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To Advertisers.

With our December Number we propose publishing a few pages of ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISMENTS, and would ent the attention ofsteady men to the advantages offered to them through our extensive circulation. In every part of the State, in every prominence to their doors and buildings. Our agent, who is now examining the trade, will insert all information as to terms, &c.

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Charles B. Robbins, Printer, Cor. of Clay and Battery Sqs.
OUR NEIGHBORS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Do not become alarmed, gentle reader, because we propose to talk about our neighbors. We mean no offense—intend no wrong; for, although we are going to say something concerning a beautiful country and an interesting people, who live next-door to us, in their island home, on the great highway of commerce between California and China, India and Australia—not omitting or excepting Japan and many other "Islands of the Sea"—yet, we hope in no way to intrude upon that sphere, which ill-natured and disappointed people assume for and claim as occupied exclusively by the gentler sex! After we have told our story, we consent to the reader's being our judge.

The Sandwich, or Hawaiian, Islands are situated between 18° 50' to 22° 20', north latitude, and 154° 53' to 160° 15', west longitude from Greenwich. These islands are twelve in number, four of which are mere rocks, and the other...
tines and the discovery of gold in California and Australia, and recently made treaties of the United States with China and Japan, have, unitedly, become the lever by which these beautiful islands have been raised from a state of the lowest barbarism and insignificance to that of a prosperous semi-civilization and importance; and when events, now so rapidly transpiring in our favor, shall have given to the State of California, the Territories of Oregon and Washington, and the British possessions of the North, a manufacturing, as well as a mining and agricultural population, commensurate with their unparalleled resources; and when every valley and hill on those western shores shall be smiling with the bounteous products of a numerous and industrious people—as they will be before many years have passed away—these islands will assert their claim to a still higher importance and a yet more prosperous civilization than now.

According to a series of native traditions, transmitted through a long line of chiefs, and other conclusive evidence, these islands were visited by Europeans—probably Spaniards—over two centuries before their re-discovery by Captain Cook. In one of these traditions mention is made of a large vessel, named by them Kanaliloha, visiting there thirteen generations of Hawaiian kings anterior to the visit of the great English navigator. By some accident, this vessel was dashed by the surf upon the rocks and made a total wreck. The captain and a white woman—said to be his sister—were the only ones saved. These, being well received and hospitably treated, became content to form connections with the Hawaiians, from whom a mixed and lighter-complexioned race has sprung—and from which a large number of chiefs are said to be descended.

By another tradition, two vessels are said to have visited the north-east coast of Hawaii, both of which were wrecked, and the whole of their crews either drowned or murdered. A fourth ship, is also represented to have made its appearance at Maui, about this time. There can be no doubt that these traditions, although somewhat vague, will, with the numerous race now living there, having light-complexions and brown or curly red hair, who boast of their White descent, also represented to have made its appearance at Maui, about this time. There can be no doubt that these traditions, although somewhat vague, will, with the numerous race now living there, having light-complexions and brown or curly red hair, who boast of their White descent, and hospitably treated, became content to form connections with the Hawaiians, from whom a mixed and lighter-complexioned race has sprung—and from which a large number of chiefs are said to be descended.

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expected and soar beyond his age; the latter, from actively pursuing the track of discovery, and infusing into its course new life and vigor. In following other and important designs, he was brought in contact with this group.

So long a period had elapsed since the eyes of the natives had been greeted with sights foreign to their own islands, that the memory of them had become obscure, and perhaps, with the generality of them, forgotten. The appearance of Cook's ships—the Resolution and Discovery—when he first made the islands of Niihau and Kaului, on the 19th of January, 1778, was, to their unsophisticated senses, novel, fearful and interesting. Canoes, filled with wondering occupants, approached, but no inducement could prevail upon them to go on board, though they were not averse to barter. Iron was the only article prized in exchange; the use of other things was unknown, and even ornaments at first despised.

On the following evening the ships came to anchor in Waimau Bay, on the south side of Kaului. As the islanders were not generally apprised of their arrival until morning, their surprise was then extreme. They asked of one another: "What is this great thing with branches?" Some replied: "It is a forest which has moved into the sea." This idea filled them with consternation. The chiefs sent men to examine the wonder, who returned and reported an abundance of iron, which gave them great joy. Their description of the seamen on board was after this fashion: "Foreheads white, bright eyes, rough garments, their speech unknown, and their heads horned, like the moon;" supposing their
hats to be part of their heads. Some conjectured them to be women. The report of the great quantity of iron seen on board the ships excited the curiosity of the chiefs, and one of their warriors, named Kupapas, volunteered to seize it. He went, and the attempt was fired upon and killed.

The night after the attempt of Kupapas, the warrior chief, many guns were discharged. The noise and fire were imagined to proceed from the god, Zeus, or Cook, and they at first thought of fighting him. But this design was frustrated by the advice of a female chief, who counselled them "not to fight the god, but gratify him, that he might be propitious." Accordingly, she sent her own daughter, with other women, on board, who returned with the seeds of that disease which so soon and so fatally spread itself among the people of the whole group.

Throughout all the intercourse, though the natives manifested the greatest respect and kindness towards their visitors, and both parties indulged in a lucrative trade, yet their propensity for thieving was continually manifested. Peremptorily ready to yield their own property and persons to the gratification of the whites, it was but natural that, without any particular sense of wrong, they should desire the same liberties. Theft or lying were, to them, no crimes. Success in either was considered a virtue, and it was not until several severe lessons had been received that their discretion got the better of temptation.

The wonderful news of this arrival spread rapidly throughout the different islands, then under different sovereigns, and the strange spectacle of the vessels, with their sails, spars and flags, were minutely described. "The men," said they, "had loose skins, (their clothes,) angular heads, and they were gods, indeed! Volcanoes, bachelors, fire, burned at their mouths, (tobacco pipes,) and there were doors in their sides, for their property—doors which went far into their bodies, (pockets)—into which they thrust their hands and drew out knives, iron heads, cloth, nails, and everything else." Their speech was also mimicked, and represented to be rough, harsh and boisterous.

On the 26 of February, after two weeks of agreeable intercourse with this people, Captain Cook weighed anchor and sailed for the north-west coast of America.

On the 20th of November, of the same year, he returned to pay his second visit, making his appearance off Waikaku, on the north side of the island of Maui. Kahinupus, the King, immediately sent him a present of some logs, and on the 30th made him a visit of State. On the 17th of January, 1779, he anchored in Kealakekus Bay. Trading again commenced, and the same kind of intercourse as before, the natives paying him every attention, more as a god than a man: making him large and costly presents as sacrifices.

Respect, kindness and hospitality, in its most bounteous form, continued until the 2nd day of February, 1779—just one year after his first departure. On this day, Cook desired Captain King to propose to purchase the railing which surrounded the heiau, a sacred enclosure, for fuel. Unfortunately, Captain Cook showed no respect for the religious feelings of the natives. To the surprise of King, this proposal was acceded to, and nothing bargained for its return. Ledyard, who was one of the party employed to remove the fence, states that Cook offered two iron hatchets for the fence, which were indignantly refused, both on account of the proposal and the inadequate price offered. Upon this refusal, he gave orders to his men to break down the fence and carry it to the boats, while he cleared the way. This was done, and the image arrayed by the presence of the god had not sufficient time to secure this descent of many of their more offensive of the same results. Thus,
OUR NEIGHBORS OF THE SANDBRICH ISLANDS.

done, and the images taken off and destroyed by a few rough sailors, in the presence of the priests and chiefs, who had not sufficient resolution to prevent this desecration of their temple and the remains of their ancestors. Cook once more offered the hatchets, and with the same result. The priest to whom he spoke trembled with emotion, but still refused. During this scene, a concourse of natives had assembled, and expressed their sense of the wrong in no very quiet mood. Some difficulty, at this juncture, having occurred between the master's mate of the Resolution and the natives, in getting off the ship's rudder, which had just been repaired, the mate angrily struck several. A chief interposed, but he was haughtily told to order his men to labor properly. This he was not disposed to do; or, if he had so done, his people were in no humor to comply. Presently hoisting, mocking and throwing of stones was commenced by the natives; and, after a slight defense, the marines were glad to retire. Many reasons united to bring about this change of feeling. Besides, the natives, really alarmed at the prospect of a famine—for their supplies were never over-abundant for themselves—by expressive signs, urged them to leave. The glad tidings that the day for sailing was nigh, soon spread, and the rejoicing people, at the command of their chiefs, prepared a farewell present of food, cloth and other articles, which, in quantity and value, far exceeded any before given. They were all taken on board, and nothing given in recompense. The magnitude of the gifts from the savage, and the meanness of those from the white men, must excite the indignant surprise of every one who peruses the narrative of this voyage.

On the 4th of February the ships sailed, but were becalmed, in sight of land, during that and the following day, which gave a fresh occasion for Kalaniopuu and his people to exercise their hospitality, by sending off a gift of fine hogs and many vegetables.

But the joy of the inhabitants was des-
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luted to be of short duration. In a gale, 
that occurred shortly after, the forecast 
of the Resolution was sprung, which 
obliged the vessel to return. They an-
chored in the same spot. Their tents 
were pitched in the hilla formerly occu-
pied. The priests, though friendly, ex-
presed no great satisfaction at this 
event. Cook's reception, this time, pro-
vided a striking contrast to his last. 
An ominous quiet everywhere prevailed. 
Not a native appeared to give him wel-
come.

Acts were constantly committed by 
Cook and his men that were sacrilegious 
in the eyes of the natives. From these 
and similar causes, all amicable feeling 
was at an end, and even in traffic dis-
putes arose. However, affairs went on 
smoothly, until the afternoon of the 13th, 
when some chiefs ordered the natives 
who were employed in watering the 
ships to disperse; and unfriendly demon-
strations began to appear.

Soon after, muskets were discharged 
from the Discovery at a canoe, which was 
being paddled in great haste for the 
shore, closely pursued by the ship's 
boats. In the narrative, a bold theft is 
said to have been the occasion of this 
proceeding. The natives state it was 
caused by their expressing dissatisfaction 
on account of the women, and that the 
foreigners seized a canoe belonging to 
Pala, who, in endeavoring to recover it, 
was knocked down with a paddle by one 
of the white men. This occurred during 
the absence of Captain Cook.

Mutual suspicions now prevailed. Cook 
prepared for decisive measures, and or-
dered every Islander to be turned out of 
the ships. On the heels the guards 
were doubled. At midnight, a sentinel 
fired upon a native, who was detected 
skulking about the walls. Pala, taking 
advantage of the darkness, either in re-
venge for his blow, or aversions of the 
iron fastenings, stole one of the Discov-
ery's cutters, which was moored to a 
buoy.

Early the morning (Sunday, 
the 16th,) Cook determined upon a bold 
and hazardous step to recover the boat; 
one that he had, on previous occasions, 
successfully practiced. This was to se-
cure the king, or some member of the 
royal family, by surprise or treachery, as 
hostages, until the boat was returned.* 

To accomplish this, he landed his ma-
rines. As he passed through the town, 
it appeared almost deserted. This would 
have suggested extreme caution, had he 
not been blinded by some fatal cause, or 
too self-confident to notice it; but there 
were, at that time, two hundred chiefs, 
and more than twice that number of 
other men, secreted in different houses. 
Cook repaired to Tertolu's house, and 
sent his lieutenant in for the old man; 
when he came out he showed great signs 
of unreason and humiliation. Tertolu 
would have gone with them, but the 
chiefs would not let him. Some of them 
cried out that Cook was going to take 
their king from them and kill him.

Cook now saw that his designs would 
be frustrated and unsuccessful without 
further bloodshed, and ordered the lieuten-
ant of marines, Mr. Phillips, to with-
draw his men into the boats. This was 
effected by the sergeant; but the instant 
they began to retreat, Cook was hit with 
a stone, and, perceiving the man who 
throw it, shot him dead. The officer in 
the boats, observing the guard retreat, 
ordered his men to fire, and the attack 
became general.† Cook and Mr. Phil-
ips were together, just behind the guard, 
and, perceiving a general fire without 
orders, ran to the shore to put a stop to 
it; but, not being able to make them-
selves heard, and being closely pressed 
upon by the chiefs, they joined the guard, 
who fired as they retreated. Cook, hav-
ing reached the margin of the water, bo-

* Surve.
† Surve.
OUR NEIGHBORS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

of the warriors had just sunk from exhaustion, after swimming from the shore, threw himself in and brought him up to the surface of the water, when they were both taken in.

It is difficult to know where to leave off, when gathering and relating these interesting facts. Suffice it to say that, after a cannonading from the Resolution, which operated so powerfully that it produced astonishment and a precipitate retreat, the time between Cook's death and the 8th of March, was spent in warlike demonstrations; and, finally, a peace

NUCUN VALLEY.

was concluded, and most of the bones, the gun, shoes and other trinkets, once belonging to the great navigator, were taken aboard, and on March 12th these vessels took their final leave.

From the time of Captain Cook to the arrival of Captain Vancouver, of the English navy, in the Discovery and Chatham, in 1772-73, many visits were paid these islands by the vessels of different nations, with but little benefit to the natives or themselves. Not so with the noble-minded and gratefully-remembered Vancouver; he conferred a perpetual good upon them, by supplying them with various kinds of garden seeds, and goats,
sheep and cattle, obtained from California—besides an assortment of agricultural and carpenters' tools. Under his superintendence, the keel of the first vessel, built in the islands was laid, on the 1st of February, 1794. This vessel was thirty-six feet in length, nine feet beam and five feet hold, and was named the Britannia. In return for these and many other favors from this gentleman, the grateful and liberal-hearted natives supplied him bountifully with the best of fruits and provisions at their command. We wish that we could speak equally well of all his countrymen who visited these islands in later years. In the fall of 1774, the harbor of Honolulu was discovered by Captain Brown, of the English ship Butterworth, who was murdered there by the natives, on New Year's Day, 1775, without any provocation whatever.

