Published Monthly. Price 25 Cents.

Hutchings' California Magazine

No. 43...January, 1860.

Published by Hutchings & Rosenfield
140 Montgomery Street, second door north of Clay, San Francisco.

If ten or more persons will form a club, we will send our Magazine, Postage-paid, to any address in the United States each one any name, at Two Dollars each per year.
Cigars! Cigars!

Encourage Home Manufacture!

The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that we are manufacturing Cigars from the finest Havana Tobacco, which we import from first hands. We intend these Cigars to supply the place of the imported article, and assure the public that they are as good, for it is the Tobacco which makes a Cigar good or bad, and not the place where it is manufactured. Having increased our manufacturing facilities, and made such arrangements by which we receive a constant supply of the very best Havana Tobacco, and as soon as first class workmen are employed by us, we can safely assert that we are now prepared to furnish our patrons and the public generally with as good Cigars as the importers, and fifty per cent. cheaper. We were awarded diplomas for 1857-8, from the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, and a Silver Medal from the State Fair at Marysville, and First Premium at the State Fair at Sacramento, 1859, for the best Manufactured Cigars from Havana Tobacco.

SHEAFFER & SULLIVAN,
Practical Cigar Makers, 173 Washington Street, Opposite Magnire's Opera House.

322, New York make Cigars from $1.50 50 per hundred.

C. F. ROBBINS & FREEMAN, PRINTERS, COR. CLAY AND BATTERY STS., S. F.
A TRIP TO THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

BY PANORAMOS.

S TIE fine little steamer "Rambler" was sounding her last whistle, the writer received a parting injunction, from a friend on the wharf, "to keep well aft," and stepped on board.

It was one of the chilliest, dreariest, most disagreeable of San Francisco's summer mornings. A dense fog, fresh from the great factory out on the Pacific, was rolling in over the hills at the back of the city, and hurrying across the bay, before a stiff northwest wind. The waves, as they rolled along the sides of the shipping, or splashed among the piles, seemed to be playing a most melancholy march, to which the great army of fog-clouds.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON.
moved across the cheerless water; and their commanding officer—the wind—seemed to be continually saying "forward," as it whistled through the rigging of the ships.

The individual who is always just too late, made his appearance, as usual, as the steamer's fasts were cast off, and her wheels commenced their lively though monotonous ditty in the water.

Two or three Whitehall boatmen, who were lying off the wharf, evidently expecting such a "fare," gave their lustily playing skiffs a vigorous pull, which sent their beautiful little craft darting in to the wharf. The boy with the basket of oranges insisted to offer the would be traveler "three for two bits," by way of consolation; and as he slowly proceeded up the dock again, the other boy with the papers and magazines called his attention to the last "Harper's," or "Hutchings," I couldn't distinguish clearly which.

The ten thousand voices of the city became blended into a continuous roar, as we glided out into the stream; the long drawn "go-o-o ahead," or "hi-i-gb," of the stevedores at their avocation discharging the stately clippers, being about the only intelligible sound to be distinguished above the mass.

Soon the outermost ship, on board of which a disconsolate looking "jolly tar" was riding down one of the head stays, giving it a "lick" of tar as he went, was passed, and we struck the strong current which was blowing in at the Golden Gate, (carelessly left open, as usual.) The young giant of a city had become swallowed up in the gloom of the fog, and its thousands of busy people ceased to exist, except in our imaginations.

After passing Angel Island, the fog began to lift; we were approaching the edge of the bank; and soon the sun appeared, hard at work at his apparently hopeless task of dispersing the intruding fog, which had dared to interpose its cold billows between him and the bay, upon which he loves to shine.

The course of the boat was along the western side of Pablo Bay, close enough to the shore to give the passengers a fine view of it, as well as of the Island country, and the more distant mountains of the coast range. Large masses of misty clouds, which had become detached from the main fog bank, still partially obscured the sunlight, casting enormous shadows along the hill sides and across the plains; heightening, by contrast, the golden tinge of the wild oats, and giving additional beauty to the varied tints of the cultivated fields. Beyond, Tamalpais, and the lesser peaks of the coast range, piled their wealth of purple light and misty shadows against the brightness of the western sky.

I wonder that our artists in their search for the picturesques, have overlooked the splendid scene which Tamalpais and the adjacent mountains presents from the vicinity of Red Rock, or from the eastern shore of the strait. It is certainly one of the most picturesque scenes anywhere in the vicinity of San Francisco; especially towards sunset, when the long streaks of sunlight come streaming down the ravines, piercing with their golden light the hazy mystery which envelops the mountains, and brilliantly illuminating the intervening plains and hill sides. From the familiarity of the view, a good picture would, without doubt, be much sought after.

