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[March, 1851]

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Hutchings & Rosenfield.

Largest and Best Picture Establishment in California.

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In the spring of 1852, Mr. A. T. Dowd, one of the "Ninwits" of Calaveras county, was employed by the Union Water Company of Murphy's Camp, to supply the workmen engaged in the construction of their canal with fresh meat from the vast quantities of game to be found in that vicinity.

Having wounded a large bear while engaged in this occupation, he industriously followed in pursuit; when to his momentary confusion, and astonishment, his
you looked for the first time upon one of
des magnificent giants that have since
daned so famous throughout the world.
All thoughts of hunting, or bear pursu-
ing, were forgotten, or absorbed and lost
in the surprising admiration which he felt.
Surely, he mused, it must be a dream, but
no, the great realities were before him.
Filled with thoughts inspired by what
he had seen, he returned to camp, and
there related the story of the wonders he
had discovered. His companions laughed,
and doubted his usually reliable veracity.
He reaffirmed his statement; but still
they would not believe it to be true; nor
would they consent to accompany him;
thinking that he was about to perpetrate
some practical first of April joke upon
them.
For a day or two he allowed the mat-
ter to rest; submitting with chuckling
satisfaction to the occasional familiar allu-
sions to "his big tree yarn," and continue-
doing his hunting as formerly. On the Sun-
day morning following he went out as usual,
and returned in haste, evidently unset-
tered as to "his big tree yarn," and continu-
ing his underhanded proceeding induced
his, companions to beget me. He found only to
beget me to murder them, and invited Dowd to join him
in the enterprise. This was declined;
but while Mr. L. was engaged in obtain-
ing a suitable partner, some one from
Murphy's Camp to whom he had confided
his intentions, and made known his plans,
took up a quarter section of the ground
and with a party of men commenced the
removal of the bark; after attempting
to dissuade Lewis from the undertaking.
As the big tree story was now almost
forgotten, or by common consent laid
aside as a subject of conversation; and,
moreover, as Sunday was a leisure day—
and one that generally brings the heaviest
of the seven, on those who are shut out
from social intercourse with friends—the
tidings were gladly welcomed; especially
as the proposition was suggestive of
a day's excitement.
Nothing loath, they were soon ready
for the start. The camp was almost de-
serted. On, on, they hurried, with Dowd
as their guide, through thickets and pine
groves; crossing ridges and canons; then
and ravines, each relating in turn the
adventures experienced, or heard of from
companions, with grizzly bears; until
their leader came to a dead halt at the
foot of the tree he had seen, and to
them had related the size. Pointing to
the immense trunk and lofty top, he
cried out, "now, boys, do you believe my
big tree story? That is the large grizzly
I wanted you to see. Do you still think
it a yarn?" Thus convinced, their doubts
were changed to amazement, and their
conversation from bears to trees; after-
wards confessing that, although they had
been caught by a ruse of their leader,
they were abundantly rewarded by the
gratifying sight they had witnessed: and
as other trees were found equally as large,
they became willing witnesses, not only
of Mr. Dowd's account, but to the fact
that, like the confession of a certain Por-
arian queen concerning the wisdom of Sol-
onus, the half had not been told them.
Mr. Lewis, one of the party above al-
luded to, after seeing these gigantic for-
est patriarchs, conceived the idea of re-
moving the bark from one of the trees,
and of taking it to the Atlantic cities for
exhibition, and invited Dowd to join him
in the enterprise. This was declined;
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removal of the bark; after attempting
to dissuade Lewis from the undertaking.
This underhanded proceeding induced
Lewis to visit the large tree at Santa
Cruz, discovered by Fremont; for the pur-
pose of comparing, if possible, with, his
grandson friends; but finding that tree,
although large, only 10 feet in diameter.

*In the winter of 1854 we met Mr. Lewis in Yuba,
and from his own lips received the account; and
the story is no more than simply related to this jour-
ney. Lewis relates the story of the fact, such as our sur-
cal and unfortunately mistaken version of events may be, but
he found only to be

it he discovered. His companions laughed;
and doubted his usually reliable veracity.
He reaffirmed his statement; bat Still
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and 250 feet in height, while that in Calaveras county was 30 feet in diameter, and 182 feet in height; he turned his steps to some trees, then reputed to be the largest in the state, growing near Trinidad, Klamath county; but the largest of these he found only to measure about 24 feet in diameter, and 273 feet in height; consequently, he eventually abandoned his undertaking.

But a short time was allowed to elapse after the discovery of this remarkable grove, before the trumpet-tongued press proclaimed the wonder to all sections of the state, and to all parts of the world, and the lovers of the marvelous began first to doubt, then to believe, and afterwards to flock from the various districts of California, that they might see with their own eyes the objects of which they had heard so much.

To pilgrims to Mohammed’s tomb at Mecca; or to the reputed vestment of our Savior at Treves; or to the Juggernaut of Hindustan, ever manifested more interest in the superstitions objects of their veneration, than the intelligent and devout worshippers of the wonderful in nature, and science, of our own country, in their visit to the Mammoth Tree Grove.
WORKMEN ENGAGED IN FELLING THE MAMMOTH TREE.

of the stream, and now on that, as the hills proved favorable or otherwise for
the construction of a good road. If
our visit is supposed to be in spring or
early summer, every mountain side, even
to the tops of the ridges, is covered with
flowers and flowering shrubs of great va-
riety and beauty; while, on either hand,
groves of oaks and pines stand as shade-
giving guardians of personal comfort to
the traveler on a sunny day.

As we continue our ascent for a few
miles, the road becomes more undulating
and gradual, and lying for the most part
on the top or gently sloping sides of a di-
viding ridge; often through dense forests of
tall, magnificent pines, that are from one
hundred and seventy to two hundred and
twenty feet in height, slender and straight
as an arrow. We measured one that had
fallen, that was twenty inches in diame-
ter at the base, and fourteen and a half
inches in diameter at the distance of one
hundred and twenty-five feet from the
base. The ridges being nearly clear of
an undergrowth of shrubbery, and the
trunks of the trees for fifty feet upwards
or more, entirely clear of branches, the
eye of the traveler can wander, delight-
edly, for a long distance among the cap-
tivating scenes of the forest.

At different distances upon the route, the
canal of the Union Water Company winds
its sinuous way on the top or around the
sides of the ridge; or its sparkling con-
tents rush impetuously down the water-
sprinkled center of a ravine. Here and
there an aqueduct, or bridge, or saw-mill,
gives variety to an ever changing land-
scape.

When within about four and a half
miles of the Mammoth Tree Grove, the
surrounding mountain peaks and ridges
are boldly visible. Looking south, the
bare head of Bald Mountain silently an-
nounces its solitude and distinctiveness;
west, the "Bear Mountain range" forms a
continuous girdle to the horizon, extend-
ing to the north and east, where the
snowy tops of the Sierras form a mag-
nificent background to the glorious pi-
ture.

While we have been thus riding and
admiring, and talking, and wondering,
and musing, concerning the beautiful
scenes we have witnessed, the deepening
shadows of the densely timbered forest we are entering, by the awe they inspire—
at first gently, and imperceptibly, then rapidly, and almost to be felt—prepare
our minds to appreciate the imposing grandeur of the objects we are about to
see; just as—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The gracefully curling smoke from the
chimneys of the Big Tree Cottage, that
is now visible; the inviting refreshment
of the inner man; the luxurious feeling
arising from bathing the hands and tem-
oples in cool clear water—especially after
a ride or walk—are alike disregarded.
One thought, one feeling, one emotion;
that of vastness, sublimity, profundity,
permeates the whole soul; for there—

The giant trees in silent majesty
Like pillars stand 'neath Heaven's mighty dome,

Firmly assuring that God's hand is on their topmost boughs;
With understood finger man might touch the stars;
Yet could he gain that height, the boundless sky
Were still as far beyond his utmost reach.

Their age unknown, into what depths of time
High fancy wonder sportively, and deem
Some Monarch-Priest of this grove so far
His tiny shoot when the primal flood
Became the seed to his immortal home;
Perhaps over all our land;

He brooded in latitudes spread; from age
to age, his saplings with empires grew.
When Time these patriarchal bony trees crested
Upon the earth, while Art and Science slept;
And ruthless hordes drove back Improvement's stream,

Their sturdy oaks arose, and in their turn
Rose when Dibdin gave to Spahn a world,
How many races, savage or refined,
Bore shrines beneath their shelter? Who shall say,

(If harken reverently, indeed, they sing.)
But they may dwell on height, clime, crested
Sit at their roots, in contradance to come,

Till with the "dreary hills" they pass,

When "Time shall be no longer!"

Before wandering further amid the
wild sequestered depths of this forest, it will
be well that the horse and his rider
should partake of some good and sub-
stantial repast—such as he will here
find provided—inasmuch as it is not al-

* Excerpt from Mrs. Connor's forthcoming play of
"The Three Brothers", or the Mammoth Grove of
California; a Legend of California.
ways widest, or least, to explore the wonderful, or look upon the beautiful, with an empty stomach, especially after a bruising and appetitive ride of fifteen miles. While thus engaged let us explain some matters that we have reserved for this occasion.

The Mammoth Tree Grove, then, is situated in a gently sloping, and, as you have seen, heavily timbered valley, on the divide, or ridge, between the San Antonio branch of the Calaveras river, and the north fork of the Stanislaus river; in lat. 38° north; long. 120° 10' west; at an elevation of 2,800 feet above Murphy's Camp, and 4,570 feet above the level of the sea; at a distance of 57 miles from Shasta city, and 87 from Stockton.

When specimens of this tree, with its cones and foliage, were sent to England for examination, Prof. Lindley, an eminent English botanist, considered it as forming a new genus; and, accordingly named it [Sequoia gigantea]--but still unfairly "Wellingtonia gigantea"--but through the examinations of Mr. Lobbo, a gentleman of rare botanical attainments, who has spent several years in California, devoting himself to this interesting and to him favorite branch of study, it is decided to belong to the old genus [Sequoia sempervirens]; and consequently as it is not a new genus, and as it has been properly examined and classified, it is now known only among scientific men as the [Sequoia gigantea] (simplified)--and not "Wellingtonia" or as some good and laudably patriotic souls would have it, to prevent the English from stealing American thunder, "Washingtonia Gigantea."

Within an area of sixty acres there are 104 trees of a goodly size; twenty of which exceed 25 feet in diameter at the base, and consequently are about 75 feet in circumference!

But, the repast over, let us first walk upon the "Big Tree Stump," adjoining the cottage. You see it is perfectly smooth, sound, and level. Upon this stump, however incredible it may seem, on the 4th of July, 52 persons were engaged in dancing four sets of cotillions at one time, without suffering any inconvenience whatever; and, besides those, there were musicians and lookers on. Across the solid wood of this stump, five and a half feet from the ground, (now the bark is removed, which was from 15 to 18 inches in thickness) it measures twenty-five feet, and with the bark twenty-eight feet. Think for a moment; the stump of a tree exceeding nine yards in diameter, and sound to the very center. This tree employed five men for twenty-five days in felling it—and by chopping it down, but by boring it off with pump augers. After the stem was fairly severed from the stump, the uprightness of the tree, and breadth of its base, sustained it from falling over. To accomplish this, about two and a half days of the twenty-five days was spent in inserting wooden wedges, and
THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

![Mammoth Tree Illustration](image)

Now let us walk among the giant shad-ows of the forest to another of these wonders—the largest tree now standing—which from its immense size, two breast-like protuberances on one side, and the number of small trees of the same class adjacent, has been named "The Mother of the Forest." In the summer of 1854 the bark was stripped from this tree by Mr. George Gale, for purposes of exhibition in the east, to the height of 110 feet; and now measures 196 feet in circumference without the bark, at the base, 84 feet; twenty feet from base, 69 feet; seventy feet from base, 45 feet 6 inches; one hundred and sixteen feet from base, and up to the bark 39 feet 6 inches. The full circumference at base, including bark, was 90 feet.

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Then driving them in with the butts of trees, until, at last, the noble monarch of the forest was forced to tremble and then to fall, after braving "the battle and the breeze" of nearly three thousand winters. In our estimation it was a sacrilegious act; although it is possible that the exhibition of its bark among the unbelievers of the eastern part of our continent, and of Europe, may have convinced all the "Thomasites" living, that we have great riches in California that must be believed, sooner or later. This is the only palliating consideration with us in this act of desecration. This noble tree was 302 feet in height, and 96 feet in circumference, at the ground. Upon the upper part of the prostrate trunk is constructed a long double bowling alley.

SHOWING THE CONE AND VOLIAGE OF THE MAMMOTH TREES—FULL SIZE.
Its height is 321 feet. The average thickness of bark was 11 inches, although in places it was about two feet. This tree is estimated to contain 537,000 feet of sound lumber. To the first branch it is 137 feet. The small black marks upon the tree indicate points where 2½ in. auger holes were bored, into which round plugs were inserted, by which to ascend and descend while removing the bark. At different distances upward, especially at the top, numerous dates, and names of visitors, have been cut. It is contemplated to construct a circular stairway around this tree. While the bark was being removed a young man fell from the scaffolding—or rather out of a descending nose—at a distance of 79 feet from the ground, and escaped with a broken limb. We were within a few yards of him when he fell, and were greatly surprised to discover that he had not broken his neck.

A short distance from the above lies the prostrate and majestic body of the "Father of the Forest," the largest tree of the district group, half buried in the soil. This tree measures in circumference at the roots, 110 feet. It is 200 feet to the first branch, the whole of which is hollow, and through which a person can walk erect. By the trees that were two

where it was broken off by striking against another large tree, it is eighteen feet in diameter. Around this tree stand the graceful yet giant trunks of numerous other trees, which form a family circle and make this the most imposing scene in the whole grove. From its immense size, and the number of trees near, doubtless originated the name. Near its base is a never-failing spring of cold and delicious water.

Let us not linger here too long but pass on to "The Husband and Wife," a graceful pair of trees that are leaning with apparent affection against each other. Both of these are of the same size, and measure in circumference, at the base, about 60 feet; and in height are about 262 feet. A short distance further is "The Burnt tree," which is prostrate and hollow from numerous burnings, in which a person can ride on horseback for 60 feet. The estimated height of this tree when standing was 330 feet, and its circumference 97 feet. It now measures across the roots 30 feet, 6 inches.

