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JOURNEY FROM ACAPULCO TO THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO, BY WAY OF TASCO, SUMMER 1849.

(Continued from August number.)

GRAND PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

The climate of Tasco is delightful, and the temperature remarkably even throughout the year, the thermometer varying merely from 15° to 21°. Hum-
impresses the new comer with the buoyancy of an atmosphere at once invigorating and balmy.

After a very agreeable sojourn of one day, I took leave of my kind host, Don Francisco de Aramburu, who, being prevented by urgent business from leaving the place, commissioned his two sons—two very agreeable lads of eighteen and twenty—to act as guides, in order to aid my further researches in that vicinity of wonders. Two other youths—likewise brothers—volunteered for the same purpose, increasing our party to the number of five. We left Tacoo in the afternoon of the 1st of August, and starting in a nearly easterly direction, followed the course of a verdant valley, watered by a clear stream, overarching with the branches of luxuriant sabino trees. After a delightful ride of two hours, we turned into a valley on our right, and found ourselves in the mine of San Agustin, now in productive condition, from which I was presented with a pretty specimen of native silver. Close to the entrance of this mine there is a beautiful cascado, "el Salto del Santo Niño," from the rocky brink of which one looks down into a fearful chasm. The hill-sides were so variegated with flowers that we could not compare them to the richest Turkey carpet. Another half hour brought us to the "Hacienda de Benilceo," as the establishment for extracting the silver by way of amalgamation are called—and subsequently we visited the foundry, or furnace, a mile further on, and spent the night in the house of the owner of the mines, Don Timoteo Rotegui, where we were shown beautiful specimens of native silver.

Thence to the village of Acuithapan, a very rugged caldron, or paved way, of about three miles—one of the works carried out by the active Borins, which, however, like many other improvements of the same kind, was destroyed by the insurgents and converted into a complete mass of rock. When, after much climbing, we at last reached the summit, the splendid sight of the distant volcanoes of Puebla, Tlaxcallan, and Popocatepetl, burst upon our view; and but a few moments later, by a sudden turn in the road, the volcano of Tolec, with its ragged snow-capped crest, stood before us, and seemed to replace them as if by magic. We took a guide from the village of Acuithapan to Cacahuamilpa, and there refreshed ourselves by breakfast and rest, while preparations for our visit to the celebrated cave were being made. On, then, we started, accompanied by half a dozen Indians as guides and torch-bearers, and soon gained the entrance, of nearly oval shape, a superb and fitting portico to that wonder of nature, showing off to great effect the dark abyss, into which we were about to descend.

The cave of Cacahuamilpa was not brought into notice until some twelve years ago. A land-owner in the neighborhood, persecuted on account of political intrigues, selected it for a hiding-place, to which his tenants, for a length of time, brought him his food. The Italian regarded it always with secret awe, from a legend hanging over it of a sacred spell, and used only during the revolution, the first of its many vaults, as a depository for the ornaments of their church. At last the visit of the French Ambassador, Baron de Gross, unveiled the mystery of this cave, which, subsequently, has been inspected by almost every distinguished foreigner who has sojourned in the capital, and is considered as a sine qua non for scientific visitors. The cavern is of immense capacity, and nobody has ever yet explored it to its full extent. The accessible part consists of a succession of vaults, some remarkable for their vast dimensions, and connected by passages, more or less characteristic in shape and drop, two of them, with less variety of vaulted areas, we have given.
The caverns and draperies, and of rare beauty of stalactites, forming fantastic figures of endless variety, cascades, trees, altars, veiled statues, etc.; the most prominent of which have given their names to the different vaults. Notwithstanding the rainy season, which, by uninterrupted filtration, had rendered the ground damp in many places, we penetrated to the furthermost end of the third vault, called the "Pantheon," on account of an immense monumental pile, surrounded by smaller ones, and shrouded figures. It contains also a pond of water of crystal clearness, and terminates in a chaos of pointed and rugged mounds, like frozen waves, obstructing progress; though we were told that these followed two other large saloons, and that a similar stony desert led to the innermost recesses, the extent of which no living soul had ascertained. In the space beyond, one party that ventured so far as to hear the rushing of a brook that crosses the path, found the skeleton of a man and a dog by his side, apparently of an Indian, who, bewildered, must have suffered the dreadful death of starvation. There is no bad air in this cave, and judging from the well-ventilated atmosphere, there must be an outlet on the other side of the cave. A continued variety of new objects kept up such a lively interest, that we all regretted when the too low state of our torches (of which we brought but few in reserve) warned us that further delay would be imprudent.

There is another wonder of nature in the vicinity of Cacahualnilpa, which, if not so generally visited, deserves, nevertheless, the greatest admiration. It is the junction of the rivers Tenancingo and Huajintlan, the first coming from the upper range of mountains and forming a beautiful cascade; the second issuing from a cave of almost as singular formation as the large one, the portion being even superior in the beauty of what might be taken for architectural design. There are persons who have penetrated into this natural channel (practicable only in the dry season) to a considerable distance, and they assert that its hidden recesses rival with the Great Cave, if not in spaciousness, in the rare beauty of its stalactites. To arrive at the point of junction, one has to follow the course of a rivulet that turns into a ravine, and leads the tourist suddenly to an almost perpendicular descent, and it is only by availing oneself of the fissures in the rock, the creepers and the overhanging branches, that the bottom may be safely reached. One false step would be fatal. The bottom gained, after toiling through underbrushes, over rocks and fallen trees, piled up to an amazing height, one arrives at last at the termination of the ravine, where the rocks form perpendicular walls. And there, on one side, presents itself the cascade of the Tenancingo from
lofty height above, and on the other the yawning mouth of the cave throws forth the Huajinchin, the waters of both con- nealing, right before you in whirling eddies, forming the river Alpuyeca, one of the tributaries of the distant Micala and Zacantla. Difficult as the descent had been, I found the ascent yet more fatiguing, though less hazardous; and I felt fairly exhausted, when we at last regained the spot where we had left our horses. There I separated from my kind friends, who forthwith returned to Tac- co; while I, accompanied by the Indian

First view of the volcano of Toluca, near the village Acuitlapan.

we had to ford, with the water up to our horses' necks; further on, the Hacienda de Minatlan, where we breakfasted, changed horses and guides, and in the course of the afternoon reached Guarnavan.

This latter place I before mentioned as a pretty town of from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, (at a distance of sixty miles from the capital,) which, the last time I visited it, had a garrison of two thousand Americans. Guarnavan is named after the ancient Quauhnahuac, which played a conspicuous part in the conquest of Mexico. It has a very an-
cient building, the foundation of which was laid at first as a stronghold by the Spaniards, on which solid base was afterwards erected a temple, the present cathedral. There is another very neat and richly-endowed church, a monument of Borda's pious liberality, and a convent,
and most sudden transition of elevation
of any upon this route. We left Cuernava-
cas at 4 o'clock, passed at daylight the
pretty little place of Tlatelolco, and
thence ascending for a couple of hours
through dense pine forests, gained the
Indian village Huichilapete in time for
an early cup of chocolate, tendered to us
by the good hostess, a handsome young
Indian woman, whom, from her charac-
teristic physiognomy and goodly ear-
rings, I looked upon as a fair representa-
tive of the Malinche, the Carique, or
Cortez's tutelar angel. I had just in-
quired after the good old Curate, who, un
my last ascent, when overtaken by a
hailstorm, had offered me hospitality,
when the good man himself, lightly tap-
ing me on my shoulder, wished me a
very good morning, with all kinds of
friendly demonstrations.
The further ascent from Huichilapete
to Cruz del Marques, the highest part of
the road, (some 10,600 feet,) is truly pic-
turesque, and offers a splendid retrospect
towards the valley of Cuernavaca. From
connected with an extensive garden con-
taining several immense tanks, or small
lakes, with "floating gardens," or "chi-
nampas," as are called those enclosed
flower-beds of Mexican invention, (planta-
tions of tangleed rushes, upon which
earth and sod have been laid and every
variety of flowers planted,) springing
fountains and all kinds of water-works.
The whole is laid out in a very old-fash-
doned style, but as the platforms had to
be gained from a ravine, by filling up
great depths with earth cut away from
both sides, (and this a century in advance
of our era of San Francisco,) one can
imagine what difficulties had to be over-
come in the execution; in which, no
doubt, devotion was blended with chari-
ty, inasmuch as it afforded occupation to
thousands of indigent persons. The
walks, as they are, are very pretty, and
especially the lower grounds of the gar-
den, are pleasantly shaded by lofty trees.
From the end of the avenue there is an
exquisite view of the valley. This garden
now forms a very agreeable appendage
to the Hotel des Diligencias, where we
spent the night.

The day's journey from Cuernavaca to
Mexico undoubtedly presents the greatest

JOURNEY TO MEXICO.
Cruz del Marques to "el Guadalupe," where we halted for our noonday's repast, the road runs almost level through verdant meadows, at the foot of pine-crowned hills of conical shape. Here the descent begins, and from Ajusco, a size little village on the northern slope of the Cerro Gordo, (as this mountain range is called,) the first sight of the valley of Tepochitlan (Mexico) is obtained, with its lakes and volcanic hills, owing to the distance, resembling a moon chart, showing only a pale and indistinct trace of land and water. But a more conspicuous object claims attention: the splendid mountain scenery in the east, the snowy peaks of the volcanoes shining forth, in silent splendor on the azure sky, filling the mind with wonder and admiration. And then, right at your feet, like a green laughing Eden, the villa of San Agustin, with its white turrets and flat roofs, and its beautiful garden grounds; the favorite resort of the families of Mexico, and during the Easter holidays a general rendezvous of gay assemblages.

From San Agustin, the last station, the road is perfectly level, passing the fine

Hacienda de San Antonio; (let me not forget to mention the worthy matron, Doña Luisa Vicente y Moreno, and her hospitality and kindness towards Baggendus and myself,) and further on the Convent of Churubusco, the main building and environs of which were the scene of the last decisive action before the American army entered the capital of Mexico. In the preparations for the defense of the city, blind military zeal (so far from being maintained during the subsequent events of the siege) caused the beautiful

troops on both sides of the avenue to be cut down to the root; else, the entry by the Cuduna de San Agustin (between the Paseo de la Piedra and the Canal de los Chinampas) would be one of the finest annexes to the Capital. The outskirts are certainly far from propelling; and not till you reach the Grand Plaza, with the Cathedral and Government Palace, are you aware of being really in the center of Mexico, the Queen of Spanish America!

A parent who sends his son into the world, uneducated, and without skill in any art or science, does as great injury to mankind; to his own family: he defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance.

Life is what we make it. Let us call back images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may sometimes be our guests to sup and dine, but let them never be permitted to lodge with us.
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and flat rock, and
rounds; the four
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DAYLIGHT.
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SPANISH
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permitted to
The husband sat by the parlour fire,
The babe upon his knee;
While pass upon the hearth-rug slept,
So warm and cozily:
The old house-dog lay dozing there,
Beside his master's chair,
And heeded not the playful tricks,
Of children romping there.
The clock in the corner struck
The early hour of seven
The stand was drawn before the fire
On that bright winter's even
The young wife sat beside it there,
Her sewing in her hand;
Her work-box and her work were laid
On the old household stand.
The grandsire sat in the easy chair,
His locks wore thin and grey;
He talked and smoked his pipe by turns,
Chatting the hours away.

Of the revolutionary war
He loved the most to tell;
How the old patriots conquered there;
What mighty heroes fell.
The grandsire sat beside him,
Turning her needles o'er;
She smiled and listened to his tale,
Though often heard before.
It never was one word too long,
For in that old man's strain,
She heard the story of her life,
And lived it o'er again.
The pitcher stood upon the hearth,
With well-pressed cider filled;
And russet apples, by its side,
Upon the hearth were piled.

The clock struck nine—two hours had
That circle gathered there;
The grandsire reverently knelt,
And closed the hour with prayer.

THE CANAL.

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FAMILY PICTURE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.
THE GOLDEN CYCLE: A DREAM OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY MILLIE HAYFIELD.

The index on the gray dial of Time, guided by the pendulum of rolling centuries, had reached a magic point; and, with a sweet cadence indistinguishable to mortal ears, the silvery chime vibrated along the golden bridge that spanned the broad Pacific from the borders of our lovely land to the amber-turreted battlements of the setting sun, whose crimson palace-walls gleamed from the cloud-land shore of the setting sun. The time had come when the buried wealth of untold ages must be laid bare—and crowned and accepted, wearing at his jeweled girdle a bunch of golden keys, and hallowed with a rainbow formed by the scintillations from his prismatic wings as they parted the sun-drenched atmosphere—down, down through the evening twilight like a meteor, sped the bright spirit on his golden mission.

And at the "open sesame" of his power, beck upon their ponderous hinges rolled the massive doors that guarded the dower of the Western Bride—while, at the summons, forth to the wedding feast came the expectant guests. From the regions of the Ice-King and the Isles of the Tropic balm—from the Atlantic's far-spread shores, and from the green prairies of Oregon—from the Rocky and Alleghany mountains' fastnesses and from the great Mississippi valley came the pioneers, as the Golden Cycle chimed its mystic numbers through the reverberating Hills of Space.

Turn we now to a little cottage, situated in the suburbs of the city of New Orleans.

