AN ANSWER TO HORACE GREELEY'S ASSERTION

THE HONEY BEE OF CALIFORNIA

OUR LITTLE ANGEL

GOOD BYE

AGNES EMMERSON, A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION

THE TURNPIKE-COUNTRY

RHyme OF A PEDAGOGUE

INSTINCT AND REASON

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR

MEMORY

THE TURNPIKE-COUNTRY—Second Legend

THE PURE OF A PEDAGOGUE

THE ONLY ONE PAGE FROM THE GREAT LIFE-BOOK OF CALIFORNIA

THE TURNPIKE-COUNTRY

THE TURNPIKE-COUNTRY—Third Legend

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO

THE PURE OF A PEDAGOGUE

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR
RIDE down this valley of the beautiful Pohono fall is a severely considered one of the most charming them all. Leave the hotel, or put your way by an ant path, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty in length, and beneath the recessed shade of the spreading oaks and oaks trees. Now as you broke the prostration of the rockless road, save the occasional churrag in the low distant

GENERAL VIEW OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.
From Sentinel-nob.,—Inspiration Point, on the Strip and Trail.
CHAPTER IX.
Excursion to the Pohono, or Nickel Veil Fall.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole.

A RIDE down this valley to the beautiful Pohono fall is deservedly considered one of, if not the most charming of them all. Leaving the hotel, our pathway lay among giant pines, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height, and beneath the refreshing shade of spreading oaks and other trees. Not a sound broke the expressive stillness that reigned, save the occasional chirping and singing of birds, or the tops of the forest. Crystal streams the low distant sighing of the breeze in occasionally gurgled and rippled across.
the trail, whose sides are fringed with willows and wild flowers that are ever blossoming, and grass that is perpetually green. On either side of us stood almost perpendicular cliffs, to the height of thirty-five hundred feet; and on whose rugged faces, or in their uneven tops and sides, here and there a stunted pine struggled to live, and every crag seemed crowned with some shrub or tree. The bright sheen of the river occasionally glistened from among the dense foliage of several long vistas that continually opened before us. At every step, some new picture of great beauty would present itself, and some new shapes and shadows from trees and mountains form new combinations of light and shade in this great kaleidoscope of nature.

Surrounded by such scenes of loveliness and sublimity, we felt a reluctance to break the charm they had thrown upon us, by speech; when our guide informed us that it would now be necessary for us to dismount and tie our animals, as we had nearly reached the foot of the fall, and the remaining distance was over a rough ascent of rocks, and would have to be accomplished on foot. As this was short, we threaded our way among bushes and boulders, without much difficulty, until the heavy spray that saturated our clothing, and the velvety softness of the moist grasses growing upon the little ridge we had climbed, reminded us that we had nearly reached the foot of the fall, and the remaining distance was over a rough ascent of rocks, and would have to be accomplished on foot. As this was short, we threaded our way among bushes and boulders, without much difficulty, until the heavy spray that saturated our clothing, and the velvety softness of the moist grasses growing upon the little ridge we had climbed, reminded us that we had nearly reached the goal of our desire, and stood at the foot of the fall.

The feeling of awe, wonder, and admiration—almost amounting to adoration—that thrilled our very souls, is impossible to portray, as we looked upon this enchanting scene. The gracefully undulating and wavy sheets of spray that fell in gauze-like and ethereal folds; now expanding, now contracting; now glittering in the sunlight, like a veil of diamonds; now changed into one vast many-colored cloud, that threw its milky drapery over the falling torrent, as if in very modestly, to veil its unapproachable beauty from our too eagerly admiring sight.

In order to see this to the best advantage, the eye should take in only the foot of the fall at first, then a short section upwards, then higher, until, by degrees, the top is reached. In this way, the majesty of the waterfall is more fully realized and appreciated.

The stream itself—about forty feet in width—resembles an avalanche of watery rockets, that shoots out over the precipice above you, at the height of nearly nine hundred feet, and then leaps down in one unbroken train to the immense cavern of boulders beneath, where it surges and boils in its angry fury, throwing up large volumes of spray, over which the sun forms two magnificent rainbows that arch the abyss.

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Like most other tributaries of the main middle fork of the Merced, this stream falls very low towards the close of the summer, but is seldom, if ever, entirely dry. When we visited the valley in July, 1855, this branch did not contain more than one-tenth the water soon in June of the present year; and that amount was not more than the half of what it was three weeks before our visit.

This river has its origin in a lake at the foot of a bold, crescent-shaped, perpendicular rock, about thirteen miles above the edge of the Pohono fall. On this lake a strong wind is said to be continually blowing; and several Indians have lost their life there, and in the stream, their exceedingly acute and superstitious imaginations have made it bewitched.

One Indian woman was out gathering seeds, a short distance above these falls, when, by some mishap, she lost her balance, and fell into the stream, and the force of the current carried her down with such velocity, that before any assistance could sweep over this scene afterward "Pohono," and the water Indian name breathed a bit consecutively now. On, wherever, for the Indians it, a feeling steals over that fear it as wandering in its bands; they are the hot speed. To waterfall, you in the valley minds, is on No indur; offered sufficient temptation at it. In fact, that they hot of those that drowned there warning the "Pohono."

How much ble it to these express names—must embody the and highly in the Indian Anglicized on. We think to this water the most of all with only one that named; and should much expressive in

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of nearly forty feet in height the foot of watery spray, over magnificence of nearly forty feet in height, where it tempers its fury, throwing spray, over the magnificent scenery of the Merced, this is the close room, if ever, visited the valley, did not melt the water, in years and than the half hour, before our arrival at the lake at the height of the season, standing at the southwest side of the fall, and nearly opposite the ideal, having on its top a number of projecting rocks that very much resemble cannon. In order to assist in perpetuating the beautiful legend given in our last number concerning that Indian semi-deity, we christened it To-toch-ah-un-lah's Citadel.

Other wild and weird-like points of equal interest stand before you on the
summit and among the niches of every cliff; so that it is not this or that particular rock that attracts you so much as the infinite variety, all of which is so distinctly different.

At the foot of the rocky point where we had left our horses, we sat down to discuss the relative merits between good appetites and an excellent lunch; and, although there was a difference of opinion about the middle of the repast, at its close, the former was lost, and the latter had disappeared; so that, both being non-existent, the argument, unlike many in our courts of law, was satisfactorily closed in favor of both sides. Therefore, as evening was slowly lengthening the shadows of the trees and mountains, we slowly and thoughtfully retraced our way to the hotel.

CHAPTER X.

Canon and Waterfall of the South Fork.

I love not the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can never express, yet cannot all conceal.

The reader would have laughed could he have seen us ready for the start. Mr. Beardsley, who had volunteered to carry the camera, had it inverted and strapped at his back, when it looked more like an Italian "Hurdy Gurdy," than a photographic instrument, and he like a "grinder." Another carried the stereoscopic lens, the", and as the pictures on the

As a visit to the South Fork waterfall has seldom been undertaken, and never by more than about half a dozen persons altogether, and as two of that half dozen were then in the valley, and, moreover, very kindly offered us their services as guides, we gratefully accepted them. These were Mr. J. Wolberton, and Mr. D. Bourdies, the latter of whom generally responded to the hearty and familiar cognomen of "Buck," and by which he is generally known in the valley.

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...They are almost always numerous but after recently being there in a very early; we camped near the end of the bound of things to miss; we have done and the red from will ever waterfall and never persons all dozen moreover, prices as them. Mr. and Mr. in Genoa, familiar with the ble could art. Mr. to carry strapped like an photo; like the a stereo-copie instrument and the lunch; another, the plate-holders and gun, etcetera; and as the bushes had previously somewhat damaged our brand-new uncommonables, we presented a very queer and picturesque appearance truly.

In the best of humor and spirits, we set out upon our severe task just as the sun had began to wink between the pine trees on the top of the mountain.

At first, we began to pass round the granite points that extend into the level meadow land, just above the hotel; then, as we advanced, the valley opened gradually wider, and with the oak trees growing at irregular intervals of distance, reminded us of the beautiful parks of Europe, especially those of England and France.

On our right, a high wall of granite nearly perpendicular, to the height of 3,470 feet, and down which, three small silver, ribbon-like streams were leaping. Here and there, from this vast mountain, a single tree or shrub was standing alone. This is one of the most impressive scenes in the whole valley. Surmounting one of the lower points of rock, several rugged peaks united, resembled an immense hospice, and which have been named Mount St. Bernard. Another has a distant kinship, in form, at least, with a bear. Another, a huge head. In fact, you can look at the various parts of the mountain, and trace a resemblance to a hundred different objects; and as the shadows change when the day advances, as many more.

About two and a half miles from the hotel, we arrived at the usual place of
leaving animals, when visitors are on their way to the Yw-wy-ac (Vernal), Yo-wi-yo, (Nevada) and other falls on the main branch of the river; the trail, in its present condition, being too rocky and rough to admit of its being traveled by horses or mules above this point. Now, however, we had to turn out of it, and soon found that, poor as it undoubtedly was, we were prepared to accord it any amount of excellence in comparison with the steep, boulder-filled and tailless cañon of the south fork.

Here we had to stoop or creep beneath low arches; there we assisted each other to climb a rock; yonder a spur shot out from the mountain to the very margin of the stream, forcing us to cross it. At such places, fortunately, the few who had preceded us, had bridged the river, by felling trees over it, thus enabling us to follow in their footsteps with great advantage to ourselves. Miniature mountains of loose rocks seemed to be piled on each other, still higher and higher, as we advanced.

It was as amusing as it was astonishing, to see "Buck" advancing with sure and soundless foot, seeking to avoid the overhanging limbs of this tree, or that rock, lest the inverted gourd-shaped instrument, one end of which was nearly a foot above his head, should strike them, and not only throw him backwards, at the risk of his neck, but break the instrument into numberless and unnecessary parts.

About a mile and a half above the confluence of the south with the middle fork, we emerged from a heavy growth of timber, into an open and treeless cañon, the bed of which was covered with large angular rocks, bounded on either side with vertical walls of time-worn and rain-stained granite. On the uneven tops of these, a few of the Douglas spruce trees were struggling to weather the storms and live.

About three o'clock, P.M., we reached the head of the cañon, and the foot of the Too-la-in-waack fall. This cañon here is suddenly terminated by an irregular, horse-shoe shaped end, the sides and circle of which on the one side are perpendicular, and on the other so much so as to be inaccessible, without great danger of slipping, and, consequently of being dashed to pieces.
The river, by enabling us to ride with great ad-
ministration, seemed to be piloted over and higher, as
it was astonishingly enquiring with sure
vantage. As the tree, or that
end of which
his head, should
only throw him into numberless
half above the
top of the south with
rook fork, we entered
a heavy growth in, into an open and
chasm, the bed of
was covered with
ular rocks, bound-
other side with ver-
off of time-worn and
ed granite. On
tops of these, a
Douglass spruce

This waterfall is about seven hundred
and fifty feet in height, which, after
shooting over the precipice, meets with
no obstacle to break its descent, until it
nearly reaches the basin into which it
falls. It is a fine sheet of water, of
about the same volume as the Yo-Semite
(tanned by the Indians Cho-lock), at the
time we visited and measured it. As we
had no instruments for ascertaining the
altitude of the Yo-lu-la-wack fall, of
course, the above is only given as its ap-
proximate height.
The engraving given of this on the pre-
ceding page being taken below, presents
side section only, as the distance across
the canon, opposite the fall, not being
over one hundred and fifty yards, was
altogether too short to allow
the instrument to take in the
whole front view on one pic-
ture.
Our fatiguing ascent having
occupied the greater portion
of the day, and the sunshine
having already departed from
the west side of the canon,
and as we were not prepared
to pass the night here, our
work and return had to be
conducted with brevity and
despatch; consequently, the
moment the picture was taken
we commenced the descent.
On our way down, we secur-
ed a view of Tis-sa-ack (the
South Dono) from the south
canon, and which from this
point, presents a singular
conical shape of that moun-
tain which is not to be seen
from any other point.
We fortunately reached our
quarters at the hotel in safety
just after dark, well pleased
with the result of our diffi-
cult undertaking. While dis-
cussing the viands of our much relished
evening’s repast, we ventured to predict
that, before five years had elapsed, we
should be able to ride to the very foot of
each of those magnificent waterfalls.
And we would respectfully suggest to
residents in the valley, or others, that a
good mule trail constructed, not only to
the Yo-lu-la-wack, but to the foot of the
Yo-wi-yo fall; and up Indian canon, to
the top of the great Yo-Semite, would not
only prove a good investment, at a fair
toll, but be a strong additional induc-
ment to parties of pleasure in visiting
the valley. And we know, too, that
every visitor will heartily respond with
a hearty—amen.

THE GRE.A.T Y0-SEMITE VALLEY.
CHAPTER XI.

Visit to the Pi-wy-ack, or Vermil, and Yo-wi-ya, or Ishinda Falls.

Without good company, all scenes
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

We have borne
The rolling wind scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration feasting at the eye,
And without, dwelt on the scene.

Reinforced by a party of old friends,
of both sexes, when our enviable set out the following morning, for the Pi-wy-ack and Yo-wi-ya falls, it presented quite a respectable appearance again,—we allude to the number, and not to the dress of either ladies or gentlemen, for, although many, especially of the gentler sex, when visiting this valley, have too often sacrificed good taste to show, and substantial comfort to pretentious display, we are happy to be able to say that those of this party did not indulge in any such indiscretion.

Journeying upon the same course as that described in our last chapter, to the point there alluded to, we fastened our animals and proceeded on foot, by a broken and rough trail, up the main and middle fork. On our left, at intervals, the uneven pathway lay beside the river; the thundering boom of whose waters rose at times above the sound of our voices, for as soon as we had fairly left the level valley and commenced our ascent, that large stream formed one magnificent cataract, up to the very foot of the fall.

Soon we came to the mouth of the South Fork, which we crossed on a rude and log-formed bridge. An excellent and nearly correct estimate of the quantity of water rolling over the fall of this stream, can be formed from examining the several branches into which this stream is here divided.
THE GREAT YOSEMITE VALLEY.

THE YO-WY-EK, OR NEVADA FALL.