At the latter end of March, 1820, the first missionaries (American) arrived there in the brig Thaddeus, of Boston, accompanied by a mechanic, physician, farmer and printer. All took families, and their wives were the first civilized women who landed on the island. To the labors of these, with those of others, equally in earnest, the natives are largely indebted for the amount of Christian civilization they now enjoy. An account of missionary success and native progress, amid all the discouragements and obstacles thrown in their way by a debasing intercourse with whites, would fill many volumes; but the amount of civilization possessed there, at this moment, is the best record of missionary labor and its success that can be given. The Russian discovery-ships Blaeckhoop and Kozebae, was the first man-of-war that entered the harbor of Honolulu, November 21st, 1810. Her captain presented Kamehameha I. with a couple of brass field-guns; and, at the departure of the Russian vessel, in the following December, national salutes were exchanged for the first time at these islands. On the 7th of January, 1820, the first experiment in "the art preservative of all arts"—printing—was attempted on the first sheet of the Hawaiian spelling-book. It was a day long to be rejoiced over and remembered. The King, chiefs, native people and foreigners took a deep interest in its success.

About this time, Vancouver fulfilled a promise made to the King, before his departure, by sending him a small armed schooner of six guns, and which delighted him immensely. On the 11th of August of the same year, the first Christian marriage between two converted natives was celebrated. A couple of years later, the last heiau sacrifice was offered—although, to this day, every stone and their sacred heiaus is held in awe and reverence. Thus, step by step, through difficulties that were almost insurmountable, and from quarters that were the least expected, did this interesting people progress forward in the path of civilization. But for the introduction of bad customs still prevailing, unfortunately, among the dogs of civilized nations, they would now be much higher than they are.

As early as the year 1823, from forty to fifty whale ships—nearly all Americans—could be seen in the harbor of Honolulu; and every year, since the death of Cook, these islands have been visited for the excellent sandal wood which abounds there; but it is so exceedingly small and scarce that it no longer forms a valuable article of export. There are three sea-ports now visited by whalers, namely: Honolulu, on the island of Oahu; Lahaina, on the island of Maui, and Hilo, on Hawaii. Generally, outward-bound vessels stop at Lahaina.
Our Neighbors of the Sandwich Islands.

The sailors attribute this to the fact that when a whaling ship arrives there from home, the men are induced to the ship, and they cannot very well leave, which they could do at Honolulu; but, after a successful cruise in the north-west, when there is plenty of oil aboard, Honolulu is visited for two reasons: one, to ship the oil obtained by any vessel that is homeward-bond, and the other, to give the men an opportunity of leaving the ship if they wish, thereby sacrificing their share in the "catch" of the season.

The Island of Oahu, although only the third in size, possesses the strongest interest of any in the Hawaiian group, af-

WAINA (NATIVE WOMAN)
the picture, the harbor presented a scene of life and pleasurable excitement. The fine bands of the Mississippi and Powhatan often went ashore and regaled the citizens of Honolulu with delicious music; and the frequent visits of the Royal Family to the different ships during their stay, always accompanied with salutes, and that most beautiful ceremony of "manning the yards," which, with the many balls that were given on board, in that calm and delightful harbor, will long be remembered by those who then resided there. It is an interesting sight to witness a national salute fired from the summit of Punch Bowl Hill—an old crater, many years silent, but which is now used as a fortification, mounting some very heavy guns, and commanding the town and harbor. It is little more than a mile from Honolulu to its summit, from whence a fine view of the town, surrounding country and harbor is obtained. The flash and smoke, succeeded by the heavy boom of the guns on a gala-day, or in saluting various flags which present themselves from different nations occasionally, have a fine effect to either visitor or resident. Return from Diamond Head, you may pass through the pretty little village of Waikiki, and there get a native boy to run up a coconut tree to procure you one or two, or a half dozen coconuts; stop a few minutes in a native hut, where you will be met with a pleasant aloha (love to you)—their universal salutation and farewell—and rest yourself awhile on the clean, cool straw matting upon the earthy floor, and which is so admirably adapted to a tropical climate; then eat a few bananas with your coconut; take a drink of Robinson Crusoe's first imbibation on Juan Fernandez; and, if you smoke, take a whiff of the native's pipe, which is invariably passed to you, and by that time you will feel rested somewhat from your toilsome ascent of Leahi.

The plain which lies between Waikiki and Honolulu is the great play-ground of the natives of Oahu, and on great holidays presents one of the prettiest scenes that can meet the eye in Polynesia. There the formidable standing army of the kingdom, consisting of several hundred, hold their parades; and very well they look, too, in their neat uniform; and their maneuvering would do honor to old veterans. There all the horse-racing is done; and there, on Saturday afternoons, the happy natives, who can raise a dollar, or who have their own horses, go in hundreds and ride as fast as they can. A sailor then buys at the earliest opportunity of a native horse; and he is sure a runaway horse and to make him go he is armed as a prisoner, for that is what a passenger can expect to receive. The plain is smooth as a meadow, and would make an excellent ranch for some enterprising Yankee, who would tunnel an entrance through its massive sides. That it has in former years been in powerful action you cannot doubt, if you will only take the trouble to look around you in your trip to it from Honolulu. At its western base is a lagoon, or temple, built many years ago, in which the old heathen rites of the natives were performed. It is a rude wall of stones in a quadrangular form, in the building of which every native resident used to take part.

Returning from Diamond Head, you may pass through the pretty little village of Waikiki, and there get a native boy to run up a coconut tree to procure you one or two, or a half dozen coconuts; stop a few minutes in a native hut, where you will be met with a pleasant aloha (love to you)—their universal salutation and farewell—and rest yourself awhile on the clean, cool straw matting upon the earthy floor, and which is so admirably adapted to a tropical climate; then eat a few bananas with your coconut; take a drink of Robinson Crusoe's first imbibation on Juan Fernandez; and, if you smoke, take a whiff of the native's pipe, which is invariably passed to you, and by that time you will feel rested somewhat from your toilsome ascent of Leahi.
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horses, go in hundreds, male and female, and ride as fast as their horses can carry them, till sunset.

A sailor, when he goes ashore, is bound, at the earliest opportunity offered, to find himself seated on a native horse for a ride; and, as sure as he does so, almost as sure will his experience teach him that he is arrested and taken to the Fort (used as a prison) for fast riding; while a resident can generally ride as fast as he pleases, without running any risk whatever. This being the principal source of revenue, the Fort is often called "The Sandwich Island Mint," on account of the number of $5 pieces coined from poor Jack every time that an opportunity offers; the principal qualification for re-appointment to the police corps consisting in the number of arrests made, and the consequent pouring in of $5 pieces to the public treasury. Two-thirds of these police are native, and the others are of foreign birth.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, all business is suspended, so far as the natives are concerned, and then commences the fun. It is a merry sight to see a crowd of native women dashing along together on horseback, riding in the manner that all ladies rode before side-saddles were invented, their bright kikes flowing on each side of their horses, their jaunty Panama hats, or the fresh and beautiful wreath of flowers, which some wear instead, giving you their pleasant alohas as they pass, accompanied with a sweet smile, disclosing a set of magnificent teeth, their black eyes flashing with excitement, and their beautiful complexions radiant with this exhilarating exercise. The kike is a strip of bright-colored calico, perhaps four or five yards in length and the usual width of prints, which they take on their arm, (without disturbing their dress, which is made with a yoke, and no consumptive waist, when ready to mount their horse,) wind it...
around their waist, and, by a magical motion envelops their limbs, leaving the ends to float to the forest on either side. They then mount, and are off. The ease and grace with which they command their horses, and their perfectly chaste and comfortable riding habit would excite the envy of many of our fair countrywomen, who love this healthful recreation. We will now seek our hotel in Honolulu, and to-morrow we will take a ride up Nuuanu Valley.

This valley affords, for several miles, one of the prettiest rides around Honolulu. It ascends very gradually until it reaches the height of eleven hundred feet, to the famous precipice where Kamehameha the Great drove off the rebellious Oahuans in olden times. A few miles up this valley the scene is very fine. Turn back, and you will have a grand view of the town and harbor, with old ocean bay, stretching off to an unbroken horizon; a little further on, and your way becomes difficult from the mud and stones which obstruct the narrowing path; but your horse is careful, and you pass on a mile or two, gazing at the mountains that rise on either side of you in the height of two thousand feet, covered with verdure, and giving a pleasing contrast to the hot and dusty town you have just left. Before you have a moment’s warning, by a sudden turn in the path, your horse brings himself to a dead stop, and you to one of the grandest pictures of nature it has ever been your lot to witness. Down beneath you drops the precipice, before alluded to, eleven hundred feet; before you lies the ocean, and the whole ‘windward’ side of the island; for miles on each side of you rise mountains in one vast chain to the height of over three thousand feet, making a grand crescent precipice. Rushing madly against you comes the trade-wind, almost unseating you, as it dashes down this giant gap, to cool the heated Honoalulans.

If you have the curiosity you will make the descent into the plain below, and, if your imagination is strong, you can almost see the natives of Oahu pursued by the victorious Kamehameha—the Napoleon of the islands—throwing themselves from the fearful precipice.

The chain of mountains in which this gap is found stretches nearly the whole length of the island, and divides it nearly equally. Often spurs will run out into fertile and beautiful valleys, and frequently on its precipitous western side, beautiful waterfalls will dash down from the extremest heights in brilliant silver streams.

The Nuuanu River, which waters Honolulu, takes its rise from the hills running up to the Pali, and is a source of great use and comfort to the inhabitants. In its course it forms many pretty waterfalls.

On our return to Honolulu we will, if the reader pleases, step into a native hut and eat a little poi and fish. We find the hut as clean as any tried traveller might wish, a calabash of fresh poi, surrounded by several natives, and a plate containing raw fish, with another containing the coarse salt, similar to that seen drying in the salt-ponds on the sea-side, in a walk from Honolulu, the other day. The head of the family gives us his aloha, and then points to the poi and bids us be seated. Having seen them eat, before we at once sit down on the mat, and, after washing our hands, a ceremony which they all invariably perform before eating, we follow their simple and dip our finger into the poi, and having, by stirring it round once or twice, collected enough for a mouthful, we make sure of it, and then take a piece of fish, dip it into the salt, and eat that follow the poi. This, to some, who never ought to travel, unpleasant operation, is, to a hungry man, after a little practice, very refreshing. The poi is a paste
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made from the root of the taro, which, when baked to destroy its acridity, and then broken up with water, makes a very nourishing and, to a native, indispensable food. It is diluted into one-fingered, two-fingered and three-fingered poi, to be used as its respective title demands. Without their poi the natives soon get discontented and unhappy; but give them plenty of poi and fish, and no race are happier than they.

The natives in the country are invariably hospitable, and the haole (white man) is always a welcome guest, provided he behaves himself as a white man should. The character of the natives, where they have not been corrupted in the seaports, is good; their temper amiable, and they are generous to a fault. They have good, retentive memories, and are capable of improvement. Their physical development, where sickness or accident have not disabled them, is admirable. The young king himself, a pure blood Hawaiian, is as fine a specimen of a man, physically speaking, as you meet in a thousand. He has also an excellent education, and is one of the proudest speakers of the English language you ever heard. The chiefs, almost to a man, are splendid looking men, and, although they are by no means the most virtuous and worthy of the Hawaiians, they would favorably compare with many of the political professors of our own country.

The natives are strong in their friendships; quick to learn whatever they have a good motive for learning; they make good mechanics; are faithful and industrious; they are generous to their relatives, even to their own impoverishment, as thousands of instances prove; and, had the white man rightly appreciated them, and properly directed them, they would now have been as numerous and as happy as when Cook brought them to the notice of the world.

Although the island of Oahu is by no means as fertile as Hawaii, Maui, or Kauai, its fine harbor renders it a point of vast commercial importance as time rolls on.

The harbor of Lahaina, at Maui, is only an anchorage, but, at most seasons of the year, it is a very safe one. Like the harbor of Honolulu, it has a reef, but the reef is too far in shore to give protection to the shipping. Everything has to be lightered on shore; and the ships' water has to be floated out in oaks through the gap in the reef, which is quite narrow, but is entered with ease by the careful boatman.

Maui is a little larger than Oahu—being forty-eight miles long by twenty-nine broad. Its highest point of land is 10,200 feet, and the number of inhabitants is about 18,000. At a distance at sea, from your vessel's deck, it seems like a great mountain rent in twain by some terrible convulsion of nature, and even at a few miles the narrow islaun which connects East and West Maui is scarcely discernible. It is a fine island, and its sugar plantations are fast becoming of great profit to the proprietors. The town of Lahaina has much more of a tropical appearance than Honolulu, which looks more like a New England town than what it really is, and the climate is much warmer than that at Honolulu, as the lofty mountains rising immediately behind it shut off the northeast trade-winds, which rush down the valley of Nuuanu through the pass at its head, and render Honolulu by far the more agreeable residence to those who love cool weather. But to those fond of tropical warmth, gently tempered winds and luxuriant verdure, Lahaina is the place to please. The foreign residents of Lahaina do all that they can to render the stay of the traveler among them pleasant, and their efforts are very successful. In the whaling seasons the harbor presents a very cheerful appearance, and every
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Both men and women have their times for this diversion. Even the high premier (Auhaa) has been known to commit her bulky person to a surf-board; and the chiefs generally, when they visit Lahaina, take a turn or two at this invigorating sport with billows and board. For a more accurate idea of it than can be conveyed by any description, the reader is referred to the engraving.

Both portions of this fine island are susceptible of vast returns to the enterprising agriculturist, and some of its sugar plantations are, with limited facilities for manufacturing the sugar, even now doing well.

In sailing by the western coast of Maui the mountain scenery is grand and beautiful, and the streams falling, oftentimes, thousands of feet from the brooks of the gigantic precipices, into the ocean, appear, in the distance, like rods of silver. A lover of petrifications could find plenty of specimens along those untraveled cliffs.

