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REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION. DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS TO THE INDIANS.
REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.

PART I.—TRIP FROM PETALUMA, TO THE COAST STATION OF THE INDIAN RESERVATION.

In the early part of 1852, three friends, visiting Clear Lake Valley, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the beauty of the country north of the Bay of San Francisco.

They would have found sufficient inducement for a second excursion in their impressions of the first trip; all that they had enjoyed of nature in its silent grandeur and charming contrast; the pictur-esque character of the mountain region, crowned by Mount St. Helen, (on the summit of which stands a cross of bronze, erected there by a Russian surveying party from Bodega); but more especially the sudden transition from the volcanic chaos of the declivity of Black Mountain to the park-like Eden of the shores of the Lake yet lying in almost the same quiet repose as in the early days of the Spanish conquest, when it was known to but a few as the "Laguna Grande de Napa," but, moreover, the exciting adventures connected with the first visit; the acquaintance formed with several of the Niarrads of that mountain region and their glowing descriptions of the hidden beauties of the adjacent country and the abundance of game, proved irresistible to the early visitors and several other friends, to escape at least once a year from the wearisome excitement of a business life in San Francisco, and to dedicate a couple of weeks to the further exploration of that region.

As the country around Clear Lake had lost all charms of terra incognita, since it had become peopled by settlers attracted from all parts by its advantages for farming, it served but as a place of rendezvous for wider excursions; for the delights of the wilderness had to be sought in other directions, more remote from civilized life, even in the almost inaccessible haunts of the Red man himself.

Mendocino, the mountainous region south of the cape of that name, discovered in 1843 by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, and by him named after Don Antonio de Mendana, then Vicerey of Mexico, was the rallying cry of the hunting party of 1857.

The trio of horsemen who first threaded their way through the mountain passes to Clear Lake, had annually gained in number, until the present company amounted to fifteen persons, but mostly comprising employees of the federal government and members of the bar. Three or four of the party, either from changes incident to life in America, or by their own roving dispositions, were enthusiastic amateurs of the noble art of woodcraft; and some had passed a great portion of their lives in the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains. Though so many professional men were of the party, and there was no lack of varied knowledge, yet there was no scientific pretention. In mind of previ-ous education, both mentally and physically, and of the arduous pursuit of life in the mountains, to which the few and fortifying the few for the occasion, they were by the natural and adaptability of the American.

All being and forgetting for a while the manifold duties of life, we arrived between the two mountain regions which is the ICU by freelanders.

As a present of a wide usage at least was faced, then to descend a trip extended to me where the day or night arrived, nor accompanying a few days, as long I was thereby pater in some extent.

The subjects undermy own somewhat ideas reach the distant. Looking but ed in such high satisfaction, that we were not required to raise the body that all seemed now usual and silentful. The grouping
yet there was no pretension whatever to scientific pretension.

In point of practical aptitude and complete provision for improvement and enjoyment both mental and bodily, the party could not easily be surpassed. Mons. Edouart, the artist, had with him his sketch-book; several amateurs brought with them their musical instruments, which, as an orchestra to the merry choruses, tended not a little to increase the conviviality of the party.

All being intimated by the resolve to forget for a while the cares of existence, everything was left to the star of good luck; trusting to the good understanding between the members and that festive humor which is sure to develop itself in the happy freedom of the mountains.

As the present excursion, planned for a wider circuit, would require at least three weeks, I was forced, though reluctantly, to decline a friendly invitation extended to me. However, when the day of departure had arrived, I could not refrain from accompanying the party for a few days, at least, at their outset. I was thereby made a participant in some very amusing events.

The subjacent sketches of what came under my own observation may give some little idea of the enjoyment of my more fortunate companions after they reached the distant hunting grounds. On looking back to the few days passed in such happy companionship, each member must consider it as one of great satisfaction. The invigorating effect of the mountain air and scenery tended so to refresh the energies of the mind and body, that all returned to their occupations and duties with renewed power and cheerfulness.

The groupings of the several camping grounds, offering the richest variety of the attractions of nature, furnished subject for the artist, seldom, if ever surpassed: Now in some secluded valley on the banks of a murmuring brook, surrounded by grotesque rocks; now on the green sward of some splendid forest, under the protection of a lofty pine or wide spreading oak; now on the shores of the Pacific, whose waves, with mysterious and never-ceasing music, lulled to a repose as quiet and refreshing, as could have been obtained on beds of softest down. Sometimes it chanced that the party should be suddenly overtaken by night. Then camp would be made at the first spot affording water and pasture to the animals, and to the men sufficient space to stretch their limbs.

At the various camps frequent visits were received from the hardy pioneers of those regions. Shouldering their rifles, they would accompany the party a day or two for the purpose of pointing out spots where game was abundant and of enjoying the conviviality of the camp-fire. By a recital of their adventures with that mingling of romance and reality for which mountain men are famous, they would add greatly to the general entertainment.

The Indians, too, with whom we chanced to meet, were always ready to become our followers. They considered themselves amply repaid for any drudgery they might
undergo by receiving the cast-off clothing of the members of the party, and a liberal supply of substantial food, to them an unaccustomed luxury. Beautifully provided as were the party with a variety of good things from the city, and almost daily receiving a fresh supply of game, fish and other luxuries of the wilderness, "Plenty" was the prevailing feature of our camp. Although exciting in keenness of appetite with the mountaineers themselves, there was always a sufficiency to satisfy all. No one proved vexatious, affording opportunities of indulging in predilections for natural study, richly compensated by a variety of objects, and especially the floral beauties of the hills.

The incidents relating to one night's resting place deserve more than a general notice, on account of the hospitable reception given to a portion of the party—a reception as unexpected as it was welcome.

On the way out of what is called Ukiah Valley, owing to some detention of the pack-animals, the party became separated. The greater portion took a trail leading to a high range of mountains on the right. The remainder, some half-dozen in number, descried by numerous tracks, took a trail leading in a different direction. The latter, supposing their companions to be ahead, hastened forward to overtake them, and reach the place appointed for that night's rendezvous, before dark. After following the tracks for some distance, they found that they were becoming fewer and fainter. At last, nothing was left to guide them but the faintest shade of night, of a rifle now and then to dispel the darkness. But all was well that day, and, declining forward, they reached the place appointed for their reception. The genuine hospitality of these true independent settlers was a delight to all.

On the way out of what is called Ukiah Valley, owing to some detention of the pack-animals, the party became separated. The greater portion took a trail leading to a high range of mountains on the right. The remainder, some half-dozen in number, descried by numerous tracks, took a trail leading in a different direction. The latter, supposing their companions to be ahead, hastened forward to overtake them, and reach the place appointed for that night's rendezvous, before dark. After following the tracks for some distance, they found that they were becoming fewer and fainter. At last, nothing was
left to guide them but the general direction of the ridge, which ran towards the valley they were anxious to reach.

Twilight was fast yielding to the deeper shades of night, when, hearing the crack of a rifle near at hand, they felt confident that at last they had reached their companions. But for some time no living soul was met; and it was long after dark that, descending a bright light and hastening forward, they soon reached a large log-house. The brothers Pachotel, the owners, attracted by the noise of arrival, welcomed the weary travelers with all the heartiness characteristic of mountain settlers.

The genuine spirit of hospitality, which is the never-failing accompaniment of true independence, is sure to make a stopping place in the mountains one of the most pleasing recollections of a man's life.

On the borders of the wilderness the tourist has the best opportunity of enjoying hospitality in the fullest acceptation of the word. This virtue exists, no doubt, among the farming class in the valleys; but, as the settlements increase, inns and places of refreshment are opened, with all the accompaniments of traffic and travel. Genuine hospitality, then, retires modestly to the log-cabin of the pioneer, in the more remote districts.

The brothers Pachotel, three in number, are of German descent. They are in the prime of life, with intelligent and interesting features, and, as yet, unmarried. By dint of industry and economy, they have built up quite a snug establishment. A comfortable, spacious log-house, surrounded by several out-houses, serves as a dwelling for themselves and accommodation for their help. Although devoting considerable attention to agricultural pursuits, their main object is the raising of cattle. Having the advantage of an extensive range and abundant pasturage all the year, their stock, of which they have several hundred head, is in excellent condition.

On returning to the house, after providing for the horses in an excellent pasture, well enclosed, we met a relative of the Pachotels, who had just come in from his evening hunt. It was then ascertained that it was the report of his rifle that had been heard in the early part of the evening. As a trophy, he had with him the quarter of a fine, fat buck—leaving the balance to be brought in by the Indians.

Abductions in the neighboring brook having greatly tended to our comfort, seats were taken at a bountifully-spread board. The abundant supply of warm bread, (made by one of the brothers himself,) broiled venison, fresh milk and butter, disappeared almost as rapidly as it was provided.

After satisfying our almost ravenous appetites, pipes were lighted and seats taken around the huge fire-place. A number of large logs had been brought in, and soon a bright fire was burning, which added not only to the cheerfulness, but also to the comfort. The company gave themselves up to social converse, alternately listening to and recounting whatever of interest or excitement occurred to each one.

The groupings of the party, with the addition of the dusky Indian attendants, lighted up by the glare of the blazing fire, formed a picture as original as it was complete.

Some cattle-dealers arriving in the early part of the evening, had been received with the same hospitable welcome as was the lot of the later guests. To them had been assigned all the regular sleeping accommodations of the house. Not at all at a loss, however, the worthy entertainers, bringing from the storeroom a bale of new blankets, opened and spread them upon the floor.

The party would have been in a sorry
plight to camp out that night, having left everything on the pack-horses. The idea of being separated from them never once entered the mind of any one. At last Morphoeus claimed his votaries. One by one emptying his pipe, retired to their blankets. The large room, occasionally illuminated by the flickering flames, offered a tableau of a within doors camp. To one of the party the balsamic moun-

tain air had become a luxury, nay, almost necessity; so, arranging his bed a short distance from the house, he slept soundly in single blessedness till dawn. A motion at his side having wakened him, on looking up, he found himself surrounded by the three dogs of the farm, having unconsciously enjoyed their company during the night. On seeing the lonely sleeper, imitating the hospitality

of their owners, they had undertaken the friendly task of watching over his safety and warning themselves at the same time. Had he been at all susceptible to visions, he might have imagined a visit from three young bears; and with as much reason, too, as one of the prominent members of the party thought he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, a few nights previous—his faithful dog, induced by the chilliness of the night, having crept between the blankets of his master, and applied his cold nose to some uncovered parts of his person, which invited that canine homage. Being much startled, he jumped up with a shout, supposing that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake; notwithstanding the precaution he had taken of surrounding his couch with a rope of hair, as the most effective scarecrow to the reptile.

The following morning, while at breakfast, the remainder of the party made their appearance. It was then learned: that they had camped several miles back on a plateau on the mountains. They, of course, were well provided with everything to make themselves comfortable, having with them all the camp equipage. At sunrise, from their lofty resting
place, they were regaled by a magnificent panorama, extending from their feet as far as the eye could reach.

Next morning, about breakfast time, the cavalcade of our companions having come up, all were in high glee to avail themselves of the kind invitation of the Paechels, who, to do honor to the chief personages of our party, readily consented to make a holiday, in order to accompany us to a famous hunting ground, which, by general selection, was to be our halting place for several days.

We had an agreeable ride of a few hours, chiefly through underwood, interspersed with the manzanita trees, and alternately through chapparal of miles in extent, a favorite resort of bears; though, notwithstanding abundant evidence of bruisin proximity, we only caught sight of two, of a cinnamon color, far beyond rifle-shot distance.

Traversing a ridge, we descended into a deep valley, literally studded with isolated rocks. Several of these rocks, towering above the rest, rived in elevation with the sides of the cañon itself, their lofty pyramidal peaks emerging from the wildness of exuberant vegetation, which covered the whole bottom of this ravine, forming a dense dome of verdure beneath the shade of which a brook of clear mountain water, leaping from basin to basin and bordered with green sward, seemed to invite us to a real hunter's paradise.

But our prospective resting place was a few miles higher up on the opposite ridge. Pursuing our course in that direction we entered a magnificent forest of noble oaks, intermixed with pines and fir; the luxuriant growth of underwood rivaling the forester in beauty and variety.

Here we halted and selected a spot unobstructed by bushes for our camping ground for several days. Our pack train had come up, thanks to the good care of our excellent Chileno, in spite of improvised roads; in less than a quarter of an hour the kitchen apparatus was set up, the pots on the fire and our black cook in a state of busting activity. At a short distance from the fire, each one, following his fancy, selected the foot of some lofty tree for his anchoring place. Our animals, as if aware of the prospective rest and leisure, scampered off briskly to the neighboring glades; a few of these only were staked out on long ropes, so as to afford a kind of rallying point for the rest, who were soon enjoying unbounded freedom and all of them luxuriating in the varying sun of wild oats. With the help of so many hands all arrangements were soon completed. No one was more indefatigable than the Paechels themselves, who, in order to come to the aid of our committee for firewood, with the help of their horses the combined strength of their horses brought lumber and limbs of an immense size in sufficient quantity not only to provide us for several days, but also to surround us on the windward with a huge rampant of logs, affording us a most comfortable shelter.

It being yet early, there was for us ample scope for roving about, which all of us availed ourselves of, especially the hunters, who soon gave evidence of their parents by the report of their rifles. As to myself, taking the course of a ridge, I enjoyed a beautiful panorama of the surrounding valleys. On returning to camp I found all in bustle and high glee. The game brought in by the hunters was more over to the cook and the gentlemen who volunteered to assist him; and soon, in the midst of the plates and covers laid on the green sward, the most delicious meal was spread that ever tempted sharpened appetites. It is superfluous to mention that our cooking committee were gratified in finding love's labor not lost on this occasion, and that there seemed no end to new editions.
We were yet in the midst of our social meal (and what more delicious morsel can there be than venison broiled after the fashion of California hunters?) when three dusky figures, enthusiastically welcomed, made their appearance. It was easy to see that this welcome was tendered to personages of mountain celebrity, who had left impressions not easily to be forgotten; the intrepid Ben, chief-tain of the Shewallapances, one of the wild mountain tribes, known to all who had been there before as the redoubled boar-killer, whose last victory had been purchased with the loss of his left eye—the right one, being also distorted, and his face lacerated to an extent that hardly permitted any recognition of the features of the human race. Though welcomed at once by half a dozen of our company, (for strangers must be shocked by his appearance,) he never for a mo-

ment lost the calm and dignified manner that characterizes an Indian Chief. He had returned only three days previous from the war-path against the Kamelopances, with whom there existed a feud since the assault and murder of several of his tribe. With the moderation for which he was proverbial, he left them the choice between contest and an amicable settlement, which latter was accepted on conditions to offer “compensation for the past and guarantees for the future.”

