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**LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH, OPTICIANS, 177 CLAY ST.**

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C. F. ROBBINS & FREEMAN, PRINTERS, COR. CLAY AND BATTERY STS., S. F.
ANY person would fully realize the untold blessedness of a sound mind, let him pay at least one visit to the Asylum for the Insane. The vessel that left our port but yesterday with every timber sound, and every rope and sail in order, her captain skillful and her crew able seamen, spreads her canvas to the breeze and rides in majesty past the rocky shores of the Golden Gate, and out to sea, may, even when the pilot is at the helm, and after braving in safe
ty many a storm, strike some unknown and unexpected reef, and become a total wreck. How often is it thus with the human mind? From sources and causes the least suspected, they strike and founder in the deep, dark sea of clini-
cotic delirium; or, as sometimes is the case, are stranded upon the sandy shore of circumstances, for a season, until the next spring-side of Reason lifts them up, and they are borne upon it by the favor-
ing breezes of kind attentions, back again to the joy-welcomed haven of Conscious-
ness, and are themselves again once more. Ah! blessed return.

A few days ago we visited the Asylum
which the State has provided for the un-
fortunately afflicted, and, if the reader pleases, we will relate to him that which
we saw and heard.

The building is situated in the sub-
urbs of the city of Stockton, about three-
quarters of a mile northeast of the steam-
boat landing, and which, as you approach,
presents an imposing and very inviting
exterior. The beautiful flowers and lux-
uriant foliage of its well laid out and
cleanly kept grounds—the work of the pa-
\ntients themselves—tend very much, in
our estimation, to relieve it of that re-
pulsiveness which many very naturally
\nfeel when visiting such an institution for
the first time.

We had scarcely rang the bell, and
been shown into a sitting-room, on the
left of the entrance, when the resident
physician, Dr. Aylett, very kindly offer-
ed to escort us through its long corridors
and numerous apartments, to see for our-
\selves the various phases of the minds
diseased.

But as the Doctor has been called away
for a few moments, while he is absent we
will relate to the reader that Capt. C. M.
Weber, of Stockton, donated one hundred
acres of land to the State for this pur-
pose, and on the 17th of May, 1854, an
Act was passed, and appropriations made,
by the State Legislature, establishing the
Asylum for the Insane. About twenty
acres, out of the one hundred, are in a
high state of cultivation, and from which
an ample supply of vegetables are ob-
tained; and as there are about one thou-
sand five hundred young and thrifty fruit
trees growing, of different kinds and va-
rieties, fruit will be obtained next year
in abundance.

The buildings themselves are commod-
ious and conveniently arranged. The
main structure is seventy feet square and
three stories high, to which two wings
have been added, of the same height,
each of which is one hundred feet in
length, making, in the aggregate, three
hundred and ninety feet front. There
are two large yards, male and female, in-
closed by a wall twelve feet high at the
lowest grade line.

The management of this Asylum is
entrusted to a Board of five Trustees,
appointed by the Legislature, who dis-
charge their duties without compensation,
and whose term of office expires in 1861.
Dr. William D. Aylett is the Resident
Physician, under whose general super-
in toadanco the institution is nmunaged,
and whose salary is $5,000 per annum.

Dr. Thomas Kendall is the Visiting Phy-
sician, who attends daily and proscribes
for each patient, and whose salary is
$3,000 per annum. But here comes the
Doctor, so let us depart with him and in-
spect the building and its inmates.

As we began to tread the bright, clean
floors of the first story, we were amaz-
ingly enlightened. We were shown into
rooms opening on the east, north, south,
and west, each having its separate por-
tions, and fitted up in the most elegant
style possible. Each room we entered
was furnished with a bed, table, and
chair, and had a large window, with a
view of the surrounding country.

The patients, both male and female,
were all very quiet and orderly, and
seemed to enjoy the fresh air and sun-
shine so much that they appeared to be
much happier than in any other institu-
tion we have ever visited.

We were much pleased with the ap-
pearance of the patients, and were con-
vinced that this institution was doing a
great deal of good, and that the patients
were in better health than in any other
institution we have ever visited.

Dr. Aylett informed us that the pa-
tients were all under the care of an ex-
ercised medicine man, who had been
in the service of the institution for many
years, and who was well versed in the
arts of healing.

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STATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

99

What was our astonishment here to hear our name several times pronounced by different persons, with the inquiry—"Don't you know me, Mr. ——?" and from some of those, too, whom we had known under very prosperous circumstances, several long, long years ago. How Change, Disappointment and Misfortune sometimes do their work! We noticed, too, that although their hands were extended to us in warmth and kindness, and their faces were lighted up with a gleam of brightness, it was but momentary.

From this point, we passed to the female department, and which was as cleanly kept as that of the males. Here, one woman, who had passed the prime of life, was engaged in working a sampler, on which a rude attempt was made to give it the resemblance of a planet, under which she persisted she had been born; some nodded and smiled; others looked solemn and melancholy; others, again, were sewing, and knitting, and reading.

It is a depressing sight, indeed, to witness either man or woman when reason is dethroned; but it is a wise provision of the State that such should be well cared for, and by kind and suitable treatment, both physical and mental, restored to their former sanity.

The most prolific causes of insanity, we regret to learn, are masturbation and intemperance, especially the former; next to these, want of chastity and incontinence is another very productive source of this malady; to these add physical debility, loss of property, disappointment in love, perpetual fear, spiritualism, religious excitement, epilepsy, fright, and various other evils, both mental and physical.

The number of patients now under treatment in this institution, are two hundred and eighty males, and sixty-six females, making in the aggregate three hundred and forty-six.
It is a fact well known to California, to the Atlantic States, and even to Europe, that the great "Johnson Vein, of Mariposa County," is one of the largest and richest leads of gold-bearing quartz known to exist in any part of the world. And many suppose that it will prove, on closer examination, either to connect with others, or extend throughout the entire length of the Sierra Nevada Mountains; for which reason it has been called the "Golden Backbone of California," and which may be the source of all the auriferous wealth distributed over the State.

Early in 1851 this gold region was visited by Richard C. Killey, Esq., who, in company with John F. Johnson, Esq., the discoverer of the same, examined some of the principal points, and described the geological character of the country in a letter of February, 1851.

"About four miles, a little east of north from Quartzburg, in Mariposa county," says Mr. Killaly in his letter, "the country becomes respectably mountainous, and thinly covered with goodly pines and very decent oaks. Greenstone, greenstone porphyry, greenstone slate, clay slate, talc slate, gneiss, and other metallic rock formations are here visible, and delight the way-worn geologist.

"Ascending a high mountain, and journeying about three miles farther, you arrive in Bear Valley, which is a most splendid one, with a delightful climate. The valley runs the same as Mount Bullion, which is nearly parallel with the course of the Merced River, and in this mountain is a part of the Great Johnson Vein, a grand mother vein, a huge and truly mighty auriferous quartz deposit. It is easily traceable for leagues. Its di-
Ridley's ferry on the merced, showing the "denton" quartz mill and dam.

The general compound of the vein is milk-white quartz, and there is much less iron pyrites than in other veins. Many specimens, although they look very poor, will yield some fine gold when tested in the hornspooa. In this vein there are large flakes of quartz, of about a foot thick, and divided from each other by a soft dark red earthy iron ore, and frequently stratified with liver-colored iron ore; passing through the flakes there are strings of decomposed iron pyrites, in which much gold occurs. The quartz is, also, sometimes highly ferruginous and honey-combed, and in the cavities much gold is found; but there is no indication that leads a person to say, with any degree of certainty, which stone is auriferous and which not; often in the heart of a milk-white piece you find a nest of gold; often in the glassy, splintering kind of stone; but generally the brownish breccia kind of rock gives the steadiest yield of gold.

Properly speaking, the "Great Johnson Vein" consists of three main divisions: the Northern, the Central, and the Southern Division. The Central Division commences at the foot of Mount Bullion on the Merced River, where Ridley's Ferry is situated, and extends towards the south to the extreme end of Bear Valley, all through Mount Bullion. This division, the most explored of the three, contains the quartz works of Col. J. C. Fremont, and is subdivided into smaller sets or subdivisions, which, commencing at the Merced river, are called as follows,
The Northern Division, commencing on the opposite side of the Merced River at Ridley's Ferry, extends to the northeast for many leagues; and going down the river, we find that the white quartz crops out on the hill-sides opposite Whit's Store, where the vein is called Emily Division. Following the vein in this direction, a quartz cap is seen on the apex of a very high and steep mountain, (say 2500 feet above the Merced River,) where the large blocks of white quartz are in places spotted with gold. Through those massive stones, which may weigh six or seven tons, numerous strings of gold can be easily seen meandering over the surface. This part of the vein is called the Adeline Division, and it has the same direction and dip as the Central Division. For many leagues the Northern Division runs on in the same direction, and is easily traceable by large outbursts of quartz. The different sets, or subdivisions, following the Emily and the Adeline, are also distinguished by various names, of which we shall give a description at some other time.

In a southern direction from the Central Division, over Mount Ophir, extends the third main or Southern Division of this great vein. About five miles to the southeast of the town of Bear Valley, we find the vein again highly developed; it has the same run and dip as before, and presents the same matrix, which is nearly as wide. It runs over a tolerably high hill, and extends thence to Agua Fria and Mariposa, in various branches.

In our present pen and pencil sketches, we intend to represent chiefly the Central Division, or the part commencing at Ridley's Ferry, extending southwardly in two main branches, the Emily and the Adeline, which veins appear as clearly marked by the snow-white quartz, lying loose on the outside of the mountain. The old wagon road leading down to the river is also distinctly visible, and appears to be very steep.

Traveling along the trail, after crossing Wyatt's bridge over the Merced, we strike a very fine view just before crossing Wyatt's bridge across the Merced River, which gives us a general idea of the situation and relative height of Col. Fremont's quartz works and the surrounding country. Elsewhere is a very correct sketch of this scene; in the foreground we remark the improvements of Mr. Mark Wyatt, consisting of a bridge, a store-building, a dwelling house, and other buildings, situated on the left bank of the river at the foot of a steep mountain. These mountains rise here nearly from the water's edge, and the river up and down is walled in by steep ranges, covered with the usual California shrubbery and a few single nut-pines. In the distance, Mount Bullion appears with its tunnels and shafts, that are distinctly marked by large piles of snow-white quartz, lying loose on the outside of the mountain. The old wagon road leading down to the river is also distinctly visible, and appears to be very steep.
Wyatt's bridge, we frequently find the white quartz cropping out on the opposite mountain side, which enables us to follow the vein up the river, until we come in sight of Ridley's Ferry, and Col. Fremont's new "Benton" mill, where the vein crosses the Merced, and takes its course through the center of Mount Bullion.

Here another most splendid view appears before the astonished traveler, which, for its beauty, is partly indebted to mother Nature, and partly to Col. Fremont. The river is perfectly walled in by steep mountains, and turns a very sharp corner around the foot of Mount Bullion. Various trails are cut into the mountain sides; and two wagon roads wind up, in large curves, to the mouths of the tunnels.

The Benton mills, with accompanying buildings, as boarding houses for workmen, carpenter shop, cabins of workmen and others, and the store of Wm. Smith, (late Sagendorff's), are finely situated on both sides of the river; and Fremont's new dam across the Merced, which causes a perfect fall of about twenty feet high, gives life to the landscape, which is, particularly in spring time, a most beautiful one, and makes a most agreeable impression upon the traveler. The Merced is here a splendid stream of water, and the dam across the river enables Col. Fremont not only to work his new mill of sixteen stamps, but a still larger one of forty-eight stamps, which will soon be put in operation.

The dam as well as the mills, are specimens of beautiful workmanship, and the projector and owner of the same, as well as the constructors and superintendents, Messrs. Silas Williams and M. W. Smith, can be proud of such a work. The battery of the mill, propelled by a horizontal iron wheel, (Turbine), works admirably fine, and crushes, in the average, twenty-five tons of quartz rock per twenty-four hours! When the amalgamating apparatus is completed—the present ones are only for trial—this mill will be one of the finest in the State. The costs for building the dam may be estimated at $25,000; for the mill, at $15,000; and for the new road, at $10,000.

Leaving Ridley's Ferry, we ascend Mt. Bullion—the great golden treasury of Mariposa county—by the old wagon road, and by which, at present, the quartz from the tunnels above is brought down to the mills in large six-ox-teams.

This road is not in the very best condition, and not much calculated for quartz hauling on a large scale. It will do for the present, but not for the future, for after the erection of the forty-eight stamp mill, other arrangements will
be made for furnishing the mills with
the immense quantities of rock which
they will be able to crush.

At many points, along this road, the
traveler meets with beautiful views.
First, he can follow the downward wind-
ings of the river for several miles, and
form an idea of the mountains, com-
posing the foot of the great Sierra,
through which the Merced River cuts its
to the valley of the San Joaquin.

Further up, on the road, he remarks the
short turn of the river around Mount
Bullion, sees the upward course for a
short distance, and all the chains lying
between Mt. Bullion and the main range
of the Sierra Nevada; on the crest of
the mountain, at the highest point of the
road, the far-off and snow-capped moun-
tain peaks are in sight; and, on clear
days, particularly in the evening when
the sun descends, the entrance to the
renowned Yosemite Valley, with its
towering rocky masses, presents a beau-
tiful spectacle.

We have now arrived at the quartz
works that we saw from Wynn's Bridge,
about 2000 feet above the Merced. We
first notice a tunnel, running into the
mountain directly from the road, and
connected with a shaft from above; as it
is an undertaking of late date, we will
pass by without exploring it. This is
called the Specimen Vein, and where
most beautiful pieces of gold-bearing
quartz were found at different times.
Walking on for a short distance, we see
some boarding and lodging houses for
the workmen, blacksmith shops, etc., and
arrive at the mouth of the other tunnel,
in connection with which is a shaft from
above. This is the Pine Tree Vein, as a
few pine trees are standing near by.
Here one end of a railway is seen, that
extends from the inside works to a slip
on the outside, where some workmen are
engaged in breaking up the quartz
brought out, to the size of a man's fist,
ready for the stampers of the mill; and
others are shoveling it into heavy duck-
cloth bags, ready for loading on the wag-
ons. To the right and left, on the outside
of the tunnel, there seems to be a com-
plete network of roads and trails, cut in
the steep mountain sides, and running in
various directions; upon which teams
and men are in motion, and make it a
very lively scene.
To get an idea of the subterranean works, we visited the tunnels and shafts of what is called the Josephine Vein. Through the kindness of Mr. Kitson, the foreman of this vein, we were furnished with candles, and accompanied by him on our journey through the catacomb-like interior of Mt. Bullion. We entered on the rail-track, and came to a place where workmen were engaged in raising the quartz that had been quarried out at the bottom of a shaft, about two hundred and fifty feet deep. Here, by means of a windlass and a slide, the quartz was being drawn up, as seen in the engraving; and from this spot the rock is put on the car and taken to daylight, outside the tunnel. On ladders we descended into the depths of the vein, and visited the different chambers, tunnels, and shafts, already opened. Here we found workmen engaged in blasting the rock, by which means the quartz is broken loose from the load, which is in this place about thirty feet wide. A large amount of gold in quartz can be soon in the Josephine vein, especially after a blast of rock, the nature of which is the same as described before, when speaking of the "Great Johnson Vein" in general.

