could not but think how little they knew my heart, whom declared I did not love my Mary.

My days and nights were long, and heavy, and bitter, though the years, after all, crowded fast upon me. Indeed, I sometimes felt that I was a very, very old man. One day, long after I had concluded to outlive it all, I was startled by the reception of a letter, bearing the postmark of the village in which I had spent so many pleasant hours. I had been absent so long, it was impossible for me to recognize the superscription. This I did not attempt, though while gazing upon it I indulged in some very strange conjectures. Who could have thought of me, the "wild, reckless, bad man," after so long a separation? It proved to be from a very dear old lady friend, who inferred...
DID I LOVE HER?

me that my Mary, too, after withering away like the tender flower beneath the rude blasts, had gently sunk to rest.

The letter closed as follows:

"Her last breath sounded your name, and when they told her, the day before she took her departure from earth, that it must be, she smiled contentedly, and only requested that her body be laid near your mother, who, like herself, knew and loved you so well."

Reader, all this happened many years ago. I have since visited the old village, and faced those whose conduct caused so much anguish. I looked about me, and my eyes met many changes and strange faces. Tho stood the same old trees, still blooming, with the return of spring. The Old school house, where blight and I spelled the hard words, and rejoiced in each other's triumphs, was there; new faces occupied the long, pine benches. The tall hills we used to climb appeared as

I ask no farewell token
Of thine afar to bear;
No link of bright gold broken,
Nor locks of thy dark hair.

By soul shall still be near thee,
Though far from thee; fly
I only wish to hear thee say "Bless you and good-bye."

This miniature that beareth
Thy semblance I refuse,
Because my fond soul weareth
One that it may not lose.

The love that needs no token
To keep its faith may die;
Then all I would have spoken
Is "Bless you and good-bye!"

San Francisco, May 28, 1856.

FAREWELL.

THE BRIDAL BELLS.

San Francisco, May 28, 1856.
The sun was sinking behind the coast-range—the moon was rising over the Sierra Nevada. Oglesberry Higginbotham sat on a stone near the summit of Sutter's Butte, and gazed on the varied landscape beneath. In his contemplation of the beauties of nature, he had forgotten that it was near night, and that it was some three miles to his camp.

"The mighty Pacific!" he said, "once washed the base of the Nevadas. The mountain on which I stand was not; the coast-range of mountains are of a comparatively late creation. Where the fawn now sports, mild flowers of every hue, in the rich valley of the Sacramento, was once the playground of the whale. And was all this done with one grand stroke of the will of the Creator? Who knows but some enlightened nation was swept from existence by this one command from on High? "He stood, and measured the earth," said the prophet; "He beheld and drove sounder nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting."

"His hand upon his shoulder. Higginbotham was naturally brave—he had been called fool-hardy; but the blood now ran cold in his veins. He could not speak, for he believed that he saw a ghost.

The lady knew his thoughts, and said:

"Be not afraid, Oglesberry. I am flesh and blood. Let us get away from here, and I will explain all. You must live near here, or would not be here at this late hour."

"Maggie Lane," said he, "can this be you?" He took her by the hand, as if to satisfy himself that it was. "It is I," she said, "and I am in the hands of bad men, and wish to escape. Can you do anything for me? No, no!" she said, voluminously; "no, leave me to my fate. I love you too well for that. If those men knew that you were here, they would kill you. They are powerful, and should you help me off, they would follow us up wherever we might go, and then they would kill you."

"Maggie," said he, "Maggie! two years ago, two thousand miles from here, we plighted our love. I then promised that when I got back, I would lead you to the altar, and protect you through life. We now meet under circumstances which I cannot understand. But my camp is about three miles from here, so let's be getting that way. I fear no man, nor no body of men; and no inducement could tempt me to part from you."

They started to walk along, but in an instant they were surrounded by a dozen men; and could Higginbotham tell from whence they came.

"He has seen her," said one, and he must die. Advance and take him!"

Oglesberry raised his gun, and told them to stand back, but still they ad
THE CAPTIVE MAIDEN.

13

He said, "Can this be for by the hand, as it was a reality.

I am in the hand wish to escape. I leave me if you are too well for that you were here.

They are powerful, they have left me, they would never we might go, and I you."

No, "Maggie!" ran miles from here.

I then promised it, I would lead you out you through life.

Circumstances which.

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alk along, but in an bounded by a dose round both tell them.

"I don't know, and he and take him!"

his gun, and told but still they ad-

vanced. His gun fired, and one of them fell, to rise no more. They took him, however, blindfolded, and gagged him. They then passed on for a few steps, stopped a moment, and, when they moved on again, he knew that he was under ground.

"What do you think of this fellow?" said one of the men. "He is grit, ain't he? Why, he must o' known the gal."

"Yes, I'll be bound he knewed her," said another, "for, as I was out to-day, I went to their camp and got to talking with him. He said he was from Overton county, Tennessee, and that is where she come from, you know. I ain't half liked it, nohow, since them fellows have been out here hunting. I believe they knewed something afore they come. There ain't no tellin' what word that wench -- or in a third.

They can't give no regular gie doing with you?"

"I went to breathe a little fresh air," said Maggie, "and met with that gentle-

re. He appeared frightened, and said "Maggie" did huntin' round here for several days, and I believe.

"I believe," said a tall, raw-boned in-

dividual, "that she knowed him. He is one of them fellows as has bin huntin' round here for several days, and I believe they aint ater no good, neither. We
have made up our minds that they must
be cleaned out, to-night, too."

"Well," said the Captain, "we will
consult about that. Now, Miss, what
say you—did you ever see this fellow
before?"

"I don't like to be catechised in so
authoritative a tone as the one you are using
just now," said Maggie. "If, sir, you
will use another tone, I have no objection
to answering your question."

The bandit chief bit his lip, and mo-
tioned his men off.

"Now," said he, "will you tell me
whether you ever saw this gentleman be-
fore, or not?"

"I have seen him before, sir," she re-
plied.

"Where?"

"In the Atlantic States."

"Is it then, a lover of yours?" said he.

"Perhaps he is, and what then?" said
Maggie.

"Perhaps, then, I'll make safe-bait of
him," said the Captain.

"Perhaps you won't," replied Mag-
gie.

"Why not?" demanded the bandit.

"Because," said Maggie, "you dare
not."

Oglesberry was as much surprised at
this as he had been at anything else. He had always looked upon Mag-
zie as being as gentle as a lamb, and as
timid as a fawn; but now he beheld her
holding his bay as man who, from the posi-
tion he held, was bound to be not only
brave, but ferocious. "Here," thought he," is an example of what courage will
do. In all ages of the world, we have
seen men rise into power and influence,
simply with courage. There is a sympa-
thety between minds, and which is not yet
understood. A coward will wither be-
neath a courageous smile. If I only had
as much of it as Maggie has, we would
get out of this scrape."

The bandit chief seemed to reflect for
a moment, and then he said:

"If I will let this young man go, will
you go with me to-morrow to Marys-
ville, or Colusa, and marry me? But
mind, you would have to put your own-
life in pawn for his silence.""

"If you will allow me a half hour's
private conversation with him, I will
agree to your proposition," was the un-
expected reply.

"Well, talk away," said he, and he
walked off.

"Now," said Maggie, in a troubling
voice, "what shall we do?"

"You don't propose to marry that fel-
low, do you?" said Oglesberry.

"Certainly not," said Maggie; "I only
want time. But now I leave it all to you. 
Can you devise any plan for me to es-
cape from him to-morrow, and for you to
goto Colusa, too?"

"Stipulate with him," said he "that I
am to leave first; and then, that you go
to Colusa to get married, and I will fix
the balance."

"Oglesberry," said she, "you will have
to kill him; there is no other way. It
may seem improper for me to give such
advice, but we must get away."

"I will fix that," said Oglesberry;
"but now tell me something about how
you came here, for I am terribly bewil-
dered on that point."

"Well," she began, "Pa took a notion
to come to California about a year ago,
and in a few days we were under way
for the land of gold, via New Orleans and
Panama. We arrived safe in the coun-
try and settled on Feather river. I wrote
to you at Shasta, your old post-office, but
I got no answer, and I did not know
where else to write to. In about a
month after our settlement on the river,
I had been visiting one of our neighbors,
and was returning home about dusk one
evening, when I was overtaken by a man
on horseback. He rode by my side for
some time, and bade me follow him.
That I permitted him to take my
moment; when I turned and faced him
head on:

"I, Sir," he said, "I was paraded to
which a band of Indians was placed, and
whether you should have had to do so."

I then Envied the idea of marriage,
and had no wish to. But now I leave it all to you."

Well, I thought it over, and then
said to Oglesberry;

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I had been visiting one of our neighbors,
and was returning home about dusk one
evening, when I was overtaken by a man
on horseback. He rode by my side for
some time without speaking, and then, all he said was to ask me to get on behind him, and ride home. I told him that I preferred to walk. Just at this moment, another man rode up. "Get down!" said the first one to him, "and hand that girl up to me."

"I tried to scream, but the ruffian stuck an old handkerchief in my mouth, which nearly suffocated me, and I was lifted from the ground like a child, and placed on the horse in front of the man, who put spurs to his horse, and flew across the plains. I did not faint, as I should have been in duty bound to do, had I been the heroine of some romance.

Well, I was brought to this place, and here I have been since; and I must say that I have been well treated; nothing, except being kept closely guarded all the time, and having that fellow importuning me about once a week to marry him. In everything else I have had my own way, and never, for one moment, have I felt afraid of any of them. I have always believed that I would escape unhurt. But oh, Oglesberry! how will my poor parents bear the mysterious loss of their only daughter?

"I have not soon them," said he. "I have written regularly to you, but have received no answer to my letters. I did not know that you were in California."

"While they are talking to each other, let us listen to another very important conversation that is being held in another portion of the same room."

"You think it best, then, Bill," said the Captain, "to clean those hunters out to-night, do you?"

"Well, I does," replied Bill.

"How many of them are there?" asked the Captain.

"There's four of 'em besides the one we have got," said Bill.

"I have promised that girl that if she would marry me I would let that fellow go, and she has agreed to it. Now, I propose to make him swear that he will never say a word about our place, nor us, and then let him go to-night, and when he gets to his camp turn out and kill the last one of them and put them where the coyotes won't find them. She will think he's gone, and will marry me. I know that I can depend on her word."

"That's a capital idea," said Bill; "and I tell you I just want the job of doing it" for this fellow we have got now. I want my revenge for his killing Dick Johnson. Dick was a good fellow."

"Make ready for the work," said the Captain, and he walked off towards our hero and heroine.

"Are you through with your talk?" said he. "If you are, you can listen to the arrangements. Mr. What-you-may-call-him is to leave to-night. You and I leave in the morning at sunrise for Marysville."