The seamanship of the pilot was much exercised while navigating the Rambler up Potaluma Creek. The crook is merely a long, narrow, ditch-like indentation, which makes up into the flat tule plains at the northern side of Pablo Bay, and into which the tule eels and flows. Its course very much resembles the track of a man who has spent half an hour hunting for a lost pocket-book in a field. If, after gazing should be a horn or a bell to paging and would appap serious. His north star was short bend wали back and would occur again the boat, the pilot, per frequent his head out taking a snort would set his belt again for a long pull on the bank, strength to Then the captain ashore in the volunteers to strength and the end, one side all bent paddling off
TO INTERPOSE ITS COLD
AND THE BAY, UPON

BOAT WAS ALONG THE BAY, CLOSE ENOUGH
THE PASSENGERS A FEW
A LARGE MOUNTAIN OF
BECOME DETACHED FROM
THE PARTIALLY OBSCURED
ENORMOUS SHADOWS
ACROSS THE PLAINS;
THE GOLDEN TINGE
GIVING ADDITIONAL
TINTS OF THE CULTIVATED
AREAS, AND THE
OBSTRA CED
PILoting SIDE OF THE
SIMILARLY ILLUMINATING
PLAINS AND HILL SIDES.
WAS MUCH
NAVIGATION OF PETALUMA CREEK.
AFTER GAZING AWHILE AT THE CROOK, THE EYE
SHOULD BE SUDDENLY TURNED TO A RAM’S HORN OR A MANZANITA STICK, THE LATTER
WOULD APPEAR PERFECTLY STRAIGHT, BY
COMPARISON. FIRST WE WOULD GO TOWARDS THE NORTHERN AWL, THEN WE WOULD COME TO A
SHORT BEND WHERE AN IMMENSE AMOUNT OF
BACKING AND STOPPING AND GOING AHEAD
WOULD OCCUR, WHICH ALL RESULTED IN RUN-
NING THE BOAT HARD AND FAST ASHORE. THEN
THE PILOT, PERSPIRING FREELY FROM HIS VIO-
LENT EXERCISES AT THE WHEEL, WOULD THREATEN
HIS HAND OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND, AFTER
TA_KING A SURVEY OF THE STATE OF AFFAIRS,
WOULD SET HIMSELF TO RINGING THE SIGNAL
BELLS AGAIN. THEN THE CREW WOULD GET
OUT A LONG POLE, AND PLANTING ONE END IN
THE BANK, WOULD APPLY THEIR UNIFIED
STRENGTH TO THE OTHER. NO MOVEMENT!
THEN THE CAPTAIN WOULD HEROICALLY RUSH
ASHORE IN THE MUD AND TULES, AND CALL FOR
VOLUNTEERS TO HELP HIM PUSH. HUMAN
STRENGTH AND STEAM WOULD TRIUMPH IN
THE END, AND THE “RAMBLER,” WITH ONE
SIDE ALL BUMMEARED WITH MUD, WOULD GO
PADDLING OFF TOWARDS CAPE HORN. AFTER
GOING A SHORT DISTANCE IN THIS DIRECTION,
ANOTHER BEND WOULD BE REACHED, WHEN
MORE SUPERHUMAN EXERTION ON THE PART
OF THE PILOT WOULD ENSUE, AND PLUMP WE
WOULD GO ASHORE AGAIN! THE CAPTAIN
WOULD GIVE UTTERANCE TO A VIGOROUS
EXCLAMATION, (BUT AS THE EXPLOSIVE DID NO
GOOD, IT IS HARDLY NECESSARY TO REPEAT IT
HERE), AND THEN HE WOULD JUMP INTO THE
MUD AGAIN. HALF THE PASSENGERS WOULD
FOLLOW SUIT, THE CREW WOULD GO THROUGH
WITH THEIR POLE EXERCISES, PILOT WOULD PLAY
ANOTHER TUNE ON THE BELLS, ENGINEER WOULD
GET BOtherED, AND FINALLY OFF WE WOULD
START IN THE DIRECTION OF JAPAN, LEAVING
THE CAPTAIN AND HIS SHORE PARTY STANDING
IN THE MUD. UPON BACKING UP FOR THEM TO
GET ON BOARD, THE BOAT WOULD BECOME
FAST AGAIN. THIS IS A TRAIT SPECIMEN OF
THE NAVIGATION OF PETALUMA CREEK ABOVE
THE CITY, (OF ONE HOUSE,) CALLED THE HAY-
STACK.
BEFORE REACHING PETALUMA, WE MET A
LITTLE STEAMER COMING DOWN WITH A LOAD
OF WOOL. SHE RESEMBLED AN IMMENSE
PILE OF WOOL WITH A SMOKESHAKE IN THE
centre, floating down the stream. She appeared to take up the whole width of the creek, and our passengers began to wonder how we were to get by. It was a tight fit. There was not room enough left between the two boats to insert this sheet of paper. The "Rambler" puffed, and from the depths of the wood pile was heard a sort of wheezing, as if half a dozen people with bad colds were down there somewhere, all coughing at once. The captain gave utterance to a few more expeditious, as the rough ends of the wood defied the now paints on our boat; but the skipper of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Petaluma was reached at last, and the passengers for Healdsburg found a stage in waiting. Jumping in, we were soon whizzing across the plains behind a couple of fine colts. The road lay directly up Petaluma and Russian River valleys. Past the ranches—along the sides of interminable fields of corn and grain—through the splendid park-like groves—sometimes across the open plain, at others winding around the base of the hills which make up from the eastern side of the valley. Santa Rosa, was reached by sunset. Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped of two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh. Petaluma was reached at last, and the passengers for Healdsburg found a stage in waiting. Jumping in, we were soon whizzing across the plains behind a couple of fine colts. The road lay directly up Petaluma and Russian River valleys. Past the ranches—along the sides of interminable fields of corn and grain—through the splendid park-like groves—sometimes across the open plain, at others winding around the base of the hills which make up from the eastern side of the valley. Santa Rosa, was reached by sunset. Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped of two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of ox-plotises, as the rough ends of the wood pile defaced the now aint on our boat; but now singular it is that the arrival was hailed by the captain of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.
A TRIP TO THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