Just below the Josephine, and about 250 feet distant from the mouth of the tunnel, we arrived at the so-called Black Drift, worked by the Merced Mining Co. The tunnel runs nearly in the same direction as the Josephine, and the quartz is brought on a rail-car to a shed, in a similar manner to that before mentioned, with this difference: the bags, when filled with the precious mineral, are put on a slide, about 150 feet long, and by this means sent down to the lower wagon road, from whence they are taken by mule teams to the mill at Mt. Ophir, or the Oso mill at Bear Valley. In other spots on this mountain side, drifts are worked by Col. Fremont's men, but the most remarkable of all are the tunnels and shafts just described.

We now follow the wagon road leading to the quartz mill of Col. Fremont at Bear Valley. This road is about two miles long, and runs along the side of Mt. Bullion, through a light-thinbored section of country, and reaches its point of destination, in a direct line, without passing through the town of Bear Valley, (or Simpsonville, as it is called on the map of the Surveyor General of California in 1859.)

This quartz mill was built, and for some time superintended by Mr. Johnson himself. It is a fine eight-stamp mill, worked by steam; and here are two improved arrastras, one Chili mill, and several Hungarian bowls, all propelled by steam. The battery crushes about fourteen tons of quartz rock in twenty-four hours, and the results obtained by the amalgamating and separating machinery have always been most satisfactory. The number of workmen employed in this mill, is in the average ten; the quartz crushed per week is about eighty-four tons; and the proceeds may be averaged at $1,800 per week. These data are perfectly correct, and we are obliged for the information to the gentlemanly book-
we first visited this spot, it was last March, and the scene was perfectly bewitching. The beautiful groups of oaks and pines contrasted, in the differing colors of their foliage, to the greatest advantage; the shrubbery was in flower, and the grass plots covered with a soft, green, velvet-like carpet, were here and there interspersed with spring flowers of all hues. In the center of all these natural beauties, on a little eminence, the rather small white cottage is located. How different this place appears at the present summer season! But we will not describe the change originated by the burning beams of "Old Sol"; nor will we destroy the first impression that this quiet spot made upon our mind, and this point alone we will leave to the imagination of the reader: but we can persuade him that every person in the valley and around is well aware that, although our mountains have lost their bridal garments—although the searching eye cannot discover a single flower—the roses in that little white cottage never lose their loveliness and charm.

Over hills and intervening crooks we wind our way through the bushes, and after a walk of half a mile arrived in the town of Bear Valley, sometimes called Simpsonville. Although small, and at present quiet and dull, we find here as good hotels, and as fine a company as at any place in the southern mines—cities, even, not excepted. The St. Charles Hotel and the Oro House are kept well, and Mr. Shoppard and Mr. Bates are first-rate hosts. The merchants, mechanics, and other business men are persons of the highest character; and the laborers and miners constitute a set of robust, energetic and driving workmen.

The difference between spring and summer is here most remarkable. When we first visited this spot, it was last March, and the scene was perfectly bewitching. The beautiful groups of oaks and pines contrasted, in the differing colors of their foliage, to the greatest advantage; the shrubbery was in flower, and the grass plots covered with a soft, green, velvet-like carpet, were here and there interspersed with spring flowers of all hues. In the center of all these natural beauties, on a little eminence, the rather small white cottage is located. How different this place appears at the present summer season! But we will not describe the change originated by the burning beams of "Old Sol"; nor will we destroy the first impression that this quiet spot made upon our mind, and this point alone we will leave to the imagination of the reader: but we can persuade him that every person in the valley and around is well aware that, although our mountains have lost their bridal garments—although the searching eye cannot discover a single flower—the roses in that little white cottage never lose their loveliness and charm.

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Taking the stage-coach in the direction towards Quartzburg, and then following the course of a small creek, we arrive, after a walk of half a mile, at the Oro Mine and mill. This mine was discovered in October, 1851, by Cristobal Ortega, and created a great excitement throughout the State. The Alta California of June 27th, 1852, says in regard to this discovery: "Many of our readers will remember the excitement produced throughout the southern mines, in the fall and winter of 1851, by the discovery of very rich a neighborhood or in the vicinity of a vivacious meandering influx. In one week a few were engaged in mining, a large body seized with the fever. Within a month the mine was in reality a large body seized with the fever. Within a month the mine was in reality a large body seized with the fever. Within a month the mine was in reality a large body seized with the fever.
of very rich deposits of gold in the neighborhood of Bear Valley. We were in the vicinity ourselves at the time, and cherish a vivid remembrance of the tremendous influx of people into the valley. In one week a large town arose, and it was calculated that within a month from the time that the discovery of the deposits leaked out, three thousand persons were encamped in the neighborhood. The gold was found in veins of what was called, at the time, rotten quartz, but was in reality a talcose schist, between the layers of which, burnt clay and small quartz pebbles were found. The quantity of gold extracted was, for a time, enormous; but, by degrees, it began to give out, and at last the original mine and the surrounding country was deserted, a large body of miners having been soiled with the celebrated White River fever. Within a year or two past, the mine fell into the hands of P. N. McKay, Esq., of this city, who is now engaged in making preparations for working it afresh."

At the present time a fine quartz mill, with one of Howland's patent rotating batteries, is in operation, crushing quartz from the Black Drift, which is worked by the Merced Mining Co. We also find here the dwelling house of the proprietor, as well as boarding houses for the workmen, and other buildings. The well-timbered and nicely shaped hills of the background; the various trails and roads running up the hill sides; and, in the spring time, the whole surrounding country, like a beautiful Brussels carpet, from the variegated hues of the flowering bushes and the green sward, constitute a most perfect landscape, particularly when viewed from the opposite hill, from whence our sketch was taken. The veins in this mine are composed of talcose schist, containing large quantities of iron, with the rock thickly be-spangled with gold in minute particles, running through a channel of greenstone, which is the northern flank of a long, mountainous ridge. During the excitement of 1851, this vein yielded nearly
$200,000 in about four months. The mine will supply the works with water throughout the year, and there is abundance of wood in the neighborhood. It is the intention of the proprietor, Mr. Mc Kay, to sink the shaft, which is at present only fifty feet, to a depth of 200 feet, which will enable the mine to be properly developed; and, from the former well-known richness of the vein, it is but just to suppose that the operation will yield a most handsome profit.

Such are the main features of Bear Valley, and its surrounding country, which is destined to become, by the immense and truly inexhaustible wealth of its mountains, one of the most important and flourishing districts of California.

MINERS' SONG ON FRAZER RIVER.*

BY W. H. D.

* As thundering down from the mountain's
  Its crashing billows pour. [brown,
In cabin rude, our daily food
Is quickly counted o'er;
Beans, bread, salt meat, all we eat—
And the cold earth is our floor.

Lonely our lives—no mothers' worries,
Or sisters' love runs o'er,
When home we come at set of sun,
To greet us at the door.

No woman's smiles our hearts beguile,
No books, with wisdom's love;
Silent we sit, while visions fill
Of loved ones seen no more.

At night we smoke, then crack the joke,
Try cards till found a bore;
Our good-night said, we go to bed,
To dream of home once more.

Home's dearest joys Time soon destroys,
Their loss we all deplore;
While they may last, we labor fast
To dig the golden ore.

Early and late it is our fate
To toil for Fortune's store;
We feel its joys no more;
These we have sold for shining gold.

On Fraser River's shore.

Each mountain height is shrouded white
From the Snow-King's icy store;
At them we gaze, their storms and hard,
And wish the winter o'er.

At times we hear, with startled ear,
The avalanche's roar,

---I have not drawn on my imagination for this song; it is truthful. Every feeling, incident or scene has come within my observation or experience, except what relates to the future, and that I trust will

MINER'S SONG ON FRAZER RIVER.

*As *Home Again.*

Where mighty waters foam and boil,
And rushing torrents roar,
In Fraser River's northern soil,
Lies hid the golden ore.

CHORUS.

Far from home, far from home,
On Fraser River's shore,
We labor hard, so does our bard,
To dig the golden ore.

Far, far from home we miners roam,
We feel its joys no more;
These we have sold for shining gold.
On Fraser River's shore.

Each mountain height is shrouded white
From the Snow-King's icy store;
At them we gaze, their storms and hard,
And wish the winter o'er.

At times we hear, with startled ear,
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DESULTORIA.

From Solet.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN COCHRAN.

The English enjoys the reputation of being a language somewhat harsh and barbarous in its tones. But tell me, how comes it that this language exerts a greater charm over me than any other does? The secret magical power it has, and such a power is undoubtedly possessed, comes not from that aptitude and pith in phrase and structure, which form its chief excellencies, from that pointed signification of expression, always telling and often eccentric, which remarkably characterizes it; and let it be borne in mind, that every naive eccentricity is a source of attraction to the imaginative and reflective. All those qualities of the language furnish interesting matter for speculation, but they by no means explain the magical charm itself. Where is it? I seek for it in the sound, the very thing for which the language is blamed, censured and vilified.

I am not here going to discuss the merits of the French, as a fine sounding language. This tongue is soft and harmonious, solely out of politeness, for the reason that the ears of others may not be unceremoniously grated by harsh and unblending tones. The design is obvious in the protraction of the final consonants before vowels, in the stern and unmitigated outlawry of the aspirated h, in the soft pronunciation of the s, k, c. Accordingly, you entirely miss the euphony which arises from internal fullness and independent movement, and you are disappointed in consequence. The harmony of the French is conventional—it is not natural. Let us, however, compare the Italian with the English. Here I see a countenance of features most regular and symmetrical; noble and yet gentle, in the cast of the expression; full, but not to redundancy; there is the rolling eye, which can throw out the soft or the impassioned glance; there are the rosy lips, where voluptuousness sits enthroned and smiles upon you. I am enchanted with the first gaze, but it is just on this account, that the first gaze is enough. I hastily abandon myself to the feeling of delight it awakened, and I give myself no further trouble to explore the secrets of this fine face. I believe I have discovered them all, and perhaps I am not wrong.

How different is it with the English! I see here a countenance bearing sharp, angular features; wanting the oval fullness and glowing complexion of its sister; of its irregular, may, positively wayward outlines. It comes before me as a strange phenomenon, for the mind, which can easily understand the regular—is at a loss to comprehend the irregularly beautiful. A strange, irresistible, but yet not disagreeable sensation, overmasters me. I imagine those singular traits are abhorrent; yet I am compelled, by a certain irresistible power, to observe them with increased attention, just as I can not keep myself from conning over a difficult riddle—though the solution of it should give me a world of trouble. What I regard as repulsiveness, however, is nothing but a secret charm and magic, for, I quickly perceive that the pale and transparent cheek is as sensitive to the blush of love, as it is to the flush of anger; that those thin lips can just as well set themselves in lines manifesting noble and joyous emotion, as quiver in the fitful movements of grief and agony. In the forehead and nose, I see a lofty intellectual dignity, that escaped me at first; and from the light gray eyes, that appeared void of expression, throve stream rays of sensibility, throve dart flashes of wit and hasty passion. The form, which at first seemed invested with a certain disagreeable irregularity, now comes be-
fore me, when the spirit that animates it is perceived, in all the beauty of exquisite symmetry; nay, the sharp and angular lines appear softer and more charming than any regular lines could be, when lighted up by the gleams of sensibility and intelligence—in a word, what is wanting in the form, is more than supplied by the expression; and, just as I love a man because I wish quietly to seek his pardon for an injustice done him, just as I am willing to recognize and seek out the excellencies and good qualities I formerly ignored, so is it in respect to the English face. I did it a wrong, in my first estimation; I am now, therefore, the more attracted by it, and love it all the better for the injustice I did it. But, as I have no intention to write a regular treatise on the subject, let me hastily pass from generalities to particulars, and note these just as they occur to me.

The English th is usually made a subject of reproach to the language. Now, truly, we Germans make such very wry faces in the pronunciation of this sound, and when all is done, bring forth so uncouth and ear-splitting a tone, that we might fancy we had undergone a dislocation of the tongue in the process of articulation. Yet it is very different, with the Englishman. The th escapes softly and gently from between the teeth and tongue of a native, and forms a soft, silurring tone, which is not weak, and which, by a stronger effort of the voice, can be raised to a powerful silurring tone. The th, though perhaps occurring too often in English, appears to me upon the whole to form a much more agreeable, at all events a much less objectionable sound, than the over recurring, wet, spongy and clashing ch of cch of the Italian; which, in some words—as, for example, once, (pronounced bents,) "a kiss," savors of sheer sensuality. The Spanish is free from slubbing tones of this kind; its accents drop into the soul full and clear, like flowing gold: on the other hand, this language has so majestic-al and imposing a gait, that it can rarely divest itself of its "grandness" to express the jest with ease and naturalness—a faculty which the Italian possesses in a high degree.

When I find in Italian a word whose beauty strikes me, I can in every ease explain the cause of it. There are to be found in it such soft full-sounding vowels, united to such soft weak or strong consonants; it consequently must be beautiful from the very nature of it. The Italian words appear to have been invented for the purpose of sounding well, and this unadulterated intention of the language gives to it the air of an immortal eposio, who sufficiently exposes her charms to excite the voluptuousness of passion, but too much to excite the sensibilities of the soul. It is the characteristic of this our noblest part, which divests itself of its grandezza! It expresses the jest with ease and naturalness, which is wanting in the Italian. The more sound, without regard to their sense. Yet there is a charm about them that affects us all the more deeply, the more mysterious and inexplicable it is. The word "sky" excites this mysterious and inexplicable charm upon me. What a clear, sunny, serene joy is expressed in the very sound of this monosyllable! I shall make the attempt to analyze the beauty of it, though I am aware I shall only land in paradoxes. A main charm, however, lies in the elopment. EV or el is the clearest, brightest, cheeriest, of all the tones of the human voice. For this
It enters into the soul of the soul voidness, its many of its awaken its ac-
ly expressed it's this mysterious

it is to be found, with the addition of H, in the wild joyous battle-cry, Hei!-
How singular! Ex and Hei differ from each other by a single letter; yet how
widely different is their signification.