"I much prefer going to Colusi," said Maggie. "Some one might know me in Marysville."

"Any way to please the children, and keep peace in the family," said the Captain. "Now, sir, I shall require you to promise me, upon the honor of a gentleman, that you will never, in any manner, tell what you have seen here to-night. You can depart at any moment, but I will keep that gun of yours. She appears to be a fine piece."

"He will take his gun with him," said Maggie, "if he wants it."

"Well, you may have your way in that too," said the bandit, and he stopped across the room to speak to Bill.

"I will write a note by you to my mother," said Maggie, "and that will keep down suspicion. She had hardly finished speaking when the Captain again joined them. Maggie asked him if she might write a note to her mother."

"Write one," said he, "but I must see it."
She went to the table, took a pen and wrote:

"MY DEAR MAM: You have, perhaps, ere this, given me up for lost. I am, dear mother, lost to you. You will never see me again; but grieve not for me, for I shall want for nothing in this life. There is a mystery hanging over me that will never be solved; but be assured that your daughter will always maintain her honor, and never give any one cause to blush for any set of hers. I am to be married to-morrow to a Mr. —" Here she stopped writing, and said:

"Now, Mr. Captain, you see what I have written. Will you please give me your real name? I want none of your aliases. If I marry you, I must marry the name you lend when a child. I will give you my real name if you will give me yours."

"I had sworn never to tell my real name," said he, "but it will be just as good as the parson's book as an alias." He took the pen and wrote where she had left off, in a bold, elegant hand: OSCAR KELLY.

Maggie looked at the writing for an instant, and then at him; tears filled her eyes, and she jumped up, threw her arm around his neck, and exclaimed:

"My brother! Oh, by brother! Can it be a reality that I now see you? You have said that if I would give you my love you would be happy. Come, now, leave off your evil ways; go home with me, and I will always love you. Oh, say that you will do it!"

Oscar spoke not for some time; Maggie dropped herself into a chair; Ogleberry read the name and understood it all.

"You, then," said Oscar, "are the little sister Maggie that I left at home in Virginia some twelve years ago; but I am ashamed to acknowledge myself your brother. My life has been so bad that you can never forgive it. Oh, that we could drink of the Lebanon Spring!"

"I can do it," said Maggie, "and I will try and administer the draught to you. Oh! let us leave this place to-night. I can stand it no longer."

Oscar knelt down by her side: "Maggie," he said, "Maggie, henceforth you shall be my guardian angel: whatever you say I will do it; you have been sent as a special messenger to rescue me from the path of destruction."

The three talked together for several hours. Oscar told them about how he ran away from home when he was only fifteen years old, and when Maggie was five. He told of his adventures since then, and how he was induced to become a robber.

His men were then called from an adjoining room in the cave, and he said to them:

"I am going to leave you, and I leave you all my share of our property, which, I believe amounts to about one hundred thousand dollars. I would advise you to quit the life you are at present leading, and become honest men. Neither of us, then, will ever recognize you if we should happen to meet; nor will I ever say aught to prejudice you in any manner whatever."

"I expected you would get chicken-hearted after a while, by havin' that gold around here," said Bill.

"You will repent it," said Oscar, picking up a pistol and cocking it, "that I am Captain here as long as I stay."

"I ask your pardon," said Bill, "but I meant no insinuation. We all wish you much joy with your wife. * * *

"The moon yet cast a shadow on Maggie, her lover and her brother emerged from the aperture in the rock. When they had passed out, a stone rolled, by machinery, into the door, and no human eye could detect it. They walked down the side of the mountain until they reached a small valley, where they were met by a man who had previously been sent out to obtain horses. He held three splendid animals. Our party mounted, and as they put spurs to their animals they bid farewell to Sutter's Bar."

"In bed, La belle d'Atherton," said the enigmatical SOLOMON, as they passed out of the clearing."

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Leaving the city they ascended the river to Louisville. They were delighted with the country and the hospitality of the Kentuckians. They were soon very comfortable, and quite at home.

Ella improved every opportunity in inquiring after General Adair, but as yet without success. One evening, after they had retired to bed, Lady Dunbar was aroused by the cry of fire. Opening her door, she distinctly saw the flames fast consuming the roof. Rushing down stairs she soon found herself in the street with many of the frightened inmates; looking around, she could not see Ella; the horrid truth that she was still in her room caused Lady Dunbar to cry in frantic tones for Ella, begging every one she saw to rescue her. A young man standing near asked where she was.

"In room No. 10, second floor," sobbed Lady Dunbar. He rushed up the blistering stairs, and, bursting open the door, he saw a lady lying on the floor. Taking her in his arms, he rushed down the stairs just as they gave way with a terrific crash, while the flames enveloped the whole house. On he pressed with his precious burden, his clothes and skin badly burned. Gaining the street, the fresh air soon revived the fainting Ella. She raised her head, still supported by the noble young stranger.

"A thousand thanks, generous stranger," said Ella, rising from his single bosom. "Words are inadequate, to express my feelings for the salvation of my life."

"Say no more, dear lady, I have done nothing more than my duty."

"Are you much injured, sir?"

"Nothing serious, madam."

"Thank God!" again exclaimed Lady Dunbar.

"Allow me, ladies," said the stranger, "to conduct you to comfortable quarters. Unusual exposure may prove injurious."

"We accept your kind offer with grateful feelings, sir."

Once more in comfortable lodgings, Ella made another attempt at expressing her gratitude. She was interrupted by his only leave to help others in distress.

Strange feelings came over her. After his departure Ella expressed her admiration of the noble young stranger, who so valiantly saved her life.

Lady Dunbar smiled. "You owe him gratitude; perhaps it would not be prudent to give him your heart."

Ella blushed. "A serious time to jest, Lady Dunbar; but, do you know his name?"

"Not, but he promised to call tomorrow, when we will be more particular in our inquiries and acknowledgments."

Early the next morning, according to promise, the young stranger called. They received him with cordial warmth, pouring out their grateful feelings in inexpressible quantities. He was evidently much embarrassed. He expressed his regret that circumstances were such that their acquaintance must be brief.

"Do me the honor, dear sir, to receive this ring as a token of my esteem and gratitude." Lady Dunbar joined in the request. A diamond ring of considerable value, once the property of Sir James Frank, but sold to Ella by Mrs. Thomp-
son in Spain, to procure money to defray her expenses in traveling. He took it, and drawing it on his little finger, shook Lady Dunbar by the hand with a warm grasp. He extended his hand to Ella. She placed her trembling hand in his. He pressed it to his lips. Looking in her face he saw a tear drop from her eye as the words were spoken, "Good by." 

"I hope we may meet again," said Lady Dunbar, endeavoring to relieve Ella. 

"I hope so," said he, and he turned and was gone.

Ella and Lady Dunbar conversed long on the merits of this noble young man. His nobleness was as great as his bravery. They had lost all in the fire, and were obliged to remain until they could procure remittances from New Orleans. Ella loved to talk of the unknown stranger; he had awakened a new feeling in her heart unknown to her before. "Ben saved my life—this man did no more." Thus she was compelled to acknowledge that it was no common interest she felt for the man that saved her from a burning death. The unwelcome thought that perhaps she would never see him again would intrude upon her heart, causing the tears often to fall from her lovely eyes. Lady Dunbar noticed a change in Ella, and suspected the cause. She recommended it, as it was not probable they would ever meet again. 

Soon as they received their remittance they left for Lexington. They registered them as Lady Dunbar and Countess of San Diego. As the sound of the bell announced that supper was ready, Lady Dunbar and Ella took their seats at the table. Many of the guests had already read the names on the register, and the unusual occurrence occasioned considerable speculation. They were shown every possible attention and respect. A middle-aged gentleman sat opposite Lady Dunbar, and endeavored to engage her in conversation. 

"You seem to be strangers, madam." 

"Yes, sir; we just arrived this evening." 

"How long have you been in this country?" 

"A few months only, sir." 

"From England, I presume?" 

"Not immediately; we are from Mexico. My young friend, here, is in search of her father, who is a resident of this State." 

"What part of the State?" asked the gentleman. 

"Of that we are ignorant," answered Lady Dunbar; "we have inquired at every place, but have, as yet, heard nothing." 

"What is the gentleman's name, madam?" 

"General Adair." 

"General Adair! Why, that is my name!" 

This announcement created considerable excitement. Adair fastened his eyes on Ella, who sat perfectly immovable, with eyes fixed upon the gentleman. "Your name, young lady?" 

"Ella Adair." 

"Who was your grandfather?" 

"General Don Desmonde." 

"Your mother?" 

"Ella Desmonde." 

"God be praised," said the General, sprouting to her side, and embracing Ella as his daughter. "Your admired mother, where is she?" 

"She is in heaven, dear father. I will give you all, our history; let us retire." 

The company were all affected to tears by this unexpected incident. When alone Ella gave her father a history of all that happened to her mother, and likewise of herself. Again and again the General pressed his daughter to his heart. Ella led her father to her room and introduced him to her dear friend, Lady Dunbar.
General Adair now endeavored to give Ella and her friend his history.  

"After I left your dear mother in Madrid, I came directly to this country.  I was, for a time, unfortunate. The war was a total prohibition to my return to England. My letters to Spain were never answered. Soon as possible I returned to Spain after my wife, but I could not find her. My friend knew nothing of her whereabouts. I came to the conclusion that Ella had gone to her father in Mexico. Knowing his feelings towards me, I knew he would do all he could to prevent his daughter from living with me. In this dilemma I wrote to your grandfather, but received no answer. I supposed your mother had forsaken me; I could not bear her, how ever. Hard it was for me to give up my idol. I visited England, and again Madrid, hoping in some way to hear from my dear wife. I had endeavored, during my stay in this country, to do all the good I could for oppressed people. This was indeed a solace to my wounded spirit. It was useless for me to grieve over unavoidable consequences. My last letter to your grandfather was returned unopened. It was then that I became despondent, and gave up in despair of ever again seeing my Ella, my darling Ella. O, could I recall what has passed, and again be permitted to search for her, I would find her or hunt during life; but this cannot be. Nothing is now left me but to forget and make happy those spared to me."

The old General was quite a favorite with all classes; he had amassed wealth enough to be independent. He had a beautiful farm, well stocked with negroes and cattle, with every appearance of luxury. The locality was in every way suited to elegant taste, being picturesque and romantic. After a detention of a few weeks the General returned to his home, accompanied by Lady Dunbar and his daughter. They were delighted with all they saw, especially with the home of the veteran General. Lady Dunbar was as much pleased with the General as with the farm. His natural congeniality of feeling, his high order of intellect, won for him Lady Dunbar's warmest esteem; in her estimation, it was no wonder Ella Desmonde loved him; it was impossible to know and not love him. So thought Lady Dunbar.