But Hawaii, the southeasternmost island of the group, is a continent in itself, and from its stupendous mountains, its mighty volcanoes, and its every variety of climate, is by far the most interesting of the Hawaiian Islands.

Its principal harbor is that of Hilo, on its eastern coast, and, like Lahaina, affords good anchorage, but its coral reef does not as securely guard it as that at Honolulu. It is, however, sufficiently sheltered, and the beautiful bay of Hilo, in its crescent form, will always be a favorite resort. The town is completely embowered in sugar-canes, coffee-trees, and other tropical fruits, which grow here in the wildest profusion.

The climate is very equal, but very warm; after a tolerable acclimation it is quite delicious.

Here is the place to procure your horses and guides, if you intend visiting Khiho, the largest volcano in the world. If you would like one of the most exciting, in-
HUTCHINSON'S CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Interesting and laborious mountain rides you ever had, before going to Hilo, land at Kowalna, on the eastern coast of Hawaii, and ride around the coast to Hilo nearly opposite. In your trip you will cross one hundred and fifty gorges of various depths, ranging from two thousand feet down to five hundred, and will be treated to a view from any height above the level of the sea, under six thousand feet. To-night you may rest where a croaking fire and warm blankets are necessary, and tomorrow you may descend on your trail into tropical heat. A short distance from Kowalna, Mr. Sparks, an English gentleman, has a fine plantation, on the summit of a mountain over which the trail passes. His farm is elevated about five thousand feet, and the change in temperature from that of Kowalna is very refreshing. His sheep, cows, and cattle generally are in fine condition, and he realises a handsome income from their products. His butter, eggs, and mutton chops are keenly relished by the traveler who is fortunate enough to breakfast with him.

When it was supposed that an extensive emigration would be made from California to the Islands, Mr. S. built a fine hotel for the accommodation of the travelers, and for the invalid who wished the pure mountain air; but the Islands were not annexed, and Mr. Sparks' enterprise has not yet been rewarded. We hope the time will come, however, when it will be.

From Mr. Sparks' you will take horses, packing your baggage on bullocks, which are the mules of the Islands, and ride about twenty miles, passing the most diversified and beautiful mountain scenery, until darkness approaches, when you will find yourself some nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and at the cabin of some wood-choppers, who will do their best to make your rest comfortable. A blazing fire, the hearty cheer, and the entire absence of mosquitoes, with the good stories of your follow-travelers, united to the capital rest after your toilsome joumey, make a night in that cabin long to be remembered. Bright and early you get your horses, have the bullock re-packed, take your breakfast, and another trip brings you to the district of Hamakua, in the borders of which you will find the plantation of Bob-the-Sawyer, as he is familiarly termed. He will treat you like a prince, and as he has a fine plantation, you can pass an hour or two very profitably.

From this plantation the trail runs over the gorges spoken of before, occurring so frequently that your progress is slow; but as the horses are generally bare-footed, and the native guides attentive and careful, few accidents occur. In about three days journeying from this place you will reach Hilo, favored, but much pleased with your five days' ride from Kowalna. In your trip you will nearly circumnavigate Mauna Kea, whose snowy summit rises thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-six feet above the ocean.

At Hilo you will rest for a few days, and then take horses and guides for the crater of Kilimanjaro; but this vast and terrible volcano, and other curiosities, we will describe in some future number of the Magazine, as these sublime wonders claim more space than can be spared in the present number.

Returning to Hilo, the view of the lofty dome of Mauna Lou, which is only a few hundred feet below the altitude of Mauna Kea, and its gradual ascent, almost tempt us to spend another week in exploring its beauties. This, and the flow of lava which burst out of its side near the summit, some four years since, rolling down like a vast river, threatening to engulf Hilo in its fury course, we must also defer describing.
TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY ANNA P. MAYLACH.

"Speech is silver—silence golden"—mantle of the unbeheld,
Seldom trailing on the pavements of our noisy, restless world;
And I know ye are from Heaven, for to you a gift is given—
The divine, calm gift of Stillness—as white incense, round you curled.

Though no pleasant sound of voices your lone outer life rejoices—
Though ye seem, in Earth's great temples, noble columns incomplete—
Yet, ye shall be heard the author of that Omniscient Father,
In the muteness of the chorus rising round His Mercy Seat.

Language of the high archangels, mightier far than loud envoys
From the lips of gospel preachers, is the inner voice we hear—
More harmonious than the chiming of the sweetest poet's rhyming—
More emphatic than the oracle of prophet or of seer.

Over rocks and thorny bushes, swift the noisy rivulet rushes,
In obedience to its mission, and with true and earnest ends;
But the lake of folded highlands, in its patience and its silence,
Images the blue serence of Heaven that in its stillness bonds.

Can Damoethes out-church teethings of a higher wonder
Than the lone and grand Colossi on the dreary Theban plain?
In their stillness, old and hoary, do they shadow forth a story
That the Eloquence of Agga might impress on us in vain.

If asked in snowy desolation, since the dawning of creation,
In the sunshine and the starlight, to the Alpine summits sweep;
Out at sea the storm-waves wrestle with the tempest-driven vessel,
But far under them is calmness, in the great abyssmal deep.

In a silent congregation, all the orbs of God's creation
Move, in sworvelles Epicycles, round the stillness of His light;
All great acts and thoughts of God are quiet, from the calm Almighy fount
To the still, obdient rolling of the smallest satellitic.

When, beyond the resurrection, we shall rise from imperfection,
With no stir of human voices shall we know the mystic change;
But a silent, voiceless winging, and an inward, voiceless singing—
Is the choral alleluja whereto our spirit-song shall raise.
A DECORDER OF EARLY DAYS.

BY C. W. R.

One morning, in the spring of 1856, I wandered pensively along the banks of the American river, in Placer county. The sun had risen, but had not made its full appearance over the hills, although a trace of the golden orb was visible in the eastern sky; for its dazzling rays were just emerging above the line of the mountains that seemed to skirt the horizon. Not a cloud obscured the sky; the atmosphere was mild and clear, the air pleasant; it was a lovely morning, and a lovely spot for the meditative mind. The hill sides were decked with hues implement and charming—tender blodes of green grass newly sprung forth, formed a beautiful contrast with the variegated colors of the spring flowers—shrubs and trees of different descriptions were clad with bright-green foliage, and from the bush and tree the merry songsters were warbling their sweetest lays, and while they

"God's out on the morning air
Their songs as joyous, free from care,"

I sat me down upon a moss-grown rock and gazed around above and beneath me, into the dark rolling river just below. Beside me,

Earth here's a Paradise array'd in beauteous bloom.

Above me,

Transcendent glory scours the Heavens to adore.

At such a time, the contemplative mind could easily find food for reflection. Filled with a love of the beautiful, who could wander forth amid the sublimities of nature in the most appropriate time, and not realize the presence of a Supreme Being? and who would not be astonished at the marvelousness of His works? Thus thought I, as I sat me down upon my rude seat on the banks of the river, for a moment's rest, having spread myself with the morning walk. The place was one of the most enchanting along the American, a river often alluded to as possessing scenery of the most romantic description. After a short rest I retraced my steps to the cabin and partook of breakfast a partner had prepared in my absence. Breakfast over, we commenced the operation of the day, which was raising timbers down stream for the purpose of building a dam, preparatory to commencing mining operations for the summer. Our claim was located high up the river, and at the time alluded to, it was early after the snows above us had melted, and the waters being still very high, we were in no great hurry about getting ready to dam the river; for that reason we were not particular about going to work at an early hour in the morning. But we will not detain the reader with a detailed account of our mining affairs that summer season; suffice it to say, the claim proved fully as remunerative as we expected, and we did not regret in the least holding it.

While leaning ourselves on the river, we were impressed with the strange beauty of the spot—wild, romantic and picturesque. It was a Sabbath morning when we first sought the place with a view of taking up a home for the summer season. One of the first things to be done was to select a favorable spot for a tent, and to locate ourselves as near water as possible. A spring of good water was found, and not a few yards distant we erected a rude canvas tent; but then it looked rather picturesque, as the tall oak branches above cast the shadows of their pretty shaped leaves upon it.
ON READING OVID’S "TRISTIA." 

Unhappy Ovid! Luckless was thy fate, 
Compelled in strange and cheerless climes to rove; 
To toil with beings thou couldst only hate, 
To part from beings thou wast born to love!

In tears by day, in agony by night, 
Thy thoughts, sad exile, ever homeward turned, 
Till thy broken spirit took its lonely flight, 
T’en whilst they lived, for whom thy spirit yearned.

But thou must die, and dying, cease to weep; 
The melancholy quiet of the tomb! 
Cradled, at last, thy crying woes to sleep, 
And quenched thy tears in unkindly gloom.

My fate is bitterer still, condemned to stay 
Far from the cherished city of my birth; 
To live, to weep, in stranger solitudes, whilst thou, 
The loved, the lost, have vanished from the earth.

J. P. CARLETON.
Chapter 1.

It was in the winter of 185—, three miners were sitting by a bright blazing fire, in their cabin in the mountains, isolated from any other habitation. The snow was already ten feet deep, and still it came down in gusty violence, drifting in the wild gusts, filling them almost level with the surrounding hills.

The desolate wind, sweeping through the ice-covered branches of the towering pines that stood upon the mountain side, was all that could be heard without, except now and then some giant tree, becoming too feeble to bear up under the tremendous weight of the falling snow, would give way and come down with a deafening, booming sound, similar to distant thunder.

The wolf was in his den, the song of the night-bird was hushed, and he rested secure in his cozy nest in some rocky cliff sheltered from the raging storm.

Those who have never spent a winter amid the Sierra Nevada Mountains can form no idea of the awful grandeur presented to their sight by the drifting snow, of the avalanches that slide from the mountain tops to the deep chasms below, carrying with it large trees and burying them far beneath the surface.

Frank, Ellie and Joe had just finished their supper and lighted their pipes for the purpose of having a social smoke—a practice very common among the miners of California, in the absence of society—to while away the long and tedious evening hours. As the above three are destined to have a prominent part in our story, an introduction is necessary before we proceed to narrate the incidents, which we hope will not prove uninteresting.

Frank Seaman and Ellie Grover were natives of the southern part of Tennessee. Their parents lived not more than three miles apart. Having been intimate from childhood up to the age of maturity they became much attached to each other, and after the close of the Mexican war came to this country together, arriving here at a very early day in the history of the gold discovery.

Frank's father was a wealthy planter, while Ellie had lost a poor widowed mother, notwithstanding which, a feeling of the warmest charity existed between them, and rather increased than diminished as they became of age. There was another circumstance which had a tendency to bind them together; Ellie and Frank's sister—a most beautiful and accomplished young lady—were bound together by the ties of love's tenderest chords; but her parents were opposed to the union, and it was from this cause that Ellie volunteered to go to Mexico during the war. When Frank learned that he had volunteered, he determined to follow him, notwithstanding the efforts made by his parents to prevent him.

Two more devoted hearts than those of Ellie Grover and Julius Seaman never beat in unison, and it was like breaking the last golden chord that bound them to earth to separate; but Ellie knew the cause of the objection to their union was that he was poor, that he could not count his thousands in negroes and in land, so he determined to seek his fortune in the wide world and return to Julie at some future day to claim her as his bride. He told her, when they parted, she would never see him again, unless he could return with wealth equal to that her father possessed—thus they parted, pledging vows of eternal constancy.
Joe was a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; his father was a wealthy iron merchant, but during the monetary crisis of 1836, failed for over two hundred thousand dollars; and not daring to remain where misfortunes, like a wild tornado, had swept everything from him, as far as this world's goods were concerned, he determined to try his fortune again in the wilds of the Southwest, and at once moved with his little family, consisting of a wife and three children, two boys and one girl, to the frontier of what is now known as the State of Arkansas.

There were but few white persons within many miles of where Mr. Dixon lived, and the consequence was, Joe was almost raised among the Indians until he was about seventeen years of age, when his elder brother took him with him to Santa Fe; and, through the influence of some friends, procured goods enough to commence a trading establishment, but when gold was discovered in this country, Joe left his brother and came to California.

It was early in the spring of '50 when he arrived, and soon after he came he formed the acquaintance of Frank and Elle which merged into friendship of the warmest kind, and they had been partners ever since.

There was another in that cabin who deserves some notice: a negro servant who belonged to Frank, and who had followed him through the Mexican war—his name was Len. When Len—the name of the servant—learned that Frank was going to Mexico, nothing would do but he must go with him, and he finally prevailed upon Frank's father to let him go. A more faithful servant never served a master than Len, and Frank was very much attached to him, for he was always near him, ready and willing to sacrifice his life, if necessary, for that of his master Frank, as he always called him.

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OIL-WAUKES. 213

Spring, with its gentle sun on me, and our little group determined to penetrate farther into the mountains, on a prospecting tour; as the claim where they then were did not pay over an ounce per day—and an ounce a day in those times in California was not considered more than ordinary digging—so they determined to visit the Klamath river, where no white man had yet dared to go, on account of the hostile Indians that inhabited that portion of the country.

They knew it to be a hazardous undertaking, but Joe having been among the Indians several years, around Santa Fe and on the frontiers, thought himself so conversant with their customs and language that there was no danger to be apprehended; in fact, he knew no such word as fear or Fall, and he prevailed upon the other boys to break up camp for a prospecting tour on the Klamath.

CHAPTER II.

It was a lovely evening in June; the yellow sun had gone to rest, and the moon, the queen of all that is lovely, had come forth to take the place of the departing sun; the blue bosom of space was dotted with the bright glittering stars—Heaven's own sweet eyes; all Nature appeared resting in that dreamy repose so peculiar to the south alone.

On the banks of the Cumberland stands a magnificent mansion, surrounded with pleasure-grounds; fountains of pure water may be seen throughout these grounds in every direction, flower gardens of the most lovely kind fitted up in the most tasteful style; fruits of the rarest flavor, characteristic of that clime, were there; and, in fact, everything denoted wealth in its grandest style.