The house is one of a row of six-by-six-footers, that are built to accommodate the greatest amount of the human family in the smallest possible space—each tenant being divided into two apartments, one opening on the street and the other into a small, square patch or yard-room,
over the rough picket fences of which you have a fine sweep—a broad sweep of cypress swamp, terminated by croaking frogs and less demonstrative crawfish! But into this humble habitation, built of boards that once floated upon the yellow bosom of the Mississippi as scantily-fitted boats—and within those threadbare apartments, where life’s comforts have seldom entered and its luxuries are a forbidden theme—has the Dream of Gold floated over the hard pillow, and visions of a brighter future intruded.

The occupants of the cottage are gathered around the door of the front apartment on this lovely July evening; and the panorama of gilded clouds in the western sky, changing from the most delicate straw color to the glowing fire of the carbuncle, rival not the sanguine hues of the mental kaleidoscope mirrored from the sunset hills of the land of promise, to the dreaming man who sits on the lonely door-step.

"I must do it, Alice," he replies, to something urged by a delicate, fair-haired girl at his side, who, although a wife and a mother, looked too fragile and youthful to be called matron.

"I must go. An invisible hand seems to beckon me on; and I must follow its guidance. Think, how meagre is the stock of my purse, when, by little exertion, and perhaps some hardship, I may be enabled to place you in a position defying your ambition and merit."

He was excited; and the fire of enthusiasm burned in his dark eyes and lighted his expressive features with a hopeful glow.

"But, Arthur, should you never come back?"

"Pah, idleling! why conjure a demon to torment you, when angels are pointing the road to prosperity? Be sure I shall come back—and be thou faithful unto the end," said he, for a moment tightening his grasp upon the blue-velvet, delicate hand, that rested confidentially within his own.

"O! be sure of that!" was the reply; but a strange feeling of dependency weighed down the speaker’s heart, and a scarcely perceptible shudder ran through her frame.

It was not noticed by her companion, as his faculties were absorbed in the all-engrossing images called up by the white gossamer that had reached his ears of the glittering ore in the underground palaces, to whose access the Genie of the Lamp of Perseverance was alone necessary.

Alice Norton had eloped from a boarding-school in one of the northern cities, with Arthur Leyton, who, finding it impossible to reconcile her parents, had brought his young wife to New Orleans, and upon his small salary, as clerks, they lived; managing, by the strictest economy, to lay up a little sum every month, with the hope of, at some future day, investing it in a humble home of their own; and this accumulation of two years’ deprivations Arthur now proposed should be applied, jointly, in transferring him to the auriferous regions of California, and to the support of his wife and child until he should be able to send them some of that wealth that only awaited his earnest seeking.

To Alice’s prayers to accompany him and share his peril, he would not listen; but leaving her in the possession of two hundred dollars, and the promise of a speedy addition to her purse, he embarked for the Golden Land that was to yield him future milk and honey.

Four years have rolled away since the adventorous boy, on his snub white sails of four years has come back. Alice into the land of promise and beauty.

Four years of Eternity, but weak or woe.

Again will he hear the plash of the Crescent City.

No flash of the golden ripple—"but dark gloom, and over the earth and through the twilight plumed her form of the——to the rough shores of the pauper place.

The year after the other, and the mournful and mangled this hungered and perished——never to return.

Tears to the hour that its wild face, ever feels, for it is his fate to be——Poe.

"How of night so——" No reach...
adventurous bark that bore Arthur Leyton on his search for wealth spread its white sails over the broad Pacific—and four years have rounded the girlish form of Alice into more perfect womanhood and beauty.

Four years! a second on the dial of Eternity, but fraught with good or evil, weal or woe for mutable mortality.

Again will we visit the row of cottages on the plank road of Crescent City, in the

THE GOLDEN CYCLE.

why conjure a dream when angels usurp reality? Be sure to be thou faithful husband for a moment; and by the aid of her needle, had managed to live—if that can be called living, when the very soul is harnessed to supply the body's wants!

But now—her only solace, her joy and comfort is fluttering and pluming his wings for a far sweep beyond the lightning's home—and she will be absolute! "Mamma, is it night?" asked the dying child. "I can't see you, mamma; is it night?"

"Night, you, endless midnight for me, internally spoke the agonized parent, but with an effort she commanded herself, and answered:

"No, darling—it is storming, and very dark and cloudy; but mamma is here!" said she, passing her arm under his light form, and pillowing his hot head upon her bosom. "You can feel her, if you can't see her; can't you, my precious one?"

"Yes, mamma; but hold me fast—hold Charlie very fast, mamma. Don't you hear how swiftly they can't, see her; can't you, my precious one?"

Closely did the poor mother strain her dying child to her bosom; and, as the fever in her own brain mounted higher and higher, wildly did she press to the lands to leave her, leave her poor boy, or take her, too. And when the wild storm had spent its fury, and the subsiding elements permitted a human tone to be heard, the dwellers in that humble row were thrilled by the shrieks resonating from the cottage, and rushed in, to find the frantic mother with the little corpse, already dark and discolored with approaching decomposition, clasped to her burning heart, and the fires of delirium flaming in her large wild eyes.

For ten days the sufferer was unconscious of either grief or danger, alternately saying, or muttering, or lying in apparent lethargy; but the crisis was past, and after a deep sleep of many
A cool, light hand was laid on her brow, and a pale, but sweetly benevolent face, framed in the delicate tissue border of a matronly cap, bent over, and a low, gentle voice said, "Do you feel better, dear?"

"Better? yes, I suppose so; but tell me, tell me what all this means, and how I came here?" said Alice, more and more bewildered; for she found herself in a cool, airy apartment, the glare excluded by closed blinds and delicate muslin curtains draped over the windows; while a network of lace hung from the tester of the bedstead to shut out the musquitoes, and the marble-topped, polished rosewood furniture, with the crystal paraphernalia of the toilette, bespoke the abode of wealth and luxury.

"What does it all mean?" continued Alice, passing her hand over her brow as if to sweep away the mists from her brain.

"No matter, dear," said the old lady, bending down and imprinting a motherly kiss on her brow; "you shall know when you are stronger. You have been very ill and you must not excite yourself. Rest assured that you are with friends, and that you will want for nothing."

"Ill? ill, did you say? Have I been delirious?" asked she, with sudden excitement.

"You have," replied the lady, "and you must keep quiet, or I will not answer for the consequences."

"Oh! then, it was only a wild fancy of my brain? Thank God! thank God!" said Alice, fervently. "Do you know," she added—turning to look at her companion—"do you know that I thought my boy, my little Charlie, was dead? Oh, God! what a fearful dream it was! and she shuddered and covered up her eyes as if to exclude the picture.

Her listener thought it was best not to undeceive her for the present, and answered her, gently: "Well, well, dear, you will have no more wild fancies now, if you will only be tractable and do as you are bidden. So, take this composing draught and try to sleep again."

Her patient obeyed; and while the narcotic is doing its duty, we will do ours, and explain how Alice came to be in her present comfortable quarters.

All-honored be the name of Howard, the philanthropist! And all honored be the noble body of good Samaritans, known as the "Howard Association of New Orleans"! If deeds of mercy go upward to the Throne of Grace, truly will the benedictions of the work be a test of the faith of the giver and the reward of the doer. For Harvey Allison, a man of wealth and standing, who had passed the rubies of manhood with his bachelor peace uninvaded. His widowed mother was at the head of his elegant establishment, and in her was centred his dearest hopes to promote her happiness his chief aim—this, with a wide diffusion of unlimited for the benefit of suffering humanity, was his dear privilege and pure solace. And so, in his rounds of mercy, seeking for the sick and destitute, he discovered Alice in the poor cottage that formed her home.

With a heart and a mind to do good, he approached the Howard Association of New Orleans, and the philanthropist, moved by the story, responded with a generous heart, and with the blessings of the heavens, was the benefactor of the suffering. And so, in his rounds of mercy, seeking for the sick and destitute, he discovered Alice in the poor cottage that formed her home.

Struck by the air of delicacy and refinement that, in spite of privation and disease, shed a halo around her—and learning her history from some of the neighbors, he immediately enlisted the sympathies of his kind mother, to whom his wishes were laws, in behalf of the sufferer, and she was removed to their own luxurious home, instead of being conveyed to the hospital provided by the philanthropist.
The New Year has dawned—clear, bright, sparkling and joyous—burying the dead past, with its trappings of woe, in the vast Mansolom where hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, loves and hatreds, friendships and animosities must all find a tomb, sooner or later.

The mansion of the Allisons is thrown open for the reception of their friends on the merry New Year’s Day, and the wondering public are to be permitted, for the first time, a glimpse of the shrine; but no other emotion did she express than the feeling of her young heart was quenched forever; and the fervor of nature’s forming root in twain—her heart, like the vine severed from its native tree, wound its tendrils around the first friendly branches that it could—

"Twine with itself and make dearly its own."

The New Year’s morning is to witness the plighting of their vows. Gratitudes, respect and esteem induced her acceptances to the presents so delicately tendered from one to whom she owed so much—but draw the veil from the inner sanctuary of her woman’s heart, and there, enshrined as a holy thing, is the picture of a lonely, neglected grave, in the far wilds of the West, with no kind hand to rear a single leaf to mark the miner’s resting-place, and no tear to moisten the sod where her poor Arthur “sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.”

Yet she did not feel that she would be taking upon herself “false vows” when before the altar she should promise to be a faithful wife to the generous man that had befriended her; no, no—but the glow, the fervor of her young heart was quenched forever; and the calm, passionless, but still gentlewoman, remained to go through life’s duties soberly, and with the overrecurring conviction, that “to everything there cometh a last day!”

The mystic hour of ten had chimed from the tiny time-piece in Alice’s boudoir, and the bridesmaids had arranged the snowy veil for the twentieth time in as many seconds—when Mrs. Allison entered to announce the arrival of the minister, and that the important moment had at last dawned that would truly give her a mother’s claim upon the affection of the gentle being that had so wound herself around her heart.

A few friasms were assembled in the parlor to witness the ceremony, and the rest of the day was to be passed in receiving the many calls that New Year claims, and presenting the young Mrs. Allison to the visitors.

Pale, almost to ghastliness, was Alice, as also stood before God to plight again her vows at an earthly shrine; but no other emotion did she show—and as the impressive words of the Episcopal marriage service sounded through the room, a hush pervaded the assembly, and all eyes rested upon the cold, calm, pallid face of the bride.
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.


to, and with a solemnity befitting the occasion, was pronouncing the charge—
“if any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace” — when a sudden stoppage of hurrying wheels, before the mansion—a jerk of the doorbell, and quick footsteps breaking through the gaping crowd of domestics that were gathered in the hall to view the ceremony—and a sun-burned, travel-worn man, exclaimed: “Stop! stop, I command you! What would you do? I forbid the proceedings.”

“Sir, you have pierced my heart by your generosity, deeper than if you had plunged a dagger there—and you have bound it to you with chords of friendship and respect, stronger than bands of steel could have done,” said the wanderer, wringing the hand of him who, no longer a rival, shone forth the true and steadfast friend. “When you have heard all, you will not regret having bestowed your confidence on one who, though unfortunate, has never been dishonorable.”

“From my soul, I am glad to hear it,” said the generous man, returning the warm grasp of the other; “but see, my poor Alice is reviving; let me conduct you to her, and in her ear, alone, shall you pour forth the story of your sufferings; and she shall decide what shall be their reward.”

Carrying out his noble resolve, he led the trembling husband to the side of the corpse-like woman in her bridal robes, and placing her hand in that of his to
THE GOLDEN CYCLE.

I was trying to write to Alice—my two men, each other with bewildered hearts. I heard one of the present—

"struggle was evidently great heart of Harvey Allisons—see the power of both his better nature triumph;

mercurial of purpose which was

announced, and showed in the man, who could so easily, his heel upon—be signed with extended hand, and all.

If you are Arthur Leyton; or we think, that by no means we have so long withheld yourself from in her, who has been-lives. instances may appear to the useful to your memory, the real, and let there be peace hence the sake of her, whom we wish and to protect."

Sir, you have pierced by her generosity, deeper than I suspected a dagger, then said, and it to you with choirs of them I respect, stronger than I could have done;" said it muttering the band of him going rival, shone forth the true in a friend. "When you believe a will not regret having bestowed

intelligence on one who perhaps has never been suspected of the generous man, turning

van grasp of the other;" but you, no; no longer side—ear reverberating; let me conduct you, in her ear, alone, shall be with the story of your life, you shall decide what shall be final."

Carrying out his noble resolve, a trembling husband to the side, a needlessly woman in her head, and placing her hand in that of whom her virgin vows were plighted, he imprinted a brother's pure kiss upon her brow, and beckoning the rest to follow, left the reunited pair to their own amusing.

We will turn the scroll of another cold, bright morning, a few days later in the same month of the same year.

A clear, deep blue sky and sparkling sun shines above, and a bracing "norther" tossing the white-caps in the Mexican Gulf, where a noble steamship ploughs the watery field, on its way to the golden shores of California.

Leaning over the gunwales of this moving, breathing monument to the power of steam, is Arthur Leyton; somewhat more humanized than when we saw him a few days since, being shorn of his hirsute crop, and otherwise re-fashioned in personal embellishments to comport with the requirements of civilization and refinement—and by his side, his sorely-tried, long-suffering but faithful wife; ay, faithful, even while contemplating another union; for friendship was all she had ever felt for Harvey Allison; and a gratitude that prompted her to make the only return in her power, combined with determination to do her duty faithfully, to insure the happiness to the man to whom she owed so much.