The Ex is the sportive exclamation of peace; the Hei is the terrible cry of war.
The aspirated h works this change on the word. It spreads its heavy sound
over the interjection of joy, and gives to it the whistling of swords, the rattling
of armor, the snorting of chargers, and the rustling of banners. Thus the innocent
Ex is transformed into the war-cry Hei, which breathes of joy, but the joy of la-
ful war. The English word "sky" is transformed into the word Hei!, which breathes of joy, but the joy of bat-

This similarity in the setting of the two words, affords a ray of sorrow to the af-
flicted one; it pours a few drops of consolation into his wounded breast; it
whispers to him—"Seek thou hast not lost all; think of the love thou hast received
in thine own heart; think of the love which others devote to thee here on earth;
and, should thy lot be never so bitter, O think of the absolute, the eternal love of
the All-Loving, which thou shalt never lose!"

Again, what a sportive, leering, roguish gracefulness lies in the English word
"girl." I see it chiefly in the ending gl, in the funny, comical escape from the tone of the r, which we think we

reason, the English have it in "delight," "light," "bright," and we Germans have it in the word by which we express
cheerfulness itself. It constitutes our interjection Ex which was originally a
sportive and gladsome exclamation, and it is to be found, with the addition of H,
in the wild joyous battle-cry, Hei!—

It occurs to me that in German we have this vowel in the word for sorrow,
suffering, (leiden). This is a fine trait of noble, real German tenderness. When we
cannot relieve the pain of the child of misfortune, we give to it at least the
softest, gentlest name that our sweetest

German can yield, that he may not per-
chance recoil from the sound of its un-


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hold fast, till we find ourselves suddenly whirl'd upon the sweet and liquid

The word conjures up, to the mind's eye, a joyous, open-hearted, romping girl indeed, who only puts the rattling, rolling r before her as a screen, lest you scan her all too deeply, and should, perchance, discover the tender l that lurks there; which yet, through all her waywardness, reveals itself in the soft and chastened cast of the eye—a singular being, which we cannot understand, for she is always changing, fast as the r will roll into the l, but, withal, one which we cannot help loving. According, we close our contemplations on the subject, by ending with the soft and liquid l. On the other hand, in the Italian "fanuelli," I can never think of anything else but some fleshly, sensuous creature, who is thoroughly competent, on her setting herself down in a chair, to make it fill a-sighing, if not for her, at least under her.

What a lushly nervous word, is warlor! It speaks home to every one. Though human invention were racked, it could not find a fitter sound to express the fiery son of Mars. Upon the whole, the English w, it must be admitted, has, in strong expressions, a wonderful power. Take the word wind. It is a condensed and very exact imitation of the thing expressed by the word. This will be very readily observed, if the sound of the w be prolonged in the pronunciation. In the hollow w, which makes the first part of the v, the wind threateningly collects breath, and then pours itself forth in the strong and unblmed expiration blown away from the open lips of the w; it whistles and pipes in the i which follows, gets suddenly caught in the narrow, confining n, as the wind is caught by gullies or buildings, and it finally knocks itself hard against some brick wall or rock, in the short d.

GOD HELP US TO BE PATIENT.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

God help us to be patient,
Bravely to meet and bear
The thousand vexing ills of life
It is our lot to share!
To faint not in the toilsome field
Of labor and of strife;
To shrink not on the battle-plain
In the fierce fight of life!

God help us to be patient!
To meet the long array
Of little, busy, rankling cares,
That throng life's dusty way.
The lion, that could dare
A nobler foe, foamed at the flies
That stung him in his lair.

God help us to be patient!
To say, to feel, indeed,
"This is the very discipline
That most of all we need."
Children at school, our Teacher knows
How best to choose our lot—
The kind of training must we need
To lead us up to God!
THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Through the dark gateways of the evening
Along the verges of the icy north,
With shining spears and banners waving
Are armies marching forth;
With martial step the bright battalions climb
Up to the star-sown heavens in twilight gray;
Past the pale moon that from her azure shrine
Shocked shrieks away.
What! seek those phantoms, like the fire
For some far radiant home,
Shaded with hangings of the rarest hue,
And crowned with jewelled dome?
Do they in distant and enchanted bound,
Wander though pillared halls,
With flowers of fairest beauty all round,
And glimmering water-falls?
Around me lies the winter's frozen rime,
In the dark firs the homeless winds blew,
And all the glory of the summer time
Is buried 'neath the snow;
As from my casement upward through the sky
I watch to see the world procession pass,
One moment, they are fled:
I think to-night how those battalions shone
On those who watched them through the Arctic night,
Keep their dread vigil shushed and deeply broken by no sunlight:
Where only lay the white fox in his lair,
And the blue loons artsually arose;
While the fierce cry of the great Polar Bear
O'er pierced the deep reposes.
Not small islands of rare tropic green,
Laden with vines and bloom,
Turning their visions from the fairy scene,
The wanderers longed for home;
But 'tis the dreariness of Arctic seas,
And the dread rushing of the fearful fons
Before the voyagers welcome lights, like those
In the far North arose:
To-night I see the bright battalions climb
Along the sapphire verges of the skies;
Thoughts of the lost for whom they no more
Before me sadly rise:

And I forget without me lies the cold—
How the bound crouches in his cozy lair,
And the young lambs are covered in the fold
As I gaze up the sky.
Oh! wondrous train of phantoms passing
Coming and vanishing to realms unknown,
We may not trace your footsteps to the light
That circles God's high throne.
Along the waste cathedrals of the sky
Yo softly pass as twilight's shade appears,
And if yo sing a hymn for us too high—
Jerusha only hears!}

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HOW CAN I THY THERE?

On the Pacific coast, some forty miles below San Francisco, and seven or eight from Half-Moon Bay, there are ledges of rocks extending out into the ocean for several hundred feet. These are covered by water, except at low tide. They vary in hardness; those which are never submerged are very hard, while the others are much less so. In the former, perfect specimens of petrified shell-fish may be found; and, in the latter, those that are living. These are mostly of the bivalvular species known as long clams; the others are the round variety. The living clams differ from those found on the shores of Long Island Sound, in having their shells marked with rather prominent longitudinal ridges, and in being, invariably, of a white color. There are small cylindrical cavities, by which they communicate with external things; but they are never able to move their bodies a half inch. They are from three to six or eight inches below the surface. It would appear that they wear away the rock, to make room for their growth, by the attrition of their sides against their casing. In this case, the ridges must be of much utility. The debris may be carried away by the motion of the water. These rocks are situated at the mouth of the Purissima Creek. The people in the vicinity are accustomed to resort thither, with picks or sledges, and secure the fish in considerable quantities.
Gentle Nellie.

Words by J. C. MORRILL.

Music by J. A. B. KEMP.

Affirmo con espressione.

1. I'll miss thy gentle love, Nellie, When thou art o'er the sea, Thy absence long will prove, Nellie, How dear thou art to me! Thou'lt find old friends at home, Nellie, How faithful, true and kind, Yet oft thy thoughts will roam, Nellie, To
GENTLE NELLIE.

When I now to say good-bye, Nellie,
Perhaps forevermore;
I mourn, and know not why, Nellie,
Upon this golden shore!
The shadows o’er my heart, Nellie,
Are falling day by day,
And tears unshed start, Nellie,
For friendships passed away!

But smiles and tears,
And hopes and fears,
Are all life’s journey through;
And earth, at best,
Is but a test
Of whether hearts are true!

I'll breathe to heaven for thee,
To keep with chary care, Nellie,
Thy heart from sorrow free;
And when life’s journey’s o’er, Nellie,
Its joys and sorrows flown,
We'll meet on heaven’s shore, Nellie,
Where farewells are unknown!

Though smiles and tears,
And hopes and fears,
Are all life’s journey through,
In Heaven, the blest,
There is a rest
For faithful hearts and true!
MEI\I\I\ORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA;
Discoverer of Oregon.

BY ALEX. S. TAYLOR.

The character and versatility of this great navigator, after whom the straits that separate the American continent from Vancouver's Island is called, has been one of the most contested questions in the history of maritaine discovery. The fact of there having even lived such a man as Juan de Fuca, has been denied and affirmed over and over again for two hundred and sixty eight years, without writers or governments having ever seemed to have taken the small trouble to endeavor to verify the plain record, in the country where direct reference was made by the first chronicler of his meritorious services had to Spain and to mankind. Moreover, that chronicler was a highly respectable English consul, and evidently a capable, intelligent and educated man.

It is not a little singular that so many of the first discoverers of the California countries should have had such unfortunate ends. Cortez was always in hot water and disputes, and died, as historians say, of broken hopes and spirits, in Spain, in 1547. Of Francisco de Ulloa, an officer of Cortez, who first completely explored the Gulf of California, and who discovered the ocean coast of Lower California as far up as Cedros Island in 1540, nothing certain is known whether he died at sea or returned to Mexico, or what became of him. Of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who discovered and charted the shores of Alta California from the Coronado Islands to Cape Mendocino, (died of fatigue and exhaustion, as some say, at the Island of San Bernadino, or Juan Rodriguez, called now San Miguel, in February, 1543; or, others affirm, returned to Mexico), nothing certain is known of his death or of his family. Sir Francis Drake, who discovered the Fuente de los Reyes, or New Albion country, in 1579, died of fatigue, etc., and was buried at sea, while attacking one of the towns of the Spanish Main, in the wars of the Great Armada, about 1590. Sebastian Viscaino, who explored and mapped the coasts of California, (as some suppose to the Columbia River), in 1602, died in the city of Mexico of disappointment and long waiting on Vicereyes, about 1610. This list might be greatly added to, from 1610 to 1850—particularly as touching our old California pioneers, mountaineers, sailors and first emigrants. They all, who have died, seemed to have died in the prime of life—the price they grasped out to San Sulpices. Now, they can neither hear our praises, nor heed (of latter) our curses for the fine lands and moneys some of them acquired with years of toil, danger and strife.

The following memorials of the old Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, for the first time in American history, verify and identify beyond a doubt, the life and services of toil, danger and strife, in the latter) our curses for the fine lands and moneys some of them acquired with years of toil, danger and strife.

The English have had, during the last years, very warm discussions with their protected Greek islands of the United States of the Ionian Republic. The feeling seems very pungent against John Bull, particularly at Cephalonia, the finest island in the latter part; most celebrated to elude into a of the groves of Homer; of scholar had but and famous book much wild land Fuca, and many ants of John, at "follow the sea mighty, passy, junction with the Eq., give those for their greedy sand gold demands to make sail on the north up probably of families.

CEPHALONIA
Mr. Alex. S. Taylor
Sir: Yours with pleasure, which I have respon- thing in my pos- inquiries about Fuca, and to re as possible. I men of my in- visiral, which jish for you. fruit is in- probably small village of Nilo and its anciant. Several write to Hume, Camaa, and others, I to Mr. Vancouver, English Admi discovered by the 29th April Geography, pas A. geaming family still ex and examined. Fuca still ex descend, as genealogical ca-
MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA.

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Albion country, in etc., and was buried in one of the towns in the wars of the 1650. Sebastian ri at Cephalonia, and the other matters, is here with ap- persons to, from publicly as touching scores, mountainmen, ignants. They all, to have died in the price they grasped. A. S. Y. lly at Cephalonia, where he

the finest island of the group. Mr. B., in the latter part of 1858, sent one of his most celebrated scholars and statesmen to enquire into the ways and wherethrough of the grows of these modern children of Homer; of whose progenitors said scholar bad lately published a critical and famous book. Now as Mr. B. has much wild land on the Straits of Juan Fuca, and many of the Focus, descend- ants of John, still live on Cephalonia and “follow the sea,” could not the rich, mighty, pious, plethoric old man, in conjunction with his mate, U. S. Jonathan, Esq., give these Greek sailors, in return for their great-grandfather’s sixty thousand gold ducats and his discoveries, lands to make farms, build vessels and sail on the north Pacific waters and build up probably again their impoverished families.

Cephalonia, 7th September, ’53.

Mr. Alex. S. Taylor.

Monterey, California.

Sir: Yours of the 15th May, I have with pleasure received, the contents of which I have with much care and attention perused. I will not fail to do anything in my power to make the necessary inquiries about the Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, and send them to you as soon as possible. I have already several doc- uments in my hand regarding this individ- ual, which I am translating into Eng- lish for you. His autography and portrait is impossible to find; but I will probably send you a portrait of the village of Elfo on Cephalonia, where he and his ancestors lived.

Several writers, as Ervino, Gaspari, Munno, Cumes, Flourian, Purchas, Rose, and others, I think mention his name. Mr. Vancouver also was ordered by the English Admiralty to examine the strait discovered by Fuca, where he arrived on the 26th April, 1792. (See Gaspari’s Geography, page 112, year 1780.) A genealogical catalogue of Fuca’s family still exists here, which I have seen and examined. There are hundreds of Foccus still existing in Cephalonia, all descend- ing, as I have observed in the genealogical catalogue, from John’s fam- ily. Every information relative to this

individual, I shall willingly remit you as soon as I will be able to select them; but about Michael Locke, the English consul at Aleppo, in 1608, I am sorry to say I can do nothing.

J. de Fuca died, I presume, before enter- ing Queen Elizabeth’s service. All these informations you will have by next mail.

Sir, I shall always feel very happy and highly honored to do anything for the welfare of a government and of a nation which is evidently to exert so great an influence for good on the destinies of Europe and of the world.

I remain, sir, with due respect. Your obedient servant,

A. S. Y.

Anconana, 6th February, 1854.

My dear Sir: I hasten to answer your enquiries about De Fuca, which I am sorry do not answer my expectations to meet your wishes.

There are in this place many families bearing the surname, but those who claim themselves as descendants of the bold navigator, live at present in the village of Santa, district Elia. I possess lands there and have been able to ascertain cer- tain traditional facts.

Three old men of the advanced age of eighty years, and upwards, assured me of having heard from their fathers and grand-fathers that the descendants of De Fuca are the various families bearing this name and residing at the village of Santa.

The court of regular church regis- ters in the country at that epoch, hid- dens me from ascertaining the birth, baptism and death of De Fuca.

With the highest consideration, I re- main, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly.

(Signed.)

G. COUNT Metaxa.

I certify that this is a true and faithful copy of the original.

A. S. Y.

U. S. Consul.

Zanzib, 10th October, 1854.