"Heracles," another of these giants, is 55 feet in circumference and 320 feet high. On the trunk of this tree is cut the name of J. M. Wooster, June, 1850, so that it is possible this person may some day claim precedence to Mr. Dowd in this great discovery; at all events it was through the latter named that the world became acquainted with the grove.

There are many other trees of this grove that claim a passing notice; but inasmuch as they very much resemble each other we shall only mention them briefly.

The "Hermit," a lonely old fellow, is 318 feet in height and 60 feet in circum-
THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

A broken off by striking large tree, it is eighteen feet in size. Around this tree stand two giant trunks of immense size, which form a family of this the most imposing noble grove. From its the number of trees seen, this was named. Near is a small spring of cold and clear water too long but pleasant and sunny. A great tree is leaning with a bark against each other. Both the same size, and same age, at the base, about height are about 22 feet or more. In further is "The Burnt Pine," as it was stunted and hollow from age, in which a person could look for 60 feet. The top of this tree when standing and its circumference measures across the base. Author of these giants, reference and 320 feet in height of this tree is attributed to a person named Mr. Dowd in this great discovery; at all events it was through him that the latter named tree was known to science.

There are many other trees of this grove that as a passing notice; inasmuch as they much resemble the old fellow, is 50 feet in circumference; exceedingly straight and well formed.

The "Old Maid," a stooping, broken tipped, and furled looking specimen of the big tree family, is 201 feet in height, and 52 feet in circumference.

As a fit companion to the above, though at a respectful distance from it, stands the dejected-looking "Old Bachelor." This tree, as lonely and as solitary as the former, is one of the roughest, bark-riven specimens of the big trees to be found. In size it rather has the advantage of the "Old Maid," being about 201 feet in height, and 60 feet in circumference.

Near to the "Old Bachelor" is the "Pioneer's Cabin," the top of which is broken off about 120 feet from the ground. This tree measures 35 feet in diameter; but as it is hollow, and uneven in its circumference, its average will not be quite equal to that.
The "Siamese Twins," as their name indicates, with one large stem at the ground, form a double tree about forty-one feet upwards. These are each 300 feet in height.

Near to them stands the "Guardians," a fine-looking old tree, 220 feet in height, by 81 feet in circumference.

The "Mother and Son" form another beautiful sight, as side by side they stand. The former is 315 feet in height, and the latter 302 feet. Unitedly, their circumference is 93 feet.

The "Horsehead Ride" is an old, broken, and long prostrate trunk, 150 feet in length, hollow from one end to the other, and in which, to the distance of 72 feet, a person can ride on horseback. At the narrowest place inside, this tree is 12 feet high.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is another fanciful name, given to a tree that is hollow, and in which twenty-five persons can be seated comfortably, (not, as a friend at our elbow suggests, in each others laps, perhaps!) This tree is 305 feet in height, and 91 feet in circumference.

The "Pride of the Forest" is one of the most beautiful trees of this wonderful grove. It is well-shaped, straight, and sound; and, although not quite as large as some of the others, it is nevertheless a noble-looking member of the grove, 275 feet in height, and 60 feet in circumference.

The "Beauty of the Forest" is similar in shape to the above, and measures 307 feet in height, and 65 feet in circumference.

The "Two Guardians" stand by the roadside at the entrance of the "clearing," and near the cottage. They seem to be the sentinel of the valley. In height, these are 300 feet; and in circumference, one is 65 feet, and the other 60 feet.

Next, though last in being mentioned, not least in grandeur and beauty, stand the "Three Graces"—one of the most beautiful groups (if not the most beautiful) of the whole grove. Together, as at their base, they measure in circumference 92 feet, and in height they are equal, and each measure nearly 205 feet.

By permission of the gifted authoress of the novel to which we have before referred, we make the following quotation—

"AMENITY—Soothing to listen.

The brothers oft reminded me of those three trees in that stupendous grove on which we gazed in wonder; three, alike in height, beauty, and grace; their graces, maintainance, has shielded them from the wild, and placed the spot the place that forever down Nature's benignant blessing on the earth.

As it gazes upon the dwelling place of Him who made them grove as witnesses of His creative glory. And the three, alike protecting, shade the tender plants that nestle at their base—like three, dear Agnes.

Many of the largest of these trees have been deformed and otherwise injured, by the numerous and large fires that have swept with desolating fury over this forest, at different periods. But a small portion of decayed timber, of the Taxodium genus, can be seen. Like other rarities of the same species, it is less subject to decay, even when fallen and dead, than other woods.

Respecting the age of this grove there has been but one opinion among the best informed botanists, which is this—that each concentric circle is the growth of one year; and as nearly three thousand concentric circles can be counted in the stump of the fallen tree, it is correct to conclude that these trees are nearly three thousand years old. "This," says the Gardener's Calendar, "must be very well true, if it does not grow above two inches in diameter in twenty years, which we believe to be the fact."

Could those magnificent and venerable forest giants of Calaveras county be gifted with a descriptive historical tongue, we could doubtless learn of many wonderful changes that have taken place in California within the last 3,000 years!"
Until the fall of 1855, the grove we have just described was considered the only one to be found in the State of the same variety; but, at the time alluded to, Mr. J. E. Clayton, while running the survey of a canal for Col. Fremont, discovered another grove of mammoth trees; and which, in 1857, were visited, and described in the following manner, by Colonel Warren, of the “California Farmer”:

The first tree we measured was “Roundup,” and measuring it three and a half feet from the ground, found it eighty feet in circumference, and at the ground, one hundred and two feet high. Tree No. 2, nearly fifty feet in circumference, and two hundred and fifty feet high. Tree No. 3, (at the spring,) ninety feet, three and a half feet from the ground, one hundred and two feet at the ground, and three hundred feet high. No. 4 and 5 call the sisters, measuring eighty-two and eighty-seven feet in circumference, and two hundred and twenty-five feet high. Many of the trees had lost portions of their tops by the storms that had swept one and twenty-five feet high. It in circumference, and two hundred and twenty-five feet high. Several of those glorious trees we have, in association with our friends, named. The one near the spring we call the Fountain Tree, as it is used as the source of the refreshment. Two trees measuring ninety and ninety-five feet in circumference, were named the Two Friends.

The groups of trees which we measured consisted of many of peculiar beauty and interest. One of those which measured seventy-two and seventy-six feet high, which we named the Two Brothers, was found to be the abode of the grizzly; there he had made his nest, and it existed the nerves to enter so dark an abode. Yet it was not a fitting place for a grizzly.

Another tree, near standing alone, was called The Grizzly; it was seventy-two feet high, and its circumference was eighty-four feet in diameter. This was named the Four Pillars, each over sixty feet high, which we named the Four Pillars, each over fifty feet in circumference. Two gigantic trees, joining seventy-five and seventy-seven feet, were named Washington and Lafayette; these were noble trees. Another group of those we called The Graces, from their peculiar beauty. One mighty tree that had fallen by fire and burned out, and into which we walked for a length, we found to be the abode of the grizzly; there he had made his nest, and it existed the nerves to enter so dark an abode.
Another tree, measuring eighty feet, and standing alone, was called the Lone Giant. It went heavenward nearly three hundred feet. Another monster tree that had fallen and been burnt out hollow has been recently tried, by a party of our friends, to go through the tunnel of the tree. These friends rode through this tree, a heavy bark, and as we measured it, measuring from the root to the top, it measured three hundred feet in circumference, and probably thirty-five hundred feet in height.

Another tree that has yet been found, now lies upon the ground, and fallen as it lies, it is a wonder still; it is charred, and time has stripped it of its heavy bark, and yet as we measured it across the butt of the tree as it lay turnd, it measured thirty-three feet without its bark, and there can be no question that in its vigor, with its bark on and upright, it measured three hundred feet in diameter, or one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. Only about one hundred and fifty feet of the trunk remains, yet the cavity where it fell, is still a large hollow beyond the portals turned off; and upon passing it, measuring from the root to the top, 330 feet, and estimating the branches, this tree must have been four hundred feet high. This tree we believe to be the largest tree yet discovered, and this forest we claim as the Forest of the World.

No description we can give could convey to our readers the wonder and awe with which one is impressed, when standing beneath those giant trees; a feeling comes upon you of inexpressible reverence for these trees, and one does not wish to speak aloud, but rather sit silent and think. Man here feels his own nothingness, and his soul, enveloped, breathe the hallowed atmosphere of the Deity, and do him reverence. Would we had time and space to speak more of this wonderful forest. We do not wish to attempt to take you from our Caravan friends, but if they will go and tell this, they will cheerfully yield the palm, both in size and numbers.

Read this simple altar, and the God, Who hath the living waters, shall be there, W. T. WILLARD.
There stand the two old elm trees,
That grew before the door;
In which the birds are singing,
Their sunny song of yore.
And o'er the shaded pathway,
The rows of lilacs meet;
And long rank grass is waving,
Where tread the children's feet.
And troops of singing swallows,
Are circling overhead,
Above where stood the homestead,
With its low walls, brown and red,
The babbling brook in the orchard,
Still sings the same old song;
As it dances and leaps in the sunshine,
Over the steep-stones all day long.
And the well steps-stones curst, worn and many,
And the water-trough by its side;
And the spot where we children sported,
And sent our ships to sea;
Nicther far than old Castilian merchants,
With their homelbound argosy.
And the place where the bees lived in the honeycomb,
And the sheep cot in the meadow,
And the spot by the fuscous hill's side,
Where the hawks used to fly and gambo
From morning to eventide.
These, these now are all that is left,
On the green earth's sunny side,
Of the home where my mother loved me—
The home where my father died.

Weaverville, Feb., 22d, 1859.

HELICHS OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD

BY O. G. SPRATF.

And the cattle at even tide,
And the place where the bees lived in summer,
And in the soft June hours,
Come laden with honied treasures,
From the ruffled garden flowers.
And the sheep cot in the meadow,
And the spot by the green hill's side,
Where the hawks used to fly and gambo,
From morning to even tide.
These, these now are all that is left to me—
The home where my mother loved me—
The home where my father died.

A tale of the old homestead, through the ages past, and the changing times, the author reflects on the significance of the homestead and its memories. The poem evokes a sense of nostalgia and reverence for the past, celebrating the enduring legacy of the homestead and its stories. The imagery of nature and the elements of the landscape are woven into the narrative, creating a vivid and evocative portrayal of the place and its history.
CORTÉZ AND THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JAMES LINN.

Etymologists differ about the derivation of the name "California." Whether it be from the two Latin words califa furans, or from californi, furans, in the Spanish language, or whether it owes its origin "to some words spoken by the Indians, and misunderstood by the Spaniards," as Michael Venegas verily believes, is a matter so very unimportant, that I shall leave it for the curious to investigate at their leisure.

Lower California was discovered in 1534, by Zimenes, a native of Biscay. He was pilot of the expedition which left Tameuteppe, under the command of Grijalva and Mendoza. After sailing about three hundred leagues northward, the former returned to New Spain, and the latter, in consequence of the severity of his discipline, was murdered by his mutinous crew. Commanded by Zimenes, the voyage of discovery was continued, until he moored his vessel in the Bay of Santa Cruz, as it was called at that time. It is now known as La Paz, and is located on the western side of the Gulf of California. Its name would indicate a place of peace. The Indians, through some cause of provocation, killed Zimenes and twenty of his followers. Terrified, and without a leader, the rest of the Spaniards speedily weighed anchors, and returned to their homes.

The restless and ambitious Cortez, panting for near kingdoms to conquer, and dissatisfied with the result of the expedition, in the following year fitted out three ships at Tahmaspeo, and personally joined the daring spirits that were enlisted in his service, when they reached the port of Chiltepec. The presence of the great Chief, who, during the previous fifteen years, had made the world ring with the glory of his name, inspired his followers with unqualified confidence in their success. The vessels were simply provided with everything necessary for colonizing purposes. In his retinue he had four hundred Spaniards, and three hundred negro slaves. There were soldiers to fight, if required, and hardy emigrants to settle and cultivate the soil.

There were also holy fathers, to administer consolation to theretched, and to pray for and enlighten the benighted savages of California in the mysteries of the Gospel. He circumnavigated the Gulf, and imperfectly explored it. For a long time afterwards, it was known as the Sea of Cortez. It was also called the Red Sea (Mar Rojo), either on account of its shape resembling so much the one that separates Asia from Africa, or because the Rio Colorado, or Red River, flowing into it at the northern point, discolors its waters. Cortez discovered that the barren land, where his countrymen were slain, was a peninsula, and not an island, as it was hitherto supposed to be. He was told about the Gulf in a fearful tempest, and his frail and shattered bark was dashed against the rocks. Destruction and a watery grave seemed ineritable. Famine had thinned his ranks, disappointment had withered the hopes of his devoted followers. In the midst of appalling danger however, the Conqueror of Mexico stood undismayed. In other days he had bullied the wild and jealous Velasquez in Cuba; he had tumbled down the hideous image in the temple of Tezcaos, and placed a statue of the Holy Virgin in its stead; he had traversed deserts and mountains with his army; he had demolished provinces, and marched in triumph through hostile lands; he had removed obstacles that seemed insurmountable, and braved perils and sufferings such as rarely fell to the lot of man; he had miraculously escaped amid the yells and curses, and fury of a barbarous population; he had disregarded constitut-
tled authority and the claims of a generous hospitality; he had subjugated a mighty empire, and the monarch, Montezuma was fettered by his command; with very fear the lords of Tenochtitlan and the princes of Tlanxochtitlan had trembled in his presence; he had ignominiously executed the youthful emperor Guatemotzin, whose noble spirit he could not subdue; he had deluged the Aztec capital with the blood of its inhabitants, and planted the Cross upon the tops of their gloomy teocalli; he had plundered the palaces of the rich, and profaned the sacred temples of the gods; he had filled the regions of Aztlan with the wailings of woes, and fixed the great city of the valley, so that the sky was black with the smoke of the Pacific coast, and though now disasters which befell his squadron did not bring him fresh laurels for himself, nor did providence spare his life. By braving billows which he could not contain, by tempering a tempest which he could not abate, and enduring elements; at the mercy of a howling wind that explicitly obeyed his orders, which they immediately, without consideration, associated with debasing idolatry gave way to the enlightened state of society. The Indians were just as little elevated above the brute creation, as the intellectual and refined of modern times flatter themselves to be "only a little lower than the angels," Ignorant and barbarous as they were, they soon felt their inferiority. An unwavering and untiring perseverance gradually paved the way for a respectable state of civilization. The idea of everlasting and eternal salvation was preached to the heathen. The consequence was, that the savages of Lower California in course of time were found kneeling catechums at the altars of Christianity. The followers of the Cross have since held undisputed sway over the fertile hills and sandy plains of the peninsula. Though Cortes failed in establishing garrisons and founding missions along the shores of the gulf, the world is largely indebted to him for the zeal which he manifested in extending the blessings of civilization. He had risked his life; he had spent a princely fortune; he had pledged the costly jewels of his beautiful wife; he had reduced his magnificent establishment and involved himself in bankruptcy, and all too, for the accomplishment of the darling object of his ambition. His name will go down to the latest posterity as the greatest hero and the most remarkable man of the age in which he lived.
I had but lately qualified myself as an attorney, and commenced practice in my native town, hoping that the long residence of my esteemed parents there, and the large circle of acquaintance I had, might be the means of establishing a connection in my profession. After being in business for four months, I had not made twelve pounds altogether; and, although I felt that I was gradually working into practice, yet my slender funds were nearly exhausted, and I was loath to borrow money on the only security I could offer—the house I was in, and which I inherited from my mother. My vices, which were, therefore, not the most cheerful, was interrupted by the entrance of a person, who proved to be a new client. As the said client gave me the first really profitable instructions I had as yet received, and as those instructions were the means of making me acquainted with those fortunes I became so intimately associated with, he deserves more than a passing notice.

