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HUTCHINGS'

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HUTCHINGS'  
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. 

Vol. III.  MAY, 1859.  No. 11.  

SCENES IN THE VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

There are but few persons to whom the admiration of the beautiful in nature is not an innate inspiration to a greater or less degree. With different habits of thought in different mental organizations, it may assume various forms and qualities, but the principle is the same.

To some, the graceful form or lithe movement of an animal, or the face, figure and carriage of a beautiful woman or handsome man, may be the most attractive style of beauty in existence. Others will look upon a broad meadow carpeted with flowers, or a quiet stream and placid lake, whose burnished bosom reflects the image of every object upon
its margin; and, as they watch the shadows chasing each other across it, think it the most charming of any ever witnessed: while to others, the impetuous torrent, as it dashes and foams and eddies among rocks, or rushes over a precipice, and at one bold leap breaks itself into myriad drops of water, is the embodiment of all that is grand and lovely and beautiful. Yet to others, no sight is so creative of delight as the examination of the minute and wonderful; such, for instance, as the downy petals of a flower, or the numerous scales and shades of color that blend into each other on the body of an insect or crest of a bird.

The love of everything beautiful may be possessed in an eminent degree by a single individual; but we never know one to whom every form of beauty was alike inviting. Control our tastes as we may, there are some individuals whom we like in a greater degree than others, and often without being able to assign a reason. It is thus with the beautiful in nature; preferences for this or that particular class will exist, and often we do not know why. Yet it is well.

The engraving given on the first page of this number of the magazine will present one of those beautiful scenes that are sometimes to be witnessed in the valleys of California, from the deck of a steamboat. The serpentine course of the San Joaquin, lighted up by the moon and the tides on fire, by every voyager or from Stockton can perhaps remember. In the foreground of the picture is the boat from whence our sketch was taken. In the shallows distance looms up Mount Diablo.

Almost every Californian has seen Mount Diablo. It is the great central landmark of the State. Whether we are walking in the streets of San Francisco; or sailing on any of our bay and navigable rivers; or riding on any of the roads in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; or standing on the elevated ridges of the mining districts, before us, in lonely boldness, and at almost every turn, we see Mount del Diablo. Probably from its apparent eminence we are indebted to its singular name, Mount of the Devil.

Viewed from the north-west or south-east, it appears double, or with two elevations, the points of which are about three miles apart. The south-western peak is the most elevated, and is 3,700 feet above the sea.

For the purpose of properly surveying the State into a network of township lines, three meridians or initial points were established by the U. S. Survey, namely: Monte Diablo, Mount San Bernardino, and Mount Pierce, Humboldt County. Across the highest peaks of any of them, a "meridian line" and a "base line" were run; the latter from east to west, and the former from north to south. The boundaries of the Monte Diablo meridian include all the lands in the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, between the Coast Range and the Sierra, and from the Siskiyou Mountains to the San Bernaradino meridian, at the head of the Tulare Valley.

The geological formations of this mountain are what is usually termed "primitive," surrounded by sedimentary rocks, and abounding in marine shells. Near the summit there are a few quartz veins, but whether gold-bearing or not has not yet been determined. About one-third of the distance from the top, on the western slope, is a "hornblende" rock of peculiar structure, and said by some to contain gold. In the numerous spurs at the base, there is an excellent and inexhaustible supply of limestone.

At the eastern foot of the mountains, about five miles from the San Joaquin river, three veins of stone coal have been discovered; and are now being worked with good prospects of remuneration, as

The veins get better as they go. It is said to have both the truth we avoid, Spaniards b of some rich tell of what is known to tale themselves.

If the reader climb the hill to the right, he will find the view of the Rubidock splendid, and from it he can see stockades, and at the coast, the Pointe stands the claim.
always be preferred, in honor of the illustrious California pioneer, Gen. John A. Sutter.)

This mountain towers boldly out like a large island above the plain on which it stands, to the height of 1800 feet, and is almost as great a landmark to the residents of this latitude, as Monte Diablo is to those of San Francisco. For a circumference of fifty miles, its uneven and hazy top is visible above the belt of timber that grows in the valley and apparently girdles its base. From its shape, as much as from the scoria and other similar substances in great abundance upon and round about it, there can be but little doubt that this mountain is of volcanic origin, and of no recent date. It is moreover upon the same line as Monte Diablo and Mount Shasta. Trap, quartz, trachyte, and porphyry rocks are found at its base. Its circumference is about twenty-five miles.

Although we have travelled in the valley a little too long, perhaps, we hope to have the pleasure of the roader's company on an excursion in the mountains, at least to a few of the localities; and in the first place pay a visit to Coloma.

Which is the enthusiastic name of one of the prettiest, and cleanest little towns in the mountains of California; and moreover of one that has the honor of being the mother of all the others! At first sight we are aware that the roader may possibly open his eyes with astonishment, and soon dispose very much to question the correctness of ascribing so large an amount of matrornal fecundity, to so insignificant an object; but when we remind him that at Coloma the first piece of California gold was discovered, he will, we think, concede to the parentage claimed.

It is a fact that in this beautiful valley, so pleasantly located on the south bank of the south fork of the American river, James W. Marshall, E. Pierson, John Wimmer, W. H. Scott, A. Stephens, H. Bigler, J. Brown, Peter L. Wimmer, C. Bennett, and several others whose names we have not learned, were engaged in constructing a saw mill (seen to the left of the engraving, near the bank of the river) for Gen. John A. Sutter, when gold was discovered by Mr. Marshall, Jan. 29, 1848.

As our readers are well aware, this news was soon trumpeted abroad, and large numbers of persons flocked to the now El Dorado, (from this originated the name of the county in which Coloma is situated, and which became the county seat of El Dorado) and Coloma, from containing only a double log cabin and about eighteen persons, exclusive of Indians, became a large town with a population of between two and three thousand.

When we first became acquainted with Coloma, late in the fall of 1849, it contained several hotels, the principal of which was Winter’s; and a long street of stores and dwelling houses. On the opposite or north side of the river, John T. Little formed the nucleus of a small settlement, by erecting a large hotel and other buildings. At that time the principal part of the village (as those on both sides of the river were called Coloma), on the south bank, was nearly as large as it now is, but of course was not so substantially built. Although there were some good diggings being worked near the village, and many persons were making money at mining, its principal support was from those persons who were passing through it to other places, on prospecting trips, to diggings supposed to be rich, between the south and middle forks of the American river, the principal of which were those in the vicinity of Georgetown and Oregon Cutoff.

At that time meals were $2.00 each, and barley for mules sold at $1.00 per pound; other grains and hay, none.
From that time to the present, Coloma has experienced the ups and downs usual to most mining settlements where the population is ceaselessly changing. Nevertheless she now has a steady resident and flourishing people, who are the owners of some of the finest fruit orchards, vineyards and gardens, to be found in any of the mountain towns; and the possessors of some of the most extensive, and in many cases some of the most profitable mining claims in the State, remunerative diggings are even found beneath the very houses of the town.

The removal of the county seat to Placerville in 1857, was a serious check to her prosperity for a time; but she is now rapidly regaining her former position. The activity seen in the long street of stores, offices and hotels, will tell their own story to the visitor. Churches and school houses; Masonic, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance Societies are all said to flourish here. Then, though "last yet not least," must be included among her most useful institutions, one of the best conducted newspapers in the State, "The Coloma Times," edited and published by G. O. Kies, which has our best wishes for the prosperity it so well deserves.

Mariposa

Is the most southerly of all the mining towns of importance in the State. Although it has suffered more perhaps, than almost any other mining district for the want of water for mining purposes, owing to its quartz leads and rich flat, gulf, and hill diggings, it has generally been prosperous; and being the county seat, as well as the trading centre of numerous small camps around, its streets at certain seasons of the year present a very lively appearance. Two ably edited and spirited papers are issued weekly, one the "Mariposa Gazette," and the other the "Mariposa Star."

The population is about thirteen hundred, or about one seventh of the entire county.
It is here that the celebrated Fremont Grant is located.

Being an excellent starting point to the Yosemite valley and the Mariposa Grove of mammoth trees, it is likely to become a place famous to history and the notes of travelers. The neat, and tastefully cultivated gardens in the vicinity, give an air of freshness and home-like brightness that some other places we might mention, would do well to imitate. The distance from Stockton to Mariposa is 91 miles, and the road good, upon which a line of stages is running daily.

**VIEW OF MARIPOSA.**

**MOKOLUMNE HILL.**

However much one mining town in California may be said to resemble another, generally speaking, Mokelumne Hill cannot certainly be considered an exception. If a stranger enters town, whether by the Stockton or Sacramento road, the impression is almost invariably the same, "what an oddly situated and strangely constructed town this seems to be?" This in a great measure was unavoidable as the rich diggings discovered here in the fall of 1849 created the necessity of a settlement, and as the town was located upon the most eligible spot that could be found, its builders were left but little choice in the matter; yet, standing as it does upon an elevated bench of the mountain, some eighteen hundred feet above the Mokelumne river, its position is very commanding and picturesque, especially from the trail between Jackson and the hill.

The rich galeh claims worked here in the winter of 1849 and '50 attracted a numerous population, many of whom were Mexican and Chilean. In the spring of 1851, diggings of almost fabulous richness were discovered and worked in Negro, French, and Stockton hills. From one claim on the former, of only fifteen feet square, over seventy-eight thousand dollars were taken out. Of course such lucrative employment could not long remain a secret, and men began to flock there in great numbers; but, as in many other cases, when they arrived, they found to their regret that all the good claims were taken up.

Many of our readers will call to mind the exciting scenes connected with the
This is a natural language representation of the text in the image:

Near the vicinity, home-like places we imitated to. lariposa good, upouning daily. Lock and hill, as in many, they found the good claims of whom worked in Nevada hills. From In the spring, there worked a rich attraced hogon to (lock but, as in many, they found the good claims of whom worked in Nevada hills. From In the spring, there worked a rich attraced hogon to (lock but, as in many, they found the good claims of whom worked in Nevada hills. From In the spring, they found the good claims of whom worked in Nevada hills.
long-to-be remembered "French War" which took place in 1851, under the following circumstances:—A Frenchman asked a favor on a spot which since then has been known as French Hill, and struck diggings of extraordinary richness, and which excited him to such a degree that nothing but the digging of numerous rounds of powder from an old musket could sufficiently satisfy his enthusiasm in demonstrating his joy. This very naturally called a crowd together to know what was going on, when, in hopes of being equally fortunate, several other persons, among whom were a number of Americans, staked off claims adjoining the Frenchman’s. One of these persons whose name was Blankenhorn, having struck the same lead as the Frenchman, was not content with the product of his own claim, but must “follow the lead” into Frenchy’s. When this was discovered the latter very loudly and bitterly, yet justly, complained in broken English, and a number of his countrymen flocked around him, who upon learning the facts would not allow Blankenhorn to remain there.

He immediately went to town and by unfair representations influenced a large party of Americans to go up with him to “clean out the Frenchman;” when all their tents and tools were burnt, and the owners obliged to leave. Now, being disappointed, they went to Happy Valley, San Andreas, and other places, and obtained reinforcements of their countrymen, who threatened to destroy the town of Mokelumne Hill, and lay violent hands upon everybody. By this time the defenders of Blankenhorn had learned the true facts of the case, their enthusiasm had entirely cooled off and the Frenchman were allowed to discharge their chivalrous valor in their own way, and reinstated their countryman in his rightful claims, while the discomfiture cause of the whole, was required “to take his pick and pan, his shovel and his blankets, with all that he had, and go prospecting;” and it served him right.

The construction of the Mokelumne Hill Canal to the north fork of the river, in 1852, ’53 and ’54, at a cost of $600,000; a large proportion of which proved to be a sorry investment to the original stockholders—attracted several thousands of miners to the vicinity, a few hundreds of whom found and worked tolerably remunerative diggings, and the others went empty away. This influx caused a comparatively large addition to the buildings and area of the settlement.

On the night of the 30th of August, 1854, the whole of this town, with the exception of a few buildings on Lafayette street, was reduced to ashes; but was speedily rebuilt, and in a much more substantial manner.

It is the county seat of Calaveras county, and the business centre of a large district, from whence miners draw most of their supplies.

Its resident population is about eleven hundred; with fewer families in proportion, perhaps, than any other town of the same size in the State. There are three churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, and Catholic—and one public school-house.

A weekly paper, entitled the “Calaveras Chronicle,” is here, edited and published by Mr. John Shannon; and, but for the too frequent and lengthy discussions of political questions, to the exclusion of much valuable local news, it is a faithful advocate and exponent of the interests of the county.

Mokelumne Hill being the county seat of Calaveras, and the business centre for Joes Maria, West Point, Rich Gulch, Poison Gulch, El Dorado Cañon, Independence, Esperanza, Buckeye, Big and Middle Bar, and several other mining camps, it is destined to survive the ups and downs pertaining to mining towns in general, and will be Mokelumne Hill as
SONES IN THE VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

As mining is known. Besides, in addition to its hill and gulch mining, it has numerous quartz lodes that are amongst the richest in the State. From a quarry of lava, or soft freestone, large blocks of excellent building material are easily hewn with an axe, which hardens when exposed to the atmosphere, and being unaffected by heat, could be made to supersede fire-brick. The court-house, and nearly all the fire-proof buildings in the town and vicinity, are constructed of this material.

In 1855, the flume of the Mokelumne Hill Canal was extended to Campo Seco, and other mining localities between the Calaveras and Mokelumne rivers, and supplied water to a large mining district, that before was without water, and consequently barren of results to the miner. In addition to this, large supplies of lumber are floated down the flume, from the company's saw-mills above, to the different camps upon the line of the canal.

AYER'S ROAD AND FERRY ACROSS THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

Those who have never crossed one of the deep canions or rivers of the State, from one mining camp to another, in the upper mountain range, can form no idea of the difficulties and labor attending such an undertaking, especially before good stage roads were made. To the initiated we need give no description; but to others, perhaps, it is well that we should briefly describe them, that they may exercise some little sympathy for those who many times have had to perform the task; often, perhaps, in early mining experiences, with a sack of flour or a load of tools at their backs.

