HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

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NOTICE

The contents of this issue are as follows:

**From San Francisco to One Corner of Mexico**

Illustrations: The City of Philadelphia, the Entrance to the Port of Maitland, Florida, the Great Lakes Windmill, the Port of Maitland, Florida, the Great Lakes Windmill, and more.

**The Neglected Dead**

**California Pictures**

**The Climate of California**

**The Minstrel's Fatherland**

**"Doings" of '81**

**The Chamber Where My Mother Died**

**Wild Flowers: The Pride of the Shakers' Celestial Garden**

**Early Days of the Frontier: O, Love, and Promise**

**Our Social Chair**

**The Story We Need to Learn**

**Lectures and Pulpit Sermons from the Mountains**

**A Visit to a Northern Farmer's Wife**

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**Literary Notices**

**Every Woman has a History**

**A Visit to a Northern Farmer's Wife**

**Editor's Table**

**The Eventful Year of the Plague**

**Christmas**

**Monthly Chat**

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CHARLES F. ROBBINS, PRINTER, COR. OF CLAY AND BATTERY STS.
After an active California life of nearly nine years, unrelieved by any absence from its exciting scenes, your humble servant decided upon a visit to Mexico, and for purposes of recreation and observation, sought to unite business with pleasure. How he succeeded, the following pages will be the tongue to tell. Did he wish to inform the reader in detail of all the introductory preparations necessary for properly setting out, and make him or her minutely familiar with all things appertaining to his personal appearance, or the extent and arrangement of his wardrobe, with the cut and color of his coat; the sit and shape of the identical hat.
worn; the size, quality and number of his boots and hose, and the height, exactly, of his standing shirt collar, or of its particular turn-over style (a la Byron), such is the disposition among human bipeds now-a-days to differ in taste as well as opinion, that if every other one did not suggest that "so and so" would have looked much better, besides being so much more becoming; they would most likely have the unfeeling timidity to say that it argued a lack of good sense to parade such matters before the public eye. In that we agree; therefore to our story.

On the morning of the twentieth of April last, our gallant little schooner—Geneva, Captain Donoro—after being "ready to sail to-morrow" for a couple of weeks, took her pilot on board, and quietly moving out from her berth at the wharf, as quietly dropped down the stream through the Golden Gate, and outside the leads on the ebbing tide, and there anchored. Not the breath of a breeze whispered in the sails; not the rustling plash of a wave awoke an echo from the hull, for the sea was as calm as a sheltered lake, and bright as a burnished mirror; even the seagull, whose delight is in skimming above or riding upon the storm-tossed billow, appeared spiritless and disappointed at the peaceful quietude of the elements, as, apparently, he slept on the brine. Not a cloud cast a shadow; and for the gently bearing bosom of the slumbering sea, the Geneva would have laid

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

But this was not to last; for presently, the silvery smoothness of the sea was broken by a very light breeze, and by the time the sails were set, the anchor up, and the pilot discharged, we were dashing through the tiny waves at an astonishing rate.

When fairly under way upon a voyage, how naturally the heart turns to the dear and long-cherished objects of its affection that are left behind; and as one familiar landmark after another grows less by distance, until it is finally left behind, and each dear face becomes more dear to remembrance as the golf of separation grows wider, how earnestly does memory present them before us, as if in fear lest the image should be lost, or by absence partially effaced. Then, too, we fondly feel that—

"We part—so matter how we part:
There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasures in our inmost heart,
Never revealed, and never forgot?
Why murmur at the common lot?
We part—I speak not of the pain
But when shall I each lovely spot
And each loved face behold again?"

Our reminiscences were somewhat summarily abbreviated by the appearance of a tall and awkward cabin-boy—a dark Mexican—who answered to the name "Chico," bearing a dish of soup in one hand, and a fowl, with sundries, in the other. After depositing some of the
FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO ONE CORNER OF MEXICO.

upon a voyage, now to the door of its abode; and as one
is finally left home the gulf below, and as another grows
more the gulph of sep-

care us, as if in

Then, too, we

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what with this and sundry other duties, Chico was a useful man, and his situation no sinecure. Take him all in all, Chico is a character—in his way.

Our captain—but we must not be too prolix or prosey—is a sober (almost sombre) fand and quiet Italian, (except when talking or laughing, and then his countenance is as bright as April rain, and his voice a regular gale.) He is solemn and dignified, too, (except when telling a story, and then he can do to perfection, or mimicking a would-be-great official, and then he is as jovial as you please,) and withal is a well-mannered, gentlemanly fellow, who knows and attends to his duty, and sees that others do the same.

But on, on! we dash! The wind is strong; the sails are full; the prow cuts the surging sea, and our craft is doing her best. Not an object is to be seen on the broad waste of waves that stretch to the far-off horizon; no distant sail—no "There blows a whale!" from the blith voice of a sailor, relieved the monotonous sameness of the scene, or of the life, for the past few days. At length a solitary albatross, and then another, visits us and keeps in our wake until we reach the tropics, then leaves us to return in the wake of some other vessel.

Now schools of flying-fish skim past us, one of the most beautiful and the most persecuted of all the finny tribe, which, chased by the dolphin, albatros, and a host of other enemies within the water, fly above to escape from them, when the tropic-bird, albatros, and numbers others, which are ever hovering near, pounce upon them and devour them. Then dolphins areigged to supply our breakfast-table with fresh fish, until the shadowy outline of Cape St. Lucas is visible off our larboard bow.

In three days more we have crossed the Gulf of California, and the exhilarating cry of "Land ho! land ho!" gives us the welcome tidings that "El Cretson," the landmark of the port, is in sight. Soon the pilot's boat is visible, and presently is at our side, and shortly afterwards we have shot past El Cretson into the harbor of Mazatlan; and almost before we have threaded our way among the vessels there riding at anchor, the custom-house boat, with Mexican colors flying, is alongside of us and the officer is speedily on board. As no boat is allowed near a vessel until the custom-house boat with the commandant of the port, or his deputy, has departed, and consequently, as we cannot yet go ashore, while they

EL CRETSON, THE GREAT LANDMARK FOR THE PORT OF MAZATLAN.

are settling up matters in the cabin, let us look around upon the singular and beautiful view. There can be but few prettier scenes in any part harbor of Mazatlan, the "Orotava," and a long the north breaking of which, are wrecked, a Venetian of the picturesque nut trees, the huts of lilo houses passing by.

Now in custom-house have me the capital threaded a schooner a crowd water, on the shoulders of us to know that is in Voluntary numbers, privilege and as a clerk for select the find our Hotel Na, where without are good.

The is a city is a city protection side. "The little girl is hot to the throughings are very hot."

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In any part of the world than in the harbor of Mazatlan. The bold El Cretson, the "fort" commanding the harbor, and a long row of one-storied houses on the north; the long lines of white surf breaking on an extended sand-bar, (upon which, too, several vessels have been wrecked,) and the islands Pajares and Venado on the south; and on the east, the picturesque palm and coconut trees, growing alike among the huts of the poor as the palace-like houses of the rich, are surpassingly beautiful.

Now let us go ashore, as tho.~
know what to do with the "plata" that is handed them for their services. Volunteers now muster around us in numbers, vociferously requesting the privilege of showing us to the best hotel, and as one is generally considered sufficient for so great an undertaking, we select that one, and in fifteen minutes find ourselves well provided for at the Hotel Nacional, Mons. F. Braille, proprietor, where an excellent appetite is lost without any regret, seeing that the viands are good and all well cooked.

The first impression received by a foreigner, on landing at Mazatlan, is, that it is a city of prisons, as every window is protected by strong iron bars on the outside. This is necessary no doubt, as but little glass is used, the climate being too hot to allow of it. This is apparent throughout Mexico. Most of the buildings are one-word only in height, and look very gloomy from the street; but as soon as you enter the court-yard, almost every dwelling resembles a miniature castle—the fragrant flowers and orange blossoms with which they are adorned are no less grateful to the sense of smelling than to that of sight, agreeably surprising us.

MEXICAN METHOD OF CARRYING WATER.

 thousand souls, and from her position commands much of the commerce, with all the drawbacks of a but poorly protected harbor (and which could be made one of the best, with but a comparatively small outlay.) Owing to its position to California, since the gold discovery, it has increased its size and population more than ten fold, and her well-built rows of business stores and houses, and well-paved streets, are no doubt in great measure indebted to California. Money is plentiful; business is active. Most of her importations, however, are direct from Europe, and a large portion of the heavy business men are foreigners. The Mexican officials are for the most part gentlemanly and liberal-minded men, and none more so than the intelligent Commandante of this port, giving no unnecessary trouble to such foreigners as conduct themselves with propriety. Unfortunately all have not been of the lat-
ter class. Many of the usages seem to
us rather ridiculous and illiberal; but
that is more owing to their system of
laws and government, and their perpetual
civil wars, which allow them no time to
join the great procession of Progress,
than to the spirit with which they are
carried out. These sentiments we are
aware will meet with no favor with a
certain class of illustrious spirits who
have visited there, but we are unlike in
different to their praise or blame. We
state facts. Much, however, needs, badly
needs, to be changed and corrected; for
instance, a light-house fee of not less
than fifty dollars is charged on every
vessel entering port, and there is not a
single light-house from one end of the
Mexican coast on the Pacific to the other!
Many more, of course, might be men-
tioned, but we must reserve this subject
for an alter pen, and a future time.

The principal exports of Manzanit are
logwood, silver, corn, and dried fruits—
the latter to San Francisco; the former
to the Atlantic States and Europe.

THE MEXICAN QUAIL.

Twice a week the military band plays
(at night) on the Plaza; and as persons
of all colors and countries assemble to
hear it, in great numbers, and sit here
beneath the tastefully arranged orange
trees that adorn it, the scene is as sin-
gular as it is pleasing. Here, too, for-
eigners mostly congregate in the evening
to smoke their ciger, or cigar, with
the natives, and each other. But we must
not tarry too long here, as much has to
be said about other places; and our ves-
sel having discharged part of her cargo
and received other, is ready to sail for
San Bias, one hundred and eighty miles
south, and we must not be left behind.

Let us, therefore, go aboard.

In two and a-half days, (having noth-
ing but hot breezes and nights,) we ob-
tain a sight of the tall, saddle-shaped
mountain, and the white rock called
Ponceo Blanco, and make the port of
San Bias. By Mr. Augur, a long resi-
dant German merchant, we are favored
with a brief history and description of
this place. San Bias was merely a mili-
tary station under the old Spanish gov-
ernment. Men-of-war were here held,
and afterwards found shelter in the har-
bor. At present it is full of sand, and
accessible only to vessels of light draft
and tonnage; but in those times it had
sufficient depth for the largest frigates.
No commerce was allowed, and there was no com-
mercial communication by sea with Sonora.
Travelers for these dis-
tant parts were obliged to submit to a long and
difficult land journey on mules or on horseback.
Manzanit did not then
exist, and the only port
on the western coast of
Mexico, or, as it was
called then, La Nueva
Espana, whose merchants were allowed
continually watched and interfered with
by the Spanish authorities, was Acapulco.
There, twice a year, arrived the Neo,
to transact business, although they were
a large armed vessel of the Government,
from Manila, in which only privileged parties were allowed, under certain restrictions, to ship such goods as they had bought for the purpose in China, the East Indies, the Spanish Colonies and the Filipinas.

After the insurrection of 1810, when the customary channels of business in the interior were often obstructed, or all communication cut off with Vera Cruz, the only port on the east coast where, formerly, European manufactures were allowed to be imported, not from the countries of production direct, but exclusively from Cadiz, under restrictions similar to those prescribed for the Nao, a new branch of importing trade was gradually established by Spanish merchants, on the west coast. British, French and German vessels brought the produce of

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO ONE CORNER OF MEXICO.

their respective countries to the ship markets of the West Indies, and from thence they were taken to Panama, which, during the war of independence, became the emporium for trade on the west coast of Mexico, as well as of Southern America. Many families are still found in the Western States of Mexico, the descendants of merchants occupied in those times with the trade between Panama, Acapulco and San Blas, and who afterwards settled in this country.

This was the beginning of San Blas as a commercial port, and the last Capital General of Nuova Galicia—then the name of the present State of Jalisco—General Cruz, who at the time resided in Guadalajara, the capital of Nuova Galicia, and died in Paris, not only allowed this trade to be carried on privately, in order to procure himself new resources, but he opened San Blas, officially, as a commer-
cial port, and Nao were permitted to come over from Manila, as formerly in Acapulco, besides the trading vessels from Panama.

Since the year 1825, San Blas has become the chief port for the State of Jalisco; but, partly from its unhealthy climate, which in September, October and November—say during the latter part and the end of the rainy season—is really scrofulous, and partly from other causes, of local and personal interest, it has never been able to enter into competition with Mazatlan—which has been opened to foreign trade since 1830 or 1831—and at Colima, where, in consequence of the American blockade, in 1840, some German importing houses were established, and a pretty active business has been carried on through the port of Manzanillo—Colima being situated about twenty-five leagues from the coast. Although the climate of Mazanillo is worse still than that of San Blas, and in spite of San Blas having its Colima in Tepic—a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, twenty leagues from the coast: say about one-fourth of the distance from the port to Guadalajara—it is a fact that the trade of Mazatlan and Colima has been in actual progress; whereas, that part of the Guadalajara business which is carried on through San Blas, has remained almost stationary during the last twenty-five years. The distance from Manzanillo to Guadalajara being about the same as from San Blas to Guadalajara—say ninety leagues, approximately—and the former port possessing considerable advantages, by the monthly calling of the American steamers from and to Panama, the import trade of Guadalajara is divided between the two ports; whereas, the silver exportation from the interior, by way of Guadalajara, is almost exclusively confined to Manzanillo.

After a brief stay at San Blas, we engaged a canoe and a couple of Mexicans to take us down the coast, as far south as the Bay of Banderas. This was a somewhat hazardous enterprise; for sometimes we were several miles from land; and, had a storm arisen, our little craft would most likely have found its way to "Davy's locker," and ourselves to the voracious stomach of some huge shark, of which there are plenty along the Mexican coast.

Thus confined in this tiny craft, with the sun pouring down its streams of solar fire upon us, protected only by the shade of a small umbrella, the heat reflected from the glassy-surfaced sea, and putting in at night to some small land-locked bight, to sleep upon the sandy shore, in three days time we arrived in safety at Chemisito, a small settlement on the Bay of Banderas, and were kindly received and comfortably domiciled in a palm-leaf hut.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO ONE CORNER OF MEXICO.

