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If ten or more persons will form a Club, we will send our Magazine FREE to each address in the United States each one year name of Two Dollars each.
THE GREAT YOSEMITE VALLEY—CONTINUED

ILLUSTRATIONS—New View of the Yosemite Falls, 2,518 feet in Height—The Yosemite Hotel—River Source below the Bridge, looking East—View of the North and South Domes, "To-yay-oo" and "Yass-a-ack," from the Valley—The Pachy—To-inch-wah-na-dah, 3,099 feet above the Valley—Indian Captive.

HORACE GREELEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO THE VALLEY

HE DID NOT SAY HE LOVED HER

COUSIN NELL

CALIFORNIA GOLD

MY HOME

DRIVING THE LONG DOW

LIFE SCULPTURE

MY PHILOSOPHY

AGNES EMMERSON, A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION

THE UNKNOWN LOVER

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION MEMORIAL

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR

The Heart-engaging Influences of Social Converse—Letters from a "Dantist's Chair", "School Seat", and "A Walker's Chair"—A Daguerreotype Missing, or, an Epistle to the Editor—A Touching Incident—To Alice.

THE FASHIONS

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

EDITORS TABLE

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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STATE, one of which will be the
YO-SEMITE FALL.
This engraving will be by far the largest ever executed on this coast, and DONE EXPRESSLY for this Pictorial, as a CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.
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Near View of the YOSEMITE FALLS,
5,000 FEET IN HEIGHT.
[Photo by C. I. Whitney]
HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1859. NO. 5.

THE GREAT YOSEMITE VALLEY.

CHAPTER IV.
Our First Night in the Valley.

Go stilled
Upon the paths of nature, and when all
its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the
world,
Knelt at its simple altar, and the God,
Who bath the living waters, will be
there.

FER the excitement and
fatigue of the three pre-
vious days, and the novel
circumstances and broken
sleepers of the past two nights,
It would be natural to suppose
that when we had reached the
valley and quietly encamped,
our rest would be both deep
and refreshing, but experience
proved that this supposition
was altogether too favorable.
The hotel being newly built, although
roomy, was not very commodious, and
owing to a lack of single apartments,
with little in advance of our star-lighted
chamber of the previous night; yet, in
order to meet this difficulty, at least half way, the really obliging proprietor had constructed some brush shanties, or arbors, sufficiently large to accommodate two or three persons, and carpeted it with fern leaves, and these formed the bed; but owing to the mosquitoes having recently given a series of very successful concerts in the valley, as reported by other travelers, they were now in high spirits, and had a playful habit of alighting on and piercing our noses and foreheads, to keep us awake, that we might not lose a single note of their nocturnal serenade.

Then, weary as we were, it seemed such a luxury to lie and listen to the splashing, washing, roaring, surging, hissing, seething sound of the great Yosemite Falls; just opposite, or to pass quietly out of our brush shelter and look up between the lofty pines and spreading oaks, to the granite cliffs that towered up with such majesty of form and boldness of outline, against the vast aerial vault of heaven; or watch in the moonlight the ever changing shapes and shadows of the water, as it leaped the cloud-draped summit of the mountain and fell in gusty torrents on the unyielding granite, to be dashed to an infinity of atoms. Then to return to our fern-loaf couch, and dream of some tutelary genus, of immense proportions, extending over us his protecting arms, and admonishing the waterfall to modulate the music of its voice into some gently soothing lullaby, that we might sleep and be refreshed.

Some time before the sun could get a good, honest look at us, deep down as we wore in this awful chasm, we saw him paining his rosy smiles upon the ridges, and washing lights and shadows in the furrows of the mountain's brow, as though it took a pride in showing up, to the best advantage, the wrinkles time had made upon it; but all of us felt too fatigued to enjoy the thrilling grandeur and beauty that surrounded us.

Here, reader, permit us to remark that ladies or gentlemen, especially the former, who visit this valley to look upon and appreciate its wonders, and make it a trip of pleasurable enjoyment, should not attempt its accomplishment in less than three days, either from Mariposa, Coulterville, or Big Oak Flat. If this is remembered, the enjoyment will be doubled.

After a substantial breakfast, made palatable by that most excellent of sauces, a good appetite, our guide announced that the horses were ready, and the saddle-bags well stored with such good things as would commend themselves acceptably to our attention about noon, we were soon in our saddles and off.

CHAPTER V.

Beds in the Yo-Somito Falls.

They spoke not a word;

But, like dumb statues, or celestial stones,

Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale.

Shakes: Richard III.

After crossing a rude bridge over the main stream, which is here about sixty feet in width, and eight in depth, at this season of the year, we kept down the northern bank for a short distance, to avoid a large portion of the valley in front of the hotel, that was then overflowed with water. On either side of our trail, in several places, was the luxuriant growth of the ferns, that they were above our shoulders as we rode through them.

Presently we reached one of the most beautifully picturesque scenes that eye ever saw. It was the ford. The oak, dogwood, maple, cottonwood, and other trees, formed an arcade of great beauty over the sparkling, rippling, pelting, spray that saturated our countenances. From this is a beautiful and a lovely spry, the surface of the river was a mirror of its height, its distance, and a number of its objects.

The reader, most likely spryly, will be reminded of the conclusion of this stream by mountains, a few miles above, that fall in a connecting sea of snow; and possibly try
surrounded us. A remark that really the fen- 
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ments of Mr. James Donman, of Mr. Peterson, the engineer of the Mariposa and Yo-Semite Water Company, and of Mr. Long, county surveyor, is only about 700 feet above the level of the valley, while the upper one is about 4,448 feet, and between the two—which is more a series of rapids than a fall—about 400 feet, giving the total height of the whole at 5,258 feet.

After lingering here for several hours, with inexpressible feelings of suppressed astonishment and delight, qualified and intensified by veneration, we took a long reluctant last upward gaze, convinced that we should "never look upon its like again," until we paid another visit at some future time; and, making the best of our way to where our horses were tied, we proceeded to endorse the truthfulness of the prophecies of our guide in the morning, before starting, concerning appetites and lunch. But, were we to tell the reader the number, kind, or quality of the viands provided, or the appetizing influences of the mountain air, if at all afflicted with dyspepsia, he would be sure to wish that he had been one of the party—and find, too, that he might indulge in a thousand worse wishes.

CHAPTER VI.
Visit to Lake Ah-te-yah.
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—Keats.

Leaving the Yosemite falls, we re-crossed the fords, and threaded our way through the far-stretching vistas of luxuriant green that opened before us; the bright sunlight and sombre shadows over twinkling upon the sparkling streams, and dimly-defined trees, until we emerged on a grassy and flower-covered plateau on the north side of the valley, near the base of the great North Dome, called by the Indians Tocuyco. This mountain of naked granite, with scarcely a tree or shrub growing from a single crevasse, towers above you to the height of 3,725 feet. Its sides are nearly perpendicular for more than two thousand feet, at which point its immense spherical crown commences. The snow, melting on its summit and sides, formed several small ribbon-like streams of silvery water.

Having crossed the plateau, we rode over some rocky hillocks, and among a park-like array of oak trees, until we arrived at Lake Ah-te-yah, so named and known by the Indians, but which has been newly christened by American visitors "Lake Hawaiah," "Mirror Lake," and several others, which, though pretty enough, are equally common-place and unsuitable. But of this we shall have something to say in another chapter.

This lake, although a charming little sheet of crystal water, of almost a couple of acres in extent, in which numerous schools of speckled trout may be seen gaily disporting themselves, would be unworthy of a notice, but for the picturesque grandeur of its surroundings. On the north and west lie immense rocks that have become detached from the tops of the mountain above; among these grow a large variety of trees and shrubs, many of which stand on and overhang the margin of the lake, and are reflected on its mirror-like bosom. To the north-east opens a vast gorge or cañon, down which impetuously rushes the waters of the north fork of the Merced, which debouches into and supplies the lake.

On the south-east stands the 'Sentii,' or 'South Dome,' 4,593 foot in altitude above the valley. Almost one-half of this immense mass, either from some convulsion of nature, or "Time's effacing fingers," has fallen over, and by which, most probably, the dam for this lake was first formed. Yet proudly, nay, defiantly erect, it still holds its noble head, and is not only the highest of all those around, but
is the greatest attraction of the valley. Moreover, in this is centered many
agricultural associations to the Indian mind. As here was once the traditional home
of the guardian spirit of the valley, the
angel-like and beautiful Tis-sa-ack, and
after whom her devoted Indian worshippers named this gloriously majestic mountain. While we sit in the shade of
these fine old trees and look upon all the

objects around us, and mirrored on the
untouched bosom of the lake, let us relate
the following interesting legend of Tu-
tochah-nilah, after whom the vast per-
pendicular and massive projecting rock
at the lower end of the valley, was
named, and with which is interwoven
the history of Tis-as-ack.

This legend was told in an eastern
journal, by a gentleman residing here,
who signs himself "Jota," and who re-
collected it from the lips of an old Indian,
in the relation of which, although several
points of interest are omitted, it will,
nevertheless, prove very entertaining:
"It was in the unremembered past that
the children of the sun first dwelt in Yo-
semite. Then all was happiness; for
Tutochahnilah sat on high in his rocky
home, and cared for the people whom he
loved. Leaping over the upper plains, he herded the wild deer, that the people might choose the fittest for the feast. He roused the bear from his cavern in the mountains, that the brave might hunt. From his lofty rock he prayed to the Great Spirit, and brought the soft rain upon the corn in the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled into the air, and the golden sun breathed warmly through its blue haze and ripened the crops, that the weaioni might gather them in. When he laughed, the face of the wind-lug river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the wind swept sadly through the singing pines; if he spoke, the sound was like the deep voice of the cataract; and when he smote the flesh-eating bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to gorge—echoed from mountain to mountain. His form was straight like the arrow, and stately like the bow. His filet was swifter than the red deer, and his eye was strong and bright like the rising sun.

"But one morning, as he roamed, a bright vision came before him, and then the soft colors of the West were in his luminous eye. A maiden came upon the southern granite dome that rises its gray head among the highest peaks. She was not like the dark maidens of the tribe, for the yellow hair rolled over her dazzling form, as golden waters over silver rocks; her brow was crowned with the pale beauty of the moonlight, and her blue eyes were as the far-off hills before the sun goes down. Her little foot moved like the snow-tufts on the wintry pines, and its arch was like the spring of a bow. Two cloud-like wings waved upon her dimpled shoulders, and her voice was as the sweet and tone of the nightbird of the woods.

"Tutochah-nulah, she softly whispered—then gliding up the rocky dome, she vanished over its rounded top. Now was the eye, quick was the ear, swift was the foot of the noble youth as he sped up the rugged path in pursuit; but the soft down from her snowy wings was wafted into his eyes and he saw her no more.

"Every morning now did the enamored Tutochah-nulah leap the stony barriers and wander over the mountains to meet the lovely Tas-ah-nah. Each day he laid sweet acorns and wildflowers upon her dome. Her ear caught her footsteps, though it was light as the falling leaf; her eye gazed upon her beautiful form, and into her gentle eyes; but never did he speak to her, and never again did her sweet-toned voice fall upon his ear. Thus did he love the fair maid, and so strong was his thought of her that he forgot the crops of Yo-Somito, and they, without rain, wanting his tender care, quickly drooped their heads and shrunk. The wind whistled mournfully through the wild oaks, the wild bee stored no more honey in the hollow tree, for the flowers had lost their freshness, and the green leaves became brown. Tutochah-nulah saw none of this, for his eyes were dazzled by the shining wings of the maiden. But Tas-ah-nah looked with sorrowing eyes over the neglected valley, when early in the morning she stood upon the gray dome of the mountain; so, kneeling on the smooth, hard rock, the maiden besought the Great Spirit to bring again the bright flowers and delicate grasses, green trees, and nodding acorns.

"Then, with an awful sound, the dome of granite opened beneath her feet, and the mountain was rent asunder, while the melting snows from the Nevada gushed through the wonderful gorge. Quickly they formed a lake between the perpendicular walls of the cleft mountain, and sent a sweet murmuring river thro' the valley. All then was changed. The birds dashed their little bodies into the pretty pools among the grasses, and flittering out again sang for delight; the moisture clothed the soil; the incense and raised its view of N.
moisture crept silently through the parched soil; the flowers sent up a fragrant incense of thanks; the corn gracefully raised its drooping head; and the sap, with velvet footfall, ran up into the trees, giving life and energy to all. But the maid, for whom the valley had suffered, and through whom it had been again clothed with beauty, had disappeared as strangely as she came. Yet, that all might hold her memory in their hearts, she left the quiet lake, the winding river, and yonder hand-dome, which still bears her name, ‘Tu-tooh-a-nah.’ It is said to be 4,500 feet high, and every evening it catches the last rosy rays that are reflected from the snowy peaks above. As she flew away, small downy feathers were wafted from her wings, and wherever they fell, on the margin of the lake, you will now see thousands of little white violets.

"Whoa Tu-tooh-a-nah! know that she was gone, he left his rocky castle and wandered away in search of his lost love. But that the Yo-Somites might never forget him, with the hunting-knife in his bold hand, he carved the outlines of his noble head upon the face of the rock. And there they still remain, 3,000 feet in the air, guarding the entrance to the beautiful valley which had received his loving care."

The rapidly declining sun and an admonishing voice from our organs of digestion, were both persuasive influences to recommend an early departure for the hotel and dinner, and which, we need not add, were promptly responded to.

As we sat in the stillness and twilight of evening, thinking over and conversing about the wondrous scenes our eyes had looked upon that day; or listened, in silence, to the deep music of the distant waterfalls, our hearts seemed full to overflowing with a sense of the grandeur, wildness, beauty, and profoundness to be felt and enjoyed when communing with the glorious works of nature; and
which called to mind those expressive lines of Moore,

The earth shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My conquer's torches the mountain mires,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

CHAPTER VII.

A Climbing Excursion.

Thus protected, we climbed over, crept beneath, or walked around, the huge boulders that formed the bed of the gorge; and which, owing to their immense size, frequently compelled us to make a detour in the sun to avoid them, or seek as easy an ascent as possible in the accomplishment of this our excessively fatiguing task.

A cascade of considerable volume was leaping over this, dashing past that, rushing between those, and gurgling among those rocks, affording us gratuitous music and drink as we climbed.

Large pine trees that had fallen across the canon during the rapid melting of the snow, had been lifted up and tossed, like a skiff by an angry sea, to the top of some huge rocks, and there left. Onward and upward we toiled, the perspiration rolling from our brows; but we were cheered and rewarded by the increasing novelty and beauty of the scenes that were momentarily opening to our view as we ascended.

THE PERRY.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weth.]
I robed over, crept sound, the huge bed of the huge to their immense compelled us to avoid them, as possible in our excessive volume was past that, rushing and gurgling among gratuitous music and fallen across rapid melting lifted up and an angry sea, to and we toiled, the our brows; but riddled by the intensity of the scenes opening to our time to give information that a forked tongue and a pair of fangs were within a few inches of our face. To leap back, was the prompt, spontaneous act of a moment, and, when duly armed, we valiantly charged upon the enemy, and relieved him of his life and rattles.