Rode along about a mile, and came to a fence which barred any further progress in that direction. Rode along the fence until I came to a lane which took me to a pair of bars. Let down the obstructing boll, traversed another lane, and at the end of it, found myself in somebody's dooryard. It was evident that I had taken the wrong road. I obtained fresh directions at the farm house, but as three or four attempted at the same time to tell me the way, all talking at once, and each insisting upon his favorite route, I speedily became mixed up again with another labyrinth of fences, lanes and haystacks. I began to doubt the existence of such a place as "Ray's Ranch." It seemed forever retreating as I advanced, like the mythical crook of gold, buried at the foot of a rainbow, which I remember starting in search of once, when a youngster.

But the ranch was found at last, and a very fine one it is, too. The house is situated a little way up in the foot-hills, and commands a splendid view of Russian River Valley, the Coast Range, Mount St. Helens, &c. The ranch itself, garden, orchards, and fields of wheat and corn, is situated in a valley, just below the house, which makes up between the steep mountain sides. A brook winds

one warned not to kick up nor stand on his hind legs, nor jump stiff-legged, nor play any other pranks, "Old Pete" was saddled and bridled; my portfolio, (which for want of a better covering, was carried in an old barley sack,) was slung on one side, and my wardrobe, (consisting of one article, which it is hardly necessary to specify,) depended on the other, A whip was added to complete the outfit, accompanied by the observation that as "Old Pete" was apt to "so-go," "I might find it useful." Then the stable man attempted to describe the road to Ray's ranch. First I would come to a bridge; a mile beyond that I would see a house, which I was to pay no attention to, but look out for a haystack. Having found the haystack, I was to turn to the left, and would soon come to a long lane, which would lead me to another house, where I was either to turn to the right or keep straight ahead, he had forgotten which. At this point of the description, a bystander interposed that I must turn to the left, and upon this an argument sprung up between the two which nearly led to a fight.

Finding that there was not much information to be elicited from those witnesses, I gave "Old Pete" a touch and started, with my head buzzing with right and left hand roads, while a regiment of ranches, lanes and haystacks, seemed to be "a bobbing 'round" just ahead of the horse's nose. I found the bridge, and saw the house (which I was to pay no attention to;) there was no need of looking out for a haystack, for a dozen were in sight; so, selecting the biggest one, I turned to the left, according to the chart.
through the whole length of the little valley, affording capital facilities for irrigation.

I had the good luck here to fall in with Mr. G, one of the proprietors of the Geysers, who was also on the way up. From the accounts which have been published, I expected to find the road from here a rough one. But it is nothing of the sort. It is a very good mountain trail, wide enough for a wagon to pass along its whole length. Buggies have been clear through, and could go again, were a few days’ work to be expended upon the trail. It is quite indescribable, in many places, as a matter of course; but from the fact that Mr. G— (who was mounted upon a young colt, that had never before been ridden, and had simply a piece of rope by way of bridle) trotted down most of the declivities, the reader may infer that the grade is not so very steep.

I must say, though, that “old Pete” didn’t exactly relish the idea of being in such a hurry.

The first three or four miles beyond Ray’s, to the summit of the first ridge; is all up hill; nearly 1700 feet in altitude being gained in that distance, or 2208 feet above the level of the sea, Ray’s being 617.

There are few places in all California, where a more magnificent view can be obtained, than the one seen from this ridge. The whole valley of Russian River lies like a map at your feet, extending from the southeast and south, where it joins Petaluma valley, clear round to the northwest. The course of the river can be traced for miles, far away; alternately swooping its great curves of rippling silver out into the opening plain, or disappearing behind the dark masses of timber. From one end of the valley to the other, the golden yellow of the plain is diversified by the darker tints of the noble oaks. In some places they stand in great crowds; then an open space will occur, with perhaps a few scattered trees, which serve to conduct the eye to where a long line of them appears, like an army drawn up for review, with a few single trees in front by way of officers; and in the rear, a continued crowd of stragglers, to represent the baggage train and camp followers.