ALEXIOS IN CRISTO REX ET IMPERATOR

GREGORII KOMNENII

Per infestis et inimicis militarium ad

Idol et Salariornr ncr. Grac Orista, della

assasinitia Vergcnzs aux Maire et della

Spirto Santa visitate. Je patente super

la term Be di tutte I Universo Monde deitt
In Chili Constantino, dominato da tutte le città di Dio custodi, et diana, padre et capo dell'Apostolico Cristiano, che con amore et escluso in vanamente et consen
tissime'Vinti che confessasse un Dio Trino, che venerano il Dogma del Santo e Ece
cument o suo. Consiglio convocato et Con-
posto n. opera degli antichi e amanti al
Gelo Cristo nostro B. A. Apostoli Costan
tino e la di lui Ua. Sassone, incluso alla Isola di
dei Dogma dell' Unione, et filii del fedeli et
Antico Cristiani et propugnare contro il
suo istanza et eletto.
Scritto a voi popoli Canaditi abitanti
la sua. Isola di Candia, che come santi, et
adornati, che di propria vostra volerli vi
constituito, come che il v. protorittori abit-
tanti alla medesima Isola alla fine del wa.
Impero le quali furono distrutti dal potente
Cupà' Bellerario spinto dal suo. Preced
antissimo da Isolino Progrezioni et poi dal
fratello a Constantino nella guerra
durante il Timoleon, Patriarca et vicegerente
del suo. Greci et Romanici et in sostituio
provo, che come voi feceste al presente di
sposizioni alla sua. Impero, dominando dot-
ta su. Isola di Candia con dando i tributi,
e Gialbo Ragusa, et che non accettate il
rappresentanti da suoi mandati, anzi con
gran vigore et disprezzo e il mandatelo
indifferente. Per ciò col consiglio abides
dei santi in Christo et Andred
con parer di tutto l'Ordine Senatorio si
risolve la total distruzione di voi che
abitato nell' Isola di Candia d' uomini Don
no et figli e colin sostanza vs. Spedizione
per ciò una piccola parte della presenza del
su. Impero che di Navigli Calo guerri, et
principalmente in Gallura Ragusa nella
quella mandato p. Io et vice mio Governo
come la su. propria mia persona e su.
sestissimo su. figlio Isolino esistente con
i presenti d'elli nobili senatori del su.
Impero in forma risoluta et in determina
elemento di guerra perchè non era la
sorte di forma in quale si i pretorittori vs.
non la vedete nè p. voi l' adiate et ving
geramente tutti voi, con la forma su. et finché
ste parti con mori crudeli et total dis-
trazione, essendo voi morti in causa p.
Inconsideranza della vs. ribollirente.
Di tutte queste cose v' ammette impero
che se v' ammette ribelli che giustamente
ad ogni estremità dell' Isola avesse qualche
piede perdono ma se foste altamente susc-
to distrutto adatto con sentenze del presente
as l'inammissibile. Nell'Anno 1183.
In Cristo B. il miracoloso figlio et nostro
Ve. governa Isolino et Alessio di tal
Pudore.

Et presente nostri Nobile.
Santi Popoli, Demezio Viato II.
Leone Mezzaro, Matteo Costano,
Daniele Cartuzsi, Constantino Venezi,
Nino Scordi, Andrea Holissio,
Filippo Cavali, Leone Littino.
Nicosoro Argirepulo detto Aragonofalni.
In tutti No. 12.

I certify that this is a true and faithful
copy of the original, found among the
family papers of George F. B. Aron,
Archbishop, Ciphalamin.

A. S. roofs,
U. S. Consulate.

Translation of the abate, from the Italian.

ALBIS BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING AND
EXPEORDER OF THE GREEKS CONSOLE
And the infallible Prince of the whole universal world of the re-
owned Constantine, Dominator of all
the allies protected and defended by God,
our Savior Jesus Christ, of the holy
Virgin, his Mother, and of the Holy
Ghost. I, Belisario, King of Sicily, of the
Portugal of the whole universal world of the re-
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MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUGA.

Fellowers of the most holy sepulcher of Jesus Christ our Savior, of the venerable and vivifying cross of the other holy places of Jerusalem, protector of the faithful and orthodox christians and propagator against the adversaries of our holy and orthodox Faith.

I write to you people of Cened, inhabitants of our Island of Cened, who foolish and unfortunate, with your own free will constitute yourselves as your forefathers inhabiting the same island of our Empire did who were destroyed by the valiant Captain Bolshirium sent by our most holy Predecessor King Bosillo Pro-ratecrito and since by the powerful and constant in the (hierarchy) war Thubatana Putriblo and viceregent of our orthodox King Romano Argiogalo in consequence of their previration and rebellion even as you are doing now, thereby disobeying our Empire, governing our Island of Cened, not paying the royal tributes and taxes, and not accepting the representatives (deputies) sent by me, on the contrary sending them back with dishonest and contemptuous. Therefore with the synodal advice of our most holy Patriarchs and Archbishops and the opinion of the whole Senatorial body the total destruction is resolved of you who dwell on the Island of Candia, of men, women and children of your property. For that purpose we send a small portion of our imperial strength, viz.: One hundred war boats (galleys) and more especially the royal galley in which I send as King and my vicegerent, as my own person, our most beloved son Isaac together with his wife Alazia, our most beloved son Isaac together with his wife Alazia, and his sons Stephen, Emanuol, Hector, and James the father of John Focca, the subject of this narrative, and from his residing at Valeriano, in the neighborhood of Eloon, he was suman'ed looca Vilia and others in the Peloponesus, and others in the Ionian Islands.

The ancestors of this intrepid navigator were among the number of those who, to preserve their liberty, fled from Constantinople, and sought refuge, some in the Peloponesus, and others in the Ionian Islands.

The brothers, Emanuel and Andronicus Focca, were among those who proceeded to the Peloponesus, whereas Andronicus remained and became the progenitor of the family Focca in that place; whilst Emanuel passed over to Cephalonia about the middle of the 15th century, and settled there in a delightful spot called Eleon. Thus originated the present numerous families of Focca in Cephalonia, from which, at different periods, emigrated learned and skillful men, loyal and intrepid sailors.

According to the genealogical catalogue of his family, which is, and I have seen, in the possession of Mr. John Focca, the subject of this narrative, and from his residing at Valeriano, in the neighborhood of Eleon, he was suman'ed looca Vilia, and others in the Peloponesus, and others in the Ionian Islands.

The extension of the Spanish dominion on the neighboring shores of Italy, and the consequent commercial intercourse carried on with the Ionian Islands by Spanish vessels, offered opportunities to
the Ionian sailors to enter the Spanish ships as parts of their crew. Focas, urged by the same motive, sailed for Spain, and thence in Spanish ships for the Ocean. where, in a short time, he acquired such a perfect knowledge of navigation, and commanded his ship sailing on those boisterous seas with such skill, that he attracted the notice of the King of Spain, who shortly after appointed him Pilot to his fleet at the West Indies, which trust he held for upwards of forty years.

In order to condense this narrative into as small a space as possible, we shall omit much of what fortune and misfortunes befell him, and proceed at once to the investigation of two points of which we have been speaking—first, to know to what extent the more perfect knowledge of the sea, afforded by the improvement in nautical instruments and astronomical observations, rendered the accomplishment of this daring voyage very dangerous and uncertain. necessary to the navigator on those shores, where the want of that assistance which is absolutely essential to be known; the origin, life and death of this navigator.

The discovery of the Strait of Anian, or rather the communication of the two Oceans, and the exploration of the northwestern parts of America, till then unknown, was offered by the Viceroy of Mexico to Focas. The unfailing success and shipwrecks attending all those who had previously undertaken voyages to those parts; the imperfect state of navigation, owing to the little progress that had been made in nautical instruments and astronomy at that time, and, in short, the want of that assistance which is absolutely necessary to the navigator on those seas, rendered the omission of this daring voyage very dangerous and uncertain. Nevertheless all these difficulties, Focas courageously accepted the offer, and taking three ships, equipped for the occasion by the Viceroy, sailed for the great Pacific Ocean. He intrepidly faced all the dangers and difficulties which he met with, but the inaptitude of the Captains under his command, and the little courage of his crew, gave him great anxiety. Their ignorance of the places towards which they were sailing, and the fear of being taken to regions from which former explorers never returned, intoxicated them to such a degree that their excited fears represented the undertaking in the worst light—thought with all imaginary dangers. The daring character of Focas, and his nautical skill, encouraged them for a time, but at last they mutinied, and he was obliged to return to Mexico, but with the fixed intention of attempting the voyage once more.

Not discouraged by these disasters, he after a while prepared a second expedition, which he manned with a more efficient and experienced crew, and again set sail. He left the harbor of Acapulco in 1592, and immediately continued his voyage to the 47th and 48th degree north latitude, and there observed that the land extended towards the northeast and presented a wide opening, which he entered. He sailed up this unknown strait for upwards of forty days, and observed that the land in some parts diverged from the northeast towards the northwest, that the strait from its mouth became gradually wider, and studded at intervals with small islands.

He landed at different ports, and noticed that the natives, who wore very numerous, were all dressed with skins of beasts, and every where the soil appeared to him as fertile as that of New Spain, and rich with gold, silver and pearls; he had also observed that this strait, in all its length, was wide enough for vessels to beat through, and the entrance by which he had come appeared to him from thirty to forty leagues wide. Continuing to advance, he reached the end of the strait, which led into the Atlantic. Focas would have continued his voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, but he was obliged to return by the same route for two reasons: first, because he had fulfilled the object for which he was sent by the Viceroy of Mexico, that is to say, he had discovered the famous Strait of Anian, had made on it the necessary observations, and had found the communication of the two oceans by means of a passage across the continent; secondly, he was afraid of being attacked by the natives, while he was not strong enough to make the least resistance; for these two reasons he determined to retrace his course. On his homeward voyage, he observed that the cape, which extended towards the north, was very lofty, and had on its summit a very high rock, in shape resembling a pillar.

He arrived safely at Acapulco and communicated his discoveries to the Viceroy, from whom he expected to receive a reward suitable to his services. But Focas was not more fortunate, in this respect, than Columbus and other celebrated men before him, to whom the Spanish court had shown such ingratitude.

Two years had elapsed, and he had not received the slightest recompense from the Viceroy, when, by returning to Spain to the Court his long and arduous labors, leaving New Spain; but the Spanish Viceroy, with gold for a long time in fulfilling any of the gusts at the sign of his kingdom, being now very far determined to return, there to end his useful existence, and the sorrows of his family. Deprived of his being captured by becoming the heir both in body and soul to the throne of his family, he landed at different ports, and noticed that the natives, who wore very numerous, were all dressed with skins of beasts, and every where the soil appeared to him as fertile as that of New Spain, and rich with gold, silver and pearls; he had also observed that this strait, in all its length, was wide enough for vessels to beat through, and the entrance by which he had come appeared to him from thirty to forty leagues wide. Continuing to advance, he reached the end of the strait, which led into the Atlantic. Focas would have continued his voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, but he was obliged to return by the same route for two reasons: first, because he had fulfilled the object for which he was sent by the Viceroy of Mexico, that is to say, he had discovered the famous Strait of Anian, had made on it the necessary observations, and had found the communication of the two oceans by means of a passage across the continent; secondly, he was afraid of being attacked by the natives, while he was not strong enough to make the least resistance; for these two reasons he determined to retrace his course. On his homeward voyage, he observed that the cape, which extended towards the north, was very lofty, and had on its summit a very high rock, in shape resembling a pillar.

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He arrived safely at Acapulco and communicated his discoveries to the Viceroy, from whom he expected to receive a reward suitable to his services. But Focas was not more fortune...
MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA.

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Mr. Alex. S. Talbot,
Montreal,

Sir: Your most esteemed favor of the 25th Nov., 1853, duly came to hand; contents of same notified with thanks.

I am extremely obliged to you for your work on the discovery of California. This I have not yet received from Mr. Mills, the U. S. Dispatch Agent, in London, for it is too bulky to be forwarded by post. The "San Francisco Weekly Herald" I have received, for which accept my best thanks.

According to promise, I herewith enclose a synopsis of J. Focca's biography, which I have extracted partly from old manuscripts and partly from a work published at Venice, in the year of our Lord 1843, by Rev. A. Macchiaroli, from Cephalonia, biographer of all the eminent men of his country. Annexed you will also find a copy of a letter forwarded to me, previous to any writing Cephalonia on this subject, by Count G. Maina, M. P., which is in perfect union with my sentiments. Also a copy of a letter addressed by the Greek Emperor, Alexander Constant, summanus Poceloninus to the Caglioto, who, in the year 1822, revolted against the Emperor Constant to punish the insurgents; and whose descendant, Emmanuel, and progenitor to J. Focca the navigator, about the middle of the 15th century, fled from Constantinople to Cephalonia to preserve his life and liberty.

Elcan is a beautiful valley on the south-west of the island of Cephalonia, covered with beautiful olive groves and currant plantations, defying the burning sun and the parched earth to deprive them of their rich, soft verdure. Almost in the midst of this valley lies the neighborhood of Valeriano, the birth-place of J. Focca, where, on a little elevation, rises a very old building, commanding a fine view of the circumjacent country, as far as the eye can reach. This, as I have been informed by the inhabitants of the place, is supposed to have been the abode of J. Focca, where he, after his toilsome life, retired to enjoy the comforts of domestic peace and happiness.

Half a mile distant lies the village of Marian, where the descendants of J. Focca reside; the most part of whom are still pursuing the profession of their old progenitor.

According to the informations given to me by the Primate of the village, and several other authorities, it seems that the true and only descendants, in a direct line, of J. Focca, are the following:—

Rita, son of quondam John,
Goeratzia,  
Battina,  
Nicola,  
Caramillo,  
Nicola,  
Constantini,  
Spiriudio,  
Punjastu,  
Nicola,  
Lako,  
Punajutu,  
Antonio,  
Lako,  
John,  
(All very poor.)

I have not been able, in spite of all my endeavors, for the reason cited in Go. Moutax's letter, to find his autograph or portrait.

About Mr. Locke, nothing more is known here but that he was an intimate of J. Focca.

This is all, my dear sir, I have been able, after many troubles and expenses, to do for you regarding this interesting...
subject, and I hope it will prove satisfactory.
I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most humble servant,
ALEX. S. YORKE,
Consul of the U. S. A.
Catalonia, June 20th, 1855.

Colonel Sir: I have the pleasure to enclose the bill of expenses incurred on your account in Catalonia about the business of J. Fosca and paid by your order. The total amount of this debit of yours I place in a separate account, not including it in your general one. Always ready at your commands, I have the honor to be,
Your humble servant,
(Signed,) G. Tothovvar.

Three voyages from Zante to Cofidonia........................ $12 00
Two carriages hired to Belize............................... 2 00
Compensation to the different families Focca, for the permission to examine their private papers.......................... 10 00
To the person who was occupied 20 days in examining the archives of Cofidonia........................................... $15 00
Sundry other small expenses and letter postage.............. 4 33

$45 33

ZANTE, 26th July, 1855.