"How your father must have suffered in the unavoidable separation," said Lady Dunbar. "Poor Ella Desmonde. She died of a broken heart, while her disconsolate husband was searching for her in despair. Strange providence, don't you think so, Ella?"

"Yes, very strange providence, indeed; but so it was, and it seemed unavoidable, quite."

"No one was to blame," said Lady Dunbar, who felt deep sympathy for her friends. Their sorrows ever enlisted her warmest feelings. Her own troubles were forgotten in the solicitude she felt for them.

Company thronged the General's pleasant home. His unbounded hospitality was well known to all; few indeed were those that received a cool reception at his house. His beautiful daughter now was an additional attraction to his ever cheerful home. The General proudly presented Ella to his friends. She received them in a friendly, cordial manner, as her father's friends, showing no partiality to any. Ella, having a mind above coquetry, her feelings were easily understood. Her father was rather disappoointed at her reception of some of his favorite young friends, especially a Mr. Rutlidge, who was evidently much smitten by the artless Ella. Mr. Rutlidge was a handsome, talented young man, in high standing in society; his wealth and family were also
her soon discovered to them where her heart was. Lady Dunbar soon returned to the drawing-room, followed by the stranger. Lady Dunbar had been weeping. Her eyes were red, though her face wore a happy expression. She approached the General, and taking the young man by the hand, said:

"Let me introduce you to my son Edward, Lord Dunbar."

The General welcomed him with unusual warmth. Turning to Eliza, "My son, Eliza."

Eliza arose, and with a cordial and hearty welcome, she expressed her happiness at his friend's meeting her long absent son. Lady Dunbar presented him to Mr. Rutlidge, who extended his hand with a warm and generous feeling, with a wish for a better acquaintance.

Edward was a resident of Alabama, a representative of the State, and not agreeing with Mr. Rutlidge in politics. This being the case a discussion arose, at which plainly showed that Edward was equal to the talented Mr. Rutlidge.

"Eliza," said her ladyship, "how do you like my Edward?"

"Why, my dear friend, you told me once not to give him my heart, while I only owed him gratitude.

"True, dear girl; but did you obey my injunctions?"

A deep blush suffused her cheek, as she attempted to answer her friend.

"My dear Lady Dunbar, I have not sufficiently analyzed my feelings to answer you correctly."

"Your truth-telling countenance needs no interpreter; my love," replied her friend. "It does not take much of a philosopher to read your heart. Believe me, dear Eliza, nothing would give me greater pleasure than a consummation of your wishes with my son, my dear Edward. I would be the happiest of mothers."

"And I," said Eliza, "the happiest of daughters. But, dear Lady Dunbar, do not even breathe my feelings to your noble son. Will you promise me? If my hand is not sought by him, let my feelings perish with their birth."

"Dropping her hand on Lady Dunbar's breast, she wept aloud:

"Why do you weep, my child? I knew my Edward cannot be indifferent to your charms."

"I know, my dear Lady Dunbar, that I love without hope; something tells me so."

"Do not give yourself such uneasiness. I know my son better."

Eliza wiped her tears away. Her countenance bore marks of disgust, if not of sickness. The General appeared not to notice her unusual melancholy. Soon they were joined by two young men.

Mr. Rutlidge inquired after Eliza's health, while Edward made only a polite bow.

Edward could not hide his admiration of her, in spite of his desire to conceal a feeling that had taken possession of his heart the first time he saw her in the burning flames. Satisfied by her smile, he intuitively yielded himself to her charms.

The evening passed away quickly. Mr. Rutlidge seemed to be unobservant of the flight of time, as the more favored lover. Lady Dunbar was giving them a history of the fight Don Desmonde had with the robbers. All were astonished at the strange story. The singular underground rooms and their contents were displayed in Lady Dunbar's most eloquent language.

A month of pleasant social intercourses found Edward a companion, lover. He knew that Eliza loved him, and this made him the more miserable. In this dilemma he was walking his room in the greatest agony of mind. A gentle tap at the door, and Lady Dunbar entered her son's presence. Struck with his disturbed look, she inquired the cause of so much disquietude.

"Your feelings frighten me, my son?"
"Give yourself no unnecessary, my dear mother; it is only one of my gloomy fits."

"There must be some cause, my son, love. You withhold your trouble from me, when you know the interest your mother feels in everything that concerns your happiness."

Edward made rapid strides across the floor.

"My dear mother, do you think that Ella loves me?"

"Yes, my son, too much for her own happiness, unless it is reciprocated."

"Who could see her, dear mother, and not love her? Love her, did I say? Love is a poor word to express my feelings. I worship—I idolize her."

"Why do you not propose to her, my son? I know you would not be refused."

"Before I saw her I promised my hand to another—one who loved me, and one in every way worthy of me. Rather than see her drop with hopeless love, I promised her marriage. The time has been set twice and postponed, for various reasons. I was a stranger to love before I saw Ella. I am in honor bound to marry Mary Ruthe-ven."

Here Edward covered his face with his hands, to hide his weakness from his mother. At length, drawing his mother's hand to his lips, he requested her to tell Ella his situation.

Lady Dunbar was exceedingly distressed at this unlooked-for development. Poor Ella! how can I broach to her the sad news that my Edward is betrothed? Yet it must be done. While those painful feelings were occupying the mind of Lady Dunbar, she descended to the drawing-room. Seating herself on the sofa, the big tears were chancing each other down her cheeks. The door suddenly opened, and Ella bounded in, full of glee. Lady Dunbar turned her head, to aver Ella's notice.

"See, Lady Dunbar, how do you like my new dress? My maid says it becomes me better than any other color. Edward said buff was his favorite color."

"Ella, surprised to see her friend in tears, ran to her, and putting her arms around her neck; she affectionately inquired the cause of so much grief. This kind and affectionate inquiry brought a fresh flood of tears to Lady Dunbar's eyes. At length, overcoming in some degree her grief, she took Ella's hand, and motioned her to be seated by her side."

"Ella, dear Ella, I have sad news for you. Edward, my son, my dear Edward, is betrothed to Mary Rutheven! He loves you, Ella, he told me so in accents of despair, but honor forbids his marrying any but Mary."

Ella sank fainting, unable to move. Her friend bade her tempers, but it was some minutes before she was sufficiently recovered to speak.

"Did I not tell you I loved without hope? Sweet hope, thou hast fled!"

Lady Dunbar related to her all Edward had told her of Mary Rutheven.

"Let him never say dishonorably, under any circumstances," said Ella, while bitter tears of disappointment ran down her cheeks. She called to mind Mr. Rutheven's noble spirit. As the hour arrived which was the signal for again meeting in the drawing-room, Ella reluctantly took her place at her father's side. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts.

Edward's eyes unconsciously met Ella's. Her soul and melancholy countenance touched his breast. He was under the necessity of moving his seat, to evade notice.

"I hope," replied Lady Dunbar, that I shall be permitted to spend the rest of my days with my only child."

"Did you not adopt me, dear Lady Dunbar?"

"Yes, my dear child; and hard will it be for me to part with you."

Unable longer to refrain, Ella burst into tears. From this solemn interview
“Your words are true, my dear Ella; still I linger on this dear forbidden ground. He drew close to Ella, took her extended hand, and, pressing her hand to his heart, he kissed the tears from her cheek. Adieu, my darling, my only love! God bless you! May you be happy. Remember me in your fondest petitions, that I may be equal to my trials.”

Ella rushed from the room. When in her own room she turned the key, that she might weep unheard. Her grief was so violent that she become quite sick. Confined to her bed for several days, Lady Dunbar was her constant attendant; her sympathy and counsel were of special benefit in this trying time. Lady Dunbar saw two persons made wretched; it was not in her power to remove the cause; she could only advise.

“Dear Ella,” said Lady Dunbar, “my advice to you would be to travel; it would take up your mind.”

“You are right, my friend. My grandfather’s last wishes I will perform. I will go immediately to England, and take my mother’s honor to their native home, in Spain, to be beside her ancient family, in the burying-ground of San Diego.”

Lady Dunbar’s sorrowful countenance bore true testimony to the deep interest she felt in Ella. The General saw the necessity of a change in his daughter’s society, and readily acquiesced in the proposed plan. The General immediately engaged passage to Liverpool. In a few days Ella and her father bid a reluctant farewell to their friends, and sailed for England.

After the General and Ella’s departure for England, Lady Dunbar experienced a tenderness she had seldom felt before. She was never so happy when the season closed, and when Edward was ready to return to Alabama.

You have, I know, heard from my mother the cause of my trouble. I feel that a statement of my feelings to you will in some degree lighten my sorrow. Dear Ella, honor forbids me breaking my vows to Mary Ruthven. That my heart is yours, it is useless to deny; and that there is a similar feeling in your heart for me, I am also aware. Hard indeed is it for me to forego the blessedness of a union with one calculated to make me so happy, but the sacrifice must be made. Your noble heart could not love one who was false to another. Long, long ago would I have sought for your hand, were it not for my promise to Mary. Dry your tears, dear Ella; our fate is hard, but unavoidable. Ever believe me your friend.

“I would not ask you, Edward, to break your promise with Mary. No, Heaven forbid that she should feel what I feel; and it is useless for us to prolong this interview, as it will only augment our sorrow.”

“Let my mother still occupy a place in your heart; look upon her as a mother. You are as dear to her as I am. Can you look upon me as a brother, dear Ella? Can you grant this precious favor?”

“I am and always will be the friend of my dear Lady Dunbar and her son. I am indebted to you for saving my life. Can I forget this obligation? No, whatever circumstances may occur, it will not change my obligations to you or your dear mother, who befriended me when I was without a home or friends. But this only

hurrows up my feelings; let us close this interview.”

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Lady Dunbar was quite anxious to see her intended daughter-in-law, Mary Ruthven. This desire she mentioned to Edward. He promised to gratify her soon as convenient.

Mr. Ruthven, Mary's father, was a lawyer of high standing; possessing but a limited share of this world's goods. Believing Edward to be rich, he was anxious to have him marry his daughter. He had a wife and four daughters, Mary being the eldest. Mary was a very handsome girl, of more than ordinary ability. Her advantages had been good. She had a good share of vanity. Her's was one of those changeable natures, which could die for a thing to-day, and throw it away to-morrow. She loved Edward to distraction, and she was unable to hide it. Thinking him unaccountable, she sickened. Edward pitied her, and, in a moment of sympathy, he proposed to her, which was eagerly accepted.

Mary and her mother soon called on Lady Dunbar. They were much pleased with Edward's accomplished mother, while Lady Dunbar made the best of Edward's friends.