[From a Photograph by G. L. Weed]

Upward and onward we toiled; and after passing a point, we obtained suddenly, the first sight of the Pi-wy-ee-k, or Nevada Fall. While gazing at its beauties, let us, now and forever, earnestly protest against the perpetuation of any other nomenclature to this wonder than Pi-wy-ee-k, the name which is given to it by the Indians, and means a shower of sparkling crystals, while "Vernal" could with much more appropriateness be bestowed upon the name-giver, as the fall itself is one vast sheet of sparkling brightness and snowy whiteness, in which there is not the slightest approximation, even in the tint, to anything "vernal."

Still ascending and advancing, we were soon enveloped in a sheet of heavy spray, driven down upon us with such force as to resemble a heavy storm of comminuted rain. Now many might suppose that this would be annoying, but it is not, as the only really unpleasant part of
the trip is that which we have here to take, through a wet, alluvial soil, from which, at every footstep, the water splash-es, or rather sprits out, much to the inconveniente and discomfort of ladies who wear long dresses. As the distance through this is but short, it is soon accomplished, and in a few minutes we stood at the foot of "the ladders." Beneath a large, overhanging rock, at our right, a man who takes toll for ascending the ladder, eats, and "turns in" to sleep upon the rock. The charge for ascending and descending was seventy-five cents; and as this included the trail as well as the ladder, the charge was reason-able.

This fall we estimated—it has not been measured we believe—at two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet; others have placed it as high as four hundred and fifty, but we think that such an estimate is altogether too high. It is certainly an awe-inspiring and wonderful object to look upon.

Ascending the ladders, we reached an elevated plateau of rock, on the edge of which, and about breast high, is a natural wall of granite that seems to have been constructed by nature for the especial benefit and convenience of people with weak nerves, enabling them to lean upon it and look down over the precipice into the deep chasm below. Ascending gently and pleasantly, we arrived at a gorge, through which the river rushed with great speed and power, and on the angry bosom of which, dead trees, that rolled in were as more waifs. Near this we took lunch.

About half a mile above is the great Yo-wi-yo, or Nevada fall, the estimated height of which is seven hundred feet. As the base of this fall is roached, or as nearly so as the eddying clouds of spray will permit, it appears to be different in shape to either of the others; for, although it shoots over the precipice in a curve, and descends almost perpendicularly for four-fifths of the distance, it then strikes the smooth surface of the mountain, and spreads, and forms a beautiful sheet of silvery whiteness, about one hundred and thirty feet in width.

A wondering Camp Stool, from the mountains, claims to introduce its load of indignation.

The Hon. Horace Greeley, having spent a whole day in the Yo-Somito Valley, has gone and published to his two hundred thousand readers, as the result of his observations, that the Great Fall is a humbug.

Now this Camp Stool holds up its three legs, and in the most solemn manner which a Camp Stool is capable of assuming, asseverates that the fall is not a humbug. Camp Stool protests against any of nature's works being termed a humbug. Least of all, one of the grandest ever created. Ask the painters of California, who now make their annual pilgrimage to this Art Gallery of Nature, to receive inspiration among its sublime pictures, if it is a humbug. Who, better than they, are capable of determining whether it is so or not? It is their hourly occupation, to watch the ever-changing beauty and grandeur of nature, and their delightful business, day by day, to transfer, as far as in their power lies, that beauty and that grandeur, to the canvas. To them it is a great Teacher; and, in love and humility do they receive its lessons.

Ask the hunters, who, in pursuit of game, have penetrated to the valley, while it was buried beneath the deep snows of winter, and when the sculptur-
ed whiteness of the giant mountains placed with dazzling brightness the dark and threatening clouds which lower round their summits. When the spray of falls, becoming congealed, forms at their base a multitude of icy pinnacles, each a hundred foot in height. And when the mist, driven by the bleak winds, along the face of the cliffs, encroats them with an armor of ice, which sparkles and glitters in the morning sun, like burnished silver. And when, as the day advances, great sheets of this icy coating becomes detached, and go thundering down the abyss, flashing themselves up on the rocks below, with a crash, which seems to shake the very foundations of the mountains.

Ask the hundreds of travelers, who later in the season, when the winter's accumulation of snow was melting fast, have seen the swollen torrent come over the cliffs in a compact mass, leaping entirely clear of the precipice, and striking the alighting ledge below, with a continuous roar, whose thunders echoed and re-echoed along the cliffs, until every torrent, dome and spire, for miles around, added its voice to the universal din. When the whole valley becomes a lake, from the vast overflowing of the great waters.

Ask the reverend divines, who have stood at the base of the falling flood, and while gazing upon the inspiring spectacle, have exclaimed with deep emotion, "The Lord God reigneth!"

Ask any one of the thousands of travelers, who have visited the valley, who has a soul in his body capable of appreciating the grandeur of nature, in her wildest moods, if the Fall is "a humbug!"

Ask the everlasting rocks, themselves, whether "a Niagara" or "a Mississippi," falling from a great height. All lofty masses are small in volume. It is their chief attribute, to ornament with contrasting beauty, the massive ruggedness of the rocks over which they fall. The very attenuation of the stream increases the grandeur of the cliffs.

Camp Stool may almost assert that all substances having great height, are small in circumference. As, for instance, the pine trees and the palms; and, in a comparative sense, the attenuated stalk of wheat, than which, nothing can be more graceful.

Man but imitates the proportions of nature, when he gives to a beautiful monumental column the greatest height which its circumference will sustain with safety. Did Mr. Greeley, while at the grove of Big Trees, happen to notice one of the thousand graceful fists, whose plum-like summit was not greatly overtopped even by its "big brothers" of the forest? If he was not too busily engaged in calculating how many boards the latter would make, to cool his practical eye on ordinary trees, Camp Stool would like to ask him which wore the more beautiful, the Fir—perch in proportion, towering to the utmost height which its slender trunk could sustain, or its neighbor, the blunted, appellid "Big Tree?"

Perhaps it is presumptuous for an insignificant Camp Stool to attack so distinguished a person as the honorable Horace Greeley; but a warm love for the grand scenery of the noble State which he calls his own, is one of the chief of a Californian's virtues. And by virtue of this feeling, if the Chair President, the august chair of Buchanan, himself, should publish to the world such unwarranted insult to the great California family of worshipers of the sublime in nature, this particular Camp Stool would
THE HONEY BEE OF CALIFORNIA.

In connection with the illustration which we present to our readers, of the Apiary of Harbison & Bros, we also give a statistical sketch of the rise and progress of this, now quite lucrative branch of husbandry.

During the month of February, 1853, Mr. C. A. Shelton, formerly of Galveston, Texas, started from New York with twelve swarms of bees (in which Commodore Stockton and G. W. Aspinwall were interested) and arrived in San Francisco during the month of March following, with but one live swarm: this he put on board a steamer bound for San Jose; on route the steamer burst her boiler and, though Mr. Shelton was numbered with the dead, his bees escaped uninjured, and were taken to San Jose. Of their increase we are not fully advised. In the fall of 1854, Messrs. Buck & Appleton, of San Jose, received the next swarm which was brought to California. During the fall of 1855, Mr. J. S. Harbison, of Sacramento, who was thoroughly acquainted with the habits and treatment of the bee from an early period of his life, sent East for a swarm, which arrived in Sacramento February 1st, 1856; most of the bees had died during the passage. Enough, however, remained to prove that, with careful handling, they could be successfully imported and allowed to propagate in California. Having full confidence in this, he returned to the Atlantic States in the spring of 1857, and prepared for shipment, sixty-seven swarms, with which he arrived in Sacramento December 1st of the same year. By the March following, the effects of the voyage reduced them to fifty, at which time they were again reduced to thirty-four, by sale. During the ensuing summer (1858) he increased these to one hundred and twenty; and in the fall he sold all save six. Again, on the steamer of September 20th, 1858, he went East for the purpose of transporting another stock, which had been prepared for that purpose during the previous spring and summer. On the 6th of December, he sailed from New York with one hundred and fourteen colonies, and arrived in Sacramento January 1st, 1859, with one hundred and three, in a living condition. Of this importation, sixty-eight were from Centralia, Illinois—the longest distance which bees have been known to be transported—the remaining forty-six were from Lawrence county, Penn. The length of his last voyage, together with the backward and unfavorable spring of 1859, decreased the number of this importation to sixty-two: these, with the remaining six from the previous year, he increased to four hundred and twenty-two colonies; or, at an average increase to the hive of five and seven thirty-fourths. During the fall just past, he sold two hundred and eighty-four swarms. The plan for the now celebrated "Harbison Hive," was perfected by J. S. Harbison, between the 20th of December, 1857, and the 18th of January, 1858, at which time he mailed his application for the patent, which was issued January 4th, of the present year; further improvements have since been made by him which, in due time, will be made public. From as close an estimation as can be made, by those well informed, the State now contains three thousand two hundred swarms, of which number twelve hundred are in the Harbison hive. Of the modes of importing bees to California, the most novel was that of Mr. J. Grissley, who brought four swarms across the plains from Michigan, lashed to the back part of his wagon; he arrived at Sacramento on the 3d of August last, and seemed much surprised on learning
Transported these to one an in the fall he again, on the steamer 1858, he went East transporting another prepared for that previous spring and of December, he with one hundred, and arrived in 1st, 1859, with one a living condition, sixty-eight was the longest dis known to be remaining forty-six county, Penn. The stage together with favorable spring of number of this in these, with the he previous year, he hundred and twenty in average occurred and seven thirty-five past, he sold eighty-four swarms celebrated "Harvest" acted by J. S. Har. 21st of December, January, 1858, at his application for was issued January year; further in. been made by him will be made public. stimated as can be informed, the State thousand two hund- number twelve Harbison hive.

Transporting bees to Cal- was that of Mr. J. four swarms across Negan, lashed to the help; he arrived at 3d of August fast, surprised on learning
the extent of their cultivation in this State.

As an instance of the growing importance of this branch of industry, it may be of interest to state that Mr. L. Warner, at Sacramento, (who is the General Agent of Mr. Harbison) has sold, since the 1st of August of this year, upwards of sixteen thousand dollars worth of bees. Mr. W. has been engaged in the business since the year 1855, and sold the first swarm of bees in the Sacramento valley.

Many of those interested in bees, have of late expressed fears lest the country would soon be overstocked; if such persons will consider for a few moments the large population of this State, and which is daily increasing, but few of whom, as yet, have a single swarm, (for all the bees in the State are contained in nine counties) and let them also consider that the people of the United States are but just finding out how to make bee keeping profitable, and if this will not quiet their nerves, let them make a few figures on the demand and limited supply of honey.

In Germany, where the best and most scientific attention has been devoted to bee keeping, for the last two centuries, and whose authors have thrown but little light upon the natural history of the bee, than any others in the known world, the people find the business very lucrative. To one who has not made a close calculation, it may seem a bold assertion, but it is an undeniable fact, that California can export honey and wax with profit to the New York market! The climate of California is peculiarly adapted to bee culture; for, while a swarm in the Atlantic States does well when it produces two swarms and from twenty-five to thirty pounds of honey, in the vicinity of the Sacramento river, five strong swarms can be made from the one that will yield surplus honey during the season, which may be set down as from the latter part of February to the first of November—eight months two-thirds of the year! And there is not a month in the year but what they may be seen out of the hive. It has been said that "the bee will cease to lay up stores for winter when it learns that forage is so easily obtained"; those who speak thus, certainly know nothing of its natural history, for so be (save the queen) ever lives over six months; during the height of the working season, they seldom attain the age of fifty days; hence, if no better reason could be produced (and there can be) they would never find out the fact in time to profit by it. In any and all countries, bees will work, as long as they have pastureage, and room in which to store the produce of their labors.

The honey bee, which from the early dawn of civilization, has been the wonder of philosophers and the admiration of poets, is now attracting a degree of attention in this land of flowers, that will, in the course of a few years, enable us to speak of our State as one literally "flowing with milk and honey." Much in regard to the habits of this interesting insect, which was formerly enveloped in profound mystery, has recently been explained, through the agency of the ingenious transparent hives that are now in common use; and many of the facts which curiosity has discovered, have been of great pecuniary benefit to the practical apiarian.

In the family of twenty-four thousand, which compose a good swarm of bees, there are about two thousand drones and one queen. The others are called workers. The queen is a large, long, graceful insect, with a small waist and small wings; she moves about in the hive with great rapidity, depositing her eggs in the cells prepared by the workers for that purpose, and acts as the leader in the exodus of the new swarm. She lives about three years.
The workers which, of course, compose the most of the hive, are small and compact in form, and vigorous in their movements. They are supposed to be imperfectly developed females, and are generally called neuters. They have the power of producing from the ordinary grub or egg, a queen, when, from any cause, one is required. The means by which this singular result is accomplished, is not known, but it is believed by some of those who have given the matter their careful attention, that a peculiar kind of food, which assures instinct designates, has much to do in producing the queen.

The drones, which are the males, are considerably larger than the workers, and move about slowly, rarely leaving the interior of the hive, except in very pleasant weather. They collect no honey, and in autumn they are nearly all destroyed by the workers, to which they fall an easy prey, being destitute of stings.

Nursing the young, building the cells and collecting the honey together, with all the fighting with rival swarms, devolves upon the workers; which in industry, and in fidelity to their superiors, afford an example worthy of the imitation of rational creatures.

Volumes might be written upon the singular habits of the bee, but I propose to simply state a few practical facts in connection with bee raising in California, and to point out the great advantages it has over other localities. It has by some been sagely assumed that, on account of the mildness of our winters, bees will have no motive for working, and will, consequently, become "lazy"; but this belief is unfounded in philosophy or fact, for, bees work from instinct, and not from motive, as for the attainment of an object which reason shows to be necessary, and it is a fact that in the Red river swarms, where the climate is more mild than that of this State, bees abound in the greatest profusion, and fill the trees with vast quantities of honey which they never consume.

All things considered, California, as a honey producing State, has no equal. The climate is not so warm as to melt the combs, and so mild are our winters that the bees can work during the entire year, in the valleys. During about two months in the rainy season, they do not collect quite so much honey as they consume; but, during the remaining ten months, they are constantly accumulating a surplus.