It is impossible for us to give the actual elevation of any of these mountain ridges above the bed of the streams where they are crossed, as they have not to our knowledge been measured with any pretensions to accuracy. Many persons have doubtless given rough estimates of their probable height, that might perhaps approximate to correctness; but, of
course, such cannot be considered reliable authority, in the absence of actual measurement. From the height of the mountains that surround the great Yosemita Valley, which have been measured, and are from three thousand five hundred to four thousand five hundred feet, we should think that from two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred feet for those we are now considering would be a fair estimate. To cross these high ridges and deep canons with vehicles, roads have been cut in the sides of the mountains, from the bottom to the top, at a low and regular grade, so that heavily-freighted waggons, as well as light carriages, can ascend and descend with comparative ease and safety. At some points excavations have been made for the road in solid rock, and often where the mountain side is nearly perpendicular. Of course the cost of such undertakings is very large; but, owing to the tolls collected, and the number of persons and vehicles passing and re-passing, the investment has generally proved a profitable one.

When riding in a carriage or stage on such roads, there is generally an anxious though perhaps silent hope that the horses are sturdy and trustworthy, the harness sound and in good order, the roofing high and strong, and the coachman not only sober, but an excellent and careful driver; lest a mishap should take us on a sudden and undesired journey to that land where, although many of our acquaintances have preceded us, we are not desirous of joining their pleasant fellowship by such a hasty and unprepared introduction.

On one occasion, a merry company of travelers who had been to Columbia, Tuolumne County, to witness some combative entertainment—whether political or pugilistic we are not going to state—and on returning to Vallecito, Calaveras Co., via Abbey’s Ferry, while descending the hill, the driver, having mumbled a little too freely, and formed a habit of setting double, mistook the side hill for the road, and the horses, coach and passengers were seriously hurried over the embankment. Two of the horses were killed.
KODIAK INDIANS WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

The above spirited illustration will show the manner in which the Kodiak and Aleutian Indians attack the whale in the North Pacific. Seated in small canoes, called by them baidarkas, which are constructed of seal-skins, and are the most perfect life-boats in the world, nothing equals the fearlessness and skill with which they sally out, often to the distance of several miles from land, when they catch the first sight of the whale blowing in the distance.

Armed with lances, they approach their victim; and when they have driven home the first weapon, he generally dives down at a furious rate; but, soon having to seek the surface for breathing, his foes await his rising, and then drive in a second or a third, until he is conquered, and afterwards floats ashore.

Being very good swimmers and divers, they sometimes provide themselves with plugs; and, awaiting their opportunity, throw themselves into the sea, and insert a plug into one of the blow-holes of the whale, and beat it in with great force and speed before the animal can help himself. He then sinks down as before, and when he again rises, the other blow-hole is served in the same manner, and the whale suffocated. It then floats ashore, and the oil, grease and flesh are used for food in preference to any other.

These Indians are not allowed to marry, before they can make and guide the canoe, and take seals and fish in sufficient quantities, to enable them to live well without the possibility of their families ever suffering through the indolence or incapacity of the husband. Duties of equal importance are also enjoined upon the wife. With all of these precautions it is with the utmost difficulty that poverty is averted.
SONG—SWEET INDIAN MAID.

BY JOHN S. BISHOP.

Oh come with me, sweet Indian maid,
My light canoe is by the shore—
We'll rule the river's tide, my love,
And thou shalt charm the dripping ore.

Methinks thy hand could guide so well
The canoes in its course;
The waves would smooth their crests to
As I have done my spirit's toils. [Note:]

How calmly will we glide, my love,
The moonlight floating on the deep,
Or, loving yet the safer shore,
Beneath the fringing willows creep.

Again like some wild duck will we skieve,
And scarcely touch the water's face,
While silver gleams our way shall mark
And circling lines of beauty trace.

And then the stars shall shine above
In harmony with those below,
And gazing up and looking down, [glose]
Give glance for glance and glose for.

And all their light shall be our own
Conquering with our souls, and sweet
As these orbs of bliss shall be
Our hearts and lips that melting meet.

At last we'll reach your silent lake,
So calm and green amidst the waves—
So peaceful, too, it does not spurn
The friendly tide its shore that laves.

We'll draw our vessel on the sand,
And seek the shadow of the trees,
Where all alone and undisturbed,
We'll talk and love as we may please.

And then thy voice shall be so soft
'Twill match the whisper of the leaves,
And then thy breast shall yield its sigh
So like the wavelet as it leaves!

And oh! that eye so dark and free,
So like a spirit in itself!
And then that hand so sweetly small
It would not shame the loveliest elf!

The world might perish all for one,
So that its lost, that little isle;
The human race might pass away,
If thou remitted with thy smile.

Then haste, mine own dear Indian maid,
My boat is waiting by the shoal;
We'll float upon the tide, my love,
And gaily reach that isle's shore.

A CHAPTER ON ALBUMS.

BY JOHN S. HUYELL.

Albums may be divided into three classes, poetical, autographic, and photographic.

The poetical album, the old fashioned school girl's album, full of stolen poetry and original doggerel, is more than old fashioned; it has become antiquated and is well nigh obsolete. It is an album not worth having; there may be a precious name here and there, but the value of the book as a whole is destroyed by the great proneness of trash. Away with it.

The autographic album, on the other hand, is gaining more and more in favor.

There are two species of this album: one is the friendly, the other the notorious. The friendly autographic album is devoted to near relatives and dear friends, whom we see almost daily in society, and to whom we devote much of our time. All these should inscribe their names in one book, so that when they may be absent, or after they have passed away, we may still have their signatures to serve as mementos or magic talismans in calling the spirits of the writers up before our minds. This is a species of witchcraft of which we can all approve.

The friendly album must be guarded strictly; not every acquaintance must be allowed to put his worthless name in it; the book as well as our friendship will be likely to possess value in proportion as we are stingy with it.
The notorious autographic album is a matter of curiosity, and is intended to contain all obtainable autographs of notorious individuals; whether notorious for good or ill, matters little. Members of congress, murderers, legislators, robbers, judges, thieves, authors, forgers, preachers, mountebanks, philosophers and actresses, all excite our curiosity and interest, and we all want to see them in person and action, if possible; if not, then in picture and autograph. Some persons would shudder at the thought of having the name of a celebrated criminal in their books, but they show a sad lack of discrimination. The criminal is as much like the rest of us, his human nature, though distorted, is of the same kind with ours: and we should look at him to see what we might have been, or what in moments of uncontrolled rage or insane fancy we may be. To such persons, however, as have weak nerves, it will be permitted to exclude from their albums such murderers, robbers, forgers and thieves, as have been caught; those who have not been caught, if otherwise notorious, will be admitted.

The third class of albums, which is of my own devising, and is now first mentioned publicly, the photographic album, includes three kinds, the family, friendly, and notorious.

The family photographic album should be devoted to your relatives. It should be a quarter, not less than eight inches square, better if it were ten. It should contain the photographs of your parents, grand-parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, &c. all obtainable of them. Of very near relatives you should have photographs representing them in different positions—full face, profile, at full length, standing and sitting, and at different ages, taking good care to have all your pretty female cousins in the bloom of youth and beauty. Love is an intensified or exaggerated affection for a person about whom our thoughts dwell with delight, and whose image always gives pleasure, the pleasure being increased and prolonged by seeing the image in different positions. In a family album a great multitude of these pictures can be collected, more than could be hung about a room with good taste.

Besides the liberties of your relatives, your family album should contain photographs of the birth-place and dwellings of your parents, grand-parents, brothers, and sisters. It should also contain a genealogical record of your family, and of all its members as far as known to you; not because your family is more noble than your neighbors, but simply because you belong to it. Here there is abundant material with which to fill an album: precious material too, unless you and your relatives are epsilontes, and are lost to the affections.

The friendly photographic album is devoted to friends, and the notorious to notorious. Pretty women may be put in either, for it is to be presumed that they belong to both classes; their beauty should make them celebrated, and the goodness which ought to accompany beauty, should entitle them to your friendship. But beauty of expression is worth more than beauty of feature, and even where there is no beauty of expression, if a person has an admirable character, his or her face must fill your mind with the thought of it. The person who deserves your friendship in society, must, whether handsome or ugly in feature, also deserve a place in your album.

In old times, when it was a serious business to have a portrait taken, involving a number of tedious "sittings" in an uncomfortable posture, and when one or two portraits were supposed to be as many as anybody could have taken without displaying great vanity, it was only in cases of extreme intimacy that a lady could give her miniature to a gentleman or he
to her; but circumstances having chang-
ed, that rule should be abandoned, and
friends of both sexes should exchange
their photographs, not quite so freely as
they would their autographs, but without
attaching any other idea to the exchange
than one of friendship. [Men—] Ladies of
my acquaintance will please to take notice
that my ‘friendly’ and ‘notorious’ pho-
tographic albums are ready for the reception
of their pictures, which they will
please send along with an indication as to
where they wish them to go.

Photographic albums need not be ex-
pen sive. Everybody has his likeness ta-
k en; and when you go to the photograph-
er, let him take a half dozen or a dou-
ten pictures. The chief expense is ins-
curred in preparing for the first one; six
pictures will cost only twice as much as
one.

Some persons, attaching a great value
to the coloring of portraits, may object,
that the class of pictures which they con-
sider the most elegant and valuable—
namely, oil paintings—cannot be kept in
an album. To this I shall reply by do-
ing the superior value of oil pictures—at
least, of such as would ordinarily be
put in competition with plain pho-
tographs. A good photograph, such as
can be obtained of the best artists in San
Francisco or New York, is, as a work of
art, and as an accurate representation of
nature, superior to any oil painting, un-
less made by a painter of very high and
unusual ability. A connoisseur can al-
ways see and appreciate the main merit
of a great picture in a good engraving of
it. Those merits, such as the expres-
sion, life, relief, general effect, and draw-
ing—which last does not consist entirely
in making the outline of the figures—are
all obtained, not by the colors, but by the
light and shade. Coloring is an orna-
ment to a picture; light and shade is its
substance. The former is desirable when
it can be obtained without injury to the
latter; but this is very rarely the case,
particularly with the class of artists who
make a business of coloring photographs.

The painter must obliterate the accurate
light and shade of the original, and he
will rarely replace them as well with
his variegated colors. These may please,
the uncultivated taste by their gaudiness,
but the connoisseur demands above all
things a correct color sense.

Wishing to give an idea of the cost of
such an album, I have made inquiries in
regard to the cost of pictures and book
The blank album will cost from $3 to $5
in this city; though none can be found ex-
actley suited, to the purpose. The book
should contain none save white paper,
and should have no engravings in it.

The photographs, to appear to the best
advantage, should be pasted in as are ordinary
leafs. Care should be taken that pho-
tographs, intended for this purpose, be
not pasted on card-board, as photographs
are usually fix them. The picture, as
first taken, is on thin paper; and this
may go into the album as an independent
leaf, or may be pasted on a leaf of the
album with flour paste—not with gum
uable, which latter would cause it to
packer up.

The cost of the pictures will depend
on the size of the paper. The ordinary
charges of the photographers of this
city, for half a dozen for paper 13 by 17 inches: $15 for 8 by 12; $10 for 6 by 8; and $6 for 4 by 6 inches: the price varying
colouring to circumstances, and decreas-
ing proportionately with the increased
number of pictures. The faces in pho-
tographs for photographic albums should be
large—two or three inches long. In
California, where money is spent like
water, if you have a likeness taken, at
all, you should have it made large, by a
good artist, and have a number of copies
made. Then keep one or two for your-
self, and distribute the remainder among
your relatives and friends, intimating
that you expect like favors in return.
You will thus soon have enough pictures
to fill an album, which will have cost
you in the end but a trifle, and will have
a permanent value. It will be less ex-
pen sive than an oil portrait, will be far
more valuable to you, because it contains
the likenesses, not of one, but of many,
and they will be correct likenesses, and
will be valuable to your children, where
as probably an oil portrait would be
thrown away.
The Miner's Song

Words by J. Owen

When labor closes with the day,
To simple fume returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning.

The mountains, air is cool and cold,
Unclouded skies bend o'er us;
Broad prospects, rich in hidden gold,
Lie temptingly before us.

No more do Midas' magic wand
Nor wizard rod divining hold.
The pickaxe, spade and brawny hand
Are sorcerers in mining.

The stars keep watch above us,
To dream of those who love us.
Then mountain night is flesh and cold,
Unclouded skies bend o'er us.

The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream,
The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream.

We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning.

When labor closes with the day,
To simple fume returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning.

The mountains, air is cool and cold,
Unclouded skies bend o'er us;
Broad prospects, rich in hidden gold,
Lie temptingly before us.

No more do Midas' magic wand
Nor wizard rod divining hold.
The pickaxe, spade and brawny hand
Are sorcerers in mining.

The stars keep watch above us,
To dream of those who love us.
Then mountain night is flesh and cold,
Unclouded skies bend o'er us.

The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream,
The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream.

The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream,
The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream.

The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream,
The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream.

The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream,
The moon, the moon, the moon above the stream.
HOW THE YOSEMITE VALLEY WAS DISCOVERED AND NAMED.

In the early settlement of Mariposa county, the inhabitants were very much annoyed by the robberies committed by the Indians. These were continued, from time to time, until the whole of the country, beginning with the success with which their excursions were attended, they came to the conclusion that the white man could not follow them to their mountain fastnesses, and that Major Savage that they intended to drive from the mining region every white man in it. Savage, seeing that they were made war and not having sufficient men and women of some of the war-disposed tribes to San Francisco, where he hoped a view of the numerous sights to be seen there, and in other cities of our State, together with a better knowledge of our numbers, would induce a change of policy, if not of feeling.

But, contrary to all expectations, soon after their return to their tribes, a grand council was called, and it was decided to drive out the whites, and take them their smiles, horses, &c. The Indians who had visited the city with Maj. Savage, gave to the council assurance that the people of San Francisco and Stockton were of a different tribe from those in the mining region of California; said that they dressed differently, wore great high hats, and that even if any did come to all the white tribe in the mountains, (the miners), they could do nothing, as most of them were such poor walkers that they had to use sleds, even on a smooth road. The Major's informer told him to fear; that he did not want to hurt him, but there were men in his tribe who would, if he remained. At that time Savage had one trading post on the Fresno and another on the Mariposa, near the plains.