In appearance Mary was unlike Ella. A fair complexion, light brown curls, tall yet well formed, changeable yet warm-hearted; while her love lasted, her large blue eyes were her chief beauty. Her character was formed by a vain, proud mother and an aristocratic father, whose circumstances made it necessary to resort to many speculations in regard to his daughters marrying rich. To maintain their high notions, the daughters were as well posted on this as the father. Edward looked upon Mary as a superior girl. He felt that he was to blame for not loving her, and was willing to suffer penance for his lack of affection. Mary met Edward with her usual fervency. She thought there was a drawback with Edward, but she was not very sensitive, so that he fulfilled his promise of marriage. The time had now arrived when Edward could postpone the marriage no longer.

Lady Dunbar determined to love Mary as a daughter, and shut her eyes to her faults.

The day at length arrived that was to crown Mary's happiness. The neighbors were collected at Mr. Ruthven's to witness the marriage ceremony. Edward did not make his appearance until quite late. The minister was in waiting. At length Edward arrived, in full dress for the occasion. Mary was sitting in a private room, waiting for him. He was shown where her room was by a servant. He approached Mary as she sat on a rich ottoman, and, taking her hand in his, he said:

"I wish I was worthy of you, Mary.
"You think more of me than I deserve," said Mary, putting her arm over his neck.

Edward kissed her, while a conscious pang of unintentional injury covered his manly face.

"They are waiting as, Mary; let us not keep them in suspense." Taking her arm, they walked out upon the floor where the ceremony was to be performed.

The minister arose, requested them to join hands, while he made a long prayer. Edward still held Mary's trembling hand. A confusion of loud and strange voices arrested the ceremony. An officer approached Edward, and, clapping his hand on his shoulder, said:

"You are my prisoner!"

The ceremony was of course postponed until the matter could be investigated. The arrest was made on two charges: for attempted assassination, and theft of a diamond ring. A legal process had been taken by the English Government for Edward's arrest.

Lady Dunbar accompanied her son, now a prisoner, to England, to stand his...
Edward soon discovered that his arrest had been made in behalf of Sir James Frank. While indignation filled his very soul, he determined never to leave England until he was avenged on this cowardly enemy.

Mary Rutheven, in the moment of excitement, determined to accompany Edward to England. Lady Dunbar advised her to remain, especially as Mr. Rutheven seemed quite shocked at the disgrace Edward had so "unintentionally brought upon his family.

Edward's spirits were quite good—much better than usual. Lady Dunbar was astonished at this.

"You have no fears, Edward," said she, "about the consequences of this trial?"

"No, mother, not in the least; he can do nothing unless he proves false. I only hope we may get to England before the General and his daughter leaves for Spain, as Ella's evidence would be much in my favor, as she gave me the ring."

"Yes, my son, but it is not likely that they are still in England. Soon as we get there your uncle, Admiral Lambert, can ascertain whether the General has left, and also what he done relative to the trial."

"I wonder, mother, if we will find him in London?"

"Do you mean Lambert?"

"Yes."

"We will have no difficulty in finding him, my son."

It was a dark and gloomy day that they arrived in London. Edward was taken to prison. Lady Dunbar immediately sent for her brother. Lambert arrived sooner than she expected. He hastened to her, astonished at the charges against Edward. Lady Dunbar met her noble brother with eyes full of tears, while Lambert pressed her warmly to his brotherly heart.

Here, for the first time, Lambert heard of Ella's being in England. He wrote immediately to ascertain if they were still in England, and found they had left one month before.

Lambert entertained high hope of the speedy acquittal of Edward. The day of trial at length arrived; and Sir James Frank had prepared, with many false witnesses, to sustain the prosecution. Admiral Lambert had also been procuring witnesses in favor of Edward.

The witnesses testified to all Sir James could wish, and the case was about going against Edward. The Admiral had the suit put off until he could procure other witnesses. Admiral Lambert became quite alarmed at the unfavorable appearance of the case. He regretted that Edward would have to lie in prison much longer than he anticipated.

At this stage of affairs Lambert found that public opinion was in favor of Sir James Frank. Sir Parker was subpoenaed as a witness, he being present at the time Edward struck Sir James. Lady Parker accompanied her husband to London to console Lady Dunbar.

Edward's leaving the kingdom at the time of the affray seemed to make an unfavorable impression. In this dilemma Lady Dunbar received a letter from Mary Rutheven, in answer to one Edward wrote to her soon after he arrived in London. She opened it, and was surprised at its contents. Mary Rutheven requested to be released from her engagement to Edward, stating that she did not wish to be allied to disgrace. Lady Dunbar's feelings were hurt at this thrust at Edward's honor. Taking the letter in her hand, she proceeded to the prison. Edward, being unwell, his countenance wore a haggard look.

"I have a letter, Edward, for you; but I am almost afraid to give it you."

"Who is it from, mother?"

"Mary Rutheven."

"From Mary! let me see it. Is she well?"
“Yes, quite well, my son.”

Edward opened and read the letter. When he came to where Mary did not wish to be allied to disgrace, his cheek burned with a feeling close akin to anger. Taking up a pen, he wrote her a long letter, dissolving the obligation.

The day at length arrived for the continuation of the trial. This time Lambert was more fortunate in procuring witnesses for the defence. Sir Parker’s evidence proved that Edward stabbed Sir James in self-defence, and Lady Dunbar testified to Ella’s giving Edward the ring. She also testified to Ella’s purchasing the ring of Mrs. Thompson. Lady Parker testified to the same.

This prosecution brought out so many things of a criminal nature against Sir James Frank and his sister that Sir James made his escape, taking Mrs. Thompson and her children with him.

Edward’s pardon and acquittal brought much pleasure to his friends, who congratulated him on the favorable termination of his suit. His title of Lord Dunbar was again coded to him, with the estates belonging to the title, which had been neglected by his extravagant father. Lord Dunbar had few inducements to remain in England, and, as his mother intended to make her friend, Lady Parker, a visit, he determined to join General Adair and his daughter.

Bidding his friends a temporary adieu, he took sail for Spain. Having a pressing voyage, he found himself safe in the city of Madrid. Making the necessary inquiries, he found that the General had gone to Mexico, with a Bishop, and agents for the treasure left by Don Domingo to the Spanish monarch. Ella was prosecuting to the utmost her grandfather’s wishes.

Edward was not long in determining his course. Improving the first opportunity, he sailed for Mexico. His tedious voyage was at length accomplished. Arriving in the city of Mexico, his first inquiry was for the General and his daughter. To his joy he found that they were still in the city of Mexico. Losing no time, he sought their residence, and, knocking at the door of the General’s office, he was admitted. The General was astonished at seeing Edward in the city of Mexico. Edward explained to him, in a few words as possible, what had taken place with him since the General left Washington, and likewise his desire to join him and Ella in Mexico.

“No one was ever more pleased to see you than I, except Ella,” said the General, in a jubilant manner; “and, as you are free from one, you hasten to bind yourself to another—is this not the case?”

“Yes, I believe you are right; and now, my good General, will you so kind as to tell me where I can find your daughter?”

“Come along, my Lord; and we will give her an agreeable surprise.”

Crossing the Plaza, they arrived in front of a fine building, once the residence of Don Domingo. Opening the hall-door, Edward stepped aside and the General called Ella. She immediately made her appearance, and with affectionate interest inquired what were his wishes.

“How would you like to hear of Lady Dunbar?”

“O, I would like it so much. Have you heard?”

“Well, yes.”

“Is Edward married?”

“No, not yet, Ella; his girl gave him the mitten.”

“You are jesting, father.”

“No, indeed; and, if you don’t believe me, there is the young man to answer for himself.”

Edward now stepped out from behind the door, to Ella’s astonishment.

“Will you not welcome an old friend to Mexico, Ella?”
"Hastily, my dear sir," said she; "especially when you bring good tidings from dear friends."

"Come, Ella, Edward is tired; sitting is pleasant, but standing. Invite us in the sitting-room."

"Excuse me, father, my surprise was so complete that I forgot myself."

Seated in the parlor, Edward began giving Ella a history of all that had happened to him and his friends, since they last saw each other. Ella was surprised at what she heard, especially of Edward's arrest.

The General, in turn, gave Edward a history of their adventures since they left the States.

"We had a pleasant trip to Liverpool. Arriving there, we immediately rode over to the Thompson Mansion. Inquiring at the village for the sexton, he was pointed out to us; making our business known to him, he pointed out Mrs. Adair's grave; ordering the necessary things for her removal, we had some leisure to inquire after the people of the mansion. We were informed that it was sold, and that the Thompons had removed to one of Sir James' houses, in Essex."

"Soon as convenient, Edward sailed for Madrid. After spending a few months here to rest, we left my dearest wife's remains in the vault of the church, and proceeded to this city. As soon as we arrived, Edward conferred with the General, asking his consent to the marriage. The General gave his hearty consent, knowing his daughter's attachment to Edward."

The company was now ready to engage in the expedition of removing Desmonde's remains and the treasure. A band of Mexican soldiers, a few servants, a bishop, and his Spanish Majesty's officer accompanied them. Many tedious days' travel brought them to their journey's end. Ella scarcely recognized the place; it was horribly altered. The wall that surrounded the house was broken down, piles of shattered stone lay in broken heaps; fragments hung on loose places ready to fall.

"How changed this place is," said Ella, in astonishment. "Once this place was the most beautiful and cultivated of Lower California. It has been but a short time since we left it. I can hardly account for the change."

On inquiring of some Mexicans the cause, they said the walls had been torn down to search for hidden treasure by the Mexicans. Ella could not refrain from weeping, as she looked upon the heaps of ruins.

"May I hope you have not?"

"Make me the happiest of men by confirming hope."

"I have not changed, Edward; mine is not a changeable nature."

Pressing his hand to his heart he thanked Sir James a thousand times for his arrest, as it put him in possession of that which was dearer than life. His dear Ella would not have been his but for the timely arrest;

"Dear, Ella, may nothing separate us during this life."

"Ah!" said the General; "and we congratulate ourselves on having one with us that is not of this untrustworthy nation."

"Yes; and now I think of it, I have some business that must be attended to directly, so I will leave you with Ella."

Taking his hat he left them to themselves. Edward approached Ella, and seating himself by her side, he asked her if she had changed in feeling for him since they last met. In such unfavorable circumstances.

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as the boom of cannon sounded their welcome to Madrid, they also rejoiced to behold the remains of one of Spain's most faithful officers. They arrived on All Saints' Day. Processions of nuns, and priests, and people, were marching in solemn order through the city. Images of the favored saints were carried in reverence, decorated in the most beautiful style.