On the banks facing the river of this splendid mansion sat a young lady, attired in a simple muslin dress, with a light scarf thrown across her shoulders. Her dark waving hair hung in clusters...
beautifully, and low upon her bosom; there was a melancholy shade resting upon her countenance, which gave you a singular impression, surrounded as she was by all that wealth could purchase. She was not what the fashionable world would call a beautiful woman, yet there was something in the expression of her countenance which won the admiration of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

While she was sitting there, apparently in deep thought, a servant came riding up the gravel walk in front of the house and handed her a letter. As she took the letter she gazed for a few moments upon the handwriting of the address, while a tear rolled down her cheek, and, as she gave a long-drawn sigh, she tore it open and read as follows:


NEVADA, CAL., July, 185—

Dear Julia,—More than three long years have passed away on the wings of never-tiring time, and more than twelve months since I have heard from you. Perhaps I am long since forgotten, or remembered only as an old and distant friend; if such is the case, my dear Julia, forgive all the transactions of your unworthy but devoted lover.

Dear Julia, what a multitude of scenes I have passed through during the last three years! My heart has been weary of life—my soul is full of melancholy, for I have been absent from the one most dear to me of all else on earth, and the thousands of miles intervening and the wide ocean between us rolls, my heart has ever been true to you, for I never had a happy thought that was not yours in all my wandering, and I love you today, and will ever remain the same. I have no idea when I shall return to the Atlantic States. Frank is still with me; he sends his love to you and all the family. May angels ever cluster around you, and guard and protect you from all harm, is the constant prayer of your devoted.

When Julia finished reading the letter it fell from her hands; and, while sitting thoughtfully there, her father came to her, and began walking to and fro several times in front of her. At length he said:

"Julia, my child, I have received a letter from Mr. Simpson, and he tells me he will be here by Monday week; so you must have everything in readiness for the wedding."

"Pa, I will try."

"Come, child, you must not look so disconsolate; you are going to marry a man of wealth and distinction, and one whom any lady should be proud to call her husband."

"Pa, I can give him my hand in marriage, but never my heart; for that already belongs to another."

"Nonsense, nonsense, child; this passion, called love, belongs to children, not to a lady who has grown up to the age of womanhood, and who has been educated in one of the finest schools of the country."

I do hope you are not still thinking of that poor, miserable Elio, who is not worth a dollar, nor never will be, and if Frank persists in keeping his company I will cast him off without a dollar."

"Pa, you may say what you like about Elio, but you cannot change my mind, for my vow has been given, and is recorded in the Book of Life, never to be broken by me."

"Julia, you do not intend to disobey my commands and not marry Mr. Simpson, a man who will add wealth and honor to our family?"

"I did not say I intended to disobey your commands, but I said I could never give Mr. Simpson my heart, for that already belonged to another."

"Come, my child, cheer up, and no more of that nonsense about love—leave that to children, or silly-minded people. I intend to have one of the grandest weddings that ever came off in this portion of the country; and think, then, how many young ladies will envy your situa—"
WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

"If you are certain he has, I want you to go over to Mrs. Grover's with me." 
"Missus, I think he has, for de light in de room has been out one long hour." 
"Nelly, you have always been a faithful servant to me, and what transpires to-night you must keep to yourself—do not mention it to any of the other servants."

"I take my missus too much to disobey of her commands."
"Nelly, I have always placed great confidence in you, and I hope you will not in this, the hour of my trouble, betray me."

Nelly threw herself at the feet of her Missus and asked permission to kiss her hand in token of the fidelity of her promise to be true to her as long as she lived. Nelly knew all about the approaching wedding, and that her Missus was compelled to marry, contrary to her wishes, one whom she did not love.

Julia and Nelly were soon at the door of Mrs. Grover's, and found her still sitting up, for she had received a letter from her: "dear child," as she called Kile, accompanied with a check for five hundred dollars, which excited her mind so much that she could not sleep. What transpired between them is only known to themselves, or what Julia's business was there; but it was near daylight before she returned home, and she did not make her appearance until next evening at tea.

There was nothing passed between Julia and her father concerning the approaching wedding.

Mr. Theodore Simpson, the intended bridegroom, was indeed what the ladies would call a handsome man, rather above the medium height, with hair as black as the raven's wing, and eyes of the same complexion, but there appeared to be a restless look and being in the face of those who looked at them. There was a great contrast between the two, and many of those who
behold them thought it was too much like compelling the lamb and the lion to dwell together.

Theodore Simpson was a native of Louisiana, born of wealthy parents. His father was a Frenchman, his mother a Scotch lady of distinguished blood, and he had inherited all the pride of both nations, combined with that of the southern planter, which made him extremely vain, and he thought any lady should have reason to be proud of the offer of his hand in marriage.

He was educated at Yale College, and had traveled extensively over the continent of Europe. He was what the world would call a finished gentleman in every sense of the word, and he moved through the crowd with that independent air, with that peculiar sarcastic smile which belongs only to the most vain and self-conceited portion of mankind. He thought he loved Julia, but a man of his character could never love a woman with that true devotion necessary to make man and wife happy. Julia had often told him she could never give him her heart—only her hand—in marriage; but he thought that only a penurious notion which belonged alone to women, as he thought it almost impossible for her not to love him, and that if she did not love him now, she soon would after their marriage. The fact was he did not care much for he only considered women a kind of necessary machine to keep household affairs properly adjusted and wait upon the friends he chose to invite to call and see him.

Such was the character of the man Julia's father was urging her to marry contrary to her wishes. Thursday evening came, the time appointed for the wedding. The splendid mansion of Mr. Sannman was brilliantly lighted from one end to the other; serenades were running to and fro, and the invited guests were arriving in their magnificent carriages. Every luxury money could purchase had been prepared for their reception; indeed it had the appearance of being one of the greatest affairs that ever came off in the State. Men of distinguished literary talent and military note were there, for each had been invited far and near.

Julia received them with a calm and dignified air, but there was a melancholy shade upon her countenance, while her cheeks were as pale as the driven snow; and as she moved through the crowd with such unearnest grace, the beholder was struck with wonder and astonishment. She looked as if her heart was overflowing with grief—as if she could go out into the moon's pale light and pour out her soul in weeping until the Guardian Angel came near to hear her spirit away to dwell with Him who gave it. Many of the guests noticed the sadness of her appearance, but knew not the cause, supposing she was going to marry the one of her choice. The hour arrived and the folding doors were thrown open, and a splendid suite of rooms were almost instantly made into one. The crowd began to assemble; all were anxious to see the intended bride and bridegroom make their appearance, when it began to be whispered through the room that Julia was nowhere to be found. All was thrown into confusion, and they began diligently to search for her, but all to no purpose.

The search was continued until daylight, and for several consecutive days, but nothing was heard of her. The river was examined for miles up and down, for she had told a young lady who was present that, rather than marry Sannman, she would commit self-destruction by throwing herself into the river. Weeks and months rolled on—the excitement attending the affair had partially died away with all but Mr. Sannman, who it was thought, would go distracted, for he knew that if she had drowned herself he was the cause of it, in compelling
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CHAPTER III.

The boys broke up camp, and having packed a route with blankets and some provisions, they started on their proposed journey for Klamath river, to see if they could not find better diggings. They were several days going over the rugged mountains and through the trackless wilderness, camping out at night beneath the wide-spreading branches of some giant pine, with the canopy of heaven for a covering.

A miner's life is a peculiar one to live—especially was this so in the early days of California, when there was no pleasant little mountain villages to greet the wandering prospector's eye as he ascended some snow-capped mountain, or entered some green-sloped valley. Several years have made a material change in California. The blue curling smoke can be seen ascending from almost every cañon, galeed amid native, from the hardy miner's cabin within her borders. Now beautiful villages are scattered throughout the mountains and valleys, filled with an enterprising population. The miner's pick and shovel and the woodman's axe are heard ringing from the high mountain peaks, while their children are sporting amid the wild exteriors beneath, and their wives full of life and contentment and blossoming health, are preparing the fragrant meal for her loved ones.

After arriving at the river they traveled up it several miles, when they came to a place which looked favorable, and there pitched their tent, having come to the conclusion to try their luck on a bar which prospected well. They had one crullie, (the most expeditious and popular way of minning in those days,) which they kept going all the time, and in about one month they had rocked out nearly twenty thousand dollars, which was no uncommon amount with a few persons in the early days of the gold discovery, but which was more than they anticipated. Frank wished to return, for they were liable to be killed by the Indians at any moment; but Elio and Joe wished to remain another week, as their claims were paying so well. As for Len, he wanted to return the next day after their arrival, for, said he,

"I doesn't like den dar wild Injuns to get hold ob dis digger, for dis black scalp"
come off in no time, and don de money do no good."

"Len," says Eli, "you are not afraid of Indians, are you, after being among
the Mexicans so long?"

"I tell you what it is, Master Eli, I've
ehern so much about dem Injuns dat I
doesn't keer much about coming in con-
tact wid dem, for dis ting of takin' off
one's scalp 'fore you is dead, I does'nt
keer about; now I tell you dis, Master
Eli."

"Suppose you should see a band of
Indians coming; would you run?"

"Yes, Master Eli, jest as fast as deo
legs could carry me. I could fight dem
Mexico's, but I doesn't want nuffin' to do
wild dem Injuns, for dis ting of hadin' de
wool taken off ob de top ob de head I
goos nuffin' on."

"Well, Len, we will go over the moun-
tains again in about a week more, and by
that time you will have dust enough to
buy your freedom, also a yellow girl, and
then you can cultivate your own tobacco
patch."

"Master Eli, I will nebber hab my
liberty so long as Master Frank will let
me stay wid him, for he has always been
a kind master to me."

"I have no doubts but Frank will let
you live with him, for he says you have
been a faithful servant, and this money
could not buy you, unless you wished to
buy yourself, and he intends to give you
your liberty as soon as you get money
eough to take care of yourself."

"God bless Master Frank! Old Len
nebber lefe him, and I wish we were on
the old plantation to-night, 'lasses you
I feels as if dar war something going to	happen afore we lefe here."

"Oh, I hope not, Len; it is only an
idle imagination of yours."

"Well, Master Eli, I hope so too, but
den dis nigger feels so funny about de
heart. Den de dream I had last night
about Master Frank being taken by de
Injuns."
I CANNOT FORGET.

They told me I "should come to love him—that time would change me." So it has; I am changed, indeed! My raven tresses, with which his fingers used to toy, are sadly streaked with gray; my beauty is like a withered flower, which sunshine and dew can no more revive. Deep lines of sorrow pond on my once fair brow, and my sunken eye seems ever swimming with forlorn tears; but the heart's deep love Time has not changed, and all the long, long years of separation seem annihilated when I think of him.

Some ask me if I ever loved. "Who has not?" I reply; but wonder when I hear them tell how often they have loved.

I sit and listen for a sound that comes not, and sadly do I ask: "Shall I never hear it more?"

I mark the young and gay, and hear their silvery voices discourse of love; mine was never told in words; they seemed useless and to have no meaning when he looked on me and smiled, and when he sat beside me, I feared to speak, lest I should break the spell and dissipate my blissful dream. Perhaps it was but a dream, for often, now, when I am asleep, he comes and smiles on me the same, and lays his hand so gently on my brow, as if to smooth away its wrinkles, and its sorrow, too, until my enraptured spirit, awakens me to the painful reality.

But I feel that these earth-trials but consume the dress of our mortal natures; that the inner being, which shall never grow old, may live where Eternity will perfect what Time cannot destroy.

[Concluded in our next.]
Locie Keestil—very nicely-polite people called her Minden, but all her friends, playmates, and relatives, uniformly addressed her and spoke of her as Locie—was as pretty, and plump, and buxom a lass, of the genuine Pennsylvania strain, as ever dish'd a dinner, of pork and sauerkraut, composed a bowl of onion soup, or fabricated a batch of schmack-meas. Locie's sixteenth summer dawned upon her some forty years ago, in that fertile region of Ohio known as the county of Stark. Old Michael Keestil—he was not very old, but his neighbors persisted in predicating his name with that rather equivocal adjective—was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, of the most decided and unmistakable stamp. Some time in the last century—the exact date he never knew and never cared about knowing—he was regularly ushered into existence in the bosom of a Pennsylvania Dutch family, that lived and flourished in that Duthest portion of all Pennsylvania—Tulpa-hocken. The Tulpa-hockeners were, and are to this day, an exceedingly honest, unsophisticated, hard-working, money-making people, who never would and never did give themselves any trouble about the affairs of the world, outside of their own little neighborhood. The pioneers of Tulpa-hocken came from Swabia—which some extremely ill-considered estimators pretend to regard as the Bourbon of Germany—and were called Swabians by all the Pennsylvania Dutchmen, who rejoiced in the complacent fancy that the Swabians were much lower in the scale of refinement than themselves. Be this as it may, truth demands the admission that the inhabitants of Tulpa-hocken never excelled any possible brilliancy, either in literature or the arts. Their schoolmasters were unpromising men, whose scholarship rarely extended beyond the capability of reading the Bible and Heidelberg Catechism, the Swabian version, and ciphering, with some considerable difficulty, in the lowestest range of the arithmetical. Some of them, not many, aspir'd to chirography, and made surprising displays of copies, set in a sort of German text; but they were looked upon with suspicion by the community, and were never permitted to instruct the youthful Tulpa-hockeners into the mysteries of penmanship. The elders and aunts regarded the art of writing as a device of the Devil One, by which innocent children were led into the perpetration of such base crimes as counterfeiting and forgery. Of course they entertained a holy horror of the Yankees, these restless panhandlers of the world, who would, in spite of all that could be said and done, persist in bringing their villainous thimble and other knick-knackories into the bosoms of their peaceful families, leaving sad mementoes of their visits, in the shape of simulated bank bills and pieces of spurious coin. It ought not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the single-minded and single-hearted children of Tulpa-hocken resolutely set their faces against all such scholarly accomplishments as, in their innocent estimation, only widened the boundaries of human wickedness. Without having either read or heard the much-quoted lines of a great English poet, they arrived, by a logical process peculiarly their own, at the same conclusion—to wit:

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

It was here, among the blissfully ignorant Tulpa-hockeners, that Michael Keestil did the good old State of Pennsylvania the honor of adding his corpo-
EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES.

rol identity, as a unit, in the grand aggregate of her many-nationed population. Gifted by Dame Nature with a constitution that defied disease, and a stomach that rivaled the digestive capabilities of the ostrich, he grew into manhood the possessor of a robustous corporality that delighted his parents and perfectly fascinated all the young women. One of the time-honored customs of the Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania is, that every young man, on attaining the age of twenty-one, shall settle down on a farm, build a small, uncomfortable house, close to a spring, erect a tremendous big barn, buy a colossal wagon with four equine horses to match it, and marry a big wife. Michael Koczil complied with this custom, only so far as regarded the big wife and the big wagon and horses. By some means or other—not through the medium of newspapers, for such vanities were carefully excluded from the Tulipshooken public—he had picked up a notion, and one that astounded all his neighbors, of seeking fortune somewhere in the direction of the setting sun. With the doggedness which it is said sits naturally on a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and due to the expectations and proclivities of evil, so beautifully showered upon him by father and mother, uncles and aunts, kinmen and kinswomen, he absolutely packed his big wife into his big wagon, along with an admiringly confused assortment of ploughs, harrows, axes, chairs, tables, beds, and boudoirs; hitched his four big horses to the enormous big wagon, manfully mounted the high-wheel horses—called by all Pennsylvanians the saddle-horse—cranked his big black whip, by way of affectionate salute to his native Tulipshoeken, and slowly set forth, in quest of that mysterious "Backwoods," wealth and ease, so longed for, would gloriously reward the toils of his pilgrimage.