To our party the apparition of Ben and his followers was welcome also in point of information with regard to game in

SHERWOOD VALLEY.  THE HUNTING PARTY ON ROUTE.
REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.

The mountains; as to myself it offered a welcome opportunity, through recommendation of Tobin, to obtain one of his Indians as guides; and furthermore, it was Ben's fertility of invention that provided bearers for our dogs—the poor animals being by this time so thoroughly exhausted, that they must have been left behind, had we not been able to find people to carry them.

While Ben and his people were extremely reserved in demonstrations of enthusiasm, they were by no means backward in availing themselves of the good success of our hunters, leaving nothing but skin and bone of all the venison they found on hand.

It was in this night's camp, for the first time since starting from San Francisco, that the true spirit of convictivity broke forth, which, during the first few days' marches, found a drawback from the fatigue of some members of the company. By this time every one seemed to have awaked to the true independence and freedom of the mountains. A couple of violins and a flute were started from their cases, and soon all was set into electric movement, and with music and dancing chorus and burlesque speeches, a couple of hours passed pleasantly before any one thought of retiring; then a few at a time, grouped by predilection or the promptings of the moment, retired to the quiet of their fires in that abundance of conversation which is never to be found in towns, and which inadvertently glows, even from the most reserved, occasional retrospective glimpses, such as afford the most racy reminiscences of these bivouacs.

The life of men like Jack Hays and Carleton, who have gone through the most daring tasks as well in guerrilla war as in difficult reconnaissances, proving their valor on the field of battle as well as in the most desperate conflicts of the wilderness, but whose modesty and unpretending manner is the very stamp of true merit—is a living book; that, however, only opens under congenial circumstances.

Besides, there was abundance of topic for interesting discussion, an inexhaustible source of material, which, under the clever pen of our legal stars, could not fail to create enthusiasm; albeit, their discussions never suffered by pedantic display, and the material for such rhetoric generally obtained healthy nourishment from the immediate accompaniments of scenery, groupings, etc.

For me this was the greatest attraction of these evenings under the starry canopy of heaven; and often, after having for a while enjoyed the conversation of my friends, on retiring to my couch, a world of reminiscences of the past rose up to commingle with the rich impressions of the day's journey.

On that evening there was certainly enough in the natural excitement of the scene to keep my thoughts riveted to our entourage. The effect of the camp-fire—which, to call it the banquet, was fed with huge logs—was splendid. Obscured for a while, whenever a fresh supply of trees and branches sustained the glare and circumstanced it to the immediate group of our bivouac, the flames broke forth again with redoubled force, and illuminated the lofty dome of branches overhead, enabling us to trace out each branch and cluster of foliage, and sending its lightning flashes far into the labyrinth of reddened colonades, whose magic effects filled our minds with the inintelligible extent of the virgin forest.

At length quiet prevailed, and the cracking of the charred trunks and rustling of the wind in the lofty crowns of trees were the only sounds which disturbed that majestic solitude.

From Sherwood Valley, the scene of Mr. Edouart's spirited tableau, we gained the first view of Bald Mountain, tow-
View of the Coast Range, from the summit of Bald Mountain.

These Redwoods of themselves are a fit subject for contemplation: trees of immense size that, combining strength and elegance, rise to the skies; and some of which rival the cedars of Calaveras in ago, attaining, when full grown, an elevation of three hundred feet, and a diameter of twelve to fifteen feet near the base. The base of most of these trees show the effects of the configurations which year after year devastate the undergrowth of these forests, and to which one of these giants occasionally falls a victim; but many, in spite of large excavations in the trunks, capable of affording shelter to a

... square miles; and yet, as far as the eye could reach, a seemingly interminable forest lay at our feet...A forest covering ridges and valleys in all the natural undulations of that mountain region, and receiving from the inequalities of the ground such lights and shades that, adapted by the breeze, it seemed a sea of foliage, and contrasted beautifully with the deep blue ocean fringed, with its silver surf.

Each and every one of us was impressed with the grandeur of this scene; and yet only a part—a very small part—of the Mendocino Coast Range lay before us. It was sufficient to convince me that California will for centuries have rival forests, perhaps to the end of Time!

An Indian trail, the only practicable path, follows the course of a mountain ridge running west, over gently undulating, yet never broken ground, though deep ravines lay on either side. Wherever the portion of the trees offer an opening there are magnificent views, with sea and forest as the only object for the eye to rest on; scenes comparing in extent with that of the sandy desert, only that ininesimbliances of matter is here combined with richness in form and color.
A deep gully of barely sufficient capacity to afford passage to Ten Mile River, separated us from the next ridge, which, by an ascent of similar steepness, receives the continuation of this trail. This is Strawberry Valley, if a ravine deserves the name of a valley. The stream glides in crystal clearness over a bed of pebbles clothed in delicious clair obscur by the overhanging branches, which only permit access to the meridian sun. A number of dead giant trees of sufficient circumference to appear like the ruins of some antique castle, stand as reminders of by-gone ages in the depth of this gully, forming a venerable contrast with the exuberant growth of the new generation, by which both walls of this secluded spot are covered from the depths to the very summit.

About sundown we reached a small valley in the shape of a delta, with fine bottom land; the first clear spot this side of the coast range, and the only place since leaving Sherwood's, that exhibited any signs of cultivation.

Here we halted for the night; and all of us, overwhelmed by the grandeur of the scenery we had passed, as well as satisfied with the exercise of the day, were glad to stretch our weary limbs upon the green sward. We enjoyed an unbroken rest in anticipation of a pleasant morining ride, to take us to the Mendocino Reservation.

**PART II—INDIAN RESERVATIONS AND THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION.**

The term "U. S. Reservation" (Government Reservation) applies, in the United States of America, to tracts of land selected from the general mass of the domain and set apart for special purposes by the administration; all the land not covered by private claims, and therefore called "public land," remains open to settlers at fixed prices, under the Pre-emption Law.

**Indian Reservations** are districts by act of Congress made over to the Department of Indian affairs, for the carrying out of special purposes, more fully explained in the following pages.

The system of these institutions, under the direct control of the Federal Government, and managed by U. S. officers, under the denomination of Indian Agents or Superintendents, is highly praiseworthy, and based on principles as humane as they are liberal. It is intended to accomplish a double purpose: to assist the growing requirements of the steadily progressing civilization, by removing the Indians from those districts where the white settlements have already increased to such an extent as to make the presence of the Aborigines a serious drawback and an increasing source of annoyance; and to concentrate in other remoter dis-
The system, in itself, is comprehensive and highly beneficial; though it has been asserted in this respect, as in other branches of public service, that practice falls short of theory, and that the Indian appointments, through the management of Uncle Sam's farms, are some of the richest morsels in the gift of the leading party, to reward political merit. It is to this source (the envy arising from such assertions) that most of the invidious, and even vile aspersions, are to be attributed, which repeatedly have been heaped upon Indian Agents.

Considering the remoteness of the field of action, the large continenes to be carried out for supplies of every kind to large communities, as first wholly dependent on them; the management of rations; the providing materials for buildings, bridges, and unlooked-for emergencies; the position of an Indian Agent certainly embraces a large scope for action and power, in which control is almost impossible; the more acknowledgement is due to the faithful fulfillment of the arduous duties in this particular branch of the public service. For the welfare or
suffering, the comfort or misery of this mute community, as well as the preservation of the stations themselves, depend entirely on the aptitude and trustworthiness of the Indian Agents; and the fulfillment of so important a trust requires a great capacity for business, a thorough knowledge of details, undiring activity, disregard of fatigue and danger, and, above all, moderation and self-command, the indispensable qualifications for managing the rude elements of a settlement in the wilderness.

The doom of the red man is sealed, as soon as the white pioneer steps upon his hunting grounds. And it is difficult to say, with regard to California, whether more victims have fallen to the barbarous half-sacred, half-military expeditions of the Californians during the Mexican times (to subdue certain tribes, and capture their women and children for menial service, under the pretext of Christianization,) or to the irresistible wedge of the American settler—who, impetuous and reckless, in his contempt for other races, remorselessly scatters all that stands in his way; or, lastly, whether deeper injury has not resulted from apparently friendly intercourse, which has introduced to the tribes the evils of intoxication, small pox, and many other diseases previously unknown to them. Compared with the misery and abjection into which most of them have sunk, by being deprived or disturbed in their hunting and fishing grounds, and even made dependent upon their ruthless intruders, by wants they have introduced and accentuated to their removal to the protection and discipline of the Reservations is to be considered a great blessing.

The system is not one of compulsory labor, nor forcible conversion; and there is little, if any, restraint as to the exercise of their primitive rites; but the most stringent measures are taken against intoxication. The able-bodied men are kept to regular employment, while provision is made for instructing the rising generation. A small military force, to represent the mighty arm of the Federal Government, is sufficient to protect the establishment and to avoid conflicts, which, left to the workings of human passions, would, as they have done in other parts, involve whole districts in devastating warfare.

The institution of the Reservations seems to be the best mitigation under existing evils. It provides a refuge for the hunted-down sons of the wilderness; and if a prosperous future cannot be built up for them, their actual wants are at least provided for. But, within half a century, the existence of the red race will be reduced to an object of historical retrospect!

**THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION.**

This Indian Reservation, the largest of California, fully deserves a circumstantial description. Its principal station is on the sea-coast, near the river Noyo, which, for the first five miles from its mouth, is navigable for small craft. The outlet of this river presents a double harbor. The outer one is sufficiently sheltered, during the greater part of the year, by almost parallel promontories, projecting on both sides. Above is a sandy spit of land, extending from the north bank nearly to the opposite shore, leaves a narrow entrance to the inner harbor, which is the usual place of anchorage for the little schooner belonging to the station. The schooner serves for fishing, and for communication with the harbor of Big River, situated about ten miles to the south.

The buildings of the station stand on a slightly elevated plain, about a mile from the sea, and nearly the same distance from the mouth of the Noyo; they consist of a spacious store-house, offices
and mess-rooms, the dwelling of the Agent and some smaller cottages for the employees. There is also a physician's and apothecary's department, and a number of work-shops. The Indians regularly employed, together with their families, live close by in block-houses, arranged in an open square. In the midst of this rises what seems to be a large mound. It is a mud-plastered roof, covering a round excavation, and the whole is a good specimen, though on a very large scale, of the usual Bigger Indian style of architecture. On one side is a small hole, for entrance; and another hole in the roof serves for a chimney. The Indians use this wigwam as a louse-scrub, or sweat-bath, in which they shut up their sick to pass through an ordeal of heat and smoke, sometimes for hours on a stretch. It also serves as a council-chamber and as a banquet-hall, and for the performance of their religious rites. In it the bodies of the dead are reduced to ashes, the whole community keeping up a most doleful howling meanwhile.

Not far from the buildings, on the edge of the woods, are the Rancheirs or those tribes which still live in their primitive condition. Each tribe has a separate camp, and some of their wigwams are so hidden in the bushes, that their whereabouts is only betrayed by the smoke.

Two miles further on is an outpost of about 20 soldiers, whose duty it is to aid the Agent in maintaining order. They would have an easy life of it, indeed, if they had nothing else to do. But, unfortunately, their services are very frequently required to protect the Indians against the cruelty and oppression of the white men who have settled on the outskirts of the Reservation.

The Indian tribes of the Reservation chiefly belong to those generally known in California as "Diggers." They lead a roving life, and their temporary dwellings are circular excavations, covered with a roof of rushes, plastered over with mud—the whole looking like a hillside.

In disposition they are more peaceful than warlike, although petty feuds are continually kept up between the tribes, and they have their fighting-men and war-chiefstitans. They subsist chiefly on roots, acorns, seeds, grass, earth-worms, ants and grasshoppers, according to the season; but their principal food is fish from the sea or rivers. They are good fishermen, very expert in the use of spears, nets and fishing-baskets.

Their arms are too imperfect to allow them to kill game, except at a short distance; this is therefore only an accidental source of support. The mountain tribes, however, taking advantage of ravines and gullies, sometimes manage to drive a large quantity of game into some corner, from which there is no escape, and thus slaughter great numbers, and for a while revel in abundance. But the supply does not last long; as the power of the Indians to dispose of meat and to gorge themselves is truly astonishing.

The Indians, when brought into the Reservation, deliver up their arms, and they are not allowed to carry any, except when on a temporary furlough in the mountains.

The tribes of the valleys of Sonoma and Napa, and those who lived near Clear Lake, have had intercourse with the settlers for the last thirty years, or since the first settlements sprang up north of the Bay of San Francisco. Food and clothing was a sufficient inducement for them to help the Spaniards during harvest. An imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language is therefore common among them, though, latterly, English has begun to take its place with those who have come in contact with American settlers.

Among the tribes of the North, which have had but little intercourse with the whites, the number of idiosyncrasies is very great, and the diversity eludes almost entirely notice. But after philosophical investigations in Lower California, the number of words of similar language, and it is a fact that the same order in the case of the latter, though it would be difficult to prove so far.

The tribes lying beyond the reservation are more remote; the fact which the has occasionally, which the have been provoked by from them by the whites.

Hitherto, the tribe, only peaceable, were closely pressed of civilization; but living in the north or south, is a part of the white.

The Mendocino in many respects, abundant elements of the Indian tribes, exist in the interior, the—those which I purport to time.

The latter has been placed desert in California along the coast, one of the reporting the Indians.

Gains, though each one of the single hunters, with his rifle and head. But a tribe to be sources to community with
great, and the diversity is such as to prelude almost entirely all verbal communication. But it has been proven by the philological investigations of the Jesuits in Lower California, that the diverse nations of the Indians were nothing more than dialects of a few stock-languages, and it is therefore a fair inference that the same will be found to be the case in the northern part of the State, though it would require laborious research to prove the fact.

The tribes living on the borders of Oregon are more athletic and warlike, a fact which they have proved on several occasions, when their resentment has been provoked by outrages committed on them by the white settlers.

Hitherto, the Reservation has received only peaceable tribes, and those which were closely pressed upon by the advance of civilization; but all the tribes now living in the north of California will, sooner or later, be induced to seek refuge under its protection.

The Mendocino Reservation, favored in many respects by nature, possesses abundant elements for the maintenance of the Indian tribes. Two other stations exist in the interior and further to the north—Nonne Lakes and Nome Creek—which I purpose to visit at some future time.

The latter possesses excellent pasture land, and a stock of cattle has already been placed on it. The usual rate of increase in California is such that it will soon furnish beef cattle enough for all the stations of Mendocino; thus affording one of the principal means of supporting the Indians.

Game, though abundant, cannot be relied upon as a means of subsistence. A single hunter, roaming through the woods with his rifle, can live on the fat of the land. But a wider tract of country has to be secured to furnish a large settled community with game; the transportation becomes onerous, and the thing is found to be impracticable.