The tokens of high honor were received by the young Countess. It was her mother's home--it was hers. "Who funeral of Don Desmundo and his daughter, who had died in strange lands, was an unusual occurrence, and drew a large crowd of people. The illumination of the Castle of San Diego, the ostentatious burial, was a great contrast to their solemn burial in other lands. It would be tedious to attempt to describe the impres-
Many devout Catholics looked upon Ella, the young Countess, as a special favorite of Divine favor. Her heroism and many encounters won for her a wide celebrity. The Castle was again in the hands of the blood of San Diego. Nobles flocked, in crowds, to congratulate the young Countess.

In the possession of the ancient family residence of San Diego, Edward, was now anxious to have his and Ella’s nuptials celebrated. A magnificent wedding, at the Castle, consummated their happiness.

The General soon became tired of Madrid, and longed again for America. Bidding his children adieu, he returned to England. Visiting Lady Dunbar, he prevailed upon her to procure Mrs. Adair and return with him to America. Lady Parker was very much pleased with this wedding, as it seemed the very thing that would make her friend happy. Miss Parker’s health was rather poor, and it was thought travel would be beneficial. The General prevailed upon Sir Parker to allow her to accompany them to America. After a pleasant voyage, they again stopped upon American ground, and they were most happy when they arrived at the General’s lovely mansion in Kentucky. Miss Parker’s health was much improved.

Mr. Rutlidge again visited the General’s social fireside. He found Miss Parker equal to Ella in appearance, and more susceptible of that affection which Ella lacked for him. A few months found him again in love. This time he was more fortunate. A letter was sent to England to Sir Parker, asking his consent to a marriage of his daughter with the American Senator. To their great surprise the Baronet gave his willing consent, and, to show his approval, a handsome sum of money was also sent. Mr. Rutlidge now procured a mansion that suited his plantations, equal, to any in Kentucky.

Lord Dunbar was not much attached to the Spanish people. They determined to remain in Spain two years. One evening, as the Countess and her husband were walking in the church graveyard, another residence of little more than a year, they discovered some one lying dead on the graves of the unfortunate Thompsons. They approached nearer, and, found, to their surprise, it was the Mrs. Thompson. She was quite dead, and seemed in great destitution. They had her removed and buried beside children. Finding a piece of paper in her pocket, Ella read it, and was shocked at its contents. It seemed that Mrs. Thompson became enamored with an adventurer who persuaded her to run away with him. With all the money she could get, leaving her children and her brother, Sir James Frank, she eloped with this second, who got all her money and then deserted her. Selling all her jewelry, she procured money enough to bring her to Spain. Sickness overtook her; and it appeared, in one of her visits to her children’s graves, she was seized with a spasm and died. As she had turned poor, Mrs. Adair unwisely put all doors to die; so she died upon the cold ground, without one single friend to soften her sorrows, which she so richly merited. She was buried by the very family she had tried to wrong.

The young Countess was now about to present her lord with an heir. This event was looked for with much interest by the young and dying husband. At length the time arrived, and a pair of fine boys were placed in his arms. This joyful occasion caused much speculation as to which should be the Count San Diego.
The Bishop was called to choose which should be the Spanish heir. The Bishop chose the larger of the two. The expensive christening was honored by the sovereign, who stood as godfather to the young Count of San Diego, or San Dago. The other son was christened Edward Lambert, Lord Dunbar.

Soon as prudent, Ella was determined to visit America, to see her father and mother, having a great desire to see her twin boys sit on their grandfather's knee. They had a pleasant voyage to America, and were welcomed with all the joy and happiness that any could desire. Mr. Rutledge and lady were also very much delighted to meet their old friends. Edward and Mr. Rutledge visited Alabama, to see other acquaintances, and were surprised to find Miss Mary Ruthven married. Edward was received by all his old friends with many congratulations.

After a visit of a year, Edward and his family returned to Spain, taking England in their journey. Visiting Sir Parker, they were surprised when told that young Mr. Thompson was in France, having married a rich lady, and that his sister had married an Italian noblemen. Sir James was killed in a duel, and young Mr. Thompson was now Sir Lawrence Frank.

The Countess and Lord Dunbar were received with exclamations of joy by all, poor and rich. The young Count of San Diego grew up to be an heir to the Spanish nobles; while Lord Dunbar fell heir to Admiral Lambert's property. At his death he was a rich and popular member of Parliament.

Thus we leave them, in possession of many good things—besides the Bishop's blessing.

ISADORE LEE—A SKETCH.

BY ALICE.

The proud Ruth Houghton married, against her parents' will, wild and reckless Arthur Lee; and when too late she came to repent of her choice in taking a companion for life, too fell, found herself in the desolate heartsthron and came to California, and his slowly willing, unheedingly footsteps brought him down to a drunkard's grave. Yes! The unconscious ground of a strange land covered his many wild dreams and hopes, and he died. Ruth, the maniac's wife, with broken heart, her broken heart, her Little Isadora, Poor Ruth, with reason, bereft, had forgotten. The memory of her slumbered name. A host of cold oblivion drank up his name, and a deep, mysterious, weird-like silence hung around his neglected remains, such as rested on the world when order was brought out of chaos on the morning when the stars sang together. The calm wave of forgetfulness swept over his grave in Sierra, where all was still.

Crazy Ruth then began to wander through the streets and by-places all day long with her low mien and cold, pale brow; and wild maniac laughter broke from her thin white lips and fell on the morning air like the disconsolant wail of a broken harp string. When the world looked cold and frozen she hugged little Isadora, her jewel, more closely to her aching heart, and wept sealing tears of grief on her small upturned face. Then when the rattle and chatter of noisy day was turned to quiet night Ruth and her
jewel slept with a stone for a pillow, like the beggar-boy under the hedges. When the weary eyelids drew down, over the blue eyes the dreamer of comfort, of happiness, which came to play with heartstrings, and on the pinions of imagination she was wafted beyond the walls of time, where the weary in heart find rest and the tears of the orphan are wiped away by the hand of sympathy and love. Many a night Isadore slept on her long bony arms—the postures looking much like the sleeping Madonna and child.

Then, when the bare trees were bending low with the white drapery of the storm, and the window-panes were covered with a deep freckle of glistering frost, Ruth still was a wanderer, and the same wild wind that held so strange a carnival abroad, roaring and raging through the vast ocean of forest, came and played with her tattered garments and plowed the thin covering of Isadore, wantonly straying through the matted ringlets, toying with her small hands and feet. 

'Twas then the hand of common charity felt the pampers, and Ruth talked more wildly of Arthur as she moaned and wandered from place to place. Many grew tired and weary of "crazy Ruth," and rude boys quoted her with stones by the wayside. But when they saw the tender mist of sorrow dimming Isadore's sweet blue eyes and the sunbeams playing with her golden hair, or gazed upon the small upturned face with that imploring look to save her mother, they felt a robuck for their wickedness, for such purity and loveliness never rested upon the face of a child and won their conditones before.

On a bleak December night, when the blast blew bitterly cold, Ruth stood outside a princely mansion, and with half-restored reason she saw within the blushing Christmas fire, which made her thin form still colder. There she saw merry groups of happy youth; girls with dimpled arms and hands, with joyous sunny smiles; for ears, sorrow and the world's blight had not written their wrinkles upon the open brow of light-hearted youth. All was joy there. As if to make her hunger more biting and acute, she saw, through the half-closed shutters, spread in rich profusion, a feast dainty enough for a king. The large tables groaned with many a luxury. There was plenty for each.

That night, after the gay throng had departed to happy and cheerful homes, Ruth, feasted too—feasted upon the dreams of her dear childhood, and upon thoughts of what she once was, and what stern destiny had doomed her to. Then, when the young moon came up, skimming her fair light o'er tower and tree, while Ruth wept. Then came that wild unrest, and she shamblered down, down among the white snow-flakes, and such a sweet sleep that angels might envy her.

Two poorly tears trembled and fall over the half-closed lid—a sigh of knowing hunger—and the troubled waters of the soul were stillled.

The next day they buried poor Ruth in the frozen ground of a country churchyard, and the beautiful orphan was taken home to live with the proud and great. This coldly fell the stranger's kiss upon her forehead; for she daily piled and wasted away, looking more like a child of another sphere than one of candidy form. Day by day her form grew slighter, and her eyes shone more and more with a beauteously lustre, and in early spring-tide Isadore was missing; and when the mile-wide sullen shaft at the early blush of dawn, the little pet was found sleeping by the manne's grave; and when the God of Day came up over the hills Isadore was dreaming—not among the bruised flowers, where the little body lay, for that night the spirit of the manne mother hovered over the dying child, and clasped her little fairy in Her heart's arms and soared to heaven from the fragments of heaven: lingering around the sun, nothing but the head of the garments was seen as placed in the mist, with the rest of Isadore clinging on—they again. Isadore had gone to a castle and play upon a hill top in that hallowed land of poetic verse, and that in height never fade—gone to the crown of the Redonda and "suffer little children in, and forbid them not."
For several days past we have had a
sharp look out for a good Fourth of July
article. At one time, failing to find any-
thing suitable to the occasion, we con-
duced to try our own hand on the glories
subject; but, before we were fairly under
headway, a friend called our attention to
the following soul-stirring account of the
first battle of the American Revolution.
It is a chapter from the forthcoming sev-
enth and last volume of Bancroft's His-
try of the United States, describing the
battle of Lexington, which took place on
the 10th of April, 1775; fifty-nine days
before the struggle at Bunker Hill. Mr.
Bancroft, himself, read the chapter before
the New York Historical Society, a short
time since.

After some preliminary remarks Mr.
Bancroft alluded to the state of feeling in
the British Parliament before that battle,
and to the fact that there were not fifty
people in the colonies at that time who ex-
pected that a bold effort had been made.
The confidence in England was perfect
and entire, and the King in Parliament
expressed his opinion that the disturbance
in America would be quelled.

On the afternoon, he said, of the 18th
of April, the day on which the Provincial
Congress of Massachusetts adjourned,
General Gage took the light infantry and
grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared
an expedition, to destroy the colony's
stores at Concord. But the attempt had
for several weeks been expected; a strict
Watch had been kept; and signals word
concerted to announce the first move-
ment of troops for the country. Samuel I.
Adams and Hancock, who had not yet
left Lexington for Philadelphia, received
a timely message from Warren, and in
consequence, the Committee of Safety
removed a part of the public stores and
seized the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more ser-
gents in disguise dispersed themselves
through Cambridge and further west, to
intercept all communication. In the fol-
lowing night, the grenadiers and light
infantry, not less than eighty hundred in
number, the flower of the army at Bos-
ton, commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed on the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after winding up marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no man should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the orders to prevent it, two friends rowed him across the stately town, by the low stone wall and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a pool from the belfry of the meeting house called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder-horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers, he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock, that they held the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms, proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty. From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through the town. Express messages and volleys from minute men spread the alarm.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold editor of patriotic state papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772 they had instructed their representatives to demand "a radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they renewed the use. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition," and mounted a force of 700 men. The captains, "in every one of them," sent a few regulars, reporting in a style of their appearance in the town.