Those who have ever entered the Bay of Banderas, know that it is almost as much out of the world, so far as commerce and civilization is concerned, as some similar spot upon the coast of Africa. Its solitude is almost unbroken;

but an occasional whaling or smuggling vessel ever enters it, the former for fresh water, meat and fruits, the latter to escape paying duties on goods intended for Tepic and other cities. Yet in out-of-the-way corners, all around this Bay, there are little settlements of from six to one hundred persons, who live on fruits, corn and fish. Indeed, Nature seems voluntarily to have supplied nearly all their wants. Corn is their great staple of food, and of this two crops a year are produced, with but little labor. If they require a vessel to hold water, they go into the woods and cut a gourd; if they want a cork to confine it, a corn cob is broken off and inserted; if they wish a clothes-line, a wild vine is immediately cut off, and then fastened to a tree. Tobacco (and nearly all, both men and women, smoke cigars) is grown almost everywhere; and if they need paper with which to confine the tobacco, a husk of corn is the first material thought of.
posting and sketching; eating tortillas and frijoles, birds and fish; bathing and sleeping, we paid a visit to Tomoto, a pretty little village on a river of the same name, at the head of the Bay of Banderas, where Don Alphonso, our hospitable entertainer, is the patriarch and father, if not the founder, of the village. Every member of the settlement seems to be in some way related. Here every Saturday night is devoted to dancing and frolicking; but not in drinking, for not a single drop of liquor is allowed to be kept. Corn, tobacco, beans, and fruits, are here raised in considerable quantities. Here, too, the rainy season, and the coast fever, both overtook us; and we were glad to return to Chemisio. Upon our again setting foot upon this spot, we found that although we had been absent but five days, an army of land-crabs, called by the natives "enemies," had taken the place by storm. Every foot of ground was covered with them. Every article of clothing was half eaten up by them—land-crabs here, there, everywhere! Did we walk out, this army, numbering millions, would retreat in confusion on either side of our path; did we enter our hut, they were upon the floor, on every palm leaf that formed the side, and even climbed into the very interstices of the roof, and dropped down on our bed! Pharaoh in Egypt could not not have been much better supplied with frogs, in proportion, than we were with land-crabs. We were out-generated by the genus cancer. We were fairly beaten, vanquished; yaas, conquered, by a small, purple-backed, ten-legged burrower in the sandy seashore, not over two and a-half inches broad! There is also another class, belonging to the same genus, which certainly amused us more than they troubled us, known as the pirate-crab. These are very unprincipled smugglers; having no house of their own upon their back, they hunt among the seashells on the shore until they find one about the right size for them, when they back straight into it, and march off, looking as natural as though they had grown up together. When one has worn out his house, or finds that he has grown too large for it, he starts out prospecting until he finds the one to suit him, then croops out of the one and backs into the other. These shells being almost of all shapes, kinds, colors, and varieties, they present a very ludicrous appearance.

What with fever, land-crabs, and air, we seemed incapable of breathing, we thought it prudent to be a retreat; but have a new difficulty presented itself. The rainy season having made its annual visit, and the usual showers having come with it, the natives were unwilling to venture to sea in a canoe; and perhaps it might be six months before any vessel would enter this Bay upon which we could leave. This was a dilemma. Sick! our medicines in San Blas; no way of getting there, or them; the rainy season upon us; in a climate that was not only sickly, but to which we were unaccustomed. Things looked rather dark just then. There is one man we shall ever remember with an overflowing and grateful heart. His name is Benito, our kind-hearted and ever-attentive host at Chemisio; for, whenprostrated with the coast fever, he was ever ready to minister to our wants; and when his kindly hand was placed upon our burning brow, it was ever with a gentle and sympathising "poor Santiago." This man, though a stranger, acted as nobly as a brother could. We shall remember thee, Benito!

"It is generally darkest just before daybreak," is an old truism, and so we found it; for a Mexican gun-boat, having run short of fresh meat, had anchored within a hundred yards of our hut, on her way to San Blas. Well, we thought, who shall again doubt the hand of a
kind Providence? The commander very promptly provided us with the only com-
fortable place on board, giving it up with
a cheerfulness that was as pleasing as it
was generous. Here let us say to those of
our countrymen who are apt to feel
down upon Mexicans as individuals, we
have ever found them as gentlemanly, as
kind-hearted, and as noble in their ac-
tions as any of our brethren.

In about two and a-half days we made
the port of San Bias, and as there was
no physician, we took the advice of a
German friend (also very kind to us in
many ways,) and left in the stage on the
following evening for Tepic.

As stage traveling in Mexico has been
attended with many dangers from rob-
bers, on the Tepic as well as on other
roads, most travelers go well armed; and
the stage generally starts at an uncer-
tain hour, so as to pass the robbers, if
they are, somewhat by surprise. Ours left
about four o'clock P. M., drawn by five
animals, two at the wheel, and the three
loaders abreast of each other. Believe
us, it was a wild scene, as we dashed
through the densely timbered forests at
night, with our guard mounted on the
top of the stage, and holding a large
flaming torch in his hand, which he
waved now on this side and now on that,
as danger was expected from this or that
quarter, the light gleaming upon the
dark, tropical foliage of the forest as we
passed. Then, too, to see the villagers,
soon after dark, sitting around the fire in
front of their huts in the small villages
through which our road lay, the ruddy
fire-light shining on their faces, was, as
common as it was singular to us. About
four o'clock the following morning, our
couch rattled over the well-paved streets
of Tepic, and stopped in front of the
Bola de Oro (Golden Ball) Hotel, without
any accident or interruption whatever.
The "Golden Ball Hotel" is the only
one of the kind in Tepic, and that one
not as well patronized as it deserves to
be; for although it is as well kept, and
the table is as well supplied as an Ameri-
can one, it is mainly supported by for-
signers, the Mexicans not being an hotel-
love people. Here, although confined
by force for nearly a month, three days
of which we were unable to turn in bed,

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO ONE CORNER OF MEXICO.

SCENE ON THE PLAZA AT TEPIC, ON SUNDAY MORNING, DURING THE ELEVATION OF
THE HOST.
THE NEGLECTED DEAD.

YONDER, on lonely hill-side, have ye never seen that single grave, and have ye never wondered whose lifeless form reposes within its lonely cell? Ah, yes! Within that lonely grave, without mar-
ble slab or written epitaph, moulders one, who, years ago, walked over the same ground, with as buoyant step as yourself, whose bosom, perhaps, heaved with the same high aspirations, yearned from within its walls of clay, are the remains of him for whose return a loving mother, a fond sister, has long, for years, anxiously awaiting. But, oh! he sleeps on — regardless of that mother's anxiety, heedless of that sister's yearnings — for the storm messenger, Death, long since, made his summons, and away high up in the distant mountains of California lie the remains of the unfortunate, the neglected dead! And have ye never wondered why one of the human family should thus be allowed to sleep, not even leaving a trace of the stranger-hand who gave the rude but kindly covering to the entombed? No mark, no name, no vestige; but all con-
jecture, a blank — oblivion! The foregoing was suggested to our mind, not long since, while traveling in the mountains, on seeing a lonely grave on the hill-side, with nothing but two sticks, one at the head the other at the foot of it. And oh! what reminiscences of the past did this call to the mind! Our mind reverted to the earth-stone of a mother's遗址, around which were assembled on that cold winter's day, early in "forty-nine," to witness our departure from home and its loved associations — mother, father, brothers, sisters and kindly neighbors; and now, even to this late day, we are moved to tears, while, with the mind's eye, we return to that scene — the mother's farewells, the father's admonitions and kind "God bless you, my son," the sister's silent kiss, and the kind old neighbors' good wishes, and those neighbors, too, who had watched us from our infancy, came to bid us a hearty good-bye and a safe return from the far-off land of gold to more genial shores. Of this number, no doubt, was the one whose neglected grave stands on yonder mountain's side, far in the North of California. He too, without doubt, left equally cherished ones, hoped them, as we do to-day, to see the privileged-time of return for all those! But, ah! the hope so long deferred sickened the heart, and, weary from long-suffering, laid all that was mortal of it down on that lonely spot, to be cared for by the kindly hand of the passing.
straugor, and winged its flight away into
the beautiful, the boundless sea of
finitude, with kindred spirits, in
God's presence, shall float from sphere
to sphere, in its stage of progression.
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Upon the earth displaying its glittering splendor;—but if a funeral is to take place, the stream is choked; the crashing mill is silent; the black and shoveling men, are laid aside; the ravel and the spinning ends are deserted. Some are occupied in preparing the host of pro\nas, “all living,” others busy themselves in the solemn offices and adornments which remind them of the customs of the distant homes; and one mounts his horse, and rides, perhaps twenty miles, to bring a minister, whose prayers may consecrate, that lonely burial-place. No telling bell is there to summon them; but, long before the appointed hour, the miner makes his most careful toilet, and the roughest and wildest wear an air of decent solemnity.

How often in the farthest mining regions does the eye behold—either upon the heights of a snow-covered hill, or on the rugged side of a stony, desolate gorge in the mountain—a solitary grave! It is invariably enclosed from injury by a paling—sometimes unpainted and regular, sometimes the rough work of unconsolenced, but friendly hands. In time these very hands may be laboring hundreds of miles away; there may be no one to answer the inquiry—whose grave is this?—who comes to view it?

Miners, when they are not on the verge of famine, or are giving in to unbecoming indulgences, have a strange reverence for the grave of the miner. They cannot but be reminded of their own condition, and perhaps of that of their families.

Estates, not to be forgotten by his fellow men? "Buried under earth and animated dust," in our crowded, classical, or picturesque cemeteries, in towns and cities, where generations after generations arise, casting their eyes of love forward to the graves of the race, spangling up around them, whose images, vividly re\enacted upon their vision, efface the pictures of the past, which memory had feebly painted there.

Envision the scene—Estas, the son of the miner, in the California that fortune visits, a few years ago, desired the "in\enlightened right" of every one who visited this favored land. Possessed of only a small stipend, his mother had brought him up to the law; for two years he impatiently struggled with the pointed starvation imposed upon too many young men, who, in our over-stocked Eastern cities, among the ranks of the "liberal professions," while one in a hundred attains competence and fame. With a strong arm, an honest heart, a well-protected mind, indomitable perseverance, and equally powerful hopefulness and buoyancy of spirits, he crossed the Plains, and arrived in California. Early and late he toiled in the mines. While his wages were freely shared with all who needed, he launched into no expenses, committed no enormities. He was a true and tried son, and always suspected that he had no business there. Many were surprised at his prudence and economy, and more surprised at discovering a man of his class courageously to pursue an ambitious course. He made no attempt, however, and though his companions, in the beginning, and his friends, in the end, saw the light, and the bloom of life fade from his face, he stuck to his own counsel. His laugh the loudest, his jest the merriest in the group of miners as they met for social intercourse after their daily labor. Ill\cons, which he occasionally encountered, failed him; he died the same as he was born, and levelled the sky to October clouds of disappointment, he expected that her silver lining in the west, he had none. But he lived, and his name is inscribed on the list of miners who have contributed their share to the success of the new land.

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In a mining camp Eustace affixed a wide all on which he placed various sturdy thriving plants in flower-pots, which, by loneliness, flourished and blossomed, had been brought uninjured in a peddler’s wagon. Various neat engravings (without frames, alas!) were nailed up in the cabin parlor, which was covered by a carpet. The ground in front was laid out in reference to future gardening; the path to the stream was piled with stones, and then planked over, for comfortable passage in the rainy season, and his friends all laughed good-humoredly at the “dandy bachelor.”

At last Eustace announced that he was about to visit the Eastern States, imperatively called thither by circumstances. To a well-tried friend he committed the care of his store, his neat dwelling, his miniature flower garden, and his incipient improvements. Just after it flew from his lips, smiles and laughter played around his mouth, when he bade his friends good-bye, as one who is soon to return, and answered their inquiring smiles with a pleasantness as light as their return, and answered their inquiring faces. Or, at least, the three astonished, as one who is soon to make a home, and you would share it! Eustace has returned. The store yields unheard of profits for such a retired region; the cabin brightens in the sunlight — the flowers throw out their fragrances and their blossoms. His Friends merely inquire for the bride they expected him to bring back. The laugh, linder than ever, but with a hollow sound, the jest bubbling with wit, but tinged with bitter sarcasm, is their only answer.

Eustace busied himself in his daily duties; but despondency hung over him. Did any one notice his dejection, the lively rejoinder was ready on his tongue, the dance glanced up at brightly as before, but listlessly, and died out in a moment. Time passed. One night the miners assembled around a huge wood fire which blazed in the open air, contrasting the chill, which beneath the blue-star-spotted sky is but a passing breath. A steamer had arrived, and newspapers
from the Eastern States were passed from hand to hand. A miner, who had taken possession of the -Saunton,- was reading aloud, and particularly enumerated the marriages and deaths—advertisements most likely to interest those who are absent from home. As some familiar names struck the hearers, they commented upon the news. Eustace was silent, although among the names he heard: "On the 10th, Bells, only daughter of Judge Wendell, to the Hon. Henry Balston." Eustace rose, and went to his solitary cabin. Throughout the next day he was busy over papers and accounts.

"Here, Frank," said he to his most intimate friend, who had occupied his cabin during his absence, and now shared it with him, "you are an excellent calculator; run over my books with me, there's a good soul."

"Well, Eustace, as you are your own boss, that seems superfluous," was the reply.

"No matter, we do not know what may happen. The good book says, 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and I would rather settle all my affairs."

Thus accomplished, Frank compiled. The accounts were balanced; a small profit remained; "Frank," said Eustace, "if anything is left, send it to my mother. My mother! Oh God! my mother!" and the reluctant tear crept through the closed fingers of his hand as he passed it over his brow.

The next day Eustace was the gayest of the gay. In the evening his companion looked in as usual for a friendly chat. Eustace still busied himself in arranging ornaments on the shelves in the store, when suddenly the report of a pistol was heard. The miners turned round, and beheld Eustace waltering in his blood. They bore him to his adjacent cabin. Night and day his friends alternately watched by him. The most assiduous surgical aid was procured, but in vain. From the nature of the wound, he lingered long, but could not, or would not, assign a cause for his rash act. Once only he exclaimed, "My mother! oh my poor mother!" He died. Over the hillock, up from the valley, along the cahon, his brethren of the plow and shovel accompanied him to the grave; the families in the vicinity draped their windows, closed the doors, assumed some types of mourning, and followed to the spot. The minister of God paused not to consider his right to "cast the first stone," but in his humane imitation of his Divine Master, strove to "bind the bruised reed," and called on all around him to make such an hour one of solemn devotion and repentance. The soul is given to Thy hands, O God! It is for Thee alone to judge and to forgive!

In a noble mansion in the midst of a picturesque farm in New England, by the cheerful fireside, sits the wealthy and intelligent owner, whose sterile hand, by judicious skill and labor, yields as much as the golden-laden earth of California. Beside him is seated a blooming matron, many years his junior. Mr. Balston loves to hear news from California; he thinks of sending produce thither; he has just received a newspaper, and looking over the news, he reads, "Died suddenly." "Yes," he remarks, "that is the pious fraud always adopted in our country in announcing violent deaths; but stay! here is a full account of the noble Eustace Colton. Bless me, Bells! was he not an acquaintance of yours?" While the lady hesitated in her reply, the door opened, and two sprightly girls ran breathlessly in. "We have come home from Sunday School," cried the oldest to her stepmother, "and have been so good! so good! We have got our hats, too, for next Sunday—here they are. Mine is: "\textit{Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.}" "Yes," interrupted the happy youngest, as she flung herself into the lady's lap, "and mine is—\textit{Pray mamma—Wash in thy mother's arms.}" The keynotes of the moral arch which spans human life from the cradle to the grave, is faith in God, faith in His word, faith in friendship, faith in love. When one of these four corners is broken away, the others too often, sooner or later, crumble also; the stone is loosened, and the lofty pile becomes a ruin, on which, like the great city of olden time, the destroyer may gaze and weep, but gaze and weep in vain!
The Climate of California.