At noon we reached the summit of the mountain. From its lofty top, the magnificent panorama that was spread out before us, it is impossible to describe. Deep, deep below, in peaceful repose, slept the valley; its carpet of green cut up by sheets of standing water and small brooks that ran down from every ravine and gorge, while the serpentine course of the river resembled a huge silver ribbon, as its sheen flashed in the sun. On its banks, and at the foot of the mountains around, groves of pines two hundred feet in height, looked like mere weeds.

All the hollows of the main chain of the Sierras, stretching to the eastward, and southward, apparently but a few miles distant, were yet filled with snow; above and out of which sharp and lone saw-like peaks of rock, rose well defined, against the clear blue sky. The south dome from this elevation, as from the valley, is the grandest of all the objects in sight; a conical mountain beyond, and a little to the south of the south dome, is apparently as high, but few
points even of the summits of the Sierras seem to be but little higher than it.

The bare, smooth granite top of this mountain upon which we stood; and the stunted and storm-beaten pines that struggled for existence and sustenance in the seams of the rock, with other scenes equally unprepossessing, presented a view of savage sterility and dreariness that was in striking contrast with the productive fertility of the lands below, or the heavily timbered forests through which we had passed on our way to the valley.

From this ridge, which most probably is not less than 3,500 feet above the valley, we descended nearly 1,000 feet, at an easy grade, to the Yosemite river, where we took lunch. The current of this stream for half a mile above the edge of the falls runs at the rate of about eight knots an hour. Upon careful measurement with a line, we found it to be thirty-four and a half foot in width, with an average depth of twelve inches. The grey granite rock over which it runs is very hard, and as smooth as a sheet of ice, to tread which in safety great care is needed; or before one is aware of it he would find his head where his feet should be, when the force of the current would swamp him over the falls.

After placing a flag upon the tree standing nearest the edge of the fall, the accomplishment of which was attended with considerable danger, owing to a very strong wind that blew through the gap, we prepared to return.

But when we had reached the top of the ridge before mentioned, and again saw the wonders and glories that were beyond us, all that we seemed to wish or hope for was the possession of a single pound of bread, that, after building us a fire, by which to sleep for the night with out blankets, we might pursue our interesting explorations to a more satisfactory close on the morrow.

As the sun had nearly set before we were content to leave this charmed spot, and our descent occupied us busily for over four hours, we did not arrive at the hotel until very late at night, so that we had to find our way over the rugged rocks and among the smooth boulders, of the gorge, in the dark, with the risk of breaking our limbs or neck.

CHAPTER VIII.

Comparison between the Yosemite and some parts of Switzerland.

While recruiting a little, after our fatiguing ascent to the top of the falls, we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. P. V. Verrier, who, having visited Switzerland and Savoy, has sent us the following:

According to promise, I send you a few notes of comparison between the scenery of Yosemite valley and that of some parts of Switzerland.

The Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, may be compared to a vast shield, or buckler, lying on the bosom of the earth, and extending one hundred and fifty miles, from the borders of France to the Alps of the Tyrol, and one hundred miles from the plains of Piedmont to the broad valley between the Alps and the Jura Mountains. From this roughly planed surface, there rise three immense bosoms, or projecting points—three radiating centres, sending off lofty chains of mountains towards each other, and into the plains of France, Italy, and Switzerland, at their feet. The loftiest of these bosoms, or centres, is Mt. Blanc in Savoy, the height of which is 15,744 feet; the next in height is Monte Rosa, 15,200 feet high; and the third is the Bernese Alps, the culminating point of which is the Piuater-enhorn, 14,100 feet high. These three grand centres are about sixty miles apart, and each has a scenery peculiar to itself. They are alike, vast rugged mountain masses, towering 4,000 feet into the region of perpetual snow; but
his charmed spot, led us busily for not arrive at the night, so that we the jagged rocks boulders, of the the risk of break-

VIII.

Yo-Semite nd Subterranea.

after our fig of the falls, we dining the Rev. P. Omageon between the valley and that of the river and Savoy, a vast shield, on thousand of the earth, hundred and fifty miles of France to the one hundred miles amount to the broad and the Jura is roughened by immense bosses, tree radiating cen-

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

Mt. Blanc has its "aiguilles," or needles; Monte Rosa, its wonderful neighbor, Mr' Corvin; and the Bernese Alps have their beautiful valley of misty waterfalls, leaping over perpendicular cliffs. The traveler who visits Yo-Semite valley after seeing the Alps, will be reminded of each of these three grand centres. He will see the Aiguilles of Mt. Blanc, in the "Sentinel," or "Castle Rock," rising as straight as a needle, to the height of 3,200 feet above the valley, and in several other pointed rocks of the same kind. He will be reminded of the sublimest ob-

Yo-Semite falls is a similar obelisk, 4,500 feet in height.

but above all, the general shape, the size, and the waterfalls of Yo-Semite valley give it the closest resemblance to the famous valley of Lauterbrunnen, at the base of the Jungfrau, in the Bernese Alps. No part of Switzerland is more admired and visited. To me, its chief charm is not so much its sublime precipices, and its lofty waterfalls, which give the valley its name, "Lauterbrunnen," meaning "sounding brooks," as the magni-

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but above all, the general shape, the size, and the waterfalls of Yo-Semite valley give it the closest resemblance to the famous valley of Lauterbrunnen, at the base of the Jungfrau, in the Bernese Alps. No part of Switzerland is more admired and visited. To me, its chief charm is not so much its sublime precipices, and its lofty waterfalls, which give the valley its name, "Lauterbrunnen," meaning "sounding brooks," as the magni-

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characteristic features of Lauterbrunnen valley. These are the waterfalls, the perpendicular precipices, and the beautiful grassy and vine-clad vale between.

And these are the grand features of Yosemite valley. Here you stand in a level valley of about the same dimensions as the Lauterbrunnen valley—from eight to ten miles long, and a little more than a mile wide—covered here with a magnificent pine forest, the trees averaging two hundred feet in height—there, with a growth of noble oaks, and elsewhere, opening into broad grassy fields. These natural features almost equal in beauty the vineyards, gardens, and cultivated fields of Lauterbrunnen.

But look now at the waterfalls: only one of them in the Swiss valley has a European celebrity—the Staubach, or "Dust Brook,"—known as the highest cascade in Europe. It falls at one leap, 925 feet. Long before it reaches the ground, it becomes a veil of vapor, obscuring acres of fertile soil at its foot. It is worthy of all the admiration and enthusiasm it excites in the beholder. But the "Bridal Veil" Falls in Yosemite valley is higher, being 940 feet in altitude, and leaps out of a smoother channel, in a clear, symmetrical arch of indescribable beauty—has a larger body of water, and is surrounded by far loftier, and grander precipices.

"Who we come to the "Yo-Semito Falls" proper, we behold an object which has no parallel anywhere in the Alps. The upper part is the highest waterfall in the world, as yet discovered, being 1,500 feet in height. It reminds me of nothing in the Alps, but the avalanches soon falling at intervals down the precipices of the Jungfrau. It is indeed a perpetual avalanche of water comminuted as finely as snow, and spreading as it descends into a transparent veil, like the train of the great comet of 1858. As you look at it from the valley beneath, a thousand feet below, it is not unlike a snowy comet, perpetually climbing, (not the heavens,) but the glorious cliffs which tower up 3,000 feet into the zenith above, not unlike a firmament of rock.

The lower section of the Yo-Semito Falls has its parallel in Switzerland, the Handeck, but is much higher. The scenery around the "Vernal Falls," which resemble a section of the American Falls at Niagara, is like that of the Devil's Bridge, in the Great St. Gotthard road, which is perhaps the wildest and most savage spot in Switzerland, unless we except that wonderful gorge of the Rhine—the Veltellela. But when you climb through blinding spray, and up the "Indians," to the top of the Vernal Falls, and follow the foaming river to the foot of the Nevada Falls, all comparison fails to convey an idea of the sublimity and wildness of the scene. The Swiss traveler must climb the rugged sides of Mt. Blanc, cross the More de Gince, and station himself on the broken rocks of the Gardan, imagine a river falling in a snowy avalanche over the shoulder of one of the sharp Aiguilles, or needle-shaped peaks, around him. There are no glaciers at the foot of the Nevada Falls, but every other feature of the scene, has an unearthly wildness, to look be equalled only near Alpine summits.

To return again to the comparison of the sister valleys—the Yo-Semito and the Lauterbrunnen. The third peculiar feature of the Swiss valley is the parallel precipices on each side, rising perpendicularly from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. They are indeed sublime, and when the cliff projects, in a rounded form, like the bastions of some huge castle, you might imagine that you beheld one of the strongholds of the fabled Titans of old. But, what are they, compared with such a giant as Tutocochumpah, lifting up its square, granite forehead, 3,090 feet above the grassy plain at his feet, a rounded, curving cliff, as smooth, as symmetrical, to the eye, as the upper pillar of the Gothic standing in a field of granite, all other, they, together can lay! Why search, and think you stand in a wilderness, and be, but the Jungfrau, an object! To map wilder and wilder, and find that you only twain mountains of Mt. Blanc, you, but you all and this, and the wide, only twenty sharp peaks, is twenty-five, you now find rocks, and, and, and look up a to without cliffs are in the summit, nearly five you will be foot above the step in the side of but, the precipice of like, "To the absolutely as it.

As said Horace C.

ed editor of this valley they will be.
THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

Mr. Greeley's Account.

16th Bear Valley, two hours later than was fit, at 6 A.M. on Thursday, resolved to push through to my immediate destination that night. My friend had prepared the bivouac at Mariposas, 13 miles on our way, to complete preparations for our trip; but were unluckily delayed here again by misapprehensions and the engagement of animals for attendance on a camp-meeting, so that it was high noon when we reached the end of the wagon-road, 12 miles below Mariposas, where the saddle is the only resource, while it is still nearly 49 miles (many of them steep ones) to the Yosemite falls. Very sure we assured that to get through that day was impossible, yet I had no more time to give to the journey and must try. My friend is a good rider, while I can barely ride at all, having spent five hours on horseback, save in my visit to the Kansas Gold Mines, within the last thirty years.

But the two gentlemen from Mariposas who accompanied and guided us knew all about the journey that we didn't—which is saying a great deal—so we pressed buoyantly, confidently on.

Hunshey's Stone Saw-Mill, where we mounted (or rather I did, for the rest had done so before), marks pretty fairly the division between the Oaks of the lower and the Firs of the higher elevations, though the two of course melt into each other. As we rose gradually but steadily the White soon hid, then the Black, and the Firs of the higher elevations, which is saying a great deal, so we pressed buoyantly, confidently on.

Missouri, within the last thirty years.

As we rose gradually but steadily the White soon hid, then the Black, and the Firs of the higher elevations, which is saying a great deal, so we pressed buoyantly, confidently on.

Dent, within the last thirty years.
of the South Fork of the Merced, which
opened for miles north and east of us.
On this side, the descent is far steeper,
and we traversed a mile or more of
steep pitches on the side of the mountain, where a
mistake must have landed us at least a
thousand feet below. In time, this too
was left behind, and we descended fitful-
ly and tortuously the east end of the
mountain northward, with a precipitous de-
cent of at least two thousand feet beside
us for a mile or so. A steep ascent of
half a mile carried us over the divide,
whereas we descended very rapidly
along the side of the mountain, where a
hatted for rest and food. We then rode,
from sixteen miles from Muir's and but five
miles for a mile or so. A steep ascent of
rounding them in collars, their extremi-
teen pitch, rote
flexing up over another
mountain
rider, where a
hatted for rest and food. 

As we descend
600 hours, and
rushing, rode
Auble Creek, at the northern base. Follow-
ing up this creek over a succession of
steep pitches, interspersed with more level
patches, we halted awhile to daylight at
"Grizzly Cut," a spot noted for mun-
ters with the monarchs of our American
forests, and thence crossed a ridge to
"Summit Meadows," a succession of
mainly narrow grassy levels, which wind
in and out among the promontories of
more or less shattered granite which
make down the mountain peaks on
either side, but pursue a generally east-
ward direction to pour their tiny tribute
into the Great Lakes. Our route led us
six or eight times across these meadows
which were often so boggy as to require
a very nice choice of the general
promontories which de-
fected the probably continuous meadow
into what seemed to us, until we
stood at length, about ten o'clock P. M.,
on the brink of the awful abyss and
halted a moment to tighten girts and
take breath for the descent.

And here let me renew my tribute to
the marvellous beauty and bounty of the
forests of this whole mountain region.
The Sierra Nevada lack the glorious
glaciers, the frequent rains, the rich vel-
duro, the abundant carvings of the Alps;
but they far surpass them—sheer any
other mountains I ever saw—in the
wealth and grace of their trees. Look
down from almost any of their peaks,
and your range of vision is filled, bound-
el, satisfied, by what might be termed a
tempest-tossed sea of evergreens, filling
every upland valley, covering every hill-
side, crowning every peak but the high-
est, with their unobtrusive luxuriance.

That I saw during this day's travel many
hundreds of pine eight feet in diameter,
with eights at least six feet, I am cer-
trous of those giants to grow
rank above rank, without obstructing
each other's sunshine, seem peculiarly
favored of the production of those ser-
vicible giants. But the Summit Mea-
dows are peculiar in their heavy fringe
of balance, of all sizes from those
barely one foot high to those hardly less
than two hundred, their branches sur-
ronding them in collar, their extremi-
ties gracefully bent down by the weight
of winter snows, making them here, I am
confident, the most beautiful trees on
earth. The dry promontories which sep-
brate these meadows are also covered
with a species of spruce, which is only
less graceful than the fir aforesaid. I
never before enjoyed such a brocante as
this wearing, difficult ride.

Descent into the Yosemite is only prac-
ticable at three points—one near the
head of the valley, where a trail makes in from the direction of the main
ridge of the Sierra, down which there
is a trail from the vicinity of Valley
UOld, a trail, practicable, I be-
lieve, for men on foot only. The other
two lead in near the outlet from Mariposa
and Coulterville respectively, on oppo-
site banks of the Merced, and are
practicable for sure-footed mules or
horses, of course, made our descent
by the Mariposa trail, on the south side
of the little river which here escapes from
the famous Valley by a canon which was
being shut in by lofty precipices and
broken by successive falls.

My friends insisted that I should look
over the brink into the profound abyss
before chattering down the side, but I,
being shut in by lofty precipices and
broken by successive falls.

We rode directly to the
Yosemite, looking up the
mountain in the

bera.

erial view.