The last ares were light when the force ordered to march quietly to Lexington reached the town.

On the morning of the 19th of April between the hours of twelve and one, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who division at once, the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty," from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along; till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were escolted and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall and galloped on for Concord.

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The last ares were light when the force ordered to march quietly to Lexington reached the town.
The spirit of 1775.

During the month of April, the 18th, orders were given by the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with the old men also, who were exempt, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of the militiamen and alarm men, about one hundred answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every man to load with powder and ball, but take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regiments, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at the sound of the drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the southeast corner of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose profession had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled, by persuasion, to retire to wards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from the sky when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a Major of Marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired and the drums beat. Less than seventy—with perhaps less than sixty—sallied from the commons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

The British ran, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grandiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pritchard discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. The random shots of the collectives or dying men did no harm, except that Pritchard's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the 10th Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Johns Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops, and kept his vow. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when he observed a heart as ever threshed for freedom was stilled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Mur- ney, and so died the aged Robert Moore, the same who in 1758 had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, Jr., was struck in front of his own house on the north of the Common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then emulate on hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on the threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as
When Autumn crowns the fields with corn,
When the harvest moon is in the sky,
The stores of waving grain,
The golden harvest sheaves,

So sow the seeds of truth,
In thy life's early spring,
That in the Autumn thou may'st reap
A joyful gathering.

Fruits of thy early years,
And wealth that Summer beares,
Bound in the glorious Autumn days,
Into golden harvest sheaves.

Bride and Groom a Century Ago.—
To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an ivory cas- tion that sat like an innumus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then snappd over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a hay stack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief fastened in front by a brooch pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirts flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with pecked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclined her foot, and glittered with spangles, as her little pendants peeped curiously out. Now for the waist. His hair was slicked back and plentifully hoovered, while his face projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow: his long coat of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habits of his neither linen. Lace ribbons clustered around his wrist, and a flt worked in correspondence, and bearing the minia- ture of his beloved, finished him.

The Golden Harvest Sheaves.

The golden harvest sheaves,
On the slopes of the sunny hills,
When Autumn crowns the fields with corn,
And the barns with plenty fills.

All glittering in the sun:
When the harvest moon in is the sky,
And summer's work is done.

branched, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply
their praise from generation to generation.
They fulfilled their duty not from
the not too impetuous of the moment;
their action was the slowly ripened fruit
of Providence and of time.

Headless of his own danger, Samuel
Adams, with the voice of a prophet, ex- claimed, when he bonded of the resistance of
Lexington: "Oh! what a glorious
morning is this!" for he saw that his
country's independance was rapidly hastening on, and, like Columbus in
the tempest, knew that the storm did but
bear him the more swiftly towards the
undiscovered world.

Their names are held in grateful remora-
tion throughout the mighty struggle which they began;
their country an assurance of success in
the rights of mankind;
they gave their lives in testimony
that they were of
America.

The village heroes
those who stood in arms ou. the green.

Seven of the nine men, Elbridge
Wentworth, who had met in common
by chance, had been taken prisoner
in the course of the evening fight. They
were pursued and killed, after
they had left the green. Samuel
Hudley and John
Brown were pursued and killed, after
they had left the green. Ambed Portor,
of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner
by the march, endeavoring to escape, was
shot within a few rods of the Common.

Seven of the men of Lexington were
killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of
these who stood in arms on the green.
These are the village heroes, who were
more than of noble blood, proving by
their spirit that they were of the race of
villains. They gave their lives in testimony
to the rights of mankind, bequesting
their country an assurance of success in
the mighty struggle which they began.
Their names are held in grateful remora-
tion throughout the mighty struggle which they began;
their country an assurance of success in
the rights of mankind;
they gave their lives in testimony
that they were of
America.
Our Social Chair.

A little over a year ago we presented our readers with a finely engraved view of that sublime reality, Mount Shasta, accompanied by a graphic description of its ascent by Rev. I. S. Bleth. We were not aware, when we placed that engraving in the hands of the printer, that the ascent had before been made, or that a description far surpassing in beauty and interest anything we had met with, was in print. We have recently discovered that as early as 1852, John B. Brown, Esq., our pleasant friend of the Marysville Express, soared aloft to the

"Heaven top wherein the Genio
Of that mountain beholds his glorious throne"

and there, with the pencil of a true Poet, drew a picture as faultless as the spectator is grand and imposing. And our eye fallen on this admirable Poem at the time we gave our engraving, it would certainly have appeared. We now give it a place with pleasure, which is enhanced by the fact of its being the production of one of the noblest members of the Californian press:

Mount Shasta, the

"Itself all light, saVd wh'eli sonm loftiest cloud
Round that crystal cone,
On higlh to catch the dazzling beams that fall
To view the birth-place Of nndyt:,g Meth'

Itself itl snow, ilnumaeulato Ul
In showers of Slfleml0r rpund that crystal cone,
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Throwing Water.—A couple of milkmen got into an angry quarrel, yesterday, about some trifling business matter, during which one of them seized a bucket of water that was standing on the sidewalk, and threw it into the face of the other. A waggish bystander present turned the fact into ridicule by remarking, dryly, that their business might suffer more in the loss of the water than by the matter over which they quarreled.—Backscope.

The above item has opened a "vein.": The stories told at the expense of the milkmen are so varied and numerous, that they, like many of the milk sold by this much maligned guild of tradesmen, have become "stale, flat and unprofitable."

The old practical joker, running a rattle-tongue into the spout of the dairyman's pump late one cold frosty night, and then rousing the snoring lactarian with the astounding intelligence that his best cow was dead, was hard to beat in its day, but we know of one that, in our opinion, will make it. In the vicinity of a certain country town of Ohio, not a thousand miles from where our worthy Governor broke his nose as a member of the bar, there lived a nuclear, devoutly pious and strictly conscientious milkman, whose customers always said drift, while he gave good measure, somehow, when his "night's milk" was left in a cool place for the cream to rise with the family, for breakfast in the morning, the rich yellow scum came up missing. Being called away one cold winter day, having early in the morning, he ordered his man Friday to give at night to each of the cows one sheaf of oats, and to the best cow an extra allowance of one. He, on returning in the evening, went into the stable and found that his favorite milk cow had lost one sheaf, like the scrub stick. Inquisitive at the supposed neglect of his strict orders, he made hasty strides to the house to give his servitor a blessing, when, passing the pump, he was astonished to find two shovels of oats lying under the nozzle of that institution. Scrutinizing his head over it, the thing made its way through his wool in a moment. Patrick, who was a wag—and in the parlance of "Ipsedoodle" "a humorous cuss"—had given each of the cows one sheaf, and the best one, or the one that gave the most milk, two! The old man, however, being one who "couldn't take a joke," especially of so practical a nature, waited until morning, the meanwhile "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," when he gave Pat his walking papers, for being too strict a constructionist to suit the milk business.

An honest milkman residing in the vicinity of a pleasant village bearing the euphonious name of Helltown, a few miles out of Cincinnati,

"On muddy milk crooks a rancid range," in crossing that famous stream yevided in the original Miami dialect, "Make tow-wah," on his way to supply the denizens of the Queen City with what the inscription above the beautifully painted cow on the panel of his wagon informed the public was "Pure Milk, Fresh from the Oscewa," usually filled his cans with the pure and limpid element, making a regular "half an' half" of the mixture. One morning, dipping a little too deep, he scooped up a live minnow, which he, without noticing, measured out to a regular customer. When the morning's milk came to be measured out, the fatally were astonished to find a good-sized fish swimming in his native element. The thing was looked upon as a scaly piece of business, and the milkman was, like some officials, voted decidedly fishy.

The milk in the cocoanut was, however, easily accounted for.

A friend relates us the following incident that occurred on that magnificent floating palace, the steamer Eclipse, on her downward trip a short time since. Being crowded to overflowing by the human tide rushing in a Niagara-like cataract for Fresh Fruit only, the old Beeswax, who was the crew without what the ship's men called "compliments," in order to make the space as the ace of spades is black as it is black that he eliminated with hasty effect. We have always felt, if you were a spy of the gentleman you should invariably "cover," even if he did Groves's boy, "some milk?" (Code), into the empty jug up into the bottom of a nous bone, he replied in the milk's been done just that.

"But I got no know."

"By God, man, are you?"

"Fall, that's new he was sent to chalk a flue."

The whites of Cherry's size of the says, and he really turned through he did not the completely cooled; he forgot in. "Oh old old on in the remark of Beeswax you, like unto an empty "Bigamy."

Our fair friend E.—

Next to sentimental efforts, we think our June issue will be recognized by us next week, and the line of "Oh Baby," "Oh there are life pictures in the say, his recognized, we say, without will add, the beauty and excelling grace of last a
OUR SOCIAL CIRCLE.

"bound for Frazer," as a Down Easter observed; the milk "kinder gin coot."

Old Beeswax, who never drinks tea or coffee without what the sentimental lady styled "condiments," addressed a dark eye "as black as the sea of spades," or at least so black that he might have been widespread with lampblack, with "Steward." We have always observed that on steamboats, if you want to catch the ear or eye of "the gentleman from Africa," you should invariably address him as "steward," even if he is the second or third steward's boy. "Steward, can't I have some milk?" Casting his gimlet eye into the empty jug like a crow looking into the bottom of a long cleaned narrow-bone, he replied: "Sorry to say, sir, de milk's been done gone 'bore half hour."

"Haint got no know aboard, boy ye?"

"Fo' God, massa, d'aint no cow under."

"Well, that's tow bad; you couldn't make out to chalk a follower out sum, cud ye?"

The whites of Clarcon's eyes dilated to the size of the saucer he held in his hand; he really turned pale, and, although he did not "kick the bucket," completely closed; he fractionally took refuge in "de old coloose,"while the last remark of Beeswax "set the table in a roar," like unto an explosion of the steamer "Gipsy."

Our fair friend—, the first of whose pleasant poetical efforts we introduced to our readers in our June number, has favored us with another charming production, "Our Baby," and "The Baby's Grave" are life pictures, which will, we dare say, be recognized by many. They are, we might add, pictures which surpass in beauty and excellence even her sparkling gem of last month:

OUR BABY.

Welcome to the world of beauty,
Little baby, soft and bright;
Like a dew drop they hast fallen
To refresh our weary sight;
Welcome to this world of sunshine,
May no cloud ever fall on thee—
A hy pure and gentle spirit,
From all stain be ever free!