Mr. Bellis was an extensive laborer, with whom my parents had dealt for some thirty years. He was not rich, but what was usually called "well to do in the world." Whilst his own estimate of his character was that he was the staunchest of men, and that tender feelings were the attributes of women, he was, in fact, extremely good-natured, and consequently was continually being imposed upon.

His temper, however, was irritable, and that—added to a bad habit he had of swearing—did sometimes lead deluding deliria to believe that he was not a man to be trifled with.

His list of outstanding debts, nevertheless, was something to frighten an ordinary tradesman, and, periodically, in fits of indignation, he would take legal proceedings to recover them. This was the cause of his present visit, and, as he had kept quiet for the past two years, the unpaid bills had greatly accumulated.

"Now, Mr. Alfred," said he, "I want you to go to work and recover as many of these accounts as you can. I think, at any rate, two-thirds of them are good, if managed rightly. After writing to them all, serve writs on such as don't pay, and let me hear how you get on at the end of the week."

Having conversed a few minutes with my client, on the subject, he took his departure, and my heart felt much lighter when, glancing at the bills, I saw that the result of my instructions would put a considerable sum into my pocket.

CHAPTER II—HOW I FELL IN LOVE.

One hundred and thirty bills, amounting to over £700, in all! It took me two days to write the letters, and a heavy draft on my purse for postage, which, in many instances, I deemed it politic to propvey.

The following Saturday found me in possession of £149, odd shillings. I went over and paid in to Mr. Bellis, less my own fees, which would enable me to destroy some of my own debts.

On my return home, I found a lady waiting in the office. She was plainly yet tastefully dressed. She sat with her back to the window, and had on her head a large black veil. It was one of mine.

"Mr. Villain, I presume," she said, as I entered. I bowed, and she con-
time; "We cannot pay Mr. Bell's bill at present, sir; but if you will take my note at three months, I will leave this in your hands, as security,—but pray take care of it."

She rose, and placed a small diamond cameo upon the table. Its intrinsic worth might have been some seven or eight pounds, for the gems were small. I did not like to take it, yet she seemed so agitated, that I missed awhile what to do. She advanced quickly:

"Oh, do take my note; we have a little income; it is due in March; but do not apply to my mother: she is so delicate. I did not show her your letter—I dared not; excitement might kill her at present; and, as I open all her letters, I have conventional this from her."

There was something so touching in theearnestness of her tone, that I felt, I am afraid, very unlawful-like—at any rate, I knew I could not refuse. As she sat down to write the promissory note, she lifted her veil. I positively staggered with astonishment and admiration. Tears were on her cheeks, but little did they mar her wondrous beauty: dank hazel eyes, softened by long lashes; hair, between brown and auburn, gathered in massive folds under her bonnet, shaded a face of extreme loveliness, and with the sweetest expression I ever beheld.

Having signed the bill, she looked up, and encountered my admiring gaze. Blushing slightly, she handed me the note, which I took mechanically.

"Miss Browning," said I, "you value this cross very much; remain its custodian. It is safer in your hands than in mine." Seeing that she was about to refuse, I added, hastily and cheerfully:

"Oh, if you do not meet your bill, I promise you I will again demand it of you."

"Sir," she said, "I feel your kindness, and take you at your word."

She hurried out, and I watched her receding figure until she had turned the corner of the street.

CHAPTER III.—MY LOVE INCREASES.

"Now, Mr. Vellum, when you've read that scrap of paper over a few times more, perhaps you'll attend to me."

I looked at the speaker, who had entered unannounced. It was Mr. Hard, one of the closest and wealthiest tradesmen in N—, and who had attained the sobriquets of "Hard-grinder."

"Now," he continued, "I ain't come dunning you—for I know you can't pay—but Mr. Bell's says you have got some bills of his, so I've brought you three or four of mine. Perhaps I'll give you more; but you must pitch into them as has property. If they don't pay, out with a fi. fi. on their goods. No humbug for John Hard! I pay my debts, and people shall pay me. And, look you, draw up a conveyance of my house, in Thomas street, to my brother-in-law; there's the deeds and terms of sale, and I'll pay you with your own bill receipted up to last Saturday."

"Very well, Mr. Hard," I replied, "the conveyance will be ready on Tuesday."

"Not a bad way to get my account out of him," I heard the pleasant Mr. Hard mutter, as he descended the steps.

I felt so elated that I determined to commit the extravagance of dining at the "Greyhound," as it was now five o'clock, and the old nurse who kept house for me had asked for a holiday to visit her daughter. Before going, I went to look up Mr. Hard's deeds and bills, when I noticed the top one endorsed "Mrs. Browning, &c. 18. 9d." Was I to be the means of planting another thorn in the heart of that beautiful girl? No! I would return the bills to Mr. Hard on Monday. After dinner, I reflected over the sig-
nature of Helen Browning) that I had better see what her, or her mother's, difficulties really were; for, if I returned the accounts to the grocer, some sharp practitioner might be employed. The next morning, I wended my way to the corner of the retired street in which Mrs. Browning lived, and, waiting, I saw Miss Browning emerge, and take the direction of St. Matthew's Church. I followed, and, having seen where she was seated, I plac ed myself near the door, and remained until church was over. I fear I was not very attentive to good Dr. Duncan, an old and valued friend of my mother's, but though the blessing timel pleasureable part of tim service.

A~ the gate I encountered Miss Browning, and, bowing, followed her out of the crowd. I then hastened up to her, and, addressing her, said:

"Miss Browning, pray pardon me, but your account, yesterday, of the state of your mother's health, has so far interested me in your affairs as to lead me to come and seek you here, to-day. Now, do not be alarmed, but Mr. Hard has instructed me to recover the amount of his bill, and, if you could favor me with an interview, at your convenience, to-morrow, I may perhaps be able to make some arrangements satisfactory to you."

When first I spoke, she looked hurt; but when I modestly mentioned that her mother's health was the cause of the interest I felt, she smiled gratefully.

"As you are so kind," she replied, "would you call at any time before noon, to-morrow? Mamma does not leave her room. I hardly like to ask you; but--"

"But," I interrupted, "you do not like to leave the house more than you can help, while your mother is ill. Yes, we are quite right. I have business in the neighborhood at half-past nine; at ten I will have the pleasure of waiting upon you."

Thus, I made her mother's health again the means of saving her the embarrassment of acknowledging that calling, herself, on a young lawyer, and a bachelor, was to be avoided, if possible.

CHAPTER IV.--MISS BROWNING'S DIFFICULTIES.

The following day, punctually at the appointed time, I approached Mrs. Browning's modest home. I found Miss Browning watching for me, so that the door was opened before I had time to knock. She led the way into a small room, very plainly, but very neatly furnished. Some beautifully-executed landscapes, in water-colors, with varnished frames, adorned the walls. While Miss Browning went for her desk, I examined them critically. I am a tolerable painter, myself, for an amateur, and passionately fond of the art. I observed the initials "H. B." in the corners—evidences of the fair lady's talent in an accomplishment I so much admired.

On Miss Browning's return, she went into a detail of their circumstances, saying, frankly, that she wanted my advice. I found that they had an income of about £80 a year, and that Helen increased it about £50, by giving lessons in music, drawing and painting, to several families. Dr. Deacon's among the rest. The long illness of Mrs. Browning, however, with the necessary expenses of medical attendance, and a lengthened visit to Leamington, had completely drained their resources for the last few months. Her mother was now convalescent, and Miss Browning thought that, by economy, they could soon recover themselves, if their creditors did not press them. She volunteered a list of debts, amounting to about £10, while their last quarter's rent was yet unpaid; and, in a few days, another quarter's would be due.

I promised to visit the creditors, and see what arrangements could be made. By speaking thus hopefully, I succeeded

Hand," I replied, so ready on Tues-- to get my account the pleasant Mr. I understood to be of dining, as I was now at who kept house holiday to visit to lock up Mr. when I noticed Mrs. Browning to the means in the heart! I would on Monday over the sig...
In somewhat easing her anxieties. With a woman’s fine perception of the ambi-

tions of social life, and perhaps a sense of
thankfulness for the cordial kindness of
my intentions, she led the conversation,
for a while, to other subjects, and dis-
played an amount of information and a
degree of refinement that increased, if
possible, the admiration I already had
for her.

On taking my leave, which I did short-
ly afterwards, I went direct to Dr. Dun-
can, and confided all the circumstances
to him; nor did I disguise from him the
feelings with which Miss Browning had
inspired me.

"Few could see Helen Browning," re-
p lied the clergyman, "without loving
her; and she is, indeed, worthy of admi-
racion and esteem. I only became ac-
quainted with her about twelve months
ago, when she and her mother came to
N—, and became attendants at my
church. I visited them, and they re-
turned the call. Finding that Helen
wanted engagements, I succeeded in get-
ting her some pupils; my own two girls
also took lessons from her. I have sus-
pected their difficulties, but, with my
limited stipend, I am unable to assist
them, and they are too proud to complai-

They have discharged their only servant,
and I observe that Helen’s hands are
not quite so delicate as they used to be.
The household work does not improve
their beauty. Would to God I could
help them! but, at any rate, let me know
what the creditors say."

CHAPTER VII.-THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER.

After my interview with Dr. Duncan,
I called on the several tradesmen, leaving
Mr. Bollis to the last. It was late
in the evening when I entered his parlor.
I explained to him the affairs of the
ladies, and told him how I had arranged,
in the first instance, with regard to his
claim. He asked to see the note which
Miss Browning had given me, and quick-
ly lighted his pipe therewith.

"I had fancied that they were extrava-
gant," said he. "—o—the bill! How
the snail gets in a fellow’s eyes!"

I rose to go.

"Sit still," said Bollis; "you ain’t
in such a hurry." For two minutes he
never spoke, and then, looking up, ab-
ruptly inquired: "What do the others
say?"

I told him that Hard and the butcher
were determined to press matters, as, by
being first in the field, they might secure
their money; but that the others were
reasonable, and I apprehended no further
difficulty.

Another pause ensued, and then, throw-
ing his pipe into the grate, Mr. Bollis
turned full on me, exclaiming:

"You’re not fit for a lawyer—too ten-
der-hearted—or else you’re in love with
the girl. Now, don’t look cross; I don’t
mean any harm. Come here at nine, to
the morning—don’t forget. I’m going
out now. Good night!"

I laid awake long that night. How to
manage Hard and the butcher was the
question. The excitement made me feel
really ill, and two or three times, I rose,
and paced the chamber, revolving in my
mind how it would be possible to raise
the requisite funds to quiet them. To
do so in some way, even if I had to mort-
gage my house, I was resolved.

While sitting over my breakfast, next
morning, for I felt little inclined to eat,
the post brought me a letter from Man-
chester, in a legal handwriting. It was
from my old master’s head clerk, now a
partner, and ran as follows:

"Dear Vallem:—Mr. Hearne died
last night. You know that you were a
favoritc of his, and you must attend his
funeral on Thursday. Secrets out of
office should not be told, but you will be
no loser by his death. I asked Mr. Nap-
plings if he had lately heard of you, and
he told me that he had seen Hard, of
HOW I BECAME ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Your town, who informed him that you were doing nothing, and could not pay his bill; so, as you are probably short of funds, I enclose you $20, which, I trust you can easily repay in a few days. If you want more, you can have it.

Yours, truly.

"WALTER QUILL."

To say that I was anything but delighted, at this information, would be false. It was certainly uncivilized, but I did not regret Mr. Horne, and was thankful for this windfall. We are the creatures of circumstances. If I was a favorite of Mr. Horne's, I had certainly never before discovered it, and, unquestionably, he was no favorite of mine. With him, law was law; justice and equity were as nothing—chicanery was his study, and quibbles his delight.

In a state of mind, then, far from distressed, I took my way to Mr. Bellis, the moment he saw me he became highly excited. His first salutation, on my entering, was:

"Now, sir, attend to me; I want last night's bill from the butcher, and told them a d—d lie! I said that Mrs. Browning had given me a $10 note, and, as I had no change, had asked me to pay their account, and send her the balance. I've the bills here—see here, sir, don't stop me; for three months this bill has been for such things as asago, arrowroot, pot wine, strawberry jam, currant jelly, tea, and coffee—all that has been for the invalid. The butcher's bill, for the same time, reads thus: 'One chop; one cutlet; one chop; one chop; shins of beef, for soup,'—clearly for her mother. There are more theretrimen of goods in these bills, sir; here's items of cod, items of affection, items of self-denial, sir; Lord, Lord! that I should have distressed the young lady with your letter about my bill!"

I informed Mr. Bellis of the communication which I had received from Manchester, and he handed me ten pounds, begging that I would allow him to assist in freeing the ladies from their embarrassments.

In a very short time I was elocuted with Mr. Duncan, who agreed to negotiate the matter to the best of his ability. He dispatched his boy with a note, requesting Miss Browning to step over, as he desired to see her particularly, and would not detain her long.