But the husband of her heart's young hopes returned, alive! Ah! the "old love" with its "master-spell" came back; and when she listened to the tale of his long captivity among the Indian hordes of the far West—when she heard how he had, unintentionally, and lured by a lovely prospect, wandered away from the emigrant train which he had joined on arriving, and being overtaken by night, and overcome by exhaustion in endeavoring to find his way back to his companions, had lain down for a few moments' repose, under the sheltering branches of a huge tree, and was awakened by the roar glare of the savages' camp-fire, and found by their gestures and motions that they considered him their lawful property, (two were sitting keeping guard over his person while he slept), and would treat him with kindness so long as he did not attempt to escape, but, (with a significant flourish of the scalping-knife in the region of the cranium), on the slightest intimation of such an intention, another trophy of gory hair would guard the wampum of their chief—she shuddered, and folded her arms tighter around him, as her head rested upon his bosom.

And then, the recital of the days and nights, and months, and years passed in torturing dreams of home, wife, child, and all the ties that bound him to life—and, finally, the unhoped for sight of a company of miners, through the hazy glow of an Indian summer evening—and the desperate resolve, as at all hazards, to reach them in spite of the strict watch kept upon his movements—the chase for life or death—and his final escape, tho' flits of arrows whistled fearfully close, and one did take effect in his left arm, the wound of which was scarcely healed as yet—awakened in her heart the keenest anguish, that she should ever, even in thought, have accused him of neglect; and bound her to him with renewed love and unshakable confidence.

More than this did he state: How, immediately upon his return to civilized life, he had written to her—no, it never reached her—telling, that as soon as he had amassed sufficient to bring him home, (for the savages had appropriated all his money, which he wore in a belt around his body), he should seek and find her, dead or alive. And, that fortune, as if to make amends for the scurvy trick she had played him, opened to him unlooked for success; and in a few weeks his golden dream was realized—she knew he had coveted was his—and he could fly to bring his heart's idols
to share it with him in the land of his adoption.

The rest of his story was soon told. Hastening to the humble tenement in which he had left her, she learned from the neighbors the state of affairs, and rushed frantically, almost unconscious of what he was about, to the spot which he feared would prove the tomb of all his hopes, but reached it in time to revive his dying happiness.

Their home was reached—and the "golden cycle" of their lives complete, and when another New Year's day added a second little "Charlie," and a "Harvey"—twin rose buds on the tree of Love—to their happy household in the housetop land that so generously yielded her stores to add to their blessings and comforts.

As for Harvey Allison, the noble man, who, at the call of Duty and Im mortality of Self—can we doubt his happiness? Verily, virtue is its own reward! To such as he, Life is a Golden Cycle from the cradle to the grave; his numbers told in deeds of justice, mercy and love, that roll over stellar heights, and ring with silvery cadences upon the great time-piece of Eternity, where Seraphs make a record of the chimes within the Book of Life!

"To him that mourneth, will I give to eat of the Tree of Life; that groves in the midst of the Paradise of God."

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THE OCEAN BURIAL.

BY GEORGE N. ALLEN.

"O bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"

"Oh ye sons of the deep, deep sea!

The words came low and tenderly From the palled lips of a youth, who lay On his mother's breast a sleep of death. He had wasted and plunged till his brow The death-shade had slowly passed, and now, When the light and his lost work were done, They had gathered around him to see him die.

"O bury me not in the deep, deep sea, Where the billows shroud will roll over me Where the lightning will break through the dark, cold And no sunlight rest upon my grave."

"O, it matters not, I have oft been told, Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold, Yet great ye, O' grant ye this boon to me, "O bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"

For I listen to the well known words, The fire, wild winds, and the songs of the birds; I have thought of home, of rest and love, And of those that loved in childhood's tear. I had ever hoped to be laid, when I died, In the churchyard there, on the great hill-side; By the lesson of my father's grave should be, O' bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

Let my deathponsors be where a mother's prayer And a sister's tear shall be mingled there; O'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throbbings are, To know when its fountains shall gush no more, That they be to sappy earth and sky For the face of that bright one that watch for me, O' bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice failed They gave me head to his dying prayer; "there; They have turned him over in the vessel's side, Above him has closed the dark, cold lid Where the ship's voice waves above the ocean's crests; The waves bound, and the winds sport free; They have butted him there, in the deep, deep sea.
THE GIPSY GIRL OF MADRID.

Transcribed and altered from the Spanish of Gervase, by John S. Hearne.

Continued from the last number.

Having spoken thus, the old and eloquent Gipsy was silent. The neophyte said that it pleased him much to learn such praiseworthy statutes, founded on reason and wise policy; that in obedience to them he would make his profession, and it grieved him not to have come earlier to the knowledge of so joyous, and that from that time he renounced the profession of a nobleman and the vain glory of an illustrious lineage, and placed it all under the yoke, or, to speak better, under the laws with which they lived; since with such high recompense, they rewarded him for his desire to serve them, delivering to him the divine Preciosa, for whom he would leave crowns and empires, and only to serve her, would desire them.

To which Preciosa replied: "Though these gentlemen lawgivers have found by their laws that I am yours, and as yours have delivered me over to you, I have been found by the laws of my will, which are stronger than all, that I do not wish to be yours except under the conditions we concorded before you came hither. Two years you must serve in our association before I am yours; so that you may not repent from fickleness, nor I be deceived before I am yours; so that you may not wish that you should not come to me as the hunter with the fox, for he having caught it, leaves it to chase another. There are eyes to which all that glitter is gold, but they soon know the difference between the true and the false; this, my bounty, which you say that I possess, that gladdens you more than the sun, and which you value more than gold, this, I know, near at hand, will appear but as a shadow, and once touched, its alchemy will be gone. Two years' time I give you to consider what you will choose and what you will reject. The partner that can be divorced by death only, should be examined and re-examined in the shade as well as in the light: for I do not govern myself by the barbarous and insolent license, which these my relations have taken, to leave their wives or to chastise them at their caprice, and as I have no thought of doing anything which may deserve punishment, I do not wish to bind myself to one who may chastise me or cast me off at pleasure." "You are right, O, Preciosa," said Andreas, at this point, "and if you wish that I should secure your fairs and allay your snarlings, by sowing that I will not overstep the orders which you may impose upon me, tell me what oath I shall take, or what other security I can give you, for you will find me disposed to everything."
propitious, and the lovers were delighted with their mutual company. After traveling in Astromadura about two months, they went to Murcia, and after having been in that territory for about six weeks, they stopped at a village, where a misfortune happened to Andres, which almost cost him his life. Up to this time Andres found the Gipsy life to be a Paradise; he was the most influential man in the tribe; the strongest in the wrestle and the swiftest in the race, and Preciosa returned his love with tenfold interest, so that he could never rest if he were out of sight. Andres had made the discovery with the greatest pleasure a short time before arriving at this village, where, after giving some races and valuables of silver in security according to custom, a party of Gipsies, including Andres and Preciosa, stopped at the house of a rich widow, who had a daughter of seventeen or eighteen years of age, more bold than handsome, and named Juana Carducha.

She having seen the Gipsy dance, was seized by the devil, and fell in love with Andres that she determined to declare herself and take him for a husband, if he wished, though it should grieve all her relatives. She then sought an opportunity to speak to him, and found him in the corral, whither he had gone to catch a couple of chickens. She went up to him, and in haste, as not to be seen, said to him: “Andrea,” for she already knew his name, “I am a rich maiden; my mother has no other child, and this house is hers, and she has, besides, two others like it, and vineyards. You have pleased me, if you wish me for a wife it is for you to decide; answer me soon, and if you are prudent, wait, and you shall see what a life we shall lead.”

Andres was astonished at the boldness of Juana and in the haste which she sought, he answered: “Sororita, I am already betrothed, and the Gipsies marry only in their own nation. God bless you for the mercy which you would do me; I am not worthy of it.”

Juana was upon the point of fainting at the short reply of Andres, whom she would have solicited farther, but not other Gipsy appeared. She went out disheartened and angry, and dejected of revenge. Andres prudently determined to avoid the occasion which the devil offered him; for he easily read in the eyes of Juana that she would deliver herself to him to the extent of his will without any matrimonial ceremonies, and he did not wish to be alone with her again within that corral. He therefore besought the Gipsies to prepare for going away. They, who always obeyed him, agreed, and getting back their securities, they started.

Juana, who considered the departure of Andres equivalent to the loss of half her soul, and saw that there was no time to solicit the fulfillment of her desires, managed to detain him by force, since she could not by love. With the cunning and slyness which her evil intention taught her, she placed in the knapsack which she knew to be his some rich cords and two silver medals, with other articles; and scarcely had the Gipsies left the house when she cried out that they had stolen her jewels; whereupon the officers came, and all the people in the village. The Gipsies stopped and all averred that they had stolen nothing, and that they would expose for examination all the property of the tribe. At this the old woman was much troubled, fearing in that scrutiny the jewels of Preciosa and the clothes of Andres would come to light, for she had preserved those carefully; but Juana Carducha prevented all that, for at the second bundle which they examined, she said that they should look which was that of the great dancer, for she had seen him go into her room twice, and perhaps he had taken them.

Andres understood that she was speaking of him, and laughing, said: “Dam-
The officers of the law listened to un
aid this is my donkey and this is my
wardrobe; and if you find about either
thing of yours, I will pay you for it
safeland, besides suffering the punish-
ment which the law gives to thieves.

The officers of the law hastened to un-
load the donkey, and soon found the
missing articles. At this Andreas was so
astonished and frightened that he assum-
bled a statute of stone.

"Did I not suspect rightly?" said Miss
Carducho, "see what an innocent face
for so great a thief."

The judge, who was present, began to
call Andreas by a thousand insulting
names, and cursed all Gipsies for thieves
and robbers. To all this Andreas said
nothing, for he did not understand the
meaning of Miss Carducho. Then a
soldier, nephew of the judge, came up to
him, saying, "Do you not see what Gip-
sies are? I will beat that, with all his
rudeness, he will deny the thief, though
taken in the act: lucky for him if he do
get to the galleys. Why would it
not be better that this scamp should be
there serving the king, rather than danc-
ing about from village to village and
stealing from mountain to valley? By
the faith of a soldier but I will give him
a box;" and saying this, without more
 ado, he raised his hand and gave Andreas
such a blow that he was unseated from
his revery, and munificently to remem-
ber that he was not Andreas Cavaller, the Gipsy,
but Don Juan, and a nobleman: and
leaping at the soldier, with much haste
and some wrath, he wrested his sword
from its sheath and killed him at a thrust.
Then the people cried out, the judge
ruled, Preciosa swooned, and Andreas
was frightened at seeing her fall: then there
was a hastening of all to arms and a rush
to seize the housemaid. Amidst great confu-
sion Andreas was soon taken and loaded
with heavy chains. Indeed the judge
would have liked to have had him exe-
cuted immediately, had it been in his
power; but he had to send persons ac-
cused of high crimes to Murcia, the near-
est seat of a high court. They did not
take him until the next day, and in the
meanwhile he suffered much inconveni-
ce and abuse which the angry judge
and his relatives and all the people of
the village heaped upon him. The judge
took all the Gipsies he could catch, but
the most of them fled. Finally, provided
with a summary of the case, and a great
crowd of Gipsies, the judge, his officers,
and many other persons, entered Murcia.
All the city came out to see the prisoners,
for they had already heard of the death
of the soldier; but the beauty of Preciosa
that day was such that all who saw her
blessed her. The report of her beauty
reached the ears of the Superior Judge's
wife, who, for curiosity to see the Gipsy
girl, induced her husband to command
that Preciosa alone should not be impris-
oned. They placed Andreas in a narrow
cell, the darkness of which, with the lack
of the light of Preciosa's eyes, affected him
so much that he really expected to never
leave the cell except for his grave. They
took Preciosa, with her grandmother, that
the judge's wife might see her; and when
they met, the lady said, "You do indeed
see that this Preciosa is a prisoner, as
the law prescribes, but I assure you
that she is a prisoner is no criminal, for she
is a little girl, and so young and innocent
that she is not responsible."

Preciosa took her hands, and kissing
them many times, she embraced them
with tears, and said: "Kind lady, the Gipsy
that is a prisoner is no criminal, for he
was attacked: they called him a thief,
which he is not: they struck him first in
the face, which is such that you can dis-
cover his honesty in it. For God's sake,
use your influence with the judge to
delay his trial and punishment, and if my
beauty has given you any pleasure, favor
me by shielding the prisoner, for with the
end of his life there will be an end of
neces likewise. He should have been my
husband, but honorable and proper im-
pediments have prevented our marriage.
If money is necessary to obtain a pardon,
our whole tribe will sell itself at auction.
Oh, Sohor! If you know what love is,
and if you have at any time felt its influ-
ence, and if you now have any love for
your husband, pity me; for I love mine
tenderly and honestly."

"All this time Pecosam had not let go
her hands, nor stopped looking at her at-
tentively, shedding bitter and pitiable
tears in great abundance. In the same
manner the lady held the Gipsy girl's
hands, looking at her no less attentively,
and shedding tears no less. Whilst in
this position the judge entered the room,
and finding his wife and Pecosam so
weeping and occupied, he was astonished
at her tears as well as at her beauty.
When Pecosam saw him she left the
hands of the lady and seized the foot of
the judge, saying to him, "Pity, Sohor,
pity, if my betrothed die, I die likewise:
he is not in fault, but if he be guilty,
then punish me, or if that cannot be,
then put off the trial until the proper
name for his defense can be sought
and found: for it might be that Heaven
would send gracious safety to one who did not
offend in malice." The judge was more
astonished to hear the discretion of the
Gipsy girl, and had it not been for
his pride, would have accompanied her
in her tears.