We rode
like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rain and trust to his magnificence or self-love for keeping the trail. As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon the trail became at once so steep, so rough, and so tortuous, that we all dismounted, but my attempt at walking against the miserable failure. I had been riding with a bad Mexican stirrup, which barely admitted the toes of my left foot, and continual pressure on those had bruised and swelled them so that walking was positive torture. I persisted in the attempt till my companions insisted on my remounting, and then floundering slowly to the bottom. By steady effort we descended the three miles (4,000 feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing roaring waters of the Merced.

That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite light! can I ever forget it? The valley is here scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least 4,000 feet high—probably more. But the medium of moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vague ness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crashing mass, I should hardly have been surprised. Its whiteness, thrown into bold relief by the patches of trees or shrubs which fringed or nestled it wherever a few handfuls of its moss, slowly decomposed to earth, could contrive to hold on, continually suggested the presence of snow, which suggestion, with difficulty refuted, was at once renewed. And, looking up the valley, we saw just such mountain precipices, barely separated by intervening water-courses (mainly dry at this season), of insuperable depth, and only receding sufficiently to make room for a very narrow meadow inclining the river, to the farthest limit of vision.

We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the pass, but decided against it, because of the inadequacy of the grass at this point for our tired, hungry beasts, and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day, I shall remember that weary, interminable ride up the valley. We had been on foot since daylight; it was now past midnight; all were nearly used up, and I in torture from over eleven hours' steady riding on the hardest trotting horse in the United States. Yet we pressed on, on, through clumps of trees, and bits of forest, and patches of sand, and over hillocks of mountain detritus, mainly granite boundaries of every size, often nearly as round as cannon balls, forming all but perpendicular banks to the capricious torrent that brought them hither—those stupendous precipices on either side glaring down upon us all the while. How many times our heavy eyes—mean those of my San Francisco friend and my own—were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin—visions which seemed distinct and unmistakable, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and trees, into which they faded one after another. It seemed at length that we should never reach the cabin, and my wavering mind recalled offish German stories of Wild Montanian, and of men who, having accepted invitations to a midnight chase, found on their return that said chase had been prolonged till all their relatives and friends were dead, and no one could be induced to recognize or resolvent them. Gladly could I have thrown myself recklessly from the saddle, and lain where I fell till morning, but this would never answer, and we kept steadily on.

"Time and the hour were out the longest day."

At length the real cabin—one made of logs and beams and whitewashed boards instead of rock, and sand, and moonshine—was reached, and we all eagerly dismounted, turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and sitting up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unseasonable hour. (It was after one A.M.) He made us welcome, however, to the best accommodations, which would have found us lessen crises even had they been worse, and I crept into my rude but clean bed as soon as possible, while the rest awaited the preparation of some refreshment for the inner man. There was never a
dainty that could have tempted me to visit at that hour. I am told that none ever before traveled from Bear River to Yosemite in one day—I am confident no green-horn could do it. The distance can hardly exceed thirty miles by an air-line; but only a bird could traverse that line, while, by way of Mariposa and the South Fork, it must be fully sixty miles, with a rise and fall of not less than 20,000 feet.

The Fall of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Merced River that makes this fall, but a more tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely broken descent of 2,000 feet, while the Merced enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over falls of 600 and 260 feet. But a river thrice as large as the Merced at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this prodigious chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to its cautions. I really concede that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite fall in the months of May and June, when the snow melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exclamation of the Divine power and majesty. At present, the little stream that leaps down the Yosemite and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tapeline let down from the cloud-capped heights to measure the depth of the abyss. The Yosemite Valley (or Gorge) is the most unique and majestic of Nature's marvels, but the Yosemite Fall is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be peremptorily less worthy of a fatiguing visit. We traversed the Valley from end to end next day, but an accumulation of details on such a subject only serve to confuse and blunt the observer's powers of perception and appreciation. Perhaps the visitor who should be content with a long look into the abyss from the most convenient height, without braving the toil of a descent, would be wiser than all of us; and yet that first glimpse upward, from the foot will long haunt me as more impressive than any look downward from the summit could be. I shall not multiply details, nor waste paper in noting all the foolish names which foolish people have given to different peaks or streams. Let us think of two giant stone towers or pillars, which rise a thousand feet above the towering cliff which forms their base, being styled "The Two Sisters!" Could anything be more melodrama and hackneyed! — "The Dome!" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Merced and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierras already instanced, and which towers to an altitude of over five thousand feet above the waters at its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite one mile high! Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the Valley, and a blanket tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still farther. I certainly miss here the Glimmers of Chamonix; but I know no single wonder of Nature on earth which can claim a superiority over the Yosemite. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water out at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, on the face of precipices from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, the chasm nearly more than a mile wide at any point, and tapering to a mere gorge or cleft at either end, with walls of mutually naked and perpendicular white granite from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound—and you will have some conception of the Yosemite. We dined at two o'clock, and then rode leisurely down the Valley, the Valley by daylight at the wonders we had previously passed in the night. The spectacles was immense, but I still think the moonlight view the more impressive.

Our faithful beasts climbed the steep incline at a little more than the rate of a mile per hour, so that we had still an hour or two of sunshine before us as we stood at last on the summit. I took a last long look into and up the Valley, with the sun still lighting up the greater portion of the opposite cliffs, and then turned my horse's head westward. We reached, at half past ten o'clock P. M., the rancho on the South Fork, kept by a solitary man, who has no neighbor nearer than sixteen miles, and there halted for the night.
He did not say he loved her; — Cousin Nell.

He did not say he loved her; — Cousin Nell.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERS.

He did not say he loved her; — Cousin Nell.

But oft, with tender air,

He brought her passion-breathing flowers
That seemed love's tale to bear;

What right had she to trust in them,

Or cherish them with care?

He did not say he loved her;

Yet, winter was his theme,

Love seemed around his words to play,

Like the music o'er the stream;

And the lovely young interpreter—

She could not choose but dream.

He did not say he loved her;

Yet subtly, day by day,

He round her wove his silken toils,

That none might rend away;

And her young heart—ah! that forgot

For aught but him to pray.

He did not say he loved her; — Cousin Nell.

And when, for pomp and power,

He chose from lordly halls a bride,

And left that cottage flower

To perish in its first sweet bloom,

None guess'd the spoiler's power.

He did not say he loved her; — Cousin Nell.

And no broken vow confess'd,

When the green earth took the weary child

To her own tranquil breast.

O, nature! kinder still than man,

Our last friend, and our bost

Sacramento, Sept. 16th.

COUSIN NELL.

BY D. N. D.

The day was drawing to a close, as after a long and tiresome ride through cities and villages, open fields, and dark, tangled woods, my destination was finally reached. It was the place of my birth and early years, the place where my mother still lived—a mother I had not seen for five years—years that had changed a country youth into a man of the world, had covered smooth cheeks with dark, heavy hair, had given a more determined set to the eye, and maybe a little more hardened crust to the heart.

California is a severe school; she gradua-
tes her followers rapidly, proficient in some lessons perhaps better unlearned.

The time of wandering had been long and eventful, but it seemed annihilated, as through the glimmering and misty window of the car, I looked once more on those well-remembered scenes. First and most conspicuous, rose above the trees, the spire of the old meeting house, crowned by the tin weather-cook. Then came the store and post-office, and close by, the school house—still the same law, one story structure. Then through the meadow glided the brook, and the mill could not be a great way off. These things swept on my vision, and then came the whistle, the rough jarring of the brakes, and home was finally reached. The rain had been falling all day, and still continued as I descended to the platform in front of the "station." The usual crowd of stragglers was housed, and the station-master, a stranger, was the solo one to receive me. I was not the solo one to be received, however, as I learned on a second look. From the platform of the next car came a thin veil, brown traveling dress, and commendably small ankles and gaiters. The figure was neat, and interested me. Will she stop in this village? does she live here? who can she be? were enquiries my thoughts put. But they took a more worthy channel soon and centered on them. The station-keeper informed me there was no conveyance of any kind to be had. This brought an exclamation of "Oh, dear! what shall I do?" from within the provokingly thick veil.

"I don't know, ma'am," said the official, "perhaps this gentleman may be going your way and will help you along."
I offered my services instantly, and was rewarded by a low murmured "thank you." So leaving luggage to be sent for, we set off under an umbrella along the pathway that led to the village, the lady picking her way daintily along on those charming gaiters. Our conversation was very commonplace; my companion seemed disinclined to talk, and my own thoughts could not but be engaged by surrounding scenes and the near approach of home. We soon turned off on a road that led away from the village, my road as well as hers, and it was not long ere the tall poplars that shaded that roof hove in sight. What a welcome beacon!

"Oh dear!" again exclaimed my companion, "what a road!" True enough, no no of those dear gaiters was drawn from a treacherous mud-hole in a pitiable condition, I remedied matters a little with a stick, and took greater care in piloting. No obstacle, apparently insurmountable, was timidly reached—a mud-hole the full width of the road; it yawned threateningly and mysteriously.

"Oh dear!" came the third time; "now we can right about and march back."

"Not if you will allow me—" I uttered, proceeding to roll my pants in bowery style. "Allow you to what, raise your pants?"

"And yourself," I finished, then without waiting for positive permission, I lifted my fair companion in my arms, and plunged gallantly forward. My captive submitted quietly, and the passage was effected safely, excepting to my boots, which were slightly muddied, and my heart a little discomposed.

Not a word was said till the poplars were reached, and the little gate that opened into the small front yard. How thick the flowers used to be there in summer—the stately hollyhocks and sunflowers, the modest violets and gay marigolds—but now it was early spring, and everything was quite barren and drear.

The thought struck me that my mother must have moved, and the old homestead was occupied by strangers, as I ventured the inquiry.

"Does Mrs. Day live here?"

"Yes; will you walk in?"

"Thank you. You are acquainted with her?" I asked, curious to know who the fair stranger might be.

"She is my aunt, sir."

"Your aunt!" I burst out; "and you are my cousin!"

"Your cousin!" came as wondrously, "Who are you?" and that confounded veil was dashed aside, and a pair of large, blue eyes stared at me a moment. And then,

"Cousin Dan!" "Cousin Nell!" A warm embrace, and a pouting kiss completed our introduction.

From twelve to seventeen is a growing time, and transforms a girl into a woman. I had noted the changes time had produced in me. It was not strange, that intimate as we had been in childhood, we stretch the mot lIts strangers. But we were old friends now, and the little circle that gathered round a cozy tea-table that evening, was as happy as ever, and the tea stretched itself.

Many a pleasure around the neighborhood, where a curial would, unsuspectedly, come upon the path of my boyhood in school-days, and its square town, But all were not to Nell, romping, and kisses, and man and woman tryst, there was, pug, a reserve too explain. So rarely ances that I'd no
Cousin Nell

Nell had been quite silent since entering the house, and said but little through the evening, except when spoken to. Mother finally railed her on her silence.

"Nell, what is the matter? I never knew you to be so stupid. Left some "lorry" behind? Perhaps Dan may answer as a substitute."

"Yes, cousin, allow me to offer my humble services," I said.

"I think you have proved yourself quite useful so far," said Nellie, smiling, and then upon she related our romantic journey from the east.

The evening, full of quiet happiness, came to a close. Fand good-night kisses wore those of mother's. Nellie shushed her hand. "Come," I said gently drawing her towards me, "this first night, let us be children as of yore," and I pressed a kiss on the soft cheek that blushed, unhappily, I thought.

How the days and weeks flew—angels hours, with angel-wings! Spring came on, space, and the green sod, bright flowers, and songs of birds, made almost an Eden. Glorious looked the little old homestead; the front yard was charming as ever, and the tall reeds seemed to stretch themselves with youthful vigor.

Many a pleasant visit had I made around the neighborhood, receiving everywhere a cordial welcome from the honest, unsophisticated farmers. The haunts of my boyhood had been explored—the school-house, the meeting-house, with its square pews, and sounding-board. But all were as nothing to home, mother, and Nellie. For Nellie was still with us—we would not let her leave. But it was not the Nellie of olden times—no ramping, and kissing, now, we were man and woman grown. On the contrary, there was, at least on Nellie's part, a reserve towards me I could not explain. Suddenly one of her acquaintances that did not receive more smiles and chit-chat than myself. At first, I thought her disposition had undergone a complete revolution, and the gay girl become a semi-mute; but at times, her old nature flashed out as bright as ever, ilumined by excitement. Then I became convinced she disliked me; seldom was it we were alone together, and very brief were such toto-a-totes. In presence of others, her conversation was never directed to me, and my questions received short replies. Yet, time and again, did I find those deep blue eyes fixed on me with a hesitating, longing gaze, quickly removed on catching mine, and perhaps soon flattering back. What glorious eyes she had! I finally spent my happiest moments watching them through the dawn-cast lashes.

Earthly bliss never lasts long. The time drew near when I must plunge again into the maelstrom of life, and at the thought, Home, Mother, and Nellie, became more than ever precious. Must I leave them?—could we not always live thus?—let the world go—here was my world. But one morning, Nellie told us she must leave, her visit had been much longer than she designed—she could not stay any more. I awoke to a consciousness that, though she might be persuaded to linger a few days, I could not have her always with me, and without that I should be miserable!

My feelings were in a sort of chaos, and I gazed, I dare say, very stupidly at the fair speaker on the opposite side of the table—we were at breakfast—for mother spoke:

"Dan, what is the matter? Don't eat Nellie up!"

"I wish I could, mother," I burst forth, "if it would keep her with us."

"I don't think it would, my son," she replied caustically, "and with a half-wit; "but there is another way"—

"What—how?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

The smile deepened slowly on the be-
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

The following valuable essay on California gold, originally appeared in the Alta California, but owing to its intrinsic worth, for consultation and reference, we deem it too valuable to depart from our usual custom and republish it in this work.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

It is a curious fact that very few people, even in this, our Golden State, have any clear and distinct knowledge about the true nature of the metal by the magic power of which all of us have been attracted to this distant shore; which everybody handles, or at least wishes and expects to handle, and which, no doubt, is the principal element, the soul—we would almost say, the God—of this famous country of California. The hardy miner, though perhaps digging for years after the glittering grains, generally knows a little more about the natural properties of the same than that he finds so many cents' worth in the bottom of his pan; or, that he claims so many dollars a day; or, that he sells his "dust" for so many dollars and cents per ounce. The enterprising trader, in most cases, knows hardly more about his gold than that it came from this or that locality; that he paid so much for it; that, in consequence, he expects to gain at least two "bits" per ounce, and that something must be wrong somewhere if the returns should fall somewhat short of his calculation. Nay, even among that class of our population which is, or ought to be, imbued with a larger amount of general instruction, you will seldom meet a person that has an accurate, substantial knowledge of the natural history of gold. Hence, it arrives that so many absurd statements and descriptions, relating to gold or its exploration, make their appearance in the papers; this gives rise to so many wild theories about the "origin of gold," about "mountains of gold" and "lakes" of gold; to so many amusing stories about "bigumps of pure gold;" builders and rocks quite "lousy with gold," etc., etc.