Satisfying himself that an outbreak would soon be made, he came in and apprehended Maj. Burnett, Capt. Beling, and others, of what had been threatened; and preparations were being made for defense, when news came of the sack of Savage's place on the Fresno, two men killed, and one wounded; and close on this report came another, of the murder of four men at Dr. Thos. Payne's place, at the Four Creeks; one of the bodies being found skinned. The bearer of the news was one who had escaped the murderous assault of the Indians by the feetousness of his horse, but with the loss of an arm, which was amputated, soon after this event, by Dr. Leach, of the Fresno. These occurrences so, exasperated the people, that a company was once raised and dispatched to chastise the Indians.

They found and attacked a large rancheria, high up on the Fresno. During the fight, Lieut. Stein was killed; and W. H. Little severely wounded. It is not known how many Indians were killed, but the whites suffered that in that battle they did nothing to immortalize themselves as Indian fighters. Most of the party were very much dissatisfied with the result of the fight; and while some left for the settlements, others continued in search of the Indians. In a few days it was ascertained that some four or five hundred Indians had assembled on a round mountain, lying between the north branches of the San Joaquin, and that they invited attack. They were discovered late in the afternoon; but Capt. Beling and Lieut. Chandler were disposed to have a "brush" with them that evening, if for no other reason than to study their position. Their object was gained, and the Captain, with his company, was followed by the Indians on his return from reconnoitering, and engaged during the night. In the morning volunteers were called for, to attack the rancheria. Thirty-six offered, and at daylight the storming commenced with such fury as is seldom witnessed in
HOW THE YOSEMITE VALLEY WAS DISCOVERED AND NAMED. 499

Indian warfare. The rancheria was fired in several places at the same time, in accordance with a previous understanding, and as the Indians dashed from their burning wigwams, they were shot down, killed, or wounded. A panic seized many of them, and notwithstanding the fear in which their chief, "Jose," was held; at such a time his authority was powerless to compel his men to stand before the flames, and the exasperated fury of the whites. Jose was mortally wounded, and twenty-three of his men were killed upon the ground. Only one of Capt. Boling's party (a negro who fought valiantly) was touched, and he but slightly. It is not my purpose to eulogize any one, but it is right to say, that that battle checked the Indians in their career of murder and robbery, and did more to save the blood of whites, as well as Indians, than any or all other circumstances combined. In a subsequent expedition into that region after the organization of the battalion, which was in January, '51, the remains of Jose were found still burning among the coals of the funeral pyre. The Indians fled at the approach of the volunteers, not even firing a gun or waving an arrow, in defense of their once loved, but dreaded chief.

It will not, I think, be out of place in this connection, to repeat a speech delivered by Capt. Boling on the eve of the expected battle. The Captain's object was to exhort the men to do their duty. He commenced:—"Gentlemen—hem—Fellow citizens—hem—Soldiers—hem—Fellow volunteers—hem—(tremblingly)—and after a long pause, he broke out into a laugh, and said: "Boys, I will only say in conclusion, that I hope I will fight better than I speak." It was during the occurrence of the events that have been mentioned above, that the existence of an Indian stronghold was brought to light. When the Indians were told that they would all be killed, if they did not make peace, they would laugh in derision, and say that they had many places to flee to, where the whites could not follow them, and one place they had, which if the whites were to enter, they would be corralled like males or horses. After a series of perplexing delays, Maj. Savage, Capt. Boling and Capt. Dill, with two companies of the battalion, started in search of the Indians and their Gibraltar. On the south fork of the Merced, a rancheria was taken without firing a gun; the orders from the commissioners being in "no case to shed blood unnecessarily," and to the credit of our race, it was strictly obeyed throughout the campaign, except in one individual instance.

As soon as the prisoners had arrived at the rendezvous designated, near what is now called Bishop's Camp, Poo-watch-ko and Cow-chittyay, (brothers) chiefs of the tribes we had taken, despatched runners to the chief of the tribe living in the then unknown valley, with orders from Maj. Savage for him to bring in his tribe to head quarters, or to the rendezvous. Next morning the chief spoken of, Tum-ta-yo, came in alone, and stated that his people would be in during the following day, and that they now desired peace. The time passed for their arrival; after waiting another day, and no certainty of their coming manifested; early on the following morning, volunteers were called for, to storm their stronghold. The place, where the Indians were supposed to be living, was deplored in no very favorable terms, but so anxious had the men become, that more offered than were desired by Capt. Boling for the expedition. To decide who should go, the Capt. paced off one hundred yards, and told the volunteers that he wanted men fleet of foot, and with powers of endurance; and their fitness could be demonstrated by a race. By this means he selected, without offence, the men he desired. Some in their anxiety to go, ran bare-footed in the snow.
All being ready, Ten-i-e-ya took the lead as guide, very much against his inclination; and we commenced our march to the then unknown and unnamed valley. Savage said he had been there, but not by the route that we were taking. About half way to the valley, which proved about fifteen miles from the rendezvous, on the south fork, seventy-two Indians, women and children, were met coming in as promised by Ten-i-e-ya.

They gave no excuse for their delay the great depth of the snow, which in places was over eight feet deep. Ten-i-e-ya tried to convince Maj. Savage that there were no more Indians in the valley, but the whole command cried out as with one voice, "Let's go on." The Major was willing to indulge the men in their desire to learn the truth of the exaggerated reports the Indians had given of the country, and we moved on. Ten-i-e-ya was allowed to return with his people to the rendezvous, sending in his stead a young Indian as guide. Upon the arrival of the party in the valley, the young Indian manifested a great deal of uneasiness; he said it would be impossible to cross the river that night, and was not certain that it could be crossed in the morning. It was evident that he had some object in view; but the volunteers were obliged to content themselves for the night, resolved to be up and looking out for themselves early in the morning, for a crossing, or way over the rocks and through the jungle into which they had been led. Daylight appeared, and with it was found a ford. And such a ford. It furnished in copious abundance, water for more than one plunge bath, and that too to some who were serious adherents of hydrotherapy, or, judging from their appearance, had never realized any of its beauties.

In passing up the valley on the north side, it was soon very evident, that some of the wigwams had been occupied the night before; and hence the anxiety of the young Indian, lest the occupants should be surprised. The valley was cleared in all directions, but not an Indian could be found. At length, hid among the rocks, the writer discovered an old woman; so old, that when Ten-i-e-ya was interrogated in regard to her age, he with a smile, said, that "when she was a child, the mountains were hills." The old creature was provided with fire and food, and allowed to remain. It having snowed during the night, and continued to snow in the morning, the Major ordered the return of the command, lest it should be hemmed in by snow. This was in March, '51. Ten-i-e-ya and others of his tribe asserted most positively that we were the first white men ever in the valley. The writer asked Maj. Savage, "Have you not been in the valley before?" He answered, "No, never; I have been mistaken, it was in a valley below this, (since known as Cascade Valley), two and a half miles below the Yo-sem-i-te." On our return to the rendezvous where the prisoners had been assembled, we started for the commissioners' camp on the Fresno. On our way in, about a hundred more Indians gave themselves up to Capt. Bill's company. When within about fifteen miles of the Commissioners' camp, nine men only being left in charge, owing to an absolute want of provisions, the Indians fled; frightened, as it afterward appeared, by the stories told them by the Chocodillians. Only one of their number was left; he had eaten venison with such a relish at the camp fire of the whites as to instruct him for active duties; and on his awakening and finding himself alone among the whites, he thought his doom sealed. He was told that he had nothing to fear, and soon became reconciled. Upon the arrival, at the Commissioners' camp, of Capt. Boling and his nine men, Yoscheaster[,] a chief, was despatched to find, and bring in the frightened Indians. In a few days he succeeded in bringing
HOW THE YOSEMITE VALLEY WAS DISCOVERED AND NAMED.

In about a hundred; but Ten-ey-ya with his people said he would not return. After a trip to the San Joaquin, which before had been alluded to, it was resolved to make another trip to the Yosem-ite valley; there establish head quarters, and remain until we had thoroughly learned the country, and taken, or driven out, every Indian in it. On our arrival in the valley, a short distance above the prominent bluff known as El Captitan, or as the Indians call it, Toshuk-shew-wa, which signifies in their language, the Captain, five Indians were seen and heard on the opposite side of the river, taunting us. They evidently thought we could not cross, as the river was so very high, (this was in the early part of May), but they were mistaken, as six of us plunged our animals in the stream, swam across, and drove the Indians in among the rocks which obstruct the passage of animals on the north side of the valley; Capt. Boling in the mean time crossing the stream made his way into the camp, to the first object that met his gaze was the dead body of his son. Not a word did he speak, but the workings of his soul were frightfully manifested in the deep and silent gloom that overspread his countenance. For a time he was left to himself; but after a while Capt. Boling explained to him the occurrence, and expressed his regrets that it should have so happened, and ordered a change of camp, to enable the friends of the dead boy to go unmolested and remove the body. After remaining inactive a day or two, hoping that the Indians might come in, a “scout” was sent in the direction of the Tuolumne. Only one Indian was seen, and he evidently had been detailed to watch our movements. After various scouts had been made to little purpose, it was concluded to go as far up the river as possible, or as far as the Indians could be traced. The command felt more confidence in this expedition from the fact that Cow-chit-ta had arrived with a few of the tribe mentioned before as having been taken on the south fork of the Merced. They knew the country well, and although their language differed a little from that of the Yosem-ite tribe, yet by means of a
mission Indian who spoke Spanish and the various Indian tongues of this region, Ten-le-ya was told if he called in his people they were confident that we would not hurt them. Apparently he was satisfied, and promised to bring them in, and at night, when they were supposed to hover around our camp, he would call upon them to come in; but no Indians came.

While waiting here for provisions, the chief became tired of his food, said it was the season for grass and clover, and that it was tantamount for him to be in sight of such abundance, and not be permitted to taste it. It was interpreted to Capt. Boling, who, as good humorously said that he should have a ton if he desired it. Mr. Cameron (now of Tulare county) attached a rope to the old man's body, and led him out to grace! A wonderful improvement took place in his condition, and in a few days he looked like a new man. With returning health and strength came the desire for liberty, and it was manifested one evening when Mr. C. was off his guard, by his endeavor to escape. Mr. Cameron however, caught him at the water's edge as he was about to swim the river. It was then that the fury, inspired by his failure to escape, he cried: "Kill me if you like, but if you do, my voice shall be heard at night, calling upon my people to revenge me, in louder tones than you have ever made it ring." (It was the custom of Capt. B. to make him call for his people.) Soon after this occurrence, it being manifest to all that the old man had no intention of calling in his people, and the provisions arriving, we commenced our march to the head waters of the Py-wash, or branch of the Merced on which is situated (in the valley) Mirror lake, and fifteen miles above the valley lake Ten-le-ya. At a rancheria on the shore of this lake we found thirty-five Indians, whom we took prisoners. With this expedition Capt. B. took Ten-le-ya, hoping to make him useful as a guide; but if One-child-ty, who discovered the rancheria, had not been with us, we probably would have gone back without seeing an Indian. In taking this rancheria no Indians were killed, but it was a dethlow to their hopes of holding out longer against the whites, for when asked if they were willing to go, and live peaceably; the chief at the rancheria (Ten-le-ya was not allowed to speak) stretching his hand outward over the country, exclaimed: "not only willing, but anxious, for where can we go that the Americans do not follow us." It was evident that they had not expected us to follow them so retired a place; and surrounded as they were by snow, it was impossible for them to flee, and take with them their women and children. One of the children, a boy five or six years old, was discovered naked, climbing up a smooth granite slope that rises from the lake on the north side. At first he was thought to be a fool or a fisher, for it was not thought possible for any human being to climb up such a slope; the mystery was soon solved by an Indian who went out to him, coaxed him down from his perilous position, and brought him into camp. He was a bright boy, and Capt. Boling adopted him, calling him Bem, after Lieut. Reuben Chandler, who was, and is, a great favorite with the volunteers; he was sent to school at Stockton, and made rapid progress. "To give him advantages Thacks could not obtain in Mariposa county at that time, he was placed in charge of Col. Lane, Capt. Boling's brother-in-law. To illustrate the folly, as a general thing, of attempting to civilize his race, he ran away, taking with him two very valuable horses belonging to his patron.

We encamped on the shores of the lake one night. Sleep was prevented by the excessive cold, so in the gray of morning we started with our prisoners on our return to the valley. This was about the fifth of June; we had taken at this lake

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HOW THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY WAS DISCOVERED AND NAMED.

Four of Ten-ié-ya's wives, and all of his family except those who had fled to the Mono country—tho' the pass which we saw while on this expedition—and being satisfied that all had been done that could be, and not a fresh Indian sign to be seen in the country, we were ordered to the Fresno. The battalion was soon after disbanded, and nothing more was heard of the turbulent Ten-ié-ya and his band of pillager Indians (who had been allowed once more to go back to the valley upon the promise of good behavior) until the report came of their attack upon a party of whites who visited the valley in 1852, from Coarse Gold Gulch, Fresno County. Two men of the party, Rose and Sharbon, were killed, and a man named Tudor wounded.

In June, Lieut. Moore, accompanied by one of Maj. Savage's men, A. A. Gray, and some other volunteers, visited the valley with a company of United States troops, for the purpose of chastising the murderers. Five of them were found and immediately executed; the wearing apparel of the murdered men being found upon them. This may shock the sensitivities of some, but it is conceded that it was necessary inorder to put a quietus upon the murderous propensities of this lawless band, who were outcasts from the various tribes. After the murder, Ten-ié-ya, to escape the truth he knew awaited him, fled to the Mono on the eastern side of the Sierras. In the summer of 1853, they returned to the valley. As a reward for the hospitality shown them, they stole a lot of horses from the Mono, and ran them into the Yosemite. They were allowed to enjoy their plunder but a short time, before the Mono came down upon them like a whirlwind. Ten-ié-ya was surprised in his wigwam, and instead of dying the very noble death of a broken heart—as stated in the first number of this magazine—he died of a broken head, crushed by stones in the hands of an infuriated and wronged Mono chief. In this fight, all of the Yo-semi-te tribe, except eight brave men and women, were killed or taken prisoners, (the women only taken as prisoners,) and then, as a tribe, they became extinct.

