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WINTER IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE MINER GOING TO HIS CLAIM IN THE MORNING.

Comfortably seated in an easy chair and a warm room, it is rather agreeable than otherwise to look out upon the gently-falling flakes of snow, that are seeking a hiding place among men's whiskers—kissing, without ceremony, the ruddy cheeks and ruddy lips of the buoyant-hearted lasses—or making irregular rows and loops on hat and overcoat, lodge, and window-sill, and pavement, outside. Then
Now, too, the respective prospects of their and their neighbors' claims are discussed, the general news of the place talked over, a game of cards played, and a magazine (sure, of course!) or book is read, while the cook for the day mixes up the bread and puts the beans to soak for the morrow. Perhaps a neighbor drops in and relates that, during the storm last night, the old "nut pine" tree, on White Rock Flat, had fallen right across Fred Hayfield's cabin, and made Fred and the timber both fly, the former through the window and the latter in every direction, and did a smashing business in crockery and cabin-ware. Jerry Dayton, who was passing at the time, narrowly escaped being—fractured, for, hearing the roots of the old tree snapping, he checked himself rather too suddenly, and measured his length.

He "couldn't be much mistaken on that pile; seen too much of that kind of gold in this old cabin."

But let us ascend still higher, for the gold range extends nearly to the very tops of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. As we leave the valleys and cations below, and climb the zig-zag trail to the summit above, where it was only inches at a lower altitude, it has here increased in depth to feet. Now, too, the sugar pine, (Pinus Lambertiana,) with its immense dimensions, gracefully-swaying boughs, luxuriant foliage and depending cones; the balsam fir, (Picea grandis,) the hardy Williamson spruce, (Abies Williamsonii,) with numerous others of the same extensive family; the California nutmeg tree, (Torreya California,) the arbor vitae, (Thuja gigantea,) and other varieties of the same family, together with the California mountain laurel, (Orobanche California) thrive.
old "nut pine"
Flat, half fallen
toeld's cabin, and
shrub both fly, the
window and the lat-
and did a smash-
y and cabin-ware.
But passing at the
and flats — fright-
roots of the old
wood himself without
assured his length.

with its immense
by spreading boughs,
pendant cones; the
(radius,) the hardy
(Williamswauri,) the ever-
s of the same
California nutmeg
blemia, the arbor
laurel, (Oro-

Those, and a vast
and graceful trees and

STORMY TIMES!

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA.

shrubs, by far too numerous even to
name in this connection, grow on the
great table-lands and ridges of the lofty
and snow-covered summits of this mag-
nificent range of mountains.

How often does the miner, residing on
a bar or valley of a cañon or river, leave
his snug and cozy hut to explore these
vast forest solitudes in search of richer
diggings—even in the midst of winter?
Neither snow, nor rain, nor storm, deter
him from his purpose. And who has
not known or heard of many who have
thus gone out, when the air was clear
and the day was bright, and never again
returned. Wandering on the surface of
the snow, packed perhaps by a thaw or
rain, or hardened by a frost, he has
gone on until the gathering darkness of
a coming storm has shut the sun from
his sight and guidance, before the cabin
of refuge was in sight. Ahas! he is lost!
Lost! None but those to whom hearts
the reluctant conviction, by experience,
his at last forced itself, with its paraly-
ing power, can fully realize the soul-bur-
rowing feeling expressed in that one

simple Saxon word, "Lost!" Lost on
the wide expanse of snow and forest.

LOST.

Lost, with neither compass nor star to
guide; without company, blankess, or
food; the heavy flakes that fell and clung to him, as he clings to life, cover up the tracks of his footsteps, so that, even the hope of returning by the way he came is denied to him. At last, weary with his fruitless efforts, he sat first in or lay himself down to rest, only for a few minutes; but the nightmare of care is pressing heavily on his bosom; fatigue, hunger and cold are fast weighing down his eye-lids, and he falls into the sleep which knows no waking. In vain do his umbilicus, or relations, or friends, await his coming. Alas! he is dead!

The writer, while engaged in taking views for this magazine, was overtaken by a snow-storm on the Trinity Mountains, and, being lost and bewildered, as well as weary, sat himself down to rest; just as a drowsiness was stealing over him, the neighing of his horse recalled him to consciousness, when he found that the storm had ceased for a few minutes, and in the distance a dim light was visible. He need not say that the horse saw the light, and by expressing his joy in a loud, long neigh, saved his master's life.

About three weeks before Christmas, in the winter of 1852—generally known as the "starvation winter"—Yreka was but a small town compared with what it now is; and as none of the inhabitants there contemplated the visit of any winter more severe than those they had previously known, no extra supplies were laid in. About this time snow began to fall, yet created no anxiety; but, as it continued for nearly a week without intermission, and snow upon the Yreka flats exceeded four feet in depth, men—especially those with families—began to feel anxious lest the small quantity of provisions on hand should fall before the usual pack-train had supplied their wants. Provisions were daily growing scarce, as the expected train was delayed by the snow. On Christmas morning, five dollars per pound was offered for flour, with which to mix a Christmas plum pudding, but none could be bought at any price. Such incidents of consumption as could be found in camp rose in prices enormously. Beef—the steaks of which, on account of being so poor and tough, were denominated "shot-iron steaks"—was 60 cents per pound; salt (only 1½ lbs. in camp) was sixteen dollars per pound, and other articles proportionately high. None could go out—none could come in. At length several persons, apprehensive of a famine, determined to force their way out over the mountains, towards Shasta. Among them was Mr. Van Chester, our kind informant, who will relate his own story better than we can:

About a week after Christmas, several of us determined that we would stand it no longer. A small party had started two days before and had not yet returned, the prospects were looked upon as favorable—besides, we had the advantage of walking in their trail. We crossed over to the head of Scott Valley without much difficulty, and were surprised on opening the door of Vory's Ranch, to find that those who preceded us had made no further progress than to this point. My first question was:

"Boys, have you any bread here?"
"No!" was the bluff and somewhat surly reply: "we haven't!"

Men were afoot about upon the floor in all directions and positions; some were asleep, (for it was night,) others, not finding room to lie down, were sleeping and dozing in a sitting posture; others were quietly awaiting the luxury of lying down when their turn came. We did the best we could, and that more or less no cause for boasting, although it does for thankfulness, as we at least had shelter. For that night and the day and night following, we bore our troubles as well as we could; but as provisions were getting scarce here, and the price charged
WINTER IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA.

was three dollars per meal, early the following morning twenty-three of us again set our faces, towards Shasta, as the place of bread and refuge.

First we had to cross the Scott Mountain—one of the most dreaded in this district—and snow was already from five to nine feet in depth. Armed with a couple of axes, with our blankets at our backs, we started. Snow here—snow everywhere—but no trail anywhere. One led the van, but at every step snow came up to his middle. Others followed in his trail; but before he had travelled one hundred feet, he was thoroughly tired out, and stepped aside for another to take his place; the same result with No. 2, and so on up to the last; and thus the whole party tried it, gave out and fell back. The same process was repeated again and again, and in five hours we made just three miles; when night came, nearly five miles, altogether, were accomplished since starting in the morning.

"We are not on our right course," cried one.

"Which is the right one?" inquired another.

No one knew the course we ought to pursue. To add to our difficulties, night

ON HIS DEATHBED OF SNOW HE HAS BUT ONE LOVING AND SORROWING MOTHER.

and a snow-storm both overtook us. After delaying some little time to ascertain which of the party actually knew the course, an old packer's advice was taken, and we again started—now this way, now the other—now down the side of the mountain a little, now up. After manoeuvring in this way all that night and the following day, towards evening the snowing ceased for a few minutes, and gave us an excellent view of Mount Shasta.

We now saw that we were several miles out of our course; but on we pressed and toiled for the whole of that night, and about noon on the following day reached a stream, which we could not ford. We cut down a tree that grew on the bank, to serve as a temporary bridge, by which we might gain the opposite side. In passing over, two of
the party, being half frozen, slipped off
the tree into the stream, and narrowly
escaped drowning.

We had now been out three days and
two nights, and, as the third night was
fast approaching, with no friendly cabin
in sight, where we could take shelter and
find refreshment, the prospect looked
very dark and forbidding.

"Let us camp," suggested one.

"No, no!" replied the other, "we
would freeze to death before the fire was
lit again!"

So on, on we toiled until midnight,
when the foremost man gave a loud, ex-
ultant shout; he saw sparks issuing from
a cabin nearly buried in the snow. No
tongue could describe our feelings. One
long, loud "hurrah!" burst from each
and all, and rung over and echoed among
those snow-covered mountain tops and
sides. New life was infused into all of
us, and we hurried briskly on; but, alas,
 alas! when we reached the spot we
found that it was only an old tree on
fire, smouldering and burning deep down
crotch the snow. This was disappoint-
ment, indeed! Yet, in the shadowy dis-
tance, in bold relief, stood a cabin, not
for whom we reached it, we found that it
was not only deserted, but the roof had
fallen in. On further exploration, one
end of the rafters was discovered to be
resting on the side of the cabin, and at
the farther end was a fire-place. Ah! but
you had better believe that even this
gave us a feeling of joy which I can not
describe. To build a fire was but the
work of a few minutes, and after we had
all crept beneath this welcome shelter,
we counted noses, one by one, and dis-
covered that two of the party were miss-
ing. These were found some distance
from the cabin nearly frozen to death.

In "prospecting" around, one of the
men found a few pounds of barley—the
only edible thing we had seen for three
days. This was equally divided among
us, and, while some began to cut it raw,
others parched theirs in an old frying-
pan, which we had found; all were de-
lighted—aye, overjoyed—at this most
opportune discovery.

Our bodies being warmed, and our
hunger somewhat appeased, we slept
soundly until the middle of the following
day, when, as we were pretty well aware
of our position, and knew that there was
a house about sixteen miles below, where we could obtain
rest and refreshment, we con-
cluded that it would be better
to remain where we were till
the next morning, and then
push on while we had sufficient
strength remaining. During
the day, quite a number of
others from Yreka, who had
followed our trail, came up
with us, and increased our
party to nearly seventy.

As soon as morning light
began to break, our guards
looking and hungry little ar
over three hundred yards further on. A
new joy was again felt, but, like the
other, was of exceedingly short duration,
had to seek out the men we had left, frost-bitten in our last shelter; and two of the strongest were selected to undertake their work of risk and love; and to whom we agreed to pay an ounce of gold per day to each, as wages, for taking care of them. When they arrived there the two frozen sufferers were nearly dead. Poor fellows, they were indeed pitiable objects. From the feet of one fell four of his toes; and from the other a part of the heel. At length, by giving them two or three small teaspoonfuls of warm brandy, they recovered sufficiently.

After some days of relaxation and recuperation, another attempt to reach the mountains was crowned with success, and this heroic party placed beyond the reach of farther danger.

During the same winter—1852-'53—snow fell in Onion Valley, Sierra county, to the depth of twenty-five feet! The store of Timberman & Co. was entirely covered. It was with much labor that the roof was prevented from falling in.
The liberty-pole standing in front had to be cut down and drawn into the store for props, and the snow frequently shoveled from the roof. After a slight thaw, a few inches of the roof were bare; and, upon this spot, large numbers of wolves nightly congregated to warm their feet, fight, and howl. At this time, the people here cut a tunnel from "The Miners' Retreat" (Timberman's) to "The Golden Gate Hotel," opposite; and thus again opened communication with each other across the street. An acquaintance of ours, on Nelson creek at this time, paid eight hundred dollars for one thousand pounds of flour, for which, within a week, he was offered two thousand dollars! As St. Louis, Pine Grove, Gibsonville, and numerous other places in that vicinity; then known only as Sears' Diggings, snow was only from eighteen to twenty feet in depth; and, since that winter, almost every mining town—snow-ballings and slidings, are becoming popular pastimes in the higher mining districts. The dull, cheerless monotony endured by the sturdy sons of the pick and shovel, in earlier winters of our State's history, is fast passing away; and, before many years have run their round, we hope that winter in the Sierras will be anticipated with pleasure rather than dread; and that the "making haste-to-be-rich" feeling will have given its place to that of possession.

OVERTAKEN ON THE MOUNTAIN BY A SNOW-STORM.

But the reader must not suppose that such dismal scenes form the whole of the series of winter pictures in the mining region; especially at the present time. By no means. Merry-making, balls and social parties are beginning to relieve and warm the coldness of Winter's snowy visage; and, during the present winter, sleigh-rides with the girls—yes, with the girls for such are now to be found in almost every mining town—with snow-ballings and slidings, are becoming popular pastimes in the higher mining districts. The dull, cheerless monotony endured by the sturdy sons of the pick and shovel, in earlier winters of our State's history, is fast passing away; and, before many years have run their round, we hope that winter in the Sierras will be anticipated with pleasure rather than dread; and that the "making haste-to-be-rich" feeling will have given its place to that of possession.
place to that of contentment and comfort possessed.
It may seem strange to many people of the Eastern States, that in California a person may travel on several feet of snow in the morning and before noon, of the same day, be sitting down to lunch where the grass is green and wild flowers are blooming all around him. Such is winter in California.

We cannot better conclude this sketch than by giving the beautiful lines, from the Altar of

THE LOST PREACHER.

BY MRS. E. B. CONNER.

"The Rev. Mr. Brooks perished in the snow, on Salmon Mountain, a year ago last February. A few days ago, his bones, watch, a twenty dollar gold piece, and a package of tracts, were found near a house on the north side of the mountain. He had perished almost in sight of shelter."

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matt. 25.

Saw, wherefore, Christian soldier, did thy faithful footsteps stray So far from "lusty haunts of men," on that lone, timeless way? 'Twas not to seek the much-loved gold, not to seek "land to land," Nor o'er to die for science in the martyr-heroes' band; Nor for the wealth that holy Church hath on her vessels poured, Nor for the fame that Eloquence hath in her temple stored; But to the lonely diner on the mountain's dreary height, To bear the blessed Word of God, the Gospel's gleam of light; To say to those who live afar from book, or spine, or hell—

"Glad tidings of great joy, to man 'is my grand task to tell!"