The Reservations mainly depend for subsistence upon agriculture. The rolling lands between the coast and the mountains are covered by an abundance of wild oats, beans, clover and other nutritious grains, affording excellent pasture.

The bottom lands, along the watercourses of the valleys, are eminently adapted for cultivation. The working force of the station, under judicious direction, will soon bring out the producing qualities of those lands, which have an advantage over the heavy clay soils bordering the Bay of San Francisco, in so far that they can be ploughed at almost any season. Large tracts are already prepared for sowing. Potatoes yield abundantly, and are one of their principal resources.

The sea-fishery furnishes another main element of support. Every morning the schooner is sent out with an Indian crew, commanded by an employe. It returns towards noon with several tons of cod, rock fish, etc., together with a number of nondescript fishes—strange, smooth denizens of the deep. The river also affords its quota as well as the sea.

The Indians are very dexterous in fishing with nets within the bar, so that the supply of fish never fails.
forest to changes of temperature. An hour's ride in the morning was sufficient to drive away any feeling of stiffness.

While at the Reservation, we enjoyed the warm hospitality of Col. Honley, who, as far as his manifold occupations permitted, made our stay very agreeable. He gave us a hearty welcome, and afterwards, in his turn, called at our camp to participate in our convivialities.

Curiosity attracted many of the Indians from their wigwams, and the groupings of their dusky forms afforded a novel and interesting background to the tableau of our camp.

The number of Indians on the Reservation is about 4,000, but, at the time of our visit, it was considerably reduced. It was their harvest season, and most of the able-bodied men had received leave of absence to collect seeds and to gather their crops, while others had gone fishing. In this manner, by allowing them, occasionally, to return to their old modes of life, they feel less sensibly the subordination and restraint under which they necessarily live on the Reservation, and they also, without perceiving it, contribute to lessen the burden of the administration.

The many camp-fires we passed in the mountains bore undeniable evidence of the temporary scattering of the Indians. The Reservation, therefore, not as animated as it is usually, but still was well directed enough to show the improvements which the Indians have received. There is a striking contrast between their former rude and almost animal state and their present improved condition. Instead of roaming about, listlessly, in the woods, and eking out a precarious life, they are now occupied in agricultural pursuits—have become acquainted with many of the usages and objects of civilized life, and no longer depend for sustenance, on the uncertain results of the chase or on the scanty produce of the wild vegetation of the mountains.

The guide I had brought from the mountains could not converse with the Indians of the station; his native language was entirely different. As a free and independent son of the wilderness, he looked somewhat superciliously at the doings on the Reservation. I had presented him a shirt and a blanket, as a reward for his services, and he was only waiting for them to return to his brother, the bear-fighter, Ben, in Matamuka Valley. His aged father now made his appearance, and he was soon put in good humor by partaking of some of the good things at our camp. Standing upon the stump of a tree, he began talking to the winds, and gave us a specimen of Indian speech-making. He was asked to give an Indian name to the several members of our party; complacently, without hesitation, he began the distribution of names, all expressive of some peculiarity of dress, voice, appearance or manner, which he caught with wonderful readiness. Some of them were translated to us, and they were appropriate and droll enough to afford us amusement at the expense of the recipients of this gratuitous baptism. He was rewarded with a black dress coat for himself, and a pair of kid gloves for his son, the bear-fighter, and perfectly satisfied with this compensation for the trouble of two days' march. An Indian will at no time shun fatigue, if it enables him to partake of the game and receive some of the cast-off clothes of the white men.

A fine specimen of the Indian was old Antonio, chief of one of the half-domesticated Bodega tribes. His four daughters—very fair specimens of young squaws—had all formed alliances with white men, and the old chief appeared to be very proud of their exalted fortunes, and to discern in perspective the perpetration of his race in a long succession of half-breeds.

[Continued on page 177.]
GOLD LAKE: A TALE FOR THE FRAZERITES.

BY MRS. L. FOULI.

"Philosophizing, reasoning, or regretting—which, my pretty cousin?" said young Frank Beadle, as he emerged from the luxurious depths of a crimson easy chair, and approached the vine-clad western window. The fairy form of seventeen and the infinite dimples of Clare did not belie her words.

"You are pleased to be ironical in your two first accusations, Mr. Frank, and to pay you for it, I can assure you I was not indulging in the latter mood. No; I was castle-building, as usual."

"Laying the foundations of those inextinguishable towers in California, I'll wager," interrupted Frank.

"To be sure; where else should I locate them, unless I took a contract for you? How stupid for you to stay in this country of dreams, and not be married, either? now own up, Frank, ain't you curious, to think that I have made a match first? you wear such an 'all-alone' look since you came back."

"And ain't I to be alone for friends when you leave, Clare?"

"Oh, so! I don't look so! I will bespeak you the valued friendship of all the old and young maid of my acquaintance, who will not give a thought even a year, after the wedding is over and the steamer sailed, though now they turn me to death with their alternate condolence and croakings. That reminds me, as you came, I was wishing that Oscar and I could charter yonder foamy cloud for our bark; I know where it is bound, by the golden banners farad towards the setting sun. How deliciously we could rest 'mid its downy depths—how swiftly sail over mountain and sea, until it softly descends through the realms of air upon some lovely vale of our El Dorado, where the last burning rays of the sun have lingered and turned to gold!"

"Beautiful! Clare, Oscar will make you a poetess, yes," and Frank stood for a moment, his exultant eyes drinking in the fresh beauty of the young enthusiast. But his expression of almost idolatrous admiration suddenly changed to one of deepest sadness: as the sparkle of the sun-loving wave was darkened by the swift storm-herald; as our own hearts, ere now, even as they stood in youthful love on the pinnacle of happiness, have turned faint and dizzy, to mark that on one side was a precipice, and its dark abyss was Misery. "Clare, dear Clare," he said, "but whither is this wild romance leading you? I will not the scenes here you into a desert from which there is no retreat! But I need not use metaphor—are you not, indeed, resting all your future, all your young hopes as on a cloud—on the vague tales of gold-crowned men—substantially only by the restless aspirations of your restless lover? What surely have you that, when that cloud disperses, it will not lower you to poverty, sickness and death on that strange shore?"

"Now, Frank," replied the sweet sedate voice, "this is not only unkind of you, but untrue. You know my heart is irreversibly claimed, my destiny irreversibly written, and no thought of mine can change it."

"And so Oscar has imbued you with his wild fatalism, too!" cried Frank.
"Clare Merchant, as to the elevation of your heart, I would have it pure and irreproachable; but believe me, your future is in your own hands. If Oscar loves you, why should the sacrifice be all on your side? If he loves you, why does he imitate those actions of distress and solicitude—why drag you from a luxurious home—from a circle refined and appreciating—victims to his unbridled fancies? No, Clare; if he loves you, bid him consider your happiness, and if he flies from the heartstrokes of your gentle nature, seek not to make with his flight, and leave the scheme to plot his own ruin."

"Now, Frank, if you were not my own dear brother, you should repeat those bitter words of poor Oscar, just because he is not disapprovable and hum-drum, and bedside," she continued, rallying, "you are an artist, and poet, too, and I never saw you out in my life, until you talked of parting with your pet cousin?"

"I might have been happy," said Frank; "had I seen your happiness insured; but though I left the sick bed of a mother, and traveled hundreds of miles without rest to meet you, it is only to spend a few days in bidding a sad adieu. How little did I think, when six months ago, you pronounced Oscar Mercand's name after me for the first time, that I was introducing to you the author of your happiness! That this reckless enthusiast, whose vagaries had so often clouded our college-days, was to victimize the fairest and purest in his snares of accused infidelity!"

"Frank Bonner, are you insensible, to address such language to me, and on the very verge of marriage, too?" exclaimed Clare, her great brown eyes flashing anger.

"Forgive me, forgive me! perhaps I am insane. Listen, Clare; you say I am a poet; every poet has his idol, whose divine inspiration takes his lyre—"

"Stay, and, that is said. I love has stopped You are noble, you—my ever so—my ever so little snow-bird like a child."

"God bless you, gel. I will tell the all friends for you," cried Frank.

"Must an only a low voice break out. "Oscar!" All starting, torn from the man, his magnificent height, and the aside of light looking striking face with expressive eyes, fiery balls as thing ed face; in conclusion continued in a voice.

"Dear brother, my faithful friend acknowledged cousin—" the name of my old took Clare's heart if you deeply felt her welfare and elevations; but all said, that, thought fully sketch of his line of assistance or any other of a real. But, said to, the alt almost fainting unite in a last con rence, your friends equally disgraceful."

"I said, sir, from his confidant. "because I have that I have yet to I am from my Ursal.
"Stay, stay; we will both forget all that is said. I am an orphan, and your love has supplied the place of all to me. You are noble, Frank; he still my brother—my ever true friend!" and she held her little snowy hands pleasantly to him, like a child.

"God bless you, Clara! you are an angel. I will never, never leave you; and when all breaks you, I will be your savior!" cried Franz, embracing her.

"Most an undermining task," answered a low voice beside them.

"Oscar!" exclaimed Clara, and both starting, turned to see a splendid young man, his majestic figure drawn to full height. Mingled rage and scorn flushed the classic features and curled the crimson lips; over the loby forehead full masses of light locks; but the power of that striking face was centered in the large, expressive eyes, that now gleamed like fiery balls as they scanned Frank's averted face in contumacy scrutiny. He claimed in a voice of concentrated scorn:

"Dear brother of my college days—faithful friend of youth, and most esteemed cousin in future—allow me, in the name of my affianced bride—and he took Clara's trembling hand—to thank you deeply for the flattering interest in her welfare and highly honorable protestations; but, allow me, sir, for myself, to add, that, though astonished at your mistreat sketche of my character, I must decline all assistance in the care of my wife, or any other equally delicate tokens of regard. But, to terminate this touching scene," he added, hastily, as Clara sank almost fainting on his arm, "we will unite in a last adieu; after this occurrence, your friendship and presence are equally disagreeable."

"S'death, sir," retorted Frank, roused from his confusion by this bitter taunt; "because I have cried in a rash moment, I have yet to learn your right to order me from my Uncle's house."

"Oh! Franz! go! go!" almost shrieked Clara, as she caught the angry defiance of each brow. "Her pitious tones pierced his heart, and with a lingering look at her pale, fear-stricken face and trembling form, he left that room for ever. For many minutes Oscar held the weeping girl in his arms, vainly endeavoring to assuage her grief and excitement with the fondest regrets and tenderest endearments. And what woman's nature will resist the tenderness of love? there is a magic chord in her heart that will ever, through time and change, and all, even through coldness and cruelty, still respond to the master's hand.

Clara's first words were: "Oscar, for my sake, pardon poor Frank; he was wild—he knew not what he said; he has ever been the kindest, dearest brother to me."

"For your sake I forgive him, my darling; but his dauntless attempt to snatch you from me, and his reproaches of my poverty, I shall never forget. Poor fool! does he not know that ere the light was born to earth the angels had sent you from their throne to be my gentle spirit my better nature! and that we, veiled in immortality, he cannot sever in the cycles of time? United we will follow the voices of fate, and then united we will rise to some brighter sphere. But come, little Clara, I would fain 'wipe the tear from the eye of beauty; let us drown this sadness in the music of your harp, and then I have a splendid poem for you.' Content the strained, afflicted sinews of old age with the plastic elasticity of the dimpled-bounded muscle of youth, and you shall mark the distance wider between the poor old heart, where sorrow mingles unrelieved, and the joyful resound from youthful grief. Ah, surely,

"Tears never another dream can be!
Like that early dream of ours,
When Love, like a child, lay down to sleep
Amid the faded flowers."

Clara Morland was orphaned so young
that she remembered neither of her parents; but a wealthy bachelor uncle received the child to his solitary home, and of the actual cares and sorrows of life she had heard as of a fable. Her uncle's heart was divided between two parents—business and his laboratory—and as such, in its turn, asserted an absolute monopoly of his time; he had no thought of little Clara, beyond supplying her with the best of masters and educating her from any evil influence. So the child's life passed monotonously amid the grandeur of the old house, and the flowers of her heart unfolded not their fragrant petals in the absence of the sun of domestic love. When she was nearly twelve, a brighter era dawned upon her. Frank Benson, her cousin, came from his rich southern plantation to prosecute the study of law at his uncle's house. The native kindness of the boy's heart (for he was only twenty) instantly felt for the lonely situation of the lovely orphan; but this principle of pity soon grew into a most earnest devotion. The uncle, knowing well Frank's noble nature, was but too glad to let the young people take their own course. Clara's life was now as bright as youth, beauty and wealth could make it. She had some one now to listen to her harp, to criticise her drawings and to discourse with her the "airy nothings" of the poet. Each feminine grace and gentle charm flourished—for Frank had an artist's eye and a poet's pen—his sunny nature naturally reflecting the beauteous things of earth. But, to Clara, he was only the dear brother. Even after her youth into the gay world, when the old uncle quizzously inspected on the closing of inner doors to exclude the sounds of the light laughter and dancing of the period from the gloomy laboratory, he never entered the gay beauty's head to chase Frank among her group of admirers.

Nor was he in the least her ideal; for, though his features were by no means plain, and his sparkling eyes looked a jet and his delicate lips curved a smile, in stature he was small, and Clara, with the perversity of little women, admired tall men. Her hero must be gigantic, both in soul and strength. Nor did Love lay siege to the pretty fancy and till, on the last "New Year's Day," Frank introduced the splendid Oscar Moreland, with many a tale of his fruitful fancies and country geniuses, as he had known him at a southern college. Oscar, with his handsome face and irresistible address, secured needed Frank's warm recommendations to secure him immense popularity in the social circles; though it was known that already he had squandered two inherited fortunes in travels and extravagant luxuries, and was almost even with the world again. Of course, a ready friendship was established with Clara on the ground of Frank's regard for him; and this deepened into a warm intimacy, when in February, her cousin was called home by his widowed mother. And now, we would faint trace the progress of awakening love in those two hearts—as we love to watch the first pale pink of morningdropout into crimson glory—as we linger over the burning buds of our favorite flower. But, suffice it to say, that the love of Oscar and Clara was as beautiful as these, and pure and deep. So fascinated was her ardent imagination with his winning eloquence, and so completely did he enthral her gentle spirit with the power of his love, that she consented to be led adown to the harvest moon of her native home, and accompany him in his wild search for wealth in the far regions of gold. Her uncle, in his faint objections, was vanquished to his counting-room with a few tears and by a strange fatality.

Frank only received Clara's last letter on the subject, which was an invitation to the wedding.

For the fair future Oscar drew, with burning words and thrilling voice, the glowing picture of the world, where their souls, like gold in a medium of the sensuous, would reveal in a forest of feet.