It is proper to say, what I have before stated, that the Yo-semi-te Indians were a composite race, consisting of the disconnected tribes of Yosemite, and hence the difficulty in our understanding of the name, Yo-semi-te; but that name, upon the writer's suggestion, was finally adopted and applied to the valley, by vote of the volunteers who visited it. Whether it was a compromise among the Indians, as well as with us, it will now be difficult to ascertain. The name is now well established, and it is that by which the few remaining Indians below the valley call it.

One of them—in presence of Col. Ripley, U. S. A.; Mr. Forbes, P. M. S. S. Co.; Mr. Easton, Mr. Holliday, and Mr. Ayres, who first sketched the valley for this magazine—said that Yo-semi-te was the name by which they had called it. It is not denied that it is called Yo-hem-i-te, (not Yo-ham-i-te,) by the Indians living on the Fresno; but it is denied most emphatically that it is so called by any of the original Yo-semi-te tribe, or that any of them are now living on the Fresno, or have been since 1852. Having been in almost every expedition to the valley made by volunteers, and since that time assisted George H. Petersen ( Fremont's engineer,) in his surveys, the writer, at the risk of appearing misplaced, claims that he has superior advantages for obtaining correct information, more especially as in the first two expeditions, Ten-ié-ya was placed under his especial charge, and he acted as interpreter to Capt. Boling.

It is acknowledged that Ah-wah-no-bee is the old Indian name for the valley, and that Ah-wah-no-bee is the name of its
original occupants; but as this was discovered by the writer long after he had named the valley, and as it was the wish of every volunteer with whom he conferred that the name Yo-se-mi-te be retained, he said very little about it. He will only say, in conclusion, that the principal facts are now before the public, and that it is for them to decide whether they will retain the name Yo-se-mi-te, or have some other. L. H. Bunell.

We, the undersigned, having been members of the same company, and through most of the scenes depicted by Dr. Bunell, have no hesitation in saying that the article above is correct. James M. Roane, Geo. H. Chresaw.

(We have cheerfully given place to the above communication, that the public may learn how and by whom this remarkable valley was first visited and named; and although we have differed with the writer, and others, concerning the name given, as explained in several articles that have appeared at different times in the several newspapers of the day, yet, as Mr. Bunell was the first to visit the valley, we most willingly accord to him the right of giving it whatever name he pleases. At the same time, we will here enter the following reasons for giving the preference to Yo-ham-i-te, the name by which we have been accustomed to call it.

In the summer of 1855, we engaged Thomas Ayres, a well-known artist of San Francisco, (who unfortunately lost his life not long since, by the wreck of the schooner Laura Bevan,) to accompany us on a sketching tour to the Big Trees and the valley above alluded to.

When we arrived at Mariposa, we found that the existence, even, of such a valley was almost unknown among a large majority of the people residing there. We made many inquiries respecting it, and how to find our way there; but, although one referred us to another, who had been there after Indians in 1854, and he again referred us to some one else, we could not find a single person who could direct us. In this dilemma we met Capt. Boling, a gentleman referred to above, who, although desirous of assisting us, confessed that it was so long ago since he was there, that he could not give us any satisfactory directions.

"But," said he, "if I were you, I would go down to John Hunt's store, on the Fresno, and he will provide you with a couple of good Indian guides, from the very tribe that occupied that valley."

We adopted this plan, although it took us twenty-five or thirty miles out of our way; deeming such a step the most prudent under the circumstances. Up to this time we had never heard or seen any other name than Yo-se-mi-te. Mr. Hunt very kindly acceded to our request, and gave us two of the most intelligent and trustworthy Indians that he had, and the following day we set out for the valley.

Towards night on the first day, we inquired of Kossum, one of our guides, how far he thought it might possibly be to the Yo-se-mi-te Valley, when he looked at us earnestly, and said, "No, Yo-Sem-i-te; Yo-Hami-te; nod, Yo-Ham-i-te."

In this way were we corrected not less than thirty-five or forty times on our way thither, by these Indians. After our return to San Francisco, we made arrangements for publishing a large lithograph of the great falls; but, before attaching the same to the valley and falls for the public eye, we wrote to Mr. Hunt, requesting him to go to the most intelligent of those Indians, and from them ascertain the exact pronunciation of the name given to that valley. After attending to the request, he wrote us that "the correct pronunciation near Yo-Ham-i-te." And, while we most willingly acquiesce in the
THE ERL-KING.

Translated from the German of GLEITNER.

BY PROF. JOHN COCHRAN.

Who is this riding hard in the dead of the night?
When the tempest is loud, and in heaven is no light?
Tis a sire riding home with his child on his arm—
He shieldeth it well, and he keepeth it warm.

"My boy! why thy face thus in fear dost thou hide?"
"Oh, father, the Erl-King is there at our side!
I saw him, I saw him, with crown and with veil!"
"Hush! hush thee, my boy!—it was a cloud in the gale!"

And the Erl-King says—"Come thou with me away!
Come with me, sweet boy!—we together shall play:
The garlands and roses are fresh in my land;
My mother shall put a bright gift in thy hand.

"My father! my father! and dost thou not bear
That the Erl-King is whispering so close to mine ear?"

"Hush, hush, my dear boy! thou hear'st the blast
That sighs in the leaves, as it fiercely sways past!"

Again the Erl-King: "Sweet boy, come with me;
My daughters so fair thy guardians shall be!
My daughters, that slip through the woodland as light,
Shall tend thee by day and watch thee by night!"

"The daughters, my father, the daughters appear!
In wonder deep I see them quite clear?"

"Hush, hush, my dear boy! they hast no
thing to dread—
Tis a harmless willow that is waving its hand!"

Then louder the King: "Thus art fair as the warm;
If come thou wilt not, away shall I be torn!"

"My father! my father! he has me quite flat!"

The Erl-King, O father, has taken me at last!"

Then shuddered the sire. He rides, but a smile
Of horror he wears—the child meaning thou whilst
With whip and with spur, and hardly be
He reacheth his farm—the child it was dead!*

* If you ask a German which is the forest of Schulz's answer please Ec it will probably answer you, "The Erl-King!" Yet there is nothing unreasonable in this name, unless it be the singularity of the form, as the Germans call it. Why story is enough that it is that form which turns the heart with its child, which lies on her arm, the name its distinct respectfully told in the original. The story is doubtless entirely told in the original. It is impossible to give a version preserving as far as possible the singularity of the German; although we believe we have found him a very difficult task. We at least guarantee fidelity to the original. For the benefit of those unacquainted with German mythology, we may be allowed to state that the Erl-King is the king of the Nixie, who as each exercises a powerful effect on the imagination of the child.
"DOINGS" OF 51.—CHAPTER X.

IS RATHER PUBLISTIC, AND TELLS HOW A FELLOW GOT WHIPPED.

The expected rain did not come, and the majority of the boys were becoming tired of idleness and dissatisfaction. Prospecting tours were often proposed and carried out, and there were occasional periods when for several consecutive days no labour was to be seen about the house. On one occasion, when all the others were away, I, being slightly indisposed, remained at home, and for a day or two amused myself with Capt. Hall and McLaughlin, spinning sun-yarns and listening to the chattering of the ghosts.

Since my reconciliation with McLean, we had been friendly—even quite intimate. His claim was paying well, and he worked most diligently; often did he tell me of his future plans, and return to his protestations of friendship. One evening of the quiet days spoken of above, he asked me if I would be willing to work for him a few days, stating that the water came into his claim so fast that it was with great difficulty he could accomplish anything, and that he must have another hand or give it up. I replied that I never had worked in the mines for hire, and did not intend to do so long as I had any prospect of working for myself. "I would not ask you," he said, "but there is nobody about here idle but yourself, just now, and it is a matter of actual necessity that I have some one; if you will only consent for a day or so, I shall esteem it as a great personal favor, and will pay you anything you ask; even double the amount I am giving others." After some little conversation I agreed, as an accommodation, to work for him until my partners returned, and at the same rate as he was paying his other labourers. About noon of the second day following, the boys came in, and notified me to be in readiness to start the next morning with them, and prospect a little about ten miles distant. I accordingly quit my working for Mac., in order to rest and be prepared to endure the fatigue of "prospecting." We were absent four days, and then returned, with the determination to content ourselves about the garden, until we could get water to work with.

McLean said nothing to me on the score of pay for labor done, nor did I mention the thing to him; so the matter stood over for several weeks, when we settled in the following manner:

One Saturday afternoon, I, with several others, was sitting in the bar-room on Capt. Hall's chest, when McLean entered the house, followed by his men. With a nod of recognition he passed us, and proceeded to the counter, asked for the scales. Untying his purse-strings, he pronounced loudly that he was about to haggle over a settlement with everybody, and requested all to whom he was indebted to come up and receive the amount due them. One after the other, his employees walked up. I modestly retained my seat, to come up in the rear. My turn had come, and I was about to rise and go forward, when he exclaimed:

"There, I don't owe another dollar in the world." He must have forgotten me, thought I, and so ventured to remark. He looked at me for a second with well-kept surprise, and then assuming what would easily pass for scornful indifference added: "So what do you allude to?"

I was really surprised, and hesitated before replying: "You doubtless remember that I worked for you one day and a half, for which you promised to pay me at the rate of six dollars per day—the amount, in nine dollars."

"I don't owe you a cent, nor never did."
"You are jesting, Mac; you would not have me to believe you speak in earnest."

"I repent, I don't own you a cent!" was the gentle reply, as I arose from my seat in readiness to defend myself. There was nothing very wicked playing about the eyes of McLean just then, and the smile which usually lay so placidly upon his lips, trembled, as those lips grew pale. As he did not immediately react the epitaph, I added, "you are not only a liar, but you're a thief, and a coward—was there the least spark of a man about you, you'd fight." Furiously he sprang at me, and a severe contest ensued, in which for a time I had the advantage, but refused to avail myself of it; but when on the first occasion he found himself possessed of a similar advantage to that which I had twice possessed, with both hands I encompassed my throat. I felt the vice-like grasp grow tighter and tighter—my tongue was fevered, and my eyes I thought would burst from their sockets. I knew not anything more until I revived in old Hall's bunk—a rough structure in one corner of the room. Several buckets of water had been thrown over me, and I was being rubbed down in no gentle manner. "The first words I heard were those of Well, if you'll not fight, go up stairs, Armstrong, go up stairs, and whatever else you have there, and leave—we don't want from old Hughes. 'You understand, you are a liar and you are a thief, you are a little the meanest man I ever knew—come, I am waiting! Gentlemen," said he, addressing the spectators, "who is the Coward?"

Turning again to Mac., he continued, "Well, if you'll not fight, go up stairs, take your blankets, and whatever else you have there, and leave—we don't want your kind about here; and let me add, that if ever you try by word or deed to injure this poor Doings, you shall regret it to the end of your days. Go!"

Sullenly and without a word he gathered his traps, and made Sonora his home, bringing every morning his dinner with him, and returning at night. Only once afterwards did he and I speak again.

CHAPTER XI.
MORE, AND ALL OF OLD MAN HALL.

Some two weeks after the events of the preceding chapter, I was taken suddenly ill, and put to bed with a terri-
ble favor, I was very sick for several weeks, my strength entirely left me, and I lied helplessly upon my back. A physician visited me once or twice every day; from the boys I received every possible attention, my slightest wish was complied with almost before it was uttered, and by turns they sat by, watching over me day and night.

Old Hall had been growing worse and worse, at times he was himself, but often insane beyond a doubt. One night during my illness, and a dreadful night it was: the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind came in tremendous gales; I was howling 'twixt life and death; Henry sat beside me, moistening my lips and speaking words of cheer. I always did love the music of a storm, and that night I lay entranced, half conscious, half dreaming; I was weak and helpless, yet happy—suddenly above the storm I heard the voice of old Hall in stentorian tones cry out: "Call the watch! call everybody! Mr. McLaughlin, call all hands to short sail—the mast is out. By morning there won't be a stick in her. Mr. McLaughlin, why don't you hurry up the men? by—by air, here's breakers ahead; about ship—are you ready—hard a lee-lo! go on and haul—main-top-sail, head-lively, boys, lively—there now, steady your braces—and hold thy helm there, Jam her up—Mr. McLaughlin! sound the pumps—good heaven above, here's breakers all around—I must see Dobbs!" He came tumbling up the stairs, and staggered to where I lay, knelt beside me. "Poor fellow, poor fellow," he said, "but it don't make any difference." A terrible blast of wind and rain came upon the house just then. "Do you hear that?" he exclaimed, "she's struck! good bye, keep your grind, we're all going together." Clasping his hands devotedly upon his breast, he closed his eyes, and there he remained until removed by McLaughlin.

To the skill of an excellent physician and the kind and fostering care of friends, their efforts being blessed by the will of Providence, am I indebted for my recovery. Shortly after, I left the garden, my departure being somewhat hastened by the following incident.

One chilly October morning, long before day, when all nature was hushed, and even all about the house was quiet,—the night howlers having drunk themselves to sleep,—a most terrific and piercing cry awoke the slumberers—again it came, and like the Breeches so much dreaded in old Ireland, at first low and dull, then gradually increasing in volume and shrillness till its hills echoed and resounded the terrible wail. So full of anguish were those notes, that I shook as I knelt upon my blankets, and then the wall grew less distinct, and by degrees died, and died away.

"Old Hall," said one, "Coyotes," said another, and lying down they went to sleep again. So certain did I feel that those heart-rending cries came from the old man, and being desirous to learn the cause of so much bitterness, that I hastily threw on my clothes and hurried out of doors. The sky was black and threatening, it had raised sometime during the night, and the morning was so dark that I could see nothing around. As I stood uncertain which way to proceed, I caught the note of another wall, and as before it increased until the air was rent with the dreadful sounds. I stood holding to the door- latch, transfixed, while it swelled to the highest pitch, and then receded until a gust of wind bore it away. When it was gone I felt relieved, as I knew the weight had been lifted from my breast, and my breast came free once more. I felt my courage come again, and cautiously felt my way in the direction from whence I caught the first note. After groping several rods from the house, I was conscious of being near some object, and just then I saw a flash, and then another, a steady blinding light and a recognized one of the smoldest fires. Covering my eyes, he hugged me, and his chilles felt the wind bear me toward the barn. I laid my flax and went cast upon it now. But I never notice this, I am so happy. And I can feel the light of the stars so near and far. The moonlight played upon the barn, and before he ever changed this was over, he me now but never again in this."