ALEX. S. YORKE,
British Consul,
My Dear Sir: Yours of the 26th November, 1854, only came to hand. Un-bridled's Voyage has not yet received. This, I understand, still remains at London, at the hands of Mr. Miller, the U. S. Dispatch Agent. The documents forwarded to you through my brother, John York, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, I understand you have received, and hope they prove satisfactory. Enclosed herewith you will find a copy of the account of expenses incurred by my agent at Cofidonia; for which sum, I hereby take the liberty to draw upon you, order Messrs. P. Van Loon & Co., at five days' sight, and I hope you will be pleased to honor my draft.
I have the honor to be, sir,
Most respectfully yours,
ALEX. S. YORK,
Consul U. S.
[To be continued.]
OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR.

An Episode of San Francisco.

BY ROLLING STONE.

OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR—our patronizing, distantly polite, but still unsuspecting friend, the Governor! How his arrival in San Francisco was welcomed by sundry not wholly disinterested parties. How many, how constant, were the attentions—polite, sycothropic, or pecuniary, according to the payer—which were showered upon him.

How condescendingly yet dignifiedly, he, the accredited Governor of a British colony, received those attentions, and even unbent so far as frequently to breakfast or dine in the dark, dreary cabin of an old store-ship, with his new admirers.

How his praises echoed from their lips after each visit: "So gentlemanly"—"so reserved, as becometh his position, yet how polite"—"How careful not to bind himself by promises he might be prevented from fulfilling, yet how hopeful his words to each and all"—"How evidently anxious to promote their interests in his capacity of Governor"—"How the British Government must have appreciated his talents to appoint one so young." Ah! how visions of future fortune from gold mines, silver mines, coal mines, &c., floated before us like an "ignis fatuus" glimmering on the horizon of the enthusiast's imagination—and oh! how suddenly our friend, the Governor, disappeared, leaving a blank which nothing could fill—and how the Governor and his colony turned out to be a hoax, and how we aplenty mortals had been most gloriously humbugged.

Is not this known to many in the Bay City? Those who do not know it, will find it in the following relation.

In 1852 the firm of Bay & Yeastor dispatched a small vessel, of 150 tons, to search for gold in the British Possessions north of Vancouver's Island. Several other parties, likewise, at the same time fitted out expeditions, and visited the same locality, but with little results.

The schooner first alluded to, however, was commanded by an Irishman of considerable activity, who held an interest in her, together with the owners, Bay & Yeastor. Whatever the shortcomings of Capt. Loomsey may have been, most assuredly lack of energy was not one of them. The consequence was, he made several discoveries as to the existence of valuable minerals, at a point sometime visited by the Hudson's Bay Co.'s vessels.

Unfortunately, on her second trip, the Indians captured the schooner, stripped and burned her, and made the captain and crew prisoners. They were, however, subsequently ransomed by the H. B. C.'s officers, and returned to San Francisco.

There does not appear to have been any fighting to protect the schooner; the surprise had been so sudden, as to be successful before a blow was struck or a gun fired.

The case in which the Indians accomplished this capture, showed the total incapacity of those in charge to carry on communications, or trade, with savages.

They had allowed them to board the vessel, in unlimited numbers, without apparently even the precaution of having every man armed. It is a singular fact, that the same captain has since, on the coast of China, had a large vessel plundered, in a very similar manner, by an attack of shore boats, whilst at anchor.

To come back to our tale, however, after the return of Captain Loomsey to San Francisco, papers, reports, petitions, and so forth, were forwarded to the British government, praying for certain charters and privileges. Pending the interval that must elapse ere an answer from the slow moving Red Tape of the old country could possibly be looked for, the ex-
skipper purchased interests in certain store-ships, which necessarily detained him in San Francisco, boarding, meanwhile, on board that hospitable old store-ship, the Ned Winn, belonging to Ray & Yeaster.

Many San Franciscans will remember that vessel, and her whole-souled owners, when she lay from 1849 to 1854 at a point not a hundred miles from Front and Pacific streets. Mr. Yeaster was at the time on a visit to Europe, or I rather think he would not have been so easily gulled as we were, in the case I am relating.

One evening, after a late dinner, three of our party were enjoying cigars and other creature comforts, on board the Ned Winn, ruminating on things in general, and Captain Loomey in particular. That gentleman had gone out, after entertaining us with an account of how he had once put the head of his ship's cook into boiling water for some offence, and with sundry other pleasing anecdotes, illustrative of his gentleness, amiability, and fatherly care of his crew and passengers, and which being somewhat in the Munchausen style ("nihil quod tectigit non ornavit") afforded ample scope for reflection on the subject of egotism.

Whilst thus seated, Captain Loomey, after an absence of over an hour, returned with a quiet, gentlemanly looking and reserved individual, whom he introduced with considerable deference as Mr. Nahill, the newly appointed Governor of Queen Charlotte's Island.

The appearance of the British official was decidedly in his favor; he was tolerably well looking, polite and dignified in manner, excessively neat and tasteful in his dress, but youthful, apparently three or four and twenty, though he afterwards told us he was nearly thirty. In person he bore a striking resemblance to a certain well-known Millesian U. S. official, whose great feats in Vancouver's Island are yet fresh in the memory of all.

Mr. Nahill disclaimed the honor of Governor; he was in the meantime only superintendont of the Island and Commissioner, but should it be made (as he anticipates it shortly would be) a separate colony, most probably he would be appointed to that higher office. His object in desiring the acquaintance of Messrs. Ray & Yeaster, he stated, was to obtain from them all the information he could with regard to the harbors Capt. Loomey had visited, and the minerals of that Island, of which he understood they had notified the home government. He did not wish to press for such particulars as they might deem them to their interest to withhold. He thought it right to mention this, because he could give no pledges as to the granting of charters for the working of the said mineral deposits, the granting of which would be confined to the authorities at home, dependent, doubtless, in a great measure, on his reports and recommendations, but still confined to them as Regium donum. They, Ray & Yeaster, might be sure he would be glad, particularly after the losses they had incurred in making their discoveries, to meet their views in every way, when consistent with the strict performance of his duty to the Government he had the honor to represent; that duty was, of course, paramount, and consequently at this early stage he could pledge himself to nothing further than a warm interest in the success in the future arrangements that might be made between his government and themselves.

Having promised this much, he awaited any information which Capt. Loomey and his employers and partners were disposed to give him.

This address was neatly replied to by Mr. Ray, who would be happy to afford him all the information in his power, as his friend, Capt. Loomey, and he could not but express his pleasure and admiration at the straightforward, manly and yet kind manner in which he had expresse
expressed himself, and which was far more satisfactory to him than implied promises and vague hopes held out which might never be fulfilled. Capt. Loomey having gone to get his charts, tracings and other memoranda, the Governor informed us that he had just arrived from the Sandwich Islands, whither he had gone in H. M. steam frigate Virago, en route for Queen Charlotte’s Island, but that being thrown from his horse and having broken his collar bone, he had preferred remaining behind till he recovered, and that he was going to meet the Virago in six weeks at Vancouver’s Island, as he had arranged with her Captain; from thence he would proceed in that vessel to Queen Charlotte’s Island, and ere, as much as he found most advisable, store and other houses, surrounding them with a fort or stockade, sufficient to insure safety from Indian attacks. That there was now awaiting him in Vancouver’s Island iron store-houses and frames of other buildings, twenty-four pound guns, with ammunition and small arms, with which, with the other necessaries, he should have to charter a vessel to carry. But these initial steps being completed, the Virago would sail from Queen Charlotte’s Island, her duty being fulfilled. His establishment in the mean time would consist of a government store-keeper, store-keeper’s clerk, his own private secretary, six government messengers or porters, and twenty marines with a sergeant and two corporals, and such servants as were necessary. As soon afterwards as other arrangements could be completed, efforts would be made by the Home Government to facilitate the development of the mineral and other resources of the new colony. For the first twelve months he would be very lonely; but he had, when in the Hudson Bay Company’s service, been often so situated. He also informed us that it was the experience he had had in dealing with and treating Indians, that was the proximate cause of his present appointment to the colonial office, and not from any interest, political or family, nor, indeed, any merit he himself could lay claim to. All this was delivered in a modest but perfectly self-reliant manner. He then examined the tracings, borrowed them to take copies, took notes from the memoranda of Capt. Loomey, and at a late hour left us.

After his departure, I ventured to remark that I thought it strange, the appointment of one so young, when more experienced men could have been selected from the Hudson Bay Co.’s servants; but I was told that any one could see that he was a very superior man, and as such appreciated by a discerning government.

I suggested that it was strange Mr. Yeaster had not mentioned his appointment in his letters from England; but I was answered, that Mr. Yeaster had not yet had time to hear the result of, and to reply concerning, Capt. Loomey’s discoveries.

Again, I observed “that his manner scarcely seemed natural; at times he appeared inclined to be lively, like an Irishman, as he was, and then changed his manner to the dignified, as if he had forgotten himself.”

“Homo sum, nullus sum,” quoth the classic of our party. So, finding myself in a solitary minority, I hold my tongue; wondering, possibly, at my own stupidity in doubting.

How far my doubts were subsequently obliterated, by the Governor offering me the private secretaryship, or store-keeper’s appointment, at a liberal salary, it behoves me not to say. Our friend, the Governor, for the next fortnight gave us a good deal of his company, and we did all in our power to cement so promising a friendship; dinners, drives and parties, were arranged to meet

OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR.
his convenience. Ray introduced him to friends in every direction, amongst others, to a young and very handsome widow, whose husband had been dead some twelve months.

The stay of our friend, the Governor, in San Francisco was, however, to be but short, and he had to make the most of it; and he did. He became enamored of, and proposed to the young widow; gave her a gold watch and chain and much flattery; she hesitated whether to say yes or no, on so short an acquaintance, but was advised by relatives and friends, on all hands, not to lose so good a chance. But, when she had about made up her mind; when she was considering how best to cut the acquaintance of those ladies suddenly discovered to be hardly fit associates for a Governor's wife; when she was deciding on the material and make desirable for her wedding dress; when she was considering what furniture to take to Vancouver's Island, where she was to reside till the Governor's own house and fort were built; when she was reflecting whether to take her son with her, or leave him at school; when, in fact, she was arranging everything to her own satisfaction—shh! for the mutability of human affairs—our friend, the Governor, suddenly disappeared. For days he was not seen. Whispers of murder and robbery were circulated—horror was depicted on the face of his friends—apologies were lost for the time, and unanswerable whisky punches imbibed. Some felt for him not only in their hearts, but in their pockets, for among the favors he had received and bestowed, his drawing hills and borrowing money must not be forgotten.

At length it became pretty well known that he had deliberately vanished, leaving some to lament their loss, gone forever; Capt. Loomey lamented his secrets told, and the copies of tracings given, which would betray the localities of his much valued discoveries; I, myself, lamented the loss of my private secretaryship; Ray lamented that he had been so egregiously fooled, and, possibly, (though he never would own to it) also sundry advances made to the Governor. Lastly, the handsome young widow lamented over the downfall of her promised greatness. The gold watch he had given her, she smashed in a pot, but afterwards sold the damaged articles, she clearly being thereby the only pecuniary gainer by our friend, the Governor.

We subsequently heard that he had actually arrived, as he had stated, in H. M. steam frigate Vireo at the Sandwich Islands, a free passage having been given him from Valparaiso; that at the former place he had victimized the Hudson Bay Co.'s agent, to a considerable amount, and then left for San Francisco. From the time of his disappearance till this hour, we have never more heard from or of Our Friend, the Governor.

ELLEN ASHTON; or, HOW I CURED HIM.

BY G. T. S.

"The fact is, Ellen, you are altogether too tame a wife. You sit here at home, moping over the fire, till two or three o'clock in the morning; while my brother, that adored husband of yours, is out spending his time with his gay companions, carousing, gambling, theatre-going, or something worse. You sit here, I say, and wait for his return, keeping up the fire, with his wrappings thrown over the hearthstones and slippers placed before it, to keep the dear man warm, who comes home just when he pleases to thank you for it. And, then, you dare not say your soul is your own; and if he tells you that he has been to a Lyceum, or a religious lecture, you believe it all, just because he says it. No upon you! Sir. Lyceums and religious lectures at two o'clock in the morning! Pray, what time was he in last night?"
"About half past one," I replied. "Isn't that a pretty time for a man to come home to his family? Oh! I am out of all patience with him. If he were my husband I'd tune him! I'd sure him of some of his tricks, or die for it!"

"What would you do, Julia?" I quietly asked.

"Do! Do just as he does. Go out and spend my time when and where I please. Whose business is it? Not his. He does not seem to think it your business how late he stays out, or where."

"Sister," she said, after a pause, and assuming a more serious tone, "could you contrive to make him jealous?"

"I don't know, Julia. I know that George loves me, and is still kind in all things but these you mention. I have never heard an unkind word from his lips. But I know he is given to dissipation, and I fear, sometimes, that the end must be ruin. I have tried to win him back to me, by kindness and attention. When he has come home late at night, he has never shown a frown upon my face. I have received him with a smile, and I know that smile has sometimes been to him like a dagger. I have often kept up little Harry, to a late hour, that his inoffensive prattle might plead for me with his father. "Naughty papa!" he said, the other night, for the child was weary with watching. "Naughty papa! to stay away so late!" "Oh! good papa! God bless papa!" I said. "God bless naughty papa," said the child. And so I live, and hope, and wait. Perhaps there may be—but I know no better way."

Julia sat and looked seriously at the fire for some moments. She had evidently been touched by my words, and she pitied me, at the same time that she loved and blamed her brother. She then sprang suddenly up and exclaimed:

"There, Ellen, I have hit it! I have had a thought—tis a good one—not from Lucifer, so you need not be afraid! You know your brother Charles will be home from his eastern tour next week. George has never seen him. Let him stop with me, at my house. He alone shall be let into the secret. Every night I will contrive a meeting between you and him, at half past one o'clock, on the street by which George comes home from his midnight carousals. He shall see you together, and oh! I won't he stand on tiptoe, as if he had received a shock from an electric battery! I would like to see the sight, wouldn't I, Ellen?"

"Oh, Julia! I cannot consent to it. The sight would kill him."

"Kill him! Trust me. Those men are not so easily killed. Set your mind at ease, Sis. Leave me to manage the plot, and all will be well."

I reluctantly gave my consent, and waited patiently for the time when brother Charles should come home.

He came the next week, and his arrival was kept a profound secret from George. Julia had planned all the preliminaries for our meeting, and one Saturday morning, precisely at half past one o'clock, Charles and I met—he being let into the secret—on the sidewalk of the street by which George was accustomed to come home.

I shall never forget with what impatience I waited for his appearance, or with what tremor I heard the sound of his footsteps at a distance, and knew that they were his. He drew near—passed us—then, stopping and turning suddenly round, looked us directly in the face. I had drawn my veil aside, so that he might the more easily recognize me, and not be mistaken in what he saw. We appeared to be in earnest conversation for some moments together, and then moved slowly away.