But was not strange that love's fancy loved to roam and dream their destiny; and the beautiful dreams rose higher as they became less, to the more certain future. Then showed the charmed society on him as her laughter ran in a silver shower on the moonlight, where an air bellows, away the night's mists to give one thought's elevation. But Frank, until, in his warm room, of the ending of that long time as Clara Moreland.

Now, shall we paint on a the brightness of the wedding day, the bride's brilliant beauty in robes and gleaming jewels—her groom's joy and pride of the ritual, that occupied lives forever? No; we would some day on the like tender emotions, the same heart-pangs, and the heart of the son, that ever haunts the years and thought divided the joy of and groom, or the admiration, adored guests, it was the day of Frank's departure, the day before the and Oscar dropped a tear over the hand of the on and barked, with a thousand other watery paths to the Land of God.

Two weeks later they were in an old hotel in the ancient town. Here they spent weeks, months, howling over the field of the grown ruins of the secret4000scew, of the liver, of the flowers on the verdure, were to them2002s jects of admiration.
GOLD LAKE; A TALE FOR THE FRAGERITES.

Looking picture of some southern Eden, where their souls, cleansed through the medium of the senses almost to Paradise, would revel in a foretaste of joys immortal. It was not strange that his idol's fancy loved to roam amid his splendid creations and wrap the web of his beautiful dreams round her heart, until they became to her the mirroring of a certain future. Then would not if, in the charmed society of him she adored, her laughter rung in mellow pools on the moonlight, where, an hour before, she had wept away the twilight. Nor did she give one thought to poor heart-broken Frank until, in her own room, she watched the setting of that moon for the last time as Clare Morland.

Now, shall we paint you a picture of the brightness of the wedding assembly—the bride's brilliant beauty in her airy robes and glistening jewels—of the bridegroom's joy and pride—the solemnity of the ritual that cemented those two lives forever? No; we would rather send some hearts back to the time when, with like trembling onanissmes, they gave the same heart-hedge, and some forward to the fond dream of that golden bridal season, that ever haunts the young. If one and thought divided the joy of the bride and groom on the admiration of the assembled guests, it was the mysterious departure of Frank, without a single adieu, the day before. And soon Clare and Oscar dropped a few parting tears over the hand of the old uncle, and embraced, with a thousand others, on their watery path to the Land of Gold.

Two weeks later they were ensconced in an old hotel in the ancient city of Panama. Here they were detained a few days, much to their delight, for the most

brilliant flowers and endless vistas of verdure, were to them never-failing subjects of admiration. Charmed were the hours spent beneath the palm trees, floating on the luscious fruit, and amusing themselves with the natives, monkeys and parrots, equally grotesque. Here, too, they formed more intimate acquaintance with their fellow-passengers. They were a motley crowd, representing almost every people on earth, and varying as much in degrees of intellect. Among the most interesting to Clare were two Indian youths, said to be twins, the sons of a western chief, and inheriting their French speech and lighted complexion from their mother. As they only spoke that language they were excluded from general intercourse, while Clare, amused with their naive manners and quick observations, soon learned to call their names—Sage and Comanche—and quite won their hearts, by the present of a pair of coral bracelets, which they were on their brawny arms with pride. They were familiarly known as the "half-breeds," and won the respect of all by their modest independence.

But the most intimate friend of the Morlands was a lawyer—Mr. Cole—who appeared to be partly the guardian of the Indians. He was lively and intelligent, so he made a most agreeable companion.

The evening before the steamer sailed, after a supper of rich fruits, Oscar complained of being chilled; on retiring to his room he was violently sick, and then fell into a deep slumber, with his eyes half opened. For hours his bride anxiously watched him, vainly crying to raise him at intervals, when, becoming alarm ed, she determined to send for Mr. Cole. A tall Spaniard answered her ring; but, on hearing her arresting, to his dismay, he pushed past her into the room and snatched Oscar's rich gold watch that laid on the table. Naturally intrepdid, Clare sprang for the bell-ropes as he turned to leave, but his quick eye detected the movement, and he dealt her a sav-
age blow, which made her shriek and real. Then she heard, faintly, the clasp of knives and a scuffle, and then she awoke. Mr. Cole was bending over her and the Indians were holding the thief, who Sagó had disabled by a well-aimed blow; as he chanced to see him escape from the window. Mr. Cole had no difficulty in recognizing Oscar the symptoms of a virulent attack of the Pannas fever. Forging upon all the necessities of keeping it secret, or he would not be admitted on ship-board, he diligently applied all the remedies within his knowledge; still, on the morrow Oscar was almost carried on board, only half rescued from his stupor. For days his kind friend nursed him with the devotion of a brother, when he too sickened, and then the Indian brothers divided their time between the invalids. Clare’s fortitude through this was heroic; not a tear fell as she bathed the fevered brow of her ailed husband and heard his incoherent words; nor did physical weakness triumph till on the fourth morning of Mr. Cole’s illness, she was summoned to his death-bed. As the waves closed with a mournful roll over the vessel a truly receptive with health and goodness, the first bitter tears gushed from her eyes; for she felt that, though many were kind, she was their only friend, and the loss of a friend she had never known before. It was then that the Indian brothers besought her to lake that needful rest which anxiety had long driven from her pillow; at last, representing that for her husband’s sake she must keep her strength, she yielded to the deep sleep of intense fatigue, and when she awoke, late the next day, the faithful pair still kept watch. Thenceforth on those rude sons of the forest Clare looked as her kindest aids, and their devotion as unquelled. Just as they began to hope for Oscar’s recovery they entered that gulf of storms, “Tahuantoppa,” and his fever increased to an alarming degree, until the horrors of the tempest at sea. Ah, those were sad days; wild waves tossed the ship unmercifully; from pelting rains they closed the port holes and excluded fresh air; their water grew scarce, till at length the little given was thick and warm. During the long days and dark nights, varied by the occasional jerk of the steamer, as she passed for an instant to lower a corpse to the water, Clare sat patiently by the couch of pain, when all other women sought their berths in fear and sickness. One awful night, when every heart was panic-stricken, and every strong arm called to save the ship from its threatened doom, the brothers disappeared from their station by her side, and she was left, for the first time, alone. Oscar was in high delirium; his cries for the “water, water—just one drop of water” she had not for him, were heart-rending. Twice did the fragile creature creep the length of the rocking vessel to beg for a little water or tea, or she obtained the half-bowl of tea. Oscar seized it wildly from her as she entered, and drank it almost at one swallow; then, in the midst of that fierce storm, sunk into a deep sleep. Clare was not skilled enough to know that the disease was at its crisis, but utterly exhausted, slept by his side. Next morning the tempest cleared, and when Sagó awakened them with breakfast, he told them, with saddened voice and downcast head, how Comanche, his brother, had been swept away by a mighty wave, and how, in trying to save him, he nearly lost his own life. Oscar awoke that morning, for the first time in many days, to reason and returning health; and when they at length entered the famous “Golden Gate” he brought the smile again to Clare’s dimpled cheek, with his whispers of hope and love, as they stood in the breeze and sunshine. In their joy, Clare copied the Indian Sagó, sadly listless when all others were excited, gazing at the wake, which was his brother. In his heart, she tried to draw of the manly spirit he showed in his fate, and stepped on the jaw he fervently pressed to his face. For many a month of the Moreland’s toil of fortune, marked the historical period, both Clare’s and Oscar’s, as a second angelic, by the mild women, and those hardened stumps. God of a people it is, to make the earth cared means, it and they, and so are not, and therefore. It was a misfortune, that event sat at Clare’s foot, the brave, paling of her painful fitting eyes of despair and remorse. “Oh, my joy, how I have duties when I would help you happy! Were not, and tell me not to save with prophecy misfortune!”

“My dear, be sweetly, whatever you say to women’s most”
were excited, gazing into the waves of the wake, which had received the form of his brother. In the earnest gratitude of her heart, she tried to cheer him with her own drawings of hope, but he only looked mournfully into her face, and when they stopped at the wharf at San Francisco he fervently pressed her hand, and they saw him no more.

For many succeeding months the life of the Morelands is told in the oft repeated tale of fortune and privation that marked the history of the miners of that period. Gold they found, but oft times the mere necessities of life took it from them, for in the long rainy season, Clare's health obliged them to leave their tent and seek boarding. Friends they made, too, as Oscar was ever generous, and Clare's angelic beauty was almost worshipped by the miners, who saw but few women, and those generally of the most hardened stamp. But, alas! when the God of a people is "gold," their hearts held but little sympathy for the unfortunate.

Many times had Oscar's speculative spirit led him to abandon good mines, and make the main investment of his hard earned means, in experiments and adventure, and almost as often had they proved unsuccessful. It was after one of these failures, that even his hope bowed, as he sat at Clare's foot and marked the constant piling of her cheek, and the slow, painful lifting of her smile. Tears of despair and remorse suffused his splendid eyes. "Oh! my poor darling," he said, "how I have darkened your young days, when I would lay down my life to make you happy. Why do you not reproach me, and tell me that your cousin's love and fortune ever favor us again."
The Indian turned distinctly to Clare and said: "I left a place yesterday where the white brother can make heaps of mon-
yey, if he will go."  

"Heaven bless you!" cried Oscar, for-
vently, "tell me where it is, and I will
work night and day, but that poor angel
shall see home and health again—and
God's wrath be upon me if I waver in
my purpose."

"Ance?" This English word came
in a deep voice from the Indian. Their
previous converse had been, as usual, in
French, and both started to look as him,
for the emphatic utterance made it sound
as a melodious; but Sage was looking
at Clare with the same earnest pity.
Arrangements were made on the spot, for
it was found that Sage was the owner of
the lucrative situation he had been forced
to abandon, and the Indian was to live
with them. Thereafter Clare's household
care was light, for he assisted her with the
aptitudes of a woman. He told her
how he had often done the same for his
white mother in the wild woods, and of
his deer hunts with Comanche, and then
they would speak of his untimely end.
And, happy because Oscar's for-
tune smiled again, loved to picture to her
shambling listener her once happy, luxuri-
cous home, and her kind uncle and cousin
brother. When they dwelt in frontier
love, Sage would grow sad, and Clare
would think she had been cruel to thus
remind him of his lost Comanche.

About two months after Sage's appear-
ance he brought Clare a letter from her
home, and, with eager delight, watched
the smiles and tears of joy dance each
other over her lovely countenance.

"Oh, kind, faithful Sage!" she cried,
"rejoice with me. My good old uncle,
who I supposed had long forgotten me,
writes that his dearest wish is to see his
children, Oscar and I. Yes, yes; we will
go home to him immediately, and devote
ourselves to clothing his last days. Os-
can, dear Oscar," and she sprang to meet
her husband at the door, "I have such a
splendid letter from home!"

"Mrs. Moreland, this is my friend Mr.
S.," said Oscar, presenting a neatly
shaved man of medium stature, who Clare recog-
nized as a miner she had met some
months before, while visiting a sick man.

"Find days now, Mrs. Moreland," re-
marked the miner, seating himself.

Sage was home full of hum; she
burst to tell Oscar of their good news,
but seeing their visitor was determined
on a chat, she thought the easiest way to
shorten his visit was to introduce at
once the favorite topic of the miners, and
that excited; he might go:

"Yes, very pleasant, sir; but you
seem to have abandoned your good claims
here."

"Forever, Mrs. Moreland, I don't work
such diggings as these," said the miner,
crossing his foot.

"Why, I thought they were excellent,"
rejoined she.

"They might be for the uninstructed;
but I don't suppose you would work
them; if you could put out a thousand
dollars an hour."

"Indeed, no," laughed Clare, with a
serious glance at their speaker. He was
dressed in the common mining costume;
his face wore a strange look of comber
and coldness, but his eyes were bright
and restless, and the continual motion
of his fingers indicated excitement.

"Mr. S. — has just returned from a
trip north, my dear," remarked Oscar.

"Yes, ma'am, I have been north, and
I don't suppose you will believe it, but I
own a secret that is worth thousands,
impossible to you or I, or him, or any one
that knows it; that's so."

"Why, you must be a magician; and
I am afraid the price of this mighty se-
cret is a soul," said Clare, now amused,
for she was convinced that their new
friend was slightly deranged.
with that weird future look, as if gazing at some charming object in the far distance—that far expression that had so captivated her girlish heart. Yet she used reason, prayers, tears, to dissuade him, but she might as well argue with a madman; for, with hundreds of others, he had all day been listening to Old Kentuck's wonderful report, and the contagious gold fever was sending his blood thrilling through his veins.

"Oh, let us go home," sobbed Clare. "We have wealth now; our uncle has just said all his fortune was ours. Dear husband, do take me home!"

Vainly, in return, Oscar endeavored to mirror his hopes in her heart. In vain painted lively pictures of that fairy lake — how the gold rays would dart up through the crystal waves and wage war with the sunbeams, and how the stars would look dewed and the heavens riveted in number and lustre.

The Indian, who had been sitting with his head bowed between his hands, rose, and drawing purse after purse of gold dust from a concealed hole in the floor, handed them to Oscar, saying, briefly: "Take them—they are yours, if you will not go."

"My good friend Sago," said Oscar, rising, with the native dignity so noble in him, "I cannot degrade myself by taking from any man's gift gold. Stay you here with my wife while I am gone. Clare, I do not ask you to accompany me; but to return to our friends pantless, and be a scoff and derision when this fortune is offered by fate, I will not refuse it."

"Then, my own dear husband, I will go with you," said Clare, drying her tears and reaching up to embrace him. "You have said that nothing should separate us."

"And I will go too, for I will never leave you," spoke the Indian. The rapid accumulation of wealth, and
sullen "great franks of fortune" peculiar to California, none justified in any degree the intense excitement that filled the hearts of hundreds with regard to the "Gold Lake." Soon they formed into trails, packed tools and provisions on their hardy mules, and piloted by "Old Kentucky," were climbing the mountains towards their El Dorado. It was a strange sight to see that multitude traveling the unbroken wilderness, climbing rocky steeps in the burning heat, and to know that their pulses all throbbed to the same mad worship of: Gold. Gold. Ah, where shall we find another shrine with devotions like those? To their impatient steps the days of travel seemed long and weary, and Clare was wrestling to a shadow with fatigue, but "Old Kentucky" confidently urged them on, as he would meet with some of his landmarks, and at length they reached the summit of a splendid hill, and there burst upon their view the refreshing scene of a sheet of limpid water, environed by fine hills and lofty crags, that cast the shadow of their form over the laughing waves. Their leader, in ecstasy, pronounced it to be the —Gold Lake.

It was determined that the main body should camp where they were, and a party of the least weary press forward to explore.