The purpose of throwing a little more light on this interesting and well deserving subject, this unsatisfying treatise has been written by one who, during a series of years, had plenty of opportunity and every facility to study the nature of the precious metal, theoretically as well as practically. It is, however, to be well understood that this work being intended merely for popular use, all lengthy details and scientific disquisitions about the geological formations of the gold fields of California, or about the mineralogical features of the same, or about the various ways and means of their exploration, must entirely fall without the range of our task. We intend to confine our observation principally to the shining metal after its extraction from its mother earth, and to accompany the gold itself, who is rare hardonii and resplendoat gold, with the state of its various wittys and means of extraction, money.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF GOLD.

Gold, by the ancient alchemists styled the king of metals—and till our epoch the most precious of all of them—distiguishes itself from the rest, when pure and unalloyed:

1. By its deep yellow, or rather rich orange color, as long as it remains cold and solid, but which color gradually changes into a bright green, when liquid or near the point of fusion.
2. By its aptness to receive a most beautiful and resplendent polish.
3. By its great density or heaviness, which is 19.5-10 times greater than the weight of water.
4. By its unsurpassed ductility and malleability, it may be shaped into wires of the finest gauge; 5. By its fusibility at the 22nd degree of Wedgwood's pyrometer, and its quick hardening, and only by artificial combination with other substances can pass into the state of an oxide.

Owing to the last mentioned peculiarity, gold is found in nature only in the metallic state. By reason of its infinite divisibility, it may sometimes occur in such minute particles as to be invisible to the naked eye; but, in every instance, it is mechanically—never chemically—mixed with its matrix; may this be quartz, pyrites, or whatever else.

Another peculiarity of gold is, that it is never found in nature perfectly pure, but always contains a certain proportion of silver, and sometimes a slight admixture of other metals, such as iron, lead, tin, and copper, &c. The proportion of silver in the native gold varies very much; in fact, it is sometimes of such degree of mixture has been found between the two metals, from nearly fine gold, containing some traces of silver, to silver containing some traces of gold.

Out of this fact, which is generally ignored by the casual observer, there arises the great variation in the value of the noble metal. The less the proportion of silver in the same, the finer, of course, in gold it will be; and consequently the more valuable. On the contrary, the more silver it contains, the more it must decrease in value, and consequently in fineness and value.

HOW FOUND IN CALIFORNIA.

In our state the precious metal is found in the same mineral formations as in every other country where it exists. It has scarcely been observed in any secondary formation, but occurs in many instances, in its primitive state in leads or veins of quartz; more seldom of some other gangue; which leads us again to point in chrysotile primary rocks or in compact transition rocks (serpentine translatic trap, etc.) of igneous origin. In most cases, however, the gold of this country occurs in alluvial grounds or drift-beds, principally composed of the debris of the formations just mentioned. As a natural sequel, we always find our gold more immediately accompanied by the same ores and mineral substances as with in the gold mines of other countries. In its solid state it is almost invariably associated by Protoxide of Iron, commonly called Black Sand, which probably is nothing else than preexistent Iron pyrites in a decomposed state. Besides this, various sulphurets and oxides of other metals and metallicides, will be frequently found in our auriferous formations. Grains of native copper are of occasional occurrence; but in certain districts the shining grains and scales of a metallic substance composed of a group of the hardest and heaviest metals, Iridium, Platinum, Rhodium, Osmium, etc., occur in considerable proportion, imparting to these gold fields the same feature as exhibited in the mining districts of Siberia.

This principally takes place in our southern mines, above Shasta, but most strikingly in the auriferous deposits on the northern coast, between Humboldt Bay and the Columbia river, where not less than one third of the precious metal washed out of the bench sand consists, on an average, of the above mentioned metallic combination, of which again about one third consists of Platinum, the only valuable substance of the whole lot.

The beach just mentioned, being continually exposed to the action of the tides of the Pacific Ocean, contains in vast deposits and layers of black sand, in which the roundish, flat spangles of Gold and Iridio-platinum are imbedded. Nothing can be more gorgeous than some of this sand viewed through a microscope. The curious eye will wonder among huge blocks of quartz, splendid obsidian and crystals of all shapes and colors: Garnets, Amethysts, Obsidians, Beryl, Chrysoberyl, etc., etc.—and here and there it will be startled by some big chunk of glittering gold, or some heavy slab of shining Platinum.

NATURAL SHAPES OF CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The most appropriate general classification of Gold in this country, is the pop-
in its quartz veins. Gold always occurs irregularly distributed, mostly in loose particles, hidden in holes and crevices of the crystaline mass, which in most cases were originally filled with pyrites and oxides, after the decomposition of which the unalterable precious metal was left behind in small flakes or flakes of various shapes or sizes. Sometimes it is found firmly imbedded in the compact rock, in which form it is eagerly sought after by lapidaries of our city, and worked up by them into all sorts of elegant jewelry articles. Both kinds of auriferous quartz are sometimes met with in one and the same vein.

More seldom quartz-gold is found in the shape of thin flakes, cleaving to the sides of occasional crannies in the rock; still more seldom in continuous sheets or threads, branching out in every direction; and most seldom in its crystalline form, exhibiting a series of octahedral crystals of more or less perfection.

For these places in the leads where gold is found accompanied in considerable quantities, the California miner has invented the graphic name of pockets; quartz containing no gold at all, he calls just as contemptuously dull rock.

It is the capricious dissemination of gold through its gang, which makes the working of quartz mines so very prosaic. Veins of most other metals may be worked for many years with a sure prospect of a constant yield; but the owner of the richest quartz-ledges can never be sure whether his source of treasure will last for many days, or come to a sudden and only a few feet deeper. Such an industry is more to be dreaded in veins containing rich pockets, with intervals of dead quartz between, than in rock through which the precious metal is more equally distributed, even if in very minute and almost microscopic particles.

Auriferous quartz has to be crushed to powder in stamping mills, of various construction, or by grist-mills and other works more or less fit for the purpose, before the gold can be extracted, which generally is done by amalgamation with quicksilver. After the separation of the mercury, the sand-gold mostly appears in the bullion market in lumps of various sizes, moulded according to the shape of the resort, or vessel in which the process of evaporation had been performed; but frequently, also, in loose, irregular fragments of such lumps. Sometimes, however, it is formed into the shape of flat cokes or balls, which is mostly done by the Mexican miner.

In the alluvial grounds, commonly called Placer, by far the greater part of California gold is found. After the evaporation of the wax which is done by the common term of Gold-dust, though not often occurring in such a fine state of disintegration as to warrant this generally adopted name.

Placer gold having irrationally and through a great length of time been subjected to the mechanical action of water, appears in most cases in heaps and grains of various sizes, with their edges and sides rounded or ground off, to a certain extent. Those grains, although generally of the most diversified shapes, show in certain localities a kind of family likeness, so that an experienced eye often is able to designate the place where a parcel of gold hails from, by the particular appearance of the "dust."

In many locations, especially on river banks or bars, these grains are almost of a uniform size, small, thin, and roundish, very much of the shape of small fish scales (saxile gold). In other cases they are more thick and plump, sometimes approaching the form of melon seeds (placid gold). But most commonly they are irregularly rough, with all sorts of holes, wrinkles and creases on their surface, which not seldom are filled with earthy particles, clay, small bits of quartz, and the like. Sometimes the grains are partly or entirely covered with oxides, imparting to them, in many cases, a false and deceptive coloring.

In certain places the gold grains exhibit an eminently crystalline formation. Single perfect octahedrons, with more or less worn off corners, are very scarce; but specimens with some crystalline sides and edges, or groupings of imperfect crystals, are of more frequent occurrence. The rarest and most beautiful of all gold specimens, however, are those of dendrites (tree-like) construction, being composed of minute crystalline spangles, and fashioned in such a way as to imitate almost a vegetable-like growth.

In other places, namely, in the southern district of our mines, on the rivers
CALIFORNIA GOLD.

Almost five years ago, a gold specimen of the size of a man's hand, found somewhere in the neighborhood of Danville (according to the statement of the depositor), was assayed in the laboratory of the late firm of Wiss, Molder & Co., and found to be 992 troy ounces fine. This was quite an unique case, but gold of above 970 troy ounces has been frequently assayed in this city. On the other side of the gold from the Kern river mines contains such a large proportion of silver, as to be almost identical with the Electrum of the ancients, or the Zorahe of the Mexicans, which means, a metal consisting of about half and half, silver and gold. Between these two extremes all degrees of mixture of the two metals have been found in this country. The experience of several years shows, however, that 933 troy, would be about the medium fineness of California gold, to which it must be added, that by far the greater part of the whole gold produced seems to group itself, in regard to fineness, close around the above average figure.

On the virtue of this statement we may say, therefore, that the greatest part of the gold of this country ranges, as a rule, between 840 and 830 troy ounces fine, and that all cases exceeding those limits may be regarded as exceptions to the general rule. It mostly appears in our market as coarse lumps of amalgamated gold, and suffers an average loss of 10 per cent. by melting.

The average finenesses of dust from the Gold Runch, above and below Port Orford, (Oregon), is 880 troy ounces. The gold dust appears throughout in fine scales, and is extracted from the sand and accompanying minerals, including Iridio-Platinum, chiefly by amalgamation.

3. The gold which finds its way to this place principally by Central City, and therefore has been worked chiefly on the Klamath River and its tributaries, seldom exceeds 880 fine, and seldom descends below 850. The average fineness of the same would be, therefore, 865. In this district we include the counties Del Norte, Klamath and Shasta, and the...
adjacent, and adjoining northern border-tract of Oregon. This gold mostly appears in course and heavy grains, and sometimes contains a considerable admixture of Iridium.

4. The placer on Trinity River and on the western tributaries of the upper Sacramento, belonging to Trinity and Shasta counties, seem in general to yield a better quality, and we may safely put the average 10 thous. higher than under the previous number. Some dust from the neighborhood of Warnerville shows the fineness of above 900 thous.

5. Feather River gold shows an average fineness of 890, and most frequently occurs in very regularly shaped and almost uniform grains or scales.

6. Gold on the north fork of the Yuba is generally much finer than the above, in many cases going up as high as 950, and seldom below 900. We don't think to be far off the mark if we put the average of the same at 920. This dust is also mostly of a scaly description, and a great deal of it appears in market as amalgam gold. We have before mentioned, that the very finest specimen of gold that we know of was found in the neighborhood of Downieville.

7. On the south fork of the Yuba the general fineness seems again to decrease. Around Amoona placer gold seldom shows more than 880 thous. The quartz gold from the various veins of Grizzly Valley ranges between 800 and 850, and may be put down at 820 thous. average fineness.

8. On the north and middle forks of the American River, gold is again rising in fineness, especially in the diggings around Auburn, approaching here the figure of 900 thous.

9. On the south fork of the same river, in the vicinity of the towns of Coloma and Fairview, the fineness of the dust varies very much. Coloma gold seldom ranges above 850, and generally comes nearer to 870. But in the neighborhood to Placerville, the gold rises in most cases up to 900, and in some places thereabout, still much higher. At Concord Hills a peculiar kind of dust, of a dark, rusty appearance, is found, which is over 940 thous. fine.

10. In Amador county, aroundyp town, Jackson and Victorville, the fineness of gold is rather below the general average of 885.

11. In Calaveras county, great varieties occur in this respect. Madeleine Hill gold is seldom above 890; San Andreas averages 900; Copper Rock, 905; Vallecito rises up to 910-920.

12. Placerville is the county most renowned for the fineness of its gold. Solona and Columbia dust seldom falls below 900, and often rises above 950. The average may be marked down at 930 thous. This gold is generally rough and coarse grained, and of a very rich color.

13. In the adjoining county, Mariposa, the fineness of the precious metal decreases very sensibly; the average can scarcely be put higher than 850 thous. The fineness of the Merced Mining Company's quartz gold is about 820 thous.

14. Still further south, on the upper San Joaquin and its first tributaries, the rivers Ch’owchilla and Fresno, the fineness of the gold falls below 800, and sometimes even as low as 700 thous. This dust consists generally of diminutive fragments of a transversely rich appearance, interspersed with curiously elongated, almost needle-shaped grains.

15. The lowest degree in the fineness of gold in this State, is found in the most southern parts on the diggings of Kern river and its numerous branches. This dust gold seldom reaches above 700, and often falls down to near 600 thous. The average fineness of the same may be set at 660 thous.

16. Carson Valley dust, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, although beautiful to the eye, is also exceedingly low—generally below 800 thous.

17. Gilu and Calaveras river gold, which finds its way to this city in small quantities, is of a very fine description, with grains similar to Australia gold. Some parcels of it have shown the fineness of above 970; others fell below 920 thous.

The foregoing statements about the fineness of different sorts of gold dust which make their appearance in our market, have to be considered merely as approximative, and based on the experience of only one private assay office in this city. It would be rather a difficult task to collect more precise statistical data in this matter, as the gold is bought up in the mining towns and companies mostly in small quantities, from miners digging and working in all directions around the trading post, and afterwards deposited for assay in larger lots of a generally mixed description. Besides this circum-

stance, the dust is very frequently found in the vicinity of houses where buildings and mining are entire, where perhaps a deposit of the gold of the surrounding neighborhood was made, perhaps in the course of some mining operations.
MY HOME.—DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

BY O. T. IRWIN.

My home is not a hall of marble,
Built by some proud lord of old,
Glittering in the gorgeous sunlight
With barbaric gems and gold;
Where the crimson rays are flashing
On the tasseled floors,
And the festal song is pealing
Through the lofty corridors.

Tis a cottage in a valley,
With broad meadows girt around;
Nestling in the elm trees' shadow,
And with trailing roses crowned.
There, in spring, the blue-eyed violets
Early rising burst the sod;
There look up the summer lilies,
Smiling in the face of God.
There, all day, three white-winged angels
Through that dwelling gently rove:
Ever whispering, ever singing
Words of comfort—words of love.
Oh! with these, my home is lovelier
Than the palaces of Kings;
All my cup o' helowils with blessings,
And my heart leaps up and sings.

Beautiful the morning shineth
On me with these angels there,
And the gentle evening clothest
With its anthem and its prayer.
And a holy calm comes o'er me,
And a blessing falls on me;
'Tis reflected all around me,
On each flower, and bird, and tree.
Love, and Joy, and Peace—these angels
Ever there upon me wait,
Dwelling with me and my loved ones,
In our lowly cottage gate.
Oh! with these, I am rich past telling;
All I ask is freely given—
Heaven is with me here already—
All beyond me, too, is heaven.
John R——acquired a thorough knowledge of his profession at a very early age, and amongst other places became well acquainted with the navigation of the Firth of Forth and a portion of the North Sea.

Subsequently he entered the service of the East India Company, and rose to the rank of third officer in one of their trading ships.

In those days the many perquisites allowed, and the many opportunities to trade which were afforded to their officers by the company, (who then possessed the entire monopoly of the East India traffic), rendered the position of third officer in their employ worth some 2 to 3000 dollars per year.