Hast thou no mother watching, praying for her much-loved son? Hast thou no wife still hoping to behold the absent one? Hast thou no child still craving thy fond blessing to implore? No friends who pined to greet thee in thine old home once more? The winter sky shone on thee with its melancholy light; The crisp snow neighed thy footsteps sparkled falsely clear and bright; The snow-cloud came around thee—the drifting snow fell fast— But cheer thee, lonely traveler! Thy goal is sped at last! Yes! with thine eyes still gazing, by the early break of day, At that shelter unattainable, thy life-warmth passed away! Thy course of usefulness cut off which so bravely had begun— "Could I have died hereafter! But no! God's will be done!" And though thy dying struggle no human eye could see, Who knows what unseen angels were ministering to thee? Alas! all search was fruitless, till eighteen months had passed; But brothers' love hath found thee—thy fate is known at last. The melted snow had formed a grave around the sheltered sod; Besides it lay the precious words of prayer and love of God; And Time stood still beside thee, as it will on that Great Day When, in the Judge's presence, worlds are marshaled in array;
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

The rust was on the din—the rust of death on thee—
But the immortal gem within, decay shall never see!
The gold still lay upon the earth, unchanged by frost or dew—
That earth, the gold will perish, but thy soul will rise anew!
Thy bones, all bare and whitened, though lifeless, have a voice,
Which whispers to the mourners—Lament not, but rejoice!
For thou hast died a soldier, in battle for thy Lord;
Thy guardian everlasting, proclaims thus His Word:
Thy "dried bones" shall be covered with righteousness on High,
For those who serve God truly have only once to die!
Then waketh to salvation and hear these words so blest—
"Well done, thou faithful servant; enter now into thy rest!"

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3, 1858.

EVERYTHING IS CHANGING.

Since the sublime flat, "Let there be light!" echoed through all space, the silent law of Change has been writing its unceasing mandates. As this command, Darkness hid her face behind the "pearly pillars" of Light, whose crimson drapery with rose-tinted edges parted to usher in the new Morning. The gift of Phoebus to this Morning was an array of sunbeams, whose penciling rays shed all things, so as to best reflect her gorgeous beauty. Thus from the Night came the Day, baptized with the fragrance of opening flowers; breathless Noon-day had inhaled their sweetness, while Evening's dewy breath had refreshed them, leaving many shining crystals among their folded leaves.

This change from Night to Day was but a reflection of those great changes which were to write Life, and Death, upon the inanimate world, and give Beauty and Strength to the living. Spring's warm breezes were to coax the embryo bud from its dark, silent home, to revel in the sunshine and light; its appointed mission was to give Resurrection and Life, where was Desolation, and Death; Summer's warm winds were burdened with the fragrance of dying flowers; Autumn's frosty breath ripped the last of Summer's train, and with its crystalline alphabet wrote Maturity upon the meagre laggard fruits of Fall; while stern Winter, with his icy finger, stops the parching rains in their wayward courses, and leaves pendant icicles glittering in the sunlight, decking the flowerless shrub, and leafless tree, with a robe of silver in striking contrast with the delicately shaded green of Summer!

The hidden powers of the invisible world conduct their works in a mysterious manner; side by side are reared the oak and the daisy, as living monuments of decayed matter; their bright green leaves, and tinted flowers, will ere long cease interpreting the mysteries of Death and Life, and sink to rest, or be borne by invisible wings to other destinies.

Thus, to-day the "Woodman's axe" has not spared the forest tree, but has leveled its proud head with the dust! Soon no vestige of this tree remains, but to our eyes the crumbling log is lost; yet the Chemist looks forward, with a prophetic eye, and sees our titanic stones propelled by this renewed power; or mayhap, the ball-room bolite flits before his mind's eye, with charms made more brilliant by a glittering diamond. From amid the gems of royalty, he singles the purest, and notices on the ten log, a "mountain worth a" sever the fixed nation.

Go with and view but a few into the mirror
of the forms Rowena;
part with the band,
the few rays of the leaves.
The blue our vision,
the blue of the violet earth in a
Nature.
From but myriads of
are often perfect the
and in it.
The noisy
earth, and
creeping with blue
preventing coming a.
The change with mingled end, we are of true and
scenes of ever so pleasing
distasteful
pieces.
purest, and whispers: "There is the unnoticed snore, the gigantic tree, the rotten log, and now, foresight, a diamond—
a ‘mountain of light’—ages since, not worth a passing remark; now its value sores the bonds of peace between civilized nations!"

Go with me to the "Sunny South," and view those snowy fields of cotton; but a few days, and "Sovereign Genius"
will have converted parts of this plant into minute threads, and mingled them with the silk-worm’s silken web, to grace the forms of an Ellen Douglas, or a Lady Rowena; or be hung in heavy folds over parlor-windows, shutting out from home the beautiful sunshine; allowing only a few rays to play "hide and seek" among the leaves and buds of the rich carpet. The blue misty vapors that to-day obscure our vision, to-morrow are piled up against the blue sky in feecy clouds, or rest upon the violet as beady dew-drops, or come to earth in refreshing showers!

Nature is but a Volume of Changes. From her laboratory, matter assumes myriads forms. Retrograde movements are often seen; yet, in the end, they but perfect the plan of progression. "There are constant changes on earth, in air," and in the waters of the great deep. The noisy brook, and the sluggish waters of the river, gather the impurities of earth, and deposit them amid the ocean’s foaming waves. Thus, the pure and impure elements are blended together, each losing their own individuality, and preserving this body of water from becoming a stagnant and "putrid" mass!

The changes of life are but a sketch of our beings. Progressions and retrogressions; joy, and sorrow; death, and life; the stars of the heavens, the powers which govern them, and the elements of the material universe, are now suffering the penalty of the first great change in our history; not satisfied with the good, he sought the forbidden fruit—thus shutting the gates of a heaven-ly home from rightful and created heirs. Mind, in its primeval state, was not conscious of its own powers, but was in harmony with the undeveloped mass around it. Instinct whispered of something higher and better; Wants and Desires prompted a change; and Reason saw in this want of variety but an echol-ling how from the Infinite to the finite being;—hence, the "March of Mind," from the dark and supersttions age, to one of light and civilization.

Man’s superiority over the inferior creation offulls him into forgetfulness of the One superior to himself; yet man, with his ancestral pride and sounding titles, is but a fit subject for decomposition and death; the proudly defiant lip, the flashing eye, and sensitive ear, are dependent upon the Dust for the rosy tints, the bright expressive colors, and perfect form; from this same source "creepeth the worm," and visiteth the winged insect: together will they decay, and from their dust will spring the tender flower and twining vine! M. B.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOWS BOOK.
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Tusa is a simple, touching tale of New England in the days of the Pilgrims. Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain, whose board is already

*Packed with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.

dispatches his friend, John Alden, to woo the maiden Priscilla in his behalf. Alden does so in good faith, until his pleading for his friend is overcast by Priscilla’s arch inquiry,

* "Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?"
On hearing of this, Miles is indignant at what he considers his friend's treachery, and departs in anger, at the head of an expedition against the hostile Indians. Allen prepares to return to England in the May Flower, but is withheld by Priscilla's earnest entreaties. Their courtship continues; news arrives that Miles is slain; then—

"Even as rivulet twin, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other often, as they leap from the rocks, and plunge
Each one its chosen path, but drawing nearer and nearer.
Rush together at last, at their meeting-place in the forest.
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Casting in sight of each other, then merging and flowing together,
Passed by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer.
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other?"

The wedding takes place; Standish suddenly appears, altones for his anger to Allen, and declares his approval of the marriage, for—

"So many men either cherishing in Kent at the season of Christmas?"

And the poem terminates with the bridal procession.

Miles Standish is the true soldier of the day. His dauntless, his impetuosity, his overbearing dictation, his bluntness, his contemptuous hatred to the Indians, even his dry humor, belong to his age and time. Not less correctly depicted is his poet, as evinced in his poems, like the "beating drum," to which he has himself compared it, knows and sounds the call, to which, from regiment to regiment, from tent to tent, in the vast camp of human existence, other hearts send forth the answering signal.

Vitality is likewise, a marked characteristic of this poet. His characters all live and move before us. He is a great word-painter. Witness Hiawatha's wooing, the death-bed of Minnehaha, the arrival of the ship and landing of the priest. What painting could bring those scenes and characters more vividly before us, than the words of the poet have done? And what painting could echo the sweet welcome of the birds, the sun, the moon, as the wedded pair seek their homes,—the plaintive wail of old Nokomis, or the farewells of the sea, the wind, the forest trees, and the screaming heron, as Hiawatha's canoe fades on the horizon?

This is also especially evident in the present poem before us. The home of Miles Standish, its furniture, the shelf of books, and amongst them—

"Perfume here, distinguished alike for bulk and for blending;"
THE COURTSCHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Burkitt’s Artillery Guide and the Commentaries of Ossian.
And, as guarded by these, between them was standing the sublime, with "the cool-blue rim of the ocean," the steeling of the Mayflower, the cottage of Priscilla, her psalm-book.

"Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together."

"Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a church-yard."

"Darkened and cornerback'd by the running vise of the verse."

The council-room, the winding of the road, the mickle-white steen, Raghuin, are all plain to the sight.

But the idea which displays the most genius and originality in the whole poem, is the contrasted description of the deaths of the two Indian chiefs, the last line, especially, is worthy of Shakespeare.

"Alden’s sudden surprise on hearing of Miles Standish’s love;"

"Feeling his heart stand still in his bosom, just as a three-piece stage in a house that is struck by lightning;"

"The military description of the sky and waves, when Standish marched forth to battle;"

"Over them gloomed fear for all the crimson banners of the enemy, under them, laid on the sands, the carried linnets, advancing."

"Fired along the line, and in regular order retreat."

"The epithets applied to Plymouth Rock;"

"To that place folk like a dovecot, into a world unknown, the corner-stone of a nation;" are among the most prominent features of the poem. Even so, as amongst the jagged fissures of that rock, bright little May-flowers struggle into life, so there are many blossoms of thought and imagination scattered throughout.

It is, however, much to be regretted that Longfellow’s love for the classical hexameter has induced him to employ it in this poem. The use of the trochaic measure in Hiawatha,—an extraordinary and original effort in an epic poem,—(for an Indian epic Hiawatha certainly is,)—displayed alike the poet’s genius, independence and taste. The measure is poetic, and musical throughout; it is not polished, for that would be out of place in an aboriginal legend; it is untutored versification, but it is poetry. The hexameter employed in the Courtship of Miles Standish does not suit the genius of our language. The measure is not sufficiently defined, nor is the English tongue musical enough to give pleasure by such terminations of each verse. The gratification this measure may afford, by analogy, to the classical reader, poorly compensates for its barbarism,—its inharmoniousness to the common ear. For instance, it is difficult to find measure, melody, or rhyme, in passages like these:

"Now do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders, when the rear guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too, and the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together there was no room for their swords?"

Like powerful, but cuphonsious verso of Milton, the colloquial rhythm of Shakespeare, the honey-sweet stanza of Spenser, are all equally appropriate to the age, the scene, and the subject; and it would seem that the novel task the poet has undertaken has chilled his own fervid imagination: the subject is prosaic, and the measure confirms its prosaic aspect.

The collection of shorter poems in the volume is beautifully styled "Birds of Passage," which, as quoted from Dante, "in winging their long flight, make the air musical, singling as they fly." Our limits will not admit of reference to all; a few of the gems alone can be selected.
Here the poet calls up all the harmony of 

recreation, the most delicate fancies, 

the holiest imaginings. Here likewise 

we see that genius for creating pictures 

developed in Longfellow's noblest vein. 

The picture in the three last verses of 

the poem on the Jewish Cemetery, ob- 

servers, (and no higher praise can be given,) 

to rank beside that never-to-be-forgotten 

illustration of the foot-step in the sand, 

Robinson Crusoe's alternate terror and 

hope, terror and consolation, which, in 

the spirit-stirring, soul-inspiring Psalm 

of Life, has immortalized its author. 

The verses are as follows, speaking of 

the Jews:


"Folds and humiliated, bent in hand, Event: Walked with these through the world wherever they 
Treaded and borne were they as the sand, And yet unbroken as the Undesert.

For in the back-ground, figures, vague and vast, Of patriarchs and prophets, remnants, 
And all the great traditions of the past, They are reflected in the coming men.

And thus for ever, with reverent look, 
The youthful voices of the world they wield, 
Shaping it hand by hand, like a dream look. This life becomes a Legend of the Dead."

Who has not seen the following picture?


"And as the moon, from some dark spot of cloud, 
Threw her soft floating tinge of light, 
Across whose trembling pillars our fancy crouched 
Into the realm of mystery and light."

Longfellow enters upon a new field 

in his song of "Catawba Wine." The 

composer who "marries it to music" 

will be fortunate; it is so sparkling 

and Anacrotic.

The last poem from which a selection can 

now be made is from the Death of 

the Duke of Wellington, the "Warden 

of the Cinque Ports." How appropriate 

the allegory, how perfect the picture, of 

the immortal warrior smiting the mortal 

One!


"No more, surveying with an eye impartial 
The long line of the sand, 

Shall the grand figure of the old Field Marshal 
Be seen upon his post!"

For in the night, scarce, a single warrior, 

In amber harness mailed, 

Dreadful, not moved by the Destroyer, 

The rampart well has vanished.

No more, surveying with an eye impartial 
The long line of the sand, 

Shall the grand figure of the old Field Marshal 
Be seen upon his post!"

For in the night, scarce, a single warrior, 

In amber harness mailed, 

Dreadful, not moved by the Destroyer, 

The rampart well has vanished.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper, 

As he entered, darker grew, and deeper, 

The silence and the gloom.

He did not pass to partake or discern, 

But on he marched on, in the darkness of the sea, 

Mournfully, without the early dawn waited, 

The one true height of anguish; 

Nothing in Nature's aspect beautiful 

That a great man was slain."
WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

GRAVES ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

BY G. T. SPOON.

The graves on the village green,
Where the tall old poplars grow;
Where the ancient church reared its shabby
In the dreamy "long ago," [walls,
Where the loved in death repose,
On their low beds of clay:
How calm and quietly they rest,
Sleeping the years away!

The graves on the village green,
Where the tall grass waves above,
And the gray moss creeps o'er the ancient
Sculptured with names we love; [stones,
Where they sleep dreamless sleep,
Each on his narrow bed,
Till God's strong angel lifts his voice,
And heaven and earth are told.

The graves on the village green,
Where a father sleeps in death;
And God's great eye is looking down,
On the holy spot beneath;
And watches o'er the place,
Where a saluted patriarch lies,
Till a mighty voice shall shake the tomb,
And a glorious angel rise.

The graves on the village green,
Where a gentle mother lies,
With pale hands clasped on a silent breast,
And dimmed and dreamless eyes;
Where often Memory turns,
With throbbing heart and weeps—
Oh! there's no holier spot on earth
Than where a mother sleeps!

The graves on the village green,
Where our loved children lie,
O'er whom we wept, and watched, and
With the death-angel nigh. [prayed,
O! early loved and lost!
What speaks ye from the sod?
"Gone to green pastures, living streams,
Upon the hills of God!"

The graves on the village green,
Where our loved brothers rest,
And gentle sisters solemn sleep,
As on a mother's breast.
Oh! when the dream is past,
And changed Life's magic scene,
May we find a home in heaven, with those
Who sleep on the village green.