The wonderful character of California extends to its climate, which is unlike that of any other country, and particularly dissimilar to that of the American States east of the Rocky Mountains. In general character it resembles the climate of Western Europe. Its chief peculiarities, as distinguished from the climate of the Eastern States are, that the winters are warmer, the summers—especially at night—cooler, the changes from heat to cold not so great nor so frequent, the sky clearer, the atmosphere drier, the quantity of rain less, and confined principally to the winter months; thunder, hail, snow and ice much rarer, the winds more constant (blowing from the north for fair weather and from the south for storms,) and earthquakes more frequent. California reaches through nine and a quarter degrees of latitude, from 33° 45' to 42°. San Diego being as far south as Charleston, and Crescent City as far north as Providence, most of the Golden State has the winter of South Carolina and the summer of Rhode Island. The orange, the lemon, the olive, the fig, the pomegranate, the grape, the peach, the apple, sugar, cotton, rice, wheat and barley, all find most congenial cliques in California.

The State, indeed, has many climates: one for the western slope of the Coast Range, between Point Conception and Cape Mendocino; another for the Sacramento basin, and others for the northern and southern ends of the State.

The causes of these peculiarities of climate are chiefly to be found in the position of the country on the western side of the continent, bordering on the wide Pacific Ocean, washed by the warm current flowing across from the China Sea, bounded on the east by a high range of mountains, beyond which lies a great desert, and cut up into numerous valleys by a large number of minor ranges.

San Francisco.

On the coast, between 35° to 40°, there is little difference between the temperatures of winter and summer. San Francisco is on the same latitude with Washington and St. Louis, but knows neither the cold winters nor the hot summers which afflict those places. Ice is rarely formed in the California metropolis, and never more than an inch in thickness, and the thermometer never stays at the freezing point 24 hours. The lowest point which it has ever reached, since 1849, is 25°; while in St. Louis it goes down to 12°, and frequently remains near that figure for many consecutive days. The lowest figures of the thermometer, at San Francisco, in January of the years '61, '92, '93, '94 and '95, were, respectively, 30°, 36°, 41°, 25° and 35°—showing that, in three Januaries out of the five, there was no ice at all; and when it fell to 25°, in '94, the weather was declared to be colder than it had ever been before, "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Snow sometimes falls, but, during six years' residence in the city, I do not remember to have seen the streets dressed in white.

In St. Louis the winter months rarely have a day which is really comfortable in the open air, while at least half the season is so in San Francisco, the sky being clear, the sun warm and the air gentle, so that the weather bears a strong resemblance, in temperature, to the Italian summer in the Mississippi Valley. On the other hand, the summers are cool — or cold. In November, 1864, the lowest figure reached, in San Francisco, was

"We have seen been

-"
47°, while in July of the same year it was 60°—showing that at no time in the former month was it so cold as at one time in the latter.

The mean temperature, in July, is 57°, 21 degrees lower than in Washington City. There are not more than a dozen days in the year when the thermometer rises above 80°—at which figure heat first begins to be oppressive—while in St. Louis and Washington there are, every year, from 50 to 60 days which reach that height. In San Francisco, again, no matter how warm the day at noon, the evenings and mornings are always cool, and blankets are necessary—at least a pair of them—as a bed covering, every night. Summer clothing is not worn by more than one person in ten; and those who wear it put it on only during the middle of the few warm days. The mean temperature of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, are 54°, 57°, 56° and 59°, respectively, showing a range of only 7 degrees between the four seasons. There is a range of two degrees more by taking the months separately—January, the coldest month, having a mean temperature of 34°, and September, the warmest, a mean of 58°. The mean of the whole year is 57°—a temperature which requires heavy woolen clothing and a vigorous constitution to feel comfortable in the open air. There is no other place in the world which is so cool in the summer, and yet so warm in the winter.

Although the mean temperature of Summer differs little from that of Winter, yet there are sometimes very warm days, which may be immediately succeeded by very cool nights. Thus, the mercury has risen to 97°, and often falls to 60° in July; and such a change of 35° might occur within twelve hours. The average range of the thermometer, in July and August, is about 20 degrees—from 50° to 70°. The persons who visit San Francisco, during the summer, from the interior of the State, where the climate is much warmer and summer clothes are worn, are much annoyed by having to bring heavy woolen clothing with them. The editor of a Stockton paper, disgusted with the summer climate of San Francisco, expressed himself somewhat after this manner:—"You go out in the morning, shivering, notwithstanding the fact that you are dressed in heavy woolen clothing and under-clothing, and have a thick overcoat buttoned up to your throat. At 8 o'clock you unbutter two of the upper buttons; at 8:30 two more; at 9 you unbutter the coat all the way down; at 9:30 you take it off; at 10 you take off your coat and put on a summer coat; at 10:30 you take off all your woolen and put on light summer clothing; at 4 it begins to get cool; you begin to put on the woolen clothing again; by 7 o'clock your overcoat is again buttoned to the chin, and you shiver until look-time."

The coolness of the summer is owing to the winds and fogs from the ocean. There is a strong wind blowing from the north and northwest, along the coast, during almost the whole year, and it blows strongly upon the land for several hours after 11 o'clock in the morning and after 5 in the evening, and, not unfrequently, during the whole day. In June, July and August, heavy fogs come up from the sea at 6 in the evening, and continue until 8 or 9 in the morning—extending from 10 to 15 miles into the interior. Fogs are rare in the winter, and the winds are usually not so strong, so that, in these respects, the summer is the most severe season of the year.

Sacramento Basin.

As before said, the basin of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin has a climate of its own, and its chief characteristics, as compared with the coast climate, are want of fogs, faint sea-breezes, winters 10
The Climate of California.

San Francisco, during the summer, is the interior of the Sun, while the coast, though much warmer and summer daytime
warmth is much enjoyed by long-suffering being heated clothing that is also, expressed himself in this manner;—"Yes great
shivering, pershhishing in that you are dressed in thin clothing and underclothing is so thick overcoat buttoned up in such
At 8 o'clock you remove to a cooler position; at 11 you are sunburned and all the
air is at 930 you take it off; at 2 you put
your coat on and go to a saloon.
40-30 you take all of you take
put on light summer clothing; it begins to get cool; you begin to wear the woolen clothing again; it
on your overcoat is again taken in
chill, and you shiver and shiver
The coolness of the morning

There is a strong wind blowing
north and northwest, long and

June July and August brings up from the sea at 6 in the

frequently, during the elevation
from the sea at 6 in the

up to 10 to 12 miles

Fogs are rare in

the winds are usually

so that in these reports,

Sacramento from

As before said, the heat of Sac-
moment and the San Joa-
the South, and the state of
and the climate of.

degrees colder, and summers from 10 to

20 degrees warmer. The greater heat of

summer is owing to the want of the

ocean winds and fogs; the greater cold

of winter is owing to the distance from

the sea and the proximity of the snow-
covered Sierra Nevada. While at San

Francisco the thermometer usually stands at 70° in mid-day, during the summer,

the heat is 10 degrees higher at Sac-

ramento, at the very same moment; and

these 10 additional degrees make a great

difference in the climate of the two places.

In the southern portion of the San Joa-

quin Valley, the heat of the summer is

intense. The county Assessor of Pres-

s county, in his annual report for 1857,

says that the mean temperature, at 3 P.

M., during the summer months, is 106°,
The heat is great, also, in the most nor-

thern portions of the Sacramento Valley.

forn River to Suisun the winters, in the

Sacramento basin, are colder than

those. From Kern River to Shasta the

winters, in the Sacramento basin, are
colder than they are on the coast.

The Sacramento Valley is too warm

for comfort during the summer, and many

persons find San Francisco too cold; but

there are many intermediate places.

Sacramento is 90 miles from the ocean; Vac-

cover in L6; Suisun, 50; Benicia, 40;

Napa, 35; Sonoma, 30; Potchuma, 20;

San Rafael, 10; and the climate of these

intermediate places is graduated, in the

summer, according to their distances from

the ocean. Sonoma Valley, for instance,

has a delightful climate, free from fogs and

cold winds, and yet blessed with a

sea-breeze, which tempers the heat of

every summer day to the precise degree

necessary to the perfect happiness of a

man who wishes to take life easy and do

nothing. All the valleys embosomed in

the Coast Mountains, from Humboldt

Bay to Santa Barbara, have the same

beautiful climate, which in summer will,

I think, compare favorably with the most
delicious climate of Italy. In fact, there

is no degree of warmth, from a broiling

heat to a chilling cold, which can not be

found in California near the level of the

sea.

The general course of the coast is go-

ing southward from North Northwest
to South Southeast; but, about latitude
50°, it turns due South, and, after keep-
ing that direction for 40 miles, makes a

right angle and runs due East 80 miles.

Along the southern side of this angle

runs a high mountainous spur, which

terminates in the corner known as Point

Conception. South of this point fogs are

rare, and the summers and much warmer

than on the coast to the northward of it;

but the sea breezes are regularly felt,

and they protect the whole country, to a
distance of 50 or 60 miles from the ocean,

against the excessive heat which reigns

in the Colorado Desert, where the coolest

month is only two degrees colder than

the warmest in San Francisco.

Cleanliness of Sky.
The following table shows the number of
days which were "entirely clear," "cloudy"
and "rainy" in 1853, '54 and '55, in Sacramento:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Entirely Clear</th>
<th>Cloudy</th>
<th>Rainy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1853</td>
<td>989</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>82</td>
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<tr>
<td>1855</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1856</td>
<td>215</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The days which are clear in Sacra-

mento are clear over the whole State

south of latitude 40°, but there are many
days cloudy at Sacramento which are

perfectly clear in the southern part of the

State. From the lst of April till the 1st

November, there are not, in ordinary

years, more than 15 cloudy days at Sac-

ramento; and from the lst of November

till the lst of April, half the days are

clear. It often happens that weeks upon

weeks in winter, and months upon months

in summer, pass without a cloud being

seen in the Sacramento Valley. On the

coast clouds are more frequent, being

blown up from the ocean; but they dis-

appear after 10 o'clock in the morning.
### Comparison of Temperature

The following table shows the mean temperature of every month and the average of the whole year at San Francisco, Benicia, Sacramento, Fort Miller, Fort Reading, Fort Yuma, and also at various places in other parts of the world, some of them, such as Funchal, Naples, Honolulu and Mexico, being famed for the beauty and equaliability of their climates. In addition to the temperature, the latitude of each place is given:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Places</th>
<th>Jan</th>
<th>Feb</th>
<th>Mar</th>
<th>Apr</th>
<th>May</th>
<th>Jun</th>
<th>Jul</th>
<th>Aug</th>
<th>Sep</th>
<th>Oct</th>
<th>Nov</th>
<th>Dec</th>
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<td>40</td>
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<td>58</td>
<td>44.20</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

By the study of this table we can form an excellent idea of the temperature of the different portions of the State, as compared with each other, and as compared with those of some other countries. So far as we know, San Francisco has the most equable and healthful climate in the world. Within the tropics there are, no doubt, many places which have a more equable temperature, but it is the equability of intense heat.

Funchal, on the island of Madeira, has probably the mildest climate in the world, but in equability it is inferior to San Francisco. Benicia is 30 miles from the ocean and has a warmer summer and colder winter than the immediate coast. Sacramento has the climate of Naples and Jerusalem throughout the year: its summer being the same as that of New York, but its winter 14 degrees warmer. Fort Reading and Margarita have nearly the same figures. Fort Yuma, on the Colorado Desert, in latitude 32° 40', is warmer than New Orleans, in 29° 57'.

### Thunder-Storms

To a native of the Mississippi Valley, where thunderstorms are exceedingly frequent and grand, the climate of California appears very singular for the almost entire want of these great electrical convolutions. Lightning is not seen more than three or four times a year in San Francisco, and thunder is still more rare. Indeed, many persons have been here for years, and cannot say that they have ever seen the one or heard the other. During nine years' residence in the State, I have never seen a brilliant flash of lightning nor heard a loud clap of thunder. Such phenomena are sometimes witnessed high up in the mountains, but never in the valleys or in the Southern part of the State. The lightnings seen at San Francisco do not
pears over-hand, but is soon only about the peak of Mount Diablo, which is 30 miles distant—so far that the thunder accompanying the lightning is either not heard at all, or is so faint that it would not be known to be thunder, were it not for the introductory flash.

Amount of Rain.

Nearly all the rain which falls in California falls between the 1st of November and the 1st of May. There are frequently showers in May, and sometimes in all the months of summer and autumn, but they do not last long, nor do they yield much water. The expression "rainy season" conveys to many persons the idea that an immense amount of water falls in California—that, in fact, our winters are one continual rain. I have already partly corrected this error by giving the number of clear days; I shall further correct it by giving the following figures of the amount of rain, in inches, which falls during the four seasons, in various places in California, as compared with the amount in other States:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
<th>1st Quarter</th>
<th>2nd Quarter</th>
<th>3rd Quarter</th>
<th>4th Quarter</th>
<th>Total</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>10.00</td>
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<tr>
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<td>10.50</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>38.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fort Humboldt</td>
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<td>10.50</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>37.00</td>
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<td>9.00</td>
<td>10.50</td>
<td>7.00</td>
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<td>10.50</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>37.00</td>
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<td>10.50</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>38.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>11.00</td>
<td>9.00</td>
<td>10.50</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>38.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>9.00</td>
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<td>9.00</td>
<td>10.50</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>38.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From this table it appears that seven times as much rain falls at San Francisco as at Fort Yuma; and that twice as much rain falls at New York as at San Francisco; that the amount of rain which falls at the two places during winter and spring is about the same—the main difference being during the summer and autumn. Thus, there is more of a true rainy season at New York, St. Louis and New Orleans, during the winter, than at San Francisco; but, in the former places, the summer is a rainy season, too. The rain, however, in California does not come in such fierce storms as visit the Atlantic States, but falls more slowly and gently. The coast above Humboldt Bay receives a far greater amount of rain than any other part of the State, and, in that respect, resembles the humid clipe of Western Oregon. The rain, along the whole coast, comes from the South; and a breeze from that direction is considered a certain precursor of clouds and wet weather—while the continuance of the North wind is as certain a promise of a clear sky.