It is useless to recount the vexations and dangers that beset him on the way to the land of promise—how a thief of a tavern-keeper palmed a batch of worthless bank notes upon him, in exchange for several good and substantial Spanish dollars, of unquestionable silver—how a Yankee tin potter came high cheating him out of his best horse in an attempted swap—how a grassless exump, from the pine lumber region of the Alleghany, made love to Mrs. Koczil, and nearly succeeded in beguiling her into an elopement from her h lug lord, by making her an infinitesimal of promises of riches and grandeur, which he had neither the means nor the intention to fulfill—how he lost his way, in the forests of Ohio, and only recovered it by paying the enormous sum of five dollars to an old hunter, who, for and in consideration of the aforementioned five dollars, conducted to act as his guide—how he and his wife ate up all the provisions with which they had supplied themselves at the commencement of their journey, and were, for several days, compelled to pay a quarter of a dollar for each meal they bought of the sordid and uncharitable backwoods taverners—how—but enough of this. Suffice it to say, that, in process of time, Michael Koczil and his big wife, Katrina, with the big wagon and the big horses, arrived safely on the eastern side of what an ambitious young Buckeye poet once called "the sparkling Ninishillon," where Michael established himself as the proprietor of a section of land in the then unbroken forest.

This was in the very infant days of that great State of Ohio, which since grown up into such giant-like strength. If solitude is a blessing, which some dreamy philosophers contend that it is, Michael Koczil and his big wife had their full share of it, for a year or two. But they had broken the ice, as the saying is; other adventurers followed in their footsteps; and, in due time, a col-
any of Pennsylvaniaans, (Dutchmen,) with their natural concomitants of big wires, big houses and big wagons, had usurped all the land around the Kezil settlement. It was very pleasant to Michael Kezil and his big wife to find themselves gradually surrounded by such familiar names as the Roarksteins, the Hoffmansteins, the Hufmamsteins, the Klopfsteinsteins, the Ristoins, and a dozen other "steins," the Hoffmans, the Wolctburgers, the Wiltburgers, the Huchelburgers, and numberless other "burgers," besides an imposing array of Louseletsiers, Rolfseilers, Bridges, Stidgers, Vogels, Ulrichs, Banus, Rauks, Schneider, and Schneibleys. It was, indeed, very pleasant; for though Michael, in obedience to his Tulpahoeken instincts, had built him a miserable little cabin, close to the only spring on his estate, he required the friendly aid of his daily acquaintances to assist him to that greatest object of his ambition, a big barn. In good time the hay, a monstrous edifice of logs, reared itself upon a whole forest of anoth-
er-kinds, destined for the construction of Mammon—the world has only sighed at them, and gone on. In its own way, devoutly believing that wealth is happiness, and the want of it misery and destina-
tion. Why else do all rich people look down upon all poor people with pity, if not with contempt? and why else do all poor people look up at all rich people with envy, if not with hatred? Answer me these questions, ye priests, philosophers and po-
els, who extol the excellences of poverty with your lips and your pens, while your hearts are devoutly worshiping and your hands busily clutching the "Almighty Dollar?" Yes—wealth is happiness, and happiness is wealth. Everybody says so—by acting, if not by words—and it must be so! There were, however, some little peculiarities in the case of Michael Kezil which were slightly at variance with the grand dogma of the world. He grew wealthy—every Dutchman will grow wealthy, though he may be the stupidest of his race—but his happiness did not increase in an equal ratio with the increase of his worldly goods. The first blow to his peace of mind—and a severe one it was—was the, to him, reverse conduct of Karinna, in not making him the father of a son, instead of a daughter. He had set his heart upon a boy—indeed, for the matter of that, he had set his heart upon a whole platoon of boys—for his large farm required much labor and diligence, and the hiring of Irishmen, the only laborers extant in his neighborhood, not only involved expense, but subjected him to much disquietude on account of Katrina, who, he had some reason to fear, was philosopliers have reasoned against it, and poets have sung against it; but, as these priests, philosophers and poets have uniformly shown, by their prudence, that they had no faith in their arguments and precepts—in short, that while they ruled against the "lust for filthy lucre," they were, themselves, zealous worshipping of Mammon—the world has only sighed at them, and gone on. In its own way, devoutly believing that wealth is happiness, and the want of it misery and destina-
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Not sufficiently armed in stoical virtue to resist the tender gallantries of such jolly, rollicking, conscienceless dogs, who are just as proverbially famous for blazoning the fair sex as they are for dishing-making and breaking of heads. In his air-castle-building—if he ever indulged in such dreamy amusement, which is somewhat doubtful, for it requires a considerable development of ideality, much more than any Pennsylvania Dutchman will dare to claim—in his air-castle-building; or, to speak less metaphorically, when he thought about the future, as he sometimes did, he always beheld his farm (in his mind’s eye, look you,) as a stage, on which a dozen stalwart, but yet un-born Keezils were to play their busy parts. What should he want with daughters? They were useless and expensive things, and so he took no account of them in his anticipations and calculations of the future. When the astounding truth penetrated his skull and electrified his brain, when he woke to the awful certainty that Katrina, in defiance of his will, had constituted him the parent of a girl—his feelings, as penny-savers express it, may be imagined, but not described.

“Mein Gott! mein Gott!” he exclaimed, in mingled astonishment and wrath, “I want Katrina to give me a boy, and she give me one girl! Mooden fausend, Toeful mit der maggelegen!”

The reader, who may have a fancy to translate this horrible Germanic imper- cation, may do so at his leisure. But Mrs. Keezil’s constancy did not stop with the birth of little Lottie. Whether is was owing to her womanly obstinacy, to her natural indolence, or to her lack of good taste, nothing could ever after induce her to become the mother of another child; and so Magdalen Keezil grew up, the sole descendant of the Keezils, of Ohio. In vain did our friend Michael, year after year, look for the boys that were to have been the glory of his manhood and the staff of his old age! Ah! they never came; and deep and terrible were the curses which he hurled, in the villest and most jaw-breaking Dutch, at his rebellious wife, who had so remorselessly crushed his hopes and embittered his existence. But Katrina, apparently not satisfied with bringing Lottie into the world, in defiance of her lord’s will, and of obstinately refusing to become the dam of a brood of pipe-smoking, anser-breath-loving Dutchmen, went a score of steps still further in her wickedness. She absolutely took to obesity! Yes, she grew fat. She became not merely an imitator of Falstaff—though that, in all conscience, would have been enough—she went far beyond the most extravagant conceptions of Shakespeare, when he created from “airy nothing” the mammoth proportions of the oleaginous but jolly old knight. It is painful to record it; but so it was.

She first became fat, then she became very fat—then she became excessively fat—and then she became so fat that she could scarcely walk under the superhuman burden, and she was fain to forego all locomotion that depended on her own muscular effort, and spend each night in the inglorious imprisonment of an easy chair. Had Katrina Keezil ever received from her husband some strange and terrible wrong, which might have warranted her in taking a thorough and horrible revenge on her genius, though a thousand times more fertile than it is usually, could not she have devised a scheme of retaliation more agonizing to her husband’s soul than she that adopted in thus transforming her naturally genteel figure into a living, breathing, wheeling mass of humanity? But she was not revengeful, nor malicious, nor ill-natured. Not at all. She possessed no salient points of character, either for good or evil. She came as near being a decided
negative, both morally and mentally, as only a Pennsylvania Dutchwoman can. In her young days and in her early womanhood she was quiet, patient and laborious, as were all the young women of Tulpahocken; but she had neither the will to inflict an injury nor the spirit to resent one. She was just as Dæo. Nature intended her to be: a human specimen in which the stomach excels the brain in activity, and the physique triumphs over the spiritual.

But, leaving Madame Katrina in her easy chair, let us look up our own friend, Leenie—for she, and none but she, is the heroine of this veritable story. As her mother grew in fat and laziness, Leenie grew in stature and in grace; and when the old lady was compelled to leave off the active duties of the household, Leenie, energetically but noiselessly, filled her place. And thus she grew up to sweet sixteen—a brisk, bustling, tidy girl, with a very fair share of beauty, more substantial than showy, and of which physical strength and robust health were the most prominent components—and then she had lovers and began to fancy that she had a heart. It has been mentioned how graciously her introduction into the world offended her father; and, indeed, when one comes to think soberly of the matter, he had some cause for being offended, seeing how very unceremoniously she had broken up his arrangements, by impatiently daring to be of the feminine gender, when his interests and wishes all pointed to the masculine. But, by the time she accomplished her sixteenth birthday, she had, by her activity, her industry, her economy, her good spirits and her never-failing good humor, completely conquered the old gentleman's dislike, and transformed him into as much of a friend as it is possible for such a man to be; and though that was not much, still it was something, and made our sweet Leenie supremely happy. The fault she committed, in not being born a boy, was fully expiated, as far as she was concerned in the affair, by the time she had reached that delicate point on Time's dial, called young-womanhood. It is true that, somewhere about the age of ten, she was the innocent cause of much anxiety to both father and mother—though about the mother's anxiety nobody cared much—by happening to become an especial object of interest to some strong-minded and benevolent ladies, who resided at the then young and little country town, and who insisted on constituting her one of the pupils of an astonishingly erudite Yankee schoolmaster, who taught "the young ideas how to shoot" with wonderful success. At first we thought, Michael, was thunder-struck at the proposition to place, one of his flesh and blood, though only a useless and contemptible girl, in such a sink of abominations as he imagined a Yankee school to be; and he resisted it with all the Dutch obstinacy of his soul. But, alas, and alack for Michael! Those strong-minded and benevolent ladies had at their command a species of practical logic against which no Pennsylvania Dutchman, or any other, can long contend. Their husband were commercial gentlemen, who dealt extensively in farm products, and who had it in their power to make him or mar him at their pleasure; and when the ladies presented their side of the argument, as a simple question of pecuniary profit and loss, and when his eyes were opened to the fact that he would gain money by yielding and lose money by not yielding, why, like a sensible man, he yielded. And thus it was that Leenie was inducted into the temple of learning and wisdom, which she theogist initiated, God willing, into the mysteries of reading and writing, under the auspices of that
but the two cases, when one comes to analyze them thoroughly, are not very similar.

Well, all this must go for what it is worth, for Leenie went to school, and there surprised her Yankee preceptors by behaving very nicely, and picking up the rudiments of an English education with astonishing aptness. Much naivete, if not absolute pain, did poor Michael Keezil endure, when he saw his daughter, from day to day, throwing off the good old Tulpahokener language and manners, and, in their stead, adopting the speech and deportment of the persistent Yankees. People of his saturnine temperament and acquisitive habits are not often credited with much intensity of feeling; they are supposed to have too much of "the earth earthy" in their compositions to give space for the cultivation of their sensibilities; and therefore their refined acquaintances are apt to place them in the same category with the porcine and masticine tribes, and other phlegmatic specimens of animated nature, more noted for their great digestive capabilities than for their exhibition of sentiment. But Michael Keezil did feel, and very intensely, too; but it was in this wise: He felt that his daughter, Leenie, was in a fair way to acquire the art of writing on paper; and, in that mysterious art, as the traditions of his fathers taught him, were embraced the heinous crimes of forgery and counterfeiting. What a terrible thing it would be should Leenie become a counterfeiter! and how vastly expensive it would be to sue lawyers, and pay court charges, should she be arrested and prosecuted! These troubled reflections, always mixed with a wholesome reference to the dollars-and-cents side of the subject, vexed him and perplexed him, more or less, during the three mortal years of Leenie's educational course. It may be proper, just at this point of the story, for the benefit of the
reader, who may unapply participate in Mr. Kessell's melancholy apprehensions, to state, authoritatively and peremptorily, that our friend, Louie, though she became an expert pen-woman, was never suspected of the crimes her father so moodily dreaded. She never counterfeited anything more than a fit of the sullens, when she could affect some object by it on the heart of a lover; and never committed any more reprehensible for- gery than when she assisted in forging the chain that bound her to the man of her heart. This is anticipating the de- nouncement of our tale—a very neat- estlike proceeding—but it seemed necessary, and so let it go. Louie will be courted and married, all in good time—depend on't.