In the Atlantic States, they produce but little honey between the last of June and the middle of September, the time at which the buckwheat fields are in bloom, when they enjoy a short season of honey-gathering, that is suddenly terminated by the frosts, which make them consumers until the blooming of orchards in the ensuing spring. In this State, at all seasons, they have access to rich honey-producing sources, among which I may mention the tall swamps, the bottom willows, the mustard fields, the numerous flower gardens, and the vast profusion of wild flowers which, during a considerable portion of the year, beautify our fertile plains, and gracefully undulating foot hills, and adorn even the lofty summits of our mountains. In the valley of the Sacramento, there is a peculiar plant or shrub which, in the driest part of the year, affords large quantities of the finest honey.

In the valley of the San Joaquin, after the spring flowers are past, during the months of July and August, they gather largely from the Button-bush; and from that time to the end of the year, nearly every oak tree being covered with a kind of honey dew, they gather from this their main harvest. The sap of the Osage orange is also much used. Their principal time of working is from ten to three o'clock.
From one hive, in Capt. Webster's garden, at Stockton, housed April 5th, 1857, the following quantities of honey were taken the same year:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Pounds</th>
<th>Ounces</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>27th April</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th June</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20th July</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11th August</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23rd September</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

and during the same month, twenty lbs. more, giving a total of 123 lbs. surplus honey, and one swarm of bees.

To every twenty pounds of honey, about one pound of wax is produced. Honey left for their sustenance during the winter was never touched; proving that a certain amount of honey is produced here all the year. Since then they have yielded from two to three swarms of bees per year, and when this is done, less honey is gathered and stored.

Moths, and other insects, which often prove destructive to bees in the Atlantic States, have seldom given the apianarian any trouble, except in the cases of weak hives, brought from the East. The natural vigor of the bees in this country, enables them to repel all such foreign invaders.

In the Atlantic States a hive rarely swarms more than once in a season; but here, a single hive has been known to produce in one year, no less than nine healthy swarms, making, with the original, ten swarms; and, in one instance, in Sacramento county, a single hive produced eight swarms directly—two from the first new one, and two from the second—making an increase of twelve swarms in one year, which, with the original hive, yielded one hundred and twenty-five pounds of honey.

When the production of honey is the principal object, the swarms are not divided so often as when the multiplication of the number of hives is desired by the owner. Under favorable circumstances, five good swarms can yearly be produced from one, when increase in the number of hives is the main object; and, under ordinary circumstances, an increase of four per year may be put down as a moderate average. If the production of honey be the leading object, each old hive will annually yield two new swarms, and with those new swarms, furnish one hundred and fifty pounds of honey. In this State each hive will yield, of itself, yearly, produce twice the quantity of honey which, with the same amount of attention, it would yield in the Atlantic States.

The ruling price for a full hive of bees is one hundred dollars. Eighteen months ago, a gentleman in San Jose, purchased six good hives for six hundred dollars, and since that time, he has realized from their increase alone, the sum (in cash) of eight thousand dollars.

Such are a few brief but significant facts concerning the culture of bees in this State. The demand for honey, which, at wholesale, is worth about fifty cents per pound, is greater than the supply, and even at greatly reduced prices, bee raising must, with the facilities afforded by California, remain a safe, profitable and agreeable business.

Of the many moveable comb hives now in use, Langstroth's is considered by many practical apiarists, as one of the best; but the common bee hive answers a very good purpose, and perhaps, for those unacquainted with the bee business, they are preferable to any of the complicated patent hives.

Among the books on bee culture that may be read with profit by those interested in the further examination of this subject, I may mention Quinby on Bee Keeping, and the last edition of Langstroth on Bees. They contain much curious and valuable practical information in regard to matters pertaining to bees, and should form part of the library of every apiarian.

J. A. B.
yearly be produced in the number of objects; and, under an increase of objects, each old and two new swarms, furnish an amount of additional honey. In all, of itself, yearly quantity of honey, a full hive of bees. Eighteen months after the hive was purchased by the Atlantic States, and has realized from the sun's sun in dollars.

But significant is the culture of bees in the south which, with about fifty cents produces more than the supply, producing herbs, bee facilities afforded in a safe, profitable one.

Shin - ing a broad — Our little angel

Sweet birds are singing on rose-tree and thorn. Are they rejoicing? A sweet spirit born? Born into heaven — Her life-journey tried? Our little angel Has gone home to God!

The bees have gone to their rest. With her hands folded Calm on her breast. Dress her with violets Fresh from the soil — Our little angel

Has gone home to God!
"GOOD BYE."

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Good bye!"

How many an ear has sadly heard
That heart-felt, dear old Saxon word;
How many a shadow has it cast,
Upon the sunlight of the past.
And so you pen it—does it end
In thoughts and memories of a friend?
And for the future, does “good bye”
Mean that you pass one coldly by
Like the great crowd of other men?
If so, my hand can never pen
"Good bye."

Good bye!
It is an easy word to trace;
Good bye! thy quiet soul is free
Has been to me a daily prayer,—
Good bye, God keep thee in his care
Our kindred thoughts are all unspoken,
Kind me|eries will remain unbeknown;
The glance and tone that wound the heart
With no "good bye" will e'er depart.
The past is mine—
I could not, if I would, forget.
"Good bye!"

I gazed upon the heavens to-night,
And saw the stars in splendor bright,
Look down from that great silver sea
Upon a mortal man like me—
Thy soul has ever shone as bright
Above me as an unclouded star;
I saw its spirit-refinements shine
And reverence as a light divine.
Forgive me, that I dared to dream
My eye might catch a single beam.
Unworthy though I seem to thee,
A silent friend still let me be.
Then will I gaze once in thine eye
And say, with thee, a last "Good bye!"
"Good bye!"
"Good bye!"

AGNES EMMERSON.
A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENAWAY.

CHAPTER III.
Consolation.—Lost.—The Queried.

"To say goodbye was to affirm what oft his eye around,
What many an action testified, and yet
What honest confirmations of his tongue."

It was some days before Harrison was able to be moved from his bed, and during that time the constant attention necessary for one in his condition, continued to be shown to him by Hartley, as well as by his kind hosts.

He saw, however, but little of the young lady, who had already to some extent captivated his heart; two or three brief visits a day being all that he had been favored with. When, however, he was able to move into the adjoining room, his strength, two, being

God was to answer, what oft his eye around,
What many an action testified, and yet
With no "good bye" will e'er depart.
"Good bye!"
The young lady, however, showed such a lack of loyalty in the manner she replied to Sir Henry's remarks, that he did not repeat his visit, and had she consulted some spiritualist of the day (if there were any) she might have learned that she figured in the British Commander's memorandum as "enthusiastic, beautiful and dangerous; under the control of a worthy and loyal father, and a dashing and valiant brother."

The constant visits of the officers of Harrison's and other regiments, gave that young gentleman a new opportunity of studying the character of Agnes, namely, how she conducted herself in the reception of the many flatteries and compliments offered her on all hands. Truly, she maintained her paré well, receiving them with just such sufficiency as politeness demanded, but in so cool and quiet a way as plainly showed that they dwelt not a moment in her memory.

Towards George, however, her manner had insensibly become warmer. Involutarily she found herself stealing looks towards him, even when surrounded by others. On her opinion she seemed to depend, when any subject was under discussion; whilst his tender, assiduous, but never obtrusive attentions to herself, were treasured up in the innermost recesses of her heart.

disposition, were impossible, and it only remained to save himself to the hearing of the former.

Partly from its being known that Mr. Emerson, senior, was an old soldier and a loyalist, and partly from the reports of its inmates, spread by Hartley, Van. Emerson's house was frequently visited by British officers; and even Sir Henry Clinton, amidst his multifarious duties, had found time to call twice: once to see Harrison, and once, as he expressed it, to pay the proper respect due to the daughter of an old King's officer.

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Agnes was not woman of the world enough to conceal a partiality she could not deny to herself; and some there were who, not perceiving the delicate and affectionate attentions of Harrison, saw with clearer eyes her evident preference of him to the pretenders around her.

Among the occasional visitors to the house was Lord Edward Thynne, a young Lieutenant of Cavalry, with a handsome person, but by no means corresponding disposition. Lord Edward was a clever man, well read, satirical, and spiteful; but his most prominent feature was self-love. Vain of his family, vain of his person, vain of his acquirements, he considered no had but to come, to see, and to conquer. To the world at large, so well did he play his part, that his lordship actually appeared all he wished to be thought; he was called handsome, high spirited, generous, well bred, and clever. To Agnes, however, he was simply odious, and she made but little effort to conceal her aversion.

It was one evening, two days before George was to return to his regimental duties, that Wm. Emerson had invited four or five of his brother officers to dinner, as a parting compliment to his old schoolfellow. After dinner, Miss Emerson retired, with three lady guests, requesting her brother and the gentlemen to follow soon, as several others had been asked to drop in to coffee. Among the latter, was Lord Edward Thynne, and he arrived in company with Captain Barclay and another, just as Harrison, having made his escape from the gentlemen below, entered the drawing-room.

The conversation turned on the late horrible massacre at Wyoming, and, while all condemned it in most unqualified terms, the expressions of loathing and hatred for the perpetrators, which fell from the lips of Miss Emerson, were the strongest and most vehemently uttered. From Lord Edward, who attempted to stay the violence of her denunciations, she turned with a shortness and suddenness almost rude, (for when excited, Agnes was not exactly a stickler for all the minutiae of politeness), and turned her eyes instinctively to those of Harrison, in whose face she read a perfect reflection of her own sentiments, although he appeared grieved at her vehemence. All this she saw at a glance. Crossing the room, towards him, she exclaimed instantly, and said: "Come, Mr. Harrison, and join me in singing the Landings of the Pilgrim Fathers, it may tend to allay our excitement, and make us more Christian-like."

"Ah, Miss Emerson, that is well," cried Captain Barclay, "for you are dreadfully letter; remember, scripture tells us to "love our enemies."

"And pray for those who despitefully use you," replied Agnes; "why, Captain Barclay, I should have to pray for you."

"To secure your prayers, one would almost be inclined to bear the odium of despitefully using you," said the Captain, good humorously.

"Such love as the lady may have for her enemies, is decidedly, in this case, only singular," humorously observed Lord Edward, with an expressive and unmistakable look at Harrison.

George was at this moment in the act of handing Agnes to a chair, and arranging the music for the proposed song. She retained his hand in her grasp for a moment, with a significant pressure desiring silence, while the color suffused her face, neck, and arms, even to the tips of her fingers. Recovering herself, by the strong effort of a powerful will, and drawing up her girlish but stately figure to its fullest height, she fixed her eyes, flashing with indignation, full on the lord.

"And who, my lord," said she in a
contemptuous tone, "gave you the right, in this house, to judge of, or call in question, my love for my enemies, either singular or plural, individual or general? be assured, it can have no affinity with either arrogance, condesc, or impertinence. Sam," she continued, to a negro bringing in tea and coffee, "show Lord Edward Thynne to my brother's study, till it suits his convenience to proceed to his quarters."

Sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, while, clutching with suppressed passion, Lord Edward hurried from the apartment, and rushing past the negro, had just reached the bottom of the stairs when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"My Lord, I could not let you go without telling you that your conduct is that of an unmannered whelp, who, but for respect to those in this house, I would horsewhip out of it."

"Enough, my rebel lady's champion," answered Lord Edward, in a husky whisper, "there is no need to goad a willing horse; you shall hear from me in the morning," and flinging himself free from Harrison, he strode forth from the house.

CHAPTER IV.
The Duel.

"It is a strange, quick jar, upon the ear. That cracking of a pistol, when you know a strong sense will bring the night to bear. Upon your person, twelve priests off, or no." — Byron.

By the time Miss Emerson had recovered her self-possession, which she did in a few moments, George was again in the room, his absence not occupying a minute; he pressed her to take a glass of weak wine and water, which, it would almost appear, in his momentary absence he had been to procure; whereas, it was to a negro servant that she was really indebted. This thoughtfulness apparently satisfied that this was the real cause of his leaving her, she thankfully accepted it.

At this instant, the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs, gave intimation of the approach of the gentlemen from the dining room.

"Let us," said Miss Emerson, hastily, "forget the unpleasantness of the last few minutes, and discuss it no further. What say you to a Scotch reel? Captain Barclay has already asked me, if such a dance were proposed, to be his partner."

"Ah, Hartley, just in time," cried the good-natured Barclay, as that gentleman entered the room followed by the others, "secure a partner, if you can, from the few ladies here; Miss Emerson honors me with her hand for a reel—quite an impromptu affair, I assure you."

Hartley, Emerson, and another of the gentlemen acted at once on the suggestion, and Captain Barclay's foresight having early in the evening secured the attendance of a violinist and a harpist, the dance commenced.

The quick eye of Hartley was, however, not to be deceived. The confused looks of the ladies, and the abstracted manner of his own partner, convinced him that some contretemps had occurred, which, despite their efforts, damped the spirits of the majority of the party.

At the conclusion of the dance, the ladies partook of tea, coffee, or negus, which the gentlemen most assiduously pressed upon them. No further dancing was proposed, and Miss Emerson appearing weary and indisposed, the visitors, with natural good breeding, took their leave as quickly as politeness allowed.

George accompanied Hartley towards the door, availing himself of the opportunity to push him into his own room, with the intimation that he wished to speak to him, and would be back as soon as he had bid the Emersons good night.

On his return he carefully bolted the door, and proceeded to give Hartley
detail of the whole affair, and requested his friendly offices in the event which must of a certainty ensue.

"Certainly, my dear fellow, certainly," said Hartley. "So Thynne is showing out in his true colors, at least—envious, mean, and spiteful. I never fancied that man, and don't know how he has hoodwinked so many into liking him. Bye-bye, Harrison, he is a sneak shot, so no nonsense of firing in the air, mind, or he'll shoot you dead as a herring; cover him well with your pistol, so as to spoil his aim. It is a pity, as you will have the choice of weapons, that you are not stronger, else swords would be the best for you; but one bout would exhaust you, so pistols it must be. Now, George, as a man of honor, after this you must either declare yourself to Bliss Emerson, or cease your visits on leaving. If the latter, you will have lost my good opinion, for the girl loves you—Thynne is right in that conjecture.