"Oh, yes, always love fall again to "Never!"
"But why Tell me about so bad."
"He drove it him, and his reach it, came to narrow was fill at voice would his words be.
"Last night by the spring his bait now. With the red the brat
He hugged him with folded arms, and his chin lying heavily upon his breast. I laid my hand upon his shoulder, he did not notice it. I shook him gently, calling him by name; raising his head slowly, he cast upon me such a look as I never shall forget, such despair, such anguish, such terrible expression was there in that face, that I trembled as I returned the gaze—those features are before me now, and I can see them as I did then by the light of those brands and with utter darkness all around. I sat beside him, and asked the cause of so much distress; mournfully he turned his head and looked upon the fire. After a few moments silence he spoke, but his voice was so changed that I scarcely knew it. "All is over," he said, "there is nothing left but to die; the spring is lost, over again will the water flow into the basin."

"Oh yes, it will," I said, "the spring always lowers at night, the basin will be full again to-day."

"Never! never! never!"

"But why not, has anything happened? Tell me about it; I cannot believe it to be so bad."

He drew his tattered covering closer to him, and holding one of my hands beneath it, commenced in a troubled whisper to narrate the following: at times he was firm and wildly earnest, then his voice would grow deep with pathos, and his words broken with emotion.

"Last night I was in the elder grove by the spring till long after midnight. It began to rain; and feeling very cold, I made a fire here, and sat by it as I do now. With that stick lying there I stirred the brands and coals, and as the sparks flew up, I laughed to see them take all kinds of shapes and dance about. When the air was full of figures, a puff of smoke burst from the fire, and amid the sparks and smoke I saw a female form beautiful beyond description. She was robed in pure white, and her hair fell in ringlets to her waist. She arose from pure white, and her hair fell in ringlets to her waist. She arose upon her head a wreath made of young green elder sprigs; in her hand she held a wand of elder, studded with dew-drops. She waved the wand, and pointing to the hollow between the road and spring, said in a voice full of melody—rich and sweet with music—"Thy reward is there!"

The form was gone. I sprang upon the bank above me the same form I saw in the smoke, but her face was old and wrinkled, her hair disheveled. Then came a chorus of a thousand voices, shouting, "The soul genius of the garden!" and the form was gone. I sprang upon the bank, and rushed to the elders. Just as I reached them, a wail, piercing, loud and sorrowful, burst forth, and the hill caught up that mournful cry and sent it back again; then all was still.

"Twas the lament of the Water Spirit—it came, and the spring was dry."

His head dropped upon his breast, and he was silent. I did not care to disturb him; gathering some fuel, I threw it upon the dying embers, and then returned to address him; he made no reply. The fire was blazing cheerfully, and we sat within a halo of light. He must be sleeping, I thought; and bending down, I looked up into his face. An involuntary shudder came over me. Seizing a lighted brand, I held it near, and looked again. Alas! the spring was lost—the
old man's oath was to the letter kept—
the destroyer was dead!

CHAPTER XII.

On a clear sheet:
In my own mind I have no doubt that
the old man, when dying, dreamed over
the sea, in fancy saw the vision. Facts
show that he had a hole between the
docks and the hill-side, which cut off
the supply of water from the basin; and
doubtless becoming alarmed at the result
of his operations, his mind, not being
well-balanced, was turned—imagination
painted the mug upon the bank, and
made the echoes of his own wild cries
fill out the measure.

To arouse the inmates of the house oc-
cupied but a moment's time. Daylight
was just coming when we achieved the
dock of the hill-side, and the same after-
noon we buried it upon the slope of
wooded hill. Few and short were the
prayers said there; but many were the
tears that fell, heavy was the heaving of
these hearts for, although in his latter
days Capt Hall was no general favorite,
yet all knew something of his history;
and there were those who knew him in
his glay days, when upon the quarters
deck of his gallant ship he trod with
stately air, leaping defiance alike to
the ocean's wrath and angry winds.
There were also there many who knew
him when he first came to the garden,
are misfortunes piled adversities upon
him—when he was a man, one to com-
mand respect and gather about him a
host of friends. There were none there
who did not pity more than blame.

With his death came a new era to the
"Garden." McCaughlin closed his bar,
with a determination never to sell or
drink a drop of anything that would in-
toxicate, and as far as I know he was
true to his resolution. There was no
more revelry, no more midnight-howlings,
no more licentious singing, no more such hor-
rid indiscretions uttered in or about the
garden-house. All was as quiet as a
perpetual Sunday.

It would seem as though little
spring really did have a wonderful influ-
ence on the destiny of the garden and the
occupants of the house; for with it died
old Hall, and three weeks after, with the
exception of here and there a man, the
garden was deserted and the house ab-
col ou.

The week following the death of Capt.
Hall, I received from San Francisco
a letter from "Ned." I had previously
written to him of my sickness and mis-
fortunes in general. His letter, besides
expressing his sympathy, advised me to
return, and hold out yet flattering in-
structions for me to do so. Some rain
had fallen, but not in sufficient quantity
to benefit us much, and after some delib-
eration I concluded to visit San Francis-
co. I accordingly picked up my tramps,
and borrowing money to pay my expenses
down, engaged passage in a wagon which
passed our door, bound for Stockton. I
think I never heard "God bless you"
expressed with more fervor than I did
when leaving the Garden House; the
parting was with sincere sorrow, and
both sides, we had suffered together,
and together had traveled a rough and
dSZ\ny road; from them I had been the
recipient of much kindness, and with
pride do say I was the favorite in those
large hearts beating beneath rough gray
shirts. As one after the other came up,
and shaking my hand, faltered out—
"Good bye, old boy," "Take care of
yourself," "God bless you," &c., McLean
stood near by, a looker on. Just as the
last hand was shaken, he came timidly
up, and holding something out towards
me, said tremulously, "Doings, here's a
package for you.

"For me! What is it?"

"It's—it's the—the—money I owe
you for working."

I felt my
and with a
I said, "Kee
"But won't

"No! Till
ago, and can't
as to how you

With another
I jumped in
draw up his
and away we
for another
boys were sail-
ing, the last
my own, and

Some weeks
clusc one of
who told me,
and the he-

The greater
Tavern, and I
ollowed me a
month after a
bustle again,
threat to revive
once is not un-
others who have
of hypocrisy, a
holy light of to
those who like
learned, I must

REVERIES OF
by me

I am an old
book, through
years, all scenes
on memory's due
its the era of my
also seen through
and changeful;

I felt my lip curling with contempt, and with a distasteful wave of the hand I said, "Keep it!"

"But don't you take it?—it belongs to you."

"No! Tie a string around the package, and mark it; carry it in your pocket as a token to keep your memory fresh as to how you earned it."

With another "good bye" to the boys, I jumped into the wagon; the driver drew up his horse, crinkled his whip, and away we went. I turned my head for another look at the old place. The boys were still there, and hats were waving the last adieu; in return I swung my own, and thus I left the "Garden."

Some weeks after, I met in San Francisco one of those boys, and he it was who told me that the garden was deserted, and the house nailed up. I have never seen him since, nor know I anything of the others.

CONCLUSION.

The greatest merit my story hath is Truth, and I trust that those who have followed me from page to page, and month after month have taken up my sketch again, have found sufficient of interest to reward them. My own experience is not unlike that of thousands of others who have suffered by the wounds of hypocrisy, and been blessed with the holy light of true friendship; and all those who like me have suffered and learned, I most cordially give my best.

REVERIES OF AN OLD WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. MCDONALD.

I am an old woman, now, and looking back through the deserted avenues of years, all seems dreamy. Only one spot on memory's dust-covered tablets is clear; it's the one of my first great sorrow. All else seen through the gloomy mist is hazy and changeable; but that one spot is fixed and always visible. It may be that intense agony of soul endured then, blunted my feelings for all other afflictions, past or to come.

When I saw a loved companion, white, cold and rigid before me; when for the first time the eye gave no response to mine; when the pressure of the hand was unreturned, when the voice that sobbed my sob with one low, kind word, was dead on the stifled tongue; when the lips that never refused me kisses, were cold and motionless, then I realized that I was alone in the world, and then the certainty of desolation fell upon me.

It swept over my heart like a desolating swoon, where a few weeks before all was fresh, green and fragrant. Silent, lifeless, and isolated I became; I had but one intense desire—to reach the end of life. The world was a desert—a dreamy, measureless desert; no green spot, no cooling spring to rest the soul or quench the heart-thirst. I longed for death; life seemed only beyond the limits of the tomb to which I followed my companion, the first of a long train of mourners. I heard the clay rattling on the coffin-lid, and shuddered, but did not weep; I turned away heart-sick and hating the man who was covering up the form of one so dear to me. I think reason trembled on its throne, yet stood. Bitter thoughts were in my heart; I hated all the world, and trusted none. My heart grew cold and stern, but I could not betray to the world the inward storm that shook my soul, until it ceased and passed, but fell not. They wondered at my coldness; they called me unfeeling and heartless, but I was not; and oh, how keenly I felt the supreme of human agony!

It pleased me to revel in the desolate past. My dead companion was ever before me; I believed him ever present when compelled to mingle with the gay and happy; but, when alone, all shewery of a sensitive, bereaved heart came upon me.

But that was long ago, and now all is
PETER LASSEN.

Supplementary Biographical Particulars.
[From the Red Bluff Beacon.]

"Hutchings' Magazine, for February, 1859, contains a very good likeness of Peter Lassen, and a short sketch of his life. Peter being an old resident of this county, and having many acquaintances here, we deem it proper to state a few of the more prominent features of his truly eventful life.

* * *

"In 1840, Governor Michelinouma made him a grant of land known as the Lassen Grant, (now Gerke's), on Bear Creek, in this county; where, in 1844, he removed with a herd of cattle that he had earned by blacksmithing for Capt. Sutter. In 1847, Uncle Peter crossed the Plumas to Missouri, with Comanderes Stockton, and again returned (in 1850's) to this country, with several families, among whom was William Myers, the pioneer of Red Bluff, and now a farmer in this neighborhood.

"In the spring of 1850, Peter Lassen, having disposed of one half his ranch and stock to Pulser, took several issues of oxen, and went to Sacramento City to purchase provisions; and while there, conceived the idea of selling his cattle and buying a steamboat, which proved to him the most unfortunate speculation of his life. Mr. Pulser sold his interest in the concern to Gen. Wilson, and whilst Peter, with his purchase, (the little steamboat Washington,) was convulsing up the river with his Indians, other parties were taking away and selling his cattle. The steamboat project proved a failure; his cattle were all gone—the parties to whom he had sold half his ranch and stock had paid him nothing, and he had incurred a debt that nothing short of the sale of the balance of his ranch would pay. He accordingly sold, to Henry Gerke, of San Francisco, his remaining interest in the place, together with his claim against Wilson, which enabled him to pay up his debts, and remove, with a few head of cattle, to Indian Valley, in Plumas county, and afterwards to Honey Lake, where he still resides, making an occasional visit to Red Bluff for provisions, and to his old ranch, where he is allowed to help himself to whatever pleases his fancy.

"Peter is now engaged in the erection of a mill at Honey Lake, where, if Providence spares him a few years, we have no doubt he will again accumulate a handsome property.

"We have prolonged this sketch of the life of a man whose character we admire, for the reason that the account, as published in Hutchings', omits several important events connected with his life, among which are his return to the States in 1847-8, his steamboat speculation, &c."

[We take this opportunity of saying, that we shall always welcome any additional information on any interesting subject connected with California, as in a new country like ours, the best informa
tion have much to learn; and if all will assist in communicating information on subjects of general interest, they will confer a public good, while they enjoy a personal pleasure.]

THE SONG OF MY MOTHER SUNG.

He sat within a festal hall,
Where hoarded the sparkling wine—
"Tell me—what shall we sing to thee,
Thou pilgrim from the Rhine?"
Up rose that warrior as the word,
And gazed on that festive ring—
"Sing me a song of old— the song
My Mother used to sing!"

He had roamed through many a burning
O'er many a frozen shore;
And heard, on many a wild pool,
The battle thunderous roar;
But, all unchanged, within his heart,
Still holy memories sprang—
"Sing me the song I sung of old—
The song my mother sung!"
ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY E. M.

[Author of "The Revised Handbook."]

(Continued from page 487.)

She remained in an unconscious state all night, McAdams watching the return of reason with intense anxiety. It was late in the forenoon when she awoke from the stupor of unconsciousness. McAdams was bending over her, his face blanched with alarm. At sight of him, she remembered the conflict, and again closed her eyes to shut out the horrible vision.

"Elbana, open your eyes, and in mercy forgave me. I have most shamefully imposed upon you." Taking her hand in his, he pressed it to his lips, and wept his first tears since boyhood.

"Do not weep, McAdams, I forgive you, but—"

"May my tortures cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever offer you another insult." Grasping his hand in joyful delight, a flood of tears relieved her almost bursting heart, as she replied:

"God help you, in your repentence, is the prayer of Elbana.

"You have conquered me, Elbana; now I will protect your innocence with my life. Happily is Alfred Branner in possessing such devoted affection—an affection that I would give worlds to possess. Should he ever prove false to you, will you remonstrate with McAdams?"

"Do not press this subject further, I pray you; my brain is almost on fire." Kissing her hand, he turned sorrowfully away, and prepared for another day's travel. Neither had any appetite that morning for breakfast.

A long and toilsome day's journey brought them to San Pedro. McAdams' heart was still at ease, for he loved Elbana almost to madness. His hands were inclined on her father's blood, and he would have given worlds to have blotted out from his memory the fatal results of his trip to Montez Valley; but it could not be, his conscience was not as flexible as he had imagined it. His mental sufferings were pressing upon him, and impairing his health, for he awoke the next morning after his arrival in San Pedro, with a severe pain in the head—his breakfast was untouched. As Elbana entered his room to enquire if he intended traveling on, that day, he replied:

"No, I think not, to-day, as I feel quite unwell."