I saw George go home, and heard him close the door as he went in. In about fifteen minutes I followed. George was sitting by the fire, with his head leaning
on his hand, at the table. His eyes were fixed on the fire, and he did not rise or stir, as I entered. I pulled off my shawl and hat, and seated myself at the other side of the table.

"A pleasant evening, husband."

No answer.

"Beautiful moonlight, and very pleasant in the streets!"

Still no answer.

"Hope you have enjoyed your evening as well as I have!"

No answer still.

Soon I got up, took the candle, and went to bed.

George retired soon after, and not one word was spoken by either of us.

The new day he was very silent and abstracted. I treated him with the same marked kindness that I had always done; and he was, as usual, gentlemanly, but reserved and silent.

The next evening I went out again, but not to meet Charles. I did not think it safe. I stopped with Julia till I knew that George had returned. He came home early that night—at half past ten o'clock. I came in soon after, pulled off my shawl and hat, and sat as usual by the fire. George was sitting there, too, in the same position that he was the evening previous, looking steadily at the fire; but with a sternness gaze, and a paler face.

I commenced—"Good evening, husband; I hope—"

George sprang from his seat as though he had been shot.

"Good God! Ellen, what ails you! Are you mad? or am I myself distraught? Last night I met you, at half past one o'clock, on the street, linked arm-in-arm with an unknown man! Tonight you are out till nearly eleven o'clock, I suppose on the same business. Ellen, Ellen, what has got into you! Do you mean to drive me mad, and ruin my home? Think of your child! Have some pity on him, if you do not on me!"

"Ay, that is it!" I said, calmly rising, and looking him full in the face. "That is the very prayer I would plead—which I have pleaded, with my looks, at least—with you, my husband! I have seen the ruin coming on our home! I have marked its sure hastening downfall! I have heard our little one sobbing in his sleep, and saying, 'Why does not papa come home? naughty papa!'—and when I taught him to pray for you, he would still say, 'God bless naughty papa!' Heaven had taught the child. And, George, it has been all wrong. You have neglected me, neglected your business, neglected your child. I bore it all, I opened not my lips to reproach you. You know it. I endured all in silence. I even met you with smiles, when my heart was breaking."

"My brother came home from his eastern travels. He learned my history. By his and Julia's arrangement, I met him in the street last night. George, in doing this, have I done wrong?"

He rose, covered his face with his hands, and walked towards the window. I heard his prayer for strength; and I saw, as it were, "an angel from heaven sent to strengthen him." I knew that as a prince, he had power with God, and had prevailed.

He said—"Ellen, you have conquered! Good angels have come and met me tonight. I will grieve you no more. By the help of God we will strive to make each other happy. I will try to be as you have been, my wife. May I never have to learn so stern a lesson as you have been taught, of long and patient endurance. Henceforth let us live in happiness and peace!"

And bright angels stopped and heard that prayer, that night; and in the Book of Life a new name was written by the Recording Angel. Behold, it is that of a "great sinner, who repented!"
I have mol, rising. The pleads—which pales, at least—I have seen the aid. I have a downfall! I sobbing in his does not papa!—and when you, he would mighty papa's child. And, ed. You have your business, bore it all. I seek you. You is silence. I then my heart

from his of my history. among, I met George, in

see with his the window. right; and I from heaven

I knew that his God, and

conquered! I met me to more. By

we to make try to be as they I never seen as you and patient

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CHINADOM IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK.

IN TWO PAPERS.—PAPER THE FIRST.

Among the peculiarities which distinguish California from all the other States of our Union, is the large element in its population of emigrants from the "Celestial Empire." What portion of its inhabitants belong to that class, at this moment, it is impossible to say; but probably there are not less than sixty thousand Chinamen among us. The State Register, for 1850, estimates the number in the State in 1857 at 38,587, and there have been large additions since that date. All other foreigners are put down at 67,000. In the city of San Francisco, the latest edition of the Directory gives us the number of Chinese as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Males, over 21</td>
<td>2,510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Females, over 18</td>
<td>540</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children, under 5</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>3,150</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This we believe to be very far beneath the true estimate. Nothing is said of persons between five years and eighteen, in the case of females, and twenty-one, in that of males. Some judicious individuals have calculated that there are not less than 10,000 Chinese, of all ages, in the city.

Two things are worthy of special notice in respect to this portion of our population: first, the large proportion of males, and secondly, the very small proportion of children. The fact is, few females come to this country, partly because of want of employment, and partly because the great majority of those immigrants are brought here as serfs, or employes of others, for whose benefit they labor, chiefly in the mines, and they are generally young and unmarried men.

The small number of children is thus accounted for; in fact, also, and in part by the fact that nearly all the females are dissolute and loose in their character and habits. A large proportion of the houses of ill-fame in this city, are inhabited by Chinese women. A respectable family is scarcely to be found. The few sons of the better class, who come to reside here, do not bring their wives with them. It is a singular peculiarity of the Chinese females, seen here, that they are extremely diminutive in their stature—scarcely one equaling in size the medium average of American women. It is said that they are transported hither, by individuals whose object is to reap pecuniary profit from their prostitution.

The manners and customs of the Chinese, as exhibited among us, are very singular, and, in some respects, amusing. It may interest many of your readers, who are not familiar with them, and especially the large number at a distance, to know something of the appearance, habits, and notions of these singular people.

Their dwellings and places of business, are generally congregated in one spot, in the suburbs or in two principal localities in the city. Most of them are poor, and occupy very humble dwellings; some of them in the outskirts of the city, being more huts, or hovels. In their dress they are generally neat, but their houses are filthy and unpleasant—the odors which salute the olfactories of visitors and passers-by, serving to remind them of anything but "celestial" regions. Their food is largely composed of rice, but they consume, also, large quantities of crabs, fish, and the entrails of animals. As a general thing, they adhere rigidly to their national costume, which is familiar to Americans from the numerous prints which are in circulation. Now and then one, however, is seen wholly, or partially, dressed in American fashion. Sometimes, instead of the usual skull-cap, a soft hat adorns the head; or in place of the thin trousers, tied at the ankles or
knees, woolen pants are substituted, while all the rest of the costume is Chinese; or, for the pointed shoes, thick Yankee boots are adopted. Very rarely a Chinaman is seen in full American dress. Here and there one allows his hair to be cut, or if left long, it is wound at the head; but, generally, the foretop is shaved and the back hair allowed to grow very long, and is braided into a queue, terminated by a silk tassel, which dangles down to the heels.

A Chinaman is seldom seen at work out of doors in the city, or as a common laborer, as a drayman or porter, or in repairing the streets, or using a carpenter's tools. They are mostly occupied in lighter in-door labors, as mechanics, shopkeepers, laundrymen, &c. They are generally industrious, are seldom seen intoxicated with liquor, or smoking tobacco, or engaged in any scens of violence. Some of them are addicted to theft, and are quite expert in the art.

The Chinese are met with everywhere in the streets of the city, or in certain quarters, as we have said, which they inhabit. There are parts of two or three streets where it is said one may get a very good idea of Canton, not in respect to the buildings, but the internal appearance of the shops, with their goods and occupants. Here are prosecuted various arts and employments, and exposed a variety of articles of merchandise. Over the doors, much strange signs as these are seen: "Hoa Kee & Co.," "Ah Sing," "Tung Yoo," "Bee Lee," &c. At the windows and by the sides of the doors are lists, in Chinese characters, of goods on sale, and sometimes tablets, with mottoes, to bring good luck, or as charms against evil spirits, of whom they have great dread.

There are a few trading houses composed of intelligent and enterprising men, which carry on an extensive and profitable business in importing and jobbing Chinese goods. Individuals have in this way, it is said, accumulated considerable fortunes. At the head of one of these houses is "Ho Chornny," a convert to Christianity and member of the first Presbyterian church, a very intelligent and gentlemanly person. He speaks English fluently. He adheres to his native costume, and mingles with his own people.

We have said the Chinese have a mortal fear of demons, and to drive them away they are in the habit of letting off great numbers of fire-crackers, such as boys use on the Fourth of July. These, they suppose, will frighten and scatter the evil spirits that infest the air. Discharging these is also an important accompaniment to all their holiday services and celebrations. They are manufactured in China and imported here in great quantities.

Their great holiday is New Year, which occurs in February, and is always observed with great excitement and many ceremonies. Another notable day in their calendar is their "Feast of the Dead." On this occasion they prepare great quantities of food, which they carry in procession to the cemetery, for the refreshment of the departed, who, it is supposed, appear in spirit and regale themselves upon the substantial food thus provided for them. It is a part of the religious belief of the Chinese, that departed spirits have entered upon a new life, which is, in many respects, a counterpart of the old one; they still own the ties and feel the wants of their earthly existence; they maintain intercourse with their living descendants, and are able to confer blessings upon them, while they are also accessible to their pious attentions, and even in a measure dependent upon them for support in the land of shadows. Such was the belief also of the ancient Hindoos, a race the most widely removed from the Chinese in place, origin and character; and the
The following is a description of the room, and of the services enacted in April last, on the occasion of a great festival:

Near the entrance of the room is a large table, upon which are three huge wax candles burning, and three metallic vases of a material resembling Britannia ware in lustre. The central urn has a dragon on its lid, through whose ugly mouth a stream of smoke rises from incense burning within. Beyond the incense-table is the offering-table. On this are several large plates, one containing a half-grown hog, either roasted or varnished to imitate the appearance of that creature. Another plate contains a whole ram, with legs, hoofs, head, ears, eyes and horns, cleaned apparently by the aid of boiling water. On another plate is a boiled hen. A great variety of indispensable succulents are also arranged on this table on various plates. To the west of this is a long, narrow table, supporting a number of plates heaped high with cakes, and a sacred lamp, which is supposed to be burning for all eternity. Here also, are several metallic vases containing joss sticks, which burn very slowly, without flame. Each stick is dedicated to some saint or sacred personage.

West of this table are a number of weathervanes, painted with strong and brilliant colors, black, blue, scarlet, yellow and green, and covered with Chinese writing and drawings in profuse giltting and colored enamels. The carved works gradually recede at the centre to a high door, and the idol is set up.

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earth, that at his death he was elevated to divine honors. The idol is the size of a large man, and is in a sitting posture. The face is of a very strong red color, exceeding in intensity the most blushing of bricks. A magnificent moustache, of very long hair, adorns his upper lip, and his eyes sparkle with a glary lustre. He is clothed in very rich garments, and his knees are adorned with jewels and precious stones. The ceiling is partly hidden by five variously colored boards, about twelve feet long and two feet wide, which are hung by the sides, and at such an angle that all can be seen from the floor. Upon each is inscribed a sacred maxim, in Chinese writing. The supports of the room from the front are imposing. Several flags hang at its sides and near the alcove, and although the colors are more brilliant than harmonious, yet they produce a strong effect. The furniture of this chapel cost $12,000 in China.

Every morning, during the continuance of the festival, a religious ceremony took place, which might be likened to the high mass in the Roman Catholic service. Half a dozen Chinamen, apparently priests, dressed in long robes of dark violet and light blue silk, entered the room, while one of their number chanted some monotonous words. The priests took places before the incense-table, knelt upon cushions, and bowed successively a number of times to the idol. After rising, they moved around the room in procession, and took places again before the incense-table, where they knelt towards, and made motions as if to embrace each other. They then marched in procession about the room, knelted before the incense-table, and knelt and bowed to the idol and each other, when one of them poured out a libation before the deity. Another march and they are again before the incense-table. One of the priests then read from an unbound Chinese book on pink paper, several passages, occasionally bowing. Then there was a chant by a number of persons, and, after several other processions about the room, chanting, kneeling, bowing, &c., the worship of Ching-Tzu was suspended for several hours. During the greater portion of the ceremony, which lasted thirty or forty minutes, there was a chant conducted by one of the priests, or instrumental efforts at music in an adjoining room, on gongs, cymbals, and a shrill ringing instrument, for which Christian tongues have no name. The sounds were endorsed by the Chinese with a piousity perfectly unaccountable to "outsiders."

THE BURIAL.

The train has passed;
The slow-paced train, with solemn tread,
And downward eyes. No banners marked
Its course, fluttering gaily in the air;
But there were standards folded,
Draped in mourning. No joyous shout
Was heard; but silently, to the slow wall
Of funeral carriages, passed the train.
There were waving plumes—but they were
Plumes of woe. There was the tread
Of noble charger, prancing impatiently,
But the tightened rein restrained them.
There were gallant men in purple
Of war, and asked swords and
Burnished arms throw back the sunlight—
But they went not forth to battle.
There were lines of citizens,
Moving solemnly and slowly;
There were rows of carriages, and
Through the curtained windows you could
The bowed form and solemn veil of mourners.

Along these streets the bridal train
Has passed joyously and lightly,
And the merry laugh has sounded—
How different now! The toiling bell—
The measured tread—the dark train, slowly
Hoping as it bears its dread burden
To the lone mountain of the dead.

It is ended;
Thorny mourners seek their lonely homes,
And the suicide sleeps in his grave.

He was a noble man—full of
All generous impulses, loving, kind,
And he could not bear dishonor.
Mistfortune met him, and he fled from her,
Even to the forbidden shades of death.
Lastly, in his fierce haste, reading
With his own hands the dreadful veil,
Great Heaven, protect us, even from ourselves! — Leison.
LEGEND OF THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

Translated from the German.

BY P. F. JOHNSON.

[BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The author of this interesting story is Jo~n Augustus Mau~, who was born in June, Saxony, 1795. At an early age he entered the University for the study of theology, where he remained for about three years and a half; but, having turned at a rural festival, his superiors thought this a sufficient improvidence to justify them in excluding him for ever from taking holy orders. Mau~ was no less excellent as a writer, than estimable as a man. Serenity of mind and kindness of heart throw about his character the never-failing charm of making friends. It is said of him that he belonged to the few happy mortals, who, during their lifetime, never had an enemy. Actuated mainly by his scanty income, he betook himself to literary pursuits; and was the last one to find out the beauties of his own works. His earnings he freely shared with his poorer lectures. Nothing could induce him to ordure severity before men, or gold, craving for patrons or wealth. He died, a man had lived, a righteous and good man, a loving father, a sincere and true friend, and one who was contented with the little that Heaven bestowed upon him. The present Legend is the first, in a series of five, to be found in his "Stories of the German People"—the work by which he became so great a favorite with the public. He died on the 8th of October, 1797, aged 36 years; and before the completion of the last work upon which he was engaged, entitled "German Flora." A simple but beautiful monument was erected over his grave by some unknown hand. If the sparkling gems scattered throughout the original, here bore last any of their brightness, the translator would be very sorry, as the desire of his heart—the better appreciation and more general diffusion of German literature—would be defeated, and injustice done to his able author.]