Like a jewel in the casket,
Which lies hid in truth's deep well,
In thy fair and lovely bosom
May thy spirit ever dwell;
And when thy short life is ended,
And earth's mantle is laid round,
May our happy, angel darling,
Glitter in the Savior's crown! E.

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

In a quiet, solemn church-yard,
Where the weeping willows wave,
And the sweet, wild flowers are blooming,
Is a little baby's grave.

A simple cross stands at the head,
Where a mourning cypress waves,
And the zephyrs sad are sighing
The birds sing in the morning
When the skies are bright and blue,
And at night, when they are sleeping,
The stars weep tears of dew.

But the darling little baby,
Whose sweet form is resting there,
Is an angel bright, in Heaven—
A free spirit of the air!
And at the midnight hour,
When the moonbeams sadly play
With gentle wing he brushes
His mother's tears away—
For that darling little baby
Of her very bosom was a part—
And he condescends from Heaven,
To nestle in her heart.
An interior correspondent, whose extreme modesty prevents his name from being introduced to the public, sends us what he calls "the main points" of a story of five chapters, with the request that we "fix it up to suit ourselves."

Had we several months leisure time at our command, in which to practice the art of putting up yellow covered packages of literature, we might be induced to try our hand upon the herculean effort of our gifted correspondent. As it is, we beg to be excused from undertaking the job in question, and will content ourselves simply with the "main points" as furnished us. We doubt not, should the thrilling story ever be "fixed up," the author's fortune will be made. Here are the "points:"

CHAPTER THE ONE.

A certain Mr. and Mrs. were traveling on the Mississippi river, from Louisville to New Orleans, when all, at once they missed their child. Horror! Diligent search was made on board the steamer, but no child found. Supposed to be drowned. Parents in great trouble. Refused to eat. Mother got sick and died.

CHAPTER THE TWO.

Father stood it out single for several years—took a second wife—made a bad choice—the squandered his money—he becomes as poor as Job's turkey—he then becomes desperate—gets an "idea"—is rescued from his water grave—Lawyer tells all about him—how he came to discover him long drowned son. The joy of meeting.

CHAPTER THE THREE.

Husband finds himself alone in California. Becomes a stockholder in ditch company—has a lawsuit, which breaks him—has an interview with the lawyer—husband tells his history—lawyer tells his history—husband starts back—lawyer says that when a child he was rescued from a water grave in the muddy Mississippi. Husband examines lawyer's breast—sinks speechless in chair—sobs—looks again—weeps—peels his tears—lawyer full of delight—husband in agony—tears shirt clean off lawyer's back—

The task of life must ever be

To chase away the tears of grief,

A soul of love expressing

A comfort and a blessing.

Oh! smiles have power a world of good

To fling around us over;

A pure and pleasant duty.

A pleasant smile to light the eye,

And fill the heart with gladness,

A soul of love expressing,

That to earth must divinely bring

A comfort and a blessing.

SMILES.

CHAPTER THE FOUR.

Husband tells son a long story: 1st. Describes the Mississippi river and how the child was missed. 2nd. Mother's grief and timeliness and. 3rd. Bad choice of second wife. 4th. How she spent his money. 5th. How he came to visit the golden land. 6th. His visit to the lawyer. 7th. Leaving California for home, and return with family. 8th. How his wife threw him off. 9th. His return to the mines. 10th. About his interest in the ditch company. 11th. Concerning the lawsuit. 12th. His visit to the lawyer. 13th. How he came to discover his long drowned son. 14th. The joy of meeting.

CHAPTER THE FIVE.

Lawyer tells all about himself—how he was rescued from his water grave and adopted by a rich family. How he was sent to college, and afterwards came to California.
our social chair.

An enthusiastic friend, who never permits the Fourth of July to pass without doing something patriotic, breathes forth his admiration of the great Washington in the following happy strain:

Washington.
by o. w. e.

All hail! o'er the patriots' name
Who kept unstained and bright
A mighty nation's glorious name,
And put her foes to flight.

Remember'd be the chieftain's name
To Frederick's sacred urn,
Who to the nation's rescue came
And broke the tyrant's chain.

What though the vital spark has fled
That once for freemen alone,
The patriot lives—he is not dead,
For here his spirit's known.

America reveres the name,
And not a tyrant's might
Can cause her sons to blush in shame
Who dare offend her right.

America, no other land
Could boast a Washington
Though patriots rose on every hand
Since erst the world began.

Her standard sheet, so widely known
In triumph's now unfurled;
The stars he planted there have grown
And shine o'er all the world.

Let freemen say with right good cheer,
And shout of Washington's name;
Our good-natured friend
Could boast a Washington.

Especially the potent
In America's fair land;
Oh! how the mighty
Thus made the world a land.

He was remarkably fond. About twelve pies, of which homogenou
Office in the morning, and in the winter hour, he always carried his lunch with him to the
Hence his visit to the lawyer, who said that "it eawnt
Marble (he deserves the world, and the -bloody Britisher," one of the sort who, as a Bolton man, happened at one time to be a "bloody Britisher," one of the sort who, as a
Hiding the call of an English lady, dropped, is also well known.

The story of the little girl sweeping the carpet during the call of a Wellington lady, to find the H's which the visitor had dropped, is also well known.

We propose, for the fun of the thing, to give a few specimens of this peculiarity of language, among those who, as a boxon English woman expressed it, "themsperated the knots and dropped the hape most handsomely."

Among the budget of anecdotes with which poor Dan Marble (he deserves a marble statue) used to regale his friends, was one illustrating the misfortunes which this class sometimes fall into simply by the misplacing of a letter. The box office man of the Eagle Street Theatre, in Buffalo, happened at one time to be a "bloody Britisher," one of the sort who said that "it eawnt be expected that Hals could be made in Haymeriea, because they never got the 'ops." His dinner hour being strictly English, he always carried his lunch with him to the office in the morning, and in the winter season this usually consisted of a mince pie, of which homogenous conglomeration he was remarkably fond. About twelve
o'clock, one bitter cold day, when old Erie was bound captive in crystal chains by the ice king, the box office man issued the following order to the boy-of-all-work about the theatre, a gawky lad, named Hiiram, just from the country: "Hi say, you, hi'm going to the Post Office with these two letters; put that pie into the stove and eat it hangfast hi get back."

Interpreting him literally, the young one, fresh and green from the country, as soon as the pie was fairly warmed, pitched into it, and by the time the box officer came bustling in, glowing from the cold, he had nearly devoured the pie.

Struck aghast at the impecunious spectacle before him, the box officer struck an attitude that even the Prince of all Princes of Denmark—poor Gus Adams—might have taken points from in the ghost scene. About the same time he struck the gastronomic glutton, knocking his form nearly into ti, exclaiming, indignantly, "What the bloody'ell 'ave you been habout? Ill told you to put the pie into the stove and eat it. It didn't moan for you to heat it, you infernal rogue you!"

But the best specimen we have yet seen was that of the bloody barber that shaves us. We don't mean by the sanguinary appellation that he is particularly cutting in the way of his profession, but he likes to "out a swell" out of his chair. Discussing that all-absorbing topic, Frazer Rivet, the aforesaid addressed one of his familiares with "Arry, wy don't you go? You are 'ale, 'arty, coalfully a 'yperator has sails from hall Hall Dorado county!"

"We haven't indulged in a shave in any city town—as Leo, the circus man, used to say—Phil, the circus man, at least. You run the risk of being victimized as well as the Dutchens.

A numerous, but observing contributor, who has evidently been gathered into the fold of the righteous by the recent revival in this State, sends us the following:

Mr. Enron:—Did you ever observe what a difference there is in the style of prayers? Each one who prays at all—

and who should not—praises in his praying the peculiar idea he has of the Supreme Being; an idea which varies in different persons according to the scope of their thought and education. Some adopt the narrative style and pray as if they were relating a story; others are declamatory in manner of addressing the Almighty. A few are bombastic and leave no doubt as to the opinion they entertain of themselves. Some, again, pray familiarly, as if God were always with them; some vaguely, as if He were everywhere, and as much anywhere else as present; and others, again, pray doubtfully, as if the Lord were far off, or possibly not listening. Many supplicate blessings, and some assume to confer blessings by praying. I have known persons, who in their prayers were always soliciting information, and others who were ever assaying to convey intelligence to the ear of Omniscience. Of the latter class, I remember particularly a school teacher by the name of Smith—and John, at that—a plump wall, who always commenced his devotional exercises as follows: "Pondercell as it may appear unto Thee, O Lord, nevertheless it is true."

This beginning is thoroughly impressed on the memory of all good Mr. Smith's scholars, from the fact that a large boy, on one occasion, a mischievous fellow, contradicted the master's proposition, by repeating aloud: "Pondercell as it may appear unto Thee, O Lord, nevertheless it is not true, as Smith says, that we are all sinners!"

But I was speaking of style. This good man was so much in the habit of imparting information, as to forget that anything could amount paradoxical to Him, who understands perfectly all facts and reasons. Smith's great effort seemed to be to convince Omniscience of a few facts which were patent to everybody else, and he never wearied in his exertions. He would continue:

"If thou doubtest thy servant, O Lord, and art not acquainted with believing thy daughter Hannah, and others of thy household, who are ready to testify, that sin abounds, like rank weeds, in this part of thy moral vineyard."

But the eccentricity of Smith's prayers finds a counterpart in almost every congregation. At any rate, there is in each a great variety of praying. After all it professeth little what the style is, only so the heart be right.
FRAZER RIVER! We have heard of that before. If our memory serves us, the newspaper editors of our State have written two or three short paragraphs on the subject. Well, the Frazer River country appears to be a good place to go to. If our eyes have not deceived us, a few have gone there. Seriously—for this Frazer River business is no joke—we are sorry to witness the wild excitement which at present prevails in relation to the newly-discovered gold region. We know that we might as well attempt to dip the ocean dry with a spoon as to stay the human tide now setting in the direction of Frazer River; still, we would not feel that we had performed our duty, did we view the present state of things without throwing in a few words of friendly advice. We do not doubt the existence of an abundance of gold in the locality named. If any doubt of the sort was ever entertained, it has been more than removed by the continued one-sided advice from that quarter. And we would repeat the counsel given by us some time since, that those who have grown tired of their career in California and are doing nothing, had better try their luck in the reported gold fields in the British Possessions. But really we have seen nothing to create the mad rush we now behold. We must bear in mind that all the reliable authority, while it establishes the fact of the existence of the precious metal in the region of country to which we allude, informs us that it cannot be procured, in any considerable amount, until after the river falls, which is understood occurs some time in August or September of each year. This fact of itself should be sufficient to take the edge off the present excitement. The reports that have reached us are, we admit, quite novel, and have agitated our own nerves very sensibly since the last interview with our readers; but a little calm reflection has sufficed to keep our pulse healthy.