Beyond the valley, is the long extending plain, or disappearing behind the dark masses of timber. From one end of the valley to the other, the golden yellow of the plain is diversified by the darker tints of the noble oaks. In some places they stand in great crowds; then an open space will occur, with perhaps a few scattered trees, which serve to conduct the eye to where a long line of them appears, like an army drawn up for review, with a few single trees in front by way of officers; and in the rear, a continued crowd of stragglers, to represent the baggage train and camp followers.

Here and there, among the oaks, the vivid green foliage, and bright red stems of the graceful madrone, can be seen; and on the banks of the river, the silvery willows and the dusky sycamores.

The beauty of the plain is still more enhanced, by the numerous ranches, with their widely extending fields of ripe grain and verdant corn.

Beyond the valley, is the long extend-
A TRIP TO THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

In honor of—there, G—, the cast's out of the bag! your name has got into print, in spite of my endeavor to keep it out. With characteristic modesty, Mr. G— declined the honor which the name conferred upon him, and it was changed by somebody or other to "Geyser Peak;" but, for some unknown reason, this name also failed to stick, and somebody else came along and called it "Sulphur Peak." Both the latter names are inappropriate, for there are no Geysers nor no sulphur within five miles of the mountain. G., I am afraid you will have to endure your honors, and stand godfather to it.

The "Peak" rises to the height of 3471 feet above the level of the sea, and its sides are covered, clear to the summit, with a thick growth of tangled chaparral. From here, the trail runs along the narrow ridge of the mountains, forming the dividing between "Sulphur Creek, (an odious name for a beautiful trout stream,) and Pluton River. The ridge is called the "Hog's Back"—still another name, as inappropriate as it is homely. The ridge much more resembles the back of a horse which has just crossed the plains, or has dined for some time on shavings, than that of a plump porker. From the end of this ridge the trail is quite level, as far as the top of the hill, which pitches sharply down to the river, and at the foot of which the Geysers are situated. When about two-thirds of the way down the hill, the rushing noise of the escaping steam of the Great Geysor can be heard; but, unless the stranger's attention was called to it, he would mistake the sound for the roaring of the river. About this time, too, is recognized the sulphurous smell with which the air is impregnated.
surroundings, comes unexpectedly into sight, and his trip is ended.

Upon awakening, on the following morning, it was a difficult matter to convince myself that I had not been transported, while asleep, to the close vicinity of some of the wharves in San Francisco—there was such a powerful smell of what seemed to be ancient dock mud. It was the sulphur. The smell is at first unpleasant, but one soon becomes accustomed to it, and rather likes it than otherwise.

The view of the Geysers, from the hotel, is a very striking one, more especially in the morning, when the steam can be plainly seen, issuing from the earth in a hundred different places; the numerous columns uniting at some distance above the earth, and forming an immense cloud, which overhangs the whole nation.

As the sun advances above the hills, this cloud is speedily "eaten up," and the different columns of steam, with the exception of those from the Steamboat Geyser, the Witch's Cauldron, and a few others, become invisible, being evaporated as fast as they issue from the ground.

Breakfast disposed of, Mr. G. kindly offered to conduct me to the different springs. The trail descends abruptly from the house, among the tangled undergrowth of the steep mountain side, to the river, some ninety feet below. We passed on the way the long row of bathing houses, the water for which is conveyed across the river in a lead pipe, from a hot sulphur-spring on the opposite side.

The unearthly looking nation, in which most of the springs are situated, makes up into the mountains directly from the river. A small stream of water, which rises at the head of the nation, flows through its whole length. The stream is pure and cold at its source, but gradually
steam, with the
steamboat. !

and a few

omg evaporated

Mr. G. kindly

to the different,

~conds abruptly

~r which is:

~r on the oppos

callon, in which

directly from the

. The stream is

becomes heated, and its purity sadly sul-

sullied, as it receives the waters of the nu-

merous springs along its banks.

Hot springs and cold springs; white,

red, and black sulphur springs; iron,

soda, and boiling alum springs; and the

denso only knows what other kind of

springs, all pour their medicated waters

into the little stream, until its once pure

and limpid water,—like a human patient,

made sick by over-doctoring,—becomes

pale, and has a wheyish, sickly, unnat-

ural look, as it feverishly tosses and tum-

bles over its rocky bed.

A short distance up the calon, there is

a deep, shady pool, which receives the

united waters of all the springs above it.

By the time the stream reaches here, its

medicated waters become cooled to the

temperature of a warm summer day,

and the basin forms, perhaps, the most

luxurious bath to be opened in the world.

A few feet from this, there is a warm

alum and iron spring, whose water is

more thoroughly impregnated than any

of the others.

A little way farther up, is "Prosper-

plae's Grotto," an enchanting retreat

among the wild rocks, completely sur-

rounded and enclosed by the fantastic

roots and twisted branches of the bay

trees, and roofed over by their wide-

spreading foliage. Glimpses of the nar-

row gorge above, with its numerous cas-

cades, can be obtained through the open-

ings of the trees; the whole forming one

of the finest "little bits," as an artist

would call it, to be found in the country.