Thus Sudes, though often foohy head- ed in verse and prose, are considered the Parnassus of the Silsians. On its lofty crown Apollo and his muses dwelt in peaceful harmony, side by side with the famous mountain goblin, named The Turnip-Counter. He was who immor- talized the gnome and world-famed Rosen- gilburg even more, by far, than all the Silian poets put together. This sovereign of the gnomes owns only a small dominion on the world's surface, as the spot, enclosed by a high mountain chain, is but a few miles in circumference. Besides, two powerful monarchs each put in their claim to the estate, disdaining to acknowledge the goblin, even as a silent partner. Yes, several fathoms below the rich crust of "mother earth" his undisputed title, and his reign commoners. Unabridged by any treaty of partition, it extends to the very centre of our planet. At times the subterranean Straw, always restless, takes pleasure in roaming over his far-stretching provinces in the caverns below, inspecting their inexhaustible treasures of valuable veins and strata, reviewing the company of his mining gnomes, and directing their work.

Now they check the ravages the fiery fluid occasions in the bowels of the earth, by throwing up a substantial dam; then they seize the mineral vapors to impreg- nate barren rocks with their copious ex- halations; a process by which the worthless stone becomes changed into rich ore. At other times, Turnip-Counter divests himself of the trouble his reign in the lower world imposes on him, and ascends the fortification on the frontier, fully bent on having his own way in the mountains of the Rimengilburg.

How he delights in playing off gambols and odd tricks on mankind generally, like some wanton fellow who, to enjoy a laugh, tickles his neighbor to death! For, let it be understood, friend Turnip-Counter is imbued with the attributes of eccentric genius, being capricious, impetuous, queer, clownish, rough, saucy, proud, vain, and sly; a firm friend to-day, while to-morrow he is cold and distant; at certain moments kind, generous and sentimental, yet always at paradoxes; foolish and wise; often soft and hard in the same minute—like an egg dropped in boiling water; rogulist and honorable; stubborn and tractable; humorous or otherwise, just as his disposition becomes worked upon at first sight.

Since Olim's time, and long before the descentants of Japhet advanced so far
north as to make the country habitable, Turnip-Counter haunted these dreary mountains, baited the bear and the ursine until they waged war against one another; or frightened the timid game in his path, with terrible noises, and hurled it down steep declivities into the sombre valley below. Tired of the chase, he turned snow to the dark passages of the lower world, and stayed there for centuries, until he took a fancy, once more, to bask in sunshine, and enjoy the view on the outside of creation.

How he was startled on his return to light, while looking down the snow-capped mountain-peak, he beheld a complete change of scenery around! The forest, sombre and impenetrable before, had vanished before the woodman's axe, and over the fertile soil the harvest had matured in abundance. From among the nurseries and orchards popped forth the thatch of cottages and thriving villages of happy homes, whose curling smoke quietly cleft the air. Some solitary watch-tower might be seen on a far-off mountain-slope, for the protection of the surrounding country; sheep and cattle fed in the flowery meadows, and melodious psalms sounded out from the young graves of trees. The astonished lord of the territory beheld something new to him; pleased and delighted, he forgot to count the arbitrary settlers, who had conducted their squatter business without having asked him for a grant; nor did he intend to disturb them in the enjoyment of their assumed rights to property. Yes, he even meditated an introduction to mankind—this mongrel race, between spirit and animal—to study its habits and court its society.

The shape of a robust farm laborer suited his purpose, and, as such, he hired himself to the first farmer, at random. All he took in hand, turned out well, and Rips, the plowman, was soon considered the best laborer in the village; however, his master, being a prodigal, squandered the earnings of his faithful servant, without thinking him for his drudgery; therefore he left, and went to a neighbor, who entrusted a flock of sheep to his care. These he attended industriously, and drove them into the wilderness, or upon steep hills to feed. The flock prospered under his eyes, and increased in numbers—none broke their necks by tumbling down the precipices, or became torn by the wolves. Yet, his master turned out a miser, who did not compensate the faithful worker as he deserved, but even went so far as to steal his own ram, and then took its value out of the shepherd's wages. So Rips deserted the niggard, and served the Judge of the district as hostler; hoping that he would scourge the thief and horsewhip the unjust with vigorous zeal; but the Judge was a corrupt man, spurning right, favoring parties, and insulting the law. Rips, not willing to act as the tool of injustice, declined his services, and was thrown into a dungeon, but escaped, in the usual way of spirits, through the key-hole.

His first attempt at anthropology had not developed his philanthropic propensities. He returned, vexed, to his eyrie, looked down on the smiling fields, perfumed by human industry, and wondered how nature could have thrown away her gifts on such a bastard brood. Nevertheles, he risked another expedition to complete his former study. Invisibly he glided to the bottom-land of the valley, harkling around in copses and hedges, when before him stood the form of a dancing maiden, radiant to behold, like the Venus of Medici, who divested herself of her drapery, in seeking the pleasures of a bath. In front of a grass-grown cascade, which threw its silvery stream into an unassuming water-basin, her play-companions rested, railing and expressing their mistress with innocent gladness.
This sight had a wonderful effect on the eaves-dropping mountain goblin. He came unmindful of his aetherial nature and properties, and wished his lot had been cast among common mortals, that he might behold the daughters of Eve with the same human concupiscence.

Still the organization of spirits is so subtle, that, to receive fixed and lasting impressions, the gnome felt he lacked a grosser body, which prevented him from viewing the bathed beauty with human eyes, and through them to fix her picture in his imagination. Therefore, he borrowed the mask of a raven and flew into the boughs of a tall ash tree, in view of the bath. This transformation was not a happy one, because he now beheld everything with the eyes of the raven, and felt like the raven; a nest of wood-mice had, under the circumstance, more attractions for him than the bathing nymph, as the soul is always actuated, in its thoughts and desires, by the body in which it is encased.

No sooner was this psychological discovery made, than the fault was remedied. The raven flew into a thicket; and, for his model, took a good looking youth, such being, undoubtedly, the right way to embrace a maiden in all her perfections. Passions possessed his bosom, which, from his very existence, he had no anticipation of; all his ideas became aroused, and a certain restlessness took hold of him; his desires struggled with, and coveted something, to which he had no name to give. An invisible impulse dragged him, like a pulley, mechanically forward to the cascade; yet, an opposing feeling produced a certain timidity, which would not let him pay his homage before the Medall in this enigmatical, nor let him burst forth from the bower, whose leaves his eyes endeavored to pierce.

The pretty nymph was the daughter of the Silsian Pharaoh, who reigned in the envious of the Bleisengbirge. She was in the habit of walking among the groves and bushes that dotted the mountain chain, with her maids of honor, to collect flowers and fragrant herbs, or gather a basket full of wild cherries and strawberries—in that frugal era, considered worthy to adorn the table of her father. On a sultry day, she would drink at the rocky spring under the cataract, or refresh herself in its limpid water. It seems that, from time immemorial, watering-places were selected as the rendezvous for gallant adventurers, and even at the present day, the same claim must be accorded them.

The incubated mountain goblin became chained to the spot, through the sweet magic of love. Without absenting himself, he waited, daily, with impatience the return of his charmer, and her train.

The nymph tarried long; but at noon of a warm summer day, she visited again the cooling shade at the cataract. Great was her astonishment, in noticing the change of the spot; the rough rocks had been encased with marble and alabaster; the water, from tumbling down the steep declivity in a foaming stream, broken by many gradations, now leaped, with gentle murmurs, into a wide marmorean basin, from the center of which a water-spool went up, dissolving itself in a rain-shower, turning from one side to the other at the breath of a zephyr, till the shaken column dropped into its reservoir. Maple trees, daisies, and the romantic little flower, the forget-me-not, grow on its margin; hedge-roses, mingled with jasmine blossoms, surrounded this beautiful spot, at some distance, framing the most fascinating picture. To the right and left of the fall, opened a double entrance to an imposing grove, whose walls and arches were covered with Mosses, made up of colored pieces of ore, rock-crystal, and masonry tiles, so sparkling and glistening that its reflection momentarily blinded...
the sight. In different niches were several nice curiosities, tempting some guests to take part of them.

The princess looked on in amazement, without knowing whether it would be well to trust her senses; or, better still, to fly the enchanted haunt. But she was a daughter of Eve, and could not neglect the opportunity to look at the objects around, and nibble from the splendid fruit that seemed to stand there expressly for her own appropriation. Having herself, with her suite, enjoyed the best in this miniature temple, she desired to step into the basin, and command her maids to be watchful, lest audacious loungers should be abroad.

The pretty child had hardly slipped over the polished edge of the font, when down she went, in a bottomless depth, although the deceitful pyrites, that shone on the seemingly shallow bottom, whispered no danger. Quicker than the hastening girls could seize the golden crown, the lady vanished before them; and the eyes rested on the surface, like a cork, while the princess was under the care of her lover, and not entirely without consolation: having, by some stage-jugglery, managed to withdraw her from the sight of her followers, by a subterranean passage conducted her to his magnificent palace, which was far above any comparison with the residence of her father. On waking out of her trance, she found herself on a comfortable sofa, dressed in a robe of rose colored atlas, fastened by a girdle of azured silk. A young man, possessed of innumerable phylloody, kneeling at her feet, told her, that the story of his love, to which she listened with modest blushing, was ideal and poetic sentimentality, the story of his love, to which she listened with modest blushing, was the first tribute of his tears he offered at the altar of a father's love, then steeled his courage and hastened to reconnoitre the ground where the adventure had happened. But the pleasing enchantment had vanished; nature, rough and sombre, stood there in all its savage grandeur; there was no grotto, no marmerous basin, no hedge of roses, nor jasmine bower. Happily, the simple-hearted King had no anticipation that his daughter could have been carried off by a foreign knight, as elemonents were not then in fashion. Without forcing the girls, either by menaces or the rack, to a confession, he took their account in good faith; thinking that Thor, Woden, or some other god, was at the bottom of the affair. He then went on with the chase, and, after a while, became reconciled to his loss, as the Kings of this world feel no real affliction except at the loss of their crown.

Meanwhile, Emma was under the care of her lover, and not entirely without comfort; for having, by some stage-jugglery, managed to withdraw her from the sight of her followers, by a subterranean passage conducted her to his magnificent palace, which was far above any comparison with the residence of her father. On waking out of her trance, she found herself on a comfortable sofa, dressed in a robe of rose-colored atlas, fastened by a girdle of azure silk. A young man, possessed of innumerable phylloody, kneeling at her feet, told her, that the story of his love, to which she listened with modest blushing, was the first tribute of his tears he offered at the altar of a father's love, then steeled his courage and hastened to reconnoitre the ground where the adventure had happened. But the pleasing enchantment had vanished; nature, rough and sombre, stood there in all its savage grandeur; there was no grotto, no marmerous basin, no hedge of roses, nor jasmine bower. Happily, the simple-hearted King had no anticipation that his daughter could have been carried off by a foreign knight, as elements were not then in fashion. Without forcing the girls, either by menaces or the rack, to a confession, he took their account in good faith; thinking that Thor, Woden, or some other god, was at the bottom of the affair. He then went on with the chase, and, after a while, became reconciled to his loss, as the Kings of this world feel no real affliction except at the loss of their crown.

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WHEN WE SAILED AROUND THE HORN.

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~ andoroid and pleasure-grounds, where the young lady could enjoy the shade that played upon pleasure, as you will be no longer a sad

kor's more, then the turf and the flower-beds. The fruit recluse in my dwelling. This basket, trees bore apples, purple, red, sprinkled contains all that is necessary to make

ustoned to re-

with gold, or gilded in part; and of such your stay here agreeable. You need.

a style as no artistic gardner could cheat only to touch, with this checkered stick,

ature out of afterwards. The bushes teemed with singing-birds, executing a will assume any form you may please to

scale grand symphony in a hundred voices. Under the leaf-woven arches of the trees

enjoyed such blessed hours Revealed the hills after; The (lay dawned bright, and the morning

interried company to each other. With

let your heart be open to social pleasure, as you will be no longer a and reside in my dwelling. This basket contains all that is necessary to make your stay here agreeable. You need only to touch, with this checkered stick, the vegetables in this basket, and they will assume any form you may please to give them."

(Continued next month.)

WHEN WE SAILED AROUND THE HORN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The day dawned bright, and the morning

uronied the hills afar; And the Cross shines high in the southern

and cheer up the pretty lass, but in vain. Far, far behind, borne by the wind;

a social animal, like the bee or ant, but given to diversity. Man and. wife may become, in time, very And sailed around the Horn.

Man, he argued, is a social animal, like the bee or ant, but given to diversity. Man and. wife may become, in time, very And sailed around the Horn.

stein to them, and wherewith feed. her vaility? On, on we passed before the blast,--

brave hand and gay, who on that day, Came with me o'er the seas; How my heart burns, while the past returns, And again ye are with me.

again your voice makes hearts rejoice, As on that gladsome morn, When, hand in hand, that joyful band Went sailing round the Horn.
Our Social Chair.

DEAR kind, social-hearted reader, we know you have felt, with us, what a blessing, beyond all price, it is to have Sunday, a day of rest and peace, apart from the religious veneration and observance of the day that many accord to it. You look upon it as a time when the ledger and cash-book are locked up and forgotten; when the axe, pick-axe, chisel, and jack-place, are all laid aside; and when every sign of the employments by which a living is earned, are shut out from the mind's eye; and, when Saturday night comes, you say, "Thank God, this week's work is at an end, and to-morrow is Sunday." Blessed day.

Next to this, in its elevating and refining tendencies, is the Social Circle, where the day's labors or anxieties are forgotten; where life's energies are recuperated; its cares relieved; and its disappointments find an antidote. Then again, how pleasant it is, in such a circle, to find a little nest of social hearts, whose sympathies best in union with your own; and whose social and socializing (if we may coin the word) influences make you feel that you are perfectly at home.

It is thus we wish our friends to feel around our Social Chair; and where, although we cannot meet in person, each one may in spirit, to receive and give their little mite, or large donation, of such social pleasures as may make the giver and receiver the better for the meeting. All, with social natures, are welcome to a seat.

Last month we gave some correspondence, brief—and social, too—from several Chairs, and the Camp-Stool. Since then, the following has been received from a Teacher's Chair, at Sacramento, and which will prove the truth of our assertion, that although "contentment is great gain," (for thus the Scripture teaches), so few, in this, have found "good diggings," but are still out on a 'prospecting trip' for some snug seat, in hopes to strike a load of happy case. But to the epistle:

Beloved Social Chair:—

It is with tottering steps and a very sickly constitution that I present my claims to the notice of my bitter-to-do sisterhood, who so adorned the "gossey with correspondents" in your last number. I am a relic of the feudal ages; you would know that, without being told, could you witness the difficulty I sometimes have in maintaining an upright position in the world, and the weakened understanding with which I hear up under a weight of grievances that ought not to oppress an old chair like me. Then my arms are both out of joint, and my right side all stove in from the hard knocks I have received from the various "rulers" in this nominally Christian republic; who inflict upon my ribs blows that should descend upon those of the illustrate rebels over whom they make a show of presiding.