In the meantime the old Gipsy was con-
sidering many great and intricate ques-
tions, and at the end of her suspense and
worry, she said: "Wait for me a little
while, and I will cause this weeping to
change to joy, though it cost me my life,"
and then she went out of the room with
a light step, leaving them in ignorance of
her meaning. While the old woman was
gone, Pecosam did not abandon her pray-
er and tears for the postponement of the
trial of her betrothed, that he might
come to defend Andres. The Gipsy
woman soon returned with a little box un-
der her arm, and requested the judge and
his wife to go into a room where she
could be alone with them, for she had
great things to tell them. The judge,
believing that she wished to discover to
him some thefts of the Gipsy, to render
his position in the case of the prisoner,
immediately went with his wife and
her into the cabinet, where the old wom-
an, placing herself on her knees before
them, said: "If the good news which I
am about to give you does not merit, as a
reward, the pardon of my great sin, here
am I to receive the punishment which
you may see fit to inflict; but, before I
confess, I wish that you may tell me
whether you recognize these jewels?"
and opening the box where she had those
of Pecosam, she placed them in the hands
of the judge. He looked at them, and he
saw that they were the ornaments of a
child. When the lady saw them she
seemed very much excited, and she asked,
"Whose are these jewels?"

"Here in this folded paper," said the
old woman, "is the child's name."
The judge took the paper and read:
"The child's name is Constancia de
Acredado, her mother is Doña Guisamer
de Acredado, and her father's name is
Don Fernando de Acredado, Knight of the
order of Calatrava. She disappeared on
Assumption day at night in the morning,
in the year 1599, and she were these
ornaments in this box."

Scarcely had the lady heard the con-
tents of the paper when she took the
ornaments, placed them to her mouth
and giving them a thousand kisses, faint-
of face and fell. The judge hastened to
The judge, discovering the truth, ordered the old woman to render to the prisoner the wife and the old woman's daughter. The judge then asked her some questions to which she replied with discretion and grace that they would have loved her if they had not been unable to tell her the secret, and at the time when she told the old Gipsy that he pardoned her for the theft of his daughter, but that it grieved him that knowing the quality of Preciosa, she had betrothed her to a Gipsy, and he a thief and a murderer.

The excited lady jumped almost out of her shoes when she heard this, and ran to the hall where she had left Preciosa; and there she found her yet Weeping, surrounded by the servants of the house. She walked up to Preciosa, and without speaking, in great haste, opened her dress and looked under her left breast, and there found a mole with which her child had been born, and the mole was already large for it had grown with the child. She took off the shoe of Preciosa's right foot and discovered a foot like polished ivory and saw upon it what she sought, which was that the two last toes were united by a small web of flesh. The breast, the toes, the circumstances, the specified day of theft, the confession of the Gipsy, and the surprise and pleasure which she felt when she saw the Gipsy girl, confirmed the truth that Preciosa was her daughter; and then seizing her in her arms, she returned to where her husband and the Gipsy were. Preciosa was confused, not understanding what was meant, and still more when the lady took her in her arms and covered her with kisses. Dona Guiomar soon arrived with her precious barding to the presence of her husband, and transferring it from her arms to his, said:

"Receive my lord, your daughter, Constancia, for this is she beyond a doubt, I have seen the mark of the joined toes and that of the mole on her breast; and besides, my soul has been saying so to me since the moment that I first saw her.

"I do not doubt it," answered the judge, "for I have had the same thoughts, and all put together it appears like a miracle."

"All the servants in the house were wondering, asking each other what it meant, and they all guessed with the mark; for none could have thought that the Gipsy girl was the daughter of their mistress. The judge said to them that they should keep the secret, and at the same time he told the old Gipsy that he pardoned her for the theft of his daughter, but that it grieved him that knowing the quality of Preciosa, she had betrothed her to a Gipsy, and he a thief and a murderer.

To this Preciosa said, "Oh my lord! he is not a Gipsy nor a thief, although he killed a man, but it was one who gave him a great insult, and he could not do less than show who he was, and kill him."

"How! he is no Gipsy, my daughter?" said Dona Guiomar.

Then the old woman related briefly the story of Andrew Cavalier, and how he was son of Don Francisco de Guarnizo, Knight of the Order of Santiago, and that the son's name was Don Juan de Guarnizo, of the same honorable order, as his ornaments which he had would show. She told at the same time of the agreement between Preciosa and Don Juan, of the two years' probation before marriage, and praised the chastity of both and the honorable disposition of Don Juan. At this they wondered as much as at the finding of their daughter; and the lady ordered the Gipsy woman to bring the clothes of Don Juan. She went out and soon returned with another Gipsy, who carried the clothes. While she was gone the parent put a thousand questions to Preciosa, which she answered, with much discretion and grace that she would have loved her if they had
not known her to be their daughter.
They asked her if she had any affection for Don Juan. She answered, no more than that she was compelled to be grateful to a person who had humiliated herself to be a Gipsy for her sake; but that her thankfulness should not extend beyond the bounds set by the wishes of her parents.

"Silence," daughter Preciosa," said her father, ". for I wish you to retain this name of Preciosa, in memory of your loss and recovery; for I, as your father, will undertake to place you in condition to do no discredit to your quality."

Hearing this, Preciosa sighed, and her mother, as a sensible woman, knew that she was sighing out of love for Don Juan, and she said to her husband, ". Señor, since Don Juan de Carcamo is so noble and so enamored of our daughter it would not be well to give her to him as a spouse."

He answered, "To-day we have but found her and you already wish to lose her? Let us enjoy her company for a short time, for when she is married she will not be ours, but her husband's." "You are right, my lord," answered she, "but give orders to free Don Juan, who is in the dungeon."

"Yes, he is," said Preciosa, "for a homicide and a thief, and above all to a Gipsy; they should give no better place." "I will go to see him as though I were going to take his confession," answered Don Fernando, and embracing Preciosa, he immediately went to the dungeon of Don Juan. He found him manacled upon hand and foot in a dark cell, and he said, "How do your wrists-and your belt fit? I wish that I had all the Gipsies in Spain thus hand-cuffed that I might finish with them in one day. Know punctilious thief, that I am the judge of this city, and have come to learn from you whether a Gipsy girl that came with you is your wife?"

Andres answered, "If she has said that I am, it is true; and if she has said that I am not, it is likewise true; for it is impossible that Preciosa should speak falsely."

"So truthful, is she?" said the Judge, "That is extraordinary in a Gipsy. Now young man, she has said that she is your spouse, but has never given you her hand. She has learned that on account of your crime you must die, and she has brought me to celebrate the marriage before you die, because she wishes the honor of being the widow of so great a thief!"

"Then, your honor, do as she prays, and I will go contented, to the other life."

"You must love her deeply," said the Judge.

"So much," said the prisoner, "that words are nothing. I have only to say, I killed a man who insulted me; I love this Gipsy girl; I will die contented if I die in her favor, and I know that the mercy of God will not be wanting to us, for we have kept our promises, honestly and strictly."

"Then I will send for you to-morrow," said the Judge, "and in my house, you will be married to Preciosa, and to-morrow at noon you will be upon the scaffold; and therewith I will have complied with the dictates of justice and your desires."

Andres thanked him, and the Judge returned to his house, where he related to his wife what he had done. In the mean time Preciosa had related to her mother the whole course of her life, and how she had always believed that she was a Gipsy, and grand-daughter of the old woman, but that she had always expected herself more than was to be expected of a Gipsy girl. Her mother told her to tell the truth, whether she loved Don Juan de Carcami. She with bashfulness and downcast eyes said, that having considered herself a Gipsy, and that she would better her condition by marrying a knight, and great noble like Don
Juan de Carcamo, and, as she had learned by experience, a man of such good and honorable disposition, she had sometimes looked upon him with eyes of affection, but that, she had already said that the will of her parents was her law.

Night came, and about ten o'clock, they took Andros from the prison, locked except one large chain around his waist. They arrived, unheard of by any one save his conductors, at the house of the judge, and in silence entered a room where they left him alone. Soon after a priest entered and told him to confess himself, for that he had to die on the morrow.

To which Andros answered: “I will confess very willingly, but why not marry me first, if I am to be married, the honeymoon shall be short enough at least.” Dona Guinomar, who heard all this, said to her husband that the fright might be too great for Don Juan, and cost him his life. The cause appeared good to the judge and he went in to call the confessor and said to him, that first he should marry the two Gipsies, and then hear the man’s confession afterwards. They then took Andros to a large room where the only persons present were the judge, Dona Guinomar, Preciosa, and a couple of servants; but when Preciosa saw Don Juan in chains, she threw herself into the arms of her mother and wept.

Dona Guinomar said, “Do not grieve my child, for all this shall redound to your pleasure and profit.” She, fearful, did not know how to console herself, and the old Gipsy was frightened and the servants in suspense.

The judge said, “Sir Corato, these are the Gipsy man and woman that you are to marry.”

“Thus I cannot do until the legal formalities have been complied with; where were the banns published? Where is the permission of my superior?”

“The inadvertence is mine,” said the judge, “but I will manage it right.”
ty and chains of gold; the Gipays were liberated; the uncle received the promise of two thousand crowns, in consideration of dropping the quarell, and a servant of Miss Carcellin agrees to having seen her conceal her trinkets in Anthony's hunch while Antonio was away. Don Francisco said to Don Juan that he had learned that his father Don Francisco de Carcellin was appointed judge of that city, and that it would be well to wait for his arrival. Don Juan said he would be ruled, but that before all things he should be married to Preciosa. The archbishop gave him license to be married with but one name. The judge being very much beloved, the city made a celebration, with illuminations, bull fights and rockets, upon the eve and day of the marriage. The news of the adventures and marriage of Don Juan and Preciosa, reached the court, and the beauty and quality of Preciosa appeared the portion of Andras from his father, for his son's spirit of adventure. It was no little gratification to him to find the sea, where he had supposed to be lost, and to know that he was the son-in-law of so great a nobleman as Don Fernando de Arcedea. He hastened his departure to see his children, and within twenty days he was in Morcia. Upon his arrival the festivities were renewed, and the people of the city celebrated the singular adventures and the discretion and grace of Don Juan and Preciosa.

THE MANIAO'S SONG.

BY MILLIE MAXMIR.

Mad! mad!
When the thunder calls to the deep, I'm glad!
When the storm's black hand upfolds its sail,
And Death rides out on the fearful gale,
I am glad! I am glad!

Sad! Sad!
'Twas to see my Willie drown. Too bad,
That the glittering strands of his golden hair
Should hold him fast in the Siren's hair—
Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!
They call me mad, when I am not glad,
As I shout his ever开了 name,
To the lightning's telegraphical thunders,
I am glad! I am glad!

Sad! sad!
No answering answer comes back; too bad!
The lightning's chain in the surging seas
Breaks near the Hall of the Nereids—
Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!
There's a wondrous light in the cloud—'I'm glad!
You sea of fog, the stars will drown,
I saw the moon's white face go down—
I am glad! I am glad!

Sad! sad!
I shall be if no shipperock's near—too bad,
If there goes no goodly company
To meet his under the stormy sea—
Too bad! too bad!

Sad! mad!
Hurr! there's a crash! I'm glad! I'm glad!
The wind's sharp blow turns up the deep
And furrows the beds where the sea-gods sleep,
I am glad! I am glad!

Sad! sad!
O Land down like a felon—too bad, too bad,
That I can't escape this torturing chain,
And join my love in the flaming main—
Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!
When I hear the tempest roar, I'm glad;
For I hope the storm-king will hear my cry
And clip my cords as he thunders by—
I am glad! I am glad!

Sad! sad!
His chariot's wheels drown my voice—too bad!
I must wait for the tardy sailor, Death,
To close the gates on my trembling breath,
Too bad! too bad!
EXCURSION TO THE BUTTE MOUNTAINS.

BY OBOE K. GODFREY.

One morning, before the sun rose over the summits of the Sierras, I set out on an excursion from Yuba City to the Butte Mountains. All nature was calm and hushed to repose. The busy hum of day had not commenced, save by Heaven's own choicest that were offering up to God their songs of praise, making the groves vocal with their music. It was a lovely morning. The atmosphere was soft and balmy, and the sky beautifully blue. I started early to avoid the heat of the day, for experience hath taught me that the delightful air I inhale would become hot in a few hours. A belt of trees along Feather river covers the luxuriant bottom land, and they were mostly oak and sycamore, low and wide-spreading, affording shades of the finest kind. Here were to be seen splendid trees clad with a gorgeous livery of foliage growing with all the luxuriance in which nature delights in those solitudes.

The footpaths, dragorries and treelit work of vines as they clung from tree to tree, presented a most graceful and attractive sight.

Birds too, of rich and varied plumage, having most sweet and liquid notes, made the landscape vocal with their songs; while the clustering magpie and blue jay, with an occasional whistled or peculiar call of the California parrotage, and the lonely sound of the morning doves as they could be seen playing among the dense foliage or on the tops of sycamore trees, gave additional interest to this animated and truly magnificent scene. As I emerged out into the open plain, the lofty, snowy peaks of the coast range mountains just began to glitter in the first rays of the morning sun, which had not yet reached me. I turned to witness a sunrise over the peaks of the Sierras Nevada mountains. A long wall to the castward rose thousands of feet abruptly from the plain. As the sun continued to rise higher, the scenery became hourly more grand and interesting, and the view here was truly magnificent.