I followed the boy, managed to meet Helen as she left the house, and told her I would let her know how things could be arranged next day.

[Concluded next month.]

TWAS BUT A DREAM.

BY J. T. C.

'Twas but a dream. Methought that I was straying,

'Neath smiling skies in southern climes, with thee;

Light, riftless breezes through the groves were playing,

And fragrant blossoms crowned the orange tree—

'Twas but a dream!

Roving, we went through shady groves and bowers,

Through luxuriant halls, and gazed withấtish pride;

Laughing away the bright and careless hours

'Mid varied joys—still joyous—side by side—

'Twas but a dream!
Now, amid scenes of day—the bright sun glancing—
Now, 'neath the silvery radiance of the moon—
And now, by the flashing lamps, we two were dancing,
'To the blithe music of the lilac—
'Twas but a dream!

What joy to feel, while thus I lingered near thee,
The bliss of being loved—of loving thee!
'To meet thy glance—to touch thy hand—to hear thee—
Echo my every thought!—Ah! 'tis me!—
'Twas but a dream!

For, lo! new thought, as these bright hours went floating,
Like waves upon a summer's sea at play,—
Nor the, nor I, their dreamy softness noting—
'Twas but a dream!

And I was left, at last, so sad and weary—
Felled with a nameless and unbidden dread—
'Midst scenes that grew as clusters and dreary—
As the deserted mansions of the dead—
'Twas but a dream!

Aye, 'twas a dream, a vision, that had bound me—
An ignis fatuus that had flashed and gone—
For, when the morrow unsealed my eyes, it found me
Far, far from thee, unhappy and alone!—
'Twas but a dream!

[Continued from page 226.]

"DOINGS" OF '51.—CHAPTER V.
IS Short, AND ENDS WITH THE REWARD
OF KINDNESS.

It was nearly noon of that day, and I had made good progress in my work; the perspiration was rolling down my face, and I was beginning to feel somewhat tired, when I heard my name spoken.

Looking up, I saw Amos and a stranger standing on the bank. I was glad to have an excuse for resting, and, at the request of Amos, I climbed up out of the hole; and this was what he wanted:

The stranger was an officer, who had arrested him the previous night for kicking up a rump generally, and confined him all night in a log house. He had his trial, was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars, or "be taken to the same place from whence he was taken," and remain there in durant vle for the period of ten days. Being destitute of funds, he wanted to borrow the amount of me.

"But how did it happen?" I asked.

"You were never quarreledome, that I know of."

"No, I am not quarreledome—this was how it happened: Last night, when I was ready to go to bed, I went to the place where we slept the night before, and found a fellow in my bunk—covered with my blankets. I asked him very civilly to get out; he refused, and I helped him to the floor; then he struck me, and I knocked him down; then the landlord came in with one or two others, and chased me, and I whipped them all.

After a while, I was arrested, and here I am; I don't know any one about here..."
"DOINGS OF '51."

but you, and if you will get me out of this, I will repay you within the week, for I have a chance to work, commencing to-morrow, at six dollars a day."

"Amos," I replied, "all the money I have in the world is twenty-five dollars. True, I have a claim—a good one; I believe,—but, whether it is or not, one thing is certain: you shall not go to jail, if I can help it, so here’s the money."

I have already told how I first met Amos, and this was the way I last parted with him. I have never seen him since. Afterwards, when I was lying helpless in the midst of the garden house, with none but strangers about me—when I was destitute of every comfort, and relentless Death stood ready at the door, waiting to open it and let me pass,—Amos was in Sonora; then he had money. I sent for him to come; my messenger saw him, and pleaded with him; but he came not, nor sent me a cheering word—a victim to the fascinations of the gaming-table, his finer feelings blunted by dissipation; and, after work, proceeded to the creek, for the purpose of washing. I was surprised that the boys tarried in the claim; and, seeing old Hall standing upon the bank, hoarling my name spoken, I paused, and again saw him standing a few paces from me.

"So," said he, "you wouldn’t take an old man’s advice, eh? they told you he was crazy, did they?—but mark what I say: there’s a curse on all connected with this garden! For your sake, I tell you to go—leave here—or you will rue the day you came to dwell among such infernal!"

He did not appear excited; on the contrary, his demeanor was terribly calm. I listened in stupid amazement; and, ere I could collect my thoughts to reply, he was gone. "Sure enough," thought I, "he is mad!"

For several days after this, nothing of importance occurred. I had become well acquainted with my partners, and soon learned to like them. They seemed as well pleased with me, and I found nothing to complain of, save the midnight orgies which I have mentioned before, and these I endured because the boys told me I would get used to it after a while.

By noon of the fourth day, we had completed "topping off," and the remainder of the day was devoted to shifting the water-course, and making general preparations to wash the "pay dirt." The next day, when the horn sounded for dinner, I dropped my pick, and, as usual after work, proceeded to the creek, for the purpose of washing. I was surprised that the boys tarried in the claim; and, on returning, I walked up through the "tail race," to ascertain the cause of the detention, when, in a bend, just before reaching the "tom," I became aware of their being in earnest conversation; and, hearing my name spoken, I paused, and this is the substance of what I heard:

"Well," said a voice I know to be Armstrong’s, "it’s no use talking; the gold’s not here, or, if it is, there is too much dirt mixed with it to pay for the trouble of getting it; here we have, six of us, worked since early morning, and there is not two dollars in the tom, and it’s no good-looking gravel as I ever saw in my life."

"Such pretty pockets, too," said another.

"Yes, and the bed-rock looks so well,"
chimed in Henry: "It's very strange it

don't pay; but, from present appearances, this will be no better than the last

piece we stripped."

"I'm sorry for that young chap,"
said old Hughes, a regular John Bull, a
tough old knot, and a sound one, at that;
"he's really too bad; and, if he'd a

known was Mac was up to, he'd a said

bon time—wouldn't you, Harr Armstrong?"

"Why, you see," replied Armstrong,
"Mae and I had a talk about the claim,

and I told him that, if he could find any

one up town who would buy, my share

was for sale, and I would be satisfied

with whatever he could get; and so,

when he brought Doings down here, I

thought it was mine, he was going to

sell."

"Did you?" asked Henry; "why,

Mae and I made the very same arrangements about

mine.""

"And so did I!" shouted Banks.

Then I heard exclamations from all

hands, and boisterous laughter, and old

Hughes said: "Wot a coincidence!"

and then they laughed again, and Arm-

strong added: "He sold us all, but he

sold Doings worse."

I did not wait to hear more, but in-

stantly advanced, and stood among them.

Conversation at once ceased; they were
dumb. Armstrong engaged himself in

trying to crush a pebble on the rock with his

heel; Banks smote himself very busy

pulling a boot on; Hughes took a handful

of gravel, which he picked over, with his

fingers, and looked as if he expected to

find a specimen; old Hughes had one

boot and one sock off; the latter, although

apparently dry, he commenced to wring

with great violence.

I did not speak, at first, for I was

thinking what to say, when Henry, look-
ing up, asked in the coolest possible

manner if I had been to dinner.

"Gentlemen," said I, with as much
dignity as I could muster, "I have not
dined. I have been standing there in

the heat, an accidental eaves-dropper; I

listened to your conversation, because,
as it so nearly concerned me, I thought I

had a right to do so. I have heard much,

and now wish to know all—I demand of

you an explanation; I wish you to tell

me, and tell me truly; have I been swin-

dled?"

Banks' boot was on; Henry threw the

gravel away, and brushed his hands;

Hughes straightened his sock, and all

looked at Armstrong, expecting him to

reply. He gave the pebble a finishing

tide, threw out his quid of tobacco, and

said:

"That's rather a hard word; I don't

know whether you have been swindled

or not; but, if you paid Mac what he

told me you did, you paid a great deal

too much; I would have been very glad

to have got fifty dollars for my interest."

"What did the claim pay the week be-

fore I bought it?

"Not much of anything—about grub-

money—in fact, it never has paid."

I set down and told them how the

claim had been represented to me. They

were astonished, and told me that Mac

never worked there himself, but spent

most of his time about Sonora, em-

ploying a man, whom he was then paying,
to work his share in the claim. I told

them of his protestations of friendship,

and they denounced him in no measured

terms. From that time those men wore

my sworn friends; they opened their

big hearts, full of sympathy, to me, and

promised to back me up in any revenge

I thought proper to take.

After this, I seldom spoke of Mac that

I did not couple his name with some un-

complimentary epithet; nor did I confine

my opinion of him to our company, but

spoken about him as a scoundrel any and

everywhere.

We determined to give the claim a

trial of another week. One evening, as
I was on my way to supper, met an old acquaintance in the street, and paid him the compliment of a smile. He stopped, and laid his hand upon my shoulder, as he greeted me:

"What did the old man tell you, oh, and, with a wild, somberly laugh, he passed quickly by.

Mac avoided the garden, and took particular pains to keep out of my way. I went several times to Somon, on purpose to meet him. Frequently I heard of him as "just gone out," but I always returned disappointed. About dark, one evening of the third week of my sojourn in the garden, I returned from a prospecting tour—for we had given up the claim. It was just suppers-time, and, as I passed the table, my heart gave a sudden leap—for there sat Mac!

"The time has come," thought I. I walked up, and took a seat nearly opposite to him. He sat there, apparently composed, with that evanescent smile upon his lips, easily and freely conversing with those on either side of him, who were strangers to one another; to me he gave not a look of recognition. I sipped my tea in silence, but closely watched his every move, and caught each word he spoke. I expected an attack, and felt convinced that the strangers were there to assist him, in case of any accident.

Quite a number had left the table, when Mac, pushing aside his plate, addressed Henry, who was sitting near me, saying:

"I understand that my name has been used lightly about here, and that some persons have accused me of dealing unfairly.

"Yes," said I, interrupting him; "it is true: you have been called a scoundrel, a black-hearted swindler, and a villain, and it was I who called you so. I have said it publicly here, in Somon, and in Jamestown; and I have hunted for you, that I might say it to you, personally. The opportunity has at length arrived, and here, before those gentlemen, and your friends, I pronounce you a liar, and the rascal of all thieves!"

As I uttered these words, I jumped to my feet and seized a table-knife—most deadly weapon.

He did not move, or make a demonstration of resentment; but the smile vanished from his lips, and his face became ghastly white.

"This from you?" he said; "from you, my friend?"

"Mac!" exclaimed I, if you ever dare to use that word again—having reference to me—or couple it with my name, in my presence, I'll spit on you. You my friend?—II—II is full of such! I'll give you another title, and see whether there's any spirit left in you: You are a coward, and of the first water—a gulliminating dog. What! will you hear that?"

Instead of drawing a pistol, or springing over the table, as I expected, and was prepared for, he covered his face with his handkerchief, and, leaving his elbows on the table, sobbed most lustily. All present, even his friends, hissed, and to me he gave not a look of recognition.

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Two days before, a beautiful, moonlight night, when, depressed in spirits, and with a feverish mind—"for I was ill at ease, being 'fla-broke,' and in debt for my board, with not a prospect ahead save the hope of water soon coming to my relief—"I walked away from the house for the purpose of enjoying a few quiet thoughts alone. I wandered towards the spring, which bubbled a short distance from the road, and was hidden by a grove of elder trees, springing from the little knolls which surrounded it. I had often sat there with old Hall; it was his favorite haunt, and he talked of the little spring as tenderly as though it were his child.

"It's all they've left me," said he to me,
DOINGS OF 51.

One evening; "they've taken everything but the spring, and this is mine! 'tis sacred: 'tis all that keeps the curse away. Always wash in this water—never use that of the creek. The others may reap as they sow, but you I like, and will save." His head dropt upon his breast, and, when he looked up, big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and, with much emotion, he continued: "But they will take it—some of them will spoil it. The water-spirit will come some night, and the basin will be empty;" then, rising, his whole demeanor changed in an instant, and, with his wild, glaring eyes fixed upon the heavens, his right hand uplifted, and his voice becoming hoarse, deep and thrilling, he pronounced in solemn, measured tones: "By the spirit of the waters—by the stars that light the sky—by yonder moon—I swear that he who takes away one drop of this water from its natural source shall die! Though they kill the spring, the avenger will come, and I, half sitting, half leaning, at his words to you—will ye listen?"

He stood, the old man, with his gaze fixed upon the sky, and the full moon looking calmly down, while the oath went on its way to be recorded. For some moments after he had ceased speaking, he stood motionless; then, keding, he drank from the spring, and slowly we left the spot together. After this, I knew of his being in the elders, day by day, and often the entire night, with a headed musket; and once, when some miners commenced to dig near thero, he told them that he would watch the water, and the moment it lowered in the basin, they should pay the penalty. Being well convinced that he spoke in earnest, they abandoned the work. But, one night, the water lowered; it never came up again. The stream that fed it was out off; the water-spirit came, and found the basin empty; the elders died, fell, and covered it up—it was the old man himself that did it.

I must now go back to the evening when I sought the elders, and sat beside the spring, to forget and dream—courting solitude for a solace. Sitting there, the present was to me no more, and I was happy. Visions of home came crowding on; beside me sat one who was all the world to me, and another quite as dear. I sat between the two—a mother and a sister; each held a hand of mine, and, in deep communion, rich with love, we whispered, smiled, and wept—told whispering, wept and smiled again. Happy, blest, sacred moments those, when the heart forgets its sorrows to luxuriate if but in a dream of joy.

I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, looking round, and saw Naa.

"What do you want here?" said I.

"Why do you steal upon me unawares? Perhaps you are armed."

"I am not," he replied. "I come on a pleasant errand, and wish to say a few words to you—will you listen?"

"No—leave me; I told you never to speak to me, and my mind is still the same."

"You will at least allow me to explain before I go. I saw you come this way, and waited for your return. Tired of watching, I came here; my object was to ask you to forgive and forget the past. I acknowledge everything; I admit that I was treacherous; I do not blame you for being aggrieved and angry—but you do not know why I played you false; and, when you may consider my excuse, 'tis all I have to offer. Hear me out, and then, if you cannot look less
harshly upon my faults, I will never trouble you again." Seeing that I made no answer, he continued: "I was induced to gamble, and, losing all I had, borrowed, and lost again. I was not then satisfied, and swindled you to feed the passion. It is perhaps needless to say that your money went the way of the other. I played away all that I could beg or borrow, and, worse than all, sacrificed my friends. It has always been my intention to repay you, and I trust now to be able to do so. Can you not pity my weakness, and forgive me?"