It is, perhaps, just as well, as it is, that we, poor human beings, should have so little control over our respective des- tines. The great Napoleon, who cheated himself into the delusion that he was "the man of destiny," after a thousand triumphs, stumbled against a disastrous Russian campaign and an annihilating battle of Waterloo—then stumped into an island prison and a prisoner's grave, with an ignoble cancer in his stomach—all showing, as plainly as anything can show, that with all his genius and all his vast mastery over the minds and muscles of so many millions, he was but a mort- al, with a good share of a mortal's imperfections, and that he could neither foresee or prevent the flood of misfortune that rolled upon him and swept him from the earth. The great curb of nature and humanity says, and says it well, too, that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will."

Yes! there is such a divinity; whether acknowledged as the Providence of the Christians, the Fate of the Ishmaels, the Pity of the Incompleters, or the Neces- sity of the Philosophers. We may rough- hew our ends as we may; we may plumb and toil, and study, and struggle, to our hearts' content, but the pathway of hu- man life hath its turnings and windings, its升级s and downhills, its smooth spots and craggy spots, its flowers and its thorns, its goods and its ills; which we can neither foresee, nor skim, nor con- quere. And thus it was with Michael Kessell. Dame Fortune was kind to him. His fields groaned under their rich crops, his big barn was crowded with the spoils of the jocund harvests, his labours were vigorous and willing, and asked but meagre wages, money flowed into his coffers with a full and steady current; and yet all these blessings did not and could not shield him from the "slings and arrows" with which that same Dame Fortune, when she chooses to be outrageous, delights in hurling at the heads of even her most special favorites. It has been amply set forth how the precocious Kristina stabbed his peace, in her first and only maternal effort, by the unpardonable mistake she committed in the sex of her offspring—how she added to her sin by persistently declining all fur- ther domestic enterprises of that nature—how she outraged all classical taste, and violated all the sanctities of her home and household, by her inordinate pro- ctility for adnoide matter, and conse- quent do-nothings—all this has been duly set forth, with much carefulness, if not with prolixity. Then followed the kidnapping of Louie by her strong- minded and benevolent captor, followed by the catastrophe of her being incarcerated in a Yankee school-house, subject to the tender mercies of a Yankee school- master. Now, one would naturally think that Dame Fortune, after playing so many vile tricks upon a harmless Penn. sylvania Dutchman, would have been satisfied. Not a bit of it. "But how it happened we will tell you in our next, and therefore we will write [Continued.]"
SORROW AND HOPE.

Supposed during a Visit to Lone Mountain Cemetery.

BY LIONEL.

Ah! tell me not that Memory
Sheds gladness o'er the Past:
What is rest'd by faded flowers,
Sure, that they do not last,—Miss Landon.

I stay'd where the loved and lamented are sleeping.
At evening, as sunset was gilding the wave,
While near, for her last one, a Sister was weeping—
Affection's last tribute to Worth's early Grave.

"Rest, Brother!"—she whisper'd,—"and peace to thy slumber,
And light lay the earth on thy venerable breast;
For never again will thou gladden our number,
Until we unite in the Realm of the Blest."

Like low, a murmur'd music from Sorrow's huts sighing,
Her prayer soon'd the cadence of Love's melody;
As and as the moaning of wave-songs dying
At night, when the crescent moon silvers the sea:
Her look, so serene and repose with devotion,
Awoke to Rememberance the treasures of yore;
My heart caught the light of congenial emotion,
And woke o'er the Friendships that cheer me no more.

Thou beautiful Mourner! the spring's fairest blossom
Can never compare with the wealth of thy charms;
Thrice happy his fate—the endear'd of thy bosom—
When weary and falter, to find out in those arms!
Repine, then, no longer—let hope of the morrow
Dissipate all thy sadness in seasons like this;
Yet oh, thou art lovelier now, void'd in sorrow,
Than ever shone Beauty in moments of bliss.

When lone in the valley this form is reposing,
And every fond trace of my name disappears,
Should some faithful Friend, when the twilight is closing,
Beseech the spot where the dew of her tears—
Methinks, that my Spirit around her would hover,
Unheeded in woes interweaving its lot;
And there, while the shadows of night floated over,
The Grave, and its coldness alike, were forgot.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1858.
History informs us of no period, and of no people, among whom the family hearthstone has not had its place. There is no savage or barbarous tribe that has not its subdivisions into smaller circles, who find shelter in separate caves, or in separate huts, wigwams or cabins.

Where, on the face of the earth, is the half-civilized, nomadic race—however united and peaceful among themselves—who yet have not separate tents to dwell in, and who do not show the instinct for family grouping? What feudal clan has not had its master clanship? What gipsy tribe that has not its separate grotesque, or under-ground huts? What Hobson race without its keep, or village of circular huts, covered with mat? So, as we ascend in civilization, the family instinct—if I may so say—still is strong: declaring itself in the separate dwellings which crowd together in modern cities.

In the order of Providence, every man stands at the head of a tribe, class, clan, or family, which is peculiarly his own: peculiarly under his control and protection, and peculiarly united to him by consanguinity, affection and name. Father, mother and children compose a group that stands together in a near and peculiar relationship—one ordained of God, and ordained to be, in some sense, separate and distinct from all others. These little communities are held together by ties such as do not admit of being extended abroad; such as are too tender and intimate to be applied to larger circles; such as are too sacred for general use.

Mankind are compelled into family groups by the divine law of instinct, and are held together by the law of affection—so little divine. In the order of Providence, men stand at the head of a tribe, class, clan, or family, which is peculiarly his own: peculiarly under his control and protection, and peculiarly united to him by consanguinity, affection and name. Father, mother and children compose a group that stands together in a near and peculiar relationship—one ordained of God, and ordained to be, in some sense, separate and distinct from all others. These little communities are held together by ties such as do not admit of being extended abroad; such as are too tender and intimate to be applied to larger circles; such as are too sacred for general use. Mankind are compelled into family groups by the divine law of instinct, and are held together by the law of affection—so little divine.

Yet of socialism, agrarianism or communism has yet proved strong enough to break down these laws and social barriers. No general community system, it is to be presumed, can ever awaken such interest or attain such popularity as to dissolve those deep and mysterious sympathies which bind heart to heart in the circle of home. Many benevolent theories have been set up; many fanciful schemes have been tried, upon the basis of the community system, proposing a community of goods, a community of labor and a community of social life; but, thus far, there has been nothing better than failure. All plans of reform, grounded upon what is called the community system, or socialism, have, in all their practical results, proved to be simply Utopian, or visionary. It has been found a difficult work, and I think it will be forever found more and more an impossible work, to reconstruct human society upon a new social basis. It needs no prophet to tell us that all reforms which are attempted on the ruins of the family relation, as to its exclusiveness, sacredness and intimacy, will not succeed, and can not stand. Such reforms must work against the grain of human nature, and will require more than human force to overcome the friction consequent. It may safely be predicted that the family relation, in all its present and essential characteristics, will stand, as it has stood, the test of time, of social change and successive revolutions. I do not say, nor do I believe, that social reform is impossible, or that it is not very much needed. All I attempt to say is, that whatever of reform in existing social evils takes place, it must take place in such a manner, and be conducted by such methods

MORAL POWER

that have the family ties unbroken. And, moreover, if any of the social evils which assail us, and of which any politician, have their relation; so, there clearly, the old family

solid power of the family hearthstone.

BY R. P. CUTLER.

MORAL POWER

that I say, that our social evils

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MORAL POWER OF THE FAMILY HEARTHSTONE.

As to leave the family fast untouched and uninvaded. And, moreover, as I do not see that any of the social evils which exist around us, and of which we may so justly complain, have their origin in the family relation; so, therefore, I do not see why the old family organization should be attacked and broken up. But if it can be proved that our social evils result from the division of society into separate families—which, I think, can not be shown—then I should say, at once, that our social evils are incurable and Providential: that they are ordained and necessary, and their source perennial and exhaustless, and I should give over all hope of reformation in despair.

One class of reformers are seeking to pull down the existing forms of society, remove the old landmarks and bury the old lines of policy; to sweep away the present order of things, good and bad together, and from a clean foundation to construct a new organization. Another class, less confident of their ability to originate a better general order of things—knowing that it is far easier to tear down than to build up—and believing that much of the present mechanism of society results from Providential arrangements, are willing to attempt reform through existing institutions, and think it better to aim the truth at men's convictions than at their institutions, hoping first to reform ideas, and then customs, more effectually and thoroughly.

Whichever of these two modes of reform, or classes of reformers, is the wisest and the best, will depend very much upon the nature and circumstances of the evil to be remedied. If the social evil to be removed were such as could be met by direct action, and such as were more or less under the control of legislation, I should say that the most searching, speedy and radical means should be resorted to, and that the evil should be cut up by the roots.

But, if the social evil proposed to be met, were poverty, would it be wise to recommend an instant and equal division of property—to lay out agrarian plots of relief? Or would it be wise to direct whole communities to throw their wealth into a common stock—to disturb the whole order of society—to break up settled and harmless customs—to innovate upon the wise regulations of domestic life, and invite all to one common table—to the enjoyment of one indiscriminate bounty?—Would the radical and destructive method meet the case, and provide a permanent cure? Let it be remembered that poverty has a great variety of causes: misfortunes, mis-management, incapacity, vice, indulgence and, in this country, it has chiefly a personal origin. Indolence and vice are the main sources of poverty in this country. As everybody knows, our prisons and almshouses are filled with those who have come to want or crime through the drum-shop, gambling-house and brothel.

Now, would an equal division of property so much as touch the causes of this evil? Would socialism, in any of its forms yet known; would even the bright dream of Fourier—suppose it could ever be brought to a fair, scientific and practical test—remedy the evil of poverty in its sources? Is socialism, or the commissary system, in any of its manifold shapes, equal to the task of performing miracles for human society? Can you heal the diseases and supply the defects of human nature by any outward or visible appliances? Will the cunning devices of any new organizations of society save men from misfortune—from the ravages of fire and sinking ships—from insolvency—from indulgence and the sway of overpowering passions? There is reason to think that this cannot be. No mere outward, radical movement, it is reasonable to believe, would effect the permanent removal of poverty, supposing...
that the evil to be remedied. It is not
to be done by making war upon the pres-
cent order of society. The cut-and-thrust
method is not the one which promises
the best results in such an enterprise of
philanthropy. Revolution would, by no
means, ensure reform. The present or-
der of things might be thrown into con-
fusion, and yet the real grievance go un-
reduced. Where the difficulty is partly
moral, there must be a partial reliance
upon moral remedies. And, as to this
particular matter of poverty, like many
other social evils, its burdens and sorrows
must be alleviated by a more general dif-
fusion of the human and Christian spirit
of charity, by effecting a cure of those
vices which produce it, and by a multi-
tude of other means that cannot be re-
ferred to, arising out of the progress of
society in real civilization, and the deeper
and wider prevalence of the Christian
religion—operating as certainly and un-
controllably as the laws of nature. We
can see, at once, then, that the family,
the hearthstone, the society and exclu-
siveness of home, does not stand in the
way of any useful or benevolent reform,
whatever. Home, the cherished sympa-
thies of the household, the privileges of
domestic life, may remain firm on their
present basis, and yet all the conceivable
enterprises of sober and discreet refor-
more go forward only the more surely and
safely for the existence of these family
and domestic ties. I have now been
speaking at some length, with an objec-
tion in view, sometimes made to the family
institution; for the socialists account
the present organization of society into
families one of the chief impediments to
the practical success of their theories, or
dreams, as I regard them, of social refor-
mation.

But let us now turn to some of the
blessings of home and the hearthstone—
its social uses and moral advantages.
A
good home! To what place on earth
does the heart cling so fondly, and with
such pleasing and indestructible recol-
clections. The home of our childhood! It is
the green spot of our earthly existence,
where the memories both in the sunshine
and in the shade are so consistently
bright; the place of our nativity, the
place of our nativity, the nursery where
the opening germs of manhood received their
first heat and direction. Home! a word
which lies very near the heart of us all—imbod-
ed in tender and sacred associations! All that
is endeared in the relations of parents
and children, brothers and sisters, the
mother's watchful love, a father's protec-
tion, filial reverence and fraternal regards
—all cling around the word "Home,"
and over it always is spread the radiance
of those remembered joys and pleasures,
such as the memory of life only knows.