The small amount of rain and the entire want of it, during the summer, renders the climate a very dry one. During the autumn, many of the rivers sink in the sand soon after leaving the mountains in which they rise; the plains and hills are baked hard to a depth of many inches; the grass and herbage, except near springs or on swampy land, are dried up and turn brown as the earth they grow upon. It is said that the extreme dryness of the season favors the evaporation of sweat, and thus keeps the body cooler and renders the heat less oppressive than in other places where more rain falls. Evaporation is so rapid that a beastskue hung up in the air will dry up before it can putrefy. A cloud is thrown into the street, so that its body is crushed by wagon-wheels and its visera exposed to the air, will "dry up," and its stiff hide will lay during a whole summer in a mummified condition. The phrase "dry up" is peculiarly expressive to a Californian; in May and June, soon after the close of the rainy season, he sees the brooks, the rivers, the fields, the grass and theridges "dry up," and with them "dry up" many of the resources of the country.

Snow and Hail.

Snow is rare in the valleys, and never lies more than a few days, except in the Klamath Valley. Thus, at Yreka, which
is on a plain about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, there is usually about a month's sleighing in the course of a winter. There are several other mining towns, high up in the mountains, where the snow falls to a great depth, and lies until late in the spring. Hail-storms never occur during the summer, but sometimes in February and the spring months. There have been several occasions, during the last eight or nine years, that large pieces of ice—not to be called "hail"—have stormed down. There was such a storm at Butte Creek, in Shasta county, on the 10th of May, 1856, when balls of snow and ice, some of them weighing 12 pounds each, came down. Fortunately, the storm was confined to a small district and lasted less than half an hour. In the middle of the Sacramento Valley it has several times happened that there have been stones of hail more than an inch in diameter.

Aurora Borealis.

The Aurora Borealis is very rarely seen in California; and, as compared with its appearance in States in the same latitude, on the Atlantic side, is never brilliant.

Earthquakes.

Earthquakes will probably be proved, in time, to be electrical phenomena, and I shall include them under the head of Climate. They are very numerous in California, but rarely so severe as to do any serious damage. We hear that, twenty, fifty and seventy years ago, houses were thrown down by them, but nothing of the kind has occurred, of late. We frequently have little shocks—often barely perceptible—but no person nor any substantial building has been injured by an earthquake in San Francisco, since the American conquest. Several brick houses have had their walls cracked, but these are all built on "made ground," which has been filled in within the last six years, upon the soft, mud bottom of the bay; and the houses would have cracked as some of them had lost their perpendicular—without the assistance of any shock. During the last ten years there has been no earthquake in San Francisco so severe as the one which visited Buffalo, N. Y., in October, 1857, as described in the American Journal of Science and Arts for September, 1858.

From 1850 to 1855, inclusive,—six years—it is reported that there were 59 earthquakes—10 a year—in the State, of which 22 were noticed in San Francisco. In the Southern part of the State, below latitude 35°, earthquakes are more frequent and severe than farther north. On the 10th of July, 1855, there was a shock in Los Angeles, which cracked the walls of twenty-six houses; but no wall was thrown down, nor was any person injured.

Concluding Remarks.

A railroad, about one hundred and eighty miles long, running nearly due East from Oakland, through Stockton and Sonora, and near the Mammoth Grove of Mariposa and the Yo-Semite Valley to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, would enable the people near the line to place themselves, every summer's day, in any tolerable degree of either heat or cold. Eighteen miles west of Oakland lies the bench of the Pacific, where a chili breeze blows without ceasing; and, going Eustead, the traveler would gradually get into a warmer climate, until in Stockton he would find the thermometer at 100°, most of the summer noon; and, going still further, he would gradually rise into the almost freezing clutch of the Sierras. A branch road, running southward to Port Yuma, would enable the traveler to enjoy almost a great variety of climates, in a winter's day, as could be found in the other during summer.
THE MINSTREL'S FATHERLAND.
Translated from the German of Theodor Kerner.

BY J. D. STRONG.

When is the minstrel's Fatherland?
Where souls of noble stress grow,
Where wreaths of classic beauty glow,
Where strong and brave hearts wildly glow—
By Freedom's holy fires fanned—
There is my father land!

How is the minstrel's Fatherland?
Her murdered sons she now invokes—
She weeps beneath those foreign yokes;
She once was called the Land of Oaks—
The Land of Freedom!—German Land!—
Such is my Fatherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's Fatherland?
She weeps because her princes crown
Beneath a blood-stained tyrant's power;
Her sacred words live not an hour;
Her wildest cries move not a hand—
Thus weeps my Fatherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's Fatherland?
She calls on God with trembling tones!
In desperation's thund'ring groans!
She calls on Freedom—on her sons—
On Retribution's vengeful hand—
These call my Fatherland!

What would the minstrel's Fatherland?
On! she would slay the tyrant bounds,
And drive til' oppressor from her bounds—
Give to her sons true Freedom's crown—
Or lay their bones beneath the sand—
This would my Fatherland!

And hopes the minstrel's Fatherland?
She trusts in Freedom's holy rod,
And in her people's sacred blood;
She trusts the vengeance of her God!
Nor vainly trusts His scourging hand—
Thus hopes my Fatherland!
"DOINGS" OF '91.

CHAPTER FIRST.

TALES OF A TURN OF LUCK, AND INTRODUCES A GOOD OLD FRIEND.

I shall not commence to weave this fabric with the golden threads of '49 and '50; I will only shudder them enough to say that in the fall of the latter year, I left the mines with a song little fortune, and with the intention of wandering my way homeward. Being in no particular hurry, and an opportunity offering, to gratify a long-cherished desire to go around the world, I took passage in, as supercargo of, a fine clipper, bound to New York, via the Sandwich Islands and China. But, arriving at the Islands, we learned of that which induced us to change the voyage and return to San Francisco, laden with stock and produce.

The profits of that trip were so flattering that I was induced to take an interest in another; and, purchasing a brig, we once more set sail, and in due time dropped anchor in the harbor of Hilo, on the coast of Hawaii; from thence we visited Oahu and the Islands in leeward, buying hogs, turkeys, fowls, sweet potatoes, onions, limes, and whatever else indelible, whatever we could find it.

On the 8th of June, 1851, we bid farewell to Kamehameha and laid our course for the "Furnaces"; but alas, for adverse winds and heavy seas, the perishing nature of onions and sweet potatoes, the fully of turkeys, the slight tenacity of hose to life; and worse yet, the uncertainty of a California market—that voyage ruined me; and after a settlement of all things concerned, I found myself standing one pleasant day in the month of July, 1851, on Long Wharf, possess'd of twenty-five cents in grand cash, and with a craving for something in the pit of the stomach, having been twenty-four hours without outh hours.

That saltine to like grim death. After and day's in was confehrd it a tock of a strange chasing a cap of tobacco; then, with something, and the down the wharf, ducks my eye cang can enrage waltz up of a building now folds I read. Suddenly I entered to the streets of my place, and inquired of the or two inquiries. From the destination—East Indies—l have entered my name for some one of the regular stowaways, under the name of "ordinary one," per month.

"How much?" asked the shippers.

"When does it come in reply.

"To-morrow or your traps down by night."

"Well, if that's your advance; for necessary."

With a promise left the office, cost all. I'd have it. My lodging place I rented a room on the thither I went to make ready to go time sufficient to mounts, and the course wooden shirt, a handkerchief and knife below my chest to the suction wore the same crowding time. Visions of
hours without eating. I was dead sure
broke; that solitary quarter I had hung
like grim death to a deceased African.
After one day's lingering of the coin I
was convinced it possessed not the quali-
ties of a nest-egg, and forthwith pur-
chased a cup of coffee and a plug of
tobacco; then, with a firm resolve to do
something, and that immediately, walked
down the wharf. Cruising along the
docks my eye caught sight of an Ameri-
can ensign waving from the upper story
of a building nearby, and upon its simple
folds I read "Seamen Wanted." Delib-
erately I entered the door and walked
stairs into the office; after making one
or two inquiries regarding the ship and
her destination—which I learned was the
East Indies—I sat a pen and quickly
entered my name upon her articles as an
"ordinary seaman"—wages forty dollars
per month.

"How much advance do you want?"
asked the shipping master.

"When does the ship sail?" I asked
in reply.

"To-morrow morning; you must have
your traps down and go on board to-
night."

"Well, if that's the case, I don't want
my advance; for I've got all the 'tin'
necessary."

With a promise to be down in time I
left the office, consoling myself that, after
all, I'd have a trip around the world.
My lodging place was with a friend who
rented a room on Commercial street, and
thither I went to overhaul my chest and
make ready to go on board. A very little
time sufficed to complete those arrange-
ments, and then, attired in a pair of
course woolen pants, an old cap, blue
skirt, a daggar-jumper, with a shroud
and knife belted around it, I set upon
my chest to think. How fraught with
sadness were those moments! How much
came crowding into that brief space of
time. Views of the many estates I had
for years been building came before me,
and one after the other passed away un-
til nothing remained, save a dark and
dreariness propped, with not a single glimm
of sunshine to relieve the somber aspect.
How hopes had fallen then—and then. I
sat upon that chest, and — lost to all
the world besides myself—the world,
and thoughts, and kept on thinking, until a
hand was laid tenderly gently upon my
shoulder, and a voice exclaimed:

"I'll be hanged if you're not asleep
with your eyes open! I've been hollow-
ful to you for the past five minutes.
Come! Rise up and hear the news."

"Hello, Ned, you here?" said I throw-
ing off my lethargy and endeavoring to
look pleased.

"Yes, and I might as well be any-
where else, for all the satisfaction I get
out of you. I'll bet my boots that you've
coasted up, the brute thinking of some
young woman; but never mind the women—"trifles light as air," you know
the rest—they do well enough once in a
while, but devilish bad property for a
permanent investment," (and here Ned
shrugged his shoulders, for he spake by
the look, and continued,) "I did, at one
time—but ha, ha, ha! what are you
rigged up in that way for? You look
like a freerote beaver. What a capital
first mate you'd make in a bloody
drama! Now don't open your mouth,
for if you do I know you'll say some-
thing wicked to me, and I'd won't be
fain when I've come to cheer you up.
If you think you are awake, I'll be seri-
ous and talk business. You are, are
you? Well, then, I have a situation for
you, where you can go right to work—
frigate place—good pay—not much to
do—everything comfortable. Perhaps
you want fancy the business at first; but
one can't expect to find all things as he
would prefer them; and, besides, when
anything better turns up, you will be at
liberty to take advantage of it, and —"
"Too late! too late!"

"What's too late!—what is the matter, now?"

"Your kindness, Ned. Look at this chest—and look again at my costume—I've shipped."

"When?—shipped!—where?"

"For a voyage to China, and then home. I have taken a long stride, Ned—from the cabin to the forecastle—but, rather than loaf about this town, I'd dig clams and sell them by the quart. Had I my choice, I would go to the mines; but, with an empty purse, people are generally governed by circumstances, and make excuses in accordance; so I tell you the Fates have decided that I shall go to sea; it's my destiny, and tonight I shall commence to fulfill it."

"Pudge!" I always thought you were a sensible fellow; don't let me lose your good opinion now; here's an opportunity to make a mint; and, when you get something afloat, you can go alone again. So don't curse and quit California; there's many a one worse off than you are. What if you have had bad luck—everybody is more or less subject to it, and to yield and cry because the sickle goddess has ceased to tickle you, tell of a very weak spirit; but I have seen too much of you to believe that your depression is more than momentary.

"I acknowledge that you have spoken well. I am not easily discouraged; but to-day the blue devils got hold of me—I could see nothing ahead—and becoming reckless, withal, went into an office and signed a ship's papers. However, I took no advances, and cannot be compelled; yet, I promised; and, although apprehending and truly thankful for your kindness, I prefer to go."

"And I prefer that you should stay; and stay you shall! You have many friends who would gladly assist you, did you but ask it; but you are, and have been, too proud for that—not too proud to ship as a common sailor. Con- sist, ain't it? But come along, and I'll introduce you to a streak of daylight in five minutes," and seizing my arm, he rather dragged than led me out.

Ned had been a passenger with me on my first voyage to the Islands, and returned with me on my second. He had witnessed sack after sack of decayed potatoes and onions go over the rail; he had seen fowls become dumpy, blind, and die by dozens every day; he had seen turkeys, in heavy weather, crowd together in their pens, and, suffocating each other, die. He knew that I was "broke," as we had been intimate at the Islands and on ship-board, and ho, in the goodness of his heart, remembered me when on shore at San Francisco. His act was entirely disinterested—prompted by feelings of pure friendship—and the compact then sealed has never yet been broken; years have passed, and many times has he proved more than he professed—more than I had a right to expect.

CHAPTER SECOND.

COMMENTS UPON FRIENDSHIP, AND INTRO- DUCES A "HIGH-FLYING FRIEND."

What a holy tie is friendship! what magic in the word! How sacred 'tis, and yet how oft abused! I have had, during the past nine years, many professed friends, but few among the number have proven, by acts, to be worthy of the name. I could mention some whom I never think of but my heart, responding to the thought, beats high with gratitude and love; and, no matter what they may do hereafter, I shall ever think of them as they have been; I shall never forget their devotion—never cease to speak of them as noble-hearted self-sacrificing friends; and for true, disinterested friends Heaven will provide and conspire reward a thousand fold. One who has so need to stand amidst the storms of life to give me the strength of life's tempests that I am worth a few lines of trust me too severe, pass sentence of death. I will not suffer a man's reason; I would that all those who are dear to me bear the bright and unclouded the name is commended to the outside; I believe an aunt was the most likely to have the name.

The sincerest friend, and, as a

figure complete pages. Illus.
who has so acted towards me I would de-

fend against the world and fight for, so

long as I had an arm to strike or a

life to give. Some there are who have

stood by me when danger threatened —

when life seemed worthless and the fu-

ture hopeless—assisted me when impro-

vished and watched over me in sickness;

to them I am eternally bound, and it is

my earnest wish — my most heartfelt

prayer—that I may live to prove how
dearly I esteem them and how full of

thanks this heart has kept.

But for those who wear the garb of

friendship only to deceive — win confi-
dence but to betray — give poison sug-

cercoated, and make a plaything and a tool

of trusting nature—there is no punish-

ment too severe. Were it given me to

pause sentences on such an one, 'twas life

and death I would say to live—to live

and suffer—live, and never know a mo-

ment's rest! to live, that horrid phan-
tom might haunt them day and night —

that all their evil acts might take the
shape of devils and unceasingly pursue

them; that they might never sleep; that

the bright and sunny world might be to

them perpetual hell, and that they might

wander alone, with not even one as mis-

erable as they to comfort them!

The business to which Ned introduced

me was that of a hotel, and I was forth-

with installed as clerk of the largest and

best house San Francisco afforded in

those days. 'T was something new to

me, but I endeavor to feel at home and

gain the confidence of my employer; and

I believe I succeeded; yet the confine-

ment was irksome; my restless spirit

was longing to be free, and ever crying

for ' the mines.'