Of my ancestry it becomes not an old chair, now in its dotage, to speak. That I am of ancient lineage no one can doubt, or question my right to a heritage as noble and unblemished, kind and considerate; but, in particular.

...I am of ancient lineage, no one can doubt, or question my right to a heritage as noble and unblemished, kind and considerate; but, in particular. I am of ancient lineage, no one can doubt, or question my right to a heritage as noble and unblemished, kind and considerate; but, in particular.
they cast their eyes back over the waste of years which told of our close relationship. It is with no feeling of affection or tender solicitude for my welfare. The old school chair is seldom cushioned with pleasant memories, or pillowed with gentle recollections; and the bright day-dreams which were their occupants before the darkness and the dew had fallen around them, have no part or lot with my existence.

Nothing gives me such a suicidal reflection as the wish to indulge in a good hearty cry, and being obliged to postpone it, as not to sone. I hope you will not question my Latin. I'm no Latin scholar, though I'm expected to know everything from A to the last word in Revelations, and I'm expected to know everything from A to the last word in Revelations, but I never could learn the dead languages--from A to the last word in Revelations. I would prefer, though I'm expected to know everything from A to the last word in Revelations, that lively little tongue going rippity-tippity-hippity-rip'whir'r'r'r through the air, and being obliged to postpone it, as not to sone. I hope you will not question my Latin. I'm no Latin scholar, though I'm expected to know everything from A to the last word in Revelations.

Oh dear! my poor head does ache so

If you find her, remind her sadly of the sweet days of courtship and the boneyard moon. Surely, the love you thought would be worth all your care to preserve is not the wife more, and dearer than the sweetheart? Who ventures to hint that it is probably your own fault if she is not.

And has the wife no duties? Have the courteous observances, the tender watchfulness, the pleasant words, the never tiring devotion, which won your smiles, your spoken thanks, your kisses, your very self, in days gone by, now lost their value? Does not the husband rightly claim as much, at least, as the lover? If you find him less observant of the little courtesies now you may this not because you sometimes fail to reward him with the same sweet thanks, and sweeter smiles? Ask your own heart. Have the comfort and happiness of your husband always in view,
and let him see and feel that you still look up to him with trust and affection—that the love of other days has not grown cold. Dress for his eyes more scrupulously than for all the rest of the world; make yourself and your home beautiful for his sake; play and sing—if you can—to please him; try to beguile him from his cares; retain his affections in the same way you won them, and be polite even to your husband.

To a social nature, like ours, it is a very agreeable satisfaction to have the pleasure of shaking hands, at least once a week with our editorial brethren "up country" through the medium of our exchanges. God bless them. And, in addition to their being done from mountain arks, with the olive branch of peace and of friendly intercourse, (such as should always exist in every member of the same family and profession), they are the nates and pulmonary arteries of the great intellectual body politic, and, as such, tell of a healthy and vigorous thorax, that is in excellent accord and sympathy with the free air and careless life of the mountains; and which give new life and vigor to that portion of its organ- system that is found in these lower cities. Besides, they are mirrors that reflect not only the facts but the phases of mountain life, to all outside. As an instance of what we mean, we clip the following from the Tuolumne Chronicle, entitled

"The succourer."

What's "ulh" with the butchers? Again meat is down; so many hand-bills stick up in the town. What a glorious time now for a gourmand and glutton—for one be a pound they can feast on fat mutton. And beef too, Lord bless me! how cheap it is, now—only eight cents a pound for an ox or a cow! And then, oh how low is the meat with the "sherry"—for twelve and a half we can buy a fat swine. Now the butchers are all frightened, soon expect to be killed; the sheep, too, each hour, think their blood will be spilled; and the swine and tremble when the boiler it hums, and fat puppies look sly when the sausage-man comes. The butchers! the butchers! vile men that they are! on innocent brutes they have now begun war; determined to stay all, from you'll little to sheep, and so they will meany most wonderful cheap. But they, like the rest of mankind, have their changes,—from eight up to twenty the most market ranges. One day it is up, and another it's down; so the meat market's big-cag all over the town. Now, when they sell cheap, and the prospect looks brighter, the next thing you know they will slit you the thimble; get all hands a buying their cheap meats a plenty, then wink go the price down from eight up to twenty. Oh, the butchers! the butchers! a merciless crew! there are many, oh many vile things that they do! they steal all God's cattle, have other bad vices, not the least of them is, they have no steady prices. But still, ye of the blood! only keep the price down, soon you'll be the best "followers" that dwell in the town. We'll purchase, with cash, all the brutes that you kill, and thus we'll stem for the blood that ya spill. So up with your cleavers and sharpen your knives, of all estimable brutes now just take the dear lives; give us flesh, fat and wholesome, for twelve cents and ten, and we'll never stick our fork in the butchers again. SAFE-BOX.

Columbia, Aug. 10th.

We give the following forcible elucidation of the naturalization question, from the Sierra Democrat:

If naturalized citizens, born in France, or anywhere else, must consult French laws in dealing with all.

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An snowdrops sweet amount the feet
Of early sleeping grass.

The swallow twitters' round the byre
Awakes the merry morn;

Oh! there's my home, my dear, dear home
But home no more for me;

But hamo no mair tbr me
Yet when I die oh let me lie

Beneath some Berkshire tree.

A CONTRAST—I was walking out yesterday when I noticed among other things, one of those pitiful sights that I am sorry to say, are so common in this state—a poor lone bachelor's cabin. Poor did I say! be may be rich—yesterday perhaps he picked up a ten pound nugget! His sluice boxes every day may be lined with fine gold—that fifty year lot his shanty stands on, may be worth a fortune, as fortunes go in this world. Yet see him alone sweeping his floor—watching his bacon over that fire in the corner—rough and shaggy are his clothes, and a desolate homeless look haunts his cabin like a genius of evil, the wind moans through the cracks; the windows are greasy and broken, and the spiders weave their dusty webs there—he is poor if that is his wealth.

Further on is a nice little cottage half hidden by the fast growing trees, and surrounded by pyramids of bright tatted flowers that offer their sweetness a free gift to the wind—how grateful their perfume like incense ascending from the altar of homes.

As I stood by admiring, a bright little girl came up and inquired, "should she pick me some flowers?" "One or two if you please," and the white armed little angel flew round through the beds picking whole hands full of roses and jasmine and the sweet scented lox, and with an innocent smile, came and offered them over the gate.

I have no comments to make, the picture speak for themselves; only this, Col.

California's hope are her homes. Like her drifting sands the lone ones float away, but her granite hills are not more firm than her blossoms where the Lores and the Penates are placed—California homes are the bulwarks of the State.

The fashion.

Women's Outfit.

The material for the dress is plain white silk—Gros de Naples or Pauv de Sole—with three flounces entirely covering it, and each flounce edged by three narrow (1½ inch wide) ruffles, pinked; or, instead of ruffles, three pluffings of tulle, with an edging of blond. The pluffings should be interspersed with flowers of orange and clematis. The corseage high and plain, with long point back and front; with a bertha to drop from the shoulder half way to the waist, trimmed to correspond with the skirts. The sleeves are of the goda style, and very wide, trimmed to match. Veil of tulle, very long, and trimmed with a border of rich lace, set on full, the corners being round. Slippers are more elegant than gaiters, and at present are preferred for all suitable occasions, among which none more so than a wedding.

Boys' Outfit.

White Tunic is thought highly of, just now, and the more expensive tusses and grenadines are eclipsed by it; colored is much used, also; but the plain white, relieved by colored ribbons, is preferable. Both plain and double skirts are approved.

Monthly Board of Current Events.

Two receipts into the State Treasury, for the tenth official year, which ceased June 30th, were $1,176,924, and the expenditures, $1,041,777.

Samples of rock taken straight through the vein, of the newly-discovered silver mines near Honey Lake Valley, yielded $2450 in gold, and $15 of silver, to the ton.

The Butane Water Company have erected several fine hydrants at the street cor.
ners of San Francisco, to which drinking-cups are attached, for the convenience of the public—especially for the use and encouragement of the new temperance organizations named the Dashaways.

The Pitt River Indians have again committed acts of robbery and violence, and the U. S. troops under Major Ribe are there upon active duty.

The brig "Floyd" left San Francisco for Fort Yuma, with a detachment of Company C, 6th regiment, and Quartermaster's stores to relieve Companies I and H, 36 Artillery.

The famous Allison Ranch quartz shaft is said to have yielded 2100 pounds of gold since Jan. 1st; which, at $18 per oz., would make the sum little sum of $38,000.

Hencro Greetly, the editor of the New York Tribune, arrived by Overland Stage, at Placerville, El Dorado county, on the 31st June, via Pike's Peak and Salt Lake City.

A considerable number of spurious Mexican dollars, dated 1854, are in circulation in this State. They are supposed to have been made in China.

A miner named J. Steele, fell 185 feet down the Gorge-Eye shaft, at Sebastopol, Napa county, without being seriously injured.

The industries of Michigan Bluffs raised $200 towards the Mount Vernon Fund.

The Alameda County Herald, F. F. Farquor, editor and publisher, issued its first appearance July 27th.

By the Sonora, Orizaba, Pacific, and Atlantic, between Oakland and Stockton, and between Oakland and San Francisco, the news of the morning at the latter place is received in San Francisco by five o'clock of the same day.

A large assemblage of printers was convened in San Francisco, on the 14th ult., for the purpose of forming a Typographical Association for California.

"Placer American" is the name of a new paper issued on the 6th ult. at Auburn, Placer county.

The new diggings recently discovered near Mariposa will continue to yield abundantly. On Friday last, says the Star, three men made a division of the proceeds of six days' labor. They divided between them 101 lbs. 2 oz. and 2 dollars, in coarse gold, which they had pounded out with a hand mortar—equal to 1231 oz., which, at $17 1/2 an ounce, amounts to $20,757. The fine gold contained in the sittings will probably amount to over $4,000 more.
Editor’s Table.

It is true that we might be able to obtain letters by the present overland stage lines, providing Congress, in its economical wisdom, did not see fit to decrease their number. Yet, in the perpetuation of those lines, it is out of the question that a full mail could be carried, inasmuch as no less than fifty thousand dray-loads of mail matter are conveyed from the mouth of the Collin to the coast; and any one who has had the least insight into matters pertaining to overland mail communication, may readily form some idea of the probable cost for transportation of fifty thousand dray-loads of letters, books and papers, by that route.

One fact is certain: In the event of such a war—and may it come soon!—it would teach us the noble and elevating manliness of self-reliance, not only in the production of the “dogs of war,” but for the creation of the arts of peace. And may it come soon!—it would teach us the noble and elevating manliness of self-reliance, not only in the production of the “dogs of war,” but for the creation of the arts of peace.

It is not our province, and is much less our inclination, to mingle in the muddy stream of party politics, nor to intrude upon our readers any ideas respecting the doctrines and opinions we espouse, and to thank those gentlemen for the high-toned and manly sentiments, and the choice language used on every occasion; which must not only raise us in our own estimation, but in that of our sister States, and place us on a pedestal of admiration to the wondering gaze of our foreign admirers, and even enemies, if we
have any. Surely, such force, vigor, politeness, and general urbanity, as that which has characterized the political addresses of the day in this State, is rarely heard or read of in any country—Oregon perhaps excepted—and as good things are not always for the million, let us hope that foreigners at least did not understand them; for the flowers of the English language (luckily for us) are said to be but imperfectly understood by them.

The style, too, of the language used in this, will also form an excellent precedent for future campaigns, and be something for the young aspirant after fame to remember and emulate. "Liar," "thief," "robber," "villain," are expressive old Saxon words, and should be used, not with caution, but with spirit, gesticulation, and energy; and though they are the usual accompaniment of oaths, they may be used with or without them; for young men, and not unfrequently old men, will occasionally get themselves into a labyrinth of difficulties, and a good, forcible sentence, with such additions as suggested—true or untrue, it matters not—will relieve them of considerable embarrassment.

Talleyrand was a statesman, in his day; Chesterfield a courtier, in his; but neither of them knew the simple art of extrication practiced in ours; and though it might seem, at the first glance, dangerous to high-spirited natures, there is nothing to be dreaded from the method. Should any one stand in the way of another's political advancement, the harmless and amusing sport of traducing his character scorns to be the most popular and approved method of getting him out of the way. The reply and defense will most probably be in the use of such Saxon words as we have named, and to the former will give the decided advantage of having the opening and closing remarks—providing such ploythings as revolvers and bowie-knives should not be prematurely used in too close a proximity to the persons of those engaged in this scholarly discussion. We do not know that this can be called a plank in any platform, as much as a well worn plank in all special for the last few months. How such men reflect the high moral standing of a country like ours? (And show the immense advantage possessed over older States and countries, where urbanity, gentlemanly deportment, and respect is accorded those who differ; and such language as that mentioned, is entirely monopolized by the lowest blackguards and outcasts from society.)
worn plank in all last few months. High moral standing of the few, show the respect over older where urbanity, and respect is acquiescence language monopolized and outcasts.

Although publication, by "trying any- of which you decide imme-

now that we spitefully assent to the

Sheer Merit of the work turned out in a superior style. Moderate prices, extra fine work, punctuality.

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This commodious and conveniently located place of amusement has been Re-

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monopolized popularity it has received, has been the means of passing into the market many spurious bottles.

NOTE of these false counterfeiters! We caution all consumers of GINGER WINE to examine the label, as none in genuine articles bear our patent in a circle, on a steel plate—TURNER'S GINGER WINE, prepared by TURNER BROTHERS, New York, N. Y., and San Francisco, Cal.

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Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,
FOR THE INSTANT RELIEF AND RAPID CURE OF
CONSUMPION!
AND ALL ITS INCIDENT SYMPTOMS, SUCH AS
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Influenza, Bleeding of the
Lungs, Liver Afections, Pains in the Breast and Side, Night
Sweats, Phtisis, Inflammation of Lungs and Throat, Whooping
Cough, Asthma, and all Bronchial affections!

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS! As there are a number of Counterfeits bearing the name
of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, purporting to be the "Genuine and Original," we therefore caution all
persons who purchase the Balsam of Wild Cherry, to have well on the signature before buying. The genuine
Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has a variation of the signatures of Henry Wistar, M. D., Philadelphia,
and Sanford & Park, on its grip-sealed wrapper. Therefore he cautions, as none can be genuine
without the signature of Sanford & Park.

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FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL KINDS OF
Garden Insects, Ants, Bedbugs, Roaches, Ticks, Fleas, Moths,
Rats and Mice, &c.

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