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

BY W. B. STANLEY.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

The magnificent steamer Northern Light, crowded with passengers, swung loose from her dock, amid the shouts of thousands who had assembled to witness her departure, and moved gracefully out upon the wide ocean. There are peculiar scenes exhibited at the departure of every steamer bound for California. There is weeping, and there is the merry laugh which rings through the boisterous crowd, mingled with the sighs of those who have come to take the last parting kiss from some dear friend whom they never expect to see again; for the trip to California is associated with many dangers. The body of many a poor immigrant has been cast into the briny deep, and all his brightest anticipations of this golden land forever blasted, for death is unerring in all his aims, and many of the fondest hopes have been crushed by his fatal shafts, while yet in the bud. There were over seven hundred passengers on board, composed of many kinds of people, flushed with the hope of soon returning with fortunes which they had procured in the golden land. What happy thoughts of the future danced before their delighted fancy, as the steamer climbed each mountain wave on her westward course.

Amidst the crowd which thronged the deck of the vessel, as she so gracefully floated over the blue waters, leaving the bustling city in the distance, were two persons, who stood at the afterpart, looking back upon the receding city. One of them was of very fair complexion, and
Hutchinson's California Magazine.

dressed with much taste. From his appearance, he could scarcely be one and a half times taller, for there was not a particle or sign of beard upon his face. He had on a blue frock coat, a white vest and black pants, while his white shirt-collars was neatly turned down over a sailla cravat, and upon his head was a silk glazed cap, which sat at one side of his head. Every movement was of that peculiar ease and grace which denoted that he had been raised in the first circles of society. The other was a mulatto, and was evidently a servant, who appeared to pay strict attention to his master.

After the steamer had been out a few days, and most of the passengers had got over their seasickness, there remained considerable curiosity to know who this young man was that had a servant and was so distant to all advances towards intimacy with any of the passengers. It was generally noticed by the passengers, that the servant was constantly by the side of his master when he came upon deck, and he were often in close conversation, which is unusual between master and servant. The ladies on board were very anxious to become acquainted with the "nice young man," as they called him; but, to their utter disappointment, he would not make free with any of them; consequently all their advances towards him were to no purpose.

After a pleasant trip of twenty-eight days they arrived at San Francisco, and the young gentleman and his servant took rooms at the Oriental Hotel, where they attracted the same attention they did on the steamer. Some of the ladies of the Hotel were very anxious to form the acquaintance of the "nice young man," and they went so far as to get up a ball, almost on purpose to get an introduction; for they had come to the conclusion that he must be a wealthy planter's son, come to California for his health, as he had rather a delicate complexion. The ball went off, but the young stranger did not appear, to the great disappointment of many of them. They used every means in their power to become intimate with him, but all to no purpose.

"The nice young man," was unapproachable, and the mystery of his indifference towards them remained unsolved. We will leave them for awhile, and return to the boys and see what they are doing.

One morning as Eli entered his counting-room, after he had been in business about three months, he took up one of the morning papers to read, as usual; and, while looking over one of them, his eyes fell upon the following advertisement, in one of the San Francisco dailies:

"WANTED—Information of Franklin Samson and Eli Grover, who came to this country early in '40. By addressing a letter to J. S., San Francisco Post Office, they can hear something of importance to them."

"San Francisco, March, 185—."

When Eli read the notice he was very much surprised, and could not imagine what it could mean, but thought it must be concerning home, so he started for San Francisco on the two o'clock boat. That night he wrote a note and dropped it in the office, intending to remain in the city for an answer, as the advertisement had been in two weeks, and it was presumed that whoever put it in would call at the office every day or two. He did not have to wait long, for the third day he received an answer to his note, requesting him to call next day, at ten o'clock, at Room No.—Oriental Hotel.

He went to the Hotel at the time specified and called at the desk, requesting to be shown to Room No.—which was complied with; and his brightest anticipations were more than realized; for, there he met Julia, and two fond hearts, long separated, were again united.

The reader can now readily solve the mystery of the young man on the steamer.
for it was none other than Julia Seaman and her maid servant, whose mysteriously disappeared the night she was to be married to Mr. Simpson. They went to New York and procured male attire, shipped in the Northern Light for San Francisco. She applied the plan of advertising to see if she could hear anything of Frank or Elie, and by that means found the object of her search.

After the excitement of the meeting had subsided, Julia told Elie all that had transpired, as they sat upon the sofa, while his arms, clothed her slender waist, and, as he brushed back her beautiful hair, he kissed her, saying:

"My dear Julia, little did I ever expect to see you in California, or even see you again as Julia Seaman, for I thought, perhaps, you were long since married, and I forgotten."

"How could you think thus, when I have so often told you, that so long as the pulsation dwelt within my bosom, so long I should love you."

"Julia, pardon me for even doubting you for a moment, but then I knew there were so many influences thrown around you—the objections of a dear parent and the fascinations of a fashionable world, were all brought to bear upon your mind, combined with the knowledge of my instability to lay at your feet the treasures of this world, which were offered to you by others."

"You know not the ardent love that dwelt in my bosom, or you could not let such thoughts enter your mind, or doubt my constancy; neither could you have the same confidence in me that I had in you, or I never should have done as I did—dressed in male attire, with none but a maid servant to accompany me thousands of miles, leaving all the luxuries of a home and a dear parent, on an uncertain voyage, in search of the ideal of my heart in a strange land, not knowing whether he was dead or alive."

"Oh, Julia! talk not thus, or you will break my heart; although such thoughts might have passed through my mind, yet I could not get my heart to believe them; for had you married, I could have loved you none the less. Since we separated, I have never cherished a thought that was not yours, in all my wanderings, and now I am by your side I ask no happier boon on earth; for to love and cherish you will ever be my heart's greatest delight; and, thank Heaven, I am not now as when I last saw you—I have now the means to keep you as becomes your position in life."

"Elie, talk not of what you possess; I shall love you none the more; for I love you, as I did years long since, for the heart that dwells in your bosom; and to be by your side will be happiness enough for me, though you did not possess a dollar."

As she finished speaking, he again pressed her to his bosom, saying:

"Nothing but death shall again separate us."

"In the excitement of the meeting, I forgot to inquire after Frank."

"Frank is married."

"Married! Is it possible?"

"It is even so."

"Where does he reside?"

"I will tell you the whole circumstance; but you must not get angry with him, for he has married one of the loveliest creatures on earth."

"About eight months ago Frank, another gentleman, and myself were taken prisoners by some Indians, while mining on the Klamath river, and remained with them about six weeks; and among them was dwelling a female of surpassing loveliness. I say dwelling among them, because it was evident that she was not an Indian. Frank became so perfectly charmed with her, the consequence is that she is his lawful and wedded wife, according to the customs of those Indians."
"Does he still live with them?"

"He does; for she would not consent to marry him, unless he would promise to remain with them."

"Well, that is very strange, indeed. Do you think he will ever come back?"

"Indeed, I cannot say. The tribe they are with has gone to the head-waters of the Colorado, many hundred miles from here."

"I should like very much to see brother Frank, though he has been away from home so much, since I have been large enough to appreciate his society. I can scarcely realize I have a brother living. Where is Lou; is he with Frank?"

"He is in Sacramento, acting as porter in our store."

"Has he been with you all the time?"

"Yes; he has been a faithful servant, and, for his reward, Frank gave him about two thousand dollars and his freedom."

"I am truly glad; for he was the best servant we ever had; and he always thought more of Frank than any of the family."

Dinner was announced, and Elie took his leave, promising to call again soon. In less than two weeks Elie and Julia were married, and the next steamer that left the Pacific coast carried the information to Mr. Snaman of Julia's whereabouts, also her marriage to Elie. Soon after the marriage, he bought out Joe's interest in the store; and everything went on as well as the heart could wish; business was good, and his trade continued to increase; and, after the busy toil of the day was over, he could return to the society of one dearer to him than all else on earth. Indeed, Elie appeared to be the happiest man living; but it could not always last; for all he had made by years of toil was swept from him in a few hours, by the conflagration of 1852.

Having good credit in San Francisco, by his promptness in the past, he bought largely, and commenced business on the same ground.

In less than six months afterwards, the house in San Francisco, where he bought the largest portion of his goods, issued attachments against him, closing up his store. He could assign no cause for such proceedings, as they had often told him he could have all the goods he wished, and have his time to pay for them. As soon as it was known that attachments were issued, others came in, which entirely crushed him, leaving him nothing but his little homestead. A few weeks after his store was closed out, he received the following note, which will explain itself:

"SAN FRANCISCO, March 9, 185-

DEAR SIR: I have twice seen you reduced to poverty; although the first time I had no connection with the affair, for fire did the work, but the last time my influence caused your store to be closed, and leave you almost penniless. I did this from no enmity towards you, but for the revenge I owe to your wife, who refused to marry me. I have traveled many miles, and spent thousands of dollars to accomplish my object. It is now done. Work by the day, and let Julia take in washing, for a living. Hal hal

THOMAS SAMPSON."

Elie never told Julia anything about receiving this letter, for he knew it would only cause her grief to know that she had been the cause of their misfortune, but struggled on against all his difficulties, hoping that something would transpire to aid him in making another raise in the world of monetary affairs.

Joe still remained with them, having a room in the city, and boarded with them.

He offered Elie money, to go into business again, but he would not accept it.

Five months had now elapsed since Julia had written to her father, but no answer, when one day, after the arrival of the steamer from the States, Elie came in with a letter, which was from Julia's father, stating that if they would come home, and bring Frank with them, he would find they were quite well.

This was far as the Elie, but to their great joy, their father had completely finished with the men who had stolen them.

The boys, after their father's death, arranged matters with Mr. Semnan of Julia's whereabout.

Joe's sister visited him, as usual, and he was told that she was quite well.

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yard.

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"Etruscan Shadow.
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They all remained with them, having
the city, and headed with them.
Eli money, to go into business
but he would not accept it.

months had now elapsed since
written to her father, but so
when one day, after the arrival
streamers from the State, Eli sent
a letter, which was from Julia's
calling that if they would meet
and bring Frank with them, he
would forgive them for all the past, and
they should inherit all his property.
This was glorious news to them, not so
far as the property was concerned with
Eli, but the reconciliation of her father
to their union.

Their happiness would now have been
complete, if Frank had been there to go
with them to the States. They deter-
mined to sail on the next steamer, and
they had prevailed on Joe to go with
them. The day before they were to
leave Sacramento, Eli met Frank on the
street, who told him that Wild Flower,
or whom we shall now call Charlotte
Saaman, and who was none other than
Joe's sister, who had been stolen when
quite young by the Indians, and her
father being killed at the time she was
stolen. This Frank learned when he
arrived at their village on the Colorado.
The band she was dwelling with, when
the boys were taken prisoners, had traveled
for her from the Apaches. He came
across an old French trader, who told
him all about the circumstances and
what her name was, for he used to be
well acquainted with Mr. Dixon, Joe's
father. As soon as Frank learned these
facts, he began to prevail upon Charlotte
to return to California, telling her all he
had learned from the French trader and
that Joe was her brother. She finally
consented; but the Indians would not
let them go, until they promised to come
back again. They got in with a train,
and came through Sacramento.

They all set sail on the next steamer
for the Atlantic States; and a more
happy group never left the Pacific coast.

Lou and Nelly, having received their
freedom-papers, concluded to remain in
California; and, before the party started,
they were married. They now reside in
a small town, in the northern part of this
State, where Lou is engaged in mining
and Nelly does washing. They are worth
about fifteen thousand dollars, and they
are noted for their honesty and industry.

It was from them that we got an insight
for the foundation of our story; for,
through them, we learned where Joe
resided, for he did not remain in the
States but a short time, and to him we
are indebted for the most interesting
portion of our narrative. Should any
one, who reads this story, chance to
travel on the Cumberland river, which
flows through the most beautiful portion
of Tennessee, they will see two splendid
mansiones, which stand on the banks, not
more than a hundred yards apart, where
live Eli and Julia, Frank and Charlotte,
or who was once Wild Flower, the
Pride of the Oh-Waukers.

Reader, our story is completed; and if
we have produced one feeling of interest
in the bosom of those who have followed
us through, our brightest anticipations
are realized. And, hoping to meet you
again, we respectfully take our leave.

BE STILL, MY HARP, BE STILL.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Be still, my harp, be still,—
Pour not thy music here!—
Keep thy last, want'st thou, to thrill
In the pure music sphere.

This is the orb unblest,
Of all the starry throng;
No thing of grace may here find rest—
Be mute, O soul of song!

To Hope, o'en at her birth,
A haunting shade is given;—
And Love turns weary from the Earth
With waiting looks to Heaven.

Here sweet Peace vainly tries
To make her dwelling fair;
To fields above, he weeping flies,
And sets her white tent there.

Be mute, O spirit strain,
Die, from the cold earth—die!
What memory would'st thou hope to gain,
What echo, or reply?

Will the hoarder leave his gold,
Thy call of love to bear?
Will the worldlings' heart to thee unfold?
Canst thou reach the sealed oar?

Sleep—midst life's vain, false spell—
Wait—for the heavenly air!
Oh! by thyself thou mayst know well
What waits thy waking there!

Vainly I bid thee sleep,
O spirit tones, for still
Thou cling'st to Earth, with yearnings
Midst all the wrong and ill:—

Whispering, O orb unblest,
Of all the starry throng,
Oh! more perchance than all the rest,
Thou need'st the soul of song!

Whispering, O stricken sphere,
Peace, Hope and Love may thee
Thy path,—yet would we linger here
To win thee back to thee.

[Continued from page 279.]

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

BY DIEGO ALANO.