As we proceeded up the calon, the

springs became more numerous. They

were babbling and boiling in every direc-

tion. I hardly dared to move, for fear

of putting my foot into a spring of boil-

ing alum, or red sulphur, or some other

infernal concoction. The water of the

stream, too, was now scalding hot, and

the rocks, and the crumbling, porous

earth, were nearly as hot as the water.

I took good care to literally "follow in

the footsteps of my illustrious predeces-

sor," as he hopped about from boulder to

boulder, or rambled along in (as I

thought) dangerous proximity to the

boiling waters. Every moment he would

pick up a handful of magnesia, or alum,

or sulphur, or tartaric acid, or Epsom

A TRIP TO THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.
sales, or some other nasty stuff, plenty of which encrusted all the rocks and earth in the vicinity, and invite me to taste them. From frequent nibblings at the different deposits, my mouth became so puckered up, that all taste was lost for anything.

In addition to these strange and unnatural sights, the car was saluted by a great variety of startling sounds. Every spring had a voice. Some hissed and sputtered like water poured upon red hot iron; others reminded one of the singing of a tea-kettle, or the purring of a cat; and others seethed and bubbled like so many cauldrons of boiling oil. One sounded precisely like the machinery of a grist mill in motion, (it is called "The Devil's Grist Mill," ) and another, like the propeller of a steamer. High above all these sounds, was the loud roaring of the great "Steamboat Geyser." The steam of this Geyser issues with great force from a hole about two feet in diameter, and it is so heated as to be invisible until it has risen to some height from the ground. It is highly dangerous to approach very close to it unless there is sufficient wind to blow the steam aside.

But the most startling of all the various sounds was a continuous subterranean roar, similar to that which precedes an earthquake.

I must confess, that when in the midst of all these horrible sights and sounds, I felt very much like suggesting to G—, as we approached it; and with the utmost caution, I placed my trowel in his tracks, that is, as much of them as I could get in.

The cauldron is a hole, sunk like a well in the precipitous side of the mountain, and is of unknown depth. It is filled to the brim with something that looks very much like burnt cork and water. (I believe the principal ingredient is black sulphur.) This liquid blackness is in constant motion, bubbling and surging from side to side, and throwing up its boiling spray to the height of three or four feet. Its vapor deposits a black sediment on all the rocks in its vicinity.

There are a great many other springs—some two hundred in number, I believe—of every gradation of temperature, from boiling hot to icy cold, and impregnated with all sorts of mineral and chemical compounds; frequently the two extremes of heat and cold are found within a few inches of each other. But as all the other springs present nearly the same characteristics as most of those already referred to, it would be but a tedious repetition to describe more. They are all wonderful. The ordinary observer can only look at them, and wonder that such things exist; but to the scientific man, one capable of divining the mysterious cause of their action, the study of them must be an exquisite delight.

It is worth the traveler's while to climb the mountains on the north side of the Pluton, for the fine view which their summits afford on every hand; towards the north, a part of Clear Lake can be seen, some fifteen miles distant. But perhaps the scene which would delight a lover of nature most, can be obtained by rising early and walking back half a mile upon the trail which descends to the hotel. It is to see the gorgeous tints of the eastern sky as the sun climbs up behind the distant mountains, and
roached it; and I placed my feet much of them as
hole, sunk like a
do of the mountain.

It something that
blackness
a black
its vicinity.
by other springs
number, I be-
and impreg-
ly the two ex-
e found within
But as all
nearly the same
those already
b a tedious
describe more.
The ordinary
them, and wish-
but to the
ble of dividing
their action, the
an exquisite
ble to climb
orth side of the
which their
hand; towards
Lake can be
as distant. But
would delight a
be obtained by
back half a mile
descends to the
gorgeous tints of
comes climb-
mountains, and

afterwards to watch his long slanting
rays in the illuminated mist, as they come
streaming down the Colson of the Pluton,
flashing on the water in dots and splashes
of dazzling light, and dipping the rich
shadows of the closely woven foliage with
a fringe of gold.

Lassen's Peak.

Some people have said that California
scenery is monotonous, that her mount-
ains are all alik e and that her skies re-
peat each other from day to day. Believe
them not, ye distant readers, to whom,
as yet, our glorious California is an un-
known land. The monotony is in their
own narrow, unappreciative souls, not in
our grand mountains, towering r idge
upon ridge until the long line of the
farthest peaks becomes blended with the
dreamy haze that loves to linger round
their summits. And the gorgeous glow
of our sunsets, reflects their heavenly hue
upon dull eyes indeed when they can see
no beauty in them.
and are about thirty miles in length and from ten to fifteen miles in width. Passing up this valley, you are forcibly struck with its geological formation. It is a level prairie, covered with green verdure. Through the centre of these meadows, Feather river pursues its meandering course, being augmented by streams every few miles, running down the mountains on either side, and large springs welling out of the valley, thus watering the land and giving it that luxuriance and beauty which is impossible to describe. About one half of the valley is good, arable land, and this is a wide strip, lying on either side of the river, the whole length of the meadows. The earth is generally sufficiently moist to render irrigation unnecessary.