At that time and for many years after John R was a single man; not so his brother James, who with a wife and young family, an inaptitude for business, and improvident habits, seemed to be continually struggling out of one difficulty just to fall into another.

The father of the writer of this article, was once his partner, for some seven or eight weeks only, in the wholesale wine trade, and during that short time sunk some $10,000, winding up with a docket of bankruptcy.

John R——arrived home from the East Indies and China, shortly after a failure of his brother's which had left him and his family in actual want.

The act of the sailor on that occasion was an example of fraternal love and considerate generosity, which is seldom to be found save in those possessed likewise of indomitable energy and extraordinarily great mental as well as animal courage. From James' representations, he believed that his brother could again be placed in a position to maintain his family, and recover his losses, if a certain not very large sum of money was forthcoming.

The whole of this sum John R——had not at command, but with him to think was to decide, to decide was to act. Within twenty-four hours he had sold his large stock of clothes, his uniforms, instruments, books, rings, watch and chain, and even his collection of Indian curiosities, which he greatly valued, had drawn his pay, disposed also of the merchandise he had brought home on his recent voyage, and placed the proceeds in his brother's hands. "Take it, James," said he, "it will help you and yours. I have a profession and can work up again. I can not be floored as long as I have health."

John R——retained £10, (about $40), and walked down to Woolwich, ten miles from London; he there purchased a foremast seaman's limited outfit of strong, serviceable clothing, and shipped as an able seaman, on board the ten gun brig-of-war, the Wasp, bound for a cruise in the North Sea.

After cruising for some time, and when well to the northward a fearful gale came on. The ten gun brig (collins, they used to be called,) was thrown on her beak, and only righted, half full of water, after the mainmast had been cut away.

In the performance of this service, the sailing master met with an accident which completely disabled him, and he was carried below. The Captain and Lieutenant were but very little acquaintical with North Sea navigation, so that the accident to the master was a very serious matter—a crippled ship, a northeast hurricane, a ice shores, and ignorance of the localities on the part of the officers, placed the ship, indeed, in an extremely precarious situation.

At this time, the Captain had all hands called aft, by the boatswain, and asked if any man was thoroughly acquainted with the Firth of Forth, and could pilot the ship to a safe anchorage.

John R——stepped forward, and said, that having served years on the ground, he knew it well, and could do so.
When the brig was on her beam-ends, after a few more questions told him to consider himself in charge of the vessel as pilot.

John R—gave the course, ordered a light jury-mast to be got up with all speed, and in a few moments, as the captain afterwards described it, showed that he was one of those men formed by nature to command.

It was a fearful night; the position of the brig was not certainly known by several sailors; but by an approximate latitude, gained by a momentary glimpse of the polar star, a quick eye and a steady nerve, the Firth was entered. Nine vessels were lost the same night, at or near the entrance of the Firth of Forth.

The new day found H. M. Brig Wasp safely at anchor in Leith Roads, where the admiral of the station was.

Captain—sent for John R—and, with great delicacy drew from him a sketch of his life, and the reason of his being in his present humble sphere.

Thursday the captain proceeded to the admiral, and on his return again summoned him to his cabin. Captain—at once offered to place him on the quarter-deck as midshipman; but at the same time, told him he would, after a necessary examination, have an acting order as lieutenant, as the second lieutenant wished to invalid. Of course the examination was nothing to John R—who had passed a much severer one when in the service of the East India Company.

For the following six years he was only a passed midshipman, and ineligible for promotion, but during that time he never performed midshipman's duty, nor joined the young gentleman's mess— he had made his mark, and was moved from ship to ship, with acting Lieutenant's orders, until the period required by the rules of the service had elapsed, when he was immediately promoted. In no other case was such a thing ever known.

Two or three years after this, the Admiralty had, in one month, six applications from Captains, appointed to ships, each one requesting that John R—might be appointed as his first Lieutenant, so highly was his ability appreciated.

Indeed, throughout his early naval career, John R—was continually on active service; in action, in boarding, in cutting out, or in the performance of other dangerous duties, he was always the first and most daring. He was many times wounded, and that was the only claim he had, together with his conduct, to promotion; and his claim was allowed even in those days of favoritism, though he had neither Parliamentary or family interest at the Admiralty.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand, With our souls unscarred before us, Waiting the hour when, at God's command, Our life-stone shall pass o'er us.

As I stood wondering why man was formed by nature to command, and could do so.

LIFE SCULPTURE.

BY MARIA BARRIE.

"Sculptures of life are we, as we stand, With our souls unscarred before us, Waiting the hour when, at God's command, Our life-stone shall pass o'er us."

"If we serve it thus, on the yielding stone, With many a sharp incision, Its heavenly beauty shall be our own, Our Saviour, that angel-stone."

As I stood wondering why man was formed by nature to command, and could do so.
Those heavenly eyes were melting into dewy softness as he left with the sleeper her priceless gift. Nearly tear-drops shine amidst the wavy ringlets, chrismating the babe a "Sculptor," whose mission was to carve this life-block and beautify with our Father's gifts the Soul. An unseen radiance left dimpling smiles chasing each other over the face of Innocence, and tiny hands nervously grasped after the angel-vision that vanished!

The immortal artist is attended both by spheres of Light and angels of Darkness, through a sphere filled with the spirits and demons of two worlds; and when Death gives to dust its strait atoms, the victor will bring before the angelic throng an unpolished, shapeless mass of deformity, that reflects no saving light, or a carved, transparent gem, made limpid by the light of Heaven.

The infantile Sculptor totters forward at the first faint rays proceeding from the internal light, Knowledge, when the star of Reason rises, revealing to him a life-model, perfect, and symmetrical in every feature, carved from an earthly nature for the diadem of Heaven, or an opaque gem fitted for the crown of Misery and Death, and worn by the Prince of Darkness. As these two models rise before the Sculptor, Faith sees in the one a reflection of the great original prototype, of which man is a faint shadow, and in the other a faithful specie of the evil one that beguiled the heirs of Heaven, and the Prince of Darkness.

While beholding these two types of life, the Sculptor's eye brightens with pleasure, as he sees his ideal model portrayed in the first; and joyfully does he beautify, with his glorious gifts, Knowledge and Genius, the life-block—yet with the bold, triumphant strokes of a master workman, but tremblingly, and with fear, as an humble apprentice, who feels that even a life-service may fail to transcribe the beauties of this heavenly model.

Infant years endow the babe with boldness and strength; dimpling smiles, baby cooings, and innocent, artless prattlings, chisel their semblance of beauty and sweetness upon childish features. Hope, fancy, and memory steal from the divine sculptured model its bolden angles, and most graceful curves, blending them in wild confusion, till the artist knows not his master-stroke, whether 'tis seen in the dimpled track of the smile, the quivering of the delicately chiseled lip, or in the flash of the eye, dispensing the widest joy, or the deepest sorrow.

From the pleasing yet laborious trials of infancy the happy youth steps forth into the arena, with a magical Sculptor, Thought, as his assistant—an Artist that inhales the essence of eternity, drinks of the mysteries of creation, bathes in the ocean's liquid depths, rests upon its foamling billows, and roams through a shoreless space upon lightning flashes stolen from the thunder-bolt, to behold the world a Statuary Recipieculo, filled with deformed, virtueless statues of Ignorance, and with noble master-pieces of Wisdom.

By this magic, baby innocence, delicate beauty, and childish sympathy, are transformed into emotions of untold eraustes; careless glee and delight into enthusiastic wants and desires, which, like sands grains, wear away the jetting points left upon this life-jowal! His bold, rapid strokes, retain the gay fancies of early childhood, and the wild longings of strengthened boyhood, clothing their bright, fantastic shapes, in the sober garb of truth, till the manly face is beautiful with the light of love, and more heavenly in its expression as it is tinged with the softer glow of virtue.

The Sculptor guesses, or trances, upon this higher beauty. He beholde the eye, radiating the steady light of knowledge, in its softened, though none the less brilliant flashings; the earling lip, firmly compressed, trembling noon with honor and pride, or the infant joy and sorrow.

The beau with the past in its dream, but ever living and thought, by manhood. The angel owns chasing the babe, is carly reflected as Invisable, with goodness, love, and beauty. Heaven's own by the sides of time, now cold and watchful that launched a life; and fiery and glistening, till the dust of life was so Bonding o' the life's, is an image of the immortal soul, the last light of youth spent, a dead soul and conscious to Sculptor's eye.
MY PHILOSOPHY.

I.

Deal gently with the world, my friend,
If thus thou'dst have it deal with thee;
Speak truly of its honest worth,
Not of its faults—in charity.
Look on its brighter side to-day,
There's time enough to grieve to-morrow;
Pass discontent and murmuring by,
And smile at grief and laugh at sorrow.

II.

When gloomy cygnets growl and fret,
And say the world is full of woe,
Why, don't believe them, they are false,
And not the world—so let them go.
The earth is full of love and truth—
Bright Friendship sparkles everywhere,
There's not a day but brings some good
To hearts deserving of a share!

III.

The man's a fool who mocks at life
And calls it but a fleeting breath,
Yet looks to find a happiness
Beyond the gloomy shadow of death;
The soul that finds no pleasure here—
No joy in sight that God has given
To bless the life He gave to man—
Would grumble in the courts of Heaven!

IV.

I doubt the wisdom of the man
Who, proving all things in the pus,
Held first to nothing, good or bad,
And said "all's vanity" at last.
A thousand better thoughts than that,
Are whisper'd every day and hour
By Nature's Universal Voice, [flower]
That speaks through forest, field and

V.

The passing and the changing life
That flits across our sunlight skies,
And nerve our hearts to noble deeds,
Are naught but blessings in disguise.
Were earth all fair—mankind all true—
And all hearts free from care and woe—
Were all souls sinless here, my friend,
'Twere not a virtue to be so!

VI.

So then, hurrah! for Life and Love!
Hurrath for earth! I just as it is—
Its joys and griefs, its hopes and fears,
Its yearly, daily, hourly bliss!
Let every friendly heart rejoice,
Let no one list a mourn'ring breath;
Hurrath for Life—I while yet we live—
And then?—why, then hurrath for Death!
Hutchings' California Magazine.

Agnes Emerson.

A Tale of the Revolution.

By Gordon Greenlaw.

Book First.—The American Revolution.

Chapter I.

Philadelphia in 1778.

"Oh once was felt the storm of war,
It had an earthquake's roar;
It flashed upon the mountain height
And smoked along the shore;
It thundered in the dreaming ear
And up the former swung;
It whistled in a bold, true heart,
And a warrior's laugh rang.

It was on a fine afternoon in the month of May, 1778, that two officers might have been seen pacing to and fro, in earnest conversation, opposite the house occupied as their regimental mess-room, in Philadelphia.

The senior of the two held the rank of captain, as was seen by the uniform he wore. His age might be thirty, but he looked older, for although his figure was erect and his movements elastic and youthful, there were those signs to be discerned in his face which showed, but too plainly, the effects of early dissipation; while the easy good nature of his expression was of that kind so peculiarly attractive, to those just entering upon the world's stage, and whose inexperience loads them to prefer the society of the off-hand, easy tempered, and social plebeian, to that of the more staid and high-principled man.

The subaltern, who accompanied him, was a youth of some twenty years; in person, he was prominent and handsome; in appearance, aristocratic and distinguish'd, and in manners, frank, elegant and possessing.

He had but a few days before arrived in a transport, from England, to join his regiment in Philadelphia, which had been occupied by the British since the preceding fall.

"And so, Harrison," said the elder, "you don't seem to relish this war with the rebels; goes against the grain, eh? Well, so it does with me, for if we are to be moped up here much longer, without the pleasure of excitement, one will die of ennui and poor living. Then the rebel women, with their pretty faces, they hate the very sight of a good looking fellow, if he be enuncled in a Tory uniform; and last, but not least,--no, sir, if there is a glass of decently flavored wine to be got for the mess, though we pay even he can bear with the rebels in quarters at Valley Forge. There will be warm work soon, depend upon it."

"Washington," said Hartley, musingly, "Washington, yes, he is a rebel; that is some sensation in meeting him, the wonder is, how he can bear with the blacksmithe, butchers, tinkers, and clodhoppers that Congress associates with him, and give their pretended commissions to, for I have heard him described by those who know him, as a somewhat proud and even haughty man."

"To be a patriot, Hartly, there must be a total abnegation of self; feelings, prejudices, nay, even friends, must be forgotten, in devotion to the cause. Such a man I believe Washington to be."

"Upon my soul," somewhat sharply

...continued...
said the elder, this war with Britain, oh? for if we are to longer, without victory, one will die living. Then the resolute faces, they seemed to look at me, as if lately flavored wine through which we pay for the lack of them, laughing, "which is the present war, of which you complain, not our war; we shall have no one to send with us, and Washington is at a point of leaving his Valley Forge. There will soon be a new man, not so gracefully as you, that is some comrade he, with the blacksmiths and his fellow-bpaders that chatter with him, and give some command to, for his face is studied by those who stroke his shrewd and even spirited, Hartry, there must be provision of self; feelings, say, even friends, must be devoted to the cause. Such are Washington to be, and the strength of a known reputation, which, in your case, might be attributed to a reasonable desire to avoid too close an acquaintance with land and steel."

Harrison stopped suddenly in his walk, for an instant his face flushed and then turned pale, while the color forsake his lips, and the veins of his forehead seemed to gather into knots; involuntarily his hand sought his sword hilt, but he restrained himself, and commanding his voice he replied: "Find any other man but you, my boyhood's friend, trusted me with such a thing, either he or I should never have left this ground again, except it were to seek a more convenient place to settle our differences. Hartry, I demand a retraction of your insinuation, and that instantly."

Harrison gazed in amused admiration at the indignant youth, and then said—"Pshaw! boy, retract what? I made no insinuation, and meant none—but I did mean," he added, more gravely, "to show you what might be said by others, and most assuredly will, if you guard not your unruly member, and should chance to talk, as you did to me a while ago,) of leaving the army at such a time. Ah! there's the dinner bugle; so let us go and discuss Yankee beef in preference to Yankee politics." And, linking his arm affectionately within that of his young friend, the gay and dashing Hartry—the favorite of the whole division—entered with him into the mess-room.

George Harrison was the third and youngest son of an old naval officer, who, though somewhat late in life, married a lady of fortune and no little pride, she being the daughter of an ancient and distinguished family, possessed of immense wealth, but which, with the exception of moderate portions for the other members, was of course strictly entailed on her brother, who was several years her junior.
With this brother, however, Mrs. Harrison had not been on the most affectionate terms; indeed, it may be said they had cordially hated each other. This estrangement had arisen from constant disagreements between her brother’s wife (an ambitious parvenu) and herself. Mrs. Harrison had, indeed, mortally offended her brother by refusing to present his wife at the Royal Drawing-room after his marriage; desiring him to find some other to perform the humiliating office of presenting so vulgar a person at court.