Clare, forgotten for an instant in the excitement, was attempting to disarm from her horse, unassisted, upon a great log, when the accidental firing of a pistol near his head startled him, and she was thrown violently forward upon the sharp, broken branches. They raised her and were in vain applying the usual remedies, when from her pale lips there burst a small, crimson stream. "Great Heavens, she is dying! Clare! Clare!" shrieked the Indian in English, throwing himself wildly by her side. That voice paralyzed Oscar's heart, and round Clare to life. "Frank," murmured the dying woman, clenching with blood, but fixing her languid eyes on the Indian, who, after a moment's hesitation, tore off the coarse black wig that concealed part of the forehead and the brown curls of Frank. Be- side. "Do not curse me," faltered Oscar. Clare looked at him with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and joined their hands. The bleeding ceased for a few moments, and she revived sufficiently to hear Frank's brief story:

When he realized from his uncle's house, almost broken-hearted, he was accosted by Comanche, an Indian boy he had attempted to educate. The youth had run away from college and now appeared before his benefactor to beg for money to take him to California, promising never to trouble him more. Comanche, though several years younger, was just the size of Frank, and governed by one of those wild freaks that come to the reckless, he determined to assume the character of the Indian's brother. They imparted the secret to no one but Mr. Cole, and by constantly speaking the Yemulil language, the disguise was perfect. Fortune, with her usual caprice, had showered wealth upon him who cared not for it; for his only object was to be near Clare, whom he had never lost sight of for a single day.

Just as he was concluding his tale, several men rushed to them with the intelligence that there was no gold in the Lake, or about it, and that "Old Kentucky" was beside himself, declaring that he had lost the way, and plunging for his life, as the great cry was 'Lynch him, hang him on the spot, who has so betrayed us!"

Clare looked at Oscar, but so filled was his heart with remorse and anxiety for her, that he scarce heeded their words, "Oscar, Frank," said she, "hear my last request. Go to those frantic men and tell them poor "Old Kentucky" is a lunatic. I ever felt that he was. Save him from this brutal mob, place the two white boys on the insecure hills of the great "Gold Lake."" A wave of white beauty, and told them that he had turned their great gold-hunter, as having duped "the lovely lake," along with gold. Hence the health of and on its borders. Money cannot buy health; I feel now the wild wild fatal cry to the: Brother seeking his sister has been wrapt in a
THIS LITTLE LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.

BY C. T. SPROAT.

This little lock of golden hair!
'Tis all that's left to me now,
Of one that was so dear to me,
[poem]
With his light blue eye and his laugh so gay,
And polished and ivory brow.

This little lock of golden hair!
Oh! how it speaks to me!
Of wandering lips, now heard no more—
[poem]
Of light feet skimming the nursery floor,
In merry and childish glee.

This little lock of golden hair!
I sit o'er it and weep;
And thoughts come thronging thick and fast
From out the darkness of the Past,
Where silent memories sleep.

This little lock of golden hair!
'Is changed an angel's now—
How beautiful the gems are set
Within the sparkling crown,
That glitter on his brow!
Turning over a slip of "Gleason's Pictorial, for 1834," in the number for September 16th, we observed an excellent portrait and a brief sketch of the distinguished California botanist and geologist, whose name stands at the head of this communication. His death had occurred sixteen months previous, but was probably unknown to the editor. It is believed some further particulars of this gentleman will be read with interest, by the numerous friends he made in this city, during his visit in the winter of 1862.

It was impossible to be much in his society and not become deeply interested in the man; and in his projects for the agricultural improvement of California, he always spoke with remarkable ardor.

In stature he was of medium height and of slender form; but the enthusiasm of his spirit sparkled in his bright black eye, and infused itself in every limb and muscle; he did not speak or act as other men do, especially while desisting on his favorite theme; then, his language was uttered in a voice often unconscious, as it seemed, above an ordinary tone, and was accompanied by earnest, and even violent gesticulation.

He was a passionate lover of nature. The natural sciences, especially horticulture and agriculture, had been the study of his life; and the years he had spent in California he had employed not in digging for gold, but in learning, by observation and experiments, what might be expected from the cultivation of its soil; the results had been so satisfactory, that he was far more anxious of reaping a golden harvest from such labors than is the most successful adventurer in the mines, with his shovel and pick.

He had come East, filled with eager enthusiasm on this subject, and certain that he could make others realize, as he did, its importance, and enlist other persons of ample means to co-operate with him in carrying out extensive schemes for the agricultural improvement of California. He saw, but a little way in the future, an immense State, densely populated, depending on Chili, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, Oregon, and even the Atlantic States, for produce to sustain its life, which, with little trouble, could be raised, of better quality and far cheaper, at their own doors; he brought with him numerous well attested proofs of the peculiar excellence and extraordinary size of a variety of vegetables, grown in that virgin soil, which scarce needed to be turned with the spade before receiving the seed.

Shelton had spared neither pains nor expense to acquaint himself fully with the agricultural resources of California; he had traversed much of its extent on foot, leisurely examining and comparing its various soils, and collecting specimens of plants and other natural productions. The rare and beautiful flowers which everywhere grew spontaneously, especially excited his admiration; he worshipped flowers; and as he could not, in his Herbarium, preserve their beautiful tints, part of the time he employed an artist to become the companion of his lonely wanderings, who, with superior skill, copied their beauties on paper.

He favored us with frequent opportunities to examine these pictures of flowers, many of them surpassingly beautiful, and unlike any seen on this side of the continent. In many sections those flowers grow so profusely that they resemble vast gardens, laid out with every variety of plant of Nature had. Here were flowers in imitation of the wild, and wild flowers in imitation of the garden.

Shelton resided in San Francisco, and in the old mission church of Mexico, and the few he had visited, and they were filled with power to bravo and beauty. His books became indispensable to his friends, and frequent letters were addressed to him.

Shelton was a tireless and happy-voiced advocate and promoter of the highest and most exalted objects, he was ever free from self-seeking, and his language and acts were always respectful and courteous.

When San Francisco was a populous city, its members were natural curiosity, and its defects and beauties were examined and described. Shelton's acquisition of gold was the most envied; he was the most successful in the mining business, and his experiences, which he collected and arranged in his laboratory, were the most envied of all.
PROFESSOR C. C. SHELTON.

The variety of plant, though the handicraft of nature has only been employed; nor are flowers the only spontaneous productions of this wonderful soil; hundreds of leagues together are covered with a luxuriant growth of oats, which, though wild, are excellent food for the numerous animals that roam at liberty among them.

Shelton's researches in California were attended with much toil and many hardships, and frequently with imminent dangers from hostile Indians or wild beasts, and they were prosecuted without the powerful incentive which prompted some to brave as much for pecuniary gain. Bonitos of nature and the welfare of the State were the nobler motives which inspired him to labor and endure. Though Shelton was among the first to visit that far-famed land, and had peculiar opportunities for gathering the gold which lay hidden at his feet, this attraction was quite overlooked by those more congenial to his nature, and which, by most persons, were wholly overlooked; consequently, he was poor.

When San Francisco had become a populous city he founded a museum of natural curiosities, gathered from that and neighboring counties, which ought to have been considered an invaluable acquisition to the State; but, gold, gold, gold was the engrossing thought of the people then; they could appreciate nothing else, and Shelton's museum did not attract sufficient patronage to pay expenses; his worldly belongings saved the collection and sold it for the rent, recklessly scattering to the winds the treasures he had so laboriously obtained; this ended his principal, perhaps his only money-making operation in California.

While in this city also his anguished hopes were doomed to serious delay; he was introduced to many individuals who favored his plans, but who were not ready at once to aid them; and thus the weeks passed on in fruitless efforts to interest persons who could, had they been so disposed, have assisted him, until the time fixed for his return was near at hand. His funds were exhausted, and most men would have been discouraged; but underlying hope sustained him still. Fortune at length smiled auspiciously; by advice of friends he visited a gentleman in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and submitted his views to him in detail. This gentleman owned a large tract of land in California, and had himself noted the peculiar fertility of the soil. He regarded Shelton's plans favorably, and having had some personal knowledge of him in California, had full confidence in his ability to execute them, if properly assisted; he corresponded on the subject with another large California landholder, living in New York city, and they, together, entered into a very liberal arrangement with Shelton, allowing him unrestricted permission to cultivate their land for five years, in the manner he judged best. They advanced means for the purchase of large quantities of seeds, roots and trees to carry there; paid his expenses back, and those of an experienced farmer to assist him, and were to defray all subsequent expenses incurred for labor and other incidental items, and Shelton was to have half the profits.

This arrangement promised much for Shelton, and was so much better than he had expected to effect, that he was greatly elated by it. The necessary purchases were soon made, and all preliminary matters adjusted, and a few days were still on his hands before the sailing of the steamer; then he just invoked to the fact that two favorite objects which he had, in anticipation in coming to the States, were unattended to: the one, to visit a dear sister in Texas, and the other, to get a good wife. The first he must now abandon, for he must take the steamer to be in time for the Spring.
planting; the other, he was so enthusiastic as to suppose he might yet effect, and seriously solicited the agency of a friend to introduce him to some worthy young lady, who might listen favorably to his proposal. He was very reluctantly abandoned it on her representations that no young lady who was worthy of him would accept him on so short acquaintance. He decided, finally, that he would come back in a year, and then he would take time to attend to these matters.

During this period, he entertained us occasionally with an episode in his eventful life. We give one here, as near as can be remembered, in his own words:

"I was residing in Texas when gold was discovered in California, and many of my friends and neighbors were induced to leave their homes and travel to that far-off land, by the brilliant prospect of speculatively amusing wealth. I was often solicited to join these expeditions, but my much-honored, widowed mother and sister were residing with me, and dependent on my protection. My sister had recently lost her husband, and her little fatherless boy I had adopted; and I loved him, even as my own son.

"By an inscrutable Providence, my mother and this dear boy suddenly visited cholera, which had broken out in our locality. This blow fell so heavily upon me as almost to deprive me of reason. Home seemed home to me no longer, unblest by their presence; and I wandered forth, scarce knowing or caring whither I went. I made my way into Mexico, and there formed the purpose to earn the means, if possible, and take passage in a vessel from Mazatlan for California.

"I found means to bring my skill in gardening into notice among wealthy Mexicans, and soon had as much demand for my services as I could meet, and was well remunerated. Consequently, in a few weeks I was prepared to start for California, and soon knew why I was postponing my departure, when suddenly, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the cholera broke out with fearful virulence in the town where I was stopping, and in adjacent towns and villages.

"I remembered now a circumstance which I had well nigh forgotten. Just after my mother's death, a soldier who had been in the East India service, and who had seen much of the ravages of cholera in the East, gave me a prescription which had proved very effectual in curing the disease. I procured the medicine, had it compounded into pills and laid them in my trunk, but I had never had occasion since to try their virtue; I resolved to do so now. Accordingly, I put the medicine in my pocket and went out, purposing to go to the suburbs of the town, where I might probably find some unfortunate, neglected sufferer on whom I could test my remedy.

"I had scarce reached the street, when a man accosted me, in Spanish, as 'Mex-ico American,' and begged me, in most appealing terms, to go with him to his wife, who was just attacked. It was in vain that I protested I was 'no médico,' and directed him to the hospital across the street to find a physician; he would not listen to me; he wanted 'nose but Americans médico.' So I suffered myself to be hurried along by this poor man. But, strange to say, before I reached his house, which was in a remote part of the town, I was addressed by forty or fifty petitioners for medical service for their suffering friends, and could only get off with promises of immediate attention to their wants.

"I approached the bedside of the sufferer, took her cold hand, bade her be of good courage, for she would soon get well, administered the pills, with the sensible effect of rubbing her limbs and abdomen with warm liquor—keeping up a rapid but gentle scrubbing of the affected parts. I soon had the gratifying impression in my mind, that I knew how to understand and manage the symptoms which might have resulted from the character of the medicine I had prescribed and the marvelous success which attended its use.

"The medicine was now seen by the populace, andI was able to extend my benevolence to all the afflicted, and to have my name spread throughout the towns, not less than I could, for many years have passed since, being myself the sole person in the town who in any way approached to the mind of interest—the Great Provider, I was profoundly impressed with a conviction of the great service I had thereby rendered the suffering, and to thus be called upon to be a blessing to my fellow men, is, indeed, to me, a source of delight.

"I passed from house to house, and went from door to door, giving, administering, and endeavoring in every way to bring comfort to the suffering and dying. I was at length able to return to Texas, where I was enabled to continue my work of assisting the suffering as much as I could.

"So much for my experience in California, which I wish to record as an illustration of the power of medicine, and the good that may be done by a few earnest and faithful workers among the suffering and dying."

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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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"I approached the bedside of the sufferer, took her cold hand, bade her be of good courage, that she would soon get well, administered the pills, set the vials among the bystanders to rubbing her limbs and abdomen with warm liquor—keeping up
a rapid but gentle friction—and stood by, encouraging the sick woman and watching the effect of the medicine; and I soon had the gratification to discover an improvement in her symptoms." (Those who knew Professor Shelton can well understand how his inspiring words and manner—so peculiar to himself—might infuse new life, as it were, into the despairing one; and very likely to this characteristic of the man, as much as to his remedies, may be attributed his marvelous successes hereafter related.)

"The medicine was repeated, and a few hours saw the poor woman convalescent."

"Numerous opportunities offered in all directions for my services and medicine; and almost invariably, a rapid cure was the result of my treatment; my fame spread throughout the town, and neighboring towns, until I had far more patients than I could attend to, day and night, for many weary weeks, scarce allowing myself time to eat or sleep; arduous as these labors were, and harrowing to the mind, this constant exhibition of distress—the good, which, by a kind Providence, I was permitted to effect, wonderfully sustained me; finally I was attacked, myself, with the disease; but, through the blessing of God, the medicine speedily triumphed in my own case, even as with others.

"The poor Missions, at length, came to look upon me as something more than mortal; and crowded round me as I was walking or riding through their streets, prostrating themselves before me, and rendering thanks, and worship, which I tried to convince them was due only to God."

This marvelous statement, was corroborated by numerous certificates, which he showed us, given to him by the "Alcalde" of the town where he had been, and bearing their official seals; each certificate stated the number of cures he had effected; the numbers ranging from one hundred to five hundred in a town, until in the aggregate they reached thousands! Efforts were made to convince him of the importance of making this remedy public; but as he had encountered much opposition, and even persecution from physicians, and as there was no present fear of cholera, he had very little faith that it would be received with favor, and therefore did not yield to our suggestions.