The steamer from the East arrived one
day, and, as usual, quite a number of
her passengers "put up" at our house,
and among them one who is destined to

figure conspicuously in the succeeding
page. He was a Scotch Canadian, by

name MacLean; a man at least ten

years my junior. There was nothing

very remarkable about his general ap-

pearance; he looked not unlike other

well-made, good-shaped men; but there

were peculiarities about his face; upon

his lips he ever wore a smile, and such a

smile as I have since learned to feel sus-

picious of. His eyes were large and ne-

ther blue, black, hazel or gray, but of a

sort of a compound mixture of color, and

of a restless nature; the lids had a habit

of drooping often and quickly at times.

My first impressions were unfavorable

towards him, and, although I treated

him kindly, I received his advances with

coolness, and of the same material erector

a little bit to keep him from being too

familiar, but he persevered in his desire

to cultivate my acquaintance, and, with

a voice toned rich and full, together with

his mild and earnest manner, soon took

down the icy bar, and completely won

my ear and confidence.

I am now a believer in first impres-
sions. I have proved, by taking notes,

that they are in most cases correct; and

if you who differ with me will do as I

have done, you will think as I do. When

you meet a person for the first time, take

out your note-book and make a memo-

randum of what you opine his or her

character to be. Weeks, months, per-

haps years will pass, and you have be-

come intimate; you will, when referring

to your memorandum, exclaim: "Is it

possible that I could have thought so?

I have written this person down as one

I did not care to know—as dishonorable,

and as revolving in appearance—but how

was I mistaken? He has proven con-

trary in every respect to my first impres-
sions, and I will never trust them again."

But let time go on; be not in haste; you

will know your subject soon enough, and

as sure as you have a heart that beats,

experience will teach you that first im-

pressions are correct. Please pardon the
digression, and I will return to "Man." It was not long before we became intimate, and I am free to say I liked the man, and considered myself for doing him so much injustice at first sight. It was his intention to go to the mines, and I gave him all the information in my power regarding those sections with which I had any acquaintance; I pictured the miner's life as the most desirable of any I knew, and told him how anxious I was to be again free and in the mountains; told him of the many happy days I had passed among miners, and how wildly my heart was beating with the joyful hope of being once again a soldier of the pick and shovel. He proposed that I should go with him, and that we might labor together; but, much as I wished to go, I did not think my financial condition would justify too much haste, and I reluctantly rejected his proposal. During the several weeks of his sojourn with me, he often expressed the desire that I would start out with him; and when something more than a month had passed, he told me that he had determined to leave town the next day for Sonora; "and," said he, "I regret very much that you cannot go with me; but I shall not forget you; I am not forget your oft-repeated acts of kindness to me, a stranger. I never thought I could become so much attached to any one in so short a time; but I tell you, candidly, that I admire, esteem and respect you; and, should Fortune favor me, you shall hear of it and shall share with me her bounties. As soon as I have settled down I will write to you, and just so soon as I think you will be justified in giving up your business to come where I am, I shall send for you. Will you come?"

My heart was full; for a moment I could not speak, and then, convulsively grasping his hand, I muttered: "I will." When he was gone I felt lonely, and, although lodging in San Francisco, my mind was continually wandering far away amid the mountains. Three weeks dragged their weary days along before a letter came. It was written in friendly and affectionate terms; told of his good fortune at meeting with old acquaintance and neighbors from home, and of his extraordinary luck in mining. In conclusion it said: "And now, my dear boy, the time has come when I can prove, by demonstration, more than I ever professed; remember your promise. Meet me in the "Long Tom Saloon" next Thursday evening."

I received the welcome missive on Monday, and Tuesday afternoon I left San Francisco on the boat for Stockton. My good friend Ned, as well as several others, tried to induce me to go with them, and sent me a good-bye as the steamer pulld out away.

What a happy thrill goes through one when, as the vessel sails into the stream, or as the cars leave the depot, we catch the last glimpses of familiar faces that come to see us off! What a glorious sensation it is to think that at our journey's end we shall meet with those who are expecting us, and that we shall feel their friendly grasp and sweet emotions to the heart! How delightful it is to be happy, particularly when we feel that our happiness emanates from some good act of our own; and so I felt that evening; my heart was full to bursting, and I was selfish, too. I wanted the happiness all my own; there were too many in the cabin; I did not want to talk or be talked to. I was swelling all over with joy, for was I not going to my first town? Was I not going to meet my best and most-loved friend? Had not my best and truest friends come down to the boat and laden me with good wishes—sealing me off with a "God-speed" and pleasant smiles? I walked from the cabin to the after-deck; the cool air

played refreshingly in the steam above, and saw the vast ocean glittering before me, and I was alone, and I watched it along; and the struggling waves mocked. "I was once I had asked this happiness to last for ever, but now it is more the one that I braved it half to myself of true freedom, the next the city of Stockton."

THE GAYSON.

Oh, still press one roll from the stars above.
For oh, it is dear to my heart.

I went there to see my friends,
And on the wharf he spoke;
"It is dever to know that you go away.

There, there, look back on the past.
Oh, how the sky is blue.
There, by her where she was,
And is there

Of joy and love—

There has she
Oh! how the tears
Her eye—her finger
Thy finger
Her countenance
Bowed by it
Pony, booth
She scarce
WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OIL-WAUKEES.

THE CHAMBER WHERE MY MOTHER DIED.

Oh! still preserve it! Do not move
One relic from that room of love;
For oh! it is a sacred spot—
Dear to my heart and never forgot.
The very hangings, dim and old,
To me a thousand tales have told;
And even the faded tapestry
Still speaks in many a tone to me.
'T is dearer far than all beside—
That chamber where my mother died!

There, there she loved me—there her eye
Looked smiles on me that cannot die—
There, by her side, I sat at even,
And in her glance there was a secret
Of joy and gladness round my head,
As fingers round the holy dead!

There hangs her portrait on the wall—
Oh! how does it each look recall—
Her eye—her smile—her placid brow—
They linger yet—they're with me now—
Her scatered locks—her failed form—
Bowed by the strength of many a storm;
For, 'neath the Chastelet's特征ful head,
She soared, on angels' wings, to God!

There stands her easy chair, beside
The couch on which she calmly died;
Her book is open on the stand;
Her name is there—'tis by her hand—
Her fingers wrought the canopy;
The ottoman and all I see
Bear some memorial of her hand—
Now working in the angel land.

Oh! still preserve it! Do not move
One relic from that room I love!
'Tis dear to me—'tis near by lies
Link'd with a thousanded memories,
Which Time or Death can never divide—
The chamber where my mother died.

G. T. S.

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF
THE OIL-WAUKEES.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

This female, whom our heroes found among the Indians, was a most beautiful creature, and, in the language of one of the boys—which we quote from his journal, kept by him during their captivity and residence among the Indians—"she looked like a being of some fairer and brighter world than this, moving about among those savages with such a queenlike air, and her long, dark hair flowing in such wild profusion about her shoulders. She was of medium height, with a well-formed bust, a slender waist and an elastic step, which is not common among the Indians, and which was satisfactory evidence that she was of noble blood than that of the red-skinned children of the forest."

The Indian with whom she lived seemed to reverence her, for, whenever she spoke, all took notice of what she said. She did not have to perform any of the drudgery which all the female portion have to do among the Indians, but she sat in the wigwam of the chief, gave her commands, and they were obeyed. Not encouraged to find out her past history, but she would give him no satisfac-
tion, as she said she knew nothing of her parentage, except what her adopted father—the chief—had told her; that she was his child, and that all his people called her Wild Flower, the Pride of the Oh-Winkees. The chief said the Great Spirit had sent her among them, as a guardian angel, to watch over them—to see that they were good Indians—so they might inherit the beautiful hunting-grounds far beyond the skies, where the flowers never fade nor wintery blasts come, but where they hunt on the banks of sparkling streams, where the sun never goes down and the deer and antelope are plenty, and where all good Indians, with their bows and arrows, should rest secure forever in eternal bliss.

Wild Flower deeply sympathized with the prisoners, more particularly with Joe, for he knew not why, unless it was because he could converse with her; but there was a peculiar emotion thrilled his very soul whenever she came near him, or when he looked into those large, beautiful eyes, which were so full of expression. He loved her, and he knew not why, for he did not feel as though he would be happy in claiming her as his bride; yet he was happy in her presence and wished to see her placed in a position more becoming her appearance than among those savages in the mountains. She would come to him at the hour of midnight, when all was hushed in death-like stillness, and inquire if the cords that he was bound with were painful, and, if so, relieve him. Yet she did not attempt to let him loose, for that was not her mode of getting the prisoners free; but she told him to be patient, and she would use her influence to get them all set free. She told him that if there was only her own people to deal with there need be no fear, but that they were only dwelling with another tribe for a short time, and that their home was on the head waters of the Colorado, many miles distant, whether they should soon return. Joe communicated this intelligence to the other boys, which gave them some hope of their escape from the horrible death by burning.

As soon as Wild Flower learned the decision of the council, she went to the chief of her people and asked him to use his influence to call the council together again, as she had something of importance to say to them. That night the council re-assembled to hear what Wild Flower had to say.

Here we must be permitted to make a few extracts from the journal of one of the boys, and to which we are indebted for the most interesting portion of our story.

Wild Flower came into the council and all eyes were turned upon her; not a whisper was heard; and, as she walked into the center of the circle, the light from the council-fire reflected upon her countenance, and I never, before nor since, beheld so charming a being. I thought earth could not be her abiding place, for there was an expression upon her countenance which was lovely beyond description. Her eyes were sparkling with the fires of determination. She gazed for a moment upon those around her, and then pointed towards the sky, saying:

"Behold, my dear brethren! The Great Spirit has impressed upon my heart sympathy for these pale-faces here before us, confined as prisoners, and now condemned to burn; and, as one of them tells me, they came from a far-off land, not to injure the red man or disturb his hunting-grounds, but after what they saw and heard, they could get it.

When they return I will be happy to see them, for he began to them; but he will be free of the shackles of the old laws.
Wild Flower: The Pride of the Oh-Waukees.

The day was finally appointed for their departure, and the chief promised to send some of the warriors to pilot them over the mountains and show them the trail to the valley. When Frank learned that the boys were determined to leave, he told them that he could never part with Wild Flower, as all his future hopes of happiness were centered in her, and without her society this world would have no charms for him; that he was going to marry her according to the custom of the Indians. It was now made known to them, for the first time, that the chief had given his consent to the marriage of his adopted daughter to Frank, that he should become second in power among his people, and that they had a beautiful home in the valley, washed by the waters of the Colorado, where the buffalo roamed in countless numbers over the green-carpeted earth; where flowers of every hue bloomed spontaneously, and the birds sang so sweetly—there, on the banks of that romantic stream, Wild Flower told Frank that she would wander with him through the long summer's day, and at dewy eve they would return to their wigwam, and watch the moon climb the highest mountain peak, and send her pale rays dancing through the valley. Such were the inducements offered to him by Wild Flower.

Frank, however, had become so perfectly charmed with Wild Flower that it was evident he did not care about leaving. Frank had got so he could converse with her enough to make it interesting, and they often wandered alone from the village over the hills and through the green shady bowers, gathering flowers. It was an easy matter to discern that love had taken a deep hold upon both, which was marked in every action between them.

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It was determined that Frank and Wild Flower should get married before the boys started for the valley, as Elia had never seen an Indian wedding, and for a description of it we are indebted to the journal from which we have already made some extracts.

"Next evening, at twilight, last gleaming," was appointed for the wedding. The time came around, the council wigmans was the place designated for the ceremonies, and they had a pile of dry pine brush, ready to build a fire to dance by after the wedding was over. It is strange, but none the less true, that these untutored savages have marriage ceremonies more strict and more reverenced, if possible, than the most refined nation upon the civilized globe. The females are more chaste, as a general thing, and the penalty for adultery were severer than those of the civilized portion of humanity. If one of the females is found guilty of the act, both of her ears are cut off and she is forever afterwards compelled to do the drudgery of the tribe. Everything being in readiness, the ceremony was commenced. The fire in the center of the council room was lighted, for it had become dark; the chief took Wild Flower into the center of the ring; and Frank stepped in by her side, dressed in full Indian costume, with his hair shaved close, with the exception of the knob part of his head. A buffalo robe was thrown around his shoulders, and he had on a pair of deer-skin leggings. Around his waist was a belt, and in it a tomahawk made of stone. His cheeks were painted red with some kind of root. On his head was a band made of rawhide, and in that band was the tail of a fox, which denoted that he had become second in power to the chief, as he was going to marry the chief’s adopted daughter, Wild Flower, the Pride of the Oh-Wa-Zeees.

"Nunzi-ear, the intended bride, was dressed beautifully for a child of the forest. She had on a skirt which came just below her knees, made of the skin of a fawn, fastened about her waist; the bottom being fringed with the feathers of a bird. On her head was a wreath of pine sprigs, neatly tied together, and in which was a feather of the finest line, that hung gracefully down by her side. In her bosom was a band of ribbons, and immediately over them, in the form of a crescent, was a bunch of flowers; but the most beautiful and attractive part of her dress was a long, flowing robe, or what we would call a scarf, thrown across her shoulders, and which fell gracefully by her side. It was made of pieces taken from the breasts of wild ducks, intermingled with those of the white swan, and there was not a piece in it longer than the palm of your hand, yet it was so ingeniously put together you could scarcely tell that it was all in one. There she was, by the side of her intended lord, in her virgin purity—the simple child of the forest; with a mind free from all the impurities of a wayward world; a heart, as innocent as the unbladed dove; eyes as sparkling as the morning star, and her brow garnished by young years’ sweetest bloom—for she was only about sixteen years of age.

"How many a city belle might have looked upon her and learned a lesson of innocence and purity! In her you might behold nature in its most perfect state—unadorned by self-consciousness or deceit—by painting and frimping for the purpose of degrading some unsuspecting fellow. Before the chief commenced to pronounce the ceremony he took some clear water in a wooden bowl and sprinkled Frank’s head, baptizing him in the Indian faith, and then pronounced them togetherness the consent and sanction of the wise of Oh-Wa-Zeees and by the will of the Great Spirit.

"He signed upon them to be dutiful children, for their nearness, a while here be them; beyond the ground—for the wedding came commenced, we more, and it is.

We shall in purpose of getting the parting which must. For there is no becoming, so as the miners' forms. The placed at our interest long from the exit up the thread extracts:

"Next wash over, the East, and all the hills and morning. I asked him to have some tongue him before he feared to ask, perhaps I never return.

"Frank, relinquish you'll take up your seat among the others.

"Why when you choose is dwell in it, it possible, when my side; for earth than those eyes, cold my path.

"Frank, most bountiful a home in a
WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OIL-WAUKIES.

children, for the Great Spirit was ever near them, and if they pleased Him while here below, he had prepared for them; beyond the skies, a better hunting-ground for them to inherit. After the wedding ceremonies were over, a dance commenced, which was kept up till early morning, and in which all took a part."