"Oh, generous Hartley, how like your noble self, you now speak; believe me, you cannot overrate the intensity of my love for her; but, indeed, I never thought you loved Agnes."

"Well, we'll talk no more of it now," said Hartley, hastily. "I will pass the night on your sofa, so as to be ready when Thynne's friend calls, which will be early; and though, in times like these, doubtless, you have all preparations made for any contingency, yet, perhaps you had better write a few lines, in explanation of this affair, to Emerson; in case of anything happening to you, it would be well she should understand the facts, and your feelings, from yourself; and then to sleep, for a wakeful night is a sad undistender of the nerves."

"I will do so," answered Harrison; "also, I will write briefly to Agnes, and intrust them to you."

At six o'clock, the next morning, Sam introduced to Harrison's room a gentleman whose name he handed to George, bore the name of Captain Neville Wortley.

"I presume, sir," said the Captain, with stately politeness, "you can understand the cause of so early a visit, which, under other circumstances, I could hardly apologize for. I come on the part of Lord Edward Thynne, to demand satisfaction for the language you used to him last night, and that he, in consequence of this affair, might be heard of, or suspected, and consequently interfered with."

"I have, sir, only to refer you," replied George, "to my friend, Captain Hartley, who is asleep on your sofa. Captain Hartley was back before Har-
Thynno took longer aim, under the impression that he had before missed by too hasty firing, so that Harrison's pistol echoed in the waste a moment sooner than that of his antagonist, who, flinging his weapon to the ground, lifted his hands to his face in agony.

George had fired with the hope of wounding Lord Edward's pistol arm, but the ball went too high and struck his nose, breaking the bones and shattering the left jaw, in a manner which would forever disfigure him.

"Spared the puppy's beauty, at any rate," said Hartley, after ascertaining this, and returning to George. "I suppose as it is no worse we may probably hear little of it."

The surgeon, who was in attendance, having bound up Lord Edward's face in the best manner possible, had him removed to his quarters, which were within a few hundred yards.

George and Hartley then left the ground and proceeded to the regimental surgeon, where the former's shoulder was examined and the wound found to be trifling, the ball having passed along the top of the shoulder, close to the surface, without injuring the bone.

"Lucky it is no worse; it would have been a bad thing, had the bone been broken again; it was badly enough shattered before," said Dr. Maxwell, as he applied a soothing salve, and promised silence as to the trifling injury received, by our hero, in the duel.

Chapter V.

Accepting love counsels trouble.

"The hearted with a stinging blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
And withal knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face."—Othello.

The garden of the Emerson's house extended nearly to the banks of the Hudson. A narrow lane alone dividing it from a few houses, occupied by small but thriving mechanics, shipwrights, cooper,
ship-chandlers, &c., and which abutted upon the river. None could now, after a lapse of eighty years, find, in the multitude of stores, wharves, and ferries, the spot of which we write. Under the shade, which the many trees afforded, might be seen, for two or three hours, on the day of the duel, Harrison and Miss Emerson. With his arm around her, and her hand clasped in his, he listened to her earnest words.

With her frank and honest heartiness she had, upon his declaration that day, acknowledged that her affections were wholly and entirely his. But the joyousness of the pure spirit had been indeed damped, when, after several vain attempts to commence, Harrison at length communicated to her the occurrences of the morning. Apart from her grief at the duel itself, and her sorrow that Harrison should have been engaged in that which her right-minded principle so strongly condemned, was the feeling that she, the cause of the duel, was the subject of unusual comment and notoriety; and from this, her sensitive and modest mind did indeed painfully shrink.

Gentle and kind was the manner in which Agnes chid him for the sin, which she, in her purity of soul, considered that he had committed in meeting Lord Edward. The words of reproof, from loving lips, fell softly upon the lover’s ears and sank deep into his heart, rendering his devotion to her, if possible, of a higher and loftier character.

George’s regrets, his promises in future to try hard to control himself, the natural feelings arising from the knowledge that it was an insult to her, which he had resented, after a time somewhat quieted her; and as he soothed her with fond, endearing words, and, with the impassioned eloquence which love alone can command, pleaded his deep and fervent devotion, on his extenuation, she could not but pardon—could not but love, and give way to that great and holy happiness resulting from reciprocated affection.

"With you, my Agnes, for a monitory, I will indeed strive and conquer what I have of impetuosity," said he, "but you are apt, also, to be a little carried away by your feelings when your indignation is aroused, oh, lady love! I think I have hit you there."

Ah, now George, you refer to last night. I saw too violent, but I was so angry. We all have our faults, dearest, and you must, I see check me too, sometimes. There now, impetuosity again—you’re nearly broken my comb—George, George—there, that will do—thank goodness, there’s William coming."

William Emerson was slowly advancing towards them, followed by a sergeant of Harrison’s corps, with the Regimental Order Book. The face of Agnes’s brother wore a look of deep distress and anxiety. Nodding kindly to his guest, he led his sister to the house, evidently desirous of privacy.

The sergeant, meantime, handed his officer a note from Hartley, containing the cheering intelligence that unless it was officially brought to the notice of his superiors, the probability was he would hear but little of the duel; that personal feeling appeared to be pretty equally divided between Lord Edward Tyrone and himself. "But the order book will inform you of a promotion and removal, which, at present, will be trying to you. The dispatches arrived from England this morning, in the ‘Sagittar,’” was the conclusion of the note."

"Captain Hartley told me he would be here shortly, sir," said the sergeant, handing George the order book.

Harrison opened it and read:—

"New York, September 27th, 1778. Extract from the London Gazette of August 30th, 1778: ‘7th Light Dragoons.—Ensign George Beale Harrison, of the 35th Regiment, was noticed, therefore regimental."

 Truly time it was placed in the hands of Thomas Tyrone and its reception as Harrison’s cavalry was forfeited the notoriety of the 35th County. Thoroughly_TI

"My dearest George, you refer to last night. I saw too violent, but I was so angry. We all have our faults, dearest, and you must, I see check me too, sometimes. There now, impetuosity again—you’re nearly broken my comb—George, George—there, that will do—thank goodness, there’s William coming."

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William Emerson was slowly advancing towards them, followed by a sergeant of Harrison’s corps, with the Regimental Order Book. The face of Agnes’s brother wore a look of deep distress and anxiety. Nodding kindly to his guest, he led his sister to the house, evidently desirous of privacy.

The sergeant, meantime, handed his officer a note from Hartley, containing the cheering intelligence that unless it was officially brought to the notice of his superiors, the probability was he would hear but little of the duel; that personal feeling appeared to be pretty equally divided between Lord Edward Tyrone and himself. "But the order book will inform you of a promotion and removal, which, at present, will be trying to you. The dispatches arrived from England this morning, in the ‘Sagittar,’” was the conclusion of the note."

"Captain Hartley told me he would be here shortly, sir," said the sergeant, handing George the order book.

Harrison opened it and read:—

"New York, September 27th, 1778. Extract from the London Gazette of August 30th, 1778: ‘7th Light Dragoons.—Ensign George Beale Harrison, of the 35th Regiment, was noticed, therefore regimental."
Truly had Hartley written. At this time it was trying, very trying, to be placed in the same regiment as Lord Edward Thynne, where that officer’s popularity would probably cause him to be received with coldness and dislike. Much as Harrison had desired to get into a cavalry corps, he would willingly have forfeited this opportunity and his promotion also, to be once more Ensign in the 35th foot.

There was one thing which consoled him. Lieut. Colonel Hyslop, commanding the 7th Cavalry, was an old friend of his father, and had always shown himself warmly interested in George. After some reflection, he resolved to seek that estimable officer’s advice, and proceeded to his room to dress for the visit, when Emerson entered and claimed his attention.

"My sister, Harrison, has informed me of all that has passed, and I feel greatly your conduct on this occasion. I am both pleased and pained, but the most pained. I am naturally averse to an attachment with one who is in arms against my own land; imagine my feelings, if hereafter I had to draw my sword against my sister’s husband! Personally I am, you know your friend, and esteem you as you merit. Agnes is the judge of her own affairs; but, without the sanction of her father, this must proceed no further, nor must you extort any pledge from her. Your own sense of honor will assure you that in this I only do my duty. My father has written—be on his return from Virginia, and in a week he will be at our widowed aunt’s, near Croton River, about thirty-five miles from here. I shall send my sister there to meet him, for his health is fast failing, and he requires a doctor’s care. Indeed, from the tenor of another letter, I fear he will never again perfectly recover. As there is to be an exchange of prisoners, I shall ask from Sir Henry Clinton the protection of the escort for Agnes. I will not object to your continuing to see her until she goes, with the understanding that you exist no promise not dependent on her father’s will. And now, George, I must say something unpleasant, and that pains me also. As you know, to-morrow, I may say, that for reasons I can not or will not explain, I assure you wish to see as little as possible, of you for the next week or two."

For the few minutes Emerson remained and the conversation continued, Harrison observed that although he wished to be cordial, yet there was a restraint in his manner; but the most vexing thing was, that probably all this would curtail or limit his interviews with Agnes.

Hartley having come, accompanied him to Colonel Hyslop’s quarters, advising and cheering him by the way.

"Emerson has engaged me to dinner again," said the captain, "and I’ll keep him in chat, so as to give you a long time with your love... That chap is plotting something, Harrison—I do hope he will not get himself into trouble; but, under your instructions, I know that the commander-in-chief will not allow him now to quit New York—the brigade major told me as much to-day."

Colonel Hyslop received George with great kindness, and he found that upon his friendship he could rely.

"Report yourself to the adjutant immediately, and remember to be here at eight o’clock, the morning after to-morrow," said the Colonel, as he shook hands with him.

Harrison called at the adjutant’s as desired, and was directed by that officer to come the next day, to be officially presented to the Colonel.

Hartley kept his word that night; and
saddened though it was by approaching separation, and by Agnes' anxiety about her father, still very sweet and long was the interview of the lovers, before they were interrupted by the voices of Emerson and his guest on the staircase as they quitted the dining-room.

MEMORY.

I. Go seek from off its parent stem
The smiling rose at morn,
While dew-drops sparkling in the sun
Bedeck the glossy leaves:
Its petals—trembling while they die—
So beautiful and fair,
Will write their sweetest memories
In perfume on the air!

II. Tear from its bed the pearly shell
That gems the ocean shore,
Where mad waves, roaring in their might
Break o'er the yielding sand;
Far from its native shore,
It still will murmur of its home—
The wild waves—evermore.

III. Go forth on yonder mountain's height,
At nature's newer hour
When Darkness leaves his dismal caves,
And daylight owns his power:
Mark'st thou those penell'd rays of light
That linger in the west?
The sun in nature's album wrote,
Then sank in peace to rest.

IV. Gone thou upon the darkening clouds
That sweep along the skies,
While lightnings herald forth the blast,
And fearful storms arise:
See'st thou yon brilliant arch that hanges
Suspended in the air?
Sweet Stew of Promise! God's own hand
Traced the memento there!

V. And thus upon the human heart
A gentle spell is thrown,
That whispers o'er of love and joys
Its youthful days have known;
Our darkest hours of grief and woe,
Not all life's pleasure mar,
For sorrow brings us memory's light,
As darkness brings the stars!

VI. Sweet Memory! the silvery thread
That binds us to the past,
Reaches its trembling fibres where
Our joyful youth was cast;
Each friendly word, each look of love
That blessed those hallowed days,
Are woven in its mystery
To cheer our hearts always!

VII. Kind friend, may Memory's future voice
Be full of peace to thee;
Not one false note disturb the charm
Of its blest harmony.
And when the silver chord is loosed,
That binds life's fleeting breath,
May memory of deeds well done
Rob all the sting from death!

THE TURNIP-COUNTER.
SECOND LEGEND.
Translated from the German,
BY P. F. JOHNSON.
From time immemorial, mother Earth
has been the asylum for the subjects of
blighted love, for which many poor
wretches among Eve's children, disappoiinted
in their desires and expectations,
make the boast of their way, some by steel or rope,
others by lead or poison, and
many by consumption, and a broken
heart. Spirits, however, are excepted
from such circumstancialties; they en-
joy the privilege of returning to the up-
per world at pleasure, by roads forever
debated to mortal men, after their souls
and passions have expanded their force.

Deeply chagrined, the Gnome left the
upper world, intending never again to
leave the light of day; but then, his
grief became obliterated, by a nine hundred and ninety years' absence, during which time old sores were apparently healed. At length, while suffering from ennui and bad humor at home, his favorite and clown, a goblin made up of fun and oddity, proposed a pleasure trip to the Bleseengården, to which his lordship at once consented. The wink of a minute sufficed for traveling the long distance, and he stood in the centre of the large grass-plot, once the memorable park.

The sight of objects his former love affair had once flooded with rose colored tints, again stirred up old remembrances; so that the events in reference to the beautiful Emma and himself, seemed as of but yesterday. Her picture now came to his memory so distinctly that her own self again stood before him; but she had outwitted and deceived him, and that was enough to stir up his old grudge against all mankind.

"Miserable worms of the soft," he cried, in beholding from his eyrie the spires of the churches and convents of the surrounding towns and villages, "I see, you are at your old tricks in the valley below. You played on me your pranks and arts, but I'll make you suffer for it; I will haunt and spite you enough to make you tremble before the doings of the mountain-spirit."

Hardly had he spoken, when voices sounded in the distance. Three young fellows trotted along, and the holdest of them cried firstly, "Turnip-Counter, come on—Turnip-Counter—maiden robber!"

The chronicler of gossip, in the place of omitting the love affair of the mountain goblin, had even enlarged upon it by sandlerous reports, and made it a favorite theme for travelers in general. Many ghost stories, which never had happened, were freely transmitted from mouth to mouth, and excited the fear of timid souls; while strong minded persons, wise and philosophers, who generally affect a disbelief in such tales, showed their innocence in broad daylight by calling the spirit nick-names, openly to defy him; but while a resident in the depths of his subterranean kingdom, those素材 invaders had never come to his notice. No wonder, then, that he was startled at this Inconic "summing up" of his own case.