The time for Shelton's departure arrived; the evening previous, he came in, bringing a characteristic parting gift; two flourishing, beautiful plants, in pots, for his hostess and her daughter; (his gifts were always bouquets, or growing plants,) and his last, in their brief existence, proved pathetically emblematic of his fate. Adieux were spoken, and promises exchanged to correspond; he was to send early information of his arrival, etc. A first and second steamer came, bringing no tidings; the third brought us the melancholy intelligence that Shelton was among the victims that were hurried to an untimely death, April 11th, 1853, by an explosion on board the Jenny Lind, which had been plying between San Francisco and Santa Clara. This catastrophe happened about six weeks after he landed in San Francisco, from New York.

Ah! Poor Shelton! His glowing plans and prospects he buried, with him in the dust, when life was just opening before him, with fairest promise; and he seemed about to realize the fulfillment of his cherished hopes, and to reap the reward of his persevering efforts; suddenly, the pall of death covers all! How mysterious are the ways of providence! How calculated to hide pride from man, and teach him that earth is not his home.

A gentleman who knew Prof. Shelton in California, has added the following interesting particulars of him:—

The first time I met Mr. Shelton was
in the fall of 1851, at Sacramento City; he, as well as myself, had just returned from a tour in the mountains; we met at a late breakfast, both of us being pretty well used up by our trip. We were introduced by our host, Mr. Paul Ream, who was then proprietor of the "Bear Hotel" in Sac City, and who subsequently became his traveling companion, and artist, to sketch the beauty of California horticulture. Like all active Californians, he was unusually costumed, sunburned and ragged, as well as somewhat begrimed; he appeared excited and full of business, but while at table our host asked him a few questions which awakened his enthusiasm and our interest to such a degree, that, before we had concluded our meal, the servant commenced preparing the table for dinner,—with a gentle hint for us to withdraw to the sitting-room, to continue our conversation.

To this proposition he assented, but invited us to take a walk in his "recent collection," which comprised plants, flowers, roots, seeds, grasses, grains and vines. To say I was astonished, would be saying little; I felt that I was in the company of a man of no common character: one of those rare men who have genius, perseverance, and penetration to discover, and make known to the world many of its hidden mysteries, as well as its marvellous beauties; but who had not a particle of that tact which could turn his discoveries to pecuniary profit to himself. He had, in the course of about six years, collected thousands of specimens, of all the natural productions of California. One room he had, as completely filled as it could well be, but in the most glorious condition. After we had spent an hour in examining them, we retired to the yard, where he had barrels, boxes, bags and piles of plants, which his room would not contain, and which the landlord would not make other provision for, on account of their bulk and dirt. All these, and many more that he had at other places of deposit, he told me he intended to "arrange, select, catalog, and classify, and then exhibit to the public."

The dinner-bell now sounded, and reminded him that he had an engagement at 9 o'clock, A.M. So intent and eager had he been to explain his objects and wishes to one who was interested in the productivity of the soil of California, that all other matters were for the time forgotten by him.

At this time he had not a dime in his pocket to meet his expenses; and although he had been in the locality of the diggings, where men were taking out gold at from ten to fifty-dollars per day, he did not look for gold; but would gather the beautiful floral specimens abounding around him, until he had accumulated as many as he could convey to his depot; and as he had to climb the hills or descend to the valleys, where he could not drive a mule, he would carry back loads after back loads to him, until the overladen animal would resemble a mammoth hobo-stag, and still must be left behind, for which, however, he always purposed to return. He found many men who entered into his views and afforded him means to continue his investigations. Then he employed an artist to accompany him, to make drawings of the beautiful flowers he met with in his explorations, which were too delicate to preserve in his crude method of gathering them. He was so completely captivated by the beauties he met with, that he could not resist the desire to let the world know of them; believing he would then be richly paid for all his trouble and expense, and acknowledged as one of the benevolent of mankind. After three days' trekking in the mountains, he again started on his explorations for further discoveries. This was the last I saw of him until I met him in the subsequent year in San Francisco, making preparations for a "State Agricultural Fair." Our next and final interview was in New York City, in 1852, when, poor fellow, he seemed beginning to realize the disappointment of his fondest hopes. Alas! poor fellow! — M. D.

New York, June, 1858.
REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.

[Continued from page 160.]

These half-breeds seem intended by nature for a life in the wilderness. They are expert hunters and horsemen; they combine the energy of the American back-woodsman with the intuitive sagacity and stoical endurance of the Indian; they are very Nimrods by nature. As good specimens of this race I may mention the brothers Greenwood, sons of an Englishman by an Indian mother; they are young men of stalwart figure, and their manner is pleasing in its frankness. One of them served as guide to Godfrey's party; he was proud of his rank as a free American citizen.

I found a kind of acquaintance at the Reservation in a young Indian from Clear Lake, who for a long while observed my guide with looks of curiosity, and then invited me to his wigwam to show me his young wife. He was employed as an aid to the blacksmith, and seemed not a little pride of his position as one of the employees of the station. As I was saddling my horse to depart he presented me with a fine nosegay of choice wild flowers.

The officers of the Reservation govern the Indians in a lenient manner. The able-bodied men are occupied by labor for the benefit of the establishment. When not employed in agriculture, fishing, or as herdsmen, they have reasonable liberty to indulge in their roving habits, and to dispense of their time as they please. The old and infirm, as well as the women, are exempt from labor; but they enjoy no similar privilege on the part of their own younger generation, being saddled with all the household drudgery.

The labor imposed on the Indians is light. Their number is so great, that many of them may be employed upon an undertaking which, in other parts of the world, would be accomplished by a few hands; and the work is greatly facilitated by a proper distribution and intelligent direction of the forces. Their exertions for the Reservation are inconsiderably less than those they had to undergo in their savage state, when, besides defending their lives against the attacks of enemies, they had to subsist on the scanty and uncertain resources of the wilderness.

Their physical confirmation suits them for labor. They are strong and active; an Indian easily carries a hundred weight for twenty miles over a rough mountain path, or a dead elk for miles into camp; and some of them are so fleet of foot that they can run down a deer on the plains. The chiefs sometimes dispatch Indians on messages to incredible distances; it is said that on such occasions they eat or chew certain narcotic plants, which have the effect of conquering fatigue and allaying hunger. Their power of enduring fatigue without food is in curious contrast with their listlessness and voracity when they have nothing to do and plenty to eat. They sometimes pass several days alternately eating and sleeping, until the venison gives out and hunger compels them to new exertions. To serve as guides to hunting parties is therefore to them a pleasure, and in occupations suited to their own inclinations they become curiously useful to the Reservation.

Their deference towards the whites is not obtrusive, and it is therefore easily seen that the manner of governing them on the Reservation is not despotic. It is sometimes amusing to observe the co-

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trust between the steve apathy of the newly arrived Indians and the unwavering patience and activity of Colonel Hanley. Sometimes he takes a plough or a spade into his hands; or jumps into a sloop or into a skiff, endeavoring, by personal example rather than by command, to incite the Indians to imitate his efforts. He mentioned to me with visible gratification the progress which some of the tribes have made in the several departments of field-labor.

He also extolled their skill in fishing, and offered to us an opportunity to witness the deep sea fishing with ground lines; but I could not, unfortunately, avail myself of the offer. The schooner was to start at 3 o'clock the next morning; but this was rather too early for the Isaac Waltons of our party, whose habits were not as early as those of our Ninots, and who, when resumed in time for embarking, objected strongly to leave their warm berths. The minute moment for crossing the bar was thus lost; and the fisher may thank our indulgence for a respite.

We therefore made up a fishing party to the River Napa. A road newly cut through the underwood brought us to a charming spot in the wilderness about three miles from the mouth of the river. Here we found the remains of a mill, partly carried away by the floods; and the old mill-dam afforded an excellent spot for angling. A huge raft of drift-wood, brought down by the powerful spring floods, had lodged between the banks of the river. The trunks of enormous trees, whitened by the sun, were heaped up in picturesque confusion; and the skeleton of one of those giants of the forests stretched across this chaos, forming a bridge from shore to shore. The anglers remained on the northern bank, and crossing the raft, I amused myself in gathering the beautiful forms and masses, which grew in profusion among the fallen timber.

Col. Hanley had been saying that he would like to remove the obstruction caused by the raft, and that he thought the wood dry enough to burn. I had forgotten this; nor did he remember my position, and so he leisurely began to start half a dozen fires among the logs. A light breeze springing up soon fanned the flames into a roaring blaze, and the noise and smoke suddenly drew my attention to the fact that, if I wished to reach my companions, I would either have to jump into the river, or else make a rush through the flames. I chose the latter, and barely got across the burning bridge without sustaining any damage, and after joining the party I sat down comfortably to enjoy the spectacle of the conflagration.

The anglers were sorely disappointed; their lines hung quietly in the water, and not a single fish could they get. One of them, J. K. Rose, the captain of our party, more knowing than the rest, put up his tackle after a short trial, and lighting his pipe, sat down quietly to enjoy the vexation of the impatient anglers, and a full view of any compulsory performance on the burning bridge. He had immediately discovered that the tide was coming in, and that the breakers had driven the trout higher up the river. But it was only on the way back, and under the exhilaration of a brisk ride on the excellent horses furnished us by Colonel Hanley, that he let out the secret, which was the cause of such merriment at the expense of the disappointed anglers. Those of our companions who had remained in camp rather suspected what would be the result of the trial expedition; so they had prepared a supper of excellent sand- fish, and the three principal stars in the cooking department had done their best to outdo each other in the performance.

Our ride to Ten Mile River, after leaving the Station, was extremely pleasant. We first passed many picturesque groups


Next morning I took leave of my companions, and an hour later they disappeared in the deep shade of the forest which crowned the chain of hills.

Col. Henley spent some time in inspecting the farm-labor of the new settlement, and then he led me back to the Reservation by a different road, over varied by a succession of contrasting views, sometimes of far-stretching panoramas of the coast, and again of shady glens in the depths of the hills, where the exuberant vegetation recalled the jungles of the East or the tropical forests of Mexico, while a many-colored carpet of flowers, such as is only to be seen in California, covered the country far and wide.

We reached the Reservation in time for dinner, which was excellent, though composed entirely of vegetables, as neither the schooner nor the hunters had returned, and all the venison had been eaten up the day before.

As hour later the schooner discharged several tons of fine fish on the beach, and the next day the hunters came in with forty-two deer and elk, both men and beasts staggering under their loads.

These sudden alternations between scarcity and plenty are one of the peculiar features of life in the wilderness, and agriculture and cattle-raising must take the place of the uncertain pursuits of hunting and fishing, so as to insure regularity in supplying food to the large number of people collected on the Reservation.


An easy afternoon’s ride brought me from the Noyo Station to the harbor of Mendocino, at the mouth of Big River, where a vessel, bound for San Francisco, lay at anchor.

Mendocino City owes its existence to
the abundance of fine timber on the shores of Big River, and to the large steam saw-mills there erected, which give life to the whole neighborhood.

The bay of Mendocino is of considerable extent, the coast on both sides receding so as to form an almost semi-circular bight, and presents the appearance of a spacious harbor; but, it is partially obstructed by sunken rocks, which, combined with the strong currents, (prevailing especially in the winter season,) reduce the room for maneuvering, and even for anchorage. However, by suitable arrangements and heavy ground anchors and chains, half a dozen vessels at a time may ride in safety during the summer months, when most of the lumber shipments take place.

The harbor or anchorage itself is protected by a promontory on the north side, terminating in an almost perpendicular bluff of singular formation. Perforated in several directions it has a natural tunnel at its base, through which the sea on either side communicates, and all times flows to and fro with considerable force. But in stormy weather, particularly under the influence of a southwest gale, the mighty billows, dashing against the outer wall and rushing through the cove with unabated fury, are forced upwards thro' a perpendicular opening connected with the surface of the rock, similar to theHOWLING S.'s

The forest scenery of the upper camp, where I tarried a couple of hours, is truly magnificent; and I was sorry indeed of the mud with its angry foam.

the view of the bay, with its rocky-bound coast and its many caves, and the fine background of the densely timbered shores of the river is very picturesque, and the scene is enlivened by the steam saw-mills and the great number of workmen, whose accommodations in barrack fashion present the aspect of a small town.

The vessel being detained, I had time to dedicate an entire day to the exploration of the river, and proceeded in a skiff to the uppermost camp, about ten miles from the mills. The favorite spots for felling trees are alluvial flats. A gang of fifteen or twenty men, furnished with the necessary oxen and implements, erected their log cabins on one of these flats and remain there until all the available timber is cut. This branch of the business is almost entirely entrusted to western men, who, reared in the best school, have made it their regular profession. They are extremely expert in guessing at the probable yield of a tree, and on felling one, know exactly how to make it fall to the best advantage for access and preservation of the timber. The logs obtained from the tree, cut into convenient lengths, are then hauled to the river's bank, and from thence rolled into the water, where, arranged into rafts, they are floated to the mills. It was not my good fortune to be present at the downfall of one of the real giants of the forest, but the immense fumes of the fall of one of the smallest size (only about 4000 feet) gave me some idea of the earthquake which must follow the laying low of one of the largest size; the concussion, I was told, can be felt for miles.

The river is in many parts obstructed by sunken logs and broken limbs; which only are cleared away by the high spring tides.

The forest scenery of the upper camp, where I tarried a couple of hours, is truly magnificent; and I was sorry indeed of the mud with its angry foam.

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the dark forests which covered the banks of the river from its water's edge to the very top of the hills, only broken at intervals by some dark crevices, the mouth of some mountain rivulet, overhung by the fohns of gigantic forms, and by the graceful tapestry of the convolvulus. It was under the soothing influences of twilight that the first strata of the moonlit nap of the wilderness reached my ears.

This phenomenon, peculiar to the river Mendocino, has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. It is confined to a locality of about half a mile in extent, nearly half way between the upper camp and the mills. Those mellow, softly vibrating accords, resembling the symphony of the insides of the spheres, are confined to the borders of the river, and chiefly heard after sundown, or during the stillness of the night. This aural music is heard with wind from all points of the compass, and also when there is no breeze stirring. It cannot be ascribed to the echo of the distant surf, as in that case it would be common to all portions of the river, and particularly audible in the lower part of it, near the harbor. The most natural explanation would be the playing of the winds in a certain angle of the trees; but being heard in perfect calm as well as in the breeze, this hypothesis will not stand its ground.

My friend once dedicated a whole bright summer night to the enjoyment of this wonderful phenomenon, the spot, in point of landscape alone, being famed for a fairy bower. He listened to the sublimine accord, as if with the fragrances of a thousand blossoms they were borne on the gentle breezes of the night, and he was well rewarded for the trifling sacrifice of passing a few hours in the open air.

His boat was rocked, gently as a cradle, by the rippling current, and the various denizens of the river and forest seemed to have banded together for the purpose of beguiling the hours of the lonely watcher. A school, excited in the pursuit of his siren game from the briny sea into sweet water, displayed his huge natural neck above the surface of the water, and the fish he was pursuing, in vain tried to throw its enemy off the track by running up stream and by leaping high out of the water. On the green bank of the river bunn ear and her outlaws were merrily rolling about in nocturnal gambols; and a majestic stagh, traversing the river, proudly parted the current of the rapid stream.