In process of time the house was finished and furnished—very much, too, to Lennie's mind—and Michael Kozel essayed to take upon himself the multifarious duties of farmer, landlord, bookkeeper and hostler, while Lennie was to play the roles of landlady, book-keeper, and maîtresse de cuisine. But Michael soon found that it is possible for a man to charge himself with more functions than he is capable of fulfilling, either profitably to himself or the public. It happened, about the time he entered upon his new character of tavern-keeper, that the ingenious money-seekers of Ohio had become partially, if not wholly, insane on the subject of banking. Every city, village and hamlet had its bank; and, paper-money, most of it of very questionable reputation, was scattered about like autumn leaves in a hurricane. The consequence was, that silver and gold coin disappeared from the public vision and took sanctuary in the vaults of the bankers. Dollars, half-dollars, quarter-dollars, bits and pieces, no longer played their accustomed parts in the commercial transactions of the day; but had their places filled by villainous and vexatious bank notes which, from their peculiar shape and smallness, were facetiously denounced as "shin-plasters." Thus, every imaginable sum of money, from six-and-sixteenth cents up to a thousand dollars, had its representative on a bit of paper, and manifold and ruinous were the perplexities they entailed upon the honest Buckeyes—the first settlers of Ohio were called Buckeyes, because of the real or fancied resemblance which their beautifully bronzed complections bore to the color of chestnut wood, though useless, not—and deeply and fervently did the honest Buckeyes, vent maledictions upon the heads of the bankers, who flooded the land with their pestiferous shin-plasters. This rascally system of banking—so destructive to the amenities of business and so prolific of sinfulness, by keeping the people in a constant state of irritation, and causing them to talk irreverently and blasphemously—almost drove Michael Kozel into insanity. On busy days, when thirsty customers were clamorous for their gills of whisky—in those primitive days all billetadors were served by measure, instead of the discretionnal "drink," as at present—it was impossible for a man, so imperfectly acquainted as he with the mysteries of typographia and chirographia, to escape the commission of annoying and ruinous blunders. The billetador would swallow his gill—price, six-and-sixteenth cents—throw down a twenty-five cent shin-plaster, and Michael, in his ignorance
nervousness, would hurriedly hand him another shin-plaster, bearing on its face the words, "Good for fifty cents!" In this way, he would often deal out a half barrel of whisky in a day, and have less money in his till at night than he had in the morning. Of course, matters could not long go on thus without seriously injuring the financial affairs of the "Keezil Hotel," and the old gentleman, who had become somewhat sensible of his incapacity as a bookkeeper, placed that portion of his business in the hands of his daughter, who managed it very nicely and circumspectly, without any apparent detriment to her other numerous and responsible avocations.

Now, it ought not to be a matter of wonder that a young lady, so handsome, so strong, so well mannered, so prompt in all matters of business, and who, as was reported, could read newspapers and decipher the faces of bank notes and shin-plasters, should become an object for reflection to such of the young gentlemen of the vicinity as had had opportunity to feast their eyes upon her charms and witness the display of her varied talents. Furthermore, she was an only child, her father was rich and growing richer every day, and everybody came to the conclusion that, whoever should have the luck to marry her, would marry not merely a very pretty, agreeable and useful woman, but, more than all that, and far exceeding all that, in the eyes of many, an heiress! It is very pleasant to read about disinterested love in novels; to see it portrayed on the stage; and, to hurl its praises in the songs of lover-poets; but, nonetheless, in real life the charm of wealth is the most potent charm a woman can have; and, in the conquering of hearts, an heiress—no matter how ugly and disagreeable—will always triumph over her poor rivals, no matter how beautiful and amiable. Perhaps always is too strong an expression. Well, we will say often and thus avoid getting into a quarrel some argument with the very young and romantic reader.

Among those who saw and worshipped Leonle Keezil was Barney Malone, a handsome, thoughtless, shiftless, brother-of-a-boy, all the way from the banks of the Liffey, in Old Ireland. He was a floating waif on the bosom of life's ocean, and its waves had drifted him whithersoever they listed, without his giving himself the least concern as to where he should eventually "touch up." Now, or why, he had drifted into Ohio, nobody knew, and he knew least of any. There was not much of incident in his history, and he had a happy faculty of forgetting all that portion of it that was unpleasant to remember. There was a time when he was a wild, ragged gypsy, in the streets of Dublin, censuring with sailors, prize-fighters, gambling-room bullies, and other such gentry; and, of course, he grew into young manhood with very confused notions of what ethical writers call the virtues. Great Britain, about that time, had taken the stupendous job on her hands of crushing Napoleon, and also of flogging the United States of America into better behavior. Ireland, therefore, was saddled with recruiting sergeants; and, although the Anglo-Saxons of England have ceased themselves, and a great portion of the rest of the world, to believe that they are the bravest and most invincible soldiers in existence, they always manage to have their fighting done by the Celtic-Irish. Where you will find one native-born Englishman, in the ranks of a British army, you will find a score of the true Milesians; although some Milesians, if they chose to make an honest confession of their affections and antipathies, have no more love for England and England's quarrels than a cat has for a ducking in cold water. But an Irishman has a natural taste for fighting. It is born with him; and, if not permitted
to indulge it after his own humor, he will seek an opportunity for its display even in the ranks of a nation he hates.

Barney Malone fell an easy prey to the first recruiting sergeant that tempted him to enlist. He soon found himself at Halifax, and a short while after at bayonet-threat with the Americans, on the southern frontiers of Canada. His military career, however, reached its climax, and the fortunes of war made him a prisoner. With some hundreds of fellow prisoners, he was marched to Chillicothe, in Ohio, where he was treated so well, and became so delighted with his captors, that he quietly resolved not to be exchanged, but, as he expressed it, to become "a free born American and a Democrat." The execution of this resolve—nay, as nearly, that part of it which involved his escape from imprisonment—was almost simultaneous with its conception; and, in a few days, Barney Malone was raving at large among the Buckeye farmers, smacking his lips over their good cheer, ogling and kissing their rosy and robust daughters. He found it a much jollier life than that he had led in the wars, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to throw himself away on the first wealthy woman he could find, and settle down for life, in the double enjoyment of love and a rich estate. He saw our friend Leenio—saw that she was rich—and he loved her.

One fine morning Michael Keozil was saluted, in his bar-room, by a handsome, well-shaped, florid-faced stranger, measuring some five feet ten in stature, and not particularly well apparelled, who accosted him with that easy air of familiarity, or rather easy impudence, which sits so gracefully on an Irishman in love.

"And is your name Mistress Kazil, bold man?"

"Yah, das ist my name," replied that gentleman—mixing, as was his wont, his native Pennsylvania Dutch with a moderate sprinkling of vivaciously accented English.

"Faix, thin," said Barney, for he was the aforesaid stranger, "I would like to talk up my quarters wid ye, and tak a turn at the fine amin' and drinkin' ye've got here."

"Kennen sie Deutsch?" said Mr. Keozil.

"And what the devil is all that yer talkin' through ye?"

"Haben sie lust zu arbeiten, und can you do every ting?"

"Och, bad luck to you, to talk so that a Christian man dunnor what yer sayin', at all at all; but if its after askin' me if I can do everything and anything, faix, thin, I'm the very boy for ye."

"Haben sie schreiben gelernt, und can you read zeitungen und pank notes?" said Michael.

"I dunnor what yer drivin' at, at all at all, fo ye bother me intirely wid yer lingo, but I'll tak it upon myself to say, any way, that I'm jest the boy for ye; and so, cold boy, say it's a bargain, and let's have a taste of the whisky to fasten it."

And so, with the air of a man perfectly at home and at his ease, he reached the whiskey bottle, filled a glass for Michael and one for himself, and, with a condescending nod of the head and a rapid "Here's til ye," fastened the bargain, as far as he was concerned, with the utmost complacency.

Mr. Keozil was a good deal taken aback by the off-hand manner of his new acquaintance, and having a suspicion that he was not his equal in colloquial ability, he asked for Leenio, whom, of late, he was constrained to refer all troublesome matters, and turned Barney over to her, with the brief remark, "Here's a ver-damptter Yankeo, sprachen zu der toufel!"

The colloquy, between Leenio and Barney, was but a brief one. With the tact with which some women are gifted, and which she possessed in perfection, she
saw through the entire character of the Irishman at a glance, and fathomed his intentions towards himself before he had spoken twenty words. Whatever were her secret motives, however, or by what influences she was prompted, strange as it may seem, she indicated to her father her pleasure that Mr. Malone should be forthwith installed in the "Keezil Hotel" as a sort of man of all work.

"Och, Heaven bless yer pretty face, ye angel of a sweet creatur ye, and here's long life till ye as long as ye live and a hundred years after!" And so, Barney Malone was domiciled in the "Keezil Hotel," just to gratify an unaccountable caprice of its young mistress.

"How are you, old boy? How are you, Uncle Keezil? Come, bounce about, my jolly old dog; here are a dozen of us as dry as powder-laorns and as hungry as bed-bugs after a month's fasting. Trot out your medicine, and let's see what you can do for us. How's your brandy, Old Keezil?"

"O, der brandy ist sehr gate. I gibs ein halbo teller zu gallon for it."

"Half a dollar a gallon! Yeaven and earth, Old Keezil! What sort of poison truck, colored with burnt sugar, is it that you want to poison honest folks with, under pretense of selling them brandy! None of your liver-rotting stuff for us. Give us some of your half-faced gills, fresh from the still-house—yea, ho! And tell Leone to bustle about and knock up a dinner for thirty-six hungry gentlemen; for, though only a dozen of us, we're all good for treble rations!"

"O, yah!" And Mr. Keestl, having carefully measured out twelve gills of burn new whiskey and placed them on the bar-room table, bustled to the kitchen department to order the dinner so pompously demanded.

The gentleman, who made himself the spokesman of the newly arrived party of twelve, was a young man of some twenty-four summers, with a remarkably handsome face, highly expressive of fearlessness, frankness and fun. His figure, though not strictly herculean, was tall, graceful and symmetrical, exhibiting, in all its parts and proportions, great muscular strength and powers of endurance. His name was Jacob Freyberger, a Pennsylvania Dutchman by blood and parentage, and an excellent fellow by nature. By some happy stroke of fortune, he had been emancipated from the slavery of his paternal home, in good old Berks county, in early childhood, and had managed to pick up a little education and a little common sense by stoutly wrestling with the world, his own unaided champion. He found himself, chattering upon some boyish speculation, among the Buckeyes, just at the moment when the calamities of war were pressing upon the northern frontiers of Ohio in their direst form. Volunteer companies were the order of the day; and, suddenly inspired by patriotism and a fondness for novelty, he became a private in a corps, known afterwards, on several hard fought battles, as the "Buckeye Rifle Blues." Young as he was, and good-natured and obliging as he was, his comrades soon discovered that he was a most unprofitable customer upon whom to retail their jokes and insults. Successively and soundly he thrashed all the corporals and sergeants of his company; and, as a just reward of his prowess, the captain constituted him orderly sergeant before he had seen six weeks service. He soon became accomplished in all the military requirements of a rifleman. He could run like a deer, shoot with the deadly certainty of a Leatherstocking, throw a tomahawk at a mark more surely and expertly than any Indian, and jump further and higher than a circus vaultor. As a swimmer, he was a phenomenon of activity and endurance; and, like Nimrod Wildfire, could "dive deeper and..."
stay under longer" than any man in the whole American army. His bravery was unquestionable. In fact, he never appeared happier than when about to encounter an enemy; though some of his comrades believed, and so reported, that he was quite as fond of the society of beautiful and sprightly maidens as of the excitement of a battle. Perhaps he was—indeed, it is more than likely that he was—for it seems to be a universally acknowledged truism, that the most gallant soldiers are the most devoted adorers of lovely women. Previously to Perry's brilliant victory on Lake Erie, the Commodore, wishing to man his tops with a few expert sharp-shooters, requested General Harrison to furnish him with some good and staunch riflemen; Young Freyberger was one of those selected for this responsible and dangerous service and not a few were the unlucky Britons whom his unerring rifle caused to seek their last resting place beneath the green waters of Erie.

For his gallant service, on this occasion, he was commissioned a lieutenant; and, when no longer needed in the army, he returned, unmaimed, and handsome and buoyant as ever, to cultivate his little Ohio farm. For such a man to be unknown and unnoticed is impossible. By the common consent of the fatal beauz and belles of his neighborhood, he took the lead in all affairs of rustic amusement. He carried the prizes at all corn-husking, house-raisings and log-rollings. At quilting frolics he was the sun and center of attraction. The girls sighed, for him and the young men envied him. He danced enchantingly, sang bewitchingly, and played the fiddle divinely.

Now, Lieutenant Freyberger—or Yawkub Freyberger, as his Dutch acquaintances persisted in calling him—had seen Leonie several times before; but he had never before eaten a dinner prepared under her direction, and had never before been waited on by a maiden, as once so beautiful, so active, so intelligent and so housewifely. He had now a fair opportunity to contemplate her; and the result was, as any fool might anticipate, that, long before he had finished his meal, he was over head and ears in love. His companions were either more hungry or less sensitive to the magic of beauty than he, for they discussed the viands before them with an eagerness and an untiringness that admitted of no interruption from such unsubstantial matters as love and sentiment. Dinner ended; Barney Malone was directed to bring out the steeds; but to the amazement of everyone, Yawkub Freyberger intimated his intention of proceeding no further, that night. First, he discovered an imaginary lameness in his horse; and, when he was argued out of that, he chose to be horribly sick and incapable of exercise. His friends regarded him with unalloyed astonishment—believed that a basin of soup refused a juicy steak on a wolf hunt explored, and ever as fixed in his wheel. He wished to stay with the dawn that could be many expressment, his eyes to the wolf hunt with an oath.

Now Barney Malone was at once sharp-shooted to Lieutenant Yawkub Freyberger, as his Dutch acquaintance, so efficient, and so efficient to give the Irishman an oath—that the wolf hunt on the main was so efficient to give the is enough for the Irishman to to the point was the point. It was the point, and the Irishman hoped for a bit of a flattery.
astonishment. They could as easily have believed that a hungry cat would refuse a basin of sweet milk, or a hungry dog refuse a juicy mutton chop, as Yawkub Freyberger would wilfully abstain from the glorious annihilation of a wolf hunt. In vain they coaxed, implored, and even taunted him; he was as fixed in his resolution as Ixion on his wheel. He was determined to be sick, and to stay where he was, in spite of all that could be said to him; and, with many expressions of regret and astonishment, his companions mounted and proceeded to the scene of the anticipated wolf hunt without him.

Now, Barney Malone was not a fool—though some people chose to regard him as not the wisest man in the world—and he saw at once, his mental optics being sharpened by a lover's jealousy, that Lieutenant Freyberger's sickness was all a sham, put on for the purpose of enabling that gallant soldier to make an attack upon Leeuie's heart. This gave him vast uneasiness, and he took a deep oath, away down in his bosom, no less an oath than that which every earnest Irishman swears, "by the Hill o' Howth!"—that the Lieutenant's trick should not avail him. He could not, however, bring his countering scheme into play immediately; for, as soon as the eleven wolf hunters were out of sight, the Lieutenant made a bolt into the presence of the maiden who had, so suddenly and so efficiently, enslaved him. It is useless to give the dialogue between the pair. It is enough to say, that it was characteristic of the parties concerned. He came to the point at once. Told her that she was the most beautiful and most fascinating girl he had ever beheld, and that he loved her beyond all his powers of language to say how much. Leeuie was a bit of a coquette—as what beautiful girl is not?—and she allowed to treat his flatteries and protestations with good-humored indifference, though, in her secret soul, they made her supremely happy. But, she was determined not to surrender her heart at once—who would?—and while she did not absolutely bid him hope, she was just as far from consigning him to despair. To be brief, matters were progressing almost as smoothly as Yawkub could have wished, when a message came that Barney wished to see him about his horse. With no misgivings, no presentiment of trouble, and in rather a happy frame of mind, for he knew enough of the female heart to feel tolerably well assured that Leeuie, notwithstanding her assumed indiff'rence, was not insensible to his merits, he sought Barney at the stables.