Like the storm, he swept through the sombre forest of firs, prepared to wrangle the poor wretch who had made him, unwittingly, the target of his pleasantry; when, just in time, it struck him that such a cruel revenge, being noticed abroad, would banish travelers from his territory, and thus spoil the fun he was bent on at the very outset. Therefore he allowed the scamp and his companions to pass by un molested, saying to himself, "I have not done with you yet." At the first by-road, the offender parted company, and safely reached the town of Hirschberg. His invisible enemy followed him to his lodgings, in order to find him without trouble, if he wanted, and then returned to the mountains, revolting in his mind some suitable plan of revenge, when he chanced to meet a rich Israelite, wending his way out of Hirschberg. Why not make him the instrument of his vengeance, as well as any other? Transforming himself into an exact counterpart of the young fellow who had mocked him, he frankly professed his companionship to the new comer, conversed freely and friendly with him, led him off by degrees from the highroad, until they arrived at a dense copse-wood, when he seized the pedlar by his long beard, shook him to his heart's content, threw him to the ground, gagged him, took his bag, well filled with gold and jewels, and went off, leaving the poor, plundered victim on the spot, little better than dead.
The son of Israel had no sooner recovered the use of his senses than he gazed around and called out for help, fearing he might perish in that desolate spot where he lay. A gentleman, who looked like a well-to-do citizen from some neighboring town, stepped up and inquired the reason of his lamentation; but seeing him bruised and unconscious, he assisted him, like the kind Samaritan, who assisted his fellow-man, after having fallen among robbers. The stranger presented the ill-assisted man, after his having fallen among robbers, to a well-to-do citizen from some neighboring town, and tied him up, and then went on his way.

But how did the Jew open his eyes with wonder, when, on entering the tavern, he found the robber sitting at the table, and acting as free and easy a manner as only becomes a man who has done no wrong. He enjoyed himself over a pint of cheap wine, cracked his jokes and sported with other merry fellows, while his wallet lay beside him, in which Turnip-Counter had secreted the bag, taken by main force. The constables quickly bent a helping hand in stirring up the rag, and took from amongst the rags, a heavy bag, which the happy owner soon identified as being his. The poor wretch seemed struck as by lightning; fear and trembling seized him; his lips quivered, his knees trembled; his soul groaned; he turned pale, his eyes dilated, and his heart failed him. He could be mistaken about the person who had assaulted him; so he went out, unobserved, and lodged his complaint. A warrant was obtained, constables were armed with lances and halteres, the tavern surrounded, the innocent man arrested and brought before the tribunal of justice, which was composed of the wisest of the city fathers.

"Who art thou?" the chief magistrate asked the prisoner who was brought before him, "and from whence dost thou come?"

Candid and fearless, he answered: "I am a honest tailor, by trade, called Benedix, arrived here from Lichtenau, and am engaged at work in this town.”

"Dost thou deny having assaulted this Jew in the forest, maltrated him, bound him, and robbed him of his bag?"

"I never set eyes on this man before, therefore I neither assaulted him, bound or robbed him of his bag."

"How canst thou prove thy honesty?"

"By my testimonials, and a good conscience."

"Produce thy testimonial." Benedix opened his wallet without delay; he knew it contained nothing but his rightful property. In emptying out the contents, he found a silver coin, to pay his night’s lodging, and then went on his way.

“How now, villain? the mayor thought when, on entering the tavern, he found the robber sitting at the table, and acting as free and easy a manner as only becomes a man who has done no wrong. He enjoyed himself over a pint of cheap wine, cracked his jokes and sported with other merry fellows, while his wallet lay beside him, in which Turnip-Counter had secreted the bag, taken by main force. The constables quickly bent a helping hand in stirring up the rag, and took from amongst the rags, a heavy bag, which the happy owner soon identified as being his. The poor wretch seemed struck as by lightning; fear and trembling seized him; his lips quivered, his knees trembled; his soul groaned; he turned pale, his eyes dilated, and his heart failed him. He could be mistaken about the person who had assaulted him; so he went out, unobserved, and lodged his complaint. A warrant was obtained, constables were armed with lances and halteres, the tavern surrounded, the innocent man arrested and brought before the tribunal of justice, which was composed of the wisest of the city fathers.

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Master His tructor of true of whose noble fortune had failed to convince the necessity of a good heart and a good conscience. His care of by his benefactor—like Tobias by the angel Raphael—until both arrived at Hirogborg before the tavern, where he gave his protege a silver coin, to pay his night’s lodging, and then went on his way.

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words wasted, for he was considered a wily rascal, trying to get his neck out of the noose that was waiting for him.

Master Hummerling, the terrible extractor of truth, was called for, the force of whose solid 'arguments' (they having been fabricated of excellent steel) hardly failed to convince certain persons of the necessity of giving due honor to God and the court by putting their neck into the halter. At this juncture, the strength of a good conscience, left its possessor in the lurch; for, when the man of torture thought the thumb-screw a useful operator, Benodix, concluded that it would disable him from swaying the needle in future. Preferring gentler to mainfiring, he confessed to the crime he knew nothing of. The criminal's trial was thus closed, and the judges and aldermen doomed him "to the rope" before they adjourned; which sentence, partly to serve the end of justice, and partly to avoid the expenses of feeding the prisoner, should be promptly carried out early the following day.

The spectators, who had witnessed the proceedings, found the sentence, as pronounced by the honorable magistrates, just and proper; yet none was louder in his exclamations of satisfaction than the good Samaritan of the forest, who took his stand in the court room during the trial; he did not cease lauding the benefits of justice in the gentlemen of Hirolberg, and after all, no person could be more interested in the present case than this philanthropist, for, with invisible hand, he had hidden the pedlar's bag in the wallet of the tailor, he being the toadius Turnip-Counter himself.

Early the following day, he awaited the coming of the procession, which in those days always escorted the culprit to the scaffold. He had borrowed the plumage of the raven for the occasion, and felt already the raven's appetite grow strong upon him, to pick out the victim's eyes. This time, however, he waited in vain.

It so happened, that a pious convert, not thinking highly of a conversion on the scaffold, and always taking great pains in making the most of a malefactor, if left to his own, found Benedix such an awkward and unsound specimen of his class, that he thought it necessary to demand an extension of the time allotted him, for shaping a saint out of such rude material. It was a hard matter to gain a three days' suspension of his sentence; in fact, the pious judges only consented to it, after his threatening them with excommunication, in case of refusal. Turnip-Counter hearing this, flew back to the mountains, till the time of the execution should have arrived.

In the interval he roamed, as was his wont, over the forest, and beheld a young girl resting under a shady tree. Her head, supported by a snowy arm, rested in melancholy ease upon her bosom; her dress was not made of costly material, but yet was cleanly, and of the fashion of those worn by the common people. Her hamlet wiped off the tears that were falling on her cheek, as deep sighs escaped from her lips. The impression of a woman's tears had formerly left its mark on the gnome; again he felt sympathetic compassion in seeing them flow, and made an exception to his general rule of invoking and spiting those children of Eve, who neglected to give his mountain-home a wide berth. The feeling of pity seemed to do him good; and minister comfort to the sufferer, a right be of great service still. Soon he molded himself into a respectable citizen, and then, in a winning way, tried to gain the young girl's confidence, as he thus began—

"Why dost thou grieve in loneliness, child? in this out-of-the-way place? Tell me thy troubles, that I may help thee if possible."
The girl, lost in melancholy meditation, started at the strange voice, and raised her head. But what a look she gave from those languishing, dark blue eyes. Their dimmed lustre must be powerful enough to melt a heart of steel! How bright the tears sparkled! The lovely, Madonna-like face was now more less interesting, because clouded by sorrow. She looked up to the benevolent man standing in front of her, and opened her purple lips and said:

"What can my sorrow be to you, kind sir, hopeless as it is? I am an unhappy being; a murderer, who has killed the man of her heart, and now justly suffers in tears and remorse, and will, until death shall have broken her heart.

The respectable citizen wondered:

"You a murderer?" he cried; "with such a heavenly face, cannot such a soul be kept in thy bosom? Impossible! Although I know men to be capable of all kinds of imposition and malice: yet this is a riddle to me."

"Which I may solve," the stricken maiden replied, "if you want to know."

"Speak out, then, fair lady."

"From early childhood I had a playmate, the son of a neighbor; he became my sweet-heart in later years. So good and kind was he, so faithful and noble; loved me so steadfastly and strong, that he gained my heart, and I promised him eternal fidelity. Behold! a viper has poisoned the youth's heart, and made him forget the instructions of his pious mother, and gazed him onward to commit a crime, which the law makes him exult with his life!"

The gnome emphatically cried, "Thou!"

"Yes, sir!" she repeated, "I am the cause of his death; on my account, he committed a highway robbery, in plundering a rascally Jew, for which the gentlemen of Hirschberg, after catching him, found him guilty; and—ah, misery! will hang him to-morrow!"

"For which affair, you consider yourself responsible?" asked Turnip-Count, astonished.

"Yes, sir! On my head will be his blood."

"When he set out on his wanderings over the mountains, he bid me follow, saying to my neck and said: "My love, be faithful! When the apple-tree blossoms for the third time, I shall return from my travels, to claim thee as my lawful wife."

"To this I consented, taking a solemn oath to that effect. The apple blossoms came for the third time, and Benedict returned, to remind me of my promise, and to lead me to the altar. But I wickedly made light of it, as girls often do to their swains, by asking him: 'Pray, how would'st thou support thy wife? My couch has not room for two; where, then, shall I look for a resting-place? Procure some bright dollars first, before thou callst again.' At these unfeeling remarks, he was much troubled, as he replied, "Oh, Clare! she that now craves riches to gladden the heart, is not the brave girl of former times, who made her vow of constancy. What means such pride and prudery? Am I to understand, Clare, that a rich suitor has stolen thy heart from me? Was it for this, false one, that I hoped and waited three long years; counted each hour, until now, that I might claim thee for my own? How eagerly I traversed the steep mountain paths, led on by hope and gladness, when only to find myself slighted!"

He tried to make me alter my mind, but I did not yield an inch to his pleadings: and made answer, "My heart does not yield thee, Benedict! I only can not become thy wife as yet; go hence, procure wealth, and I'll be thine!"

(Continued.)
RHyme of a Pedagogue.

In this prossecccive and positive time,
When all the world is running into rhyme,
When sentimental dunces drive the neck,
Which locus the virtues of the gender still,
I may be pardoned, though a youth yet:
For setting rhymes revolving in my head.
School-teaching is my prosseccive theme,
A thread-hole subjected for a poet's dream;
A little school-room, hallowed in a row,
Wherezuilets whisper, and stone grows,
Where name prospecting, patient drudge explores
The unswrought placer rich in mental ore,
Hoping of genius, some rich 'Ied to find—
Some mammosa 'sagged' of immortal mind—
Some 'quinta claja—matrix of a mighty will,
Worked by the public school-room's crushing mill.

The miner, with his spade and pick, and pack,
And household furniture upon his back,
May travel on with dust upon his face,
And find no placer that is just the place—
May pick his way to cannos of the Father,
And see whole buildings of opulence together,
Or turn his back on humbug micas forever,
And seek the paradises of Fraser river.

But he who 'quinces' after mental signs,
Finds digging poorer than exterior mines;
The surface digging of the weary man,
Seems yielding color in prospecting pan.
National task, in these ausreous days,
To guide young striplings in their devious ways,
Who step their fingers with a saucy grace,
In both their father's and their teacher's face.
Or stints, like heroes through the bustling street,
And pull the gnats off all the 'Johns' they meet.
For schools keep pace with progress of the day,
Old fashioned government has passed away—
The pupils are the wheels of 'potent' school,
Which run, like ancient windmills, without noise.

In the ancient times,—the rough old iron age,
As mental session was the mining age,
When Spartan bearing, with his right away,
Thought youth at least one lesson to daw,
And gymnasium trained them into bravery man,
As fit to wield the sword, as hold the pen.
Old Plato, rich in intellectual feas.

RHYME OF A PEDAGOGUE.

While am a wear in taste of all wild beautees,
But he is mourned at by the modern lights,
Great Chinese features, which bloom our nights,
Who show like guilty colors of the prisms.
Fantastic blossoms of each modern tome.

These modern Belles talk mysterious roads,
And read by moonlight Rosamund and Scott,
Until each thought under their control,
Becomes a Plato with the golden soul.

Isaacus to band the lord 'old-fashioned' way—
Progression is the watchword of the day,
Teachers must rule by rationalism
And potent power of pertinent persuasions.

The marquis is awed; he will not do to waste
Much time in study in this age of haste.
Impatient people will not break delay;
The atelier is the product of a day:
The young ideas must be forced to grow,
Like fast-blossoming plants which prematurely blow.
Ors who subjected to galvanic power,
Which sprout and grow up in a single hour.

Precocious genius must grow pale and white,
Like mushroom springing up in a summer's night,
And joyous spirits of existing youth
Be drowned in drowsy beds of truth.

Boys are versed io talno of all wild beast,
'Boys are wiser in taste of all wild beautees,
A small edition of their

Consider your—
Turnip-b grunt
And will be his

His wanderings did me farwell.

I will

A third time, I travels to claim
Taking a solemn

And Necessity re

My promise, and

But wickedly

Girls often do to

Him:

Pray, how

To call

Am I to un

A rich suitor has

The implIs are the wheels of a patent' schoM,
All to tile

Ill

WS all the air pissing with a saucy grace,
In prosl~ectlng

Their father's and their

These auriferous days,

With

In a ball-room ou lb. triph~g lee,
Their

The nation's genius Illost grow pale

Or seeds subjected to galvanic power,

Of elephaats together,

And seek the paradises of Fraser river.

 teachers in this age of haste:

To think the heights of love below,
Is a half-cocn on the tripping toe,
Until the half-pinioned grandsons gay;
They initiate old age in childhood's play;
And flirt and sipper, little half-fedged bulbs
Escaped from fashions of the nursery coils
Like maiden saint instead of virgins girls,
And wanting only artificial curls
To be a small edition of their ways,
Bound up in fashion's artificial stays.