For many years, therefore, little or no intercourse had been maintained between the families, and Admiral Harrison’s three sons had no personal knowledge of their wealthier relations.

George’s mother had, however, been dead many years at the period of which we are now writing, and his father, who had been a violent of the olden time, was now advanced in years, and from his generous, not to say extravagant manner of living, had greatly reduced the fortune which he had obtained by his marriage.

A hundred pounds a year, to each, was consequently all the allowance that the Admiral could now afford to make to his sons. The eldest of these, however, had attained the rank of Major in the British army, and was an officer in employment in England, whilst the second was a Captain in an infantry regiment, stationed in the West Indies.

George Harrison had been educated at Eton, and, after leaving that seminary, had been for twelve months in London, awaiting his commission, which his father had obtained the promise of. Being at length appointed to the Regiment, he was stationed within a few miles of the metropolis; and even after the embarkation of his corps for America, he was retained some months at the Depot in England, until he was finally shipped off in charge of a number of recruits to join the Regimental Head Quarters.

During his stay in and near London, the violent discussions at this time arising in the House of Commons, on the subject of the American rebellion, had greatly interested him. His father being a member, he had constant admission to the House, and he had, from the debates he there heard, and other sources, gradually formed opinions decidedly favorable to the Americans, but which he dared not hint to his father, a stern and somewhat fanatical Royalist.

Having premised this much, we will return to our tale.

CHAPTER XI.
The Battle.—Female Beauty.

“Though far and near the bullet hissed,
I’ve paused a bloodier hour than this.”—Brown.

Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Drew down her ivory bosom’s fell,
And, listless half, among the whiles.”—Pascal.

A few days subsequent to the conversation between Captain Hartley and Harrison, above related, preparations were commenced by the British Commander-in-chief for evacuating Philadelphia, and marching to New York. On the 18th of June he finally quit the former place, and as the last of the Royalist troops deserted from the town, the Americans came flocking into it.

Washington, on hearing of the British movements, had quitted Valley Forge, and, having been joined by the New Jersey militia, overtook the rear of Sir Henry Clinton’s army and brought them to battle near Monmouth.

To risk a general action, with his limited and badly equipped force, was contrary to the general able policy of the American Commander-in-chief, and which was to harass the enemy only, so as to inflict, at small cost of blood to themselves, the greater injury upon the Royalists. The attack was, however, ably conceived, but owing to the ill-judged conduct of General Lee, (who had opposed the idea usual success did not, in this case, benefit the other party. Both sides were equally severely beaten, but the loss on the heavier side fell on the British, as they were not able to recapture Philadelphia, to which they had advanced. Such however, as the fate of the Americans could be, it was certain that they would have to give up their hold on New York, without much further resistance. On hearing the news of the battle, Washington gave the order for garrison train to be sent south, and orders were given for the movement of troops to join the American forces in the South. The American army, now in a state of considerable advantage, was able to cope with the British, and under the able leadership of Washington, they were able to march towards New York, and take the city in a state of defense. Washington had the foresight to understand the advantages of the position, and was able to make full use of them to his own advantage. He was able to send large numbers of troops to the city, and was able to hold it until the British were forced to evacuate it, and retreat towards Philadelphia. Washington had, therefore, gained a great victory over the British, and had proved that he was able to lead his army to victory, even in a difficult situation. This victory was a great boost to the morale of the American army, and it was able to carry on the war with renewed energy.

The victory was not only a military one, but it was also a political one. It proved to the world that the American army was able to stand up to the British, and that it was not a mere paper army, as the British had thought. It was a great boost to the morale of the American people, and it gave them confidence in their own ability to carry on the war and win it.

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posed the idea of a pitched battle), the usual success of General Washington did not, in this case, attend him.

Both sides have always, hitherto, claimed the advantage; and certain it is, that the loss on the side of the British was the heavier of the two, being, by official returns of Sir H. Clinton, 518; whilst, on the other hand, the forces under his command continued their march to New York, without a renewal of the combat.

Such being the facts, and without referring further to the different opinions of historians, we can leave the readers to form their own conclusions on the point, merely remarking that the British officers present always allowed that but for General Lee's valor, at the commencement of the battle, the Americans would have had occasion to congratulate themselves on a much greater success.

It was when the ground lost by Lee, was being partially recovered by General Washington, that George Harrison received a musket ball in the shoulder, which seriously shattered the collar bone. In this state he was removed in the baggage train to New York. The jolting, and other inconveniences to which he was subjected on the transit, increased the inflammation, and a high fever having supervened, his situation became extremely precarious.

For some days after the arrival of the British in New York, Harrison remained in a state of delirium; but, at length a favorable turn took place, and weak, powerless, and considerably emaciated, George awoke from a sweet and refreshing sleep to consciousness.

Facing his bed were two windows, and slumber in the embrasure of one of them he could perceive the well known figure of his friend, Captain Hardy, whilst in the other embrasure sat a young lady occupied with embroidery.

A lovelier vision, indeed, could hardly be imagined, than that on which our inquisitive eyes now gazed; long tresses, of the rich chestnut, floated over a neck and figure which were moulded in the perfection of lithe and graceful beauty, and as she stooped over her work, the light fell on one of the most perfectly term'd faces it is possible to conceive; whilst the constant smile that seemed to hang around her mouth, and the merry sparkles of her brilliant eyes, seemed, as if for the time, charged by graver and sadder thoughts than were meant for so joyous a looking creature.

Sadder and sadder seemed those thoughts to become, for, after a while, she paused in her embroidery, and instantly a hot tear dropped upon her white lap, where it had listlessly fallen on her lap. Hastily wiping her eyes, she now looked to George's bed, and seem
that he was awake, gently approached
him with some cooling mixture from a
neighboring table. Placing one hand
gently beneath his head, she adminis-
tered two or three spoonfuls of a febrifuge in which the taste of lemon was
principally perceptible.

"Thank you, thank you," faintly said
George, but she placed her finger to her
lips to enjoin silence, saying, "You must
not talk till you have seen the Doctor;
you are not strong enough."

"But tell me where I am," persisted
Harrison, "and if angels nurses al-
vays float around the beds of sufferers here,
investing even pain and sickness with a
charm."

"Hush, hush, or I shall leave you;
the surgeons have desired the most per-
fefct silence to be kept."

"At least you know, fair lady, how to
enforce silence, and I obey," said George,
and in truth his prostration was so great,
that even these two words seemed to have
exhausted him.

Captain Hartley shortly awoke, and
after a few words with the lady, advanced
to the bed, she at the same time softly
quitting the apartment.

"Harrison, you must not talk, for you
are frightfully weak," said Hartley kind-
ly, "but I will tell you what you asked
Miss Agnes, in a few words, so as to set
your mind at rest, as you are doubtless
anxious to know your whereabouts. On
your arrival in New York, we were met
at the landing by Wm. Emerson, who
was with you at Rye, and whose flag you
were. He is, as you know, independent,
but has been for three years with a law-
yer in this city, and purposes following
that profession. He has purchased this
house, to which he insist upon your being
at once brought, and for which we got
permission from head quarters. Miss
Agnes, his sister, is staying with him,
whilst his father is at present in Virginia
(and a loyalist, by the way) and would
have returned ere this, but for the un-
settled state of the country. Both she,
her brother, and Aunt Martha, their fa-
vorable negroes, have been unremitting
in their attentions to you, since you have
been here. Andrews has had a letter from
your brother in the West Indies, and all
are well at home by latest intelligence,
so now try and rest till the doctors come,
with your mind at ease, as positively I
will talk no more to you at present."

Hartley once more returned to the
window, and drawing the blinds closer,
betook himself to a book, leaving the
wounded man to his own
now
pleasant
reflections, and to repose.

Not one word had the wild, but kind-
hearted Captain, hinted of his own watch-
ful and sleepless nights, passed at the
bedside of his comrade, where, indeed,
every hour he could be absent from his
own duty, had been spent.

The love of one man for another has
often been exemplified, and, unquestion-
ably, the more than fraternal affection of
Hartley for our hero, was, up to this time,
as pure as it was disinterested. Indeed,
the frank, affectionate, and generous dis-
position of Harrison, had insensibly won
upon the gay but somewhat dissipated
Captain, in a manner that was unaccount-
able even to himself.

So it is through life; the careless,
dashing man of the world, who, while
the heart is yet in the right place, turn
with pleasure to the freshness and kind-
liness of those young minds, as yet un-
tinted by rough contact with the greater
vices of manhood, and which were, alas,
but too general in the circles in which
our dramatic personae at that time moved.

[To be continued.]
THE UNKNOWN LOVER—PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION.

THE UNKNOWN LOVER.

BY J. N.

She knows not, bright unconscious thing,
That in my soul she is enshrined,
With such sweet pain as love may bring—
A living portion of the mind.
She cannot know my life is sought,
Nor can she know my heart’s delight,
Which makes me still a worshiper.
Accursed is he who can find
Who can learn where love does dwell,
The rose may touch her lips of red,
The wave receive each glowing charm,
And o’er its downy curtains spread
Around her sweetly shivering form;
But I must still at distance gaze,
And mourn my dark, unhappy fate,
And sing to one these dreamy lays
Who neither knows nor bate.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION.

MEMORIAL.

To the President of the United States, the
Head of Departments, and to the Senate and
House of Representatives of the U. S.
The undersigned, the President and Mem-
bers comprising the Pacific Railroad Con-
vention, held in San Francisco, California,
September, A. D. 1859, have the honor to
address you on behalf of the said Convention,
and the People of the States of Cal-
ifornia, Oregon, and the Territory of Wash-
ington, whom we represent, on the subject
of a Continental Railroad, from the Pacific
to the Valley of the Mississippi.
The Convention was called in pursuance
of the following

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Of the Legislature of the State of California.
Resolved, By the Assembly, the Senate con-
curring, that in pursuance of the Inter-
est and issues the protection and security of
the People of the State of California and
Oregon, and the Territories of Washington
and Arizona; and especially to consider
the refusal of Congress to take efficient
measures for the construction of a Railroad
from the Atlantic States to the Pacific, and
to adopt measures whereby the building of
said Railroad can be accomplished, it is
expedient that a Convention be held on
the twentieth day of September, A. D.
eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, at the
City of San Francisco, in the State of Cal-
ifornia, composed of Delegates from the
said States and Territories.

Resolved, That the people of the several
counties of the said States and Territories,
are hereby especially requested to send
to said Convention, Delegates equal to the
number of the members of the Legislature
of the said States and Territories, to which
they are entitled to represent them in said
Convention.

Passed, April 5th, 1859.

I, PERKINS FORDMAN, Secretary of State
of the State of Oregon, do hereby certify
that the foregoing is a full, true and
correct copy of Concurrent Resolution No.
25, passed April 5th, 1859, now on file in
my office.

Witnesse my hand and the Great Seal of the
State, at office in Secret-
ary of State.

PERKINS FORDMAN,
Secretary of State.

The Convention was numerously at-
ended; representing two of the sover-
jign States, and one of the great Territories
of the General Government, embracing the
entire extent of United States territory on
the Pacific Coast.

The Convention continued its session
through five days, carefully examining,
in all its relations and bearings, the subject
of the Continental Railway, and reached
its conclusions and adopted its measures.
with remarkable and most gratifying unanimity.
As the result of the deliberations of that body, touching the subjects relating to Congressional action in behalf of the States and Territory bordering upon the Pacific, we are authorized respectfully to present to you the following statements and suggestions:

California has been a sovereign State of the Union more than nine years. She has a population exceeding five hundred thousand—active, intelligent and loyal.

For ten years, and without interruption, her people have contributed unprecedented sums to the gain and prosperity of the nation. She possesses unrivalled mineral, agricultural and manufacturing resources, excellence of climate, and commercial position.

Thoup, with her harbors, navigable bays and rivers, geographical position, commercial relations, and intermediate station on the direct line of Asiatic and European trade, justly entitled the State and her people to a consideration from the General Government far greater than has been granted.

Notwithstanding the abundance of her local resources, and the great advantage of her commercial position, the State has failed to make that progress in improvements, population, and general development legitimately anticipated. The causes operating so unhealthily to embarrass the due development of California, are nothing so decisively to prevent the enterprise of the citizens of this coast from resulting in forms of progress equal to the superior local advantages unmismered, exist mainly in the relation California sustains to the Atlantic States.

The State of California and Oregon, and the Territory of Washington, are the most distant and difficult of access of any over which the Government is pledged to exercise its protection and fostering care. They are without the ordinary means of a healthy and natural growth. While the avenues of emigration are comparatively open, easy and safe to every other part of the Union, the route to its Pacific possessions, whether by land or sea, is constantly beset with every species of difficulty and danger. Our remote position and the difficulties encountered in travel, transit and general commerce with the eastern and more populous States of the Union, are sufficient to explain the slow progress which have marked the progress and development of the Pacific Coast.

There are other great difficulties with which these States have to contend, operating to prevent State aid of railroad enterprise within their limits.

In the State of California the revenue is unjustly and most unequally divided. Her taxable area of land does not exceed one-fifth of the area of the State; the remainder contributes nothing to the revenues of the State, because it is a part of the public domain, and therefore not subject to taxation.

Three-fourths of the population of the State occupy what is denominated as the "mining lands." These lands are, and have been to this time, acknowledged to be the property of the General Government. The State is called upon to exercise all its governmental functions over the people occupying said territory, without deriving revenue from the land so occupied. Although this question of federal exercise of power against the true interests of a sovereign State is important, and claims early and serious consideration, we do not now propose to discuss it further.

Oregon and the Territory of Washington stand in a similar relation to the important question.

It is referred to here for the purpose of explaining to the General Government a hardship which has seriously affected the progress and development of this State.

It cannot be charged to the fault of the Pacific States, that their revenue is so unequaly derived; nor will the General Government be at a loss to account for the present inability of these States to aid in the construction of expensive railroad enter-
PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION.

The circumstances tending to endanger the safety and tranquility of this portion of the Union, are too numerous to be herein specified; and, if the power or influence of the Federal Government were not created only to be exercised upon the Eastern seaboard, it can be called upon to provide for the defense and protection of the States and Territories on this coast.

While yielding to no other portion of the Union, in the devotion of its people to the General Government, the reflection may not be amiss, that there is growing up on this portion of the continent a new generation, bound by no ties of birth to the older States, and that, should their interests be neglected after the manner of the nine years past, there will undoubtedly spring up a coldness and inactivity, which it is the part of wisdom to avoid.

It is both unwise and impolitic, on the part of the General Government, longer to delay a practical recognition of the claims of the States and Territories on this coast.

In a national, or any other point of view, works which increase our means of defense, and in the exercise of sovereign power internally and externally, and the proper adjustment of differences arising between the several sovereignties. That for such purposes the States are united in conferring and centralizing power in the Federal Government; and if it be put to use, it is fit and proper, to be directed to any and every National exigency which may arise.
It is a fact universally conceded, that an expenditure of one hundred million dollars in the construction of fortifications upon this coast, will not render it as secure against invasion as the construction of the Pacific Railroad.