But, as the home of childhood is the
place which lies in the memory surround-
ing with the happiest and brightest fan-
cles, so should the home of our manhood
be the home which we construct for our-
ourselves—be the charmed spot to which
the heart and the step return most lightly
and gladly. The man who makes for
himself a happy home has the chief means
of all earthly comfort and blessing. He
need not care much for the world's fa-
fors or favours. If his home is happy,
there is always a place of refuge in ad-
vance and in prosperity. Nor where will
the light of his success shine so brightly
as upon his hearthstone. Amidst the
peace and affection of home, and nowhere
closely so well, is the tear and tear of life
repaired. When the world goes wrong,
when misfortune overtakes the man of

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business, when friends turn away, when
the reptile, Slander, bites the character
with its poisonous fang, when the world's
various scorn is heaped upon you, all un-
deserved, when the suspicion and dis-
trust of your fellow-men follow you
through every walk and by-path, though
innocent of wrong; when injustice or
calamity spreads the clouds of discour-
agement over your prospect, and the
shadows of disappointment fall upon your
path; when you are wrung, misunder-
stood, injured and neglected, what a re-
lief, what a blessing, what a balm to the
wounded spirit must it be to enter the
doors of your happy dwelling—shutting
the cold world out, and the warm affec-
tions of what is more than all the world
to you, in. Here is one place where
your presence is welcome; here is one
spot of earth which is not blighted by
suspicion; here is one little circle by
whom your word is trusted, and who em-
brace you with their generous confidence;
here are a few hearts to whom you may
breath your troubles and sorrows, with
the certainty of meeting the response of
a real sympathy; here you find those
whom you can love, and those in whom
you can confide; and what is more to
the purpose now, in this, your hour of
darkness, those who will cordially recip-
itate your confidence and, more than all,
your affection. Yes, make your
home happy, and you have a bulwark
of security against most of the ordinary
evils of life. Make your home happy,
and you will never wish to desert the
joys of the fireside for monotonous pleasures.
Make your home happy, and you have
an ark of safety amidst the storms of life.
Make your home happy, and you may
extract the deepest sting of disappoint-
ment; you may hold the world's scorn
at arm's length, and almost defy the
shafts of misfortune. In a happy home
Peace dwells, a perpetual and honored
guest. Love is there, amidst all the in-
tercourse, smoothing it all. Patience is
there, with a composed aspect. Order,
Cleanliness and Diligence give to it an
air of decorum. It needs no luxuries
or expensive adornments. Cosily furni-
ture, soft carpets, and the rich embellish-
ments of art, are things wholly independ-
ent of the real happiness of home. These
things may be no impediments to social
happiness; they may increase it, in many
instances; but they do not compose its
staple ingredients. Right dispositions,
cherished among all the members of the
household, are far more important; little
offices of kindness, freely done, are more
important; quick, irratable and jealous
temper, soured and crushed, and kept
under by a mighty resolution and victo-
rious self-government, and gentle affec-
tions, and mild virtues, are far more im-
portant to the happiness of home than
all the gilded decorations or splendid
luxuries that the universe can afford.
Home is the place where the Religion
of Christ should exert its power most ef-
ficaciously, and there, too, shall its most
divine blessings. It is not too much to
say that the Son of God himself, came
into the world to make home happy, to
make its inmates virtuous, to make the
heart and dispositions right, and thus to
diffuse through every family circle and
around every fireside a peace, and joy,
and divine happiness, which the world
can not give, and only the Saviour himself
can impart.
Let the gentle Saviour have a seat
around the heartstone, and the light
of His smile shall gladden the whole scene
and drive away every shadow. Let Him
speak daily from the open page of divine
wisdom; let His precepts and gracious
parables enter the mind every morning
before the cares of the world rush in;
let the spirit of His Gospel breathe upon
the heart before it is exposed to the con-
taminations of sin, and home shall be-
come, in the providence of God, an earthly
Paradise—a miniature, an abratotype of the Heavenly world.

But every member must do his part, and strive, with faithful endeavor, to make home virtuous and happy. Each can bring his daily offering and tribute of blessing. Let Peace he enthroned there; let Love and Confidence walk around the throne; let Piety have its altar; and Christ his welcome; let Knowledge spread there its books and its treasures; let Cheerfulness be at the board, and warm affections in the heart, and all shall go well. Then home shall be what it was ordained to be; then it will be a refuge in adversity for your-...
MORAL POWER OF THE FAMILY HEARTHSTONE.

No State can rise to its proper magnitude and gain its proper efficiency without the aid of mothers and children. No State can long exist without the at once controlling and impelling influence of the hearthstone. Where the family force does not prevail, it will be in vain to look for the elements of greatness, prosperity or renown.

The hearthstone is the real palladium of our liberties, as it is the centre of social happiness, the defense of Order and the stronghold of Religion.

I THINK OF THEE.

Translated from the German of Heiligenblatt.

By J. D. Strong.

I think of thee,
When in the grove
The nightingale
Sings of her love;
And when to thee
Come thoughts of me?

I think of thee,
Where twilight gleams
Upon my path,
By shiny streams—
But where to thee
Come thoughts of me?

I think of thee,
With tender fears,
With heart-felt sighs,
And burning tears—
How, then, to thee
Come thoughts of me?

I think of thee,
Till brighter stars
Shine on our love!
However far,
Always to me
Come thoughts of thee.

IMMORTAL THOUGHTS.—Oh, tell me not that all things here decay; that, as soft Spring’s last blossom dies away, when Summer’s harried course shall have begun, change follows change, with each successive sun. For, though the ever-swelling sea, Forgetfulness, the Past embraces with a warm embrace, to steal its treasures, one by one, away, there still remain, that mock at Death’s decay, immortal thoughts, whose impress shall endure forever, noble, lustrious, bright, and pure. The stars that crown the ornament of thought, whose shadows by the stream of Time are caught—that, as successive ages swiftly glide its waters o’er—they, gazing on the tide from whence these brilliant shine, may seek the skies, that touch: “the hand of gnosti never dies!” Go search the sacred realm of Knowledge through—stand in her dazzling light—and let the view rise on the soul in waves of pure delight, till wonder flies, ashamed, before the sight; take there the model of each great design; lose off whatever thou couldst wish, as things: then turn, surprised, that all it still retains—the shadows go, but life itself remains. Where dark oblivion’s wilder surge is cast upon the broken shores that guarded the traveled Past—the landmarks’ sound of Immortality; those monuments, that face the gloomy sky—not lifted up to Heaven in
Baled pride, for such long since are buried 'neath the tide—but thoughts that from the mist ontah, as Deity created them—divine. Unnumbered ages since have passed away; their light first added brilliance to day; and Death, upon the fast retreating waves, looks with a mourn on what he vainly craves; for fadless are those gems of long ago— their diamond sparks as bright and pure as though but yesterday they heard the bold decree of genius: "these immortal er's shall be." 

Now, turn you to the heartrending cliff—Sublime—and listen to the sweetly varying chime, as Gaasia strikes upon the corded lyre, perhaps a song, the creature to inspire with high resolves and hopeful energy; perhaps a strain that seems an angel's plea to God for blessings on mankind below—so full of sympathy for others' woe, it finds, like gratitude, the inmost heart, to drink the tear of sorrow when we part; to probe and heal the deepest wound of care, and touch the anodyne for dark despair. Oh, tell me not that words that fail, like grace, upon the anxious or the sorrowing face, shall ever be lost! They form, in part the mind—the universal soul of all mankind. 

When sinks the last decaying arch of Time, its ruins will repeat their mellow chime, as if, at first, they had been born in Heaven, and to the Earth, as marks of favor, given. 

T. E. P.

Our Social Chair.

How naturally the Social companions of a fun-loving circle draw closer together their Chairs, when any good jokes or stories are upon the topic! Into that circle and at that time, no business or business-thoughts are allowed an entrance, as in such a case, it would become—like some persons who thus intrude—the very ogre of the time as of the circle; and experience has no doubt taught us all, that such a champ is once broken, there seems to be no power potent enough to reestablish and reunite it as it before existed. Yet, this is too regretted, inasmuch as at those delightful business-laboring seasons the mind and body become reinvigorated and revived, like the withering flower by the rippling of the gentle rain. Indeed, these Social gatherings are essential to a vigorous and healthy life, and are worth all other kinds of medicine to a mind oppressed. Now, if the reader will promise to tell us some good jokes, or relate to us some mirth-provoking stories for our next meeting, we will allow him to occupy a seat in this our Social Chair—with this reminder, that we not only prefer the good, but Californian.

We cannot say that we desire to know that man who can take up a number of the glorious old Knickerbocker Magazine without feeling the heart-gushings of a nobler life, as he reads it, or finds not the corners of his mouth drawn slightly up as his eye scans the broad humor of its pages. As an example of the latter, read one clipping from:

The following is a transfer, as our "memory serves," of a story told us by a metropolitan friend the other day; but our readers must have one thing in mind, and that is, that it is as impossible to give the "intoned" version of it our informant, as it was for him to repeat the nasal twang and indescribable manner of his clerico-artistic example: "During a short sojourn, recently, in the "modern Athens," our friend, "I visited, as every stranger in Boston should do, the photographic rooms..."
strain to the counterfeited presentations of some of the most noted of Boston celebrities, with which the rooms do much abound, there came in a queer-looking personage, bearing under one arm a roll of paper. A comical dog he was—a sort of mixture: a cross, querulous, between a Vermont horse-jockey and a Methodist parson. His speech was a most attemted drawl, with the camp-meeting style of oration. Sounding himself, and depositing on the floor beside him a needly-looking hat, he eyed the company present with a curious and deliberate stare. After some minutes, he caused his gaze on Mr. Masury, the proprietor, and approached him, unrolling, as he advanced, the paper bundle. His story I will give you in his own words, only regretting that I cannot convey the tone and style: “If the proprietor is disgruntled, I’d like to speak with him a few minutes. I have for sale two pictures; but before I show you the pictures, I’d like to tell you who I am. My name is De Forest; I’m a minister of the Gospel—come and see the pictures. The pictures are true; the pictures are true—the Lord’s Prayer and Go-and-Sin-n’-More. Around the borders you’ll see ten esquis; each one an ‘em is given’ utterance to one of the ten commandments; also, a bee-hive, which is the emblem of industry. Last, any gentleman should be disposed to doubt the truth of what I’m telling, I’ll show you my credentiaals. (Here Mr. De Forest produced from his pocket a greasy memorandum book and continued.) These credentiaals are from some of the first men, we can kindredly to you; read across both pages, if you please; many of these names are no doubt familiar to you; they are the most prominent men during my stay in Washington. One gentleman, who has ten children, took ten copies of the Lord’s Prayer, and said he was sorry he had ’nt ten more children, that he might give each one of them a copy. Governor Floyd, of Virginia, he took three copies of Go-and-Sin-n’-More, and would or taken a copy of the Lord’s Prayer, but he had ’nt no place to put it. This picture, Go-and-Sin-n’-More, you’ll perhaps recollect the circumstances on the recovery of the portraits brought before our Saviour the woman taken in the act of adultery; these were the same party that made broad their phylactrices; you’ll see the phylactrices on the crowns of their hats. I say, when they brought the woman, they said in Meecin’s time such would be stoned—what say they? I’m pleased that they said, tempting him. Our Saviour stooped down and wrote on the ground, making ‘leave He did n’t hear ’em, and pretty soon they all looked out. Then He looked up at the woman and said: ‘Who hath condemned thee?’ ‘No one, Lord.’ ‘Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.’ The principal figure in this plate is our Saviour, a very correct likeness, from an engrav’d daguerree—type, now in the possession of the family. We charge you two dollars for the picture, and charge nothing for the key. Do you say you’ll take a copy? I stopped into a milliner’s shop down here a-piece, and every young lady took a copy of the Lord’s Prayer, and they all said they’d like Go-and-Sin-n’-More, but they could n’t afford two, the picture was too hard. Two dollars for the picture and nothing for the key. I came very night seeking Mr. Buchanan a Go-and-Sin-n’-More, but he concluded to wait till after his term was out, and he’d retired into private life. If no gentleman wants a copy I’ll be going. Good bye, gentlemen; I hop by the time I come around again you’ll all be ready to take a copy of Go-and-Sin-n’-More.” And the professional Mr. De Forest departed with his bundle. A few suggestions, in this connection. The “deedness” claimed by our artist-divine is an excuse for leaving the ministry, could hardly have been valid for his congregation deserting him, if we may infer what sort of ministrations his must have been; but he might have been as “deedless” as a post, it seems to us, without greatly affecting his preaching. We are sorry to find that Governor Floyd had no place for the Lord’s Prayer among his Go-and-Sin-n’-Mores; sorry also that poor sewing-girls, had to decline the latter, because times were so hard; (in terrible satire, truly “founded,” we fear,) and very sorry that our worthy “President” should have found it necessary to make such a “plio in urbe” of such a precious clause as was tenchored him. But Mr. De Forest will be around again.

Yours ever in Art who visited the late exhibition of the Mechanics’ Institute, San Francisco, will remember that at the end of the north wing there was an oil painting, by Mr. Nah, of two sweet and gentle Anglo girls. There were life-like portraits of two much-loved children belonging to Capt. M. B. Roberts, both of whom “stole the sleep which knows no waking” within twenty-four hours of each other, and were conveyed together to the grave in the same...
Now, if the reader don't like "girl," we do, and we confess it. But to the point. Not very long ago a young man sent us an article upon which he had evidently bestowed considerable labor; and, although it was not quite good enough for a corner in our periodical, it was more than sufficient to warrant us in replying to him, as we have done. We like to see it done.

The following, from the Shasta Courier, we should like to see in our Magazine at all, and then, why I wrote no better: Well, in the first place, I must acknowledge that.

"Not void of hope I come, For whose you find, as youthful laurels, of fame." Yes, sir; I am ambitious of a literary name. That is in a partial acknowledgment. Then I saw, somewheres that Sir W. Scott had said, that a man with a magazine had it in his power to do a great deal for young men. I saw yours and liked it. I liked your tone, and said to myself that you would do all you could for a young writer. I wrote, and you know with what success.

Now, sir, for the reason why I wrote no better: In the first place, I am self-educated. From ten to twenty-four (my present age) I have had to "how my own row through the world," and it has been full of stumps and weeds. I never went to school but very little, and I never did go to a good school; so that I had to earn a great deal that I learned. I came to California in '49; but since I have been here, I have spent my leisure hours for books, and my bar-room hours in reading them. Yet I am young yet, and my education has just commenced; so you see that I have no right to be "veoded." If my efforts do not find a place in a magazine where the graduates of Yale, Harvard, Cambridge, and other institutions of learning, are contending for the laurel-wreath.

In the true that it was not if they did; but that they do not make himself every one.

If you choose my arrangement, I will submit to the critic of the Shasta Courier; and, if I know your way of asking for their own than the for anything by the right of it.

But I speak to count beginnings, and in the my soul which may be accomplished.

For moment in Philadelphia. Not so much sentiment as voluntary exertion had finished may served him right.

But the anecdote is true. We strolled down South Street, the picturesque female going to the same of a kitten.

In the conductor's room, we met Mr. Smith, having finished his exercise, and lastly resting upon the stairs of a tenement house, when he told us he did this, his other companion, Brown had a boy to obtain a police license, which had lodged at the corner of the road, at Mr. Smith's former establishment was present.

Not made Smith, and the staggering was the regulation put upon his a very pretty, were before who happen.
hence. None but a deceived parent can fully realize the extent of their loss. To such we commend the following beautiful lines, from the Providence Daily Journal:

When the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, sacred dread,
Death was merciful, and just:
Leave the other, but, alas!