When the sun had fairly ascended above the wall, it made several magical changes. Its first rays gave the mountains the appearance of gold, and as it moved higher still, its beams struck the mountains in a different position, and they presented a deep rose color which contrasted beautifully with the blue sky above, and, finally, the whole range of peaks capped with eternal snow, were glistening like burnished silver, while a sea of sunsets flowed along the distant heavens. What a rich scene was presented to the admiring gaze in all its grandeur and sublimity! Never had I seen such gorgeous tints, such fantastic shapes among the clouds, and such blending of colors reflected in a thousand lovely tints on mountain and sky, as I here witnessed; earth, air and sky were lit up with the splendour of the sun! Though the scenes are not of the Alps, nor the Andes, yet they have their own peculiar character of grandeur and magnificence. Truly the sun rose with unusual brilliancy, and a soft and gentle breeze filled with the balmy fragrance of the thousand flowers of the plains, made the morning as delightful as the heart could wish. The singular beauty of the plains is delightful to the eye, and the
parity of the atmosphere in this region a housing to one's constitution. As I proceeded on my journey, I heard the confused hum of the thousands of insects now and then broken by the sharp chipp ing of a cricket.

The golden butterflies were soon flying gracefully in the air, and I started up a wild lizard and a horned frog.

In the distance above the wide-spreading oak groves stands the Butte mountains, their sides glowing in the sunbeams. The green vernal of the lofty summits and the bright flowers of every hue which dotted the long stretch of open prairie land, tinged with the sun, contrasted beautifully.

As I advanced, both presented an attractive and invigorating landscape. I continued over loose soil and fine dust in some places, which made my journey exceedingly toilsome and unpleasant.

After walking about four miles over a parched and arid plain, occasionally relieved by a few trees or shrubs, covered with different kinds of flowers, as if in mimicry of the desolate and arid plain, I reached a belt of timber—a fine grove. Here I tarried for some time beneath the welcome shades, being a little weary.

As the day advanced, the rays of the sun were most intense, with but a little shade here and there to protect me from its beams in crossing the open prairie. As I entered the groves, the way rejoiced with the laurie of the bobolinks and of many little warblers that would join in their chorus.

The blue bird was there, with his sprightly notes, and the meadow lark perched upon a weed caroled forth his song of love.

There was a grandeur and beauty in the scenery that was truly enchanting. The day was clear and bright, and the atmosphere mild and serene, while the gentle air that wafted over the plain was refreshing and invigorating. But the hum of the insects and songs of the birds, and gay profusion of trees, plants and flowers, absorbed every sense in my admiration of the new and varied picture continually presented.

I passed through beautiful groves of white, live, and evergreen oaks, often six and eight feet in diameter, that grow to the height of fifteen to fifty feet, and then spreading out, forming a large top and covering a considerable space of ground with rich foliage. One is struck with the great regularity of these forest trees. Generally, the space between is from four to ten rods, and the boles branching off from the main trunk with as much uniformity as an old apple orchard.

The ground which I have passed over is what is called rolling prairie, of exceedingly small and gentle curves, one swell melting into another. It is one of the most lovely and fertile portions of the whole valley of Sacramento. The soil is a black loam intermixed with sand, and can be plowed with great ease. Almost every acre is susceptible of the highest state of cultivation, and will reward the husbandman for his labor, more richly perhaps than any country on the globe. The soil here will produce more and with less labor than any portion of the older states, and the products must always command a much higher price. Already has this portion of the country begun to attract the attention of the agriculturist, and many are now preparing to open large farms for the coming season. A few years, and the thousand little valleys of California will bloom as the rose, and the products of the north and south will be growing in abundance. A happy future awaits her, and there are none so bold that dare attempt to forecast her greatness.

About two miles from the base of the Buttes, the ground commences gently to roll;
EXCURSION TO THE BUTTE MOUNTAINS.

Still it becomes undulating, and the hills gradually grow larger till they reach the base of the mountains. These hill tops are carpeted with wild oats, interspersed with wild mustard, and in the valleys the wild roses are in full bloom and mingle their pink, red, and white flowers with the clusters of violets and various other kinds of flowers of every inimitable tint and hue. In the course of my excursion, I counted one hundred and fifty different varieties of flowers in full bloom either on the plains or along the ravines and slopes of the foot hills and higher steeps of the Buttes. It is a glorious sight, those wild flowers. I reached the base at the east end of the range. The Butte mountains are situated between the Sacramento and Feather rivers, twelve miles west of Yuba city, which is located at the mouth of the Yuba river. The verdure of the mountains above me and the green valleys below, rendered the scene around me grand and picturesque. From the base of the mountains, there is a slight descent after leaving the foot hills; and streams of pure water gush from the mountain sides in all directions, forming little rivulets, some reaching a few miles beyond the hills; the springs which supply them, not being copious enough to carry them across the plains, whilst others traverse the valleys and finally empty themselves into the rivers. The most of these streams are plentifully supplied with fish during the whole year.

I wound around on the north side of the mountains for about three miles, and commenced the ascent. Whilst moving up between the mountains, leaving two on my right hand and two on my left, I came to a place where men had been engaged in mining on the banks of some of those mountain streams and in ravines. From these old diggings my progress was uninterrupted in climbing till I reached a ravine, where a stream of pure and limpid water had sprung to life far above in the tall cliffs, and leaped and dashed over a rugged mass of rocks, and finally wound around the foot hills and lost itself in the plains. Here the wild flowers of all dyes bloom in their native luxuriance, and waste their fragrance on the mountain air.

From thence I continued my stroll in climbing up the mountain sides. There were patches of green tufts to be seen here and there, and occasionally a grass plat broke upon the sight.

Further along in places a tall clump of trees would spring up, bearing aloft a graceful top of foliage, affording a delightful shade, under which I sat me down to rest, for the sun poured down his intense heat and cast his long shadow shadows down along the mountain side below, and brightened all the highest peaks with rays of golden light.

I came unexpectedly to an enchanting spot, a mountain streamlet, which, descending from above in mountain cascades, plunging and foaming over cliffs and precipices, had worn deep and rounded bowls in the solid rocks, forming limpid pools of cool and delightful water of crystal purity, and finally winding and forming a most beautiful little lake, set like a gem in the mountains. The sheet of water lay transversely across the direction I had been pursuing. Here a view of the utmost grandeur and magnificence burst upon my eyes between two ridges covered with dark pine, which sweeps down from the main chain to the spot where I stood. Here the lake glistened in the open sunlight; its banks of yellow sand and the green foliage of the sapphire groves contorted beautifullly with the gloomy pines. Never before, in this country or in South America, or the Islands of Oceania, have I seen such grand rocks and magnificent landscape.

Proceeding a little further, I came to the outlet of the lake, where it found its
way through a narrow passage between an accumulation of rocks, boulders and broken slabs, and large angular fragments. Dark pines which overhang the stream, and masses of roots where the water foamed along, gave it a romantic beauty.

It fairly brought to my mind a beautiful romantic spot in my own dear native State, near Sweet Auburn, the loveliest village of the plains, where a gurgling rill leaps joyously down the hill and through the vale, and where I had passed many a happy hour. Here in this sweet retreat I tarried for a long time beneath the welcome shade, enjoying the pleasures of the mountain scenery.

Winding my way in a zigzag course up this wide and long ravine for some distance, I come to the fork, where it branches off into two beautiful valleys. A few yards below the junction the rilllet takes a precipitous leap over craggy rocks, and rushes onward, bounding, churning and frothing as if it were doing a match against time and were in danger of losing the race. Here in this delightful place the song of birds was the only sound that interrupted the faint rush of the rapid stream, which came more clearly on the ear, now that the bubbling water had yielded to the stillness of the mountain. I followed up the dividing ridge that rose between the ravines, till I seemed to be on the top of one of the summits. Walking along on the top ridge till I joined the most eastern peak, I finally succeeded in gaining the highest of the four peaks, two thousand feet above the level of the plains of Sacramento.

These mountains stand northwest and southeast, and the whole range is six miles in length. They bear the appearance of lava, and probably have been upheaved by some subterranean convulsion of nature. The different peaks stood before me in the distant prospect, and parallel to its length the ridges are split up in chains of summits, between which rose not so high the lofty walls that terminated with minarets and columns. These mountains, carried by deep chasms and rugged ravines, and often broken into abrupt terminations by steep, precipitous cliffs, looked very grand and imposing, as one bench after another fell off into undulating hills, till they became a level plain. Among these hills beautiful smiling valleys would present, all uncultivated, but clad with a lively of foliage, and here and there intersected with numerous streams, forming large and very beautiful bottoms of fertile land, wooded principally with oak groves of handsome trees, and open prairie. There were patches of green tufts to be seen here and there, and occasionally a grassy plain of green vegetation broke upon the sight along the sides of the mountains, whilst over all the summits of the range extends a wide and unconfined aspect of desolation. How sublime they stand in the midst of the great plain of Sacramento.

I am now upon the highest summit of the Butte mountain. What endless food for memory and association is presented! This sight is unrivaled in beauty and magnificence. Looking from this summit, the main feature presented is the long, broad valley of the Sacramento bounded on the east by the Sierra Nevada and on the west by the coast range mountains, which separate it from the Pacific Ocean.

My position commanded a wide sweep of the surrounding country.

The view towards the west presents the long and lofty wall of the coast ranges, extending north and south as far as vision could extend, and in some places capped with perpetual snow. Stretching between me and those distant mountains two-thirds in width is the great valley of the Sacramento, through which can be seen the ever memorable Sacramento river of the El Dorado, winding its way to the waters of the Pacific, whose banks are defined by a long line of oaks and sycamores.
At my first lay the valley dotted with a long and rich growth of timber, which gives it more the appearance of an old cultivated park than the forests of nature, while on the other side of the mountain the Feather and Yuba rivers would along the valley over which I had just made my way, and enter the Sacramento to the south, which passes through this valley, till it was dimly lost on the swell of the expansive plain. The banks of the river, as they sweep around in graceful curves, present a beautiful appearance, with ravines scattered along at various distances, half hid in the dense green-robbed forests. The foothills of the Sierras is a wooded country, diversified with undulating ground and pretty valleys, and watered with numerous small streams, some extending a few miles beyond the hills, whilst others reach the other rivers. The eye now glances upwards, over the banks of the Nevada. Thousands of mountain peaks rise to their rise one range and tier above another, stretching north and south as far as the eye can reach, till they reach the highest summits, many of which are covered with all the brilliancy of glacier rocks.

To the north a remarkable peak looms up to the eastward, and is called Lassen Peak, and nearly opposite, in the coast range, stands a prominent summit, called Mount Lynn, whilst far beyond these two ranges of mountains unite and become more elevated, and Mount Shasta enters the region of eternal snows. The mountain ranges on both sides of the valley are high and rugged, being capped in places with snow the year round. What a prospect presents itself in all its grandeur! Never could the atmosphere be more clear and the sky painted with a brighter hue, and at no time could my eyes have traveled over a greater space. It was a beautiful afternoon in April, the light breeze played through the valley, gently waving the trees in a most graceful manner, and filling the air with the balmy fragrance of the thousand flowers of the plain.

As I stood upon the summit looking around me, the Buttes presented one main striking feature, which was that of terrible corrision. The eye rests upon the green valley spread out in all directions, carpeted with green as far as vision could extend, and flowery pastures here and there dotted with groves of oak and alders. The eye wanders with delight over the rivers deep and wide, those mighty streams that seaward glide, to seek the ocean's breast, and those mighty chains of mountains on either side of the valley stretching from north and south so massive, yet so shadowy and so otherworld.

The whole scene was wild and romantic. There were to be seen deep chasms, yawning abysses, rugged valleys, narrow descents, and on some peaks of those mountain chains sprang up tall trees of fir, oak and cedar, yet they were often broken into abrupt terminations by overhanging crags. Over all a lonely aspect and a peculiar cheerless desolation extended as the shades of evening approached. The whole range of peaks stretched out into a sea of summits, on which the last rays of the setting sun yet lingered as it went down beneath the western horizon; all description of it failing to convey to the mind an adequate impression of its beauty and grandeur.

When the sun had fairly set, the whole coast range contrasted beautifully with the golden sky lit up by the last rays of the departing sun. The scenery was the most grand and picturesque I ever witnessed. While I stood here looking down upon the vast plains and the mountains that surrounded me, a stillness the most profound and terrible forced itself continually upon my mind as the great feature of the scenery. Here I was alone in a strange place. The still-
ons of the place cannot but strike the
traveler with a kind of solemn awe. The
solitude is complete and unbroken by any
living thing save the yell of the solitary
eagle circling around some lofty snag. I
gazed with wonder, admiration and as-
tonishment, drinking in the beauty and
the strangeness of the scene till my heart
staggered under the emotions that crowed
ed it, asking in vain for utterance. Its
grandeur, its variety, its romantic charac-
ter and its splendid beauty are incom-
parably magnificent. In the midst of
what a scene was I now standing! Eternal
silence reigned around me, and soli-
tude, deeper than the forest, first embraces
the subdued and humble adventurer.

There was much around me to inspire
vague and visionary fancies. It was here
that I could cast a retrospective glance at
my past life and set a true estimate on
the value of friends.