The policy, too, (having a Continental Railway), with which an army and its accompanying supplies would be transferred across the continent, in any national exigency requiring expeditious movement to this frontier, is worthy of great consideration by your hands.

The completion of the Continental Railroad will be the nation's announcement of readiness to take part in the stirring events of the coming time. Its construction is practicable, necessary, and promising the greatest results. Once completed, the States of the Union will realize the advantages resulting from the trade of nations passing over this great highway. It will heal the political apostasies which affect the nation, subdue the elements of discord and fanaticism which spread dismay over the country, and afford ready employment to a multitude who labor for their bread.

It will lead to the establishment of steamship communication between San Francisco and the ports of Japan and the Chinese Empire—inaugurate a new era in the commercial exchanges between these countries and our own—greatly benefit every interest of the North, South, East and West. It will rescue a hundred thousand leagues of land from desolation, and will people the same with millions of stout hearts and strong arms.

Are not these objects which should induce our representatives in Congress to the greatest effort? Are they not advantages worthy of immediate and aususes consideration? Are these not interests, so common to the Republic, that the South and the North, the East and the West may unite in fraternal faith and patriotic purpose, to attain it?

If, like Caesar, men would be read, to their great praise, let them favor a scheme which has for its object the benefit of this State, this coast, our sister States, and the whole Union, as great and glorious their adhesion to knit our several states into one, or foes and eternally unravel the bonds which company cost, and the bonds which company cost. This Convention and the people of this State, in fraternal union and patriotic purpose, to celebrate this event, are united in a demand for a rail-road, with which an army and its accompanying supplies would be transferred across the continent, in any national exigency requiring expeditious movement to this frontier, is worthy of great consideration by your hands.

This Convention and the people of this State are united in a demand for a Railroad, which shall be constructed from some point upon the western border of the Atlantic States, along what is known as the "Central Route," to some point on the frontier of California; whence divergent lines can be run—one to the waters of Columbia River, or Puget Sound, of the north, and one to San Francisco, in the south.

They are also united in demanding of the General Government a liberal donation of the public land, by which they shall be enabled to aid the construction of the said branch lines of Railroad.

It cannot be believed that Congress will refuse so simple an act of justice to these States, or will be so blind and unmindful of the interest and duty of the Government, as not to meet their expectation in this behalf or that it will fail to extend to this coast the benefits and security of Railroad communication with the East.

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PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION.

THOMAS J. DRYER, Chairman.

This coast, our territories intermediate, the whole Union, and the development of a great and glorious destiny. Let them give their adhesion to an enterprise which shall build our eastern enterprises in unity so strong that subtle, intriguing artificers within, or foes and envious friends, may never unravel the federal covenants we inherit.

These grand results to the nation, and simple justice to these distant sovereignties, bound to you by strong ties, may, in the estimation of the undersigned, be attained in the greatest degree by the favorable consideration of the Government, granted to the following propositions:

First.—That the Government aid the construction of the Continental Railroad across the territory of the United States, by the guaranty by the Government, of the payment of interest not exceeding five per centum per annum during twenty years, on the bonds which may be issued by the company constructing the said Road, representing a sum not exceeding the actual cost of the Road.

Second.—That the Government grant liberally from the public lands of the territory over which the said Road shall pass, to such company or companies as shall construct the same from the Western to the Eastern Frontier of the State of California.

Third.—That in such grant of lands, the Government offer a bonus, conditional, to wit: if the company constructs the said Road, and put the same in complete operation within five years from the date of the contract, grant to the company alternate sections thirty miles deep, on each side of the road; but if the company occupy a longer period of time in its construction, grant them sections only ten miles deep.

These grants and those conditions, with the right of way, and such subsidies and transportation contracts, as the Government can well give, will insure the speediest undertaking and completion of the work.

Fourth.—That the Government donate to the State of California all the public lands within its limits, (excepting the mining lands,) also to repay to said State the sum of two million seven hundred and twelve dollars, claimed to be legally due said State, and the amount of two million seven hundred and six thousand five hundred and twelve dollars, having been collected as customs, at the port of San Francisco, between the dates of August 9th, A.D. 1848, and September 10th, A.D. 1850; these sums and this duty to be placed to the credit of "State Railroad Fund," and used as the Legislature of the State may direct, in aid of the construction of that portion of the Pacific Railroad, which shall run from San Francisco to connect with the Grand Trunk Road, authorized by Government to be constructed to the Eastern Frontier of the State.

Fifth.—That the Government grant land and similar aid to the State of Oregon, and to Washington Territory; whereby they may be enabled to construct a line of Railway to intercept the Grand Trunk Road of the Government, at such a point as shall be practicable at or near the Eastern Frontier of California.

JOHN HIBBELL, Secretary.

Our Social Chair.

O that nature which is truly noble,
Is ever a source of pleasant and satisfac-
tion to realize that the humanizing and heart-enlarging influences
of social converse, which, while making
every member of our common family hap-
pi-er, raises them to a higher light and desti-
ety. To such, existence is simply one long
day in which to make people happy; the
crowning hope and end of an earnest
brotherhood of sympathy; the joy of the
inner life, and the carrying out of the great
plans of the Infinite One. Selfishness, the
great bane and stumbling-block of the
narrow-minded, has stood in the way of
the realization of this God-like principle
yet, as a consequence, while its policy has
defeated its own purposes, by abridging
rather than enlarging its enjoyments, its
very defeat has asserted the perfection of
the Divine plan that secures the greatest
amount of happiness and joy to him who
dauls out these heart-gladdening gifts,
without stint or measure to others. No
man ever did a good action but he met
with an instantaneous reward. No word of
encouragement is the one of the disheart-
ened; no kindly spoken word of sympa-
thesy to the bereaved or poor; no well-mean-
and spontaneous assistance to the needy,
whether its recipient be clothed in rags or
broadcloath; in short, no proof whatever
that a man possessed the heart of a true
brother, even though it were never breath-
ed to mortal ear, ever went without im-
mediate payment, by the happy warmth and contentment
enjoyed within, from the conviction of the
pleasure given when the duty was perform-
ed. The acquisition of riches is generally
understood to be synonymous with the
acquisition of happiness; and, to a certain
extent, this is true; but it is none the
less equally true, that often the finer
feelings that make life itself a luxury, are
sacrificed, or crushed out by the iron heel
of Avarice, so that when the goal of their
hearts is reached, those ministers of grace,
Charity and Love, are no longer abiding
guests in their hearts.

There is truth as well as poetry in the
wise aphorism,—"Contentment is great
gain,"—so that, whether the reader or the
writer be rich, he "no better off than he
might be," let each calculate on the
probability that we are always in a worse position when we
are annoyed than in the most insurmountable
business, for that we can all do
and make the
In this connection we take pleasure in to
that we are socially and
hitching their chair
some precious the-
stance, or good by
that, one by one,
need not be said
d-welcome. As a
feeling decided
that are polite
cheerfulness, we
clude those, who
nerd bumping
rubbed off some
away some put
their condition
habit of corrupt
case they are
for, from sore
devoutly any,
mer ever do,
Nov., permit
some souls admis
about whom
when stories
name of who
live an way
or of such
Symphonizing
Tis said to
be true, the
for months
have pro-
martyr so
is a noble
clay about
made ye
wanted in
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

might be," let each reflect that there is a probability that we could easily be in a worse position than we are, and, as there are annoyances and perplexities, and almost insurmountable difficulties in every calling, business, or profession, the best that we can do is to meet them like men, and make the best of them.

In this connection we remark that we take pleasure in witnessing that not only are our socially-inclined friends gradually hitching their chairs closer together, but in some precious thoughts or happy circumstances, and, by escaping the attention, but that, one by one, other chairs are seeking to join our magic circle; and we know it need not be said—'most cordially are they welcome.' And, although we confess to following a decided preference for those chairs that are polished by contentment and cheerfulness, we would not wish to exclude those, whose frequent 'movings' and Mary bequests from place to place, have rubbed off some of the varnish, or broken away some portions of the veneration, if their condition does not approximately imply a habit of perpetual screeching—in which case they are inadmissible to the circle; for, from screeching beds and chairs we devoutly say, good workmanship, glue, and timber ever deliver us.

Now, permit us, gentle reader, to introduce a new acquaintance, who modestly seeks admission to our jovial circle, and about whom many hard, and often agonizing stories have been told; and the very name of which, at first, may give rise to a train of unpleasant reminiscences, or of thankful deliverances:

Symptomizing Social Chair:—

'Tis said, "The Gods are just." If this be true, then "Fate" should not be blamed for moulding one to noble, and another to base purposes. But exaggerating one's misery seems to be an impolicy, because it is a reflection upon our maker, and the eye should not be turned away from the potter's "why made ye me thus?" So I will set down what passed in malice, or grumble at my destiny. Still, I keep up a terrible thinking of if I were thus and so, I should be the happiest chair alive. Out upon the theory that there is less suffering in the world than formerly. I ought to know, for I have had a vast deal of experience. Day by day gives me fresh proof that this is not so, and that pain and anguish were bestowed to every mother's son of us, when that fatal apple was munched. I never could blame Eve as much as some people do. I think she was a good all pippin, and I could reach it by standing on tip-toe, and without disarranging my costume. To that one little circumstance I owe my being. From that fatal hour, the major organs began to assert their privileges, and Eve's apple tooth was the first to grumble." (For a full account of the method of extracting in those days, I would refer you to the fourth volume of Dow Jr's Profane History, and, on the size, shape, color, and peculiar flavor of the said apple, to Caxton's late edition of "Eve in Eden." Both deservedly popular works, But for the disobedience of that rolicking little piece of femininity, I might at this day be towering in primitive grandeur on the banks of the south fork of the stream she used for her looking glass, or what is better, be transformed into an envied "Social chair," "Chair of State," a "Political Platform," a "Chair of Delegates," an "Oration's Stump," a "Chair of the Law," or anything you please, rather than live to curse my being! Of all the miserable wretches on the face of this terrestrial footstool of Providence, you may count on my being the most to be pitied. The atmosphere which surrounds me is rife with shrieks, and pain, and fear. The strong man trembles as he approaches me; his blood runs back, "his knees against each other kind," women—even the "strong minded"—weep and go into hysterics at the sight of me, and children are instructed from their infant years to shun me as they would some frightful ogre in the dark. I have seen the brow of beauty pale at my

[The text continues with further reflections on the nature of human suffering and the role of chairs in human affairs.]

[Further text follows, discussing the idea of social circles and the nature of human interaction and suffering.]
approach, and you wonder how I can "be
hold such sights of blood and torture, and
touch the armful radiance of my cheeks, when
theirs are blanched with fear." I call up
visions of the grave-yard; and the high
road to that "undiscovered country" is
opening to the mental vision of all whom I
embrace. The wreath of my companions.
I am seldom free from pain during
the day, and am never sure of a sound
sleep at night. It is true, I pay no taxes,
and exempt from sitting on juries, or serv-
ing in the militia, but these are small evils,
compared with those entailed upon a


But here is another, from a Miss in her
tears, written in one of the prettiest and
most lady-like hands that can be imagined;
and, moreover, folded, enclosed, and ad-
dressed in a methodical manner as
though it had been invented (we mean the
style) on purpose to embody the idea of
sentences—and nothing more:

Kind Social Chair:

I hope you will not think me forward in
addressing you (of course we do not, nor
will the reader, when he has read your let-
ter to the end) but I have so much longest
to say a few words to you, more perhaps to
ask your advice than to say anything un-
pleasant of any one; but, my teacher gives
me such hard lessons to learn in mathe-
matics that my head aches very hard be-
fore I have a quarter solved a single prob-
lem, and when I have conquered—which I
generally do—I am so weak and dispirited
that I have not strength or courage to at-
tempt any other study. Now, do you not
think that it would be better for me to de-
vote the same amount of time to other sub-
jects that would be more useful and much
more agreeable to me (as I dislike that
very much), and in which I might have
some hope of excelling—or at least, be able
to keep up with my class? I am also
growing very thin and pale, and my dear
mother looks so anxiously at me, as much
as to say, "what is the matter with you,
Jenny, my dear?" and I sometimes can
see that she goes out of the room on purpose
to cry, where I cannot see her), and know-
ning how much she longs to see me become
an excellent scholar, I do not like to hurt
her feelings by telling her the cause. Hop-
ing that you will excuse the liberty I have
taken, and not tell any one my name, I
remain, very respectfully,

Yours,

Sarah Brown.

Now, Miss Jenny, it is a difficult matter
for this Chair to stand between you and
your teacher in giving advice, because we
think that were we in his position, we
should not like for any one to interfere be-
tween us; and were we in yours, we should
go straight to him and candidly explain
the whole matter, when, he will doubt-
less, find the remedy; for we cannot think
that any one who occupies so responsible
a post would, for a moment, wish to sacri-
\e your health and prospects, or the carry-
ing out of the darling wish of your mother's
heart, did he know it, by neglecting the
other, and to our thoughts, the more im-
portant portions of a good education, by
offering you upon the Mathematical alter.
We thank you for your confidence, which
shall endeavor to deserve, by attending
to your wishes; and when this is in print
we shall enclose it to your teacher; sin-
cerely hoping that others will take this
gentle hint.

Different to the above, is almost every
essential particular, is the annexed epitome;
and as it will tell its own story, we intro-
duce it at once:

Happy Social Chair:

It may be matter of surprise to those who
do not reflect that I should presume to
have any existence whatever; or, at all
events, other than at the back of other chairs,
there to be perpetually on the watch for any becoming look or nod from
my more aristocratic neighbors. Yet, I
think that as I have to live, and, after all
am a very useful piece of furniture, in my
place; and moreover give standing evidence
of my existence and utility, from very early
in the morning until very late at night, at
which time I am stored away, until want-
ed, on a cot, in some very small, yet, exalted
position, in the corner among the dead
stairs, (and we one of the largest of lodgers—or in any
night," took a fond
I think that I am
consideration, and a
desirable society

Now, dear Sir,

let me pour into
vows—I will not
simply repining
opening of the
life is of its
ness; and possi-

"Witten, did
you bring me

In vain do I
general prefer
it to be that
it is to every
men in general
the hand of the
particular;
you do not
order in the
air!" With
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D I'INTI'S CHAIR.

In vain do I
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"I pass as

"in vain do I

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

A DAGUERRÉOTYPE MUSING, or, AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

My room-mate, a pedagogue tall,
He was raised in the Green Mountain
Like rolled himself up in a ball [State,
And forgotten his flea-bitten fate.
He has left in plain sight on the table
A daguerreotype set in a locket;
I really wish I were able
To have such a one in my pocket.

A WAIN'S CHAIR.
Before you can pleasantly rule,
Your life's so trying in school,
Your wife now, would smooth it away,
Your hair and your coat have turned gray,
You never will get along so,
If you try to pass off for a poet,
You never will get you a wife.