"Once again, and for all, I tell you that all regrets, all friendship, between us, is at an end. What you have made out of me you are welcome to. Disturb me no more; I wish to be alone."

"I did not think you could be so heartless: Must you always harbor resentment? Have you no sympathy for those who have stepped from the straight path? Do you think it impossible for one to be truly penitent? I long and implore you to forgive me. When I see you daily so pleasant and cheerful with others, and to me ever sullen, and never speaking, it cuts me to the quick. You must forgive me, and let us be friends again. I can not endure this longer. Say what you would have me do to prove my sincerity, and I will do it—anything, everything, that man can do. Put me to the test. You cannot, must not, will not refuse me!"

The evening wind was singing through the trees; the little spring was flowing at my feet. Above, the sky was gossomed with trembling stars; before me, in the moonlight, stood the suppliant. I was silent, for there was war within me. A moment more, and my two companions of the evening were with me again. I did not see them, but I felt the pressure of their arms upon my shoulders, and about my neck. I felt kisses upon my forehead, and gentle hands brush back my hair. It might have been imagination, or it might have been some playful gesture that kissed my brow and stirred my locks; be that as it may, I heard them say, as distinctly as ever I heard words spoken: "Forgive me."

I could hold out no longer, and, extending my hand, I said:

"Miss Leontia, I will try; I will endeavor to remember of the past only the pleasant places, and to think of you as I once did."

He took the proffered hand, and pressed it warmly, exclaiming:

"I thank you! 'tis all I ask, and you shall never have occasion to regret this night's work."

My heart beat lighter; I was happier; and we left the eddies, arm in arm.

(To be Continued.)

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

BY, DIEGO ALANO.

[Continued from page 356.]

YAWKUB could do no better than to steal to his room, where, after a little washing and a slight modification of his dress, he felt himself in proper trim to sock the parlor. To his inexpressible joy, he found it occupied alone by the cruel idol of his heart. The conversation of people in love, or who think themselves in love—which is pretty much the same thing—is rather milk-and-waterish, at the best; and so nothing more indifferently much need be related. Lieutenant Lecchio, merely to悦足 her as a sentinel, he initiated Mr. Pluckton to very much also the estate, and to attribute the youth catalogue, which, he of transition from stress.
and loved him devoutly, too, from the very first moment she saw him.

When Mr. Plunkett, Miss Doolittle, Miss Loozie, and the Lieutenant, met in the parlor, that evening, the last-named personage appeared to much better advantage than he did twenty-four hours previous. Then, he labored under the combined disadvantages of a black eye, and a fit of jealousy. Now, his eye had recovered its pristine beauty, and Loozie's confession of her love had completely cured his heart-sickness. In brief, he was a happy young gentleman.

There is, perhaps, no bliss of which the human heart is susceptible, so intense, so passing, as that in which the lover receives the confession of his beloved. Now, his eye had recovered its pristine beauty, and Loozie's confession of her love had completely cured his heart-sickness. In brief, he was a happy young gentleman. There is, perhaps, no bliss of which the human heart is susceptible, so intense, so passing, as that in which the lover receives the confession of his beloved. The next morning, Mr. Plunkett, in passing from his bed-room to the head of the staircase, saw a letter lying on the floor, which he had the curiosity to pick up. The letter was directed to "Miss Patience Doolittle, Canton, Ohio," and had evidently been read and, afterwards dropped by accident. It is painful to record a violation of social ethics on the part of a man so cables and loquaciously moral as Mr. Plunkett, but the truth must be told. He not only opened the letter—be read it—and these were the contents:

"Stanlyton, July 5th, 1818.

To Miss Patience Doolittle:—We have the honor to inform you that your maternal uncle, Zephaniah Plunkett, Esq., departed this life on the 1st day of this current month of July. He made a will, at short time before his death, of which the senior member of our firm is executor. With the exception of a few trilling legacies to your sisters and some of your female cousins, he has bequeathed the bulk of his estate, real and personal, to you. The estate is estimated at the value of $20,000, clear of all incumbrances. Trusting that you will favor us with your commands, we entreat ourselves, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

J. Keatso, E. Chilathan.
Known as the law firm of Keatsos & Chilathan."

On reading the document, and assuring himself that he was not dreaming, Mr.
Plunkett carefully placed the letter where he found it, determined to court Miss Doolittle's acquaintance in the course of the day. It is useless to waste words about such transparent matters. Before the evening of that day, Mr. Plunkett formally professed marriage to Miss Doolittle—dissimilarly and generously waiving all inquiries as to her worldly circumstances—and was graciously accepted by that lady as an affianced husband. It is also unnecessary for me to state that the letter was a diabolical trick, a hoax, in which Patience Doolittle had no participation; and that, after Mr. Plunkett had read the letter and laid it down where he found it, it was picked up by Miss Leomi, herself, and committed to the flames in the kitchen. Mr. Plunkett was an ardent lover, and Miss Doolittle was too generous and affectionate to deny him anything; and so, with her consent, he procured a license the next day, and, the day following, was safely launched into the sea of matrimony—the ceremony being performed in the county town, by a Dutch justice of the peace, who charged therefor for one dollar and a half, in shillings. It is recorded of Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett that their marriage was not a happy one, but, as it happened a long time ago, that circumstance is of but little consequences.

Our story is near its finish. Lieutenant Jacob Freyberger, having whipped Barny Molto out of his way, and provided a wife for Mr. Plunkett, made a formal demand upon Mr. Michael Keosil for the hand of his daughter. The old gentleman was a good deal disconcerted, at first—all novel propositions disconcerted him—but he had become so habituated to Leonio's management of his affairs that, without stating any objections of his own, he referred the whole matter to her disposal. As Mrs. Keosil, neither Leonio nor her father considered it necessary to consult her wishes; so on the subject; but Yarkub thought differently, and succeeded in buying the affair before the old lady in such an agreeable light, that she not only gave her cordial consent to the match, but expressed a strong determination to dance at the wedding.

Leoni and Yarkub were married.

He sold his farm, and joined his father-in-law in the management of the Keosil estate. With such a wife he could not avoid growing rich, even had he wished otherwise—whilst, like a sensible man, he never did—and a host of Freybergers, male and female, children and grandchildren, sprang up on the soil which old Michael Keosil had first rescued from the primal forest. Lieutenant Jacob Freyberger (the "Lieutenant" was long since swallowed up in "General") is now a gray-headed, active old man, and has been a man of mark in his day, having filled many of the offices in his country, and represented it for many years in the State Legislature. His wife is old, too, but she is as nimble as a girl; and, rich as her husband is, she persists in superintending all the duties of her household in person. The hotel damp peared many years ago, and in its place stands the palatial residence of the Freyberger family. Michael Keosil and his wife have long been sleeping under the mold of the churchyard, and over their grave fill'd plots there rests a human monument, whose lettered marble tells the world that they who slumber beneath it were patterns of all the virtues, who they lived on earth, and are now wearing immortal crowns in Heaven! It is a pleasant thing to die rich—almost as pleasant as to die in the odor of sanctity. Its prime blessings consist of a brilliant funeral, an eloquently-eulogistic notice in the newspapers, and a magnificent epitaph.

Jacob Freyberger never fought but one regular "rough-and-tumble" after his marriage.
his marriage, and that he fought more to please his wife than himself. As it involved consequences of deep import to himself, socially, morally, and politically, it may not be amiss to record it, as the closing item in this remiss history.

It was in the year 1821, when our hero had worn the hymenial chain but scant three years, that a man arose in the western region of Stark county, who became, among fighting ballads, what Nimrod of old was among hunters. His name was Ajax Swaggart—Colonel Ajax Swaggart—and his name, terrible enough in itself, became still more terrible from the many awful combats in which its possessor had participated, and in all of which he had proved victorious. To his courage and brawny strength he owed his military titles—the colonelcy of a militia regiment—for it was literally true of him that he had fought his way to promotion from the ranks. He began as a private, and, after whipping all the corporals, sergeants, and lieutenants, serenaded, and filling their separate posts, in order of succession from low to high, the captain gracefully resigned in his favor without rearing a light, knowing too well how it would result. As soon as he had become comfortably warm in the captaincy, he aspired to be a major; and, as all militia field officers are elected by the commissioned company officers, he first whipped the major out of his way, and then whipped all the captains and lieutenants of the regiment who hesitated to vote for him to fill the vacancy. He thus became major without a dissenting voice. But being a major did not fill the measure of his military ambition. With him it was “Ad Cinen, aut nihil,” and he soon informed to the Lieutenant-Colonel the propriety of resigning for the benefit of his health. The Lieutenant-Colonel was spirited, and he risked the tenure of his office on the issue of a rough-and-tumble combat, from which he came out a very billy-whipped man. The Colonel, who plainly saw the fate that awaited him, should he persist in retaining the command of the regiment, made a merit of his fears, and resigned on the pretense of ill health. But Colonel Ajax Swaggart was not contented with his successes in the military line; he aspired to prominence as a civilian; and, having listened to Squire Buckmaster, the only justice of the peace in the township, that he wanted his place, that gentleman, being actuated by a laudable regard for his physical system, quietly resigned, and Colonel Ajax Swaggart was elected in his stead. His race of ambition, however, was far from being run out. He determined to be the sheriff of the county, had his name formally announced in the newspaper, and publicly proclaimed that he would whip any man to death who would dare to oppose him.

This was in 1821, in the second term of good old James Monroe’s Presidency, which, per excellence, was styled “The Era of Good Feeling,” when there were no political parties and partisans to divide and distract the nation, as they do now. In those happy days, each candidate for office ran “on his own hook,” without pestering a political convention to nominate him. All that an aspirant for office had to do was to pay the printer a dollar for announcing him as a candidate, and then “take the chances.”

Mrs. Freyberger happened to see the name of the reliableable Colonel Ajax Swaggart paraded forth in the newspaper, and she was forthwith seized with an uncontrollable desire to have her husband enter the lists with him, as a rival candidate. As she was very apt to do things on the impulse of the moment, without taking her husband into her counsel, she posted off to town, paid the printer a dollar, and had the pleasure of seeing, in the next issue of the newspa-
per, the name of Jacob Freyberger announced as a candidate for sheriff, immediately above that of Colonel Ajax Swaggert. Our friend, the Lieutenant, was somewhat surprised when this announcement met his eye—for, to tell the truth, he had never dreamed of seeking the sheriffalty—but his wife made him believe that the people had so willed it, and that, as a good citizen, he was in duty bound to obey the will of the people.

The fiery of the Colonel, when his eye first fell on this announcement, was absolutely frightful. He immediately dispatched a letter to Jacob Freyberger, commanding that gentleman to publicly yield up his pretensions, or, in default of compliance, to receive one of the worst whippings that ever fell to the lot of a human being. Not content with sending this message, he took capacious pains to proclaim his threats at all public gatherings, even at the head of his own regiment.

Now, Jacob Freyberger—not being in the secret of his wife's maneuvers, and innocently regarding himself as the favorite of the people—returned a very defiant answer to the Colonel's arrogant message, intimating his perfect willingness to fight his rival, whenever and wherever his aforesaid rival might think proper. The purport of this answer speedily became known to all the voters of the county—to say nothing of the women and children—and great was the popular hubbub it produced. The man who would calmly sew a willing ness to meet such a foe, was set down by all as either a fool or a giant. Public curiosity was wound up to its utmost intensity, and multitudes of men and boys thronged from all parts of the county, to see the man who dared to hazard his life in a combat with Colonel Ajax Swaggert.

There was to be a regimental muster in the extreme north-eastern corner of the county, in a region popularly, known as "Sandy"—a name given to it because a stream, called Sandy, runs through it, and because the soil is sandy, and all the inhabitants have sandy complexions—and at this regimental muster, Colonel Ajax Swaggert gave out, the terrible battle was to come off. The denizens of Sandy were not held in high estimation by the people in other parts of the county. There were certain months in the year when the fever and ague set the whole community to shuddering, and, as though that was not enough, these were the identical months in which the mosquitoes were poured upon the inhabitants in swarms that fairly darkened the air at noon-day, and who prayed upon their victims with the most unmeasured and vampire-like ferocity. It was currently reported, and generally believed that, during the height of the mosquito season, the Sandyites were compelled to sleep under water to protect themselves from the blood-thirsty pests—the luxury of mosquito-lars not having been yet introduced into that remote locality. There was a shallow pond near the center of the Sandy district, covering about ten acres, and about two feet deep in the middle, to which all the inhabitants repaired at nightfall, each provided with a billet of wood, to serve as a pillow. After being divested of every stitch of raiment, and stripped to the waist, the Sandyites, taking their billet of wood, waded into the pond, till he or she found a suitable depth of water; and then, adjusting the wooden pillow, lay down, face upward, leaving nothing exposed except the lips and nostrils, which had been previously washed with spirits of turpentine—the odor of which is highly distasteful to a mosquito! During the daylight hours, the inhabitants were monstrously protected from their foes by the fever and ague. They were either shivering so violently that a mosquito could not hold on to the skin long enough to insert his proboscis, or the such hot fever kept within an inch of scorched to death.

In designating the rendezvous at Sandy, as the threatened combat was promised which should shew the strength and skill the officers were waiting for a victim of not be very likely second consistsenteffect it would whirl his right hand of that candidate. The sand was ed, and our man make such a cope!
EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES.

his proboscis, or they were burning with such hot fever that no insect could come within an inch of them without being scorched to death.

In designating the forthcoming muster at Sandy, as the time and place of the threatened combat, Colonel Ajax Swaggart was prompted by two considerations, which showed that he possessed shrewdness as well as courage. He learned under the erroneous belief that his opponent was a resident of Sandy, and, of course, being a victim of fever and ague, could not be very formidable; and then, as his second consideration, he fancied the fine effect it would produce in his favor, to whip his rival candidate in the presence of that candidate's neighbors and friends.

The momentous day rapidly approached, and our friend, Yawkub, was eager to make such preparation for it as he could. Barney Malone, who had long since forgotten the stinging he once received from his whilom rival, and who had continued as a faithful servitor of the family, became an invaluable aid to his young master in this extremity. The boxing gloves were again put in requisition, and several hours of each day were devoted to the peaceful practice of the fistic lessons, which Yawkub found to be beneficial, not only in perfecting him in the science, but in improving his dexterity, increasing his muscular force, and making him tough and long-winded.