We shall continue our extracts, for the purpose of giving a minute description of the paring scene between the boys, which must have been truly interesting, for there is no class of persons who ever became so much attached to each other as the miners in the early days of California. The journal which has been placed at our disposal contains many interesting incidents of '49 and '50, aside from the extracts which we make to keep up the thread of our story; but to the extracts:

"Next morning the sun came peeping over the snow-capped mountains in the East, and shed its exhilarating rays over the hills and valleys, making it a lovely morning. I took Frank by the arm and asked him to take a walk with me, as I had something of importance to say to him before we parted, for I never expected to see him again, and I thought perhaps I might see his friends. Should I ever return to the Atlantic States, "Frank," said I, "are you willing to relinquish your home in the States, and take up your residence in the wilderness, among the Indians?"

"Why do you ask me such a question, when you know the life I have now chosen is a voluntary one? I could dwell in the deserts of Arabia, were it possible, with that charming creature by my side; for I ask no happier boon on earth than to dwell within the light of those eyes, the reflection of which will light my pathway to the tomb."

"Frank, I must admit that she is the most beautiful being I ever beheld; but a home in the wilderness would not suit me. Can you not prevail upon her to go with you to the Atlantic States? but, I believe, with a little experience in society, she would make one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of the fashionable world."

"I have used my utmost endeavors to get her to come with me, but all to no purpose, for she will not consent; and she would not marry me until I made a promise that I would remain with the Oil-Waukies in the mountains. She thinks there is something connected with her past history which she will yet find out, that will be of great importance to her future life."

"Frank, I think myself that she was born of white parents, for there is such a great contrast, in complexion and features, between her and the Indians."

"I am confident of that, and was so from the first time I saw her, and, if possible, I intend to trace up her history when we get to their home on the Colorado."

"It would be very romantic if you should find out that she was the daughter of some wealthy man, that had been stolen by the Indians while a small child."

"I should think none of her for being a wealthy man's daughter than I do now, a simple-hearted girl among the Indians."

"I did not think you would; I merely made the remark; for I know you have a different heart, Frank. May your journey through life with that charming bride be one of unlimited happiness! May sorrow never darken your path as you journey on towards the shores of Time! We have been together now nearly five years, and passed through many exciting scenes, and had I an own brother, I could not love him better, or feel a deeper interest in his happiness—for you have been to me like a brother."

"Ellie," said he, "I thank you for the-"
complaint, and I can assure you that my friendship for you has been of the warmest kind. I did hope I should see the day when you and Julia would have been married, for I should be proud to call so noble-hearted a fellow my brother; and did my father know but half the good qualities that you possess, he could not withhold his consent to your union.

"My dear fellow, I did not presume you were going to mention that subject, one of all others, most dear to my heart; but the last hope of ever marrying Julia has disappeared, and with it have fled my brightest anticipations of the future; for I expect she has long since forgotten me, and is now, perhaps, married to the one of her choice, who is more worthy of such a jewel, for a prince might be proud of such a prize."

"You do not know Julia as well as I do, or you could not talk thus, for I venture she loves you as well to-day as she did when you parted; and you do her injustice when you let such thoughts enter your heart."

"You must take into consideration the influence a father has over his only daughter, and the many wealthy suitors that through your father's house; and she knew, when I left, that I had scarcely a dollar I could call my own; all these things will have an influence upon her mind, combined with the uncertainty of my ever returning."

"Let us pursue this subject no longer, but bear in mind what I have told you, that Julia, if still living, is true to you."

"Frank," said I, "give me your hand. May God bless you! and if what you have said proves true, I am the happiest man on earth!"

"Well, Elia," said Frank, "there are none living I had rather see happy than you, and I sincerely hope your most sanguine anticipations will be realized."

"Are you going to take Lena with you? I inquire."
EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES.

accidents, which proved to be a good idea. They remained a few days on the river, and then started for the valley, accompanied by one of the miners whom they found on the river. They went to Sacramento, where they remained about a month, and, seeing a good opportunity, they went into business. Joe did not care anything about going to the States, and Eve thought he did not have enough money. He had not heard from Julia for so long that he had almost come to the conclusion to think no more about her; notwithstanding what Frank had told him, he presumed she was married; yet he loved her better than his own soul. Eve attended to the business in Sacramento, while Joe remained in San Francisco and bought goods. Len was employed as porter in the store, which he liked much better than mining on the Klamath river.

[Continued in our next.]

EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES: OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

Just at the very moment when Michael's farm had reached that interesting stage in its "march of improvement," when, from being a bill of expenses, it had become a profitable source of profits to its owner—just at that very critical moment—the triumphant victories of Great Britain and the United States must needs go to cutting each other's throats, in what historians have been pleased to denominate the war of 1812. Soon all was excitement, hurry and confusion in the hitherto quiet neighborhood of Michael Kessell. Companies and squads of raw soldiers, in military livery, with knapsacks on their backs, on which were inscribed, in glaring white paint, the mystic letters, U.S., came trooping along from the East, destined to accompany General Hull in his memorable invasion of Canada—and more rapacious marauders never cursed the face of any peaceful country. The war was got up in a hurry, the assailants were made in a hurry, and the consequence was, that for the first twelve months of the war, Uncle Sam's regular army was composed of the most worthless, vile, abandoned, thriftless scoundrels that could be picked up in all America. Their marches through Ohio could be traced, like the flights of African locusts, by the broad stripes of desolation they left behind them. Like their winged prototypes, they devoured every green thing! Watermelons, musk-melons, turnips, potatoes, and celery, grew and grew, until even the very species of celery vegetables that fell in their way—they appropriated to their own proper use and behoof, with the most scurrilous indifference to the commonly received ethics regarding the rights of property. They seemed to have a marked penchant, as the French express it, for Mr. Kessell's fields and garden; and it was, indeed, a pitiful spectacle of havoc and devastation which they left for him to contemplate. These American sons of Mars—pretty sons of the God of War they were—did not confine their marauding enterprises to mere forays upon the vegetable kingdom; they had an insatiable fondness for animal food, and swine, sheep, bullocks, and even the patient and innocent bullock cows, fell victims to their rapacity; and then, as if it were a good practical joke, seeing that they had left nothing in the fields and farm-yards that required the protection of fences, they made firing of them wherewith to cook their plunder. The fierce Tartars that Genghis Khan, that terrible man, once hurled in devastating

* For the information of the ignorant reader, it may be proper to inform him that, reading corn are the armed maize, or Indians, in an Indian state, and which, when read or read, are vary best-corn, if not winnowed.
fury upon the northern provinces of the
Celestial Empire, were not a whit more
dreadful, in the eyes of the timorous
Chinese, than were those pretended up-
holders of the proud "Stars and Stripes"
to Michael Keezil and his honest and
unsophisticated neighbors. It was an
epoch in their lives which they never
forgot.

War is the pastime of princes, and a
very unprofitable and silly pastime it
seems to be. Just think of it! The
ruining powers of two nations quarrel
about some real or imaginary injury or
insult which one of them insists is had
received from the other. Both go indus-
triously to work to hire all the vagabonds
and loafers they can get, for seven dol-
lars a mouth and their victuals and
clothes, to shoot and stab other vaga-
bonds and loafers, and to be shot and
stabbed by other vagabonds and loafers,
in return. Unfortunately for modern
civilization, these vagabonds and loafers
—these "ankers of a calm world and a
long peace"—are always to be found in
every civilized community; and, per-
haps, it is the wisest policy, after all, to
make soldiers of them, and set them to
terminating each other; and what bet-
ter way can be devised to rid the world
of them, than to let them loose, poll molt,
to expend their fury among themselves.

They thus act as mutual executioners,
and save a vast amount of work to the
legally-constituted hangmen and peni-
tentiary keepers. Has this view of the
subject ever before been presented to the
mind of any philosopher? Doubtful.

But the war brought other calamities
upon poor Michael, besides the devastat-
tion of his crops and his cattle. The
surrender of General Hull, at Detroit,
throw the President and his Secretary of
War into a state of high exultation, if
not of alarm, and they gave hurried or-
ders to call out the Ohio militia; in
other words, to drag peaceful farmers
and mechanics from their legitimate oc-
cupations, to make them food for villanous
gunpowder. If war is, indeed, a silly
amusement—as many men of reputed
wisdom have pronounced it—the silliest
feature of it, by all odds, is a compulsory
militia system. An army of volunteers
is an extremely pretty and efficient affair.
It is composed of men who have a taste
for giving and receiving blows; each
one of them has a certain amount of
"fight" in him, and is proper he
should give it scope and opportunity;
and, therefore, a voluntarily enrolled
militia is all well enough. But a drafted
militia, where men are driven into the
ranks like sheep, with no reference to
their habits, tastes, temper or opinions,
or compelled to pay an oppressive com-
mutation in money, is the veriest light
of human absurdity. And then such
officers as Heaven vouchsafes to those
poor drafted militia-men! Ignorant of
the art of war, ignorant of human nature
and destitute of those qualities which
command respect and inspire confidence,
they can never become conspicuous for
anything more dignified than their utter
uselessness. But so it is. And so the
government officials ordered out the Ohio
militia, and ordered out Michael Keezil
—the last man, of all on earth, under
whose skin one would expect to find a
soldier—kindly giving him the option of
serving his country in the tented field,
or paying three hundred dollars for the
privilege of staying at home. Now, if
there is any one thing better calculated
than anything else to disturb and bewil-
der the reflective faculties of a Pennsyl-
vanian Dutchman, it is to force him to
deide between doing a very disagreeable
thing, or paying money for not doing it.
His fondness for money, however, in
ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, con-
trols his judgment; and, to preserve his
dollars, he will consent to brave and suff
for anything; for, in his estimation,

money is the only
human love and
region, fame and
the having. Much
the horrors of war
lie in the killing
in the line, in the
ousted by arms
were evils as frie
t. three hundred dol-
that he became
millions came
and to gather war-
li on the ban-
mudly Maches.

It is not a sur-
tired reader may
great one: but he
been greatly run
fame of Michael
an anxious and
never so again.
EAST DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES: 1842

...the only legitimate object of great human worth. He conceived the
...his actions, so that his fate was known to all. He was going to be
...his conduct, and his very conduct during the course of his
duty. He was the only one who had the
...his destination, to half them
...the column, and the column of the col-
d...I was told that on the banks of the
...the arm of the
...the arms of the army.
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

a perfect phenomenon of knowledge and
smartness in the eyes of her Dutch
neighbors, began to show her sire what she
was good for. She not only managed
her household affairs, but astonished
her father and every body else by introducing
a day-book and ledger into the house,
and insisted on keeping accounts of all
the comings and goings of the farm.

About this time, a new and formidable
trouble was sprung upon poor Michael.
The commercial nabobs of the county
town resolved, in their enterprising wis-
dom, to open a grand highway through
the farm; and, as it did not square with
their views to lay it out in any other
than a straight line, and, as a straight
line left Michael's log cabin more than a
half mile distant from it, they suggested
the propriety of his building a new and
spacious house, immediately on the side
of the proposed road, and appropriating
it to the purposes of a country inn. Michael
was vastly perplexed by this
proposition, but Leonie was delighted
with it. Her long domiciliation with
the polite burghers of the county town
had olitivated many of the tastes and
habits of her Dutch childhood, and estab-
lished in their place a fondness for the
refinements and luxuries of Yankee civili-
ization. The log cabin in which she
was born, and in which her first ten
years were passed, was, in its interior
arrangements, a decided type of Tulpa-
cocken taste. Its apartments—its bed
rooms—were very convenient, for
each served twenty purposes. Sleeping,
cooking, eating, spinning, wearing, wash-
ing, hemming-cruckering, cobbling, tailoring, —in fact, everything needful to be done
under a roof, except threshing and hous-
ing cattle—were done in these two
apartments. The walls, presenting the
rough surfaces of the logs, very few of
them divided of their bark, with com-
mon clay thrown into the interstices, were,
for the most part, hidden under an in-
posing array of masculine and feminine
apparel. Coats, waistcoats, trousers,
gowns, petticoats, and various other hab-
iments, whose names modern refine-
ment has banished from polite literature,
all of home-made linen and linsey-wos-
sey, were suspended on pegs, around the
rooms, in marvellous profusion. Here
and there, where there was space for the
display, the painted pictures of a rampant
and dangerous-looking horse, tightly held
by a groom in a jockey-cap and small
clothes, was conspicuously placed, as,
also, the great flaming bills of itinerant
moneymongers, exhibiting a frightful tool
ensemble of elephants, rhinoceroses, lions,
tigers, leopards, emus, llamas, monkeys
and charioteers, leaving the beholder
in doubt whether to quake with fear at
their ferocity, or go into raptures
with the skill, taste and exquisite finish
displayed by the artist who produced
them. In each room a very small and
uncommonly nice looking glass, whose re-
flections—like those of very sinister and
melancholy people—were anything but
flattering, was hung up, distorting and
twisting the visage of the person consult-
ing it into such horrible grotesqueries,
that no one, with ordinary nerves, ever
had the courage to take a second look
into it. Now Leonie, though, by and
by her Yankee associations, and being, very
possibly, endowed with a larger and bet-
ner-adjusted cerebral allotment than was
fashionable among the sons and daugh-
ters of Tulpehocken, yearned for a large
and commodious mansion, with smooth,
white walls, into which she might intro-
duce black walnut and cherry furniture,
and even carpets, and thus make a dash
at high life, commensurate with the
wealth of her father; and she resolutely
want to work to gratify her peregrination.
Michael Koeck, as has been heretofore
hinted, was not to be easily argued into
the adoration of any new and untried
phase of life. Subject of describing
spring and built on the
side, with a wall
invasion of un-
ton of his seat
of rebellion and
estimation, with
windless less
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Early true
Dutchman, had
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Leonie; and we
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wealth by tall
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up to his ends.

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This county
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hative states
Sunday day.
phase of life. He looked upon the project of deserting his log cabin by the spring, and building a house by the road side, with a well in the yard, as a gross infraction of an ancient and pious custom of his ancestors, and but little short of rebellion against Providence. In his estimation, a well, whether garnished with windlass or pump, was not much less impious and violative of the intentions and workings of the Deity than a lightning-rod, itself; and a lightning-rod, by every true and pious Pennsylvanian Dutchman, has ever been regarded as a most Heaven-door-invention and device of human depravity. His scruples, however, vanished, one by one, before the lucid reasoning of his town friends, backed by the animated arguments of Leone; and when he became thoroughly convinced that he would double his wealth by taking their advice, he went into the spirit of the affair with all the energy and activity of which his phlegmatic nature was capable. He was soon up to his ears in work and perplexity.