"Try a cup of coffee, perhaps you will feel better after it."

"No, I think not; I need rest; a quiet day or two will, perhaps, effect a cure." But no, he rapidly grew worse.

For three weeks Elbana watched by the bedside of McAdams, tending him with sisterly care. In moments of delirium he talked wildly of his unrequited love, his despair of happiness, his being lost, irretrievably lost. Thus raving, he sank into a deep sleep, and, his fever cooling, it was evident his disease had passed the fatal crisis. He was better. He awoke to consciousness, but so weak as to be unable scarcely to raise his head. Elbana put her finger on his lips, forbidding him to speak. He smiled, and again his eyes were closed in sleep.

Again he stirred. Raising his head with her hand, she gave him some nourishing soup, smoothed his pillow, and wiped his feverish brow. Her kind attentions, and the remembrance of his attacks upon her unprotected womanhood, caused him an agonizing groan.

"Are you worse, my dear friend?" kindly enquired Elbana.

"No, Elbana, but my unhappiness to you is killing me."

"Think no more of that, I beseech you. I look upon you now as a dear brother."

"It is very kind of you, my dear Elbana; it is a balm indeed to my wounded spirit."
Her unwearied attention to his every want, soon restored him to convalescence. With feelings of pleasure she saw him able to take a short morning walk, and tiring of San Pedro they made another start for Monterey; and after a pleasant journey of a few days they arrived, in good health, at this little port, but not liking Monterey, they proceeded to San Francisco. Here, in a first class hotel, they engaged rooms, when McAdams, for the first time, informed Elbana that he had ten thousand dollars of her money in his possession, and subject to her order and disposal.

"You can keep it," was her reply, "and use it, and when I need money I will call on you."

"Very well; I will never abuse your confidence. There is often but little safety in investing money in California, as business is too fluctuating.

"My knowledge of business is very limited, so that I will leave it entirely to your better judgment," replied Elbana.

The conversation was now dropped, and McAdams sat forth to see if there were any letters for him, as a steamer had arrived the day before. He found three from his mother, each of which informed him that his father was dead, and his presence was much needed at home. His mother was quite infirm. Deciding at once to obey his mother's will, he sought Elbana, to inform her of his plans, and suggested, "you could not be more pleasantly employed than to accompany me, as you have but little idea of American life; in four days the steamer leaves for New York; will you go?"

 Tears glistened in her lovely eyes as she replied, "You seem to be my only friend; yet, perhaps we had better separate."

"No, Elbana, I understand you; I can as well control my feelings in your presence as in your absence. Come, you have no excuse."

Upon consideration, she concluded that, as she was friendless and alone, no better stop could be taken. Packing her trunks, she was ready for the voyage. The steamer safely carried them to New York. Elbana was both pleased and surprised at all she saw. They stopped but a short time in the city, as McAdams was anxious to see his mother.

It was a beautiful day in April, when our travelers arrived at the venerable old homestead of Mrs. McAdams, near Charleston, Virginia. The old lady was sitting in her large rocking-chair, reading a California paper, to see if possibly she might see her son's name mentioned, when one of the servants, whose name was Rose, called out:

"Oh! missing, dare is visitors a comin."

"Who can they be, Rose?"

"Oh! missing, I don't know."

"There is the bell, go and admit them.

Rose did not recognize her, young master; the old lady rose to meet them—

"Mother, don't you know me?" cried McAdams, taking her in his arms.

"Oh! my son, my son. Thank God, my eyes again behold you; but, who is this that you have brought with you, John—is it your wife?"

"No, mother, I am not so fortunate. Miss Miramontes, let me present you to my mother."

The old lady kissed her a hearty welcome to Virginia, as she listened to her history, while McAdams went in search of the negroes, to catch the welcome given by their bright eyes and dark faces, "Massa John! Massa John!" was shouted in glad glee. Hoping to give them a merry holiday, "Massa John!" distributed the presents among them, that he had brought, as he had remembered each one individually.

"Who is dat young lady, Massa John?" asked all at once.

"A young Spanish Queen," he replied, "who comes with me to see our country."

[No further text provided.]
"De laws a mercy," they delightfully cried out, "never seed a Spanish Queen afore; she is white as you is, Massen John!"

"Yes, Rosa, and a great deal whiter. You must all be very kind to her; and Ann, you must be her waiting maid."

"Lor, Massen John, can she talk so I can tell what she says?"

"Oh, yes. Now prepare for her a nice room."

We will now leave Elbana and "Massen John," with the old lady, while we take a look at another party.

Alfred Brunier, after parting with Miramontes and Mr. Ballard, in San Francisco, took passage on the steamer for New York; having his brother's remains with him. Arriving at that city, his father and mother were plunged in the deepest of grief; tears, bitter and sad, were shed for the fate of the unfortunate son and brother.

The funeral at length was over, but everything appeared changed; instead of the happy jests and cheerful laugh, sobs and tears had taken their place. Alfred had no heart to leave his bereaved parents until their grief had somewhat subsided. Weeks wore away, and still they mourned. His father's sorrowing grief made sad havoc upon his effeminate constitution, and a visit to Saratoga Springs was recommended, but the water did not effect a cure. Now they concluded to try the efficacy of traveling through the western States, all of which interested the old gentleman very much.

A year had elapsed since they left the city of New York. Alfred remembered, continually, his promise to Elbana with painful anxiety. He had written many letters, but it was doubtful whether she ever received them. He once mentioned to his father his desire of returning to California, and it shocked the old gentleman's nerves to such a degree that Alfred dared not press the subject, while his father's health was in such a precarious condition, although the year had expired that was to see him at Montes Valley. Still, he could not leave. Time kept stealing away, month by month, until another year had almost fled. No answer to his letters was ever received. One day he was sitting in front of a favorite hotel, after the arrival of a California steamer, engaged in reading a San Francisco paper, when, to his surprise, the following dialogue took place: 'Did you come on the last steamer, Hogan?' 'Yes, and a rough old time we have had of it.' 'Why, what was the matter?' 'A perfect hurricane was blowing, ever since we left the Isthmus; and, with my lame leg, walking was out of the question, so that I sat enough to hatch forty broods of galingas.' 'Your lame leg, Hogan, how comes that?' 'Oh, when I was with Captain MacAdams we had a skirmish with a robber, a Mexican named Miramontes, (the deceitful imp), and if it had not been for the warning of a Mr. Ballard, we should all have been killed.'

The paper dropped from Alfred's hand, as he looked up and addressed the speaker; 'Will you be so kind, sir, as to relate minutely all the circumstances of your adventure, in the skirmish you have just mentioned?'

"Yes, certainly, but let's have a cocktail, boys, before I begin, as I have a dry throat."

Alfred ordered the liquors. Hogan, after drinking the glass, related all the particulars of the fight at Montes Valley, with a full account of the death of Miramontes, and their return; also of Mr. Ballard's death, and of Elbana's accompanying MacAdams; of his being in love with the Spanish beauty; with the reasons for the four hunters leaving MacAdams, to engage with Dave Simmons, and concluded by saying: 'Back we went to Montes Valley; we found the house al-
most deserted; strung up two Greasers for crow bait; made two more of the chocolate-colored asses tell us where they had driven Bruner’s cattle, and where, after arriving among them, we found over three thousand head, with his head on them; there were about as many more, and we drove them off also — wasn’t this getting cattle cheap? Well, when we reached San Francisco, Dave sold them all, offering us only our wages, saying that he was going to find Bruner and pay him for his cattle; and, likewise, that the other cattle belonged to the Spanish gal, the robber’s daughter. But we missed a particular rampus, and he gave us our wages and fifty head of cattle each.

“Do you know what became of the robber’s daughter?”

“No, not exactly; but I think that devil, McAdams, has her for his mistress.”

Alfred called for another drink, as he enquired, “Where is McAdams, now?”

“Oh, at home, in Virginia.”

“Are you sure, Mr. Hogan, that the young lady accompanied McAdams to Virginia?”

“Yes; I found out at San Francisco that they left on the same steamer, and I don’t know what else could take her there.”

Hogun thrust a knife into Alfred’s heart; he could not have produced a more severe pain; the cold sweat stood in large drops on his noble and intellectual forehead.

“What’s the matter, stranger?” Hogan exclaimed, as he saw the emotion of Alfred.

“Nothing, much. I am Alfred Bruner; it was my brother that was killed, and my cattle that were stampeded.”

“Can it be possible? Give us your hand, old fellow; you go immediately and make that Dave Simmons pay you for your cattle.”

“Where is he, Mr. Hogan?”

“Neither, but I have the list for the one from whom we bought our cattle. Dave asks habeus corpus, and I am going to Washington.”

“A fine business, Mr. Hogan; you must have some more money.”

“Mr. Simmons,” said Alfred, “when you find McAdams, ascertain whether or not Elbana is living with him in disgrace; inform me of her exact position with him, and you will confer a favor on me that I shall ever remember with gratitude.”

Simmons looked astonished. “I will most willingly grant the favor that you have asked, but I have no idea where Mr. Simmons lives.”

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“Yes; I found out at San Francisco that they left on the same steamer, and I don’t know what else could take her there.”

Hogun thrust a knife into Alfred’s heart; he could not have produced a more severe pain; the cold sweat stood in large drops on his noble and intellectual forehead.

“What’s the matter, stranger?” Hogan exclaimed, as he saw the emotion of Alfred.

“Nothing, much. I am Alfred Bruner; it was my brother that was killed, and my cattle that were stampeded.”

“Can it be possible? Give us your hand, old fellow; you go immediately and make that Dave Simmons pay you for your cattle.”

“Where is he, Mr. Hogan?”

“At the Astor House. God bless you, if you will go with me, Mr. Bruner, I’ll introduce him to you.”

“Come, then,” said Alfred; and they jumped into a cab and drove to the Astor House. There sat Simmons, carelessly smoking his Havana.

“Here yes, Hogan?” he good-naturedly enquired.

“‘Yes, and let me introduce you to Mr. Alfred Bruner.”

“Mr. Bruner! it gives me great pleasure, indeed, to find you so soon, and honest Dave immediately adored to the Astor House, offering Mr. Bruner the sum total of what he had received for the whole drove; but Alfred handed the noble Simmons back one half of the entire proceeds.

“No, Bruner, this is too much; I cannot conscientiously take all this.”

“It is your just due, my dear sir; say no more about it. And here, Hogan, are a few seeds for your trouble,” and a purse well filled with the yellow metal was handed to him.

“Where did you say McAdams lives, Hogan?”

“One day near Charleston, Virginia.”

Wishing them good afternoon, Alfred was about to leave, when Dave Simmons called out to him: “I am going to visit McAdams, to see if I can find out where that Spanish girl is, as I have money of her, and she may need it; shall I remember you to her?”

“When are you going?”

“I think of starting in the morning, on the 10 o’clock train, for Washington.”

“Mr. Simmons,” said Alfred, “when you find McAdams, ascertain whether or not Elbana is living with him in disgrace; inform me of her exact position with him, and you will confer a favor on me that I shall ever remember with gratitude.”

Simmons looked astonished. “I will most willingly grant the favor that you have asked, but I have no idea where Mr. Simmons lives.”
THE FALLS OF THE YO-HAMITE.

Night! night upon the hills!  
Darkness upon the shore!  
The mountain winds went moaning by—  
The traveller laid him down to die.  
By the torrent's thundering roar!  

"Must I perish here alone?  
Without one pitying eye?  
While near me the torrent hurls its foam,  
And the red wolf howls from its mountain  
And the moaning winds go by!"  

Must I perish here alone,  
With none to hear or see?—  
Even now for me my children wait,  
And my wife looks out at the cottage gate,  
At evenside for me.  

Oh! for one cry, to rise  
O'er torrent roar and blast!  
One prayer, to pierce the midnight sky,  
Up to the ear of God on high,  
My mightiess, and my last!"  

Darkness had left the hills;  
The red wolf sought his lair;  
And the mountain stream went sounding  
But it only flashed on the sinken eye  
Of a silent sleeper there.  

G. T. S.

THE FALLS OF THE YO-HAMITE.—GEORGE SOMERVILLE. 517

GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

BY CECELIA G. HOWE.

CHAPTER I.

I saw her and I loved her;  
I sought her and I won;  
A dower pleasing summer,  
And more, since then have run  
And half as many voices,  
Now yelling by her side,  
Remind us of a season  
When she became my bride.

Twelve years ago last fall, when the autumn wind was sweeping the earth with red and yellow leaves, and decay was writing its annual mandate upon the vegetable kingdom, there was a wedding in an old, dilapidated house, on one of the back streets of St. Louis.  As with many other weddings, the great pulse of creation throbbed on, as ever, and the great world outside sneered and laughed, as usual, as though they knew nothing, and cared less, for the conubial felicity of George Somerville and Ida Parsons.  Their love, and their domestic paradise, was only such as hundreds have felt and enjoyed before; so there was nothing very singular in the whole affair.

Young Somerville was captain, and part owner, of the Highland Mary, which made her regular trips between Louisville and St. Louis—which city, every Missourian in chivalry may be justly proud of.  Before Ida Parsons could remember, her father, who boasted of belonging to an aristocratic English family, had paid the last debt of nature, and from that sad event forward, all the money the widowed mother could save, by doing odd jobs of sewing, and by taking bounders by the week, was grudgingly given to educate her only child, who, by a near relative's request, was taken to Louisville; where a goodly share of fastidious airs, and boarding-school attractions, were indiscriminately lavished upon a poor girl who had nothing in the
wide world to recommend her but an easy, winning manner, an amiable disposition, and a handsome face.

George Somerville saw her passing and repassing, from time to time, on the boat during vacation weeks, and very naturally fell in love—desperately in love—with the blue eyes and golden curls which belonged to the beautiful Ida. Being very unwise, she had never once thought of a marriage alliance with any one out of her own sphere. And when George—the noble, self-sacrificing George—asked her tenderly, and frankly, to be Mrs. George Somerville, like a sensible girl she consented, without any ifs or buts; and who could blame her for doing so, as she could see by the heartstone, and help to bear the joys and sorrows of a great heart that loved her.