In wise old Scrona's and Plato's day,
Boast was the road and rugged was the way
They struggled on with稽ing legs and feet,
Attached to wisdom through the vale of years,
The grey old fagots! little did they dream
That, in this age of telegraph and steams,
Progressists would forsake the turnpike road,
Where vine-grown influence-throne Learning's temple
Construct a railroad up the hill of Science, (cheered)
And hail their conduct and their large distance.
Whizzing into the classic halls of learning,
With startling screech and signal lanterns burning.
Salam and Serapis were prating boys,
Amazed with matches, pleased with infant toys.
Who picked up parcel on the shores of sea
Which unlearned alums 'nawed with ease,
Who lived in blindness of the last great guess,
Where moss-grown milestone, Learning's temple
Who lived in blindness of the last great guess.
Which saw the bounds that it cannot pass,
None could have been a progressive being,
But knowledge and reason, alone, cannot make mankind
Happy, for, their constantly accelerating
Force numbing the brain, when not checked
By the gentle powers of instinct,
Which govern the affections, and restores
The equilibrium between the head and heart.
From instinct is, that reason
Gets the first idea, and miniature pattern,
Of all the great inventions of man, and, it is thought, there is not one, but its prototype may be found among, and is practically worked by, the most inferior orders of animated nature. The whole duty of man is, to understand and obey
The laws of his being, in the order and manner that they were ordained by the Creator, and not to seek out so many inventions of his own false reasoning,
THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A good system of public schools is essential to the existence of a republican form of government. Public schools are not peculiar to the United States; but the American free schools differ very materially from those of European nations. There, they are designed for those who are too poor to pay private tuition, and the children of the rich never darken their doors; here, the wealthiest and most aristocratic make no apology for sending their children to the free schools, which public opinion pronounces the best in discipline and training, and most in accordance with our republican institutions.

A system like ours is too gross a blunder to be encouraged by a titled aristocracy.

The American system of free schools was nurtured and sustained by the liberty-loving, God-serving Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and wherever the sons of New England have settled, they have carried it with them as a household god. Across a mighty continent, stretching further and further west, the little school houses have taken up their line of march, until, pouring over the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, they rest, with the weary emigrants, on the golden shores of the Pacific; and, in day, the schools of San Francisco will compare not unfavorably with those of Boston—the great radiating point of the system on the Atlantic coast.

The school department owns two fine buildings—the Union Street and Donohue—and the other schools are mostly held in inferior rented rooms. Those teachers, who, like the present Superintendent, and ex-Superintendent Mr. Pulson, taught in the "shanties" of early times, would consider them comparatively comfortable, but compared with the paucity of eastern cities, they are inadequate, ill-ventilated and unsightly. In other respects our schools will generally compare pretty favorably with eastern ones, though irregularity and change of pupils, render it impossible to advance classes with the same degree of accuracy as in more stationary communities. Neither is there the same strict discipline here as in eastern city schools; children are under less rigid home-government, and consequently more difficult to govern at school. And the system of running at large, from one school to another, over the whole city, is destructive to school government. In some respects, our schools are undoubtedly in advance of the less progressive ones of other States.

There is less of the forcing system,—less of overtaxed brain and precocious development. The school room is made a pleasanter place. More attention is given to physical training. The hours of study are fewer, though at present too long. A return to the hours of two years ago—from 10 A.M. to three o'clock P.M.—would be far better, and more acceptable to a vast majority of parents.

Many of the schools are well provided with gymnastic apparatus, and in some, the classes are regularly drilled in gymnastic feats on the "horizontal bar," "parallels," "challers," and with "clubs," "dumb-bells" and "rods." Two years ago, on a visit to the schools of Boston and New York, we found none of the schools so provided; we doubt if any now are. The muscular development given to the boys, the love of athletic exercises and many sports, will be worth quite as much to their future life, as the mental culture and look knowledge there imparted. The boy needs strong muscles to fight his way in the world;—teach him up in close rooms, leave his muscles flabby and soft, and no amount of book-reading will make a manly man of him.

In some of the schools calisthenic exercises are as regularly given as the daily
rectations; and the girls are deriving innumerable benefit from the daily drill. Erect forms, well developed chests, grace of movement, and ease of carriage are the results.

Dancing is also very generally a part of school recreation; what would the staid old Puritans have said at the thought of it? No harm seems to result, however.

The annual May parties are quite a feature of the schools, giving a vast amount of enjoyment to smiling faces and twinkling feet, and real delight, and pleasure, and delight, and enjoyment to friends and parents--not a few less figures, and admired figures a little more? Could not the boys, who devote two hours a day, for three years, to arithmetic, spare a little of that time to learn enough of Natural History to tell the difference between a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros; or a combor and a gray eagle; or a fish and a quadruped?

Ought not boys and girls to learn enough of Physiology and Hygiene, to understand and obey the common laws of health? Ought not a boy of fifteen, leaving a grammar school, to know how to keep a common, plain, working man’s account book? Practical men would say, that all these things were quite as important as complicated problems in arithmetic, or complex analysis in grammar?

A natural system of teaching little children would train them to use their senses for gaining a knowledge of common things around them; yet most of the primary room teaching still consists in mere recitation to the rest mathematics into the beads of the stiff, squared books. The crack teams of “smart” classes, but those who can win the love, and touch the hearts, and awaken the sympathies, and move the souls of unfolding minds, and women, and sympathy, cold, reason.

The truest and most tangible—of all columns in a school—of all the year, a great head

Many of our best teachers are not those who can cram the masses of pages of arithmetic, but a great many of our schools are

The truest and most tangible—of all the year, a great head

Many of our best teachers are not those who can cram the masses of pages of arithmetic, but a great many of our schools are...
The truest teaching, that which influence
ment, stamps the character, 
it is superior to "rules and regulations."
It needs neither or "reviews" nor regulations forbidding
rances manner, stamps the character,
ning, but in truth, each individual unit
harmful. The present condition of
s schools is encouraging. The teach-
ers, as a body, are enthusiastic and pro-
gressive. The present Superintendent is
m a man in every way fitted for his position.

The "nativities" of the pupils illustrate the cosmopolitan character of our population. Every State in the Union is represented, every nation of Europe but four—Spain, Portugal, Greece and Turkey. Asia gives us the "Mongolians," and even Africa sends us a return wave of civilization. All the islands of the Pacific yield us their note of humanity, and "off Cape Horn" and the Atlantic, swell the rising generation. What a composite race will result from this strange mixture of nationalities? Of the States, it will be seen that New York leads the list, but Massachusetts is more largely represented in proportion to population. Here are the statistics:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
<th>Born in</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Maine</td>
<td>165 Louisiana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Hampshire</td>
<td>50 Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vermont</td>
<td>17 Wisconsin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massachusetts</td>
<td>725 Michigan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhode Island</td>
<td>48 Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connecticut</td>
<td>45 Kentucky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>1468 Tennessee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Jersey</td>
<td>102 Arkansas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
<td>230 Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delaware</td>
<td>10 Iowa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maryland</td>
<td>72 Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia</td>
<td>20 Indiana</td>
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<tr>
<td>North Carolina</td>
<td>5 Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Carolina</td>
<td>8 Oregon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td>14 California</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mississippi</td>
<td>17 Dist. Columb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montana</td>
<td>17 Dist.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>10000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The number belonging to school at any one time is about two-thirds of the whole number registered for the year, which would give 55 per cent. for regularity of attendance.

In 1854, the number of pupils was 1803; in 1855, 2081; in 1857, 2823; in 1858, 5283, all subject to the same deductions as the returns for 1859.

To teach these schools, seventy-two teachers are employed—fifteen gentlemen and fifty-seven ladies; also a teacher of foreign languages in the High School, and a general teacher of singing.

Their salaries are as follows:
- Principal of High School $250 per month.
- Teacher of Natural Sciences $240 per mo.
- Assistant, lady $125 per month.
- Principals of Grammar, $200 per month;
- Female Prin. Prim. & Inter. $105 per mo.
- Assistants $85 per month.

But the teachers are seldom employed ten months, and the average annual salaries would be about ten per cent. discount on the above rates.

ONLY ONE PAGE FROM THE GREAT LIFE-BOOK OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"What is the tale that I would tell? not one of strange adventure, but a common tale of woman's weakness; one to be read daily, in many a young and listless heart,"

Miss Landon.

"Good by! good by, my darling; my own precious wife! Oh! how can I leave you? Yet I must not linger. Good by! good by!"

And the strong man went like a child, as he imprinted a last kiss upon the lips of his wife, to whom he had been wedded
Emily Wilde's life had been a singularly isolated one. Her father was a wealthy, fashionable, dissipated man, from whom she had never received a single word of attention, or fatherly regard. Colonel Wilde seemed to think his whole duty performed toward his only, motherless child, when he bestowed upon her a certain yearly sum of money to use as she chose, or paid the extravagant demands of fashionable teachers, employed for the purpose of genteelly educating "Col. Wilde's daughter." And so she grew up in her father's stately home—cold, proud, exclusive; unloving, and unloved. Her heart had never been drawn out in sympathy or love toward any human being. True she had formed acquaintances among those of her own particular circle, but for none had she ever felt true friendship, or warm affection.

Emily Wilde was not naturally selfish, but she needed the hand of gentleness and love to lead her into a higher life; to reveal to her the depth of her own nature; but this she had never known.

One evening soon after she had passed her eighteenth birth-day, her father summoned her to his library, and in a very business-like manner told her that as she was now quite old enough to marry, he had selected a husband for her, and that he wished her to commence preparations immediately for the marriage.

Poor Emily was agitated at this unexpected announcement, but when Mr. Augustus Brookes was mentioned as the man to whom her hand had been promised, she was overwhelmed with horror and dismay, for Mr. James Augustus Brookes was the man, above all others, whom she despised and detested. She had often been obliged to entertain him as her father's guest and friend, but she always shrank from the boldness and freedom of his manners toward her. He was coarse and ungentlemanly in his deportment, more than twice her own age, and in fact there was nothing about him to recommend him to a refined, high-minded girl like Emily Wilde. Nothing save—nothing!—and of that he possessed an almost fabulous amount—would have admitted him to the circle in which she moved—the money-worshiping, the aristocratic "upper circle" of New York—that charmed circle, glistening with gold and with diamonds, dazzling the eye with their brilliancy, so that the character, the false heart beneath is all concealed.

A feeling of burning indignation filled Emily Wilde's heart, when she could realize how she had been bartered away by the man, who in name, was her father. She knew how worse than useless entreaties or tears would prove with him; for, to change Col. Wilde's mind when once it was determined upon an object, was a thing unheard of. With as much calmness as she could assume, Emily asked her father for one week to consider upon the unexpected proposal.

"One week to consider? What consideration does it need, pray!" answered Col. Wilde, his violent temper rising at the bare possibility of opposition. "O'
Emily Wilde went to her room in a state of mind little short of distraction. She was a spirited girl, and inherited withal, something of her father's violent temper; so she did not, as a weaker woman might have done, sit down in tears and despair, then meekly consent to sacrifice herself, but the most intense determination not to submit to such a hateful marriage, let the consequences be what they might, filled her whole being.

After the first violence of her anger had passed, she sat down to think calmly upon the course to pursue; and the result of her thinking was, that before the clock told the hour of midnight, her clothing, jewels, and valuables belonging to herself, were ready packed for a journey. After this was accomplished, she went quietly to bed, and slept till morning.

At the usual hour, Emily Wilde took her place at the breakfast table opposite her father. Not a word was spoken by either, of the previous night's scene, but there was a danger fire in the young girl's eyes, which bespoke a boldness and strength of will, able to battle with the dark spirit of the man opposite her.

Contrary to his custom, Col. Wilde left home that morning. Urgent business called him a short distance into the country, and he would not return till late in the afternoon, which left Emily free to carry out her plans unmolested.

As soon as her father was out of sight, she ordered a servant to call a hack, and when it arrived, she came quietly down stairs, dressed in a plain traveling suit, and with the trunks to the carriage, gave a note into the hands of her maid for Col. Wilde, when she should return; and amidst the wondering gaze of the domestics, entered the hack, and was driven off, they knew not whither.

About a month after Emily Wilde left home, she obtained, through the assistance of some wealthy acquaintances to whom she had applied, a situation as teacher of music and French in a young ladies' seminary, in one of the most remote eastern towns.

She found the duties of her situation very irksome, but when she thought of the slavery from which she had escaped, she was content. Soon there dawned for Emily Wilde a new joy, which made every trial and vexation sink into nothingness. She met Walter Rockwell, and to him her heart bowed, as to its highest lord—she lived but for him, and in the strength and intensity of her love, her character was developed into now beauty, and she assumed a glory and loveliness she never knew before. For his sake she endeavored to overcome all that was evil in her nature, and well did she succeed; for, to a woman like Emily Wilde, love is a powerful teacher, overpowering, and making subservient to it every other sentiment.

Happiness had at length come to her, and her heart sent up a song of thanksgiving all the day long, that God had made her so gloriously beautiful.

Walter Rockwell, though not wealthy, was a merchant, doing a fair business, but he was ambitious to place Emily Wilde, as his wife, in the same high position in regard to wealth; she had known in her father's house, for Col. Wilde had, true to his word, disowned his daughter forever.

After much persuasion, both with his own heart, and Emily, Walter Rockwell decided to start immediately after his marriage, for California, hoping to return in a few months with sufficient wealth to enable him to pass the remainder of his days with the only one he felt that he ever could love, in luxury and ease.
The parting was bitter for the young husband and wife, but while the husband was absent, and protestations of eternal fidelity, the wife was calm, and meek in her sorrow. One might have thought her cold and indifferent, had she been judged by more outward show of grief, but one glance at the heart, would have told the depth and strength of her love.

Walter Rockwell for a time, succeeded in his new enterprise beyond his highest hopes; but after a while, his good fortune seemed to desert him, and at the end of two years he wrote his wife that he was peculiarly just where he was when he first landed in San Francisco, and he must not think of returning home for many months.

Poor Emily! this was a sad disappointment, but she would not indulge in vain regrets, or idle tears; but, with her true woman's heart, resolved to resume her old occupation of teaching, that she might have no necessity to use the remittances her husband sent her from time to time; and she hoped, too, by industry and economy, to add considerably to the sum, so that at the end of the year she could offer it to Walter in proof of her native sympathy and love.