A night thus passed in communion with Nature in all her primitive freshness, how sweet a relief from the pressure of worldly cares!

HISTORY OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

Next to the invention of the electric telegraph itself is the success which has attended the laying of the great Atlantic cable between England and the United States. We feel assured that we can present nothing to our readers of greater interest than the history, from an eastern exchange, of this glorious wonder of the age:

Electro-magnetism was discovered by Prof. Gauss, of Goettingen, in 1819. Although its applicability to the transmission of telegraphic messages was subsequently conceived of and established by others, it was reserved for our countryman, Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, to make the grand and crowning discovery, which was patented in France in 1838, and in this country in 1840, by the name of the "American Electrico-Magnetic Telegraph." Succeedingly, Mr. Alexander Bain patented, in England, his claim for an improved electro-chemical telegraph, where the message was recorded by electricity upon paper chemically prepared; and in
taking a leading and active part in the organization. The first step was to secure a charter; this was obtained in April, 1854, from the Colonial Government of Newfound-land and the Legislature of Nova Scotia. An Act incorporating a Company for the establishment of Telegraphic Communication between Europe and America was therefore passed. The Company was mainly dependent on the British Government for financial assistance, and was expected to pay a substantial dividend on its capital stock. The Company's initial capital was £50,000, divided into £250 shares, each at £200. The Company was granted exclusive rights and privileges to the extent of fifty years, with a right of renewal for another fifty years, after which the line was to revert to the Crown.

In the meantime, various efforts were made to overcome the technical difficulties involved in laying a transatlantic cable. The first transatlantic cable was laid between Ireland and Newfoundland in 1858, but it failed due to a number of technical problems. The second attempt, in 1866, was successful, and the cable was laid between Ireland and Newfoundland, and then extended to the American continent. The cable was 2,010 miles long, and was laid at a depth of 11,000 feet. It was operated by the Atlantic Cable Company, and was successful in transmitting messages between Europe and America.

The success of the transatlantic cable had a significant impact on the development of telegraphy, and it paved the way for the establishment of other transoceanic telegraph lines. The first transpacific cable was laid in 1868, between California and Hawaii, and was extended to Japan in 1871. These early transoceanic lines were essential for the development of international trade and communication, and they played a critical role in the growth of the global economy.
were mainly depended upon. The basin of the Atlantic was proved to be a long trough or groove, indented between the Old World and the New, and extended almost from the northern to the southern pole. The hollow of this basin is so great that the lowest depth of the Atlantic is nine miles beneath the highest peak of the Andes. In most places the bottom of the Atlantic is much broken up and very irregular, and of course if a route were selected where these sudden elevations and depressions were most decided, the cable would be suspended from submarine hill to hill, subjected to a thousand disastrous contingencies. A route was finally decided upon, from information furnished by Lant, Maury. Its demonstration that there was a practicable path north of the bank of Newfoundland, on a vast oceanic plain or plateau. This plain is scarcely 12,000 feet below the level of the sea, and extends in a continuous ridge from Cape Race, in Newfoundland, to Cape Clear, in Ireland. The greatest depression is in mid-Atlantic, whence it imperceptibly sinks to the shore on either side.

This plain was generally leveled, so deep as to be below the reach of disturbing superficial causes, and composed of particles of shells, so minutely triturated as to render their character indiscernible save with the aid of a microscope. Their presence, examined by the lights of science, proved how little these profound depths had been disturbed in the course of uncoutned ages, and encouraged the hope that the cable, when once laid along with them, might rest as tranquilly—perhaps as deep.

The next thing in order was to determine what sort of a cable should be used. It must not be so heavy as to break by its own weight, or so light that it would be at the mercy of the currents. After numberless experiments, the present form was adopted. The central conducting wire is a strand made of seven wires of the purest copper, of the gauge known in the trade as No. 22. The strand itself is about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and is formed of one straightly drawn wire, with six others twisted round it; this is accomplished by the central wire being dragged from a drum, through a hole in a horizontal table, while the table itself revolves rapidly under the influence of steam, carrying near its circumference six reels or drums, each armed with copper wire. Every drum revolves upon its own horizontal axis, and so delivers its wire as it turns. This strand, having been wrapped in cotton, is heavily oiled in guila parah, and the whole fabric is covered with wire and coated with tar.

The mechanical construction of the cable having thus been settled upon, as also the character of the machinery for paying it out, it was determined to make the first attempt at laying it in the month of August, 1857. The steam-frigate Niagara was detailed for that purpose by the United States, and the English Government provided the frigate Agamemnon, while the necessary tenders were furnished jointly by the two governments. The plan was, for the Niagara (the cable having first been made fast on shore at Valencia Bay, Ireland,) to pay out her half of the cable, until mid-ocean being reached, the Agamemnon should effect a splice, and continue the laying of the same to Trinity Bay, on the coast of Newfoundland.

The fleet, comprising eight vessels, sailed from Valentia Bay on the 5th day of August. After three hundred and thirty-five miles of the cable had been laid, it perished, in consequence of an injudicious application of the brakes to the paying out machinery.

Though the attempt first to lay the great Ocean Telegraph was a disappointment, yet the people on both sides of the Atlantic had a firm faith in the accomplishment of the enterprise at some future period; and the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, nothing daunted by the first failure of their great enterprise, at once commenced preparations for a Second Expedition, and no time was ever so frugally spent in carrying them out. Accordingly, by early in the fall of
1857, the Company held a series of meetings, at which many modifications and improvements, suggested by the first unsuccessful attempt, were brought under discussion. The result of these conferences was a thorough revision of their former plan, and the adoption of a new one, the leading features of which were:

1. Junction of the Telegraph Cable in mid-ocean.
2. The provision of a greater length of Cable.
3. The selection of an earlier season of the year.
4. An improvement in the paying out machinery.

A second attempt having been determined upon, the Niagara in the meantime visited New York, and having undergone the necessary repairs, was again detailed for this purpose, while Her Majesty's Government again assigned the Agamemnon to the service of the Company, and issued orders to the paddle-steamers Valorous and Gorgon to accompany the expedition as tenders. The Gorgon acted subsequently as tender to the Niagara, and the Valorous waited upon the Agamemnon. In March, 1858, the fleet being in readiness, and the Company having provided an additional supply of Telegraph Cable, nothing remained but to proceed with the preparations for the sailing of the fleet.

The steering of the cable on board the two vessels was then commenced at Keyham Docks, and was conducted with great care. It was finished on the 18th day of May, at which time there was about fifteen hundred miles of cable on board each ship. The shipment having been completed, the Niagara and Agamemnon sailed for Queenstown, Ireland, on Saturday, May 29th.

After a few days spent in experimental trips, the Second Telegraphic Expedition sailed from Plymouth for the rendezvous in mid-ocean, on Thursday, June 16th. The Niagara and Agamemnon were attended by Her Britannic Majesty's steamers Gorgon and Valorous.

The announcement of the departure of the Expedition revived the anxiety with which every step of this great enterprise has been received by the public during the period of the first attempt. Tidings from the fleet were awaited in painful suspense. Meanwhile, a stormy June

Days passed away, and still no news came. Weeks fled, and yet no tidings were received; until at last the unwelcome news came, that the mishaps of wind and weather had proved disastrous to the Expedition. Three distinct trials had been made, and all unsuccessfully. The vessels then returned to Queenstown, the Niagara arriving on the 5th of July, and the Agamemnon a week later.

Immediately after the return of the Telegraphic Fleet, the Directors of the Company in England held a special meeting, to take into consideration the expedition of making another attempt. A sufficient amount of cable still remaining, was on board the Niagara and Agamemnon, and the months of July and August being considered a suitable season, another trial was resolved upon, and the Expedition sailed on the morning of Sunday, the 18th of July last.

On the afternoon of Thursday, August 5th, the steaming intelligence reached New York that the Submarine Cable had been successfully laid, and that the line was in perfect working order. The welcome news could scarcely be credited, until fully corroborated by subsequent dispatches. The public has since been gratified with full extracts from the log, as kept during the progress of the laying of the cable, by Cyrus W. Field, Esq., who has been the master-spirit of the enterprise, and identified with it from the beginning. It is peculiarly gratifying to Americans, that this enterprise was first conceived in this country. In spite of all the objections urged against it, a small company of New York capitalists persevered with a determination that was proof against all discouragement. Had they succumbed, the world would, in all probability, have been deprived of this great boon; for the numerous disasters and the enormous loss of capital, would have prevented a renewal of the enterprise until a very distant future.

The work is done. It is no wonder that popular enthusiasm has been raised to fever heat by this accomplishment, as glorious as it is unexpected—one destined to result in incalculable benefits to all mankind.

We trust that this union will bind the friendship of the two nations indissolubly together; and that as their hopes and aims are one, so may their interests and feelings ever touch them by peace and good-will, perpetually to be one.
LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

BY O. T. C.

Home! old home of childhood!
What a voice is thine!
That, sounding o'er the billowy years,
Comes to this heart of mine!
It swells from every room and hall,
From every nook and corner,
And echoes o'er the dreamless dead,
Its tone of wondrous power.

Here, in this dim old parlor,
I played through many a day,
When, in the merry morning hours,
I danced my life away.
The quaint old hangings on the wall,
The oak mantle-tree,
The dim recess and window seat,
Have such a voice for me.

'Twas here, within this corner,
Stood my father's old arm-chair;
And there, beside the window seat,
The phcenix knelt for prayer.
There lay the Bible on the stand,
And there the books of old,
From out whose grand, poetic page,
Such glorious music rolled.

There sat my gentle mother—
Time's memory on her brow.
Her meek, mild eye, her anguished face—
I seem to see it now!

Oh! I might roam through many a land,
O'er many a shore and sea,
But never shall meet another face
So dear as that to me.

There sat my little brother,
The youngest of the band;
Long years hath flown since he hath died
In a far distant land.

Strangers bent o'er his dying bed,
And strangers said the prayer—
Of all that dear and cherished band,
Not one was with him there.

There sat my gentle sister,
The loveliest of the train;
Oh! could I hear her silvery voice
Ring through those halls again!
Its music, even now, wakes up
The buried loves of years,
And stirs the fountain of my heart
To trembling and to tears!

Home! old home of childhood!
How thou speakest unto me!
Of those among the silent dead,
And those far o'er the sea.
Thou speakest unto my throbbing heart
The words of hope and pain.
Here we have lived, and loved, and roved,
Then may we meet again.

Our Social Chair.

It is astonishing what a little thing will sometimes elect a man to office. We presume, that everything depends upon the peculiar "vote" of the people. An instance of this sort came to our knowledge a few days since, which we think worthy of a place in the Chair.

In one of our interior towns there was
quite a spirited contest for the lucrative position of constable. We are aware, that in many of the up-country "pro
clen'ta" the Constable is a big man. There were, on the occasion referred to, no less than five aspirants for the single
office. Each candidate, as a matter of course, had his friends; and each, we
might also add, felt equally as sanguine of success. The day preceding the election,
however, the fight became so terrifically "mixed," that it was utterly impossible
to tell who stood fair in the eyes of the people. In this view of the case, it was
suggested that the several candidates be treated out before their "constituents,"
in order that his good points, if he had any, might be observed. The idea was
well received by the friends of all parties, and immediately the gathering took
place.

The first who took the stand, stated that he had voted for the "regular"
Democrat ticket all his life, his last and
crowning act being to help Joe Baldwin
to the Supreme Bench. This was all
very well in its way, but as Democrats
were as thick in that locality as were
blackberries about San Jose, the remarks
produced but little effect.

The second, third, and fourth speakers
made desperate efforts to raise sheets of
appreciation. The first combined his ex-
sactions in the cause of Temperance with
his well-known Democratic zeal; the sec-
ond alluded to his long residence in the
county, and his known honesty; the third
had been to college, and was fal-
miliar with the Declaration of Indepen-
dence. The fifth, he appeared. His re-
marks, which were taken down on the
spot, are brief, and we give them entire:
"Fellow-citizens, I've heard a great deal
told about Democracy and Temperance,
and sloe like. But I haven't heard a
word about the great questions of the
time. I flatter myself I know a few about
the office of constable. [Sensation.] I
have had as much to do with constables as any man in this county. Besides all
this, fellow-citizens! I'm in favor of
Earthquakes—the Comet—the Mormon
War—and the great Telegraph Cable!"

This man was elected constable.

Normale could be more touching than
this little ditty, in prose, which reached
us by the last steamer.

When Seth got home from muckheap-
ing, he sought his Sarah Ann, and found
that she, the heartless one, had found
another man. And then most awful
shock he got, and so he went away, and
bound himself to eat live oak all down in
Pompey. His pixal upon the live oak
laid, he murdered in the slodes; his
axe grew heavy in his hand, all in the
wildwood glades. Manzopite bit him
everywhere, no comfort did he get, and
oh, how terribly he'd scold whenever he
had. At last, despairing of relief; and
wishing himself dead, he went into the
woods a-piece, and chopped off his own
head!

A LITTLE flower grew alone among the
rooks; it was the first floral offering of
o'erm in gratitude for the life-inspiring
sunshine that fell in golden floods about
it. The woodman, who smote heavy
blows at the root of the towering pine,
set down to rest, and, crossing the ten-
der flower, shook the heavy rain-drops
from its bending leaves. But a boast
tried on a stone which rolled down and
crushed the beautiful herald of uprising
life and verdure. A bird gathered up
the broken stem and drooping leaves, and
had built them in a nest, over which he
and his mates sang anthems to recreating
spring. Other flowers came up, and
bloomed all about the ruins of the first
born of the year; and none knew or
thought of it save the woodman, who saw
in its short life and early death an em-
blem of a flower that once grew in the
firelight of his heart, and which death
day one day cut down with his sickle keen.

A child slept on its mother's breast,
with its head
white and gay
a smile of o
about her face
brightly
recognition on
how fell on
gray hollow
slow, its tissues
rolling
people;

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

by

Come up
For your cheer
Here in my land
Up in the
Case is
There is
This is
And rest in my
Down in
Thunder
And stick in the
But, in the
Natty, in
Post in the
Under
And a heart like
Till down
Natty at
And at sight of

HEAR MR. OCEAN TELEGRAPH
"The line is
swung open if
begins, think
line in the
and, our
night-caps au
with its hand half buried in a bones and silvering as yesterday's snow. 
A smile of exultation and hope played
about her face, and she kissed it with a 
touch, tender and holy as the fraternal
reconciliation of angels. But a silent wild-
ness fell on her heart's hope; its cheeks
grew hollow, its eyes filled heavy and
slow, its wasted hand fell from her breast, 
and bending down to kiss it, she saw the
last tremor of expiring life, and it was
dead. Then the woodman came home, 
and lifting a white veil, she showed him
"Beauty in Ruins," and that was the
reason why he remembered the flower
crushed by the rolling stone.—C. B. Mc-
Donald.