Ida Parsons resembled her father in features, which long ago, had been considered the beau ideal of a vigorous and sprightly manhood; and one would have thought her a nymph—a woodland nymph—beside her mother, Maggie Parsons, who was built after the Maggie Merrilles pattern, a long, gaunt, bony, masculine specimen of womanhood. She always wore her faded hair short, creased, and uncombed as it was, under a black cap. Her selfish heart corresponded exactly, with her rough and unfailing exterior. The "almighty dollar" that Washington Irving talked so much about, was the only friend she loved in this world, and which grew brighter and larger as she descended the plane of life. The praises of her affection were laid upon the altar of Mammon; and the god of riches never had a more zealous devotee than old Maggie Parsons. Her yellowish gray eyes lost some of their cat-like expression, and beamed more softly upon her child than any other living object; and her naturally harsh, shrill voice, softened down to a rich mellow cadence as she said, "Ida, darling," and no one could quiet old Maggie, in her passionate fits, like her, "ain't born."

But who could wonder at Ida's ascendency over her parents, when they saw her purity and loveliness? How could vice and SIN thrive amid so much that was lovely and pure? I remember, Ida as I saw her in 1846, not as I know her now. She was slightly below the medium height, and as plump as an apple; the wavy tresses of her rich golden hair, partly covered a sweetly fascinating face, as beautiful as a Helen or a Galatea; her eyes, half hidden by her glistening curls, were the rich color of a light double larkspur, or the bright blue vault of heaven. There was a passive languishment in the drooping Ida that made you love Ida Parsons in spite of yourself. Her cheeks were the rich tinge of a ripened peach, which rounded gradually, till they met with a fascinating dimple at the chin; and this was double—which nearly all good natured people have. A placid smile just parted two twin lips, as red as the blush of innocence, and when she walked two small feet were seen peeping from beneath the ample flos of her dress, and her chubby yet tapering hands looked white and fat, while Maggie's arms looked thin and emaciated, and red at the elbow; and Maggie's face wore the hue of a rusty coated apple, with deep lines of care and anxiety drawn about her mouth and forehead. Though there existed no similarity of appearance or taste between them, yet, like a sweet girl, Ida loved her mother; while others turned away from her with aversion. I have thus sketched Ida's portrait and described all but her voice—which was as soft and as sweet as a bird's song; its music, as in days ago, yet lingering in the oratories of my soul like an angel's vesper from paradise.

When George Somerville married Ida, he removed his sweet wife and his mother to a more respectable and commodious dwelling than the old one, and where Ida planted flowers, sunlight, and rose.
planted flowers, which the gladness-giving sunlight matured into little buds of promise.  

The eglantine twined itself round about the doorway, and ran riot over the white casements of their snug little parlor.

Every body thought the Somervilles well to do in the world, and happy, and as sweet oratorios as they were; but a change came in their affairs, and George Somerville, in one night, when the Mississippi was swelling its banks with its spring floods, and carrying every impediment before it, lost all his hard earnings.  The Highland Mary, freighted with a cargo of human lives and rich merchandise, struck a snag which lay like a water demon beneath the surface of the hurrying current, and the little craft went down before proper assistance arrived, and all was lost save the passengers, who floated where upon fragments of the ill-fated vessel.

George bore these losses like a man with iron nerves, and in the spring of 1850 he suggested to Ida the idea of going to California, where, by industry and rigid economy they might repair their shattered fortunes; and with the spirit of adventure urging him forward, he wished to see that spot which was alike attracting the wonder of the old and new world.

Ida Somerville rejoiced at the prospect, as she considered it the right kind of a place in which to drive a good bargain; besides sewing and board were lucrative pastimes, and just in her line of business, and as she was very strong in her imagination, as well as her body, she eagerly clutched large bags filled with the glittering dust.  Golden visions filled her dreams by day and by night; so, accordingly, Ida Somerville and her two little girls, with indispensable Maggie, turned their faces toward California, the Mecca of their future hopes.

CHAPTER XII.

Gold! gold! in all eyes the curse of mankind,
Why fetters are forged for the soul and the mind.
The links may be few as the wings of a bird,
gloomy rovorie, when, Ilda glided like a sprite into the room, and wound her dimpled arms about his neck; her golden ringlets falling over his face and shoulders, while her warm red lips met his, and she rallied him lovingly, about "the blues;" and administered a smart slap on his shoulder, as she said, in rich, gay tone of voice:

"George! what on earth are you sitting here dreaming about in this hubbub! Why these little witches have turned the room upside down, and are making as much noise as though they were the chief mourners at a Digger’s funeral."

Catching Kate, the eldest, she playfully threw her upon the bed, and then held little Nina’s hands while she nearly smothered her with kisses; Nina struggled to get away. Ilda in the exuberance of her joy, clasped her two dainty hands and laughed such a young, girlish laugh, that George thought her again his beautiful Ilda in the cabin of the "Highland Mary" instead of the Ilda in the cloth house by the way-side, and the mother of his two romping girls. He half regretted that he had made up his mind to be a gold hunter; yet, on the morrow, he must start for the mines; and how to trust himself to break the truth to them he knew not; but the sacrifice must be made; Ilda and her fragile babe must never tell; he loved them too well; he had rather his hands were bare than to see Ilda sold by helping old Maggie cook for a dozen boarders; who by this time had taken lodging in the cloth pavilion. He bent his eyessearchingly upon Ilda; he had never seen her look so beautiful before, and how constant and loving she had always been; not a cross word or look had ever passed between them; she had been his only adviser; and how pure and innocent the dear little group looked to him, now nearer than ever when about to part; and what if Ilda, when he became a miner, should forget him, and with her girlish beauty love somebody else? Not! what a preposterous and unworthy idea; he was wronging himself and his idol by a thought so sacrilegious.

"Kate," said George, "to care for his little darlings, shall papa go and be a miner and bring back gold for mamma and little Kate and Nina? Nina can have dolls, and picture books, and she will not cry as she sometimes does now, because papa is poor and cannot buy the little fancy candy, plenty of dolls, and nuts, and raisins." Ilda looked up and saw the nearly features of her husband. Nina clung to him, and said, "oh! papa, dear mamma would cry; nobody would love her when you were gone away; and who would tell her pretty stories after she had gone to bed." He then soothingly told Ilda that he intended to start early in the morning for Downsville, and that he had already engaged a pack train to carry his blanket; she must try to reconcile herself for awhile to the separation, as it was necessary; and this was the first and last separation they should ever know. Ilda

... could take a mother’s full cry in the face down here, as she did above. Then, they where they again, and... Ilda was lief, though misgivings of leaving community sleep upon... The next were said, a...
Our Social Chair.

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could take care of the girls and help her mother 'til she sent her down some money in the fall; then by and by he would come down with several thousand dollars, as the diggings were rich up north, where they could all live comfortably again, and be happy.

Ilda was finally reasoned into his belief, though that night she had strange misgivings with regard to the propriety of leaving her unprotected in such a community as that, and wept herself to sleep upon his bosom.

The next morning, the sad good-byes were said, and farewell kisses given. Nina and Kate were yet sleeping, and George wondered, as he fondly gazed upon them, if he should know the little gipsy when he returned; they would grow so fast. With the promise of sending down his earnings, George was watched out of sight, through burning tours, by Ilda, who was then tasting the dregs of every bitter her heart had ever known. O! George Somerville, better had you remained at home and protected your little household from temptation, and still have been poor, than listened to the golden sirens that lured thee to the mountains to await thy doom.

[Concluded next month.]

Our Social Chair.

The Home and Social circle with their sacred and jovial greetings and happy thought-exchanges are the great civilizers of the world. Their absence in California have been her most potent bane;—their introduction in later years, her most glorious antidote. Gold has been gathered in fortune-making bongs, and scattered in vice-producing wantones; owing to the absence of these. Heart-burnings and strugglings, tollings and achantings for the precious metals have been unrewarded when the goal of happiness, for which they have been born, has not been reached by their hopeful possession.

Good manners teach us that all business subjects should be carefully excluded from the social circle; and love for its elevating and cheery relief from business cares should make us most cordially to endorse the sentiment.

When we enter a circle, it is well for us to remember that we have to contribute our share to the social repast. To go to be amused without seeking to return the favor, smacks of selfish thoughtlessness. Let us give as well as receive, remember-
ments and sign a certificate, and who, by administering restoratives, had managed to keep her alive.

Of course the coffin was carried away again; and the next day disposed of to another party, and one more prepared for the lady. A call at the house in the evening showed us that she was still alive; and the second coffin was again disposed of, and another one prepared, which also met the same fate. For six days, successively, we prepared each day a coffin for the old lady, and each time to find that she was not yet dead; and the article sold to some other customer.

The seventh day, however, and which in this case, was the Sabbath, the gentleman came in again, and told us that during the night she had finally died, at the same time requesting us to have another coffin made, and a plate engraved, with her name, age, date of death, &c., upon it. This was accordingly done, and the certificate filled out, with the exception of the Doctor's name, which was then unknown to us.

Late that afternoon I saw the Doctor, and requested him to sign his name to the certificate. Imagine my surprise when he told me that he had just come from the house and had left her still alive. There was the coffin, with a fine silver plate upon it, stating she had died that day, &c., and there was the Doctor who persisted in declaring that she was not yet dead; and moreover, that he was going again that afternoon to see her, and had strong hopes (not of saving her life exactly, as that was impossible) of deferring her death for some days yet.

I now saw that prompt measures must be at once taken, and immediately invited the worthy "M.D." to dinner; and where over roast turkey and its accomplishments, aided a little by some genuine Oatmeal, the visit was forgotten, and at a few minutes to twelve that night,—barely in time to save the coffin plate,—she finally expired.

This is a true tale; but, lest you should feel in any way shocked, at what might seem a lack of consideration on our part, I will explain that at no time could any but a doctor tell that there was yet life in the body.

At another time a Chinaman came in, telling us that a "John" had "died," and wished a coffin immediately. A couple of men accordingly took one to the house, and on entering the room where the de-funct John was (in this case) lying, prepared to place him in his last abode. They had scarcely touched him when, with a "ugh-hi-wah," John jumped up, of course to the astonishment of the men, and utter consternation of the Johns. Of course the coffin was carried away again, and a gentle admonition given to John to make sure of the fact the next time; but they had scarcely returned to the office, when down came a message from them that "Chinaman keep dead this time," which proved to be the case.

In my next I will give you the particulars of the apparently dead coming to life again; together with the only infallible rule to ascertain if life yet exists in the body.

A. P. C.

One of the coolest items for a warm subject that we have lately seen; and which is altogether too good to be lost, is from the San Jose Tribune, and is well worthy a place in this or any other Chair.

By Moses Clampitt, an eccentric preacher of the Methodist church, south, was preaching in Santa Clara valley; a young man rose to go out, and the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The singer stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would!" went on.

"Born within and without the halls of legislation in this State, our readers are aware, there has been a large amount of agitation, during the past months, for and against a Ballot box or secret ballot for the city of San Francisco; also, that several heavy storms have, at different periods during the past winter, half-submerged districts that for eight months out of twelve are perfectly dry. Among the latter must be includ-
The Placerville Observer thus amusingly discourses on the same theme:

"We've Strauss r.—After a vast deal of serious reflection upon the Bulkhead question, we have at length hit upon a plan which cannot fail to meet with general approval. Our plan is simply this: Let the Legislature send down a committee with instructions to inquire into the practicability of building a sea-wall across the Golden Gate, or entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. Let the wall be built upon the mouse-trap principle, so that everything may float in, and nothing escape out again. The benefits which will accrue from such an enterprise will be of inestimable value not only to San Francisco, but to the State at large. In the first place, the wall will dam the waters of the Bay, and therefore the soundings around the wharves; in the next place, it will materially affect the price of water-lots, and secure the city front in its present picturesque condition; and, above all, it will keep millions of dollars and thousands of people from leaving the State, and of course this will make us all rich in a very short time. Then down the Golden Gate.

We shall not now discuss the question, interesting as it might prove, whether woman or whisky is the most potent and intoxicating; certain it is that both have their influences on peculiar natures—especially the latter many—and here elected many men to office in this State, as in many others. The Trinity Journal, after giving the result of a recent election of city officers in Marysville, thus good-humoredly accounts for the success of the presiding magistrate:

"We believe that a couple of pretty daughters elected Mayor Singer over one of the best of Marysville men.

Another question might naturally arise from this (and we throw out these hints for the benefit of Lyncuma) whether the latter or the former is the most desirable of the two "evils."

The following from the Placerville Observer tells its own story:

Nearby is a year ago, T. Hodge, of Coon Hollow, buried a junk bottle containing 55 ounces of gold dust. Subsequently he went to the place for the purpose of ex-
Department of Hutchings' California Magazine.

During the past month but little change has taken place in this department that is worthy of mention. Antiquated pieces, worn perfectly thread-bare by perpetual use, have been performed to thin houses. Theatrical managers must either be destitute of professional invention, or lamentably deficient in their appreciation of public taste, or they would be better up to their parts and present some new pieces that would be worthy of the liberal patronage of the public.

Mrs. Wood closed the American—the best theater in the State—on the 9th, owing to some misunderstanding with Mr. Collins, the director of Irish character.

Maguire's Opera House was closed for a time on the 31st ult. with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Baker, Mr. Stark, Mrs. Juliah, and the usual stock company; which, with three or four exceptions, is one of the poorest in the State, and requires careful printing by the manager.

Several new plays are on the topic, among which is "Our American Cousin," concerning these we shall have something to say in our next.

The Skitagon.

This "Pattern Bonnets," minutely described in our last number, are happily to be seen in the vicinity of the manager. They are a good mark for being one month in advance of any other publisher of fashions in the Pacific Coast. Indeed, the New York Magazines—especially Harper's, and the Ladies' American—tell us nothing new, or that we did not tell you a month ago.

The most becoming style of wearing the hair with the new-squared bonnet is curled, or braided on the temples. The Bloomer hat will be as popular as ever for the watering-places.

Red Dresses.

No article of the toilet is so "fancy free" as head-dresses; only wear something to let it be flatteries, flowers, or ribbons, or all three combined. No dress is complete without one, for morning or evening.

One dress material.