While we watched, he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the house was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence, to go;"
So, to ease the parting pain,
That "Your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parent think of this!
Just remember were she lies;
From the little veiled lips,
And the print of finger-mark.

Left upon a broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister cherished the dogs
With their pretty sunshine ways.

Only Time can give relief
To their woe, awesome grief;
Gos's sweet minister of pain
Then shall slay of loss and gain.

But, "are they not all ministering spirits," who shall attend our every step in the rugged and often wearying pathway of life? Yes, verily.

In any one can put together a nearer way of seeking for their own than the following, from the Boston Courier, we should like to see it done:

PER SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—The following dialogue occurred, we reckon, between a printer after an unsuccessful collecting tour and an exceedingly intelligent depart- ed spirit. We print it for the benefit of about two or three hundred people, whose names we have carefully preserved in a book:

"Tell me, angelic host,
To messengers of love,
Shall suffering printer here below
Have no respite above?"

The angelic being replied—
"To us is knowledge given—
Deliouusest on the printer's books,
One never enter Heaven!"

Now, if the reader don't like "grit," we do, and we confess it. But to the point.

Not very long ago a young man sent us an article upon which he had evidently bestowed considerable labor; and, although it was not quite good enough for a corner in our pages, it was with some reluctance that we declined it. This vexed him some- what—as it doth often do others—and, attempted to address us a brief note, expressing his disappointment. Seeing the earnestness and vigor with which he wrote, we pressed him a few lines privately. (je, like a sensible man, had sent us his ad- dress,) with suggestions for his improve- ment in the particular department in which he was deficient. The reply came, which we are tempted to give to the readers of the Chair:

Oct., 13th, 1858.

Dean Sir,—Your very kind letter of the 8th inst. has just been received; and I feel as though I ought to offer some apology for appearing "vexed," for I had no right to be so. I will tell you why I wrote for your Magazine at all, and then why I wrote no better. Well, in the first place, I must acknowledge that.

"Not void of hope, I am,
For who so fed, as youthful bard of fame,
"Yes, sir; I am ambitions of a literary home.
That is a plain acknowledgment. Then I saw, somewhere, that Sir W. Scott had said, that a man with a magazine had it in his power to do a great deal for young men; I saw yours, and liked it. I liked your tone, and said to myself that you would do all you could for a young writer. I wrote, and you know with what success.

Now, sir, for the reason why I wrote no better! In the first place, I am self-educated. From ten to twenty-four (my present age) I have had to "look out my own row through the world," and it has been full of stamps and weeds. I never want to school but, very little; and I never did go to a good school; so that I had to wrest a great deal that I learned there. I come to Californi- "Yes, sir, I have been here. I have spent my liquor money for books, and my box-room hours in reading them. But I am young yet, and my plantation has just commenced; so you see that I have no right to be "vexed." If my efforts do not find a place in a magazine where the graduates of Yale, Harvard, Cambridge, and other institutions of learning, are contending for the laurel-wreath.

Ten pence for this article, for patrons of the Boston Courier, we understand that no other paper pays any thing for the same. For who as feed, as youthful bard of fame.

First State Street, June 30th, 1858.  

Dr. Sir, your very kind letter of the 8th inst. has just been received; and I feel as though I ought to offer some apology for appearing "vexed," for I had no right to be so. I will tell you why I wrote for your Magazine at all, and then why I wrote no better. Well, in the first place, I must acknowledge that.

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Our Social Climate

To Mark:

Thought on the 1st of June.

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

Thought on the 2nd of June.

TO MARY:

Thought on the 3rd of June.

TO MARY:

Thought on the 4th of June.

TO MARY:

Thought on the 5th of June.

TO MARY:

Thought on the 6th of June.

TO MARY:

We can talk through every thing.

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:

TO MARY:
There are times in the history of districts, as well as of nations, when passing events write their greatness and importance upon the age. It is true with California. Ten years ago she commenced the entry of an insignificant record. Then she startled the world into a doubtful possibility that an age of gold was about to be inaugurated. Ten years ago, two men were conversing together, at Coloma, upon the probability that Australia contained as vast and as rich a field of gold as California. One of those men was Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, and the other was Hargreaves, the discoverer of gold in Australia. That conversation led to the latter result. Ten years ago, men, in respectable numbers, began to populate the almost unoccupied valleys bordering the great Pacific, and began to lay that foundation upon which the present glorious superstructure of progress is gradually arising. Ten years ago, the population of California was less than twenty-seven thousand; now it is nearly six hundred thousand. Then the whole country was an uncultivated wilderness; now its valleys are gardens of loveliness. Ten years ago, not the echo of a white man's voice resounded from the mountain and pine-topped walls of the rivers; now nearly every cove is made vocal by the hum of human voices. Ten years ago, Solitude held supreme sway in the densely-timbered forests and fastnesses of wild beasts; now the woodman's axe and miner's pick announce that Solitude is no more. Ten years ago, electricity was unknown here as a channel for human thought; now we have nearly one thousand miles of telegraph line; and, even while we are now writing, the electric current is being taught to leap the tops of the Sierras—not at random, but under the discipline of human mind. Ten years ago, the East and the West were united only by vast desert solitudes; now lines of mail stages are becoming the means of a brighter union, and their way-stations the nucleus of sunny outposts of civilization. Ten years ago, the overland emigrant required one hundred and seventy days to reach the green valleys of the Sacramento from the Mississippi; now he did accomplish it in twenty-four, and probably in eighteen days. Ten years ago, no steamship crossed the waters of the great Pacific; now there is a fleet which puts us in a communication with old homes and new men—the great regret is that it should be controlled by a monopoly. Ten years ago, no cities or villages, except those of the Indian, dotted the unseen landscape; now they are to be seen alike in the fertile valleys, among the rocks of the mountain streams, and on the tops of the mountains, giving out the busy hum of active life and civilization. Ten years ago, the proudest of all the occasional vessels plowed the wave-created form of our principal harbor, San Francisco; now its annual tonnage makes it the fourth in the Union—exceeded only by New York, Boston, and New Orleans. Ten years ago, her exports consisted, almost exclusively, of hides and tallow, and that but in limited quantities; now her annual export of gold alone exceeds seventy millions of dollars; then add to that quicksilver, lumber, shingles, sheepskin, hides, tallow, wool, flour, nuts, wheat, barley, potatoes, salmon and a hundred other articles of lesser extent and value, and we may ask, what has indeed been wrought within the last ten years? Ten years ago, but a single newspaper—and that an American (the Californian)—was published from the Gulf of California to the Polar Sea; now, in this State alone, there are nearly ninety newspapers and periodicals. Ten years ago, the only articles of manufacture, with few exceptions, were the seed-gathering and cocking baskets of the Indian; now there are eighty hundred factories; besides refineries, machine shops, a paper, mill, soap, leather, whisk broom, candle and gunpowder manufactory, and an endless list of others. Ten years ago, the telegraph stretched from the East to California, but the long-sought-for Pacific Railroad. At a time when the Pacific was little more than a line for emigration to California, it became our first railway, to offer a wide and advice to those who might wish to use it. We are aware that railroads and the remittances they make no unworthy task in our history. Many are the complaints—those of the step by which it was done, those of the families behind the few brief months, those of the return to share lands and hardships. Whatever be the change, we may ask, what has indeed been wrought within the last ten years? 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we have nearly eight hundred saw, quarries, and grist-mills; besides iron and brass foundries, machine shops, sugar refineries, a paper mill, soap, paraffin, furniture, safe, lock, broom, candle and candle manufactories, and an untold number of others. These, and a thousand unmentioned causes, have united to assist California in writing her importance upon the ever-changing pages of history, and are suggestive of what she might be if her destiny were united to the East by that long-hoped-for, but too-long-delayed Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

At a time when the public mind, throughout the Eastern States and Europe, is alive with the excitement of an active preparation for emigration to the shores of the Pacific, it becomes our duty, as a public journal, to offer a word or two of caution and advice to those now contemplating such a step.

You are aware that the severing of social ties and the removal of family bonds are no unimportant proceedings in your history. Many have done this to their hearts' sorrow—not so much on account of the step taken as the way in which it was done. Men left their wives and families behind them, thinking, in a few brief months, to make a fortune, and then return to share it with those they loved and had left behind them. Their absence was prolonged for years—often many long, long years—during which times changes by death and other causes, far more painful than even death itself, told them, in tones of disappointment, that the way in which the step was taken was as imprudent as it was fruitful of unforeseen and joy-destroying consequences.

Their experiences should be allowed to teach you important lessons which we will mention: First, not to leave for these shores without bringing your family with you. Do not be in too great a hurry to start; but see that all your business arrangements are complete. Do not come with any other hope or expectation than to do only as well here as in the place you will leave behind you; and, if you are doing well where you are, be content to remain there. Upon arrival, take the first opportunity of obtaining honorable employment which may offer itself, or you can find. If you wish to go to the mines, first seek a spot that will be permanent, and then build you a nest little cottage, near to your mining claim, and, with those you love, be content there to live and labor for many years, in the same way as you would in any other country. Then, be frugal and economical. Gather around you such a social circle as you feel necessary for adding to your happiness. If you wish to engage in agricultural employment, and have sufficient money to buy you a farm and stock it, seek some suitable location; and then be careful not to purchase before thoroughly examining, with some well-tried friend or acquaintance, the title thereto.

If these brief remarks are attended to, we venture to say that, ere many years have rolled away, you will bless the day when you sought the shores of the Pacific as a home for yourself and your family; and be relieved from the anxieties of an older country, at the same time that a fine prospect is offered to your rising family.

To Correspondents.

L. E., Sierra.—With pleasure we accept your offer.

J. L. R.—We most cordially welcome you to our little family of contributors.

W. McLemore.—We greatly regret that we cannot offer you the free papers and periodicals you requested. We can only send you one copy, and we are therefore unable to accommodate you.

Mr. Lane.—Your "God pity the Poor," is worthy of a noble nature, such as yours seems to be. We shall find it a comfort, for we like it.

H. P., Soma.—What a surprise you have given us! We expected that your great efforts in poetic literature would either have killed you long ago, or taught you common sense. There's no hope for you, we fear; but send us along.
The members of Senator Trump are prematurely disturbed by the announcement of the arrival of the first Overland Mail—23 days 21 hours from St. Louis. He becomes excited, while making his toilet.

Satisfied of the fact, he is out short in his intention to accost her by an unveiled introduction to a larger beer saloon; but hearing the cry of "The stage! The stage!" he rushes round the corner for a sight—and gets one.

Determines that no accidents of his in his bed-chamber shall prevent him from sharing in the joy and enthusiasm of the public, on the street. He makes a rapid, though an unusual and somewhat unpopular descent.

After regaining his equilibrium and his breath, he passes by his opinion of freemen—who are always in a hurry—to "congratulate his fellow-citizens" on the success of the Overland Mail. He mounts a vinegar cask to make a motion, and makes one.

His gallantry being wounded, as well as his bank, by his uncivilized intrusion upon a company of ladies, he wishes to explain and apologize, but finds they have suddenly vanished. Wonders if that "splendid creature" yonder is one of them.

That motion, if it damped his clothes, he defied it doing the same with his patriotism; and he would celebrate that day by a few glasses of "Sparkling California," he would. His feelings becoming too great for attention sought another channel.

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Signors and Signora,

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A 

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BY COLLINS, WATCHMAKER,
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Watch repaired by express will be promptly returned, with the bill of changes. All work warranted.

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THE LYCEUM.

This popular Place of Amusement is now open for the season, enlarged and re-

fitted. Mr. and Mrs. Sturk, supported by an admirable stock company, are en-
gaged. Admission, 50 and 25 cents.

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PUBLISHER AND DEALER IN FINE AND POPULAR
Sheet Music.
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Music Books.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
During the Engagement of Mrs. Wood, the famous actress, and Miss Smith, the famous singer, who will give their fine Operatic Entertainments twice a week. Prices of Admission, $1.00, 50 and 25 cents.
PARK & WHITE,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Genuine Patent Medicines,
No. 132 Washington Street, between Sansome and Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Having resolved to stand UNRIVALLED in the FAMILY MEDICINE business, have
agreed with the Proprietors and Agents of all the GENUINE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES, throughout the United States, to keep us constantly supplied with a fresh and ample assortment at rates far below the usual market prices. By this arrangement we are enabled to offer for the inspection of Purchasers, the most extensive assortment of PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, FANCY SOAPS, which can be found on the Pacific Coast.

Also—A FULL ASSORTMENT OF ECLECTIC MEDICAL PREPARATIONS,
Manufactured by WM. S. MERRILL & CO., Cincinnatii, together with a supply of MEDICAL WORKS, PERTAINING TO THE ECLECTIC AND BOTANIC SYSTEMS OF PRACTICE.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,
FOR THE INSTANT RELIEF AND RAPID CURE OF
CONSUMPTION:
AND ALL INCipient SYMPTOMS, SUCH AS:

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Influenza, Bleeding of the Lungs, Liver Affections, Pains in the Breast and Side, Night Sweats, Phthisis, Inflammation of Lungs and Throat, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all Bronchial Affections.

DEAR BEWARE OF FALSE IMITATIONS!—As there are quite a number of counterfeits—articles bearing the name of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry—purporting to be the "Genuine and Original," we therefore deem it necessary, for the protection of ourselves, and for the public good to caution all persons who purchase the Balsam of Wild Cherry, to look well at the Signature before buying. The "Genuine Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry" has a large wax medallion bearing the signature of Henry Wistar, M. D., Philadelphia, and Stanford & Park, on a finely executed silver-engraved wrapper. Therefore, be cautious, as none can be genuine without the signature of "Stanford & Park."

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TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

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And BLUE LICK WATER, receiving it direct from the Proprietor of the Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, offering the same in quantities to suit—in bulk or bottles.