Here it was that I held sweet converse
with nature and with nature’s God, and
welcomed the associations and influences
of the hour when the great orb of day is
sinking to its rest behind the western
waves of the Pacific. When his splendor
rests down upon the distant mountain
tops, tingling them with his golden hues,
when the beauties of Heaven seem blazoned
in the sky and mirrored on the
landscape, there is a language in the
scene which the heart can read and un-
derstand. It is then nature follows with
us in the soft pronunciation of her still small
voice, then she unites before our vision
the most captivating features of her loveli-
lines, her sweet harmonies, which,
like the symphonies of angelic notes
heard from afar, linger in our dreams
and pervade the first-isues of the mind.
Truly this is an hour that astounds its
mild influence over all, like creating deep
upon the tender flowers, bidding the un-
hallowed passions of men to sleep while
earth communies with Heaven.

Adios, lovely Butte mountains, adieu!
Happy and blithe have been the hours
which I have spent around you, and
It may well be I shall never visit you
again, whether reflecting the full fresh
green of spring, or rich hues of golden
autumn; but never, lonely mountains,
never will thy remembrance fade from
my bosom while one drop of life’s blood
warms it. Long may it be before these
grand old trees fall before the woodman’s
axe, or the groves of the mountains be
disrobbed of the foliage. For truly thou,
in this late age, art young and inno-
cent, and unpolluted, as when the redman
drank of the pure water that gurgled
down thy mountain sides, long centuries
core be dreamed of the pale faced oppres-
sor.

Flowers.—The most humble abode is
made pleasant to the sight of all persons of
good taste and refined feelings, when it ex-
hibits flowers in its surroundings, or plants
peeping out of the windows. Flowers are a
luxury that the pooreat may enjoy—the
most common are among the most beauti-
ful—and a few seeds sown in the garden
patch, however small it may be, or in a pot
or a box, will in a short time gladden the
heart of the sower, and all who look upon
them, in the spirit of love, with a bount-
y and fragrance too exquisite for description.

The Love for a Sister.—Some one has
appropriately said that there is something
lovely in the name of sister—its utterance
rarely failing to call up the sentiment of
love. The thoughts that circle round it
are all beautiful and pure. Passion has no
place with its associations. The hopes and
fears of love, those strong emotions, pow-
erful enough to shatter and extinguish life
itself, find no home there. The brilliancy
of the star, the tallow of the heart, the diamond
above all price, bright and blazing in the
bouquet; a star with the gems of light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in
counts of pearls.
A CALIFORNIAN BLOOD-STAIN.

I am blood-stained; and I shall tell how it came. In March, 1850, I was mining at "The Middle Bar of Clear Creek"—now known as One-horse Town—in Shasta county. Bill Ferr, who had been a self-made man's assistant on the U. S. Frigate Constitution, was my partner. He was a large, strong and active man, and a first-rate talker. The Middle Bar lies at the mouth of a canyon, the sides of which rise to mountains several thousand feet above the level of the stream. On the sides of these mountains there are numerous gullies, some of which were very rich in gold when first discovered.

One of these gullies, known as "Sheets' Gulch," about six miles north of the Middle Bar, had been taken "worked out" during the winter of '49 and '50; but Bill and I prospected it in March, '50, and found it still rich. So about the middle of the month we packed up all our worldly goods and took up a claim on the gulch. A little current of water was running through it—about five gallons per minute—just enough to supply one rooker. Our claim was on a little bench on the mountain side, where there were beautiful grass, timber and shrubbery, while in the distance were grand mountain peaks, and about five hundred yards west of us was the cataract of Clear Creek, perhaps nearly one thousand feet deep.

It so happened that our claim lay very near the Indian trail from Cottonwood Creek to "The Springs"—as what is now Shasta City was then called—and Cow Creek; and the Indians frequently used the trail. At that time the pale faces and the red men were at war. The latter had been driven away from their ancient homes, cut off from access to the salmon fisheries, deprived of their stores of acorns and horses, to which they had clung in their rancherias, and having no other means of subsisting life, they preyed on horses, mules, herded cattle, and stole flour and other articles of provision from the miners.

These thefts, when horses were worth $200 each, and all kinds of provisions $2 per pound, caused severe losses to the whites, and they could not submit to them; they had either to abandon the mines and leave the country to the savages, or they must punish the thieves so as to prevent the repetition of the thefts. The method of punishment, often resorted to, was a very simple one. About twenty or thirty miners, all armed with rifles, revolvers and bowie knives, would start out on a road into the Indian country, discover a rancheria, take it by surprise, rush upon it, and, shoot, stab and kill every back, squaw and pappoose. Of course the Indians would retaliate by shooting down the whites, whenever they could take them by surprise or at a great advantage.

There were no miners within two miles of Sheets' Gulch, and none nearer than "The Middle Bar." So Ben Wright and Olney with a party of Wallawa Indians; and as we were only two, we were advised by all our friends not to remain there alone, where we might be surprised and murdered by the hostile Indians at any time of the day or night. We determined, however, to risk our lives for the sake of the gold—and we did. All that month of March we worked there more arduously than any slaves.

And we had encouragement. We were making about $30 per day in beautiful
coarse gold, and our claim promised to furnish us with occupation at those wages for some months. 

One day when we went up to dinner we found that all our provisions of every kind, amounting to about 100 pounds in all, had been stolen from our tent. The theft was a very bold one, for our tent was not more than one hundred yards from where we were at work, and we could easily see it when standing near in our claim. The loss was a very severe one to us, pecuniarily, and as we thought over it on empty stomachs, we vowed vengeance on the thieves if we should catch them. Bill went out with rifle, with the hope of discovering the offenders or getting some game; while I went off to Ben Wright's camp to borrow some flour and pork for supper. Thus we lost all that afternoon. The next day I borrowed one of Ben Wright's horses and went over to the Springs and bought about $150 worth of flour, pork, sugar, beans and rice. Then I packed upon the horses, they did not form a heavy load for him either, and started home. I attempted to take a straight road, but soon found myself on a very high and rugged peak, the descent from which was extremely crooked and difficult; and it was only by very great exertion that I managed to reach home that night. In my anxiety I overworked myself and the next day I was "taken down" with the ague and could do nothing. The day was a beautiful one; I made my bed out under a large live oak tree, and lay there while Bill rooked the cradle. At noon he came up, made dinner, and then lay down to take a little nap. About one o'clock I awoke from a short sleep and found that by the motion of the sun I was no longer in the shade; and I raised myself upon my elbow intending to get up and place my bed in the shade. As I raised, I heard a rustle behind me, and looking back I saw a naked Indian jump from behind a buckeye bush, some twenty steps distant, and run down towards the canyon. I shouted, "Bill! Bill! Indians! Indians!" Bill rushed out of the tent, and with popping eye and flying hair, demanded "where? where?" while he jumped up about six feet perpendicularly looking down the canyon in the direction I pointed. The next moment he was making ten feet strides after the Indians; and I rose and limped to the tent for Bill's rifle, knowing that he had started without any arms save the butcher knife which he always carried at his side, supposing that the Indian might return. 

Still I hurried to follow them, so that if I had a chance I might assist my partner, or perhaps pick off the redskin as he might ascend the rocks on the other side of the canyon. However, I had not gone more than forty steps, before I saw Bill come out from among the rocks and bushes leading Mr. "Ingum," a young fellow, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, by the hand. I was so much excited that I drew up the rifle for the purpose of shooting him in Bill's hand; but Bill protested, and as the distance was about fifty yards, it would not have been a very safe experiment for a man with the ague. So I dropped the rifle and Bill came up. The Indian was perfectly naked and savage appearance. What to do with him? That he must die we were both agreed. It was plain that he had robbed us the other day, and that he had come intending to rob us again. We presumed that he had accomplices in the vicinity. We must make it a matter of life and death. Bill proposed that the prisoner should be given to Ben Wright's Wallawalla, who hates the ignoble Diggers, and would have delighted in killing this one. I objected, that the Indian if entrusted to third persons might escape, and that if he had accomplices watching us, we ought to give them a proof of how soon we could
The philosopher, the scholar, the student, or the votary of pleasure, all derive manifold gratifications from foreign travel, but among them there is no circumstance so pleasing as the universal admiration, even reverence, everywhere felt and expressed for the name, the character of Washington. "If I ever visit America, the first spot I shall seek will be Mount Vernon." How often has every hour of moral vitality which his virtues, wisdom, patriotism, and toils, have infused into our daily life throughout the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the boundless North to the climate of "the orange and the myrtle," for years supinely suffered that household shrine to fall gradually to decay. To the honor of American ladies, be it said, they have arisen to enfranchise this blight upon our national gratitude. The "Southern Matron," a lady as eminent for her private worth as for her social position, enrolled under the baneful associations equally worthy of honor, for a purpose truly feminine and noble: To make a free gift to the American people of the Home and Tomb of Washington! From a small band the association has, like the grains of mustard-seed, increased to a legion. The fire that burned in the
hearts and was visible in the deeds of the heroic women of the revolution, has been rekindled in their posterity, and the ladies of America have vied with each other in laboring for this cause. By their endeavors, and, above all, by the exertions of the Honorable Edward Everett, whose genius, eloquence, scholastic research, extraordinary appropriateness and aptitude of illustration and anecdote never before were nobly devoted, the work is approaching its completion. The 22d of February next, the anniversary of the birthday, not of a Man only, but of a nation, has been justly and beautifully selected as the day on which Mount Vernon shall become to us and to others forever, a cherished spot, guarded from the decaying influences of time, and standing among the tottering gods of party strife, local dissensions and petty jealousies, the Ark of Liberty and National Honor.

Ladies of California! Let me address you, not only by the conventional term which marks a class of society, but by that generic name, that noblest name of all, the only one which the Savior of the world bestowed upon the Virgin Mother.

Women of California! will you not, by such a trilling gift as is daily wasted upon mere ephemera, in a worthy, patriotic, womanly cause? Though your homes are here, do not your thoughts also travel back to your birth-places, to parents’ dwelling on the Atlantic continent, where the name of Washington was so familiar and revered? Do not those old associations, “like to a gentle music heard in darkness,” prompt you to contribute to this work? As wives, as daughters, as sisters, and as friends, is not the Home of Washington equally as dear to your hearts, as to the hearts of the men you love? And as mothers, how can you more surely, more worthily make your children “patriots and statesmen” in the Temple of Liberty, than by practically illustrating your reverence for its great advo-
cate? Reflect, also, that your names will be registered as assistents in this “labor of love,” and that your children, with their children’s children, when they make in future years their pilgrimages to Mount Vernon, will turn to the volumes and read proudly the names: “That was my mother!”

The annexed letter, though not intended for publication, written by Mrs. Ritchie, formerly widely known as Mrs. Anne Cora Mowatt, contains so much of interest that we cannot better serve the fund than by inserting it:

Burrions, June 7, 1858.

My Dear Mrs. Cousier,—Your letter of May 4th, addressed to the “Southern Matron,” was duly received by her. The lady who formerly headed the Mount Vernon Association, under that title, (which she has been induced to drop,) is Miss Ann Punah Cunningham, Regent, by the new constitution, of the Mount Vernon Ladies’ Association. Her severe indisposition, and the illness of her private secretary, made her request me to reply to your letter, though my own correspondence, as Vice Regent of the Association for Virginia, is necessarily very large. I do not address you as a stranger, as we have been both members of the same profession, and are now engaged in the same holy cause,—rather, as a sister, I welcome you among the patriotic sisterhood who have resolved to save the home and grave of our beloved Washington from desecration, and consecrate it for all time, through woman’s devotion.

All I have ever heard of you prevents my being surprised at your so promptly and warmly espousing this cause. The two California papers received by the Regent, (which the Richmond Enquirer, my husband’s paper, will copy,) show that you have already gone to work with heart and might. The Regent charged me to say that she is “deeply touched when she feels she is the humble instrument of awakening a patriotic chord in the breast of a true-hearted woman, and that your letter gave her infinite satisfaction.”

We are making the most zealous efforts to raise the whole of the two hundred thousand dollars, which we have contracted to pay for Mount Vernon, be-

It may be that this article will excite the interest of the few who have passed the eighteenth century, and who have not been more noticed of the house in successful of the life of the lady who has upheld the name of the Virgin Mother of the American citizen in the world of letters, and who has already contributed so many dollars to our fund, and whose name will be forever recorded in the archives of Mount Vernon.

There are those who would make the world believe that the Virgin Mother is dead, and that the American citizen is without a mother. There are those who would make us forget the cause, the sacrifice of the Virgin Mother, and the sacrifices of the American citizen. There are those who would make us forget the cause, the sacrifice of the Virgin Mother, and the sacrifice of the American citizen. There are those who would make us forget the cause, the sacrifice of the Virgin Mother, and the sacrifice of the American citizen. There are those who would make us forget the cause, the sacrifice of the Virgin Mother, and the sacrifice of the American citizen.
GRAVES OF THE FORTY-NINERS.

It may be that the heading of this article will excite the curiosity of some. There are those who will wonder why those who passed from life in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine, should be remembered so many years after, and why their names are associated with the early history of California—who marched hand in hand with the early settlers, and with them endured hardships, privation, and suffering—there is something in the word "Forty-niner" that arouses the deepest, tenderest feelings of the heart, and often calls up a tear. Well do the old pioneers remember the cold, rainy winter, the scarcity of provisions, the high prices, and the short time allowed for making the scanty preparations for the dreary season. It is to be wondered at that there was much sickness, suffering and death in '49! Many of the graves scattered over our hills have a board or block to mark the spot, bearing the date of that eventful year. These simple signs point to the last resting places of those hardy, adventurous, men who first prospected our gold mines, and cleared the way for the great emigration that followed. In the few years that have passed have disappeared nearly all of the forty-niners. Many secured enough of the yellow dust to justify them in returning to the Atlantic States; but many—a very many—lived out their cold and pulseless in the bony of the hills. A few yet remain amongst us. Some are still engaged in tearing up the river beds or boring the hills, in search of the precious metal. While, probably the most fortunate of all are those who have been joined here by their families, and who may now be found cultivating the rich soil of our beautiful valleys.