There are vast numbers of wild fowl, mostly geese, duck, and brant, which rear their young in this valley during the spring time.

Here lives a friendly tribe of Indians, consisting of some two hundred souls. These Indians subsist on acorns, fish, and wild game. Lassen’s road passes over the lower end of this valley and strikes the head waters of Deer Creek. It is a good road, from the meadows, to the valley of Sacramento.

Lassen’s Peak stands at the head of these meadows, and is about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and next to the highest mountain in Alta California. After all, there is something peculiarly interesting connected with the associations of this mountain, as being a prominent land-mark of one of the early pioneers in coming to California. Lassen was the first man who made the ascent of this peak; and what think you were his feelings, after he had made his way from Salt Lake, and ascended this mountain, for the first time, from its summit upon the broad valley of the Sacramento?

Winding our way, in a zigzag course, up the mountain, for some distance, we heard a rumbling noise, which resembled that of the puffing of a steamboat. Following up this sound, some four miles, in the direction from whence it emanated, we arrived in sight of a hot spring, gurgling and bubbling up through the earth, emitting steam, and occasionally sparks of fire, (1) and lava, while all around was scattered ashes and other volcanic matter. Many have doubted the identity of this volcano, but we saw fire, smoke and lava, issuing from this crater; the lava scattered over the ground, shows conclusively, that at times this volcano sends forth its fiery cinders. This volcano is situated to the south-east, or next to the highest table land of Lassen Peak.

This mountain, severed by deep chasms and rugged ravines, and often broken into abrupt terminations by steep precipitous crags, looks grand and imposing. All bears the appearance of lava, and probably has been upheaved by some subterranean convulsion of nature.

No verdure decks the granite crags of Lassen’s Peak. No trees are scattered over its sides, yielding no soil for the refreshing beauties of vegetation. This mountain is composed of gray granite, darkened by the storms of ages into a deep brown, while over its summit extends a wild and uncouth aspect of desolation.

After resting for an hour, we made the final ascent. The ascent was easy until we arrived on the last bench, and from this up to the highest point it became more difficult. The large rocks, and long angular fragments, impeded our progress, and it required great efforts with our feet and hands to advance upwards. But we finally succeeded in reaching the summit, from which we beheld one of the most sublime panoramas to be seen in California.
some distance, we so, which resemble of a steamboat; at some four miles, hence it emanated, a hot spring, gushing through the earth, occasionally spurs up all around was her volcanic mists the identity of a few, fires, smoke and crater; the lava ground, shows concludes this volcano sends. This volcano is next, or next to the Lassen Peak. Surrounded by deep chasms of broken lava, and precipitous cliffs, all around was her volcanic misted the identity of a few, fires, smoke and crater; the lava ground, shows concludes this volcano sends. This volcano is next, or next to the Lassen Peak.

Travelers who are accustomed to visit and behold landscapes of the sublime and the beautiful, can hardly conceive of a finer view than the one from this mountain. What endless food for memory and association presented itself to view in all directions? The sight is marveled in beauty and magnificence. It is like the vision of some dream land. Looking down, I fancied I could see all of the kingdoms of this world at one glance. My position commanded a wide scope of the surrounding country. The view towards the west presented the long and lofty wall of the Coast Range Mountains, extending north and south, as far as the vision could extend, with Mount Lassen, Mount St. John, and Mount Ripley, cutting in clear wavy outlines against the blue heavens. Stretching between me and these distant mountains, is the great valley of the Sacramento, through which can be seen the ever memorable Sacramento River, winding its way peacefully, like a serpentine mirror, towards the Pacific. Its banks are distinctly defined by a long line of oaks and sycamores. Below, to the north and south, the foot hills of the Sierra Nevadas lay stretched; westwardly, one tier of mountains after another, valleys, canons and creeks, become lower and lower until they reach the great plain of the Sacramento.

On the other side of the mountains, to the eastward, Feather River wound its course through Lassen's Meadows, across which we had just made our way. Still further to the eastward, towards Utah, beautiful lakes lay like bright meadows, far in the distance. Looking to the northward, you behold proud Mount Shasta in solemn, kingly grandeur, at the head of the Sacramento Valley, and from whence that river takes its rise, boiling up and piercing the heavens with its bold summit, while clouds resting below, slept here and there, and all appeared silent and beautiful. Oh, what a vision lay spread out around me in every direction.
I love nature always, but especially when in her noblest and simplest grandeur. The eye will turn and turn again to that wondrous mountain, whose peak is resting so clear, and pure, and cold, against the blue heavens. There it has stood for centuries, towering in the heavens, with its heavy helmet on, looking down on the winding line of mountains and rivers that glitter like a silver chain. I gazed in silent rapture upon it, drinking in the beauty and strangeness of the scene, until I was lost in wonder and admiration. Nothing I ever saw, in point of scenery, so delighted me as a view from this peak, so gloriously beautiful, with dense masses of mist here and there obscuring the view, but giving an effect of softness and distance. Mountain heights in varied forms are grouped in the most copious beauty, now sweeping along in graceful outlines, daintily crossing each other's path, or meeting in cordial embrace—there, gathered in generous rivalry, and then breaking away sullenly in abrupt terminations and frowning precipices. All is Alpine variety, intricacy, surprise, and confusion; while the beautiful panoramic view commanded a vast assemblage of ridges and precipices, varied in every characteristic—the large in opposition to the small, the barren in contrast with the wooded; the formal and the eccentric, the horizontal and the perpendicular.