She accordingly opened a small private school, obtained a few music scholars for evenings, and fortune favored her in an unexpected manner. The organist employed in one of the largest churches in the town, became, through ill health, unsuited for his duties, and as Mrs. Rockwell was known to be a very superior performer, the vacancy was offered to her, which she joyfully accepted.

Months passed by, and still Mrs. Rockwell worked on, though her health began to fail under the unceasing exertion. She would not yield to discouragement, for she was working for an object dearer than life. While he was toiling for her sake, in a far-off land, depriving himself of all the dear delights of home, she too, would work, and when the time came, she would lay her offering, small as it was, before him, though she knew he would chide her for doing as she had.

Sometimes Mrs. Rockwell thought her husband's letters rather short and cold, but her loving heart kindly offered the plan of weariness, discouragement, or the press of business. At such times, her faithful wife longed to be near her husband, to speak words of comfort and encouragement!

One evening she was sitting sad and lonely in her room, holding the last California letter in her hand. Walter had written more than usually desponding, and even her own hopeful spirit seemed fainting. She had been obliged to give up her school, her health was failing so rapidly, and now, when she needed a husband's care more than ever before, thousands of miles of sea and land separated them. Here a thought presented itself. Why should she not go to him? Strange she had not thought of it before! She had heard of several wives who had rejoined their husbands in California, and doubted her health would be benefitted by a change of climate. Yes, she would go!

With Emily Rockwell, to decide, was not to act; and when the next steamer sailed from New York, she was on board, looking joyfully forward to a happy meeting with her beloved husband. The fresh sea air brought a bright bloom to her cheek, and a lightness to her step, while the joyfulness of her heart shone in her sparkling eye, and in dimpled smiles around her lips.

"Oh! how happy Walter will be to see me!" was her constant thought; "and then my little offering may come in just the right time, he has been so unfortunate in business. At any rate, it will show what I would have done."

It was evening when the steamer arrived in San Francisco — one of those
soft, balmy moon-light evenings which makes one forget that night save purity and loneliness dwells on earth.

Mrs. Rockwell stood upon the deck of the steamer, and gazed with rapture upon the great city before her, with its myriad lights glittering from hill-side and valley; at the shining waters of the beautiful bay over which they had just passed; then looked up into the cloudless expanse above, where the brilliant stars were looking down upon the earth, and the moon was sailing in splendor surpassing anything she had ever seen before; and above all, realized that she was near her husband, her loved Walter; she felt that she was nearer heaven than she had supposed it possible for mortal to be on earth. Ah! life has but few such moments of rapture! Yet they give us fleeting gleams from that world where not one sorrow, not one pain, can ever come. And do we not go forth encouraged and strengthened to battle heavenly with life yet a little longer? Yes, if the sight fall not too suddenly.

It was yet early, and Mrs. Rockwell determined to take a carriage and go out at once to her husband's residence. She knew where to direct the driver, as her husband had often spoken in his letters of his lodgings in a certain part of the city; "his lovely home—a poor home, to be sure, but the best he could afford, and good enough for him, so long as he had the assurance that she was comfortable," (as he had always written), and it was with some surprise that Mrs. Rockwell saw the driver stop before an elegant cottage, around which were all the appointments of comfort and wealth. In the garden in front, a fountain was throwing a prayerful shower into a marble basin, while statuettes gleamed amid the dark foliage, the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, while a softened light came stealing through the half-closed shutters and delicate lace curtains of the parlor windows.

"Surely, driver, you must have mistaken the place," said Mrs. Rockwell, as she stopped upon the pavement; "wait a moment, until I enquire at the door." A man servant answered the bell, and in answer to the enquiry if Mr. Walter Rockwell boarded there? "Oh, yes, ma'am, Mr. Rockwell lives here, this is his house," and stood, as if hesitating whether to ask the lady in.

Mrs. Rockwell's heart beat faster. She was indeed standing upon the threshold of her husband's home! that haven of rest, of joy, of love! Her words came fast and indistinct, as she gave her name and enquired of the servant if Mr. Rockwell was at home.

"No, ma'am, he is not in, would Miss Rockwell walk in? The gentleman had not said he was expecting a sister," said the officious servant, mistaking the Mrs. for Miss Rockwell. Mrs. Rockwell was too disappointed to notice the servant's remark, and requested him to show her a room where she might make some little change in her toilet.

"Well," she thought, as the servant led her up the thickly carpeted stairway, "it is best that I should have a little time to prepare myself for the meeting. Now that I am really here, I feel strange—so nervous and excited." If Mrs. Rockwell felt surprised at the external appearance of her husband's home, her astonishment was increased at the internal adornments. A strange feeling of uncertainty took possession of her, as she sat down for a moment in the elegant chamber assigned her. As yet she had seen nothing to remind her of her husband—could not there be two persons of the same name? Yet the street and number were the same. Yes, this must be his home, yet how different from what he had represented!

Here again the true woman's heart prompted, "perhaps he has intended to send for me, and surprise me with the beautiful home he has provided." Then she remembered having written about speculations, and

"Ten o'clock, he must come." A door leading stood partly open, and passed in this there was the mystery, which her feet covered to the roses-colored an elegant he satin, and all below, stood in luxurious and the manteau, ornaments; ed from the vases filled the flame; all nothing of her. Beneath the covered with chiehally or was written Rockwell, him before knew there her husband. A little bit beside the smile comes face! Her drily she staid there, just satin slippers, Olivier, and not fruitful, fairy-I pain went in her breast, a her eye glad. Upon the pair of glee slippers on her shoe-case,
she remembered how positively he had written about his unfortunate business speculations and how pleased she was with it. "Mrs. Rockwell," said she, "I shall not wait for you to come, but I must come soon."

A door leading into a front chamber, stood partly open, and she took the lamp and passed into the room; perhaps in this there might be something to explain the mystery. A mossy velvet carpet into which her feet sank with noiseless tread, covered the floor, curtains of the richest rose-colored satin, draped the windows, an elegant bed, with hangings of rose satin, and snowy, delicately laced pillows, stood in one corner of the room; a luxurious sofa occupied a recess beside the mantel, which was loaded with costly ornaments; rich paintings were suspended from the walls; flowers from rare vases filled the air with delicious perfume; all was luxury and beauty, yet nothing of her husband!

Beneath the mirror stood a little table covered with buckles. Mrs. Rockwell mechanically opened one. On the fly-leaf was written "Emily Wilde, to Walter Rockwell." It was a book she had given him before their marriage. Now she knew there was no mistake—she was in her husband's home!

A little blue velvet miniature case lay beside the book. Ah! the old loving smile comes back to the wife's troubled face! Her husband! Her Walter! Suddenly she started and turned pale. Lying there, just before the sofa, was a tiny satin slipper—a woman's slipper, delicate, Cinderella-like in its proportions; and not far from it was the mate—beautiful, fairy-like slippers! A sharp, quick pain went through the heart of the wife; her breath came thick and gaspingly, as her eye glanced quickly about the room.

Upon the marble-top bureau rested a pair of gloves, the companions of the tiny slippers on the floor. Then there was a jewel-case, and all the paraphernalia of a lady's toilet. Adjoining the chamber was a wardrobe, into which the wife passed with trembling footsteps. Rich dresses were there; dresses of silk, of satin, and cloud-like lace; delicate little dresses, made for a dainty little figure.

Mrs. Rockwell noted it all, closed the door, and taking the lamp, returned again to her own room. What a look out of her eyes! What a marble face! It seemed scarcely human, but she was calm—calm as the stream when it lies cold and frozen in the embrace of winter.

A light, rippling laugh came floating up from the garden below, mingled with the deeper tones of a manly voice.

The figure of the marble listener above seemed to grow more rigid, as the light, rippling, girlish laughter came to her ear. Her hands were clenched until the nails sank deep into the fur rug, and around the eyes were great circles of purple; yet she stood and listened to the tones of the manly voice mingling with the silvery chime—listened as they came up stairs together into that room. Her lamp had gone out; yet there she stood, in the darkness, with her glimmering eyes riveted upon the scene she could behold through the half-open door.

Yes, there he was, handsome, manly-looking as ever. For an instant the wife forgot all, everything, save that her husband was before her, and her first impulse was to throw herself into his arms. But the next instant came the reality.

She was beautiful, truly, the young creature who came with Walter Rockwell—a slight, petite figure, full of grace; brilliant eyes and features of faultless regularity. Throwing aside the fleecy opera hood which partially concealed her luxuriant hair, the beautiful girl threw herself with indolent grace upon the sofa, while her companion gazed with rapture upon her.

"Oh, Ian, my Ian, how radiant lovely you are to-night!" exclaimed Walter.
Rockwell; "one might well forego the joys of a future heaven for an earthly heaven with you."

"Am I then so much to you, Walter," replied the girl, "that you can willingly give up home, wife, everything, for my sake?"

"Is it so? do not talk to me of wife, or home; you, and you alone, are wife, home, happiness!"

And thus they sat and talked, while the eyes of the white figure in the other room glared with a burning, wild light upon them.

"Oh, Walter! what dreadful noise is that?" suddenly exclaimed Isa, as a sort of gasping, gargling sound came from the back room.

Walter Rockwell heard it too, and in a moment more, stood motionless in front of that ghastly face and those wild eyes.

Poor Emily Wilde Rockwell! Nature was a kind mother! Reason had fled!

The law—the law of man—has freed Walter Rockwell from his crazy wife. He is married to the companion of his guilt; two beautiful children—one, the child of shame—all her mother.

Wealth has poured in upon them, and their home is an abode of luxury and splendor; but there is a form forever at his side, which will never, never leave him. And may a merciful God forgive him before he shall stand before the great White Throne, to give account for his actions here!

In that mournful house at Stockton, where so many histories, unwritten, save by the Recording Angels on high, dwell a foolish, wasted maniac! a poor, miserable wreck of womanhood, beauty, and intellect! Day after day she wanders listlessly about, mourning to herself, gazing away out into vacancy. Sometimes she has terrible fits of ravings; she curses God, man, beauty, everything, and her words are more terrible than imagination can conceive; she seems more like a vindictive, accusing spirit, risen from the dead, than anything human.

The physicians say she cannot live long. The feeble spark of life is almost extinguished, and soon the grave will cover another murdered one—aye, murdered! and will she not be avenged in that day when all things shall come to judgment?

There arc some natures that are ever willing to accept and enjoy, but never feel under the least obligation to return the compliment, by contributing, in any possible way, to the pleasure and enjoyment of others. Now, whether this may arise from thoughtlessness or selfishness (it is generally from one or the other of these causes) the effect is the same. If from the former, an attempt should be promptly, and even studiously, made, to correct it; otherwise, it may, sooner or later, be attributed to the latter; and there are but few, however lost to all these finer and more ennobling feelings of our common brotherhood, that would like to be classed among the possessors of one of the lowest traits of human character—namely: that of selfishness.

In the social circle, how often do we find persons who either exclusively monopolize the conversation, or those who say nothing at all? An extreme, in either case, that is alike unbecoming; for, as we are to a great extent mutually dependent upon each other for our social happiness, it is not an unworthy consideration on our part, how we can the best cultivate the agreeable, and of acceptably agreeably good.

An esteemed occupies a seat, and who well understands, but as well as to converse following capit.
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

On the fifth day, Joe, thinking the game could not last much longer, and collared at the office some dozen or more of the "boys," young and old, whom he had pestered in regard to the fun going on, when the door was opened, and B — innocent and unsuspecting as a lamb, came in, and, after the usual salutations, took down his Blackstone and commenced reading.

"B —, how do you like Blackstone?" inquiredRequire S —, a somewhat noted lawyer, and always up to fun. "Well," replied B —, in his usual drawl and swang, "I like it very well, as a half, but didn't you think there is a good deal of —- about it?"

The yell that went up from that office would be hard to describe; suffice it to say, B — gave up the study of the law, and took to school-teaching; thus verifying the adage that it is less difficult to be a guide-post than a post-chaise; one points out the way — the other 'goes it.'

We hope the Social Chair will bear often from B, as we know he will be always welcome with such good jokes as the above.

Dear Social Chair:

After the many pressing claims upon your notice and consideration — although modestly is said to form no large share of my composition, yet I do feel a delicacy in presenting my "case" to your kind consideration.

There are few chairs in the world more misrepresented and abused than I am. From the commencement of the season to the present time, I am made the butt of jest, ridicule, and flings at finnish cunning; and so far is this morbid taste cultivated, that damagognas of all creeds and shades seek the popular ear by showing me up; and if I demand a "retraction" they "demur" to my "complaint," or should they "answer?" it is the "plea" of "demum abjuros injuria" and conspired to "join issue."
...sought after in all cases of emergency, boon kept through burnished and bright as doubt and importune. In this Chair may were carved lute my sides, and have over of very ancient and immortal origin. The I would oppose such action. I am a Chair "without Judge or jury." Of course, which of the more mealy mouthed express it; but because I opposed administering capital will you believe it? I have been abused will be your own conscience-keepers, and the keepers of your own secrets only—if you would not take upon you the responsibility of the conduct of the times involving the fortunes and reputation of others, be content to remain what you are. Be anything else—rather than a

**LAWYER'S CHAIR.**

In distant imitation of most of the great literary luminaries at the East, we have concluded with deliberation and forethought yet act with "malice prepense" as earnest of accusation; to steal, take, and appropriate the following pieces from an exchange:—

A WARRIOR cattle-dealer, who rarely had the privilege of sitting down to meat with a family; and had never been in a minister's house in his life; was not long ago benighted and lost in his ride across the prairies, and compelled to ask for lodgings at the first house he could find. Happily for him, he proved to be a dwelling of a good man, a person, who gave him cordial welcome, and, what was specially agreeable, told him supper would soon be ready. The traveler's appetite was invincible, and the moment he was asked to sit by he complied; and without waiting for a second invitation could reach.

"Stop step in the house," says something here...

This hint to asked the rough stand, but with "Go ahead; turn my stomach.

Governor For rich anecdote of that state, not put upon receptive and considerate At the court... the hotarse...

The blushinff maiden, after having been... and waited impatiently a rea-

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"Mr. Green, a very serious happening to a less the rope is broken; and then you can no difference if just look into their this day is.

The clerk is reported that Thursday. "Then," says you please, 3 weeks, at the... The attorney...