Don't pen a poetical ditty,
Or sit like a furnace and sigh,
You might as well quote to her 'Chilly,'
But say like a man, 'I will try!'
If you want to get married, just say
That you want to, and that is enough;
You never will get on your way,
By penning poetical stuff."

Shall I take photographic advice,
And as pictures are taken of man,
Do the thing neatly up in a trice
By placing myself under ban?
I really think if some Miss
Were you ever in love in your life?
You are old enough, now, to know better,
If you try to pass off for a poet,
You never will get you a wife.

Don't run into doggerel rhyme,
Or will think in the future about it;
You will only waste paper and time.
If you want to pass off for a poet,
You wili only waste paper and time.

Do the thing neatly up in a trice
By placing myself under ban?
I really think if some Miss
Were you ever in love in your life?
You are old enough, now, to know better,
If you try to pass off for a poet,
You never will get you a wife.

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Or will think in the future about it;
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If you want to pass off for a poet,
You wili only waste paper and time.

To those whose sympathies for the bereaved may lead them in imagination to
the sad scene, the annexed touching incident, from the Tuolumne Courier, will be
read with melancholy tenderness:

When the conflagration which destroyed
Murphy's Camp broke out, the mournful services of a funeral were being performed.
A mother had lost her little child of some two years old. The little procession had
reached the village church, and were there paying the last and tribute of affection,
when the fearful cry of fire smote upon the ear of that little group. So great was the
panic, as the flames burst upon their sight through the church windows, that,
without any attempt to save their property, they rushed outside to render aid.
While the flames were cutting through the church windows, that, invol-
untarily, all rushed out to render aid. In saving the property, a brave man,
who had made a notable effort to save a coffin, returned to his home alone
and unnoticed.

Poor lonely mother, at that moment she
must have felt the angel-ministrings of
thy departed little son, to soothe and comfort thee on thy sorrowing journey of
return. God help thee.
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

Far o'er you distant mountains, in Sierra's lovely vale,
Where the summer's softest breezes woo the stormy winter gale,
And the Storm-spirit sings her requiem, in its low weeping wail;
Where the tall pines are robed in white, like giants ghostly pale,
Where grow the opening flowers, and glow the glittering snow;
And white-hooded peaks, like honey monks, frown on the plain below,
Singing their summer song, as meekly they go;
There huge rocks and giant trees, upon the mountain side,
Keep sentry, like grim Warders, o'er that valley, fair and wide,
Where a bright and fairy landscape unfolds to every view,
And nature weaves her garland of ever-varied hue;
There snowy clouds above float in the ether blue—
Fit canopy for hearts, as ever, fond and true.
I love the grassy margin of thy deep and crystal streams,
And in the ever-sunny groves indulge in sunny dreams.
Waked by the dashing, flashing water, as fitfully it gleams
From out the darkened shadow, and in the silver beams;
And with mother's book before me, in these enchanted bowers,
I lead the volume of the skies,
And mark its leaves with flowers;
When, at the zephyr's kiss, the blossoms fall in showers,
Unmindful of the march of Time, or of his passing hours.

In that bright distant valley I know a fair retreat;
The way is plainly marked, by many a pilgrim's feet—
From many a far-off home, and many a distant shore—
That leads you to a dwelling, with its ever open door,
Which makes a sunny dial upon the polished floor.
I remember well the place, and the welcome smile it wore—
A broad and spacious mansion, and yet a peaceful cot,
Where the ever-welcome sojourner will always bless his lot,
For here the rites of hospitality are never once forgot.
Who the ministering genius of this loved and lovely spot?
Who the stranger finds a welcome, the friend a holy shrine?
I'll answer, then, 'tis "Alice," and "A Health to thee and thine."

Sacramento City, Sept. 23d, 1859.

E. R. C.

THE FASHIONS.

Garlands.
The size of this garment is very large—
reaching nearly, or quite to the bottom of the dress, and falling in ample folds; the patterns vary much, but size is indispensable.
The favorite appears to be the Undine, made of either cloth or velvet, and cut the same, (size excepted) as the summer slits have been.
The cloth is mostly trimmed with quilting of the same, around the bottom, and sleeves, and top of the hood.
The hood is correspondingly large, and has two large tassels, which terminate nearly half the length of the skirt below the waist.
Some of the most costly are cut "double circular," the upper one reaching a little less than half way, and elaborately covered, with penementeria, finished with deep fringes, same shindos as the material of the cloak; the largest proportions of the embroidery is set upon the upper circular.
The fringe on the bottom one should be at least two inches the deepest,—they are not joined together, but left for convenience,
so that they may be worn single, whenever the state of the weather demands it.

Another is the "Solferino," a large mantle of striped cloth, with a deep hood, not pointed, and bound with galon. Our opinion is, that it will not find favor in California; it is too gaudy, by far.

The greatest novelty of this Fall, in New York City, has been a "circular," with a hood reaching nearly to the bottom, made of a material called Velours de Paris; it is of wool, with small chintz pattern of silk woven in, and is worn only with a dress of the same stuff, both trimmed with black velour. The mildness of this climate, notwithstanding the advanced season, renders this dress acceptable still.

We have no space for more on the subject of fashions, this time, and conclude by mentioning that "Velocelineau lace" is most fashionable for sets. Ribbons are wider, and dark bright plaids, and brocades with black grounds, and bright bunches of flowers. No. 30 in width.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The convicts of the State prisons made numerous attempts to escape, during the month, when many were fired upon, some killed, and others mortally wounded.

Monte Cristo was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 20th Aug.

The citizens of Downsville gave a magnificent ball of celebration on the 22d Sept., on the opening of the Sierra Turnpike road, which unites their mountain city with the valleys below, by stage.

Diamond Springs, El Dorado county, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the 20th Aug.

James M. Crane, delegate to Congress from the new Territory of Nevada, died suddenly at Gold Hill, near Susan, Sept. 26th.

The ladies of Columbia gave a festival, the proceeds of which, amounting to $846, were devoted towards the purchase of a fire engine for that town.

The Smoak arrived with 682 passengers Sept. 28th.

The Cortez arrived Sept. 29th with 690 passengers.

The commencement of the Jewish New Year, 5620, was celebrated Sept. 28th.

The El Dorado county Treasurer's office was robbed of $6,500 on the night of the 21st Sept., $5,000 of which belonged to the State.

A. C. Lawrence, Assemblyman elect from Fresno county, caught a grizzly in a trap. While waiting for assistance, the bear got loose, gave chase, and ran him up a tree, after taking a bite off—the seat of his pantaloons.

The Rabbit Creek Flumes Company, and a large number of the citizens of La Porte, purchased John Conley, the two East Branch ditches, and the Rabbit Creek and the Yukon Hill ditch, for $20,000.

The heavy jolt of an earthquake was experienced in San Francisco at 15 minutes past 12 o'clock, M., on the 9th ult.

The first annual Fair of the Alameda Agricultural Society was held at Oakland, from the 4th to the 14th ult., and proved a great success.

The Cortez sailed on the 5th ult., with 550 passengers, and the United States Mail for the first time. The Golden Gate had 505 passengers and $1,863,268 in treasure.

Gold dust was deposited in the San Francisco Branch Mint to the amount of $589,088 80 during the month of September.

There are at present 506 hands working on the San Francisco and Marysville Railroad, says the National Democrat; 150 of these are Chinese, employed by a Chinese sub-contractor.

A man named Kohler was suffocated, on the 30th Sept., by fumes from a charcoal furnace, while attempting to solder a lead pipe in a well, at Benicia.

Fresno City was entirely destroyed by fire on the 2nd ult., with the exception of the Overland Mail Company's tabernacle, and A. J. Dowser's store.

A new semi-weekly line of stages to run across the Sierra Nevada, between Placerville and Genoa, (Carson Valley,) has been started, by the ambitious mountain expressman, J. A. Thompson—since S. C. Mr. Thompson used to carry the mail over the Sierras alone, and in the depth of winter, using the Norwegian snow shoes.

One fourth of the town of Auburn, Placer county, was destroyed by fire on the 9th ult.

The stock owners of Yuba county, in the vicinity of the Oregon House, have organized themselves into a Vigilance Committee, for the purpose of suppressing cattle stealing.

The commencement of the Jewish New Year, 5620, was celebrated Sept. 28th.
city, took place before Justice Curver, when Mr. G. N. Stull and Miss A. M. Pearson were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Four steamships are now plying between this city and the "Haystacks," (near Petkum.)

The steamship Uncle Sam arrived from Panama at 1 o'clock, A.M., on the 14th ult., with 621 passengers.
The Golden Age brought 687 passengers on the 16th.

Lev. Gen. Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the U. S. army, and suite, arrived from the East on the Golden Age on the 18th ult., to whom an imposing public reception was given. All the various avenues of the city, through which the soldier-hero was to pass, was densely packed with people, and every window, and front of every house-top covered with spectators. At 5 o'clock on the evening of the 17th, Gen. Scott embarked on board the Northern Star for San Juan Island, to examine into the difficulty between Gen. Harney and the English authorities there.
The Sonora sailed on the 20th ult., with 450 passengers, and $1,550,048.60 in treasure. The Uncle Sam had 633 passengers, and the United States Mail.

Editor's Table.

F. ALL other gifts, that of Charity is said to be, and doubtless is, the greatest; and yet, we very much doubt if any, eye, all others put together, could chronicle as much abuse as that one. You see a human face, for the first time, and there is something about that first impression which marks you for suspicious of it; and yet, as time rolls on and a superficial acquaintance is formed with its owner, your charitable nature makes you fear that your first impression has made you unjust; and, in order to repair the injury done, you trust him, and — suffer for it. A man, whose life and history would write him down a scoundrel, shows signs of repentance, by attending and perhaps joining himself to a christian church, or some temperance organization; every one rejoices in it, and willingly extends a helping hand in every way that may encourage and prosper him in his good intentions and work—and this is very commendable; yet in how many cases has all this assiduous confidence been thrown away? "The motive," say you, "was a good and laudable one, but it was abused." Aye, verily. Of course, such illustrations could be multiplied ad infinitum, but it is far from our intention to say a word that should lessen the number, or the power of such existed and God-like actions and attributes among the children of men, for, "We are brethren all." And, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

But we wish to call the reader's attention to the charitable and conciliatory spirit with which the U. S. Government has met the reasonable, and even murderous, acts of the Mormons in Utah, and shew its utter and hopeless failure to effect a change in their unholy practices. With their religious views, as such, we have nothing to do; but the moment those views are embodied in actions, and those actions encroach upon the privileges and rights of others, then we have something to say. That they should believe that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and that they are "His people," is all very well: but, when one of those "people" comes and steals our property, and says the Lord sent him, then we say, that he is not only a blasphemer, but a thief; and having violated criminal law, should be made amenable to that law.

Again, when a system of religious belief, like that of the Mormons, instructs its disciples that to cut off all the enemies of their church is "doing God a service," however much we may deplore and depurate such satanic doctrines, while they are simply doctrines, we have nothing to say or to do concerning them; but the mo-
In tendering this resignation, I deem it my duty to warn you, so far as my humble voice will avail, that the present policy of the Government towards this Territory will be fatal to Federal supremacy in Utah, and can only tend to build up, consolidate and perpetuate the political and ecclesiastical power of Brigham Young and his successors. The unsound, and to this day, decided policy extended in treason, has only tended to encourage treason; and the presence of Federal troops, crippled and humiliated by the instructions and restrictions imposed upon them, serves only the purposes of enhancing the guilt of the Mormon church, and of subserving the ends of Mormon policy.

The Courts of the United States in the Territory, powerless as do good, in dreadful mockery of justice, are compelled to lend the power and majesty of the law to subservire the evil designs of the very criminals whom they seek to punish. Impotent to protect innocence, they encourage crime. The Federal officers of the Territory, opposed and assayed continually by those whose cardinal support and co-operation could alone enable them, effectively, to sustain the dignity of the positions which they occupy, are as forms without substance, shadows without reality. Who, willing to serve the Administration from which I received my appointment, I cannot remain an officer of the Government without the power to maintain its dignity.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

J. H. W.—There is considerable merit in your article, but the subject has been so promptly before the public, and treated diligently abroad in Utah, and the Government do nothing to suppress it? [omitted text]

The testimony of E. K. Dotson, U. S. Marshal for Utah Territory, will add another to the many warning voices that have been received, but as yet, have remained unheeded, and as it will clearly explain our position there, we present it to the reader for his consideration:

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.,
August 1st, 1859.

To His Excellency, James Buchanan, President of the United States:

Sir,—I hereby tender to your Excellency my resignation as United States Marshal for the Territory of Utah, to take effect from the 26th instant.

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I deem it my humble duty, in this Territory, to take up the political question of the time—Young, or to-day to transact any business. I am inclined, and in favor of the privileges which have been accorded to this Territory. I am of the opinion that the laws of the State are just and reasonable, and that they are more simple in construction than any other description. They are the best things which have been done in the world to try to bring about a condition of things that may be called progressive. The only office in the city exclusively for females, and under Female Supervision. Centrally and respectfully located. No charge to employers. Country orders promptly attended to.

REFERENCES:
Rev. Dr. CHERVIE, Pastor Church of the Puritans, N. Y.;
Rev. M. O. ROBERTS, Corner 18th and 6th Aves., N. Y.;
Rev. J. C. HOLBROOK, First Congregational Church, S. F.
ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

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Dispassionately proves it to be all the proprie-
tor claims.

THEDRAGONWITH,C. It restores the natural color
by nature's own process perpetually, after the first
application. Grey; extreme lice and scabies makes
a grow of HAIR RESTORATIVE; removes all Headache, itching
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FIRE! FIRE! Look to your Safes!
See that you have one of Titton & McFarland's fire
and burglar-proof Safes.

READ THE FOLLOWING.

McKEE'S, Aug. 29, 1859.
F. TULLMAN, Bap., 90 Battery street, San Francisco:
The safe purchased of you, one of Titton & McFar-
land's, withstood the fire nobly. In answer to your
letter, containing the facts, we will say that the lock
was so injured that we were obliged to cut the locks
which held the paper from around the books; and an
increase was made, in the fire, in cutting the boxes, so that by
cutting the strap we could open the lock. If
we are to have a safe, we must have one that
will stand the heat of a fire, and the safe must
and shall have it properly repaired. The
paper and books came out all right and safe,
and the inside of the safe was a large amount,
the fire was a shocking one. The safe fell to the
cellar, where our liquors were, and the lower region
of the safe was burned, but little warmed. The roof
was secured by heavy tarring, and the two feet of water
from a reservoir standing on the roof, kept the heat
below for a long time, until the roof fell, then the
burning of the roof threw out an awful heat. There
was a large safe of another make in this fire, and it
became anything—the papers and everything
in it were destroyed; and unless we can have one
all right, of your safe, we would sooner have none.
We will please write to us in regard to the lock,
and we will ship the whole to you, provided you
think it advisable.

Yours, Respectfully,
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