Brickmakers, bricklayers, limeburners, carpenters, and hod-carriers, tormented him from early morn till late at night, and he was kept in a perpetual fever of excitement, answering questions he did not comprehend, running errands for things he had never heard of, making bargains for doing work of which he had not the slightest conception, and paying money for labor and materials without knowing in the least degree how much he was cheated. Leone, however, like Cinderella’s good fairy, came to his side, and made him happy by taking the management of everything upon herself. There are some people peculiarly gifted with the faculty of doing everything and controlling everybody. Without any apparent effort they succeed in having all matters in which they are interested arranged exactly as they wish. Some such a person was Leone. Her father, without being at all conscious of the degradation she had undergone, became the mere minister of her will, and carried out her plans with remarkable patience. As to her mother—she had been long considered, by both her husband and daughter, a mere nobody—if it is not paradoxical to apply the term “nobody” to a woman of such stupendous magnitude of body—she had nothing to say about anything, and so she sat in her great easy chair, a gigantic incarnation of docility and indifference. [To be continued.]

Our Social Chair.

HEALDSBURG, SEVOMA CO.,
November 8th, 1857.

EDITOR CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE:—We have had some rare fun here lately, and I must communicate it to the world, so that other people may laugh and grow fat as well as we.

This county contains among its residents many families from Missouri, and some of them preserve the customs of their native state. One of these customs is, that Sunday night is set aside, in the country, for sparkling; the brew and his sweetheart sit up alone together till midnight, or, perhaps, two o’clock; and, if his resignation is far off, he does not go home that night, but has a bed set apart for him, and in the morning he stays to breakfast.

Well, there is a certain family in the interior of this county, where there was a bustom last—when I shall call Lydia—and she was beloved by a son of Pike—when I shall call Job. They had long been living in the same neighborhood, and it was
It happened that Lydia's father then had several hired men, one of whom aspired to her hand, and looked with a very jealous eye upon Job. This fellow, for the purpose of making Job a laughing stock, knowing that the latter would come upstairs to bed after two o'clock, placed a board across the stove of the bedroom so that when going up he would necessarily strike it with his head and throw it down. This board was piled a great lot of old tin ware, crockery and iron ware.

The plot succeeded to admiration. Job knocked the stuff down; the racket awakened all the sleepers in the house; they all ran in terror and scanty garments to see what was the matter, and when they found it was only Job going to bed after sparkling Lydia, there was a guffaw that was almost as loud, and lasted considerably longer than the racket of the tin ware.

The report of the affair spread through the neighborhood, and Job was the butt for the wit of the whole community. He did not go near Lydia for several months. Happening to meet her father one day, the latter asked why he did not come to visit him. Job replied, he would never enter his house again so long as Jim Noones was there. When asked why, he said Jim had laid the tin ware trap. "Well," said Lydia's father, "you're right; Jim's a mean fellow, and I'll make him travel to-morrow." And so he did.

Job was there the next Sunday night, and he sat up again with Lydia; but it was found that there should be another obstacle in the course of his true love. There had been so much talk of Job's sparkling Lydia, that a boy eleven years of age, living in her father's house, had become exceedingly eager to see how it was done. So about half-past eleven he slipped out of bed, and, with nothing on save the short garment he slept in, crept quietly down the staircase, opening his bedroom door, and the door of the room where her leers and he placed his ear at the crack of the door to enter, but in his anxiety to hear what was going on, he leaned with all his weight against the door, which unfortunately had a poor latch, and the first thing he knew the door burst open, when he picked off the steep stairs into the middle of the room, and was lying in a sprawling and very ridiculous position. Jack started and stared a moment, and then broke out into a loud horse-laugh, while Lydia, throwing his arms from her neck, sprang up, and, while her eyes shot fire, she belabored the inquisitive urchin with the broomstick. He yelled, and started to run through the kitchen, where he got into a trap set for him. This was a rope stretched across the room near the floor. When the boy struck it he fell, and the rope pulled down a cupboard full of crockery, which fell with a tremendous crash. The boy yelled; Lydia screamed; Job cursed; the dogs outside barked and howled; and everybody ran in their night apparel to see what was the matter.

Before they reached the room, however, Job had jumped out of the window. Of course everybody in the vicinity knew the affair, too, and everybody wanted the fun of plaguing poor Job. He couldn't stand it, and he began to make preparations for leaving the country, and going to Los Angeles.

However, about a week after the last adventure, Job, while going along the road, again met Lydia's father, who said: "Job, I'm devilish sorry for what happened at my house, but I could not help it. They say Guno, Davis, killed the rope, and I have sent him away. You'll always be welcome." Job replied;

"I'll be there any time; and down South next marry me, I'd as well. I got a cousin thereon, and I'll open the third thing at your house?"

"Yes." "Is he at home?" "Yes." "Is Lydia there?" "Yes." "Would she come?" "I guess so." "I am going to house?"

"Certainly. Off they went. Job and Lydia are now there. They are as close as their cocks told me. They would like it in California.

Ramsay Co., who asked about a cigar, for the best, for which he is just lighted, goes over the street: "Will you come, sir?" Prompts him to the triangle of his throwing away. "I wish the cigar equally good things in every corner, an
"I'll be darned if I ever go a courting any more, and I was thinking of going down South next week; but if Lydia would marry me, I'd stay. I'll be dog-gone'd if ever I go courting again; I've tried it twice, and I don't know what would happen the third time." "Well, Job," was the answer, "I don't believe Lydia can get a better husband." "Isn't that there new preacher stopping at your house?" "Yes." "Is he at home now?" "Yes." "Is Lydia there too?" "Yes." "Would she marry me right off?" "I guess so, if you are anxious." "I am that! Will you take me to the house?" "Certainly." Off they went, and in less than an hour Job and Lydia were made one; and they are now the happiest pair in the county. They are as ready to laugh as anybody else at their courting adventures, and Lydia told me a couple of weeks since that she would like to see the story in Flornaxon's California Magazine. So here it is.

RAVENNA COW.—An acquaintance of ours who considers himself an excellent judge of a cigar, and moreover has a weakness for the best, had made a purchase of three, for which he paid fifty cents, and having just lighted one, was walking along Montgomery street when he was accosted with: "Will you give me a light, sir?" "Certainly, sir, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply, at the same time handing him his cigar. "Thank you," returned the stranger, as he put the borrowed cigar into his mouth, and, after delicately throwing away his old stump, walked away. "That's rather cool," soliloquized the cigar owner. "Certainly," was the equally cool reply, "we have to do cool things in this country!" as he turned the corner, and was off.

With due deference to the popular sententious of "never kiss and tell," we confess that we would "steal and tell" from whence the following was stolen; but unfortunately we cannot, having found it on the first page of an up-country paper, where, a week or two ago, we saw an original article, copied verbatim from the California Magazine, without any credit whatever! Yet, we would not say that the Shasta B— was the sinner, for the world, (nor the first one, either) of course we would n't:

MRS. LORA-BONE.—Say, Susan, will they come with us, in sweet community to live? Of heart, and head, and home, to thee a sixteenth part I'll freely give. Of all the love that swells my breast—of all the honor of my name—of worldly wealth by me possessed—a sixteenth portion thou shalt claim. Nay, tell me not too many share the blessings that I offer thee! Then I find but fifteen others there—a household happy, gay and free.

A moderate household, I may say; my neighbor has as many more; and Brother Brigham, over the way, luxuriates in forty-four. I promise thee a life of ease and, for thyself, I'll let thee choose such duties as thy fancy pleases; say, Susan, canst thou still refuse? Sophronia cooks and sweeps the floors, and Hepzibah makes up the beds; Jemima answers all the doors, and Prudence combs the children's hair. The household duties all devolve on each, according to her lot; but from such labors I'll absolve my Susan, if she likes them not.

Into thy hands such tasks as take a dignity will I consign; I'll let thee block my boots, or make the sock and shirt department thine. I'll give thee whatever thou wilt—so it be but a sixteenth part; 'twould be the deepest depth of guilt to slight the rest who share my heart. Then wilt thou not thy fancy please? Say yea—and let our joy be sealed with just the sixteenth of a kiss.
trendy old age much sleep is required. Youth and young adults sleep habitually very soundly. The facility of remaining asleep then is necessary and to indulge in without injuring the strength, both of the body and mind. In a state of health, the amount of sleep required to restore the nervous energy, we conceive, from six to eight hours.

Harpers' "Drawn" generally has some very good jokes stowed away; and one of the best we have recently seen is the following, which we "appropriate" for the readers of the Social Chaldean:

A party of steady old merchants were in the habit of meeting every evening at a club-room, to enjoy a scandalous game of whist, with their pipes and beer. One of the party, not then in business, had a habit of going to the club-house immediately after dinner, and of whistling away the time until the arrival of his companions by drinking a bottle of port wine. By the time his companions got fairly seated for play, old Port-wine became very sleepy, frequently falling into a doze, and annoying the other players exceedingly. They resolved upon curing him. On a certain evening they made an arrangement with the proprietor and all the other parties in the room, that when old Port fall into his accustomed state, the lights were to be extinguished, but the parties were to continue talking and calling out their play as if actually engaged in it. This went on for five minutes, when old Port, waking up, found himself in utter darkness.

"I load the ace of trumps," said one of the conspirators. "It is your play, Mr. —-" addressing the wakened sleeper.

"But I can't play," said he. "I can't see—everything is dark. What is the meaning of this? No other one is around, and rubbing his eyes.

"Meaning! Nothing! Come, come, you don't keep the game waiting. You are asleep." "No, no, gentlemen; I am not asleep; I have gone blind!"

On the evening that the lovely and accomplished wife of Capt. P.-— died, his little boy, then seven years old, pointed to a star, and said: "Papa, that's the brightest star in the heavens, and I know your mamma's spirit's there!" The following simple and beautiful lines from the Mountain Messenger are dedicated to him:

I am watching that beautiful star, father, Alone in your ocean of blue,
Shining o'er in the tempests o'er And smiling on me and you.
Thus over earth she was smiling,
The smiles of a spirit benign.
Each one of its trouble beguiling—
Oh! would such a spirit were mine!

Behold, what a radiant glory Is shot with the beams of that star—
Resting the heavenly story
Of love from that region afar.
Thus then, in her calmness and beauty,
A glory divine in her soul
Shone bright over the pathway of duty.
She made a delight of the whole.
O forget not her memory, father! As long as you star-born so fair Shines out through the tempests o'er— Remember whose spirit is there!

Mr. Burton: Sir—Having seen some remarks in your Magazine in regard to the origin of the cast phrase "to lazz," and having a different idea in my mind from any therein expressed, I take the liberty of troubling you with a few words on the subject. It seems to me that the derivation of this word is traceable to the Latin verb "las," meaning to lick; but from the tongue, and the latter being Anglicized, the origin of the expression is clear.

Donners.

All right, neighbor!

We are again tempted to introduce to our Chaldean several voices from the mountains, which, in social tones, will speak for themselves:

Voice One. (From the Coluna True Republican.) A broken, when occurring home a fair damsel, asked her what sort of money she liked best. Of course the blazing beauty logically suggested moneymongy. "What interest does it bring?" inquired the man of current funds and Western wildcat documents. "If prop-

Voice Two. (From the Nurse's Home.) Alison, the charming, youngest, and prettiest girl in the place, comes rushing into my presence, all agitated. "Mrs. Smith sent for her," she says, "to be called to the sick. What can be the matter?" "Ah, Alison," I reply, "you've gone and given yourself airs again. You are too young and too beautiful to go about being sick. Poor thing! You'll have to be taken care of."

Voice Three. (From the Nor’Easter.) The air is cold and damp, and the sky is dark. The streets are slushy and muddy. The people are bundled up in thick coats and scarves. The children are playing in the snow. The trees are bare. The world is quiet and still. It is a cold winter's night.
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

253

crily invested," faltered the fair charmer, "it properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years.

Visit Two.—(From the San Juan Hydraulic Press.) Dear sir,—In the odor of sanctity, near the M. E. Church, in this town, among the early part of last week, Ancient William Goat, a well-known citizen, who was noted for his great strength and solid sense, that he was pious, his constant attendance at church sufficiently proves, although we have seen people turn up their noses at it as if they thought otherwise. He was a great lover of Nature, and might be found every morning and evening strolling the air of this beautiful climate, on the summit of Goat Hill—named after him by his neighbors out of his merits. He was reserved and silent in his habits, and had an eccentric way, if addressed by passers by, of saying only "slim ba-ta-ka-ta." No doubt it was this rather contemptuous expression of his, that caused to some person who felt injured by it, that led to his untimely death; for it is our painful duty to say that he was ruthlessly shot. But even as he fell, as if in contempt of death itself, Mr. Goat was heard to repeat his eccentric cry of "has-so-n-o-i." We never heard anything else changed against our venerable friend, except that, when young, he was caught killing sheep; I believe! like the magpie, his horn has been put down. His long beard will no more wave in the wind, nor his sable mustache be cast upon beauty surrounding churchward. And for his destroyer, we know, his "offense smells rank to leave us forever."

Visit Three. (From the Trinity Journal.) Seco! Chinaman of the Yuma. The opera house on the hill side now look exactly as they did in spring, when their leaves were tender and young — and in the same, the same, their contrast with the evergreens in every respect similar. But it is delightful show of youth; a few more weeks will have to their paler of death-time. North of the valley white mountains raise in spotted splendor; west that desolate spring-time appears. The rain has momentarily revived the dying foliage, as a word of hope, part of last, as a chosen drop of oil poured the flicker of an expanding lamp. But the birds have not been deceived—they have gone; not a soul remains to pip among the withers that frame our scene. The provident ground squirrel is observed hurrying to his burrow with mouth full of winter's stores; he has noted the dirge-mass of the woods and the wailing knot that is being shortly let down from the hill-tops.

Visit Four. (From the Humboldt Times.) Good morning, lady, have repeatedly called the attention of the road overseer of the Table Hill District, to that part of our county road, leading through the older groves from Clyde's place to Jones' Landing. The rainy season will soon be upon us, and yet, not a stroke has been made towards rendering that melodee navigable during the coming winter. The cruiser of that district is John Jones, and we are informed by persons living down there, that he has not even made an effort to collect road tax, neither has he notified men to work. The Board of Supervisors, were probably aware when they appointed him, but he was not particularly fond of work himself, but they thought that as his own tenants and labors had to pass over the road, perhaps he would have it worked. Wake up, Mr. Jones, and do something.

Visit Five. (From the Butte Recorder.) What Sells Best.—The commodities that will sell best in Great Falls these days are Chill-efry. Chill-breakers; Stockings' Hills, Knees-need and Knees-up. Our streets and store yards are occasionally sought and secked by our ladies-who in fact to avoid snatching after 'em. Washmen and women are out of many, and would stave off the shrunken, shriveled butchers instead of "liberally, and every moment in town has a significant cast here. Inexperienced strangers, stopping in town over night, think the place a region of the world, but the inhabitants are in the midst of their usual affairs. Lumber is comparatively cheap, and meets with but limited sales, and the shrunken are greedily disposed of by barter for the various drugs in the market. A steam doctor has come to town, and all the ladies love him.