"Mister Freyberger," said that worthy, as soon as he got the Lieutenant inside of a stable, and out of sight and hearing of the house, "I've only one thing to tell ye, and that is, that if ye're gain' to cor~ ablewell assured that Leeuie, notwith-
Barney in his ear, "if ye try any more
o' yer love business on Miss Loomie, I'll
late yer ugly face into a jelly and smash
all the bones in yer dirty skin!"

"Very well—we'll see about it—and
so, good night, and pleasant dreams
you." And, having thus replied, with as
much solemnity, in tone and manner,
as he could muster, Yawkub sought the
bar-room of the Keystone Hotel.

The stranger-guest, who had just
alighted from the horse, the taking of
which to the stable, by Mr. Keezil, was
the cause of arresting the wrestling-match
of the rival lovers, was impatiently wait-
ing for Mr. Keezil, in order to make
known his wants, which were very sim-
ple, being a bootjack, a pair of slippers,
a gill of whisky, some supper, and lodg-
ing for the night. He was a rather gen-
tle-looking personage, very tall, very
stout-shouldered, very slender, dressed
neatly and handsomely, in black, with
a pale, puritanical face; from which all the beard
was carefully shaved, and a bald place
on the top of his head, which was par-
tially concealed by the hair from below
being combed over it. He gave his name
as Seth Pinknett, from the State of Con-
necticut, and intimated to Mr. Keezil
that he was a school-teacher and was
seeking employment in his vocation, and
would be happy to open a school in Mr.
Keezil's own neighborhood. Now, if
there was any one thing, in all the
world, for which our friend Michael en-
tertained a downright disgust, it was a
Yankee schoolmaster; and, from that
moment, though he said nothing, Mr.
Pinknett occupied a very low degree on
the scale of his appreciation. The school-
master, however, utterly ignorant of the
uncharitable feelings of his host, became
exceedingly sociable and communicative,
after swallowing his whisky, and seemed
disposed to enlighten everybody, that
close to listen, upon a variety of topics,
and especially upon that of education
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Barney.
It all—
and the great need of it in the rural districts of Ohio. He was about to give an exceedingly learned lecture on this, to him, vital subject, when he happened to meet a full view of Yawkub’s face, on which a very black eye was, every moment, growing bigger, and which was further decorated with some ugly gouts of blood, the handwork of Barney Malone; all of which gave to the Lieutenant’s beauty anything but a romantic and prepossessing interest. Mr. Parish was so amazed, if not thunder-stuck, by Yawkub Freyberger’s face, that his words died in his throat, and he gazed at the object of his astonishment in silent terror. This dumb show, on the part of the schoolmaster, gave the Lieutenant an unintentional hint that something was wrong about his visage, which hint induced him to look into a mirror, and then to seek the wash-room.

As night had now set in, Yawkub indulged the hope of making his toilet and stealing away, without the mischance of showing his disfigured face to the heiress and mistress of the Kessell Hotel. But, in this he was doomed to disappointment; for, whether Leenie had discovered the exact state of affairs, and was determined on seeing how a lover looked with a black eye, or whether it happened through sheer accident, one thing is certain, that the first person he met, after leaving the bar-room, was Leenie herself, armed with a brilliantly blazing candle, and fairly shedding tears with the excess of her emotion.

“Miss Kessell! Upon my word!—I hope I—You must not—For Heaven’s sake!” stammered poor Yawkub, fifty times worse frightened than he would have been had he suddenly met a regiment of red-coated British.

“Never mind,” she said, with an effort to suppress her laughter. “You and Barney have been fighting—I understand it all—and he has whipped you.”

“No, by Heaven!” he replied, her eyes having the immediate effect of banishing his embarrassment, by singing her praise; “No man that walks this earth, or ever walked it, can claim such an honor. Jacob Freyberger has never been whipped.”

“Possibly not,” retorted Leenie; “but Jacob Freyberger seems to have a black eye, for which a raw boilstein may be beneficial, and Jacob Freyberger’s face needs washing. So, while you make use of the wash-basin, I’ll play doctor and get ready the boilstein. But, a word in your ear, while I think of it. This afternoon you made love to me and asked me to marry you. Now, mark me!—and her composure assumed a stern seriousness that would have done honor to Charlotte Corday, whom about to plunge the dagger into the bosom of Marat.—’No man shall call me wife whom any other man can whip. And now, wash yourself, and then come to me in the kitchen.”

[To be continued.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A CALIFORNIAN WORLD-REFORMER.

INTRODUCTORY.

To the Editor of Hutchings’ Magazine:—I once had an idea that I could ameliorate the condition of mankind by preaching certain doctrines, which I supposed to be great and important truths, but which the world about me has declared to be extravagant and offensive heresies. In other words, I have been a world-reformer; and supposing, perhaps presumptuously, that I might do much good, I devoted some years to my task. It has now happened that a young man, whom I know as a child years ago, has heard of my zealous labors, and has conceived a wish to be a world-reformer too. His imagination that a large portion of the suffering to which men are now subjected is enlightened countries is caused by anti-
ADVICE TO A YOUNG WORLD-REFORMER.

To Mr. C. E. B.—— New York.

San Francisco, Nov. 1st, 1858.

I had not determined until yesterday in what strain I would write to you, nor by the tone of your letter that you expect advice very different from that which I feel disposed to give. You praise my conduct in making "war from youth up against some of the world's darling systems, and contrast it favorably with the careful silence of many others, whose opinions you know to be precisely the same with my own; and you express your intention to rush right into the war, and fight it valiantly as I did. The many compliments, direct and indirect, which you pay me in your letter are very flattering, and I am much obliged to you for them; but I fear I shall lose much of my credit, in your estimation, after you shall have read what I now have to say in reply to your request for "advice and encouragement." My advice is that you stay out of the battle; that you do not attempt to reform the world—for some years at least.

You are just starting upon life, and you propose to incur general dislike in the beginning. If you now publish such a book as you say in your letter you have already partly written and intend to publish soon, you will assuredly subject yourself to the hostility of a large and influential portion of society. You will raise up enemies on every side of you. They will beat you at every turn. They will do you severe injury. A bigot, whom you have offended by teaching doctrines too great and broad for his intellectual grasp, is the meanest and most malignant of enemies.

Do not say the age of martyrdom has gone; that age never can pass away among men. Human nature is always the same. Fire and faggot, sword and spear, are not now resorted to by social persecutors, but other means of inflicting pain are abundant, and you will soon learn what they are. You will learn to appreciate Thackeray's saying, that "Your truth, if it differs from your neighbors, will provoke the enmity of your friends, the tears of your mother, the hostility of the world." Society and business are led by men who worship formulas. They will cut you; you will be shut out from many of the avenues of pleasure and profit open to others. You say you have no one to care for save yourself, and you can easily earn enough for a comfortable support in any ease, and you can afford to throw away a few hundred dollars and a couple of years in your proposed scheme. I do not think you can; you ought not to afford it. It may cost you more than you suppose. Young men are apt to imagine that they—as it seems you do—have years to throw away, but it is a grievous and most pernicious error, particularly in young men who have no stock of wealth to fall back upon. My advice to you is, to be stingy of your years and money until you are a little older. Let humanity take care of itself until you have provided for yourself. Let it be your first and highest ambition to get a

home, filled with the stories of life, its elegancies, persons of and whose deeds: Provide a place for reading books, and music, and all that tends to make you as it were live more at ease, and strive after the welfare of others as well as your own. You are at the beginning of life; you are young, and you are a willing subject of any

You are

quainted with social evils, which can be safely discarded and replaced by other forms, better suited to the new conditions and wants of our present progressive age. He has commenced to write a book, in which he proposes to set forth the extent of the evils caused by the improper organization of society, and to show how many of the most serious of these evils might soon be remedied. His views are radical. His proposed changes are revolutionary in their character. He has written to me for the benefit of my experience, and asks my advice as to the best method of procedure. I have written the following reply to him:

EX-WORLD-REFORMER,

San Francisco, Dec. 6th, 1858.

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You are
ADVICE TO A YOUNG WORLD-REFORMER.

home, filled with the comforts and luxuries of life. Build a fine home, furnish it elegantly, and surround yourself with persons who will love and cherish you, and whom you can love and cherish. Provide a paradise of flowers, fruits, and music, to which you can retire whenever overborne with the unavoidable toils and strife of business. Seek peace; it is a most precious boon. Endeavor to live at peace with yourself, your neighbors, and the world. Cherish your life; cultivate the affections; make yourself dear to those around you. Live the inner life. Do not allow your temper to be soured by constantly thinking and grumbling about the sin and misery of the world. Provide for your own comfort first, and take care not to endanger your health by any anxiety about others.

The world don't want to be reformed by any one; and it will resent any efforts which you may make to better it. You may argue as forcibly and eloquently as humanity can that truth must be good; that evidence is the only guide to truth except as to a few fundamental axioms; that the doctrines which you teach are supported by a strong array of incontrovertible evidence; and that even if your ideas be false, the intellectual activity excited by their examination would be beneficial. You may show that the mere acceptance of truth without examining it, and comprehending it, and knowing all that may be said against it, as well as for it, is weak and superstitious in its very nature; and that truth itself is not truth for us, if we believe on the mere say-so of somebody else, and do not make it on our own by comprehending the why and wherefore, and assimilating it to our previous stock of ideas. You may argue that there is no love of truth without a ceaseless search for it, and a willingness to inquire into the merits of unpopular as well as popular systems. You may say all this, and a hundred times more, clothing your thoughts in prose as eloquent as Parker's, or poetry as passionate as Byron's; but it will not avail. The world don't believe in free inquiry. Its social forms are sacred. To suggest a doubt about their sacredness, will be punished as sacrilege.

I advise delay chiefly as a matter of policy for yourself; but also as a matter of policy for the interests of reform. I presume from what I know and have heard of you, that you have sufficient intellectual ability, supported by industry, courage and perseverance, to perform valuable literary labor, and to write influential books, but I do not think you have that great talent which can carry a world before it. If you have, then in your profession you can in a few years make a fortune, and lie in a position from which I would permit you to declare war; if you have not, you would be certain, by commencing now, to injure yourself, and perhaps entirely destroy the business which the friends of your family would otherwise give to you as rapidly as they see you competent to conduct it. There is a strong antecedent presumption that the would-be world-reformer will be unsuccessful. Of all the great men who have attempted to teach new and important doctrines to the world during the last thousand years, only two—Luther and Voltaire—can be said to have been crowned with success during their lives, and they succeded less by the force of their intellectual powers, than by the concurrence of extraordinary circumstances which inclined the world to listen to them with favor; and most of those who saw fit to persist in teaching their opinions died at the stake—if not of fire, then of social persecution.

It is the interest of the cause of reform that its friends should be in no hurry to teach new doctrines. Take a long time to consider them—ten or fifteen years. If you publish a book, let it be full of...
learning and ripe thought, expressed in language polished by years of labor. Make it a model of composition; beauty of style will be of great value in securing a wide circulation for it and a favorable reception for your doctrines.

Do not fear that by delay you will be anticipated by any other writer. The world is not so rich in thinkers as all that. You can safely take all your years to work upon any social problem. No great book ever came too late; many have been forced upon the world too early. I do not advise you to be guilty of any false hood, any hypocrisy, any acquiesce, real or pretended, direct or indirect, in superannuated and evil systems. Whatever is pernicious, that I would still have you to hate. Whatever is good, I would still have you adore. Abandon not the pure and bright ideals of your youthful enthusiasm. Be true to yourself. Guard the thoughts of your heart as most sacred. Whatever noble aspirations you now have still preserve. Yield not an inch to the base fashions and rules which govern so many about you.

Remember, however, that this is an actual, and not an ideal world, and govern yourself accordingly. If you propose to work for the good of humanity, take care that your work shall have an effect. Any mere outcry of "Reform, reform!" amounts to nothing, and is no credit to the actor. The cause of humanity is under obligation to no reformers save those who evidently exert an influence to improve the condition of men.

To exert such an influence, however, not zeal only, but also study, prudence and experience are necessary, and these belong to mature age rather than to youth.

In counselling you to postpone the publication of your ideas of reform, I take into consideration all that can be said in favor of early publication. If you wait you must look through long years of the most grievous suffering, without daring to make open protest, and show how worse than unnecessary it is. Though full of ideas which appear to you of the utmost importance for the welfare of your race, you must keep them to yourself for half a life time. You cannot gratify your nobrest and most generous impulses by giving expression to their dictates; you must keep the best part of your soul in the chains of silence. Your darling doctrines dare not see the light until age has chilled your fire; you must be the drudge of gold, the slave of low wants, while the higher and better half of your nature is cramped in idleness. You must long for the sweet satisfaction which you might enjoy in the secret contemplation of a good work well done,—much abused perhaps, but none the less valuable or gratifying for all that.

You say you are "prepared to submit to the inconveniences and losses which may result from the hatred of bigots." I doubt whether you have any clear conception of what those inconveniences will be. I don't like that word "bigots." It may, perhaps, properly apply to all the enemies of free-inquiry, but it implies a reproach which you might every day enjoy in the secret contemplation of a good work well done,—much abused perhaps, but none the less valuable or gratifying for all that.

While you are about, money and misdeeds will be kept under lock and key, and children will be taught to shun you as a monster of iniquity; weak-minded friends will be afraid of your intimacy; your books will be spoken of as "dangerous"; the disgrace of your name will attach to your own family, and your weak-minded relatives, unable to appreciate the noble motives which actuated you, but fully alive to the fault-finding of the slaves of formulas, will feel like hiding their heads for shame when your name is mentioned. You would thus indirectly inflict serious pain every day upon many who are dear to you, and to whom you are now dear.

If you will wait, however, until you shall have forcibly sit upon your mind, and when study shall have on the war more more efficiently—when these same views shall look upon your mind forms a more serious threat where they do not, it will be fortunate. A verdict of insinuation will vote against yourself and his fellow, and his own individuality will be a 20 subject. Such is my sincerely given. I have said, you—attack, forthwith, the best wishes.

Remember that you fight worse than as reformers on any necessary step that free inquiry, the policy of they ordinariness, the sacred not their system; no edge that all human origin is for me that the most attack their philosophical base upon the law
ADVICE TO A YOUNG WORLD-REFORMER.


shall have fortified yourself in social position, and when long experience and study shall have prepared you to carry on the war more prudently—as well as more efficiently—than you now can, these same weak-minded persons will look upon your hostility to ancient social forms as mere annoyance; whereas if you commence at once, you will be fortunate if you escape a general verdict of insanity. The man who devotes himself entirely to further the welfare of his fellow-men, without regard to his own individual interests, is supposed to be a sick subject for an insane asylum.