See the fashionable black "tafta silk," 60 inches wide, at $7 and $10 per yard. Four to five yards is sufficient for a dress. Stewart charges the same as first-class houses in this State.

In our next, we will speak of mantles, and children's toilet, both boys and girls. Any information that may be omitted here, on the subject of fashions, owing to necessary brevity, will be furnished to country subscribers, by addressing "Fashion Department," care of Hutchings' California Magazine, San Francisco.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

There is reported to be $318,000 of uncalled for deposits in the San Francisco Bank Mint, that have been accumulating since 1854.

During the few last days of March the rivers of the State were higher than at any previous time since 1852 and 53.

An American Journal has been started at North San Juan, under the title of the Arizona.

A new post office was established at San Antonio, Monterey county.

A large number of workmen have been discharged at the Government works, Mare Island, owing to the failure of Congress to make appropriations.

The ladies of Pine Grove, a mining village in Sierra county, gave a donation party in favor of the Mount Vernon Fund, when $230 were realized, and forwarded in favor of the Mount Vernon Fund.

The State Legislature adjourned from the 26th to the 29th of March for the purpose of visiting and examining Oakland with reference to the removal of the Capital from Sacramento to that city.

The White Sulphur Springs Hotel, Napa county, from Sacramento to that city.

The largest and most successful school exhibition ever given in Napa county, was destroyed by fire March 21st.

The Stato Legislature adjourned from the 26th to the 29th of March for the purpose of visiting and examining Oakland with reference to the removal of the Capital from Sacramento to that city.

The White Sulphur Springs Hotel, Napa county, destroyed by fire March 31st.

Several of the principal business men of North San Juan entered into an arrangement for closing their stores on Sunday, on and after the 17th ult.

The Napa and Vallejo Telegraph was commenced its eighth year on the 8th ult.

A new vein of excellent coal has been discovered in Amador county, which is considered inexhaustible.

A semi-weekly paper entitled "The Napa City Sun" made its first appearance in that city on the 1st.

An exhibition of blooded horses took place at Petaluma on the 2nd.

Seven persons were killed and a number wounded on the 3d ult. by the explosion of the boiler of the Contra Costa ferry boat, while running between San Francisco and Oakland.

The steamship Golden Age sailed on the 4th with 803 passengers and $3,881,740,62 in treasure. Also, the Uncle Sam with 775 passengers, but little or no treasure.

The rates of passage to the East on the 5th; by the Golden Age were cabin, $175; Second Cabin, $100; steerage, $50. By the Uncle Sam, upper saloon, $100; lower saloon, $175; second Cabin, $100; steerage, $50.

The peach crop has been severely damaged by the frost in several districts of the State.

Some laborers who were engaged in repairing the road near Turner's Saw Mill, Nevada county, says the Journal, struck the surface that paid fifty cents to the pan.

The stage running between Ysallia and Iramont, while crossing Mariposa creek at McDermott's was overturned in the middle of the stream, during the freshet, when the stage was broken to pieces, the mail and express bags lost, and two horses drowned; but the passengers were saved.

A new stage line has been started across the straits of Carquinez, between Martinez and Benicia, on the 8th.

Several of the principal business men of North San Juan entered into an arrangement for closing their stores on Sunday, on and after the 17th ult.

The Napa and Vallejo Telegraph was completed, and is in good working order.

Seventy thousand dollars (less than the product of a couple of weeks in a single county) was brought down by the Broth-er Jonathan from Fraser river—the savings of the whole fall and winter.

The California Christian Advocate commenced its eighth year on the 8th ult.

A new vein of excellent coal has been discovered in Amador county, which is considered inexhaustible.

The first number of the San Mateo Ga-zette, Wm. Godfrey, editor and proprietor, made its appearance at Red Wood City on the 8th.

The corner stone of a new M. E. church, on 9th street, Sacramento city, was laid on the 12th.

The British propeller, "Fow'ard" from Liverpool, after putting in at Vigo, Montevideo, Telineham, Lota and Valparaiso, arrived at San Francisco in 140 days.
The Senate Session of the State Legislature closed at 12 o'clock, on the 15th ult.

Mrs. L. Lovejoy arrived in San Francisco by the Overland stage from St. Louis on her way to her husband in Yreka, and was the first female passenger.

The Hibernian Savings and Loan Society was formed and organized in San Francisco.

A tri-weekly line of Concord coaches has been established between Red Bluffs and Yreka, to go through in two days.

Editor's Table.

However reluctantly an unexpected and religiously charitable nature may be disposed to admit the fact, it must nevertheless be patent before all, that a system of blind religious fanaticism is secretly seeking to reestablish in Utah the esopinons and methods of the French, Italians and Spanish Inquisition. The so-called Church of Latter Day Saints has, in the nineteenth century, revived and reanimated the bloody scenes of the Church of Rome from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries; and the篡urers of Naranjong and of Saint Joseph were paralleled at Springville and the Mountain Meadows. God help us.

The soul sickens with indignation and disgust, as the eye roves over the sad catalogue of victims unnumbered by Judge Cradlebaugh, of the U. S. 2d Judicial District of Utah Territory, in his charge to the Grand Jury of Provo City, on the 8th of March last.

In a matter of so much importance, and from which so great an issue must result, we feel our duty to place some portions of the charge before our readers:

I say to you, gentlemen of the Grand Jury, that from what I learn it has been some time since a court has been held in your district, by a judicial tribunal having cognizance of criminal matters. No person has been brought to punishment for crimes committed, for more than two years. From what the Court learns, crime after crime has been committed.

The Legislature has not given them aid that is desired to enable the courts to do their duty; neither have they provided means to carry on the courts, but, on the contrary, have so legislated as to embarrass and prevent the courts from bringing public offenders to justice. There is no legislative enactment to authorize a justice of the peace, or other committing magistrate, either to commit a prisoner, or to recognize him to appear before this court. Legislation seems to be skillfully drawn, so as to prevent the District Courts from discharging their duties; but, as though it had been insufficient to accomplish that object, we find the late Executive of the Territory joining in the crusade against the Courts, and denouncing the judges, jurors and members of the bar in the wildest terms; that, too, while the Governor was the sworn executive officer of the Territory sworn to take care that the laws should be faithfully executed. I learn these facts from a sermon of his, published in the Deseret News, the church organ.

I said to you, in the outset, that the commission of a great number of crimes in this district had come to my knowledge. I shall call your attention to a few of them. The perpetrators of these crimes have not been prosecuted. The reason why, I cannot tell. It strikes me, however, that certain outside influences have prevented their prosecution. If you do your duty, you will not neglect to inquire into these matters—nor will you allow the offenders to go unpunished.

I may mention to you the massacre at the Mountain Meadows. In that massacre a whole train was cut off, except a few children who were too young to give evidence in Court. It has been said that this offence was committed by the Indians. In committing such an outrage, Indians would not be so discriminative as to save only such children as would be unable to give testimony of the transaction in a court of justice. In a general assembly, if they were to be saved by Indians, they would have been most likely those persons who would give less trouble than infants. But the fact is, there were others there engaged; in that horrible crime.

A large, organized body of white persons is to be seen leaving Cedar City into the evening, all armed, traveling in wagons and on horseback, under the guise and direction that they form. They consist of all others of the same name; they are led bands from two bands are made to them in regard to their direction. In two or three hours, turning from them an immense crowd of men, as the spall of Out of a train persons, fences to the direction.

In passing white people, I might notice white people, that I was the Chief, not so amenable to be as others. The Indian, in his vision of the scene, that he did not divide the roles.

I will also mention here, at Potser and the side. Potser, a condition of me, for Coln to leave in the evening. The south was Parishes (the most brutal) and of seventeen is with his escape, in his uncle's testimony of persons who are the mission of this tell you what his uncle. The 14th M. Village, of a there are three persons, one human and whip of us.

At the same time, the Henry Ford from California was also under the direct
and direction of the prominent men of that place. The object of their mission is a secret to all but those engaged in it. To all others the movement is shrouded in mystery. They are met by another organized band from the town of Harm son. The two bands are consolidated. Speedier are made to them by their desperate leaders in regard to their mission. They proceed in the direction of the Mountain Meadows. It is moved several times but they may be seen returning from that direction, bearing with them an immense amount of property, consisting of mules, horses, cattle and baggage at the spoils of their nefarious expedition. Out of a total of one hundred and forty persons, fifteen infants alone remain, who are too young to tell the sad story. That Indians were engaged in it, there is no doubt; but they were invited to engage, in it by white men, worse than demons. I might give you the names of the leading white persons engaged, but produce dictates that I should not. It is said that the Chief Kaosh was there. If so, he is amenable to law, and liable to be punished. The Indians complain that in the division of the spoils they did not get their share—that their white brothers in crime did not divide equally with them, but gave them the refuse.

I will also call your attention to a case near here, at Sprin gville—the murders of Potter and the Parrishes. The Parrishes and Potter, not being satisfied with the condition of affairs there, are about to leave for California. Not desiring it safe to leave in the day-time, they start out in the evening. Within a short distance of the south gate of the city wall, two of the Parrishes (father and son), and Potter, are most brutally murdered. Owen Parrish, a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age, is with them at the time. Owen makes his escape, and succeeds in getting back to his uncle’s house in the village. By his testimony you will learn the names of the persons who were identified in the commission of the atrocity. He will be able to tell you who followed him to the house of his uncle. These murders took place on the 14th March, 1857. Springville is a village of a few hundred inhabitants. Here are three persons butchered in the most inhuman manner, and the criminals go unpunished by justice.

At the same place, about a year ago, Henry Forbes, a young man who came in from California on his way to the mines, was murdered. He arrived there after the difficulties arose between this community and the General Government. While there he made his home at Partial Town, and had been there but a week or two, when his horse and revolver were stolen. Of course there was done by the Indians! The affair afterwards made his escape, tried to get over the mountains to Bridger, was caught, brought back, and murdered; and that is the last of Henry Forbes. No investigation was made, and the body has been re- movea several times since it was first interred, so that its whereabouts probably cannot now be discovered. Shortly after the Forbes murder, Terry leaves for his other, which the Indians had stolen) for sheep. Forbes is said to have left a wife and two children in the State of Illinois. They may even yet know nothing of his fate.

Henry Jones was also murdered at Pond Town, about a year ago. He was castrated up at Salt Lake City. Having recovered from the effect of it, and gone to Payson, he is there not upon, closed to Pond Town, about three miles distant, and there shot. It is reported that he had committed some sin which is looked upon in the church as unpardonable. His mother was also murdered for some cause. Jones was taken back to Payson, pitched into the house, called a drunk-out, in which they had lived, by the side of the murdered body of his mother; and the house pulled down over them for a common tomb, in which both were buried without coffin or shroud.

There is another matter to which I wish to call your attention. A few days before the murder of the Parrishes and Potter, Parrish’s stable was broken into in the night, and his carriage and horses taken out. Two of these horses have never been returned. Lysander Gee, of Tooele City, has these horses. He says that they were brought to him, placed in his possession, and he was directed not to part with them but to keep them at all hazards. Now, does it not look strange that a person should go to Parrish’s stable, break it open, rob Mr. Parrish of his horses, take them to Lysander Gee, and tell him to keep them? Does it look reasonable? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that Lysander Gee was himself engaged in committing this outrage?

Here is a case of public notoriety, where the private property of a family is taken; the party taking it with the sanction of the community, and brazenly and boastingly carrying it with him through the Territory. I say, bring that man up; compel him to restore those horses; give back the reporter to the good work of justice.
property to the widow of the murdered man. Do not allow her to live in poverty while such scandals are driving about with the property of her husband to which she is entitled.

It is not pleasant to talk about crimes that have been committed, but it is my desire that you shall investigate them. My object in particularly calling your attention to these crimes, is, that the responsibility shall be with you, if the offenders are allowed to go unpunished. The Court will do its duty, and the question is, whether you will bring these offenders to trial. I might have called your attention to many other crimes which have been committed in the District. For the present I have deemed it unnecessary.

To allow these matters to pass over gives a color of authority for the commission of crimes. The very fact that such an affair as the Mountain Meadow Massacre should so long have been left uninvestigated, shows that there is some person, high in the estimation of the people, by whose authority crime is committed. Such is the view that will be taken of it, unless you do your duty fully and fearlessly. You can know no criminal code but the laws of Congress and of this territory. No person can commit crimes and say that they are authorized by the authorities. Such is not the case here; they must be disposed of.

Polygamy has been winked at, and treason overlooked or pardoned by the Government of the United States; and now murder and murder stalk about defiantly at noon day in the very settlements of Utah: countenanced by, and even originating with the executive department of the territory; and that which is most to be deplored is that these acts are the offspring of the system—the fruits of the (so called) religion of the Mormon church, as publicly propagated by all her ministers.

God forbid that we should ever desecrate these pages with illiberal or sectarian views of any kind, but if the words of the Great Teacher, "By their fruits ye shall know them," suggest to us anathema, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the fruits of the death-giving combinations of the Upas tree of Mormonism, as scattered abroad in precepts, by leaders and followers, are licentiousness, robbery and murder, and which are evidently doing their work: and the end is not yet.

Self-protection, however, should teach us that any system of religion or code of morals that abridges or interferes with the religion or morals, or rights and privileges of others, is dangerous to any community, and consequently should be instantly suppressed, or promptly driven from American soil. Be it thus with Mormonism.

It is foolish, if not positively knavish, to pontificate about "liberty to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences," when every act committed is suggestive of that principle being violated and utterly disregarded by persons who write L-i-b-e-r-a-t-ion in blood, and desecrate her shrines by the proximity of binged vindictiveness, and would even bind freedom itself in the chains of sectarian uncharitableness, to advance the interests of a people or the propagation of a creed.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

M. B. S., Searles,—If you will be good enough to inform us if yours is intended as the manuscript of some article, or the drawing of a post and rail fence, you will relieve us of a strong doubt, and confer a favor on—the editor.

—Certainly we will.

L. M. T.—Yes! we will publish it, seeing that you are a subscriber! (If you will consent to its being interlined thus—

"I am a subscriber," I shall not be likely to reject it.

"My head is void of sense"

"My heart is full of love"

Then lay it on the floor.

And put your foot upon it.

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