Mrs. Freyberger, too, aided her husband in every way she could. She professed an unbounded faith in his prowess, and prophesied nothing but victory and triumph. In fact, she was so confident of his success, that she put on extra airs, and regarded herself as a sheriff's lady, for more than a week before the fight.

The day came. The Sandy regiment was paraded in all its glory. Crowds of spectators poured in from far and near, all eager to witness the great event which was to determine the great question of the next sheriffship. Colonel Ajax Swaggart, confident of victory, and looking upon himself as already the sheriff-elect, reached the ground at eleven o'clock and took up his quarters at a little log tavern.

Shortly afterwards, Yawkub, accompanied by Barney and several other friends, arrived and quartered at the same house. Up to this day, the combatants had never seen each other; and it is not to be wondered at that each felt an anxious curiosity to see the antagonist with whom he was so soon to measure his strength and bravery. The Colonel was sitting at a window which commanded a good view of each new comer, and, when Yawkub was pointed out to him he fairly chuckled with delight. He was, himself, a man of colossal dimensions, and Yawkub, though well formed and rather above than below the ordinary size of men, much his inferior in build and weight. Yawkub was walking up and down the porch of the little tavern, in a very unpretending manner, though evidently endeavoring to get a look at his adversary, when he felt a hand laid heavily on his shoulder, and a rough voice demanded—

"Look yon, stranger! What are you gallivanting up and down byar for? Eit!"

"Are you Colonel Swaggart?" demanded Yawkub, displaying no perturbation, in either voice or manner.

"I'm that 'ere individual; and you, reckon, are the man that I'm to lick," replied the Colonel, with much arrogance of tone.

"'Plants as hereafter may be," said Yawkub, putting himself in a posture of defense and looking the Colonel square in the eye. "You may say that I'm the man for you to lick, after you've licked me."

"Not here! not here!" shouted a number of voices. "Let the fight come off in the hollow meadow, so that all can see it."

The hollow meadow was a natural amphitheater, the lowest part of which was
in the middle, from which the ground gradually and regularly ascended, on all sides but one, to a great distance. To the hollow meadow everybody adjourned in hot haste. A ring was speedily formed at the bottom of the amphitheater, into which the combatants with their seconds were ushered; while above and around them dense masses of eager spectators were waiting, with breathless interest, to witness a fight which as they expected was to transcend anything of the sort ever read of in history or heard of in tradition. There was no harangue, or very little, in the crowd; for though Yawkub had a large majority of friends present, there were few of them, who, after seeing him standing in contrast to his huge antagonist, had the courage to hope that he could escape being mauled into a mummy; and so, but few bets were offered and fewer taken. The two belligerents, being stripped by their seconds, stood surveying each other for several minutes, with deep interest. The Colonel's demeanor was consequent and ferocious, the Lieutenant's was thoughtful and firm. The signal for the onset was given, and the crowd instantly became as silent as a church at midnight.

The Lieutenant had quietly arranged in his own mind the peacemaker tactics which it would be necessary for him to employ while fighting a man so much larger and stronger than himself. He thought—and he was not deceived in so thinking—that the Colonel was ignorant of all the nice points of the polite science, and he, therefore, determined to keep out of his embraces as long as possible and to play a lively game upon him from the shoulder. The Colonel opened the ball by aiming a most awkward and unscientific blow at the Lieutenant's pate, which was handsomely stopped, and he, himself, very unceremoniously brought to the ground by a beautiful right-hander on the point of the chin. But the Lieutenant, instead of jumping upon his prostrate foe and lifting and gouging him, as was the usual custom of the Buckeye of those days, waited patiently until he recovered his feet, when he gave him a taste of his left hand, and fetched him again. Great was the excitement of the multitude at this unexpected outset of the battle, and loudly and joyously did the friends of the Lieutenant shout words of encouragement and triumph. Thus the fight went on. No sooner would the Colonel get up than he was again knocked down, without inflicting even a scratch upon his dexterous and athletic foe, and the consequence was, that, in less than five minutes he was the most shockingly whipped man that was ever seen in Ohio, or in all the great West.

One result of this momentous, single combat, which is still spoken of, by grey headed Buckeyes, as the "Great Sandy Fight," was the disappearance of Colonel Ajax Swaggart from the county of Stark, who resigned his regiment, his magistracy, and his expectations of civil promotion, to seek obscurity in the wilds of Missouri.

The election of Jacob Freyberger to the office of Sheriff followed as a necessary consequence, and, at the subsequent session of the legislature, that body, as a testimonial of its respect and admiration, elected him a Major General of militia, which post he long filled, with, (as the newspapers are in the habit of saying,) "much credit to himself and benefit to the public."

None but weak-minded persons and children become "offended." Men and women reflect, examine, and reason, that this or that act towards them was either intentionally right, or wrong, and not accordingly.

The reason why cats are so musical at night is because they are so full of idle strings.

Every business has its own annoyances.
A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY YELLOW HAWK.

The evening air breathed softly o'er A silent spot in midst of sylvan scene, Where, bounded by a flow'ry shore, A cool, fresh lakelet spread its polished bloom, Alone with book of ancient lore, I saw it. I patiently sat and mused on what had been.

The shadows of the mossy pine,
That o'er the quiet depths in silence fell,
Seemed like some Spirit's wing divine,
Which, hearing there, shed round a holy light.
And, while I read each storied line, it seemed within my heart of hearts to dwell.

With noiseless step the moments came,
And still unheard they went; time softened mellow rays fell over each name, renowned, a heavenly tribute rich and bright; and I looked, nor marked the soft approach of Night.

She came unheralded by sound—she was the "Great Lady," the county of York, with the diamond in her hat, the village of most prosperous persons, and all the "Gentlemen," friends, and neighbors, and she was so fine a lady that she was the life and breath of the village; and she enabled the village to live. She came unheralded by sound, she was the "Great Lady," and she came in the night, and she came unheralded by sound—she was the "Great Lady," the county of York, and she was the "Gentlemen," friends, and neighbors, and she enabled the village to live.

Mid all the silken orbS that bowed in mute obeisance, to the monarch-sun, Or crowned with fire the golden heights that rose like altars to a God unknown, Her light was saddest, and the Night's slow tears that fell seemed ways for her sublime.

Mid all the congregated lights That pendent in the silver-cone shone, Or crowned with fire the golden heights That rose like altars to a God unknown, Her light was saddest, and the Night's slow tears that fell seemed ways for her sublime.

Mid all the princely orbs that bowed In mute obeisance to their monarch-sun, Or, with his primal cross as crown, In paths of circling glory round him ran; Mid all the concentred crowd Thick screened by him, the Wonder-wordly one.
Upon his world-creating path—
Twas strange, methought, this beauteous
Earth alone
Should thus draw down celestial wealth,
And to her heart of fire for ages grum;
That here alone should Sorrow smile
And softly Death erect his ghostly throne!

But, higher yet I seemed to soar,
And pierced the visual dome in upward
As if, through angel-opened door, [flight,
Had passed a soul unsummoned from vaulted
night,
And stood where seer it stand before
In lovely worship of the new-born light.

Twas glorious thus to dream to tread
The super-mortal realm—shades where
Earth-born one enter, save the dead; (sorra
Who meet with essences the living shun;
Those beautiful, pale forms of dread
The gifted see for their brief day is done.

Fors then my soul did wander far,
The finite in the infinite, and wild
With eternity, from star to star,
And from the constellations vast up-piled
On pillared worlds (that pendant are)
To orbit systems vaster still which smiled.

In rays eternal from a height
Of heights immeasurable, did climb! And all
Did climb the upward wave of light,
As if, despite the interlacing will
That quelled the Kabal-Builders' might,
'Twould reach where sat the enthroned
Invisible!

Thus on that Summer's night I dreamed,
'Till half the stars went down; and to my
text,
Retired; but every orb that beams
Upon the lovely Benches I had spent
Was in my soul unphased, and gleamed
Above my sleep a pictured firmament.

MORE ABOUT THE TOPOGRAPHY
OF CALIFORNIA

BY JOHN S. HUTTLE.

The Sierra Citaten, in a notice of my
article on the topography of the state in
the last number of this magazine, expres-
ses a doubt whether I was right in omitting to class Mt. Shasta among the
high peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and in
saying that Mt. Shasta is the only peak in the state which rises to the region of
perpetual snow.

A few words as to the questions raised by the Citaten, and first
as to the place where Mt. Shasta belongs.

The main topographical features of the
Pacific slope of the United States may be
said to be the two ranges of mountains
which extend from latitude 35° to 48°, one
range immediately on the coast, and the
other lying parallel to the coast with
its summit about one hundred and fifty
miles distant. These ranges have the
same general topographical and geological
features in Oregon and Washington,
as in California; and so also have the
valleys between them. It is an interest-
ing geological question whether there was
not a time when one great connected vul-
ney lay between these two ranges; or in
other words whether Mt. Shasta and its
spurs, the Shasta, the Sierra Nevada, the

divide which separates the waters of the
Owslitz from those of Puget Sound, are
not of later date than the two main chains of
the coast. There was a period, per-
haps tens or even hundreds of thousand
years ago, when an intense vol-

canic action prevailed on this coast.

There are few parts of the world where
there are so many extinct volcanoes within
the same extent of country as are to be
found in the Sierra Nevada (including the
Cascade mountains) and the slope west
of it. Commencing at latitude 40° and
tramping southward we find the following
extinct volcanoes:—Mt. Baker, Mt. Olym-
MORE ABOUT THE TOPOGRAPHY OF CALIFORNIA.

No doubt there are many other peaks of volcanic origin, perhaps whole ridges, but I have not now the time to examine the books which may be supposed to contain information on the subject. Without assuming to be familiar with all the certain facts relative to the geology of these volcanoes, or to possess that geological knowledge which would enable me to give an authoritative opinion, I may say that it seems probable that the chief volcanic activity on the coast occurred some time after the formation of the two great mountain ranges. I am inclined to think that in a geological point of view Mt. Shasta does not belong to the Sierra Nevada.

But leaving geology entirely out of the question, it cannot be said that it belongs to the main Sierra, because it is just as closely connected with the coast range. The ridges known as Scott mountain, and Little Scott mountain, and Trinity mountain—the last being a continuation of the main divide of the coast range—are all connected quite as closely as is the Sierra Nevada. The latter range "forks" about latitude 40°, one prong running northward, and the other north-westward; the former prong, apparently the main one, because it divides the Pacific slope from the Great Basin, and becomes it continues through Oregon and Washington forming the Cascades range; while the western prong is cut in two by Pitt river, and is soon lost.

I now turn to the question whether Mt. Shasta is the only California peak that rises to "the region of perpetual snow," by which phrase I mean not the height where sun never melts, but the height where snow lies throughout the year on the slopes exposed to the sun, and gives the predominant color to them as seen at a distance, though here and there a dark line of bare rock or dirt may peep forth. The "snow-line" is defined by Brande (from whom Webster copies) to mean the level above which snow lies always; and according to that definition a number of California peaks rise to the snow-line; but if I mistake not, on all these peaks, save Mt. Shasta, the snow lies only on the northern and north-eastern slopes, and there only in deep sheltered ravines. According to the best of my information and recollection, Lassen’s Butte, Pilot Peak and the Downieville Buttes, have very little snow on their summits and south-western slopes during September; so little that the snow does not give the predominant color to them; and I am inclined to believe that Lassen’s Butte has more snow on it than any other peak in the state, except Mt. Shasta. My recollection however may mislead me, for when I was in the mining districts I was engaged in searching for gold in the canyons, and for snow on the mountains, and my information may be in error; if so I shall gladly listen to more correct information. The Citizen says:

"Standing in the Sacramento valley, at midsummer, the eye rests on a long white line, perhaps not less than a hundred miles distant, and, in many places, apparentlyewn, apparently several thousands of feet in width. This white line is snow, which, though it may lessen, never disappears."

It must be in regard to the snow line where snow lies in midsummer, but where it lies in September and October. If a "long white line" of snow be visible on the Sierra Nevada through September, from the Sacramento valley, then that line is in the region of perpetual snow, and I shall be glad to be corrected, and furnished with precise information in regard to the places where snow lies throughout the year on the Sierra Nevada, and to what extent. Information of this kind should be collected and compiled.

The predominant color to them as seen at a distance, though here and there a dark line of bare rock or dirt may peep forth. The "snow-line" is defined by Brande (from whom Webster copies) to mean the level above which snow lies always; and according to that definition a number of California peaks rise to the snow-line; but if I mistake not, on all these peaks, save Mt. Shasta, the snow lies only on the northern and north-eastern slopes, and there only in deep sheltered ravines. According to the best of my information and recollection, Lassen’s Butte, Pilot Peak and the Downieville Buttes, have very little snow on their summits and south-western slopes during September; so little that the snow does not give the predominant color to them; and I am inclined to believe that Lassen’s Butte has more snow on it than any other peak in the state, except Mt. Shasta. My recollection however may mislead me, for when I was in the mining districts I was engaged in searching for gold in the canyons, and for snow on the mountains, and my information may be in error; if so I shall gladly listen to more correct information. The Citizen says:

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I denied to Lassen's Butte the honor of reaching the region of perpetual snow, while admitting that snow lines throughout the year in the ravines and sheltered places on its north-eastern slope. Perhaps my language was not so precise and perspicuous as it should have been, and yet I do not know whether a mountain which does not reach the snow line on its southern slope, can be said fairly to reach it at all. On a range of mountains which rise high into the eternal snow region, the snow line on the slope next the sun is usually much higher than that on the other side, though sometimes, singularly to say, much lower; but I do not know whether it would be so proper to speak of different snow lines on a small peak which in September is clear of snow on its sunny slope, and has but a little in the ravines, on the other side.

The Citizen hints that I am wrong in saying Castle Peak is 13,000 feet high, and does not reach the snow line, while Mt. Shasta is 14,600 feet high, reaches half a mile of perpendicular height into the region of eternal snow. The Citizen is right; either Castle Peak is not 13,000 feet high, or its peak is above the snow line.

Now, Mr. Editor of the Sierra Citizen, having replied as well as I could to the questions propounded to me, permit me to propound some to you. What are the elevations, positions and names of the chief mountain peaks and ridges in your county? Are any of them covered with snow throughout the year? If so, which are they? What are the respective elevations of the snow lines on the sunny and shady slopes? What portion of the county is covered with snow from November to July? How deep does the snow fall, and how long does it lie, and how thick is the ice at Downieville in ordinary years, and extraordinary winters? How much of the surface of the county is covered with brush, how much with timber, and how much is barren rock?