Visit Six. (From the Shasta Courier.) A friend laid a big Harper's Gram upon our table on Tuesday morning last—one of the heaviest we have seen. We presented it to a half-starved Digger, who devoured it in a moment with infinite glee; and in some time remaining, in a gratified tone, "Ha, ha, ha, valley!" A crowd of Indians have hovered around the Courier office ever since.}

Chapter Seven. (From the San Jose Tribune.) Sketch.—Professor Ironmonger, a
HUTCHINGS CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

man of iron nerve, and slice of steel, will curb, subdue, tame, subjuge, and utterly vanquish any quantity of piec
s sarpents, at the San Jose Theater to-night, and to-morrow night for the amusement of the public. Any gentleman or lady who knows of any wild snake in these diggins, is requested to fetch it along, and submit it to the tender mercy of the Professor, who will, with ease, kill, either reduce it to a condition of the most amiable harmless, or (independently of its hood in the most effective and Scriptural style.

We regret that some of our subscribers who would pay us in wood, would only bring the wood along, we would be very glad to get the wood, so we would.

Voice Right. (From the Mariposa Gazette.) It is a hard matter to make up a paper this week. The usual mining reports have not been sent in, nor any items, from a lazy lot of regular correspondents, so called of. A few lights have occurred, but with no serious results. . . . One or two brats have entered this mundane sphere, and there has been one bunch of promises, but particulars are not received. A large lots of goods are daily arriving. . . . If some of those who owe this office don’t pay soon, they will be published, between Mariposa and Walker river there is a great gulf fixed, in the shape of the Sierra Nevada mountains, covered at present with ten feet of snow. . . . Coyotes are always shot at when howling round this office, and two-legged ones doing the same business, as was the case a few nights since, may be served the same way through mistake. . . . The Jall is nearly done, and nearly full, the cells being finished.

Yet, The last news about the "fash-

ness" is somewhat startling. But is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devoting great quantities of bitter, musk, rose leaves and the like. The Empress is quite copulent, which accounts for the style. A new era is dawning. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise.

It appears that some members of the "Committee of Ways and Means" for the French Catholic Church, on Bush street, have hit upon a happy method for doubling the collection on Sundays. Some sixteen of the prettiest and most charmingly modest young ladies of the congregation are chosen as collectors, and at the time for the performance of this duty, one (and sometimes two) of these go to each person present for his or her donations, and such is partly remuneration and partly solicitation, yet benevolence-inviting expression, a sense of consciousness of these absences, that few indeed have the heart to refuse giving. The consequence is that a large plateful of the "useful" is added to the coffers of the church. We wonder that other denominations don’t take the hint, especially when congregations are composed mostly of the masculine gender, as they are in Califor. We charge nothing for the suggestion!

This reminds us of a long-faced and noisy old sinner we heard telling another "what the board had done for his soul," as he passed along the street of Jamestown, Tuolumne county, one Sunday, as we sat on the balcony of the hotel. This admonished us that Divine service was to be performed that afternoon, and we dropped our books and started for the church. A very good sermon was finished, the old gent, before noticed arose to propose that as they "had been receiving the bread of life, (etc., etc.) and that as our brother couldn’t break it to us unless he be supplied with the bread that perpetually, (etc., etc., half an ordinary sermon) and moreover the servant is wor-

thy of his hire," (etc., etc.) They tuck up a collection on his behalf. "Brother Jones, please to pass the hat." As he sat just before us, we thought, "Old boy, we will keep an eye on your donation when the hymn reaches you," and we did, and discovered that while others dropped in their fifty cents or their dollar, this benevolent (I) old soul slipped in a—dime! Thinking that he might perhaps be poor, we sus-

pended an opinion until some inquiry had informed us to the contrary, when we found that the willing old hypocrite was making from eight to ten dollars per day!—Comment is unnecessary.

A "SUFFERING AND PATIENT WOMAN."—Mr. Pedley one day came in from walk. His wife said to him, "I have been think-

ing of our situation, and have determined

To those who are ex-

and to those who prefer

In all cases, the works recu-

with discretion. We say so.

And we find that there is

and 'em along, 'em aloud.
LITERARY NOTICES.

We would like to read some of our old friends and contribute a severe lecture on insolence in general and laziness in particular, as applicable to their individual cases, but we know that they would either send us an immediate apology, or lay the blame on our shoulders for being absent; and we would prefer to either that the time thus spent should be spent in writing a good article for our next number. Besides, if they sent us a good excuse, in the goodness of our heart (!) we should perhaps say "that it was perfectly justifiable, when we didn't believe it, and thus be guilty of fabricating a base-faced falsehood that would not only bring the colors to our cheeks, but the iron of condemnation to our conscience; and what would be as bad, or even worse, the sinners confirmed in the error of their ways; therefore, lazy contributors all, consider yourselves lectured, if you please! Jokes are condiments that everybody likes; they are the pepper and lime to the oysters of our table; the sugar and cream to the coffee of social conversation; the--but that will do; suffice it to say that they are grateful to all palates, at suitable times and seasons, and as much will be always welcome to the occupants of our Social Chair.

To those who are excessively practical, and to those who prefer the opposite extreme, this work is especially acceptable. We regret to see that there is a dearth of such works as embrace the happy medium. The first we shall notice of the former class is a work with the singular, and somewhat startling title of Every Woman Her Own Lawyer, by George Bihl. It is published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. When we first looked at this book and read the title, we said all this is a catch-penny effort; after just looking it through, we thought this is a dangerous work to put into the hands of a woman; when we had well examined it, we came to the conclusion that no truly sensible woman should be without it; yet these husbands who are afflicted with a frivolous, or a strong-minded, (so called) or a discontented better-half, had better not make her a present of this volume! To a woman who does not wish to be imposed on; to a husband who wishes to protect his wife in case of sickness, or absence, or death, there is a vast amount of useful information in it that will save both from many perplexing annoyances, and in a hundred other ways be valuable beyond estimate.

To those who like something to laugh at, we would suggest Sam Stick's Sayings and Doings, by Judge Haliburton, just issued by the same publishers as the preceding volume. Of course all those who are familiar with Haliburton's writings, such as "Sam Stick in Search of a Wife," "Sam Stick in England," etc., etc., know very well that they are full of bittersweet Yankee phraseology, and Yankee spices and sauce. Therefore those who like such Yankee dishes thus served up, may laugh until they are hungry, and then commence laughing again until they are satisfied--at least to leave off laughing.

Harcourt & Co., of this city, have laid on our table The Laws of Business for Business Men, by Theophilus Parsons, LL. D.; Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston. Of course this book belongs to the practical. We don't know much about law, and we don't care to learn it--at least so far as an actual lawsuit is concerned--at least as it is too expensive an amusement. Those who wish to familiarize themselves with the common sense interpretations of common law, and the proper way of doing
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

business on business principles, will find such closely and consistantly laid down in this volume.

Life of Thomas Jefferson, by H. S. Raudall, LL. D.; three volumes; Derby & Jackson, publishers, New York. By these remarkably interesting and instructive volumes the reader is carried back to the time of laying the foundation stone of American Democracy by its great architect and founder, Thomas Jefferson. Much of his correspondence with eminent men, in which the secret thoughts of his mind are confidentially expressed, not only upon matters of State and concerning the public well, but of the various men of letters, and others of his time, who had their influence indirectly in establishing so firmly the American Republic, are presented. All the intricacies and difficulties with which the foundation of a safe, liberal and suitable government for a free people were surrounded, are clearly expressed and explained; in short, these volumes comprehensively give a history of the time, as well as of the life, of this greatest of American statesmen.

Editor's Table.

What an eventful year has this been that now so near its close, especially to the Pacific Coast. In ads it has been an age—which puts Old Fogyism to the blush as he inquires "Who could have thought it?" It is the year of the appearance of the great Donnel County, the brilliancy and magnitude of which attracted the wondering admiration of the whole world, and will be remembered and spoken of for many generations to come. It is the year of the partially successful laying of an Atlantic Telegraph cable between England and the United States, and which has been a great success as an experiment, insomuch as the two countries have spoken through it, even though it is now utterly useless. It has been the year of the Pacific river gold excitement, unparalleled since the year 1850, and which many will with regret remember for many years to come. It is the year of the successful issue of three lines of Overland Mail routes, one of which—the San Francisco and Saint Louis, via Los Angeles, more generally known as the Butterfield Mail Line—arrives and departs twice a week with nearly the same regularity as the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers do, twice a month. It is the year, we had nearly said, in which we have communications established with New Orleans and San Francisco via Tehuantepec in less than fifteen days; with New York in nineteen; and with Liverpool in twenty-nine days, on the first trip made by the Louisiana Tehuantepec Company! We yet expect to live to see the time reduced to one week! but it will be by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad! May it come speedily. This will be the GREAT YEAR for California!

The first adventurous spirits that were lured to California by the reports of her gold mines, after seeing more than their wildest dreams had taught them to expect, worked and acted as though in a few brief years it would all be exhausted. Places of great riches were walked over in search of some far-off and rich El Dorado. The money made in one locality was spent in search of another; and thus the ruling notion which first induced emigration here was that of becoming suddenly rich, at a small outlay of time, and social feeling was postponed in its realization from one month to another; and many are still in doubt, after all their arduousness, whether or not the prospect is any brighter for their ever becoming rich. Perpetually striving with the freshness of their first hope, still strong within them, and with all the glad tidings which they hear, of the success of others, they wonder and long to know, yet
EDITOR'S TABLE.

In the public press of letters, there is a deepening of the public's interest in various matters. The establishment of a new public system, the presentation of new and difficult questions, the new and rapidly expressed views on the volumes of the public's history, and the public's passion for a new and comprehensive treatment of the past, is of great interest.

To the public's wide, dreams of our youth, be considered, thoughts! It will not be gilded, but has not a spell equally strange been wrought by the hollowing charms cast around a season already hallowed? The pathetic "Carol," of a Dickens! The glorious "Dreams" of a Christopher North! Noble "Old Kit North,"—as he delighted to call himself,—the happy Christmas shall never again inspire your generous soul, with dreams as bright as Youth's visions of Paradise, but your words, that have thrilled a thousand bosoms, rest as immortal as the season they have made thrice hallowed!

It is in Merry England alone that Christmas is celebrated with all the ceremonies sacred to the day. There the yule log still burns and the mistletoe decks the halls. In America, Thanksgiving has partly won the palm from this day of festivity, and the family reunions, the generous hospitality and kindly action, the better nature, which in England are observed in the season so peculiarly appropriate—the anniversary of the day that beheld the "Peace on Earth, good-will to men!"—with us vary with a varying Thursday, appointed as a Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer. Yet the day with us retains many of its happy associations, and youthful hearts look forward, which bright anticipations, to Christmas Eve, which shall intervene in the holidays.

The occupant of this Table, as he sits musingly in the falling twilight, revisit visions of the days when he soared, light-hearted, among the Christmas group of children. The clear, cold, moonlight December night! The heaven always looked clearer and brighter on that eve, as if they remembered that long, long ago, on that very night, angels had descended from their spheres and brought gifts of peace to earth! And the earth lay wreathed in pure, crystalline robes of snow. How far the youthful voice and laugh rang over the scene, as if angels longest sought the accents and echoed them to spirits still more distant, unwilling to lose the slightest sound in earth's communion with Heaven! How cheerful the merrily lighted cottage hearts glimmered through the curtained window! How bright the scene within! Too bright, too happy for description! The distance to which we are removed may reveal new beauties, time have added new charms, but beautiful indeed must have been the scenes which so many pleasant memories cluster. Poor is the heart that has no happy Christmas memories!

And how will old Sylvester Cooley return—our first Poet-street—now half this day? Sylvester is not made of common susceptibilities; and even in boyhood, when the heart, like a spring secret, blooms with glad emotions, he never bouded into the family group and shouted, with ecstasy, a "Happy Christmas," or a "Happy New Year." No; he pooled and gushed even then; it was too silly an action for his practical graybacks formation. And now, as he boasts along with his firm, inclusive, business step, towards the haunts of Trade, the day and its beloved associations will bring to his flinty
nature no divine feelings of peace and good-will to men. He will hear his sweetest Christmas carol in the words which tell him stocks are firm; and, the pleasantest holiday sheet to his eyes will be the "Prices Current" that informs him the market closed with an upward tendency.

But the world is not composed entirely of Crockery-centers; and even here in California, there will be gentle voices in many a happy home that will curl the "Happy Christmas" and "Happy New Year," and focus bright with genial feelings and hearts overflowing with good will to all. And though the heart of him who sits at this table may leap no more with the sprightly throes of youth, and the voice that carries from him may be harsh and husky, yet his pulse grows quick and his heart glad, as he wishes all his friends a "Happy Christmas and Happy New Year!"

In the present number will be found a little gem from the vigorous and graphic pen of Mrs. B. S. Conner, who, with several other able writers of both sexes, have consented to contribute monthly to figure numbers of this Magazine. It gratifies us to be able to make this announcement, inasmuch as, while the California character of this work will be preserved, a greater and more valuable variety will be added to its contents.

Monthly Chat,
WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F.—Soft soldiers or snap are well enough in their way, but we don't deal in the article.

N. Y. F.—The acrostic is received, and although we appreciate the sentiment, and thank you for the compliment, we are too modest to publish so much concerning ourselves. But we assure you that all is still be California as much as it is possible to make it, as long as we have ought to do with its pages.

D. S., Oregon City.—Yours reminded us of a wooden-legged man, with a stiff knee, going up stairs—one foot here and the other—there. Oh! no, don't.

J. J. C.—All right. Send soon.

M., Yankie Jim.—Your "Lines" are almost as smooth as mellow wine is supposed to be at Christmas. We cannot say, however, that they are as pleasant to take, for to us, somehow, they smack of hypocrisy, and we hate—yes, extravagantly hate—a hypocrisy so much as we despise his writings, and that is more than we can express.

---h, hah! h, but s-ha, hah! P. C.—No you don't. Again, no.

Harry R.—The gold speculums came safely in hand. Thank you! They suggested to us that we ought, perhaps, to give a general invitation to others to send similar ones, and to say that all specimens under fourteen pounds (each over that weight received) will be accepted at our office in payment of subscriptions for the Magazine. Send 'em along, everybody! Why didn't you send us your money? They will be mailed as requested.

Ed., Columbia.—Certainly. We love—yes, almost adore—the large-hearted and noble-hearted. We welcome you to our little family. Let us hear from you again at an early day.

Epic, Sacramento.—We never stoop to the "You tickle me and I'll tickle you" principle. By our actions we either stand or fall. Apply elsewhere.

J., San Jose.—We suppose so. Twenty-four thousand all worms weigh but a quarter of an ounce. They must, however, be kept cool, but not cold. The worm lives from forty-five to fifty-three days, and in thirty days increases in weight nine thousand five hundred fold. From seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds of willow leaves about seventy pounds of worms are obtained. One hundred pounds of worms will give about eight, and a-half pounds of span silk; and even one pound of cocoons will produce a single thread of eight-eighth thousand silkmoths in length—at least so says Berger.

S. B.—We cannot help it. We never did please everybody, and never expect to try.
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