Such is my advice, frankly and sincerely given. If, notwithstanding all I have said, you will still commence the attack, forthwith, then go on, with my best wishes. Make your battle strong; fight with all your might; make yourself terrible to your enemies; terrible by your boldness, and pertinacity, and power—by malice or meanness. Take care that you keep your temper. The Westminster Review says I was too bitter; and so I was. Do you not lay yourself open to the same charge? Such social reforms are proper subjects for investigation. They change as inca pro gress. The forms held sacred, and protected from even the slightest criticism by the most cruel punishments to-day, is discarded and cursed, and made criminal to-morrow. So it has been; so it will be. Each presumes that it is the wonderful and favored exception; that its formula is the only sacred and eternally true one; but notwithstanding such presumptions, the world moves still.

I know no grander subject for contemplation than the survey of the past progress of our race. I know no thought more cheering than the anticipation of its future advancement. I know nothing more exciting than labor to assist in its development. I know no nobler ambition than to aspire to do effective labor in freeing humanity from the oppressive and superannuated systems bequeathed to us by the ignorance of savage or semi-barbarous times. Our time believes in progress; in the unlimited capacity of our race to rise to higher and happier conditions of political, moral and social life. I like to believe that evil impulses do not predominate in the mental constitution of humanity; that we all, by our very nature, love good and hate evil; and that if we could only be born and bred under more favorable circumstances, we should be far better, happier and nobler than we are. I also like to believe
that the evil deeds of men are chiefly owing to temptations to which they are exposed; that these temptations will be removed as the organization of society improves; that the social system, instead of making every man's interest antagonistic to that of all his neighbors and requiring him to despise them to the utmost of his power as the road to success in life, will be changed so as to establish a harmony instead of an antagonism between the interests of different citizens of the same commonwealth.

**THE WAY THE DIGGER INDIANS BURY THEIR DEAD.**

Our cabin-home is located in a pleasant little valley, or cove, at the head of which is Kannebo Hill, on the banks of the Yuba, most beautifully shaded with ever-green pines and cedars, very tall and straight, with new and then an oak growing hither and thither, now casting its yellow leaves upon the ground.

On the morning of the fifth of November last, our quiet sleep was broken by a low and melancholy moaning, as of some one in distress, on the top of the mountain, at the foot of which stands our cabin. As soon as it was light enough to see our way, I and my partners started up to ascertain what was the cause of so distressing a cry. As we reached the summit of the mountain, large volumes of smoke were seen curling up among the trees; and, in front of a blazing fire, several female Indians, of the Digger tribe, with their faces covered, or nearly so, with plait, presenting a singular and frightful spectacle, as the fire-light and smoke gave light and shadow to their hideous countenances. Their arms were outstretched, and being waved to and fro, at the same time a fearful howl—now low, now loud—escaped from their lips, and tears rolled down their dark countenances. Presently, we ventured up to them; but our approach in no way disturbed their devotions, or lessened their melancholy cries. On looking further around, I saw a portion of the dead body of a man lying upon, or rather in, a huge fire—kindled in a low pit, dug expressly for the purpose—and a large position of the body was consumed.

Perhaps you are aware that the body of an Indian, before it is ready for burning, is bound closely together—the legs and arms being folded on the chest, and then forced into a small a compass as it is possible to bind them. It is then placed upon a pile of wood, which is shortly afterwards set on fire by his mother, or wife, or some very near relative; then is commenced the low moaning sound which we have described. Every one of those who dance or cry around the burning body, throw something or other into the fire, as an offering of respect to the departed. When the body is consumed, they carefully collect the ashes, and, after mixing a portion of them with some pitch, with which to cover their faces and go into mourning, they are buried.

We turned our footsteps away, with sad and melancholy hearts, and wound our slower steps to our cabin-home in unbroken silence.

We have since visited the place, and found a grave, dug and covered with sticks, upon the lonely mountain top. The tall pine trees ever singing a low dirge, and the whispering voice of the falling leaves, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the spot. Indian, sleep on in peace! While thy living relatives suppose thee to be reposing in some far-off, but pleasant, camping-ground. May thy sleep be sweet and thy future happy! Is the wish of D. W. M.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is.
MIGNON.

[From the German of Götzte.]

BY J. B. STRONG.

Knowest thou the land where the cypress blows—
The mild, sunny land where the gold orange grows?
The soft winds breathe in the clear blue sky,
And the laurel and myrtle are sweet to the eye.

Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my protecting friend.

Knowest thou the house, with its pillars bright?
Its courts are all gleaming in golden light;
The marble statues stand and look at me,
And say, Poor thing, what have they done to thee!
Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my faithful friend!

Knowest thou the mount, in its cloudy spray?
The murmurer seeks in the mist his way,
The wild dragon hides in the mountain cave,
And the cliffs are seen in the clear blue wave,
Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my true, dear friend.

* "Honor" is one of the most interesting characters in Götzte's Faust. In her earlier years she was stolen from a noble family in Italy, by a company of strolling players, and taken, in their wanderings, to northern Europe; where, in her sixth year, a gentleman, observing her Italian features and seeing her shamefully abused by her captors, rescued her, and, earnestly, but vainly, sought to learn her history, which she seemed to have entirely forgotten. Early one morning, he found her playing on the guitar and singing this song, in which glimpse of her former home dwell in on her darkened memory. In the German it is very beautiful and touching.

J. D. S.

[Continued from page 310.]

"DOINGS" OF '51.—CHAPTER III.

MAKES THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH ONE WHO PLAYED "LOW."

"Twas late, and the stage had gone;
but, as the trip to Sonora was made in one day, and knowing that by starting the following morning—providing no accident occurred to detain us—I would be in time to meet the appointment with my friend, I took it easy, and was not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing the town. I was recommended to a small public house, located upon the main street, and rather out of town, which was known by the humble and unpretending name of "The Cottage." At this house I met with an agreeable surprise, in the shape of an old acquaintance. "Amos" was all the name I ever knew for him; we had worked side by side for many weeks, in the northern mines, and at one time he was a member
of the company of which I formed a fractional part, and became so by the following circumstances. He was, with one or two others, hunting for "Gold Lake," and hunted until they themselves were lost; and, becoming bewildered, they could not remember whether the sun rose in the North or South, and in this rather unpleasant predicament were discovered by several unfriendly natives.

Amos & Co., confused and disheartened, were sitting by a little running stream, taking an account of stock, and counting up how many days they could stand it on a certain allowance, when, in the midst of a very obtuse calculation, they were startled by unusual and alarming sounds near by. On looking for the occasion of the sounds, their astonished eyes encountered the calm and penetrating gaze of Messrs. Brain & Brothers. Arrangements for the future were immediately postponed on the part of Amos & Co., and self-preservation was the order. Never did a defeated militia beat a retreat with more alacrity and rapidity than they. The unpleasant surprise occurred in the morning, and they ran—so they said—all that day and part of the following night, when their hearts were made glad by the light of a distant fire. Striking a course directly for it, they arrived at our camp near morning. So perhaps, after all, the bears served them a good turn; for at that time, besides their own camp, I did not know of another within a hundred miles, and they might have wandered about until death ended their sufferings.

Whenever we had a prospecting party out, those remaining in camp always, at sunset, made a beacon-fire, which was kept up by watchful all night; and good service did our night-fires, not for ourselves alone, but many others, who doubtless owed their lives to its friendly glare.

Amos & Co. were destitute of everything but what they stood in—which was very little to long of. Piles, pans, shovels and muele, they left where they did their grub—with Brain. Their condition was a direct appeal to our sympathies, and so we took them in and made them equal partners with us; and that was my first acquaintance with Amos, but not my last, as you shall see. We were mutually rejoiced to meet each other at "The Cottage," and had a grand time that day, talking over our quondam adventures. He, like myself, had been unfortunate, and was in company with a friend, ex route for Mokelumne Hill, intending to try his luck there; but, on learning my destination, he concluded to go with me, and proposed that we should be again partners. I regretted to be obliged to decline his offer, but encouraged him to go on with me, trusting that, if we did not work together, he might be fortunate enough to find a paying claim near by mine, (in prospective.)

The next morning we left Stockton, and journeyed together to Sonora. I might say something about that stage-ride; I might describe that long of living freight; I might make particular mention of a middle-aged lady, who occupied a back corner and wore spectacles. She had arrived on the last steamer, and was in search of her husband. "She'd hear on him, she had—she'd hear of his outh's up—wouldn't she surprise him!" What a grating of teeth there was! and how those eyes flashed! I would not have been the unfaithful lord for worlds. Just imagine the unsuspecting husband—happy dog!—resting near by Sonora, "keeping house," and living all so snug and comfortable; and then the middle-aged lady in the coach, with nearly two years' wrath pent up, the flood-gates soon to be lifted, and the torrent to be let out upon that unfortunate man!—horrible! I might say more about it; must hurry on. Some arrived soon after, and myself, put up at a long of ground floor. Each floor was partitioned as to by this was the lodging was separated from like partition. The lodgers consisted of a man with the manner as to perform births, the borne with kid! T ranged in tiers from ceiling, and grown so many shells. By the payment of one of these paper sleep. The inn was filled with the board table and the apartment was crowded. In one corner of the oven, and the proprietors, hosts and lodgers were general Bailey gave, this 'as it and we could not find a place. At this a man, fall Tom," with little difficulty, and Messrs. to see men, and most cordially. My ear for glad I was to not talk with that by and round, and man.

It is 77 of hours.
might say more about those things, but I must hurry on to Sonora, where we arrived soon after dark. Ames, his friend and myself, put up at a "Fonda," which was a long canvas building, with a ground floor. About fifteen feet of the front was partitioned off with cloth, and designated as the bar-room; adjoining this was the lodging department, which was separated from the dining hall by a little partition. The accommodations for lodgers consisted of poles, secured together with raw-hide strings, in such a manner as to form a framework for berths, the bottoms of which were covered with hides! These berths were arranged in tiers from the ground to the ceiling, and presented the appearance of so many shelves, about two feet apart. By the payment of one dollar, in advance, one of these spaces was secured for a sleep. The dining-room comprised the remainder of the structure. A rough board table extended the entire length of the apartment, with benches to match. In one corner I noticed a large cedars oven, and, on inquiry, I learned that the proprietors, besides irrigating, feeding and lodging people, were engaged in a general Bakery business. Now, in those days, this was considerable of a hotel, and we could ask for no better accommodations than we found here.

After having washed and relieved the dollars, and I can sell it for that; I paid five hundred dollars for it before the claim was opened, and you shall have it for that sum. If you haven't so much money with you, pay me what you can, and your note will be good for the balance; are you satisfied with that?

"Certainly I am, and who would not be? If the claim continues to pay as you say it has done, 'tis a fortune; but, Mac, are you not too liberal? are you sure that, in thus parting with so good a thing, you are doing justice to yourself?"

"Yes, I have studied over the matter well; you must excuse me if I do not
make you an entire confidant, but I am sure of a fortune, and can afford to be generous. Tomorrow we will go to the Garden, and I will introduce you to your future partners—a fine set of fellows they are. I do not wish you to rely altogether upon what I tell you; see for yourself; talk with the boys; and then, if you do not want it, there is no harm done. I can only tell you what it has paid me, and my opinion regarding its continuing to pay—none of us can tell what is in the ground, and I want you to satisfy yourself independently of what I say, so that in case it should fail you will not think I deceived you. But you are tired and sleepy now, we'll talk no more to-night, I will walk with you to your lodging place and call for you in the morning."

We parted with a "good night" at the "Pondi"—after paying mine host for the privilege of repose under my own blankets, and upon one of his wide shelves, I proceeded to the place pointed out, and climbed into my berth; and there I lay with my coat and boots for a pillow, three persons over me, two beneath me, my feet in close proximity to another's head, and a pair of very large sized boots not more than two inches from my phrenological developments. I was tired, but too excited to sleep, my supposed good fortune kept me awake, and there I lay building castles and pledging eternal fidelity to my good friend Man. Occasionally, as the man overhead rolled and tumbled in his sleep, I thought to myself, supposing he should come down? and supposing the man on top should break through, and we should all go down, where would the man in the lower bin go to? Sleep came at length, and I was ready to affirm in the morning that hopes were not bad to sleep on.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

SOPH OF A

"Man's garden was not called so in hon-
a benefit. Between them both however, they managed to tend bar, and employing a cook, boarded some fifteen or twenty miners.

Such was the condition of things when I was introduced to the "garden." Was there ever such a minstrel? Pandemonium comes nearer to what it was. Every night would gather here ten or fifteen of the most reckless, profligate, and abandoned of men, their howling, shouting and cursing, together with what they called singing—which was executed by somebody's howling at the very top of a powerful and cracked voice, a few verses of a sailor or buccaneer's song, and the others joining in on a most terrific chorus—made night hideous, and when old Hall's demoniac laugh came ringing in, the whole affair seemed too unearthly to believe real.

The upper portion of the house was separated from the lower by a rough floor; no board was within an inch of its fellows, and each was more or less perforated with knots and holes. It was in this apartment the boarders lodged—I cannot say slept. You can, perhaps, imagine how pleasant such an arrangement must have been to those few who were inclined to sobriety, and disposed to enjoy themselves in a quiet way. Every word spoken below was distinctly heard above; quarrels over cards, games, seven-up, and pokers, occurred hourly. Fights of the most brutal description took place frequently, when benches and tables were broken up, and tumults and scuffles smashed over heads. In fact, one or two persons had been killed there—and this was the Gansey!

Mac told me, on the way down, that "old Hall" was a curious customer: that he drank too much, was very rough in his manners, and, he thought, was at times a little touched in the "upper story." He cautioned me particularly against paying attention to anything the old man might say or do.

Arriving at the Garden, we went directly to the claim, which was near by the house; and, after the ceremony of an introduction to the five men there, Mac intimated the purpose of my visit, and left me to gain what information I could from the parties. I found them very willing to talk about the claim; they thought it good, but would not advance me either way; I could prospect the ground if I wished, and then be governed by my own judgment. I very well knew that a pan or two of dirt was no criterion, and having implicit confidence in Mac, and being favorably impressed with the appearance of his partners, I decided to take the share, and leaving the claim, called Mac aside, told him that I had concluded to purchase, and did so upon his representation entirely; and should it prove an unfortunate investment, I would believe that he bad only acted in good faith.

"Well," said he, "you place me in a rather delicate position; but yet, I am willing to stand it. My only object is to assist you; and I can assure you, you will never regret your faith in me. If this should turn out badly, remember I am always your friend."