Of course reasonable men will not expect precise and perfectly accurate information on these points, but an interesting and valuable approximate estimate can be made on all of them by any intelligent man who has been long in the county, and seen or heard much of the character of the country. Perhaps such information as I have sought for, ought to be given by the county surveyors in their annual reports, but as they are not, I apply to you as the next best authority. There are persons who carefully collect and preserve articles on the resources and consequence of our state, and if you should give any or all the information for which I have asked, it will not be thrown away or forgotten.

After the preceding portion of this article was in type my attention was called to a statement in the Morning Call that Lieut. Beckwith had measured the height of Mt. Shasta and found it to be nearly 21,000 feet high. There must be a mistake here; I have seen a number of high snow peaks of well ascertained height; and after comparing Mt. Shasta with them I should say that the former was not more than 15,000 feet high; and that was also the opinion of Lieut Emmons of Wilkes' Exploring Expedition. (Wilkes, Vol. V, Page 240.) I may add here that my statement that Shasta is the only peak in the State always covered with snow, is said to be correct to the last of their knowledge by several gentlemen of my acquaintance who have traveled much in the mountains from Columbia to Shasta. Among them is the editor of this magazine. Others, including Dr. Trask, say it is incorrect, and add that Lassen's Peak is next to Shasta the highest mountain in the State. I saw Lassen's Peak in September and October, 1849, and my recollection is that there was then no snow on it. On the 16th of July, 1854, there was snow on it for a distance of 1000 feet from the summit. (U. S. Pacific R. R. Survey Reports, Vol. IV, page 261.) Would this imply that the peak would be covered with snow through September and October.
ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES W. HART.
"Do not weep, dear Mr. Bullard. I shall remember the lesson you have given me this day; it may make me more watchful. Would that I could fill a daughter's place in your heart!"

"You can—you do!" he exclaimed; "you are nearer to me than all the world beside; for I have none but you to care for me; that God may bless and preserve you, Elbanna, shall be my constant prayer."

The old man walked out, that he might be alone and calm his feelings. His lovely pupil, lost in thought, sat without moving, with the trembling of horses' feet around her. Starting up, her first thought was that it was Alfred; and, as she was aware of it, she stood in the yard, watching five men who were approaching on horseback. Scanning every face, her heart sunk, when she found they were all strangers. She crept back to her room, to weep tears of disappointment, while Mr. Bullard approached the new comers.

"Does Miramontes live here?" inquired the foremost of them.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, we wish to rest at this hospitable house, for a while, as we know of no other safe place, in this part of Mexico, for an American."

"Will you please to alight, gentle men?" inquired Mr. Bullard. "Miramontes will be home soon."

Miramontes soon returned from hunting, bringing plenty of deer meat with him. Welcoming the travelers with his usual warm cordiality, he sent their horses to the stable. Supper was soon served, and the guests felt quite at home. As they were Americans, it was an unexpected treat to Mr. Bullard to converse with them. One of the men, a Mr. McAdams, was tall and muscular, with keen black eyes, and a commanding look; his countenance was frank and open; his features regular (except his large Roman nose); his educational advantages were good; he was a Virginian by birth, and a gentleman, to all appearance. It was natural for him to expect obedience from his four companions, who were of the class called backwoodsmen. McAdams had engaged them to assist him in driving Mexican cattle, that he had purchased, a business they were well qualified to follow. They were proud of the daring spirit of McAdams, and had few fears of the Mexicans.

After a few hours residence it became evident that McAdams was not insensible to the charms of Elbanna, and tried to play the agreeable in order to win the heart of the Spanish maiden. His vanity was a little piqued as she treated his advances with cold indifference. He had a very doubtful opinion of the virtue of Spanish lasses in general, and he considered that Elbanna would prove an easy conquest—foolish of, or carelessly violating the rules, often humanely hospitality, until he was stunned and repulsed by her silence and reserve.

"How is this, Mr. Bullard," inquired McAdams. "Is Elbanna a Spanish girl?"

"Yes, most certainly."

"Her fair complexion denies it."

"Perhaps not, but by all that is good I never saw a handsomer girl than this Spanish lassie; I am in love with her head over heels."

"Why is it that you young devils can never see a lovely girl without a wish to marry her, McAdams?"

"You would not marry her, Mr. McAdams," answered Mr. Bullard. "You would not marry her, if she loved you over so much."

"Marry a Spanish girl? Well, no, I think not; but there is no harm in courting a lovely girl to our liking, especially if she belongs to these cut-throat Spaniards or Mexicans—they would be none the worse for my coveted pleasure."

"You are a heartless scamp, McAdams; but, thank God, my little charge is in no danger from your base and unjust wish;"
ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

The young girl who was to be the wife of the young man was as pure as the newly fallen snow.

"Don't be too sanguine, my friend, I have succeeded in more unlikely things than this.

"May an old man's curse rest on you if you ever cross with her," burst from the indignant lips of her noble teacher.

The subject was now dropped, and Mr. Bullard continued his walk down the bank of the little stream, followed by Mr. Adams.

"Come, old man, I did not intend to offend you; forgive me.

"Yes, if you can forgive yourself.

"Oh! that is very easy for me, my conscience is very flexible.

"I am sorry for that, as a good conscience ennobles any man; but I have something more to say to you on a different subject, Mr. Adams.

"Then say on, my friend.

"I wish to caution you as you leave this ranch—I have strong suspicions that Miramontes is treacherous.

"The devil you do; what makes you think so?

"I have good cause for my fears, which, for certain reasons I do not wish at this time to divulge; but, depend upon it, I am not mistaken; there is no harm you know, in watching him, as you have a large amount of money with you, and Miramontes knows it, as you told him as much yourself. Buyng castle is a dangerous business, my young friend.

"Yes, true, but he had better let the job out than attack us himself, I assure you.

"I hope I am mistaken in his designs, but I fear I am not, else I would not have cautioned you.

"Well, Mr. Bullard, we will give him a chance to try that game on the day after to-morrow, and, if he attacks us, we hope to give him a warm reception, that is all.

It was now about supper time and they slowly returned to the house. McAdams sought his four men and informed them of Mr. Bullard's caution. "Well," said red-haired Bill Hogan, "I have not liked his deceitful palavering," "I am not afraid of twenty of such as him," answered Tim Hannon; "let's go and get our supper.

Miramontes was unusually polite and graceful, so much so that they began to think Mr. Bullard crazy. Elbana was not a little pleased at the prospect of their leaving, as she was tired of being annoyed by the love-making McaDonaLds. At length their horses were ready for a start. McAdams and his men appeared in high glee—shaking hands and expressing many good wishes to all. They mounted their saddles, put spurs to their horses, and were soon out of sight. Miramontes walked the floor with apparent uneasy concern pictured on his usually serene brow. One cigarito after another he smoked, in hasty puffs; and, as the day wore away, he threw on his cloak, and walked out.

"Where is father going so late? I wonder? Do you know, Mr. Bullard?"

"No;—yes,—no; I cannot tell," said he, evidently at a loss what to think, or what to answer.

"What is the matter? Are you un-well, Mr. Bullard?"

"No; only a slight tremor that comes and goes. I feel remarkably low-spirited to-day; take up your guitar, my child, and play and sing me hits better humor."

Elbana readily obeyed; and although her sweet voice accorded well with the soft tones of her favorite instrument, and sweet as the sounds were to her aged friend, they failed to draw his mind from his unpleasant forebodings, as he walked the floor in nervous anxiety.

"I declare, Mr. Bullard, you make me feel uncomfortable, you set so strangely."

[Continued next month.]
Our Social Chair.

EARLY in the spring of 1850, many will remember the expectations entertained of large fortunes to be made, "away up in the mountains," in places which were equally as good as any that had ever been found in the richest diggings yet discovered. Plenty of buck-skin, with which to make long and strong purvey, a pick, pan and shovel, a few months' supply of provisions, and a pair of blankets, were all the requisites that were considered necessary to insure a large supply of the "needful." Many men quitted good claims to go on these expeditions—and as many regretted it afterwards.

From a claim that had paid two of us from one hundred and forty to three hundred and seventy-five dollars per day, during the working days of winter, we purchased horses, tools, and provisions, not omitting the buckskin—for a spring and summer campaign, organized a company and started.

After crossing snow-covered and dangerous streams, swollen and mountain-bound rivers; facing all sorts of danger, enduring all kinds of exposures, such as sleeping on snow for several days together, and becoming snow-laden; drenchings with rain; inundations in streams, by slipping from high, on which we were passing from one side to the other, and afterwards walking, sitting, and sleeping in our wet clothes, and in the open air—sometimes when the rain poured down in torrents—after these, we reached a place which was to give us the grand reward we were seeking. But, to make a long story short, and come to the gist of the narrative, we spent several months of severe bodily exertion in turning and draining the stream, and in sinking a shaft in the bed, to the depth of some thirty-five feet, without even finding the bottom or getting the "color." Disappointed, we left such diggings in disgust, and set our faces for the settlements.

When we arrived there we were all "flat broke"—that was the term then used. It is true, we had some miles that we could not sell, and some specimens that we would not part with—these being the only remaining remembrances of our good claim. Having lost our pork-bag on the road, and used up all our sugar, we were somewhat at a loss how to make a raise.

At last, one of our party, named D——, took a fine double-barrelled shot-gun to one of the stores, and addressed the crowd there assembled with—

"Who'll give me five dollars for this gun?" (It was worth fifty.)

One shook his head, as much as to say "No.

"Not I." Another laughed, and pointed to a large number of similar weapons that were standing behind some pork-barrels in a corner, which their owners had resolved not to carry farther, being too costly. At length, the store-keeper walked up, and said—

"Let me have a look at that gun." He did so, and shortly remarked—"I'll play you five dollars' worth of pork against the gun.

"'Nuff said!" replied D——. They played, and D—— won the pork.

"Now, I'll play you something else against the gun," said the store-keeper.

"Some sugar?" enquired D——.

"Yes,

"'Nuff said!"

The sugar was won also.

"I'll play him five dollars against the gun, now," said the one who had laughed and pointed to those standing in the corner.

"All right!" answered D——.

The game was played, and the money was won also. D——. Our related our circumstances to the crowd, and concluded by saying that, as he had made a raise, all that he had wanted—any man could have the gun who was in need of it.

When he arrived in camp, with the flour
and sugar and money, and told us how he'd obtained it, we thought—Well, well that is one way of raising the wind in California.

How many there are who, when they read this, will fail to mind some similar circumstances in their early gold-hunting experiences? Happily, such times are now fast passing away—at least, we hope so.

"Kennedy" knows that the second of last month was the Chinese New Year; and, if any doubt existed among the "balance of mankind," the large quantity of fire-crackers started on a noise-making excursion of celebration, from Chinese fingers, must certainly have removed that doubt.

We accepted one Chinese man with "John, what for you make so much noise—bang, bang, bang?" "Aye, ye no snabbe, oh? Chinaman fous July—Chintraman fous July—he, he!" and "John" went chuckling away, with a half-sneezing, half-choking kind of a laugh—evidently associating the pyrotechnical demonstrations commemorative of the Birth-day of Liberty on American soil with his semi-religious and semi-idolatrous celebration of the Chinese New Year. We sleepy said—"All right, John—fire away!" when he again laughed as heartily as he would have done had he understood us.

What a fast country California is becoming! No wonder the Eastern papers say that, owing to the fast style of doing business in this State, the people have resolved to sing no more slow tunes or long-winded hymns in churches. But read the following from the San Joaquin Republican:

"HERE THE WORKS THAT IS NOT LONG IN DOING!"—On last New Year's Eve, at Ybridge, where a small party was gathered, some of them proposed getting up a wedding, as there was a justice present. A respectable gentleman, named Basler, a saddler, was selected as eligible to the honor, and a young woman present was named as the bride. They both gave their consent, though they had previously never dreamed of such an arrangement. The gentleman was put through first, but the lady hesitated at the question, and after half an hour to consider. After a short walk with the gentleman, she returned, and they were married, good and strong within an hour after the proposal was made. An anvil was fired all the evening, and there was great rejoicing among the "boys."

Two following sweet and beautiful lines, entitled "A Little While," from the pen of the accomplished Dr. Bonar, will, we know, be deservedly appreciated by our readers:

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be, soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be, soon;
Beyond the shining and the shedding,
I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be, soon;
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be, soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
I shall be, soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the frost-chains and the fever
I shall be, soon;
Beyond the rock-waves and the river,
Beyond the error and the never,

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!"

The last Overland Mail from St. Louis brought a letter to the post-office in this city, says the San Jose Tribune, addressed as follows: "Mr. H. P., the man with long hair—San Joaun, Cal. For the bene-
the following apt repartee is too good to be lost, which, although not entirely original, a friend has sent us for the Chair: "What a queer people we are! we apt to think our very respectable and singular forefathers were. The same bluntness in painting the shortcomings, as well as the virtues, of the departed, formerly very popular (if countenanced themselves are any evidence), would now be visited with severe censure and condemnation, inasmuch as, now-a-days, a liberal public sentiment impartializes the virtues and mortality over-looks the failings of those who have passed away. The following epitaph, from a marble slab in Horsleydown churchyard, Cumberland, is faithful enough to present both sides, and, if the reader does not feel improved, he may be amused by reading it:

Here lie the bodies
Of Thomas Bond and Mary, his wife.
She was temperate, chaste and charitable; but
She was proud, peevish and passionate.
But
Her husband and child, whom she loved;
Seldom saw her countenance without a dissembling frown,
Whilst she received visitors,
Whom she despised, with an audacious smile.
Her behavior was discreet towards strangers;
But
Impudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by Good breeding;
But
At home by ill temper.

The Fashions.

From numerous lady friends and readers we have received frequent requests at different times, that we would give a few words each month on the latest and best styles of dresses worn by ladies. Those requests, many of them, have been made from those who live in out-of-the-way corners of the State, and others who seldom or never buy or see the eastern magazines. Hence, and inasmuch as one of our lady friends has kindly consented to take charge of this department; with the hope that such will be gratifying generally to our lady readers—from whom we wish to hear that "The Fashions" will be a feature in the California Magazine.