How grand are those old mountain heights, with their rocky brows bound with clouds, and their summits capped with the snows of winter. How beautiful the heavens, bright and blue, smiling on the luxurious forest with its sheen of light. How invigorating the air, pure and fresh, and which inspired an independence, a love, a mental and physical vigor, which braced every energy of body and soul.

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY R. H. DAVIES.

I miss thee, dear one; the path of my life
From thine has been severed for years,
And the scenes of the past, with sorrowful strife,
Have been wet with our separate tears.
When we wept not together, now, as we wept
I think of the arms which around me have crept,
And the tears which have joined with mine own.
I miss thee, dear one; thine image, to me,
Is drawn on a shadowless scroll;
It is hid in my heart, and naught can erase
The treasure away from my soul. [Thou
Is the smile on thy lip, and the light on thy brow,
As sweet and as bright as before? [Now,
It may be thy heart has been sorrow, o'er
And thy brow is o'ershadowed with care.
I miss thee, dear one, when the daylight grows dim,
And the stars light their lamps in the sky;
How sadly my heart sings its sweet twilight hymn,
As memory's visions float by.
I think of thee then, for the shadows grow
Less, Which have been in my heart thro' the day,
And I sigh for thy presence my spirit to bless,
As the dove mourns her lost one away.
I miss thee, dear one; O! when do I not
Miss thy voice, which was music to me?
And a presence of love seems to gladden the spot
Where I fancy thy footsteps may be.
I may miss thee, dear one, for years yet to come,
And this heart may be lonely indeed,
But I'll think of that home beyond the far skies,
Where the stricken in heart will be healed.
I LOVE.

The path of my life was seared for years,
Past, with sorrowful
A mind which seeks to find, not to distort,
The truth. Not, as some have weakly endeavored to show,
that we think the
mathematically speaking, are not only equivalent but equal—that is, have exactly the same rights and powers, in the same degree; or, as others have held, that women have no rights, nor any capacity for any, except to keep the place which the self-styled "lords of creation" may be pleased to assign them. To speak the words "Woman's Rights," in this age, instantly brings to mind the
monstrosity of "Women's Rights conventions," and brands any female who dares to believe in such a thing, as a disciple of Mrs. Lucy Stone. Notwithstanding all the controversy about the matter, woman does have rights! But they are those which belong properly to her, and not to man. Her place is not at the polls, nor in the halls of legislation; and those are the last places in which she should desire to figure. Here's a more powerful weapon than is wielded there, if she but make the proper use of it. If she is careful to exert her power judiciously, she can have a moral influence over her friends that will tell more effectually on the prosperity of the country than she ever had an equal chance with man in the administration of government. J. Q. Adams thinks that woman's influence has never been over-rated; and in prolonging the lives of the good and great, we are inclined to agree with him. How common is the expression, "Whatever I am, I owe to my mother." Woman moulds the minds that rule the world. In doing this, she fulfills her destiny, as a helpmate for man, but she does not usurp his place.

MEN AND WOMEN.

BY A. D. RINNALL.

To dwell upon the proper duties of the different members of the human family, is an employment which can never do harm to any, who bring to the task a mind which seeks to find, not to distort, the truth. Not, as some have weakly endeavored to show, that we think the
sexes, mathematically speaking, are not only equivalent but equal—that is, have exactly the same rights and powers, in the same degree; or, as others have held, that women have no rights, nor any capacity for any, except to keep the place which the self-styled "lords of creation" may be pleased to assign them. To speak the words "Woman's Rights," in this age, instantly brings to mind the
monstrosity of "Women's Rights conventions," and brands any female who dares to believe in such a thing, as a disciple of Mrs. Lucy Stone. Notwithstanding all the controversy about the matter, woman does have rights! But they are those which belong properly to her, and not to man. Her place is not at the polls, nor in the halls of legislation; and those are the last places in which she should desire to figure. Here's a more powerful weapon than is wielded there, if she but make the proper use of it. If she is careful to exert her power judiciously, she can have a moral influence over her friends that will tell more effectually on the prosperity of the country than she ever had an equal chance with man in the administration of government. J. Q. Adams thinks that woman's influence has never been over-rated; and in prolonging the lives of the good and great, we are inclined to agree with him. How common is the expression, "Whatever I am, I owe to my mother." Woman moulds the minds that rule the world. In doing this, she fulfills her destiny, as a helpmate for man, but she does not usurp his place.