The terms were made—three hundred dollars in cash down, and my note on demand for two hundred more. We then went to the house for writing materials. On entering, I was introduced to several hard-looking men, and among them "old Hall." This gentleman was most roughly dressed, ragged and dirty; his hair was thin and gray; his beard was, I should judge, about a month old, very thick and nearly white, resembling a mass of nearly white, resembling a dense mass of grizzled whiskers. His face was lined off in deep furrows, and his eyes sunk, in-.


domed, and wildly sharp and piercing; he was nothing more than a wreck of his former self. When Mac introduced me,
he inclined his head slightly forward, and extending his hand said, in a quiz but unpleasent voice: "How do you do? I'm sorry to see you here."

"Why, Captain!" said Mac, "You must give Mr. Doings a better welcome; he is a very particular friend of mine."

"Is he?" replied the old man, bringing the full history of his wild eyes upon Mac; "allow me to observe he's none the better for that." Turning to me, he continued, "I understand you intend working in the garden; you'd better go back--leave these parts as soon as possible!"

"You are very severe this morning," retorted Mac quickly; "but we want paper and ink."

"Well, if you do, you won't get them here; if you want whisky you can have it, but ink and paper ruined us, and we don't have it about any more."

I thought the rule would apply as well to the whisky, but did not venture to say so.

Mac, saying he would try and find some, left us. The instant he was away, the old man seized me by the arm, and growling hoarsely in my ear: "Don't have anything to do with that man, he would cheat his father!" went out of the house.

I will confess that I was startled by his words, and that the manner in which they were expressed caused me to think; but still I had determined that my partners could have no fault to find with me on the score of "tight weight."

[To be continued.]

Our Social Chair.

Everybody loves the Social Chair, the social circle, the social game, the social conversation, the social froll on and the social party. Indeed, we are naturally a social people, with social aspirations and social feelings, as well as social habits, tendencies and instincts. The social group of neighbors, who assemble, when the day's work is done, around the social chair fire; the man of family, who toils all day with willing cheerfulness, and feels that his labor is lightened by the prospect of a social time at his family hearth, when his business duties for the day are ended; even the plodding school-boy, apprentice, or shop lad, who feels that many of the most irksome of his tasks are made endurable by the anticipated social time is to enjoy when they are laid aside; with thousands of others, unite to prove that there is the glorious principle of a renewing and reinvigorating life in social habits and feelings, that is more powerful than money, and more health-giving than all the recipes of Alcalapins.

The absence of this renewing principle of social life in California, has been the great drawback to her social progress, and the indirect cause of a large proportion of past and present crime. The lack of social relaxation from business labors and cares, and those social comforts known and prized so much in older States, have preciously alrived the raven locks of too many of the healthiest and most robust of men, and bowed the noblest specimens of our race before their time.

Even this Social Chair, that has experienced the buffeting and changes of nearly three score of a California existence, though yet in its prime, sometimes feels a little old and rickety, from the lack of the social

1. Text continues on the next page.
...the hearth and circle, that should give to it the repairing and polishing strength of gentle and social intercourse.

In cities this is less severely felt than in mining villages. Though a vast improvement has become visible within the past few years, both there and elsewhere, and such occurrences as the following, from the Amador Ledger, will explain some of the reasons why:

BENNET of Matsumoto.—A young man in this section, a little over a year ago, was living in single-blessedness. He and his partner, miners, employed a widow lady to keep house for them. The young man, in question fell sick, and his physician, Dr. Sharp, of this place, had given him up, thought that he would die that night. The widow, who was somewhat older than our young friend, had been very kind to him. Late one night, a Justice of the Peace here, who is now a dignitary of State, was sent for to visit the dying man. He went, carrying with him all the paraphernalia for making a will; but, to his surprise, found that he was wanted for a different purpose: that was to perform the marriage ceremony. So he joined the young man to the kind-hearted widow. The next day the young man was better—the doctor pronounced him out of danger—and soon he was as well as anybody. Marriage was a good thing—better than medicine; and, as in the other world, people are neither married nor given in marriage, he concluded to stay in this world and enjoy it.

The results are, that in a little over a year, and within a few weeks past, his wife presented him with twins—two darling little girls. All are living costly in a neighboring village, and are as well as could be expected.

The Red Bluff Beacon is responsible for the following good story, about one of the unsuccessful candidates for Governor of this State, and which merits a place in our Social Chair:—

During an important lawsuit in San Jose, a few years ago, it is related, that Edward Stanley, being employed on the side of a rich old Californian, took frequent occasion to exhibit his contempt for the Judge of the court by making all sorts of derisive and herd contortions of contumacy at him, muttering and sneering in his face, etc., for which the Judge kept ashen, promptly ordering the clerk to enter fifty-dollar fines against the offending counsel for contempt of court. Stanley's client

out behind him, urging him on, and supplying him with the necessary idlers with which to torture himself of his contemptuous state of things continued until several idlers had been tossed up to the clerk, when Stanley suddenly stopped and said:

"Judge, I have not said a word in derogation of your character, either as a gentleman or a judge, and why do you continue to fine me for contempt, when I have committed none?"

It is in your manner, sir, and not your words, that the contempt consists," replied the Judge.

"Then," said Stanley, "I demand that my manner be spread upon the record, in accordance with the rules of our practice.

The Judge saw that he was beaten, as it would require an artist to commit the subject matter of contempt in paper, and, as the wily lawyer was too technical to the point, there was no alternative left.

"His Honor," but to remit the fines, which he accordingly did.

"Listen," added, "Do not become alarmed at such a commencement, reader; but keep your nerves steady until we reach the end of our story. Not many days ago, feeling dull and heavy with a severe cold, we concluded to try the merits of bathing in and by steam; and we accordingly repaired to a "water-cure" institution to try the experiment. We had no sooner opened the door than a notice informed us that "Spitting is a dirty habit," and made the request—"Do not spit upon the floor, in halls, or rooms." On reaching the office, another notice cautioned us not to be gar- rulous. The results are, that in a little over a year, and within a few weeks past, his wife presented him with twins—two darling little girls. All are living costly in a neighboring village, and are as well as could be expected.

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state of our bodily health. "A bath, sir, will be the very thing—sure your cold within an hour." We were now shown into a cozy little room, and, after the usual preparations—a bath, seated in a chair, within a closely fitting steam-box, or room, with the host outside—like a Chinese criminal in a barrel! "Like to read a book, sir, or the morning paper?" "Yes, Doctor." "Here you are, then," and a neatly arranged paper-holder and paper was immediately opened out in front of us. But, as the Doctor would say, "short stories—very short— if you please," we will say that, after enjoying this luxury for about half an hour, the cheerful voice of the attentive "water-over" man made the inquiry—"Do you think you are sufficiently cooked, sir?" (or, he might have said so.) We replied in the affirmative, with this qualification, that, "although not cooked exactly, like fine floury potatoes, we believe that we are remarkably well steamed." "How do you feel now?" "We have lost our cold, Doctor, and we shall charge it to your account, for you and your bath have been the cause, and we don't see but that you ought to have the blame." "I will hear either the blame or the credit, sir, with pleasure!"

Thinking that he was about to say—"Spitting is a dirty habit," or "Short stories—very short—if you please," we wished him a very good morning; but, as we lost our cold and heaviness, we thought that we had the best of the bargain.

The readers of the Social Chair will, we doubt not, unite their sympathies with ours on behalf of the editor of the Territorial Enterprise, a weekly paper—the first number of which has just reached us, across the Sierras, from Carson Valley.

"The prevalence of thieves in our village is apparent, and we would advise our neighbors to be on their guard. A few days since, one of our most intimate and esteemed friends presented us with a fine goose, which, save from its being in very fine order, we prized the friend from whom it came. A lady friend of ours volunteered her services, and cooked it up in a style which did great credit to her skill; after which we placed it convenient for the satisfaction of our appetites after our return from an evening party, whither we had made arrangements to go. We went to the party, made ourselves as agreeable as possible, 'tripped the light fantastic too,' till hungry visions began to control our minds, when we returned, only to be disappointed; for, lo! the goose was not, neither flesh nor bones! Hence we say, 'Look out for thieves.' We have our eyes on a trio of suspicious-looking hombres, who are lying looø around town."

The Yankee Union invites its readers to spell the words, Yankee Bakery, backwards.

The prevalent disposition to marry. The fact is, the weather is getting cold, and many are the beds that need now "comfortables."—Sierra Citizen.

This same disposition is very apparent about here, says the Mariposa Gazette; but the trouble is, there is nothing to marry. "Comfortables" are scarce—few and far between. The limited number in first hands, are held at a high figure. The propriety of publishing "intentions of marriage," or "engagements," is discussed in a number of journals we have noticed. We can see no impropriety in making public that two, a masculine and feminine, following the dictates of affection, have agreed as touching one thing. Our columns are open to all such announcements. They shall be inserted conspicuously above the Marriages and Births. Ladies, or gentlemen, desiring to form connubial relations, shall be treated in a conspicuous manner. Puffs may be had, even by the meanest, upon the payment of a suitable consideration.

Under the title of "New and Interesting and Sensible," an exchange thus discourses:

"There is, indeed, no more perplexing situation for a young man, and modest woman, than that in which he finds himself when unable to determine whether the young lady's manners, who begins to appear to him in his dreams, is already engaged, or occupies neutral ground. The ladies have recourse to various expedients, (such as wearing a ring on a particular finger, to make known her sentiments the instant she is about to emerge from one of those favored moments when her thoughts have been occupied with the purpose, to devise some notations; Atlantic oak hesitations crowd upon her; musical capabilities; daily engagement; a new watch; an infatuation in the skies; and the like.) Presently appears the St. L. Bulletin—Mira Oundall, City Manager, E. Y. (Miss), and forever—until come a widow—she is not required to write a letter."
THE St. Louis Chronicle relates the following:

"A printer, who is now making the tour of the mines, says that he stopped at a town not more than a hundred miles from Shasta, where he remained a while over six Shakes, where he remained a while over six days. On inquiring the amount of his bill, the landlord remarked: 'Let me see—six days at two dollars is twelve, and one meal at seventy-five cents.' How much do you charge a week?' asked our friend. 'Twelve dollars,' replied the landlord. 'Here it is,' he returned the former; 'guess I'll stay the week out,' which he proceeded to do."

This reminds us of that one Saturday afternoon, in the winter of 1854—55, we arrived at a way-side hotel, on the Shasta, after a long and perilous journey. The next day, we were informed that the landlord was ill, and that he had sold his establishment to a man named J. and J. We ventured to say that the inimitable way in which it was told will call to remembrance the convulsive laughter it then evoked. It is as follows:

A long, lean, grey Yankee entered the drug-store and said:

"Be you the druggist?"

"Well, I'm so; I sell drugs."

"Well, are you got any of this here scemint stuff as the girls put on their handkerchiefs?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, our Sun's wife is to be married, and she gave me nine aspirinse and told me to invent the bull mount in sccenting stuff, and the girl's nose to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you've made, I'll just smell some."

The Yankee smelled round without being noticed, until the "druggist" got tired of him, and, taking down a bottle of horehound, said:

"I've got a scemint stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wear it out; but, to get the smell of it, you must take a little and a big smell."

"Is that so, Mister? Well, just hold on a minute till I get my breath; and when I say now, you put it under your nose."

The horehound, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has done many a Yankee down, as liquor has done many an honest man. Do you suppose he got up and went again, as the drunkard does? No he, but, rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his hat, he said:

"You made me smell that tarrant, everlastin' stuff, Mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone."
which we appended the following advertisement:

"WANTED—A Companion for A. J. T. — Please call at the 'Mountain House' on your way to Shasta. [Signed]"

The following classic epistle, having been found somewhere in Nevada county, is forwarded to us, without comment, by a friend: and, as it is, no doubt, a faithful picture of many a fair one's feelings in the "Far-West," and other places, we present it to the readers of the Chair, variation of literature:

"My dear Giny--It has been a long time since I saw you; but I have not had but little from you since you left, and that mail I shot there till I went to sleep. My giny's eyes are big for that did give me so much pleasure. I do want to get an added worm-like and I hope you will express as much love for me as you did in the other. My giny is well and you is well, and my giny's love and you can to see us ever so much, but I have not told you why I am so lonesome. My giny's eye glared like a goblin's eye, and sucked our life-blood, fitfully on our senses swimming. We struggled in vain, our vitality resistibly exhausted, and we were thrown. Our monopoly of life was destroyed. We felt our life ebbing, our senses flagging, and we nearly suffocated as we fought the devouring breath. We struggled in vain; the goblin's eye glared like a ghoost, with demonic delight, as it glinted upon its human banquet. We felt our life ebbing, our senses flagging, and a sickening dizziness overcoming us—when we were awakened by a great convulsion. We were a Social Chair again—we breathed freely and lifeblood flowed through our veins. We had nearly been reduced to a nightmare. It was the Overland Mail. Canst thou interpret the vision of our dream?"

As we conclude our gossip, the noisy boys are crying in the streets: "Four days later—Arrival of the Overland Mail!" Grateful sense of relief, indeed! May those terror menaced them, not felt a grateful sense of relief at awakening? When this Chair indulges too freely in some favorite dish, it reposes itself quietly in a gaudy state of feeling, and calmly reflects upon the philosophy of life, until gradually the thoughts real, themselves less vividly. The philosophy becomes confused and indistinct, and—"to use a vulgarism—it falls into a snore. The diners, which has been productive of such calm reflection, after this happy consummation, has an opposite effect, and some diners inebriate affrights and oppresses us, until, in the violent effort to escape the impending danger, we awaken—and then, the grateful sense of relief. It happened that one sunny afternoon, a few weeks since, this Chair dined too heavily upon a favorite dish, and passed through the intermediate stage I described, to a nightmare. It thought itself the State of California (a strange fancy, you may, to imagine a Social Chair the seat of a great people) and was oppressed by a species of huge ogre, or vampire, that was called Noverox. The terrible monster irresistibly fastened itself upon us, seized the chair, and our senses swimming, we are the State of California,--the monopoly's eye glared like a goblin's eye, with demonic delight, as it glinted upon its human banquet. We felt our life ebbing, our senses flagging, and nearly suffocated as we fought the devouring breath. We struggled in vain; the goblin's eye glared like a ghoost, with demonic delight, as it glinted upon its human banquet. We felt our life ebbing, our senses flagging, and a sickening dizziness overcoming us—when we were awakened by a great convulsion. We were a Social Chair again—we breathed freely and lifeblood flowed through our veins. We had nearly been reduced to a nightmare. It was the Overland Mail. Canst thou interpret the vision of our dream?"