Those, therefore, who are rushing northward in such break-neck style, would do well to remember that at present there is but very little doing in the mining localities along Frazer’s River. We would also remind those who are throwing up a good paying business to take the chances in the north, that for a full month at least—perhaps two, or more—their expenses will be heavy, while they will be unable to make their salt. It seems also to have escaped the attention of our Frazer-bound friends, that they are leaving a “mighty good country.” They forget that here, in our own beloved State of California, are being daily discovered gold diggings as rich as any that exist anywhere. We throw out these hints, not because we imagine that they will have the effect to keep down the prevailing fever that is carrying off our population at so fearful a rate, but solely on account of the gratification which follows a conscientious discharge of duty.

JOHN BINA has again pulled Jonathan’s nose. More: He has kicked and called him. More and worse still: He has split upon him. And all this in the broad light of day, and in the presence of the civilized nations of the world! Do you doubt it? Behold the record: How long has it been since the power and authority of the American Consul at Hongkong (Mr. Keenan) were disregarded, his rights trampled upon by an insolent British Magistrate, and the Captain of an American vessel fined and imprisoned for doing his duty? We are aware that this outrage for a time set all Washington in a blaze, but that was all. The stains upon us still remain, as fresh and ugly as the day the act was committed. This is but one of the many insults offered our flag by British officers, during the past few years. All other events of this sort, however, that have come to our knowledge, sink into utter insignificance beside the
recent systematic attack upon American merchantmen in the Gulf of Mexico. The history of this last outrage, as detailed by eye-witnesses, is enough to make the blood of every American citizen, who has the least regard for the honor of his country, boil with indignation. What American, with a spark of pride in his soul, does not feel the sting of these British insults? What are the facts? Well known American vessels, whilelying quietly in harbors, were boarded and searched by drunken British officers, who met the slightest resistance with pistols, knives, cutlasses, disgusting oaths and gross insult to our flag. Equally well known ships, while pursuing their honorable course in the entrails of the Gulf, were, at about the same time, fired into by British guns, their papers overboard by British officers, and everything on board burnt in the name of American ridiculing and laughed at! We might multiply these instances, but are content with what we have given. As may be imagined, the American captains who were thus attacked and insulted, were deeply incensed at the authors of the outrage. They, however, feeling unable to defend themselves, were forced to submit to the treatment, degrading as it was. We are tire of asking how much longer such a state of things is to continue. We have already suffered these insults to be heaped upon us until our own citizens at home and abroad are beginning to feel ashamed of their country. Even Spain—weak as she is—has been so long permitted to use her vessels as targets for her guns, that we do not wonder at the difficulty experienced by our Minister at Madrid in getting anything like an effectual adjustment of affairs. She has very naturally been led to suppose that fighting is not in our way, and that, therefore, we can be kicked about at the pleasure and convenience of all who desire to try the experiment. The powers at Washington have been altogether too slow in the matter to which we allude. There is, however, a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and if we have not now reached such a point, we greatly mistake the tone of public sentiment. It is in the last stage that breaks the camel's back, and it is these last outrages upon the American flag that must change our policy of "mastery inactivity" to immediate, determined resistance.

The interesting series of articles in relation to Tehuantepec, from the pen of Col. A. J. Grayson, have been highly prized—as well they should—or our readers. But little, comparatively speaking, is known of that wild, romantic region, and when well-written articles, properly illustrated, (as ours have been) are presented, they are apt to excite attention. We are indebted to Col. Grayson for much curious and valuable information concerning Tehuantepec. From his long residence in the country, he is familiar with his subject, the illustrations of remarkable scenes and places being from sketches taken on the spot by himself. So interesting indeed are his articles, that we desire to give them to our readers as complete and perfect a shape, and as free from blunders as when they left his hands. For this reason we embrace the opportunity to refer to several errors which occurred in the article in our last issue. The beautiful Bird, for example, which the types made us name the "Pera" of Tehuantepec, should have been "Pavo," the difference between the two names being, we believe, very great. It was also stated, that the height of the church at Ochucora (not Ochucora, as printed) is 300 feet, when that was but its length—the exact height not being given. It was likewise our intention to have accompanied Col. Grayson's sketches of Tehuantepec with an engraving of the little host—the "Wanderer"—in which he accomplished the greater portion of his journey, but were prevented from doing so by the drawing sent us being misplaced. These errors and mishaps, though perhaps unnoticed by the public, are exceedingly provoking to an editor; and what is more, they will sometimes occur in spite of fate.
We have always pointed with pride to our contributors. We love their genial presence in our columns, and open their mysterious little packages of song or story, with peculiar delight. How painful was it, then, for us to observe, recently, in a respectable journal, the intimation that one of our favorite friends—a lady at that—had imposed upon us in the matter of a poem. Such an expression, too, coming at a time when the whole press of the State was engaged in exposing the shameless literary thievery of other parties, but exaggerated the instance in question. To give the matter in a nutshell, it appears there are in existence two poems entitled "The Ocean Burial," one by Mr. Granun N. Allen, and written, we understand, a great many years ago; the other by the fair contributor to our pages, and published in the April number of this Magazine. The striking similarity between these poems at once excited attention, and, in the succeeding issue we pronounced that in our Magazine a "base plagiarism." We have since been assured that the lady never read or heard of Allen's "Ocean Burial," and this being the case, we feel bound to acquit her of the offense charged. All we can say is, the two poems develop an accidental commingling of subject, ideas, and language truly wonderful to behold.

We can safely promise our readers a real treat in our August issues. Our opening article will be an exceedingly well-prepared description of a journey from Acapulco to the City of Mexico, by the Way of Tayaco, by a highly intelligent gentleman of San Francisco. The article will be accompanied by numerous spirited engravings, presenting the more remarkable scenes and places on the route; including a fine view of the grand plaza and Cathedral of the city of Mexico. In addition to this, we shall give an interesting story, translated and altered especially for our pages, from the Spanish of Cervantes, entitled "The Gipsy Girl of Madrid."

The Sunday Law recently passed by our Legislature, has been generally observed throughout the State. It is true that in many instances it was violated, but as this was done chiefly by parties who desired to test the constitutionality of the enactment before the Supreme Court, we may conclude that ours are a Sunday-loving church-going, God-fearing people—as all honest people should be. Our only surprise is that the law did not meet with greater resistance. We must bear in mind that here in California we have a very mixed population, with a great variety of religious opinions. Besides that class whose peculiar teachings specify some other day than the Christian's Sabbath, on which to worship God, we have a large, respectable, and highly intelligent body of citizens known as freethinkers, who we might expect would snap their fingers at the Sunday law. Such, however, has not been the case.

"An old Bachelor" gives us in this issue, two or three interesting pages from the history of his experiences. "Did I Love Her" he asks. We think the reader will say he did. We are well acquainted with the nature of the teasing narrative, and know that the pleasure he has presented is not overlooked. Though many long years have passed since the scenes described by him were witnessed, he still seems to enjoy and prize, above all else, the love of his Mary.

A beautiful monthly publication, entitled the California Culturist, has been placed on our table. It is edited by Senora Wheel-er & Widowsworth—well known, competent gentlemen—and is devoted to the interests of the Agriculturist, the Herdsman, the Florist, the Mechanic, the Manufacturer, Miner and Naturalist. The number before us, besides containing forty-eight pages of valuable reading matter, is handsomely embellished with colored plates, presenting the most striking specimens of California fruit as large as life and quite as natural. The work deserves success.
Troubles of a Forty-Miner.

Grimes made his "pile" the first year. The second, sent for his dear wife.

Receives her on the wharf. Very plain woman.

Wife wants to go to a ball. Grimes objects.

Wife becomes expensive—Too many bills.

She does go to ball, in spite of Grimes.

Deserts Grimes next day, for "cruelty." Threatens divorce.

The last of poor Grimes—Desperate case of suicide.
Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

E. E., San Francisco.—Your "Sketch of the Olden Time" is a clever production, but altogether too long to be crowded into one number, as you desire. It might be reduced without material injury.

G. S. Smith, Artist.—The ambrotype view of the Callan Ranch received, "breaks all to pieces. Can't be used. Very pretty picture, no doubt—especially the lady dressed in black at the door. Would love dearly to spend a few weeks there during the hot weather, but can't print the establishment in the Magazine. Send us something else that won't break so easily.

Observer, Mogollon.—Your views on the Fraser River excitement are quite sensible, but they would have but little weight just now. People will go to the new diggings.

Lang, Sacramento.—Your verses on "Pretty Birdie" received. Will look over them at our leisure, and if good—as we think they ought to be—will print them.

F. T., San Francisco.—In answer to your queries, we would state that we have as yet heard of no "tremendous" fall in the prices of real estate, either in this city or Sacramento. You can put all such reports down as "fudge."

Subscribers, Mohave Hill.—Glad you have escaped the prevailing fever. Your name has been entered on the "paid" side of our books for third volume. You are a sensible man. "Subscriber."

Douglas Davenort, San Francisco.—We have time and again declared that we will not take part in the political quarrels of the day. "What's Lima Point to you, or you to Lima Point, that you should weep over it?"

J., San Jose.—Package received. Thanks.

E. E. W., Oakland.—The "Countess of San Diego" was commenced in our April number, and is concluded in the present issue.

Delta, Sacramento.—The view of Mount Baker, which took such a hold on your fancy, while on a trip to Fraser River, "once on a time," can be found in a Pictorial soon to be issued from the office of this Magazine.

R. F. M., Pleasant Hill.—Your "Musings of a Misers" will be attended to in season.

Patience.

E. P., Stockton.—We cannot make you an offer for your sketches before seeing them. If they come up to your description, we would be pleased to have them, but we prefer to see them ourselves.

Aitch, Auburn.—We have had many poorer things than your "Ode to a Departing Miner." It has, however, been ruled out for "good and sufficient reasons."

Observer, Sacramento.—Your budget lines before us, unopened. Will give you early attention.

Bray, Oroville.—Your Sunday Law article will hardly answer. Try your hand again.

Kate D., San Francisco.—Your kind favors received. Should be happy to hear from you more frequently.

Sinister, Oroville.—We are unable to furnish you with anything like correct information as to the amount of gold dust received from Fraser River. The amount deposited at the Mint during the months of May and June is said to be about $1,000.

Forester, Benicia.—Your suggestion came in good season. A page or two on the subject alluded to, would prove highly acceptable to many of our readers.
RESPONDENTS.

Edinburgh.—The "Counties of San" was commenced in our April and is concluded in the present

Vol. 5.—The view on Mount which took such a hold on your tale on a trip to Fraser River, a time, can be found in a Plea to be issued from the office of

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