HAPPY DECK.

BY MARGARET CORBIN.

"Come with me, Happy, dear,
Come, sit beside me, here,
For your cheek is as white as the colorless snow;
For that sake, say face,
There is a resting-place,
Here on my bosom, sweet Happy Deene.

Up in the mountain gleam,
Gone by the sun's feet,
Where sec-footed rivulets struggle below,
There is no false bower—
Thither, my darling, come,
And rest in my eves, happy Happy Deene.

Down to the frozen branch,
Thunders the avalanche,
And cliffs in the sunshine with frost-dry glow;
But, in that winter's past,
Happy, I swear, there's not
Frost in the miner's heart, happy Happy Deene!

Under you gauged the
There is a home for her,
And a heart that will love her forever, I know;
Till dawn on life's wavy tide
Happy and I shall glide;
And at night camp in Heaven, with Happy Deene.

HEAR MRS. PERTINGTON ON THE GREAT OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

"The line is down," shouted Mr. as he

Hear Mrs. Partridge on the great
Ocean Telegraph.

"The line is down," shouted Mr. as he

beginning, thinking he meant the clothes-
line in the back yard; darted to the wind-
door, and everything was right. The
night-bugs swung to and fro by their
strings, the dresses waved their long
arms in the winds, and the garments of
kinds, inflated by the breeze, seemed strug-
gling to be free. "You should not tell
such wrong stories, dear," said Mrs. 
"when there is no occasion for it. This
line is not down," "I meant the Atlan-
tic Telegraph line," said Mr., with a face
expressive of the joy of both homesplaces,
and Queen Victoria is going to send it
to President Buchanan." "She is, is she?" said the old lady, "well, that is
very kind in her. I wonder if she will
pay the postage before in advance?"
"It is n't a letter," cried Mr., "it is a
wire under the water from one country to
another, over which messages can be
sent." "I don't believe it can be done," said Mrs., for how can the messages
come without getting smothered with
water?" "I guess they'll be wrapped
up in gaita periack, replied Mr. "May-
be so," said the dame, thoughtfully,
"may-be so, but it would be a good deal
safer to send them by the steamer, for what
if they should get stuck halfway?" She
pondered on it, and did not see that Mr.
had tied her ball of yarn to the tongue of
the bell, and was sitting in a remote
position, preparing to send messages of
mischief, that would send her running to
the door to see who was ringing.

While we were recently consumed on
the shores of the bay of Bemuda, situated
near the mouth of the gulf of Cali-
foria, and shot out from the news of the
world almost as effectually as one might be
in the very centre of the African con-
ducted, the motley scene one
evening was broken by the appearance of
the welcome shadow of a friendly sail.
In a few minutes our cannon was at its
side, when the novel visitor proved to be
a Mexican vessel of war. The command-
er received us very courteously, and upon
inquiring the events that were passed
past outside the bay of Bemuda, to our
grateful surprise, he handed us a late
date of the California Farmer. We lit-
thought of seeing such a journal on
board of a Mexican man-of-war—espe-
cially in such an out-of-the-way corner of
the Mexican coast; and we relite this

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

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more particularly for the amusement of the editor of that paper, who, whatever may be said or thought of the contrary, has, in our opinion, done much to cheer and inform the agriculturists and horticulturists of California, especially in their early labors here; therefore, we say—imprimitur.

Mrs. Matthes, in her "Anecdotes of Actors," gives an amusing instance of heroic devotion to art:

In that scene in the play of the "Compton," where Obadiah has to swallow, withflagrant reluctance, the contents of a black quartz bottle administered to him by Tongue, Munden was observed one night to throw an extra amount of comicality and vigor in his resistance, so much so, that Johnstone, ("Irish Johnstone") the Tongue of the occasion, fired with a natural enthusiasm, forced him to drain the bottle to the last drop. The effect was tremendous. The audience absolutely screamed with laughter, and Obadiah was borne off half-dead, and no wonder. The bottle, which should have continued slurry and water, was by some mistake half-filled with the rankest hump oil. We will let Mrs. Matthes tell the rest:

"When the sufferer had, in some degree, recovered from the nauseous accident caused, Mr. Johnstone unmasked why Munden should have allowed him, after the first taste, to pour the whole of the disgusting liquid down his throat."

"It would," Johnstone said, "have been easy to have rejected it, or opposed a repetition of it, by hinting the mistake to him."

"Mr. Munden's reply, by gaps, was as follows: 'My dear boy, I was almost do so, but there was such a glorious roar at the first taste I made, that I hadn't the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect. though I thought I should do every time you poured the nauseous stuff down my throat.'"

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers:

"The origin of the pagellatic phrase, 'Iam,' is discovered in the following passage from Scott's Peveril of the Peak, chapter 42: "In some, the tumult thickened, and the word began to pass among the more desperate, 'Lamb, there, lad, lamb thou!' a cant phrase of the time, derived from the fete of Dr. Lamb, an astrologer and quack, who was knocked on the head by the rabble in Charles the First's time."

"With all proper respect for Sir Walter's imagination, it would appear as if in this case he had not gone far enough back, for in Benbow and Fletcher's King and No King, act 3, scene 2, Beaun-rius says—"

"Not that I have hunted you, but better one that will be hunted, One whose soul they will require to answer, As sailors do the deit, spring and fall."

**MUSINGS OF A MINER.**

"I'm sitting on a rough oak-bench, By a camp-fire's flickering light, Whose varying shadows seem to tell Of fortunes dark and bright."

"While sitting thus I muse and mull, My elbow resting on my knee, Where hearts were hushed and free.

"Methinks I see an old frame house— Two fir trees standing near— Methinks I hear those pleasant tones, That to me are so dear.

"Methinks I see a father kind, An angel-mother's brow, That last so oft were wont to lose, Oh! could I kiss it now?"

"Methinks I see my sisters all, The pleasant spots we used to rove, I see them too—nor can't forget, Nor e'en the little maple grove."

"And oh! the past! This sweet to view, Brings father, mother near, My sisters and my boyhood scenes, And only friends o'er dear."

"Those happy days I then o'erlive— Days that are past and gone—""

"I've sometimes said, what would I give, And they not never flown."

"But my camp-fire is now waxing low, The night-bird takes her flight, For cherished friends I breathe a prayer, God bless you all! Good night!"
The esteemed and able occupant of the
chair editorial during our absence in north-
western Mexico, has vacated his seat for a
few moments, now we have returned, while
we extend the friendly hand to our writers
and readers with a most cordial "how do
you do?".

After an absence of but a few brief
months, it is so insignificant pleasure that
leaves through the heart when the footsteps
more firmly trample that hand which by ac-
cident or Providence we call our home.
The spirit sings joy-songs of gratitude.
The hollowed images of smiles from friend-
ly eyes are always daguerreotyped in mem-
ory's remembrance, while scenes of past
pleasures move before us as distinctly as
in a panorama, telling us that soon again
the long missed, though often cherished,
expressions of kindly interest and welcome
will be renewed. While wandering far
away among the beautiful scenes and sin-
gular sights of the ancient land of the Az-
tecs, where almost every face soon was that
of a stranger, it was a great solace to the
soul to call up the many familiar faces and
warm hearts we had left behind us, among
the golden hills of our beloved California.
The sentiments so beautifully expressed
by Oliver Goldsmith,
"Where'er I sue, whatever I see,
My heart, unswerving, yields loose to thee.
"I love thee more, since I have seen
Thee, my heart, unswerving, yields loose to thee"
were an ever present witness that
"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene.
We hope that the familiar hand-writings
and faces, too, of old friends will con-
tinue to pay frequent visits to our sanctum,
and that even new ones may find their way
there, that we may produce a Journal in
every way worthy of our glorious and un-
quilted State.

Upon the eve of our departure on a visit
to Mexico, in April last, attention was called
to the similarity of a poem published in
this Magazine for the current month, writ-
ten by an esteemed lady contributor residing
in Nevada, entitled "The Ocean Burial,"
in another poem of the same name by
G. N. Allen. Among our somewhat hurried
explanations of various matters to the gentle-
man about to occupy the editorial chair
during our absence, he received the impres-
sion that we had examined the pooms
in question, and were satisfied that the one
sent us by our fair friend was a plagiarism.

With this impression, in the number for
May it was at once written down a "base
plagiarism." The lady writer consequently
felt that she would quite as willingly be
accused of stealing other people's chickens
as of stealing their thoughts, and sent us a very sensible letter to say as
much. Since our return we have carefully
examined and compared the two poems,
and we find that in title, measure, tone,
and two or three of the thoughts ex-
pressed they are alike, but we most cheerfully add
that in laying the sin of "base plagiarism" at her door unintentional injustice has cer-
tainly been done her, which none can re-
gret more sincerely than ourselves. Before
finally leaving the subject, however, we
wish to say that, from the poem being sent
us in manuscript, we supposed that it had
been written for the especial benefit of our-
selves and our readers, when it was not-
having first appeared in an eastern paper
several years ago, entitled the "Burial of
Judson."

The successful laying of the telegraphic
cable across the great Atlantic Ocean forms
an era in the history of the world. We do
not consider it of much importance in an
commercial point of view, for commerce
involves selfish feelings in its pursuit; it
fosters envy and prejudice to the ambition
of the money-seeking classes. It is true
that the Atlantic Telegraph will have its effect upon the commercial world, far, by its prompt communication of facts from one point to another, it becomes the medium of narrowing down the chances of the selfish merchants to the pursuit of a system of trade founded upon well-known principles of political economy, which, if respected, the well-being and happiness of the human family would be greatly benefited. The great bond of union between the two continents of Europe and America is now complete indeed. The continents are now within speaking distance of each other, and, by means of the "great cables," language and thought is instantly communicated through the Ocean's depths and proclaimed aloud at both extremities through magic power, science and philosophy. The event is a great one, and its accomplishment forms an era in the history of the world, commencing in the year 1858. It is almost impossible to conceive the extent of the effect of the success of the Queen Telegraph enterprise. The human mind is lost in wonder and amazement at the greatness of the result which must follow the great work. We repeat, we are lost in wonder. It is like contemplating space, or considering the works of our Creator. It almost seems "too good to be true." The glorious announcement stirs our conceptions, and can only say that its importance can only be realized as the result follow its workings. We now await but one thing to render the telegraphy enterprise complete. The link is not yet complete. We must now have a line stretched from our State to the Atlantic side, and we are rejoiced to know that it will not be a very great while before this will be done.

The success attending the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute is an event of moment, and is one of the evidences of the rapid progress made by our citizens in developing the innings resources of our new and flourishing State. It is not five years since, when trudging over the sand-hills, we found the site of the Pavilion a large gul-

ly, or basis, used as a repository of odds and ends. Presently the work of cutting and filling was commenced, and now and the spot transformed into a level surface, and covered with costly improvements, including the Pavilion, wherein is exposed evidences of our skill and industry, as it were by magic, transforming a barren waste into a place of resort for fashion and skill. The Fair of the Mechanics' Institute is a noble evidence of progress, and it is impossible to find language to give at once to our admiration of the skill and improvements in the arts and sciences, as evidenced by the various articles on exhibition at the Pavilion. We hope next year will furnish the same evidences of the skill of our citizens. To the farmers and the mechanics we say God speed your efforts to advance the prosperity of our State by industry and skill, and to those devoting their energies to the light branches of artistic work, we in like manner offer words of encouragement. May each succeeding year erode evidences of progress in the onward march of science and the mechanic arts, until skill ceases to be a matter of astonishment.

We present in this issue a highly interesting and instructive paper, entitled "Reflections on Mendocino." It is given in the lively, dashing style of a narrative, and will be recognized at once by those acquainted with the subject as being truthful in every respect. The illustrations, especially—which are from the original sketches by the well-known artist, Knorr—will strike such readers as being to the very life. The article contains a vast amount of reliable information.

As matter of record as well as congratulation, we give the first official message sent across the Atlantic through the great telegraph cables:  

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.  

To the President of the United States, Washington—The Queen desires to congratulate the President, upon the successful completion of this great international
The Queen, on the success of the great International enterprise, accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious because far more useful to mankind than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred Nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, charity and law throughout the world. In this view, will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities.  
(Signed)  
JAMES BUCHANAN.

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T. V. S.—If your chance for obtaining even an "outside ticket" to the paradise you so exuberantly describe were no better than in your  incoming youth, we should despair of ever meeting you on the other, and right side, of Jordan.

Tipps, Red Dog.—Stephen Kinsey has the honor of giving the first concert in California—the Digger Indians excluded.

Tel J.—Never be discouraged. We often are the unintentional manufacturers of the "current tick" you have such hard names for. Besides, "lack" is said to change every seven years.

Mrs. L.—There's a corner fenced off for your article in our next number.

D. S., Oreville.—Those who find the most fruits are the least disposed, even if qualified to correct them.

P. L. P., Meripooce.—Three lines in the first stanza, four in the second, and as many more in each of the other seventeen you have sent require careful correction in measure, rhythm and grammar; that being effectually done, you should rewrite them on better paper, and then immediately burn it; or, after placing them in a well corked-bottle, bury them, with our delay, as a curiosity for future generations.

Easter N.—Your "Uncle Sam" that Cal would set the whole fighting race to counting. We don't "count.

Artilette, Scott's Bar.—You write like a Proseman. Glad to hear from you.

Ripple.—We are Sorry that your beautiful thoughts came too late to be read in this month's Magazine; like a good housewife's preserves, however, they will keep for any reasonable time.

T. A.—On opening your letter we thought that you had made some mistake and sent us a packet-keeper, instead of an article to be printed. Well, never mind; we'll try to climb it between this month and next, if we break our neck, as well as our patience, in trying.

Other G.—The "cable" is cast with tar, so that the steel wire, which covers and protects the gutta percha, may not be eaten off by the salt; and if it should be by the sharks, as you suggest, we think they would have a good time digesting it.

Several other favors received too late to be noticed this month.
CALIFORNIA "PRODUCTS."

Buxus, having heard so much about our wonderful products, visits an orchard. Is knocked down by a cherry.

Binks then takes a look at our cattle and hogs. Never saw the like in his life.

More stump of a tree, occupying half of an acre, or thereabouts.

He removes the monster to his house, and makes a dinner of it. Helps his friend to a slice.

Binks, being a man of family, imagined himself posed on the Baby Question; but he never saw anything like the California "specimen."

A terrible calamity—a small-sized pumpkin strikes a house.
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