"May it please the... of this sort is menace a for... "Oh, Mr. Green understands he is bound it Mr..." Certain...
second invitation, he laid hold of what he could reach.

"Stop! stop!" said the good old man of the house, "we are in the habit of saying something here before we eat."

This hint to wait till a blessing was asked the rough customer did not understand, but with his mouth full he muttered,

"Go ahead; say what you like; you can turn my stomach now!"

Gumrow, Poem, of Illinois, tells a very rich anecdote of one of the early judges of that state, but unhappily the governor does not put upon record the name of the sensitive and considerate magistrate.

"The prisoner replied, "May it please your honor, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and you can fix the time to suit yourself; it is all the same to me, sir."

"Mr. Green," returned the judge, "it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man but once in his life, unless the rope should break before his neck is broken; and you had better take all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, since it makes no difference to Mr. Green when he is hung, just look into the almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk looked up as he was directed, and reported that that day four weeks came on Thursday."

"Then," said the judge, "Mr. Green, if you please, you will be hung this day four weeks at twelve o'clock."

The attorney-general, James Tully, Esq., here interposed and said,

"May it please the Court, on occasions of this sort it is usual for Courts to pronounce a formal sentence, to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition, to reproach his puerile condition, to reproach the delinquent with his own guilt, and to warn him that he has got to be hung. You understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?"

"Certainly," said the prisoner.

"Mr. Sheriff," adjourn the court."

Our Social Chair. 235

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"Mr. Sheriff," adjourn the court.
The tendency of bonnets to increased size, has been noticed everywhere, and we refer you to our October number to see the means we have for their control. We call the attention of the ladies to this fact, and mean to keep so that we are ahead in our publication of fashions, and will do so, if we have precisely the same advices now that we gave our readers two months ago.

For dressy evenngs, the latest importations of shawls are the Long Shawl. It is confidently expected that these shawls will be our next established fashion—indeed, it may properly be said that they are fashionable now, as some of our readers may cut this pattern for themselves, by observing this much: get the length of the arm, from shoulder to wrist, then fold your cloth and measure across the top ten inches; cut one third of the way down, leaving off so that at this point it measures twelve inches; the remaining two thirds are left open, and ruffled with the same, three inches in width. For woolen, or silk, it is best to have the ruffle "bias," with a small cord hemmed in, top and bottom. It has two box-pleats at the top, four inches in length, which are to be trimmed with buttons to match the wrist. The skirt do not vary from what we have described in the earlier part of the season.

The thin material of which evening dresses are mostly made, have often high than low bodices, gathered on the shoulders and open in front, with chemisettes, and underlaces of Tulle. Ribbon sacque, with long ends, or where belt and buckle are preferred, there must be long flowing ends of Tulle, trimmed round with narrow blonde lace. This is icy and pretty for evening. The headdress should be of mingled flowers, tulle and blood. 

Bonnets.
Velvets, Leghorns, and Belgian Straw, trimmed with ostrich feathers and light chatelaine lace. By the late steamer we have precisely the same advices now that we gave our readers two months ago, in respect to the shape and size of Ladies' bonnets, and style of trimming, etc., etc. We call the attention of the ladies to this fact; that we are ahead in our publication of the Fashions, and mean to keep so. We refer you to our October number to compare it with what we now extract from "Leisle's:" "Whatever doubt might have been entertained, a month or two ago, as to the tendency of bonnets to increased size, there cannot possibly be any at the present time. The latest importations from finding Parisian bonnets settle the question definitely: bonnets are larger, not wider, but decidedly longer. As we have noticed elsewhere, there is an actual crown, or hand-piece, fitting the head, besides the front, which has of late done duty for it; and which, indeed, has been called front, apparently, because it was always on the back of the head. The result of this increase in size, is added increase of comfort to the wearer."

A fall General Branch.
Maillot is the fashionable fur; Scotch shawl is the fashionable color for street gloves, as also a favorite color for parasols.

"The fortunate few,
With lecture blank,
Gown for a maid and married view,
On that occasion (The Diamond Wedding) were them.

Monthly Records of Current Events.
Two thousand one hundred ounces of silver bullion were deposited in the U. S. Branch Mint, in this city, on the 18th and 20th of October, which had been extracted from are brought from the silver mines in Washoe Valley.
A new paper entitled the Northern Jornal, was issued at Yreka, on the 3d ult., by J. Dinman & Co.
A disastrous fire broke out at Yreka, in Siskiyou county, on the 29th of October, destroying the entire business portion of the town, with the exception of a few fire-proof stores. Losses from $200 to $75,000.
A new newspaper title the Democratic Age, is the name of a new paper published on the 5th ult., in Sonora, Tuolumne county, by T. N. Machin.
Six thousand gallons of wine, says the Age, were produced this year near Sonora.
A petition to the legislature was in circulation in a portion of Sierra county, to create a new county, the name of which is to be Altera.
On the 5th ult., the steamers Uncle Sam and Sonoma left their respective docks, for Humboldt; the former carried about 900 passengers, and the Sonoma about 100. The amount of treasure shipped by the Sonoma was $1,209,418.50. A very large number of women and children were on board.

The new iron trestle bridge, in course
of construction, across the Yuba river, at Paris's bar, was washed down by the sudden rise of the river on the 5th ult.

G. K. Garrison sold out his interest in the old Nicaragua line of steamers to Commodore Vanderbilt.

The Evening Post is the name of a new daily paper published in Sacramento city, at twelve and a half cents per week.

The California Steam Navigation Company passed a resolution to run a Sunday boat to Sacramento city whenever the arrival of the Atlantic mails may make it expedient. October 20th a fire broke out in the flourishing town of Coulterville, when a mother and her two children were burned to death. Nearly every building consumed. A new line of stages was established October 25th, to run between San Andreas and Stockton at.

The Sonora Herald, established July 4th, 1850, ceased to exist, after bearing the uncertainties of newspaper life for nine years and nearly four months.

A new steamboat, named the "Daniel," was launched at Steamboat Point, on the 9th ult. and commenced her trips to Sacramento as an opposition boat. The largest schooner yet built in this State was launched from the shipyard at Redwood City, on the 20th ult. She is 126 feet long, has 28 feet 6 inches breadth of beam, and is 220 tons measurement. Honey Lake, which was formerly about sixteen miles long by eleven broad, (now twenty by forty miles, as has been asserted), has become entirely dry. Two hundred and eighty U. S. troops arrived in the Golden Gate on the 12th ult. bound for the North.

The Germans of California celebrated the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of Schiller, on the 13th and 14th ult.

The publication of the Trekhs Union was discontinued.

A new military company, called the "California Light Guards," made its first public appearance in San Francisco on the 14th of November.

Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott arrived in the Northerner from San Juan, on the 26th ult., and left for Washington on the J. L. Stephens on the 21st.

The lectures of Bayard Taylor in this State are said to have netted him $6,000, in two months.

The amount of gold sent to the East this year, up to November 21st, is $14,302,001, whilst for the corresponding period of last year, $13,075,000 were sent off, so that the shipments thus far for this year, exceed those of last year by $225,900.

The Marysville Water Works were completed, filled, and ready to supply the city.

On the 21st ult. the John L. Stephens sailed with $1,677,425 in treasure, and—

Two hundred and eighty U. S. troops sailed with $18,000,000 in specie and passengers. Owing to the non-arrival of the mail steamer Cortes, the Sierra Nevada not being in sailing condition, the P. M. S. Co's steamer Stephens was the only one that left Panama on the 21st, and she carried the U. S. mails, for which the Rail Company paid $10,000.

On the morning of the 26th ult. the Cortes arrived with the U. S. mails and passengers, having been detained by the non-arrival of the North Star at Aspinwall, caused by her running aground on a coral reef off the Bahama Islands, where she was detained six days.

More rain fell during November of this year than at any former time in the same month since California has been a State.

Editor's Table.

Wing to the recent and extensive discoveries of gold, silver, copper, and other metals, on the Sierras, and in the ravines surrounding Washoe, Walker's, and Carson rivers, Mono Lake, Honey Lake, and other valleys on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada range, there are signs of a second golden era being quietly inaugurated on the Pacific Coast. Prospectors
and Fraser river, are valueless in the locations they might occupy. Nothing less than a personal trial and disappointment will satisfy. Some men in their impatience to be there, are even now selling out good claims, at a great sacrifice, in which most probably their fortunes could be found. Now, when snow is covering every foot of ground, and provisions, clothing, and tools are exorbitantly high; and when not a stroke of successful labor can possibly be performed for several months; or one blow given to advance the worker in his road to fortune. Our advice to such eager spirits must be this: keep cool, wait, do not be induced by any fine imaginary picture of wealth to be procured, to quit a claim that is paying you moderate wages; or any business that is reasonably remunerative. Think this over quietly.

That there is gold and silver in paying quantities, in some explored districts, there is no reason to doubt. That hundreds of men already there are obtaining nothing, is also equally clear. That others will go who never did or could accomplish anything, is alike plain; for the simple reason that labor, which is the philosopher's stone, they will not, as they love it not. Many are carried away with the delightful idea of picking out nuggets of gold as they walk; or expect to find a fortune without the fatigue of working for it — these may be disappointed, And their reports—like many who visit California, and return because they did not see that fortune in a few weeks or months, — and which, in any other section of the Union in the work of a lifetime — will be unfavourable and untrue.

As this discovery will give a new impulse to emigration from the other side, it must have an important influence on the future destinies of the entire Pacific coast; and be an additional reason, with clear and sound minds, for the early commencement and rapid construction of the Pacific and Atlantic Railroad.

Judging from the past as well as from the present mail facilities by sea, the effect of Government patronage, by contract, unfortunately for California, seems to be to retard, rather than accelerate the speedy transmission of mail matter. When the Pacific Mail Steamship Company carried the U.S. mails, between San Francisco, New Orleans and New York, the average time consumed was about twenty-five days. But as that company does not now possess the contract, they can perform the trip in about twenty-two days. While the Atlantic and Pacific Mail Steamship Company's vessels—the old Nicaragua and Vanderbilt line united, and never very swift—now they carry the mails, do not accomplish the trip in less than from twenty-five to twenty-six days, and are sometimes much longer: the Overland mail anticipating the steamers' news, three fourths of the time.

In order to correct this, we would propose that the contract be continued only with that Company that will accomplish the trip and carry the mails in the shortest time — accidents excluded.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

A. H. R.—Will you please to explain what you mean by these lines from your poem entitled "The Hills?"—

"I love the Hills whose kindling soil
Yields to sols of toil."

Also—

"I love the rough old hills whose
Of ruggedness deck the yellow sun."

Others are equally doubtful; and yet there is considerable poetic merit in the piece. Why did you not send us your name, that we might confer with you privately?

R.—Our hands are perfectly full in simply attending to our own business only. We have neither time nor disposition to meddle with the affairs of others. Go thou and do likewise.

A. P., Horizons.—Before you get too much excited about the Washoe diggings, where now there is several feet of snow, we would ask you to call to mind the Gold Lake, Gold Bluff, Kern and Fraser River diggings. Hard work will be quite as hard in Washoe as in diggings near your town. You had better make your mind to that before you start. Take things a little more coolly, A. P.

Gents'—

Which is the way to the city.
ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

SINGER'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AB THE 2nd National in the World for Regular Stitching of any kind of work, in which they have been used by Tailors.

THEY WILL SEW
The Lightest & Heaviest Fabrics
WITH EQUAL FACILITY.

Making a stitch on both sides, or not, at the discretion of the operator. They are never out of order, and are more simple in construction than any other machines.

In the Great Paris Exhibition, in competition with all other machines—Wood & Wilson's and Greiner & Hurrer's included—they took the
GOLD MEDAL.

And the patents were purchased by the French Government; and at Vienna, these machines have taken the FIRST PREMIUM.

Our Family Machines are never selling at a little more than one-half the price they have hitherto been held at, and we are superior for family use to any standard in all others. Hurrer attached.

J. H. DUNNELL, Agent,
128 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

ATTENTION COMPANY!

A truly neat and chaste attire,
Because the youth, the ages, the sky,
Commends its formation from all materials.
Breathe a sense of warmth and trust,
Congratulate yourself for your taste.
And, dear one, when you go,
Climb the steps to glorify your trust,
And you shall find that one:
Then friends, repeat the sound.

LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE,
No. 170 CLAY STREET.
Between Montgomery and Kearny Sts.,
Would also call particular attention to their stock of

Gents' and Boys' Clothing,
JUST RECEIVED,
Which is the Largest, Best and Cheapest in the city.
Call and see for yourselves.

B. F. STEREETT
THE IMMENSELY INCREASING DEMAND FOR:

FIRE'S INFALLIBLE
HAIR RESTORATIVE

Unquestionably proves it to be all the prognosticative doctors.

HAAS & ROSENFELD,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
CLOTHING,
No. 86 CALIFORNIA ST.
San Francisco.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

HODGE & WOOD,
IMPORTING STATIONERS
And Wholesale Dealers in
BLANK BOOKS
Cheap Publications,
114 and 116 CLAY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All work turned out in a superior style. Moderate prices, extra fine work, punctually.

NEW MUSIC STORE.

GRAY & HERWIG,
NO. 176 CLAY STREET,
Between Kearney and Montgomery.

PIANO FORTES & MELODEONS,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
ROMAN VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS.
INSTRUMENTS TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Old Instruments taken in Exchange.

ORDERS FOR THE COUNTRY RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
EXECUTED BY
C. F. ROBBINS & FREEMAN,
Corner of Clay and Battery Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

S. H. WADE & CO.,
BOOK, CARD AND DECORATIVE
PRINTERS
ERA BUILDING, 151 CLAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Both dealers in the interior will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
GREAT CALIFORNIA PICTORIAL,
—FOR—
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

During the present month we shall issue a Magnificent California Pictorial, that will illustrate all the most remarkable scenes in the 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.
None will be sent to Agents unless ordered..... Price, $14 per 100.

—ALSO—

THE CALIFORNIA PICTORIAL ALMANAC, FOR 1860.
Price, $12 50 per 100.

We would also invite particular attention to our large and beautiful assortment of

VALENTINES.

AMUSEMENTS.

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