We think that we cannot do better than at once introduce the lady in her own note to the editor:

Dear Sir,—In offering to your lady subscribers the enclosed sketch of the Fashions, I have dispensed entirely with all high sounding technical terms, which often misguide and make readers, for whom they are intended. Hoping they are none of them too Anti-American to consider the "styles" less elegant, because they are practical, and given in terms that all can understand.

Silk Dresses.

The most desirable colors are royal purple and dark green. Maroon is equally fashionable, and more used in consequence of its being alike becoming to every complexion, and also looks well with every colored mantle. The trimmings for these favorite colors should be three shades darker than the silk, or black, where preferred.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Plaisant dresses are not so much in demand late, being found too imitative. Requiring just as much and no more silk, and trimmings, they must be made accordingly, and are often found alike unbecoming to both old and young. Silks, therefore, with selected trimmings are to be preferred, that dress makers of taste may vary and adapt their styles to tall or short figures.

The fashionable fall dress is the plain long waist, with pointed bodice, buttoned up the front; sleeves wide, flowing, and moderately long; cut nearly square across the bottom. Line with white florence, and finish the top with large puff, and a bow of ribbon below it, just opposite the seam on the shoulder. The skirt must be very full, gauged at the back, and plates in front 12 inches wide. Side trimmings of two wide puffs, each five inches in width at the bottom, and 2½ inches at the top. Flowers are as much a favorite style as ever, though two are now more generally worn than three, consequently they are made a trifle wider. Trim with embroidered velvet, or narrow fringe. Shields to match. Skirts slightly shorter than previously worn, and four inches longer at the back than front.

Ball Dresses.
Low-neck, short sleeves, and long point both back and front. Take foundation, in white, or white and black stripes wide at the bottom, and four at the top; and puff illusion on crossways, taking care to gradate the puffs. Trim with a becoming color of fancy trimming ribbon, an inch wide, made in small bows, with ends three inches long, and distributed to suit the taste. Ruffles and green leaves have a good effect; finish round with a narrow blonde lace, felled and basted on after the dress is done.

Hand dress of dropping flowers.

Keeps.

There is a new and quite pretty handkerchief worn in New York, a description of which is as follows: "The handkerchief consists of a rectangle of white, one yard by one yard, and is composed of four parts: back, side-body, and a kind of feet, each part is to be cut with a seam at the point, and should be made with a seam at the back, so as to give the desired curve at the waist; the piece is to be pointed to the waist, forming a box-plait on the hip. If desired a Bertha can be added, box-plaited, all round, and pointed in front. This handkerchief is round at the back, and trimmings of silk, or velvet, material, with fringes of lace, round, and pointed in front; it can be made of any material, and trimmed with galon, or velvet ribbons. If made of velvet a cable-cord velvet ribbon should be used at the edge would be very becoming.
Fifty-six pounds of auriferous quartz, recently taken from a newly discovered ledge at Spanish Flat, Yolo county, yielded forty pounds of gold ($8,400).

Ten thousand dollars was purchased in Placerville, for the last twelve months, by five persons only, was 10,013 ounces, or $1,013,734.

Charles Amsden, a miner living on Osborn Hill, Grass Valley, was burned to death in his cabin on the 23d of January, by accident. He was one of the survivors of the Central Pacific Railroad, having been picked up by the bark Ellen after flaying on a piece of timber for 12 hours.

The Trinity Journal has entered upon its fourth volume. Calvin H. McDonald is its able and accomplished editor.

A silver mine has been discovered at a place forty or fifty miles from Los Angeles, from which specimens of ore indicating a large per centage of silver have been taken.

Ten thousand volumes of the California Farmer, Col. Warren editor and proprietor, was commenced on the 12th ult., and consists of sixty thousand copies, sold to the public for $1,900.

A large per centage of silver have been taken from which specimens of quartz indicating a rich deposit were dug out during the month near Alpaca, Nevada county, in the depth of 10 feet by 280 miners.

The number of books taken out of the Library of San Francisco during 1856, was 17,921. The number of members is 1,110. An eagle was killed near Soda Springs, Shasta county, which measured eleven feet from tip to tip of his wings.

Many a thing of all the made, in a little time is will proof.

To obtain the parts of this paper, for the State of California, or the City of San Francisco, address the editors of the California Journal of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. for Panama and New York.

A slight shock of an earthquake was perceptible in San Francisco on the morning of the 15th ult.

The sale of public lands commenced in Placerville on the 14th; about 1,000 acres were sold at 12.5 per acre.

The Supervisors of Yuba county have issued the first installment of the $500,000 bonds, voted to aid the construction of the Marysville and Velloso railroad.

The small-arms factory at Noblesville Hill were destroyed by fire on the 19th ult.

This Semi-Weekly Observer made its first appearance at Placerville in the early part of February.

The contract for constructing 13 miles additional of the Sacramento Valley Railroad—now named the California Central Railroad—was given out on the 12th ult. This will complete it to the Auburn station, 16 miles below the town of Auburn.

The routes to Lo Porto, Downieville, Forest City, and several other mining districts, were closed by the late heavy storms of snow.

The French company at Oroville have struck diggings that are paying them from $500 to $1,000 per day; and others upon this lead are doing well.

Snow has fallen during the month near Alpaca, Nevada county, to the depth of 10 feet.

A rare occurrence in this State at any season of the year—especially in winter.

The steamboat John L. Stephens, on the 5th ult., took away 2,250 passengers—58 by way of Tehuantepec—and $1,982,067 in treasure.

The Indians have been very troublesome in different portions of the State, and several of them have been killed.

The steamboat Herman was sold on the 6th ult., under an execution for $1,500. H. A. Gable, forCapt. Wright was the purchaser, for the sum of $10,000. Her original cost was $600,000.

Two collars containing skeletons were dug out during some excavations on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, on the 8th ult., the spot was formerly a burial ground.

The "Spirit of the Times," a San Francisco weekly paper, was sold to O. M. Chase & Co. of the Fireman's Journal, and incorporated with that paper.

The steamboat Uncle Sam, which sailed on the 10th ult., with troops and quarter-master's stores, for the mouth of the Colorado; after suffering from a violent gale, during which numerous articles were thrown overboard, had to return to port.

She refitted, and re-elected for the same destination on the 16th.

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Register has passed both houses of the Legislature.

On the 26th ult. there were $719,348,88 in the State Treasury. There was also a large ship which sailed on the 19th ult. carried away $1,325,510,18 and only 103 passengers. Less in treasure and individuals than for several years past.

Massa, Campbell, Rice and Nichols, while on their way from San Juan to Fort Ida, with $10,000 in coin, were attacked by three highwaymen, when a general firing ensued; and while the robbers were binding the two former to a tree, the latter with the mule on which was packed the coin escaped down the hill, so that $80 was all that were stolen.

The snow is reported to be fifteen feet deep, this is the best kind of reservoir for a summer supply of water.

For thirteen days, during the first and second quarters of the last month, it rained each day more or less, giving an abundance of water throughout the State; and which was badly needed for mining and agricultural purposes.

Washburn's birthday was properly celebrated on the 22d ult.

There is a fact of more than ordinary importance, to which we wish to call the particular attention of all persons engaged in any department of mining, which is this—the large amount of gold dust that is daily wasted at least, wasted so far as the industrious miner, for the time being, is concerned; and, however startling it may be to many, we assert that more than three fifths of the gold dust washed through the sluice of the miner, passes out unsaved.

Now, we are aware, do not think anything about it, do not believe that we save all the gold; is a remark that is frequently made and heard; but generally, however, it is erroneous. Let us therefore inquire into the matter. Every one, we suppose, is willing to be convinced? Now for the proof of our assertion.

To learn all that we could of the mining claims in a neighborhood—which, for certain reasons shall be nameless—we accompanied an old friend to the upper end of a tail-race, or flume, placed in a ravine, 1 1/2 miles from the mining district, and water, from some extensive hill diggings, that were being washed down by the hydraulic process. The water was very muddy, and the current rapid. As we stood watching its hurry ing course, he informed us that the gross monthly receipts from the 115 yards of mine which he owned, were from $500 to $800—This is one proof of our assertion.

The entire length of this tail-race was one and three quarter miles, owned in sections, by various persons, and the least section paid nearly as well as the upper. This, then, is another proof of our assertion.

From a point of tailings lying at the mouth of the mine, we obtained four cents. From another a few yards distant from the former one, the same result was given. Indeed the prospect obtained at the mouth of the race, were nearly as good as those which we afterwards made in the paying strata up at the claim. This being the case, the gold as a matter of course must have passed through the sluice; and was wasted to the worker; and is another proof of our assertion.

A scientific gentleman with whom we are well acquainted, who has for several years resided in Placerville, El Dorado county, took ten buckets of muddy water, after it had passed through sluices connected with some hill diggings, and from these ten buckets he obtained one dollar and seven cents, of very fine gold. This gold was so fine, and the particles so indistinct, that it looked more like golden dust than anything else. This, then, is
another, and a very convincing proof of our assertion.

At a quartz mill on Abandoned Creek, we were present when the gold from one hundred buckets-full of pulverized tellings was taken out as an annuity, after being run through the second time, and the amount produced was ninety-six dollars and sixty cents.

Proof upon proof could thus be adduced, that, when fairly weighed, would be overwhelming arguments in favor of our assertion.—viz., that three-fifths of the gold which is washed from the hills, passes out from the sluices unavowed.

This should not be. After enduring the severe labors of the day, the miner should reap the reward of his toiling toll; therefore, we leave the subject in his keeping, to be well examined, and carefully considered; resting satisfied, that if a claim which now pays him three dollars per day could be made to pay him eight, it will be worth his while to try the means by which it can be done.

In addition to our old and excellent corps of popular writers, the reader will be gratified this month to find that several new ones have kindly sent their valued offerings to California literature and this magazine. We most heartily greet each with a cordial welcome. There is no reason why the California Magazine should not occupy such a position in literature as does the State, in her resources and commerce, among her proud sisters. The talent is here. This magazine is open alike to all. The Artist, the Historian, the Poet, the Novelist, the Student in all the various branches of science and art, can here find a vehicle for his thoughts. Our only restrictions are, that they be moral and unscatant in their teachings, noble and generous in their sentiments, not unnecessarily lengthy, and as much Californian as possible.

At one time we thought that a stereotyped line such as this "there has been nothing done in either branch of the State Legislature to-day" would give utterance to a daily truism concerning that body; but the following motion by Mr. Waddell, member of the Assembly from Siskiyou county, presents the picture in a far better light.

"I move that the members of this Assembly consider themselves fourteen years old, and go out and get some marbles and balls, and go to playing."

To Contributors and Correspondents.

L.—"The Burial" came without name or note of the incident that gave rise to the sketch at—

S. P.—Certainly. Such a sparkling, sunny, happy picture, of course will find a corner. It will make every large heart throb with joyous sympathy. Send us another, just as good.

H. E., La Porte.—Make yourself familiar with persons surrounded by any kind of circumstances, or in any branch of business, and if they have not peculiar troubles, we would like to engage them for exhibitions of curiosities. To rise above them is the best evidence of your manhood. Such intriguing stories as you send should not read well in any kind of print.

Spence L.—Yours is rather too diffuse. There is much more skill required to continue and make an article expressive as well as beautiful, than in making it veracious and lengthy. Besides, you know the old saying, among ladies of small stature, that valuable articles are generally put up in small packages.

Rectors—Three Years in California—
My Valentine—the orphans—the Mourners of Cali.,—Prayer—The Angel, obiency—Time—The Sandwich Chickens—George Sommerville—I love her alway.—Ode to the Flowers—In spirit I'm with thee ever—and others, but too late to notice this month.
ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
(LATE RASSETTE HOUSE),
Southwest corner Bush and Sansome Sts., San Francisco.

This popular and well established House will continue to enjoy the patronage of the public, for which the proprietors had most respectfully to return their grateful acknowledgments, and exult themselves of the opportunity to assure their friends that in 1867 the hotel shall be opened on their parts maintain the enviable reputation of the Metropolitan as a select house.

The METROPOLITAN is fire-proof, and hard finished throughout.

The METROPOLITAN is the largest hotel, and has the most curious lobbies, and the best lighted and ventilated rooms, of any upon the Pacific Coast.

The METROPOLITAN is situated in the business part of the city, and is centrally located between the business of the shops and river steamers.

The METROPOLITAN has splendidly finished suites of rooms, with one or more bedrooms attached to each, and is admirably adapted to the wants of families.

The METROPOLITAN Bridge-room has twenty separate tables, where families and friends can enjoy at once the social spin of games.

For general cleanliness, handsome and well-cooked food, attentive and orderly servants, the METROPOLITAN has no superior.

The METROPOLITAN furnished throughout with Collins & Co.'s Luxurious and justly Celebrated Premium Spring Mattresses, which secure the most refreshing sleep.

The METROPOLITAN COACH will always be in the building upon the arrival of Steamer, to carry passengers to the Hotel.

Last, but not least, the charges at the METROPOLITAN will be moderate, and adapted to the state of the times.

The METROPOLITAN employs no Runners.

Yours is a very hard case, said the lawyer to the oyster.

A deal was bought in Mississippi recently, by Mr. T. Knott and Mr. A. Shutt. The result was, Knott was shot and Shutt was not.

Ladies of fashion scatter their happiness to feel their vanity, and their love to feel their pride.

"What did you give for that cow, neighbor?" "My note." "Cheap enough."

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It has been acknowledged by all the first men in the profession, the best artists, and all the other artists in California, in the perusal of his pictures, and many of those who claim that they are unapproached in the world.

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Plain Photographs, of the size of the largest daguerreotypes, only $2.00 each, if any are taken. This will not give a large fine picture to be a friend, while it can be obtained for only $2.00! We guarantee no plain photographs, if not better, than can be obtained in the United States and for a hundred per cent better than those taken by any artist on the Pacific Coast.

Very large size Photographs for only $5.00 each, if these are taken. Think of the pleasure which it would give to friends to send a stereopticon view where you reside! Improve the fine weather while it lasts, and send in your orders.

I have improved my business so that hereafter I shall be at my room at all times, to attend personally to my patients and with the assistance of my operators who have been with me for years, and of the other officers of my establishment, I engage to give to all who favor me with a visit the best service of the kind it is possible for me to give. I have a Place of Business in which it is possible for me to execute the very highest style of scenes, by which all the beauties of nature are unapproached, and without deviation to my business customers, having four times the capacity of any other room in the State.

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