I always had a strong love for visiting the graves of the dead forty-niners. I love to read their names and learn their history. Near where I reside are the resting-places of three that have long attracted my attention, perhaps from the
One is that of a young man with whom I was acquainted before coming to California. He sleeps on a beautiful ridge on the northern bank of Dry Creek—a rough board marks his lonely bed, and the following words are marked thereon:

Sacred to the Memory of
Julius Bulkley.
Died December 27th, 1849.

This was a young man from Illinois. The hardships he endured crossing the plains, together with the privations he met with here, was too much for his delicate frame to bear. He was taken with a lingering fever, and never recovered. His relatives, if he have any still living, will be glad to learn that kind friends were near to administer to his wants until called upon to perform the last sad office—the burial of the dead. Near the grave of this young man was that of another forty-niner. No mark or inscription tells his name—no block or stone informs us that it is the resting-place of one in life shared the dangers and hardships of a pioneer. The oldest inhabitants can tell nothing of his name or history. All they know is that he was buried there in '49. The rest must remain a mystery, perhaps, forever.

What pen can write, or tongue tell, the heart-melting sorrow of this young man, as, surrounded by strangers, he felt the approach of Death? How painful the thought that no one was near to whom he could communicate his dying wishes, to be conveyed to a mother, sister, brother or friend far away! Yet such was his fate, and such has been the fate of many forty-niners. The third grave is beneath an old oak tree, upon whose trunk is carved, with much care, the following:

Here Lies
Nicholas Downing, Of Missouri.
Died Oct. 29th, 1849.

A SINGULAR BIRD OF CHINA AND JAPAN.
—There is a bird called the "Shinoh," on the crown of whose head there is a beautiful scarlet tuft of down, or velvet skin, to which the natives believe the poison of a serpent is fond of uniting determinates. This downy crest is often formed into a knob, and that knob is concealed in the ornamental necklace of the high officers for judicial purposes in case of imperial displeasure, which, as report goes, is easily effected by merely touching the venomous head with the tip of the tongue, when death follows instantly. I saw a pair of the ornithological curiosity at Ning-pot, they were natives of Siam, and resembled the crowned crane. They wore both young, male and female, nearly of a size, and had very long legs. The head was of a most handsome black, forkin behind, having on the crest a scarlet skin. The rest of the body is white except on the secondaries of the wings, which are not red, as represented in some Chinese drawings, but black and overlapping the tail. On the embroidered breast-pieces of dresses worn by the highest nobles of the State, there is a copy of this bird elegantly worked. A native work on the ornithology of China gives some curious and prodigious stories about this fowl—that it can live 1,000 years; that at 90 years of age it can sing regularly and beautifully every hour of the day; that on reaching its, 1,000th year it can mount trees, but never before that.
Our Social Chair.

The expected advent of a distinguished African pulpit orator, from the East, in this city some three weeks since, has been the theme of discussion among the noble sons and daughters of Africa throughout the city ever since his arrival. He has been made a perfect devil of among the colored denizens of Bourbon and Dupont streets, and all were anxious to hear him hold forth in that touching strain of eloquence for which he was said to be noted. To expedite things, a committee was appointed from among the leading knowing darkies, who hit upon the glorious idea, after several days' jollification, to have a camp-meeting across the bay—the distinguished speaker to officiate on the occasion. This appeared to be agreeable to all. On the day appointed for the holding forth, the pulpit stage erected between two venerable oaks was crowded with the colored herd of "de Methodian Pacquocp church," while beneath and around it, lay a darkness which, like that of Egypt, might have been felt. After the opening prayer by a venerable presbyter, upon whose snow white wool lay in patches like white frost, a young athletic negro, with a black face and a cap, short curl of the wool, only to be seen in the real genuine dress, advanced to the pulpit desk. This was the great orator. All eyes were turned towards him. A rustling of dresses among the crowd—two or three suppressed giggles, and an innumerable number of "a-isms" and slight coughings, made it plainly visible that the distinguished oracle had made a sensation. He evidently felt that his fuse had preceded him, as he looked over that dark eye mass, now hushed to admiring silence at his presence.

Throw himself at once into position, more like a Damon at the non-arrival of his Pythias than a divine, jerked his head back, rolled up the white of his eyes, and extended his arms. This able De
eonances then took for his text, "Put not your trust in princes." And after a glowing exordium, explaining the meaning of the sacred writer, he informed his audience that there were but two kinds of great men—"blessed princes and political princes. "In de last," said he, "my brudder, de world must nother put its trust. Kase why? Because deh ways become corrupted on de yarnd, and dey hab no faith. Dey was Hannah and Ephraim, two ob de greatest generals and princes dat ever lived in de yarb of—times de former wid his foot stretched from ocean to ocean, and do latter in—Here he was suddenly interrupted by one of his auditors suggesting—"Now, a—Horn." "No, brudder, I had no allusion to de bigger singer ob de white folk; but ob de yarb, when dey appeared in public capacity—like de two great princes—were called pursons for dat. Why, I am told dey understood t'ings better dan any general t'other before or since. Nuffin could stop deh names. Day laffed at de Alps when dey shocked dey dawning awful browns at dem, an dey grinned at de ocean when it tried to drown em, an dey an deh seers walk right ober dem easy as nuffin. But dey no body could put any faith in em. Kase why? Because dey cheated everybody body as soon as dey got a chance. An deh what become ob all deh glory when de Lord struck em down? Wind, soil, nuffin. Oh my brudder, it was no wine! An dere was Julius Caesar, one ob de greatest

Every log's black, fork
to a scarlet bow as white ex
day's frock, presented in some
med and overlapped
the highest

A copy of this

Some

about this

the day; 100th year, it can
before that.
Ten into Sidney Smith made a calculation, by which he found that between the age of ten and seventy he had eaten and drunk forty-four horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved him in life and health. "The value of this mass of nourishment I considered," he says, "to be worth £20,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully one hundred. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true." On this text Mr. Alcott, the well known writer on dietetics, discourses as follows:

It is a generally conceded fact, among those who are best qualified to judge, that we of the United States, as a general rule, eat about twice as much as the best interests of our systems require. My own observations, which I think have not been behind those of other men, either as regards extent or accuracy, go not only to confirm this long-asserted fact, but some-what further. I believe we eat, as a nation, more than twice as much as we ought; and hence, as there is a vast difference, and one large portion (the slaves) do not greatly exceed their real wants, it follows that some of us waste much more than one-half of what we really consume, perhaps more, nearly two-thirds. Further than even this I am compelled to go, and to say most unhesitatingly and unequivocally, that much less than half the money we actually expend for food, if expended as the best interest of health and economy clearly dictate, would, taking life together, greatly increase our present aggregate of mere gustatory or animal enjoyment.

As to the bulk of this enormous waste, he makes the following calculation:

If the loaded wagons of food which the twenty-five millions of the United States would waste in thirty years, according to the above estimate, were placed along so many turnpike roads around our globe, each horse and wagon occupying, for convenience sake, a distance of two rods, they would form two hundred and eighty rows or circles, encompassing our globe. Our readers may calculate for themselves, and see whether the deduction, if not the data, as far as they are ours, are not, and must not be "irresistibly true."
Our Social Chair.

The editor-in-chief has gone to the Fair, and during his absence the preceding genius of the scissors and paste-pot has been left to occupy his place pro tempore. The air of mystery and romance which surrounded his sanctum has entirely vanished, and with it the odon favens smoke which daily issued from the editor's old black pipe. Since his departure for the spot where the big turkeys and squashes and big boots are displayed, a desperate effort has been made to fumigate the place with, alas, only partial success. The editor has an idea, too, that he sees all sorts of beautiful things through the smoke of his old black pipe, and his imagination loves to linger for hours together on tales of love, poetry and delightful fiction, bright reminiscences of the past and glorious prospects of the future, as the vapor lazily curls itself up in hugo form, and gradually expands and fills the apartment. He has great affection for that pipe, or it would have been smashed into a thousand fragments long ago. He puffs and whistles--and whistles and puffs at it from early morn until late at night. He is inspired by its odor. Without it he would be lost in such immensity of thought, that the doctors think he would become confused, and congestion of the brain might follow, ending in premature death; therefore, they have advised him to continue its use. He处置 with it; why, as well might a starving man do without eating before a rich repast. It would be impossible. Since he has married, the old arm-chair, which so knowledgefully descanted upon in such glowing terms, has turned out to be nothing more than an empty nail-kogi inverted. The editor's table is a port horel set upright with a plank laid across the top, and our "fair-forget" of which he so frequently enthralled as a charmingly witty and talented lady-writer, and with so handsomely is only the daguerreotype of some homely young woman about nineteen years old, which he purchased one day at a pawnbroker's for some thirty years since. There could be other secrets divulg'd about this "delightful retreat" of his, as he so often faintly styles it, but as he is a huldr, heavy man, with a ponderous pair of tights, and we are naturally of a delicate constitution and light weight, after his death we should come directly under his eye, so let us up on him. At all events, to be prepared for emergencies or a sudden attack, we have provided ourselves with some of the best deadly weapons in a gusset's shop round the corner, and will await the result and hold the issues. Our editor-in-chief is not what might be called a handsome man, but he is most decidedly eccentric. Many people suppose he is cruel on various subjects, but this is not so, as we can safely assure them. The only thing he appears to care about is the old black pipe, for to touch that would excite in him the most demoniac rage, never to be forgotten—always to be remembered. He carries it with him in his side pocket; so, reader, if you come across him in your ramblings, beware of him. We write this explanation so that our readers may not be imposed upon by him hereafter, either by the remarks about his beauty, his elegant personal appearance, or his youthful age. He is possessed with fine social qualifications, however, can smoke to excess, out-drink the most intemperate drinkers in the State—though, strange to say, he is not given to intemperance—and out-dare any person on earth when speaking of himself. In every other respect he is like any ordinary human being that is big and clumsy, tall and gawky. If he should be lost, strayed or stolen in the interior, he may be known by the above description and the old black pipe sticking out of his side coat-pocket. If, after a reason- able time has elapsed, and he does not make his appearance, a liberal reward will be made for his return to the sanctum.
Lovozor, of the lively village of Quincy, Plumas county, is a great wag. He recently received from the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society a circular containing numerous questions, to which he begs leave to return the following answers:

Ques. What is your locality?
Ans. Our home is on the rolling steep.
Ques. What is your climate?
Ans. It has a tendency to wet 'em.
Ques. What is the best method of making wine?
Ans. Pork wine is made, we believe, from bad whisky, logwood, and dirty molasses, and claret from vinegar and bar slops.

Not long ago, while residing in a cabin in one of the deep cañons of the Sierras, looking over, one day, some books and papers, on a shelf, that had been left there by former occupants, I found several numbers of Hutchings' Magazine, and soon I was holding sweet converse with "Alice," "Bessie," and "Carrie D.," the latter portraying to the life the scenes at the San Francisco Post Office, while "Bessie" was telling of her pleasant visit to "Alice," and of honest little "Frank," when I was aroused from this pleasing communion by some one putting their head in at the door, and saying, "You must be very lonesome here, I should think." At first, the remark seemed absurd; but, was I not holding converse with congenial and intelligent minds? I should think. At first, the remark seemed absurd; for, was I not holding converse with congenial and intelligent minds? You must be very lonesome here, I should think. At first, the remark seemed absurd; for, was I not holding converse with congenial and intelligent minds?

Have you not seen persons sometimes sitting and gazing into vacancy, deep and insensible to all around, while faint shadows of grief and joy filled across their features? And when you have repeated their names, perhaps for the third time, seen them start as from a dream, and with an effort regain their composure and resume the conversation interrupted by their abstraction? If questioned, they would tell how vivid some scenes, of former times, had passed before them? But, call it memory, or what you will, it is one of the greatest blessings of Heaven, that the spirit can never be chained or held captive, even though the body be immersed in the light of day, not partly, but entirely, free, and in all cases at will over easiest, as in the cell as in the nearest, ordet, in the ocean or in the air, or through the whole.
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

BY L. F. WELLS.

She drew where long the wintry showers
Hold undisturbed away,
Where frowning April drives the flowers
Far down the lane of May.
A simple, rustic child of song,
Rested in a chilling zone
The idyll of a household throne—
The cheer lord's one of home.
She bore its fancy-born name,
"Puss simply Mary Brown."  
Her eyes were not a shining black,
Nor yet a heavenly blue,
They might be hazel, or slacks.
Some less poetic hue;
Indeed I mind me, long ago,
One pleasant summer day
A passer stranger caught their glow,
I think he called them gray.

Yet when with earnestness they burned
'Till other eyes grew dim;
Their outward tint was never discerned
The spell was from within.

A novelist with fancy's pen
Would scarcely strive to trace
From her a fairy heroine
Of matchless mien, and grace.
A model for the painter's skill,
Or for the sculptor's art
Her form might not be called; yet still
It bore a gentle heart;
The while it fondly treasured long
Love's lightest whispered tone,
In other hearts she sought no wrong—
She knew none in her own.