As we conclude our gossip, the noisy boys are crying in the streets: "Four days later—Arrival of the Overland Mail!" Grateful sense of relief, indeed! May those
be the death sound to Monopoly, and the
precursor of the Pacific and Atlantic Rail-
road.

**Literary Notices.**

The California State Register and Year
Book of Facts for 1852—[Second year of
publication.]—San Francisco: Harvey G.
Lawson and Samuel A. Monastor, No. 144
Washington street. The volume before us
contains 430 pages of facts—solid, reliable,
diversified California facts. If the saying
be true—and so better proof can be ad-
duced to endorse it than this book—that
"Facts speak for themselves," there are
many thousands of tongues within the ears
of this work to ask, "What do you
wish to know about California and the
Union?" because, here we are to speak for
ourselves. Do you wish to know the time
of high and low water of the Bay of San
Francisco; sun and moon's rising and set-
ting, declinations, eclipses, and so forth, for
1855, with a complete nautical calendar; the
latitude and longitude of all the principal
points on the Pacific coast; meteorological
observations, made three times a day, for
several years; tables of cloudy, misty and
clear weather, winds, extremes of heat and
cold, comparative fall of rain for eight
years, drought and moist rain, with every
important observation concerning the cli-
matology and other phenomena of Califor-
ia? here we are to be found.

Do you desire to know who have been
the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the
United States; who are the present Heads of
Executive Departments; the Congress of
the United States, with the names, residence
and politics of every Member; the Minis-
ters and Diplomatic Agents of the United
States in Foreign Countries, amount of
salary, etc.; the Consuls and Commercial
Agents throughout the world; the Foreign
Consuls and Vice-Consuls residing in Cali-
forina; everything connected with the United
States Treasury Department and the United
States Branch Mint in San Francisco; the Coast
Survey, and all the Light-Houses and their
Superintendents on the Pacific coast; every
Department of Customs in California, with
the name, number and salary of all the
Collectors, Inspectors, etc.; all things ap-
pertaining to the Surveyor General's Office,
Indian Department, Land Districts, War
and Navy Departments, Fortifications, etc.;
the Post Office Department, with corrected
list of every Post Office and Post Master in
California; Judges of the Supreme Court,
as well as of all the Courts in this State;
they are here to give the answer.

"If you wish to learn what is contained
in the Constitution of the State of Califor-
nia: who are the Executive and State
Officers; our Representatives in Congress;
the name, residence, politics and district of
every Member of the California Senate and
Assembly, with a host of other interesting
matter? come to us—here we are to be
found.

"Do you wish to be informed of all the
Receipts and Expenditures of the United
States; of the Taxation and Revenue,
Civil and War Debts of California; the
amount of Real and Personal Property
in every County of this State; Receipts
and Expenditures of the State Treasury; the
Finances of the several Counties and Cities
of the State; the aggregate Debt of the
State; amount of Treasures shipped from
the Port of San Francisco, from April 11th,
1849, to December 31st, 1857; the amount
of Duties, Receipts and Expenditures of
the Departments of Customs of California; all
the Articles of Report from San Francisco
for four years; Returns of the Port of San
Francisco, with the Arrivals and Depart-
ures of Vessels; Population, Census and
State of California, and of all the different
States in the Union, Slaves, etc.; the num-
ber of Passengers that arrived at the Port
of San Francisco, from 1849 to 1857, etc.;
Statistics of all the Religious Denomina-
tions of the State; School System, with
number of Children, School and Teachers;
the Public Lands; Operations of the United
States Branch Mint in San Francisco; For-
reign Coins, their value, etc.; Overland Mail
arrangements; Prison, Hospital and Insane
Asylum systems; different Surveys made.
for the Pacific Railroad, Wagon Roads and Telegraph Lines; list of Masonic and Odd Fellows Lodges and other Societies; the Public Libraries of the State; the Newspapers and Periodical Press of the State; the Merchant Marine of the Pacific; Election Returns; notices of the Official Vote of the State, and many others, in this connection; we are here to assert our own value and accuracy, if you consult us.

"Then, to these, add the Titles and Abstracts of all the General Laws passed at the ninth session of the California Legislature. Next, the Agricultural, Horticultural, Live Stock and Mineral resources of the State, with the location, number, capacity and cost of all the Quartz Mills, Water Ditches and Canals; the extent of the Pacific Whale Fisheries; Manufactures and Machinery; giving the location, name and capacity of all the Grist Mills, Lumber and Saw Mills, Foundries, Metallurgical and Chemical Works, Cordage and Oakum, Furniture, Agricultural Implements, Printing Paper, Matches, Perfumery, Leather, Brooch, Maccaros and Vermicelli, Candle and Soap, Starch, Glue, Camphene and Oil, Stone Wire, and other Manufacturers; Ship and Boat Building, etc. etc. With the peculiar Topography, Legal Distances from Sacramento, Judicial Districts, Courts, Agricultural Products, Mineral Resources, Finances, Attorneys, Physicians, etc., of every County of the State;—we are here.

In short, this is a complete California Encyclopaedia of important and well digested information concerning every department of the State.

We have been thus particular in giving a brief synopsis of its leading features, lest we should do injustice to the anxious care, patience and incessant labor of the indefatigable compiler of this invaluable book. That the reader may form some little idea of the trouble and pains that have been taken to prepare it and obtain the immense variety of correct knowledge here given, we may mention that no less than four thousand letters, asking for information, have been written to various portions of the State, besides the very numerous answers thereto. Moreover, one table of its contents alone, and that not occupying more than half a page, contains the gist of over eighty letters.

With grateful pleasure we acknowledge that the preceding volume has been of more real value to us, as a work of reference concerning California, than all other works before published in or of this State. If, therefore, you wish to add a valuable stock to your library, or make a New Year's present of intrinsic value to a friend, we counsel you to purchase "The California State Register and Year Book of Facts for 1859."

Editor's Table.

Kind Readers, Christmas and New Year are again paying us their annual visit. How rapidly have the footsteps of Time been hurrying us along! It seems but the other day, when, for the first time, we had the pleasure of wishing you the blessings and compliments of the season, through the columns of the California Magazine; and now, the third one has come. There is a peculiarly pleasing relationship existing between the editor of a periodical like ours and the generous and large-hearted reader; and as month after month rolls past, and we give to each other the cordial wishes and greetings of the season, the bonds of brotherly kindness and love, it cement to us closer, and the hearts of each grow warmer and better by the feeling. We have enjoyed many pleasant seasons together, and we trust, with God's blessing, there are many more in store for us; and, should a kind Providence permit, we trust that the year just beginning, may be the more in store for us; and, should a kind Providence permit, we trust that the year

...
just beginning, may be the most happy and prosperous of all that we have ever known, therefore, in our utmost heart we pray, God bless you all—"not using such language of suppliant benediction with a thoughtless and unfeeling mind—ah, not!

At such a time as this, how full does the heart feel of glowing longings for the loved ones that are absent! How many of our dearest friends, with all their joyous greetings, does memory recall? when our dear and revered mother was as she kissed and embraced her son or daughter, after a short but painful absence of a few long weeks, or perhaps months, at school; or, when her silver locks trembled and her tottering hand rested in blessings on our heads; or our father turned away to drop a tear, as he said, "Good-by, my son!" or "Farewell, my daughter—God bless you!" who does not recall such memories with a tear?

This too, is a season when the hearts of men should be enlarged; when forgiveness, even of injuries, should animate the human to the Divine nature; when Charity, with loving footsteps and smiling countenance, should walk abroad in the earth, and bring back the string, blind the broken-hearted, cheer the hopeless, and soothe the bereaved; when poverty, and wretchedness, and ignorance, and vice, should no more say, "I am the offspring of Neglect!" when the rich, whom God has prospered, should say to the poor, "I am thy brother, man—what can I do for you?" when men, struggling to shuffle off the coil of poverty by honest industry, should be assisted, if only by a kindly spoken word. These and a thousand and other acts of kindness and love, from the angelic hand or charity, at such a season above all others, should be manifest in this large, breathing world.

To the unlucky and unfortunate we would say: may the light of hope ever be your guide. The "land" may be stricken yet, a few inches further in; and even though you may have been "drifting" through the "bed-rock" of a hard experience, indomitable perseverance will carry you through it; and then, if the "bed-rock" only "pitches" into the hill of a prosperous future, you will find that the "pay-dirt" of your personal esteem, approbation of friends, a good conscience, health, and a full purse, will place you on the "roll call" of life, and secure to the satisfaction of being the architect of your own fortune, while you gain the respect of all good men.

There is a word or two more we wish to say: You have your health—that is a great blessing; you are not branded as a felon, or incarcerated as a murderer, or looked upon as a loafer or a thief; while those are great blessings, also; you have had food, and shelter, and clothing—well, those also are really great blessings; and if you could now only strike a good "paying stunt" in some kind of business—mining, or anything else—you would be a happy man; now, would it not? Well, then, never be discouraged—never give up making a good honest effort—and, if you cannot do anything else, why, "go to peddling peanuts," rather than, like a child or overgrown bobby-sox, sit down, whining, or crying, or smoking, and become like the unfortunate Micawber, a writer "for something to turn up."

The prosperous have our best wishes that their prosperity may continue, and even increase—but we would say, never forget that the poor man is your brother, and as such demands your sympathy, aid, and assistance. Do not set to him a face and assistance, but help him in such a way that he may strive to help himself, without a feeling of humiliation; for, believe me, good actions are like good grain properly sown, returning homesteadly a rich harvest of happy emotions to the nearer, with granaries full of good deeds in any future time of need, which we may all yet see before we die.

To those by whose kindly help and generous smiles we have been enabled thus far to go on our way rejoicing, we tender our warmest thanks as the only New Year's gift we can offer. From the first day of
our publication to the present hour, we have received a most cordial greeting and been cheered by the encouraging approval of numerous and valued friends, and our heartiest grateful remembrance of your kind assistance, during the present year, more worthy of the glorious young State is it our proud privilege to call our home than it has ever been.

To the readers and writers and kind-hearted spenders of this Magazine, we must hereby wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We cordially give to all our friends.

On the third of the present month our State Legislature will commence its tenth annual session. Last year we hoped much and—we say it with regret—were much disappointed. Even this year, as last, we presume there will be as much frivolous waste of precious and well paid time, and the postponement of measures of great public value as formerly. Some would-be-great men will, no doubt, be discovered, who have some hobby to ride, or some axe to grind, and occupy the time, if not the attention, of their colleagues. Some wind-mills—and we employ the term in a political sense, although in the latter it would, doubtless, need no correction—must be vigorously fought; and some unknown aspiring imitator of Demosthenes orators, or not as though he believed, that his way to fame is now opening, and his only chance of future eminence lies in well using the lances of his ambitious eloquence. While his Sandalo Pianco colleagues look on with open-mouthed wonder.

We would suggest to the honorable members of both Houses, that such unworthy and child-like abuse of privilege be not allowed to any member during the present Session. Do resolved; for our State needs the service (and does not need long and windy harangues) of every thought and act of every member. The time has now fully come when judicial action upon a great national highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific railroad—would be received with favor by the Administration, independent of any party feeling. Will you pass such measures as will secure its construction in the boundary line of our State, without any frivolous hesitancy or delay? Do this, and the General Government, discovering that you are in earnest, will take such steps as will insure the completion of the road over the territorial region under its control. And no man will pay an additional State tax with greater pleasure than the great majority of Californians, for such a purpose.

**Monthly Chat,**

**WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**

A.—We are under the impression that you have sent us the wrong article. We should not like to take the wrong cow by the tail; therefore, oblige us by referring to your portfolio—so to the cow! but the sketch—for the new one.

P. E. S.—If you can make "house" and "cows" rhyme, you must surely be a German. There is a small, flat-nosed, pursatite insect—such an Mexican modcrier not only seek after, but find, on the exterior of their members—that would help you out to a charm. And there been lost a dozen or so of similar offenders, who have "fixed you up," as you request; but remember the number—one hundred and ninety-three!Bow! Besides, if they were "fixed up" as nicely as strawberries and cream, the dose would be too heavy for the appetite and digestive organs of a literary Bedlington terrier.

X. A., Chipset.—You cannot tempt us. We may be as poor as some turkeys that we saw exposed for sale on last Thanksgiving Day, but we place too high a value on our self-esteem to give place to such an article.

Henry T., Stockton.—You are mistaken; we always welcome good poetry; but such an article is rather scarce in the literary market.

In reading your paper, we received an impression suggestive of a sound similar to the rattling of peas in an old boot. It is at your disposal.
OAK HALL.
CLOTHING EMPORTUM.
No. 178 Clay Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

LOCKWOOD, EWELL & CO.

UNION BOOK STORE.
ALLEN & SPER, Importers and Dealers in
SCHOOL, LAW, MEDICAL, AND MIS.
CERIANNIOUS.
BOOKS & STATIONERY.
SABBATH SCHOOL RELIGIOUS BOOKS.
No. 149 Clay St.
JUST BELOW MONTGOMERY ST.
S.F. TRADE.

HAAS & ROSENFELD,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
CLOTHING.
Fancy Dry Goods, Fancy Ready Worked Goods, and Boots,
Balls, Sacks, etc., San Francisco, and Battery, San Francisco.

THE LYCEUM.
This popular Place of Amusement is now open for the season, enlarged and re-
Fitted. The San Francisco Minstrels are delighting the public at the present time.
Admission, 50 and 25 cents.

FACULTY OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
KOHLER'S
IMPORTER.
DEALER.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
MRS. WOOD, the Queen of Comedy and Song; Sigler and Siglora Bianchi, and
other eminent artists are the principal attractions at this theater during the
month. A large European Opera Trope have also been engaged.
Prices of Admission, $1.50, 50, and 25 cents.
T. MAGUIRE, Proprietor.
RE-OPENED!

R. H. VANCE,
Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO,
HAS AGAIN RE-OPENED HIS FIRST PREMIUM GALLERY,
With all the improvements of the day.

Having greatly enlarged the same, and made extensive additions to the arrangements of his lights and operating rooms, he feels confident of being able to execute pictures as well, if not better, than any other artist in the United States, or any part of the world. It is intended to improve his former work, which has been universally approved throughout the United States, and to obtain the same results by applying the improvements and improvements by applying the apparatus in the business of taking photographic views, which have been extensively used in Europe and approved by the foremost artists in the world.

The best views that I have yet seen are those taken by my own hand, and I can therefore claim to have the best results, and to be able to give the best views in the world. My views will be sold at a premium of $5.00 each, and will be the best views that I have ever taken, and will be the best that I can produce. I have been in the business for many years, and have been in the habit of taking views for myself and others, and I have always been satisfied with the results. I have always been able to produce the best views, and I have always been able to give the best results. I have always been able to give the best results, and I have always been able to give the best results.

R. H. VANCE,
Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.