Though never skilled in fashion's school,
To sweep the trembling keys;
Or strike the harps by studied rule,
A listening throng to please;
Yet still when anguish rent the soul,
And fever marked the brain,
Her fingers knew that skillful touch
Which smoothed the brow of pain—
And widow thrones, and orphan tears
Had owned her tender care,
While little children gathered near
Her earnest love to share.

I might forget the queenly dame
Of high and courtly birth,
Descending from an ancient name
Among the sons of earth;
I scarce recall the dozing eyes
Of her, the village belle,
Who caused so many rural sighs
From rustic hearts to swell;
Yet never can I cease to own
While future years shall roll,
The passing by, Mary Brown—
The beauty of the soul.

He who writes what is wrong, wrongs
what is right.

Learn to govern thy tongue. Five
words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.

When is the weather favorable to hay-
makers? When it rains pickforks.

When are writers like cattle? When they
are driven to the pen.
There are probably as many different inventions or plans adopted in this State for getting a living without daily labor as in any other place of double or quadruple its size. It is amusing to see the resorts of human ingenuity. The mind seems to be continually upon the utmost stretch to find something new to attract attention—with which to acquire money—the great object, of course, which, when honestly got and fairly given, is right and honorable; but here every manner and kind of "dodge" is resorted to—no matter how dishonest may be its aim—if it will only bring to the inventor money. If he succeeds in acquiring a competency, he is exulted as being a shrewd, smart man, and receives the congratulations of "toadies" and sycophants accordingly; if he fails in his dishonest practices, justice is not slow in ferreting him out and sending him to the State Prison. There is no disguising the fact that our great prosperity in former years was unreal and made us all reckless—led to extravagance, to rampant speculation and a fictitious idea of prosperity. Real estate advanced to enormous prices; every man expected to make a fortune in a day; money was plenty and credit still more so. Under this state of things every class of people rushed madly into speculation and trade, purchased property at enormous prices, erected houses on credit, borrowed money at an enormous rate of interest, rode "fast horses," gave champagne parties, and, in many other ways lived and lived sumptuously. Such a state of things could not last long. It was a fictitious and unreal prosperity, and when the bubble did burst, it was but natural that the country would feel the dreadful effects of it. From several gentlemen who have recently been through the interior of the State, we learn that the preparations for mining is on a more gigantic scale this season than on any preceding one. There is no complaint of hard times with them as with us. The quartz mines now in operation in the State yield a handsome profit on the amount invested, and the rich panner diggings still continue to contribute their full supply to the golden stream. The interior country has resumed its prosperous condition, and we cannot say as much for its commercial emporium. The city has never fully recovered from the great financial shock it received in 1854 and subsequent years. Our citizens still keep on hard times, and in the rush and scramble for gold, far too many of them appear lost to the monies by which it is acquired, so it is obtained. If we would advance again in social and commercial prosperity, we must not altogether lose sight of those cardinal principles of honor, truth and justice between man and man in their daily intercourse in business life, the real and essential requisites to a sound, healthy social condition. Without them we shall retrograde. With them we have much to hope for in the rising grandeur of our emporium, and shall have no occasion to complain of hard times in the future. A man of modest merit will find amplitude of space in the interior wherewith to exercise his abilities; a man of industry, firmness and rectitude of principle will see spread before him scope and channels sufficient to satisfy. The emigrant, the day he arrives, should seek employment in the mining districts. If he does not wish to mine—if he is a mechanic, he will there find field enough to occupy his attention and well repay him for his labor. By far the best class of our population are in the mines, and if the "new comers" would hope to succeed in this country they should make up their minds, before starting, from their homes, to go to work immediately.
tution be on the amount in the rich, piece digging still contribute to the stream. The interior country is in a prosperous condition, but not so much for its commercial as for its production. The city has been newly recovered from a great financial shock it received and subsequent years. Our shares are at hard times, and in them a great man of gold, too far away, appears in the means by which the capital is obtained. If it remain in social and commercial, we do not altogether find the antithetical principles of the gold and justice between man and man daily instigate in circumstances and essential requisites to a stable social condition. Without all vagaries, with them we must hope for little. The rising grandeur in art shall have no place in the scheme of modern life; the merit will find little space in the estimation of the man of industry; rectitude of principle will secure a position and channels safely. That the great, the day should seek employment in the arts does not wish to bee, he will there obtain his attention and usefulness. By the art is the power of our power, if the "new men" would not revolve in this country, they should make minds, but not go to war immediately upon their arrival, in preference, as it is very often the case, of hanging around cities, Mesowber-like, waiting anxiously for something to "turn up" in their favor. Much of the destination and poverty which prevails in the city is owing more to laziness than anything else. Merchants, fresh from college—who have been found incapable of doing anything for themselves elsewhere—have been shipped off by relatives and friends to California to make a fortune! When they arrive, what is their astonishment to find cities, towns and villages built, roads laid out, canals dug, immense aqueducts conveying water to the mines, while the sound of busy labor reaches them on all sides—every occupation in life filled up by men of indomitable energy and enterprise. How soon their new-fangled notions in regard to the wants of the country vanish! They prefer waiting until an opportunity presents itself to practice their professions and inhabitate themselves in the cities, with its gay and fashionable life, rather than work. In an expansive country like this, without a sufficiency of means, west soon overpowers them; labor and enterprise never enter into their minds; they have heard that to be a great and industrious is the economy of wealth, but they look upon such sentiments as being merely figurative parts of speech—to a plan is easy, to adopt, is to do—a chimerical idea in their estimation. Their golden dreams of California must be realized—to work, to labor, as did the early pioneers and thousands now do by dwelling for gold, was not what they anticipated; and hence we hear their frequent complaints of hard times. Ten years of to-day are not so easily acquired as in the flush times of California's greatness, and to obtain one now must be done at the sacrifice of years of honest labor and by strictly adhering to the path of rectitude, principle and honesty.

The political horizon looks dark and threatening. For the past fortnight the oratory of the great-speaking and the skillful adept at wire-pulling have been unable to foresee how the elections would go. These politicians have been entirely lost in their mode of calculation. They have endeavored in vain to sum up the result beforehand. One goes his pile on Curry—not the "Fraser River Elephant" man—and another seems determined to back Baldwin. Curry and Baldwin. Baldwin and Curry have been on everybody's tongue until their names are as familiar to the reader as old Buck himself. The great State stoopchase race for the Supreme Court, over, occupies more attention than the Kansas imbroglio, which has tended to distract the dominant party of the Union and divided it into discordant factions past all hope of its being again united for some time to come. Who is to be returned elected will be known in a few days. Whoever it is we opine that the country will be safe and the Union still hang together. Until then we'll hope for the best.

The quiet disasters of San Francisco were considerably alarmed on the night of the 18th August, by a sudden and violent shock of an earthquake, which caused a general panic among the inmates of nearly all the lofty buildings in the city. A few minutes before 11 o'clock, the evening of the calm night, there was a loud rumbling noise heard, not unlike the rolling of a heavy baggageman, or "Pike county clipper," over the streets, immediately followed by an oscillating movement of the earth, evidently proceeding from south to north. There were several vibrations, sudden and distinct, as if nature, mastering and growing at her long pent up confinement, was determined to shake herself loose and have a little sport on her own account, at the expense of the peaceful dwellers on the earth's surface on this part of the globe. Those who had retired to rest, after the lingering and cares of the day, bent a hasty relook from their bed and made a sudden rush into the streets, dressed in all sorts of habiliments; many of them almost in a state of nudity. It was extremely ludicrous to notice the chagrin and mortification of some
of these persons as they stood quaking and
shaking in the midnight air, when the first unexpected shock to their nerves had passed,
and they realized their unpleasant predicament. In the language of an observed "polite,"
"As dressed in neither bedclothes, silk or linen,
Hat, smock, shoes, nor any other clothes, Yet in full Nature’s likeness,”
they presented a picture fit only for the
penet of a Mephisto or the immortal Creek-
shank. Many laughable incidents are related—of how nervous old women and
bashful maidens sought the protection of
sober-minded bachelors and studly young
men, for fear some unaccountable, unfor-
seen danger was to be apprehended, and they
had been selected as the victims. Of
course the motes did all that laid in their
power to comfort the weaker sex. An in-
habituated individual imagined that the long
looked for millennium had at last arrived,
and that those who were flitting and dodg-
ing along the streets and doorways, dressed
in their night-clothes, were resurrection-
ics, or specters of the dead departed, robed
in the sacred vestments of the grave. The
individual in question was only reminded
of his error by feeling a "brick" about his
head, but whether it was one in his hat or
came toppling down from a chimney, we
were unable to learn, but very likely it
was the latter. To an observation ad-
dressed to him by a bystander as to how
he felt, he replied he felt "kinder quakey,"
but whether it was an earthquake, “or a
weakness about his knees, he couldn’t ex-
actly say.” He was used to seeing the
lamp-posts and houses dancing around him
nightly, but he attributed that phenomenon
to deep potations of old Corn; he, how-
ever, had never seen before the entire peo-
ple of San Francisco laboring under a simi-
lar impression. Another unfortunate indi-
vidual thought, by the vivid flashings
lightning which preceded the shock, that
they fell destroyers, “the comets,” had at last
arrived, and was about to smash up all
sublunary things and come it over him,
among all others. He was supposed to be
launche. Others, too, believed that the hour
of their last shaking had come, and sought
to make atonement for their sins by muta-
ting a hasty prayer. The "break-o’-d’night
boys," and those whose business requires
them to be up late o’ nights, enjoyed the
fun amusingly. Some rich scenes trans-
pired in several of the hotels, of persons
dressed in female apparel taking a hasty
departure from the wrong room, while their
fingers lords were absent, but it will scarcely
do to relate them. After the trembling had
subsided, and ventured courage takes the
place of fear in the minds of those who
had rushed allight and impetuously into
street, they all sought their way in doors
again, and the city by gas-light once more
resumed its wonted quiet.

We introduce to our readers in this issue
a new contributor—"Millie Mayfield." We
make this announcement with no ordinary
degree of pleasure. The productions of this
child of genius have long since attracted
the attention of the literary world, and cer-
tainly her efforts in this number of our
Magazine are not inferior to anything that
ever emanated from her sparkling pen. Her
recent charming volume, entitled "Sketches
in New Orleans," stamped "Millie May-
field" as one of the leading writers of the
age.

We heard a seconade or two evenings
since, which went far to support the Simil
lian theory of a hoarse voice. A seedy-looking
individual, rather the worse for liquor,
was singing, “I would I were a boy again,”
with a melo-dramatic effect, about mid-
night, under an old woman’s window, on
Powell street. He only got through the
first verse; when out popped a head with a
night-cap on from a window, and a wood-
man voice asked, “Young man, if you can’t sing
any better than that, you’d better leave. I
don’t like singing at this time of night.”

"Oh, yes, man—life—anything to oblige
you—be," replied the seerander. To get
rid of him she called a policeman, who took
him into custody.
and appears insensible to kindness, treatment.

The result is far from being satisfactory.

The vicious brute becomes frightened and appears insensible to kind treatment.

The faithful donkey was never subdued, even by the most sedentary admirers of Ravey's system. The last and few of poor Fitwiggles are to be preserved (for exhibition) in a glass case, as the last remainder of this unfortunate hero.
Monthly Chat,
WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. S.—If on the day appointed you send the manuscript, we shall have leisure to examine it carefully, and make of it the proper disposition.

Mountain Cones.—Of course you must have been surprised. Accept our thanks for your kind wishes.

W. McM.—We are awaiting impatiently for you to complete the set. Send them along when finished.

X., Grass Valley.—It is a well accredited fact that such a violation did take place, but from what we learn it was no fault of yours, but from an entirely different source.

A. Friend.—No such sketch ever came to hand; if you mailed it properly, we should have received it ere this. Let us hear from you again.

Mr. R.—The inquiries which you make will be answered in our next. There are so many of them that it will take some little time to overhaul our missing statistics. As they are matters of general interest, we will take pleasure in so doing. To the fourth inquiry we will give an emphatic Yes! "There's one."

Ezra, Sinai.—I have no space to devote to fables, and think that our readers, as a general thing, care little about them, we must respectfully decline your contributions. Any other subject suitable to our Magazine would be welcome. You write easy enough, and are known to us. We hope you will contribute again. We trust, are you not also in possession of "Le livre du monde," our latest and most comprehensive contribution?

L. P. W.—The poetry is declined. The measure is incorrect and the subject worn out.

J. G. E.—Anything from your humorous pen is always acceptable. Many thanks for your kind note. Send the sketch along as early as possible.

C. T. W., Sierra.—You will find the information you ask for in the second volume of the American Encyclopedia.

Waltzworth.—The origin of the word puff, as applied to newspapers, is a French invention. In France, at one time, the puff, or long dress, worn in vogue, was called a puff. It consisted of the hair raised in as much as possible over the head, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the taste and fashion of the wearer. This advertisement—the puff—first appears in the present word puff applied to the inflations of the newspapers.

Me. P.—The present population of the United States is estimated at 27,000,000, of whom 4,000,000 are colored.

H. L., Sacramento.—The letters written and very confused. The subject will appear in our next number. I hope you will write on this one.

W. J. E.—The undersigned, having been an agent at Sevier, we have written upon the subject.

A. Friend.—Most respectfully decline your proposition. The subject is adopted for future publication.

II. G. B.—We shall place the article in the hands of the editor for the "Penny Press." The subject is entirely new, and will be an addition to the wealth of literary contributions to our Monthly Chat.