Man's influence on the affairs of the world is, of course, not less, but it is more generally acknowledged, because more apparent, and commands more strength to vindicate it. It is his to produce great changes which, like the mighty convulsions of nature, astound and destroy in the present, to bring forth a glorious harvest of mighty results in the future. Woman, in a capacity no less necessary, beautifies all, like the light and rain of Heaven. There is little danger that any person will over-estimate man's influence, for it requires so much self denial to make the proper use of what one really has. It is an awful thought for any one to contemplate, that his influence will "Live through all life—extend through all extent, spread undivided, operate unceasing." But it would be vastly better for humanity if people had as much egotism on this subject as they have on others.

There are many faults which the world seems to charge almost exclusively to woman, but which in fact are common to both sexes. Vanity, for instance, unmindful of man's lofty intellect, often creeps in and shows its effects quite plainly. It will make him so careful about the fit of his apparel, and the trimming of his invaluable moustache, as any lady is of similar trifles. Flattery, too, often affects the strongest of the stronger sex. But worse than all, some men do really follow fashion, that tyrant who bids us do all sorts of foolish things, and we obey; thinking all the time that we are doing in the most sensible manner possible. They don't wear short waisted coats, when she says long; nor long, when she says short. If she says wear standing collars, they do it, no matter what
the effect upon the ears; if she orders them turned down, it is done, regardless of long socks. True, they do not generally follow to all lengths, as many ladies do. Few men make it their chief end to shine in the fashionable world, because society tells them that such ambition shows weakness; but whether they substitute a more innocent aim is yet an open question.

There are so few employments that the laws of society allow to women, that many are lost who would gladly be busy. But if, indeed, undertaking anything new, no matter how light the task, immediately there is great alarm felt, lest she should depart from her sphere. Where the erring creature would wander in that case, nobody knows; but poor, friendless must be left free to rove through the universe of employments: cooking, sewing, washing, and dealing in fancy dry goods included, with "not a generous friend, a pitying foe," to tell him that he is far from his native element. Just take the case of a strong, able bodied man standing behind the counter and studying the quality of lace, ribbons, etc., and wanting his eloquence, that might be employed for the good of his country, in expatiating in the sweetest and softest tones upon his fine line, to his lady customers. Would not any thinking person say that it was a position much better suited to the tastes and capacities of the sex? But is it objected, that women do not like to trade with women. This being the case, think ye, husbands and fathers would object to the change? There is work enough to be done in the world, to employ every human being in it. If those who are thus hanging heavily on their hands should seek to use it, instead of killing it, by running into folly or vice, they might become blessings to the world instead of curses. Let those of us who expect soon to enter upon the duties of active life, remember that it will be of great assistance in keeping the heart pure, and driving sorrow from our doors, for—

Time well employed in nature's loveliest foe—
It leaves no opening for the lurking hand.

Oh! that all of us might honor the school which has done so much for our education, by becoming true Christian men and women. And that in future years our teachers may have the pleasure of saying, "The life of every member of that class does me honor."

"WHEN I WAS A CHILD."

by 0. T. S.

"When I was a child," and away go the thoughts back to the green fields, and sunny hills, and wandering meadows, in that far country of the Past, where the flowers ever bloom, and the birds sing, and the summer lasts all the year long. And what heart does not love to lie down, as in summer by the streams of his childhood, and hear the music of the birds, and the singing of the summer winds through the low brook willows—and all the sweet, soul-stirring melodies of that pleasant land?

"When I was a child," and away up the valley are sounding sweet voices, and merry laughter, as away over the years Memory takes the wings of the morning, and flies to one spot, over fresh and blooming, like another Eden. Oh! blessed be God for that spot! It is the only one left bright and unchanged, as on the green earth, since our father and mother went weeping out of Paradise. There, up through the mist, rises an old gray house, with its sloping roof, and jutting eaves, and mossy seats at the door. And all through that place, are singing the old, familiar voices, and kind faces are beaming, and among them is one—never seen but once, and to be remembered forever.

And there are walks in the summer woods, and rambles in the meadows, by the brooks, and in the old orchards, and by the side of the rivers; and sailing on the summer lake, which lay spread before us, like another heaven; and bright Sabbath mornings, and Thanksgiving evenings, and walks by moonlight beneath the morning stars.

Then, there was spring, with its green, fresh grass, its banks of violets, and its blooming orchards; and summer, with its hay-makings, and strawberry gatherings, and cherry rides in the morning; and autumn, with its hollings, and fruit gatherings, and changing woods, and clear, frosty nights; and winter, with its sleigh rides, and sled rides down hill, and going to school at the old red school house.

All this comes looming up, and writes its daguerreotype on the heart, when ever I utter those few simple words: "When I was a child."
THE SLEEPER ON THE MOUNTAINS.

BY W. T. SYRRAAT.

Alone—thou sleep'st alone!
Above thy ashes cold.
The holy stars look mildly down,
The mountain mists are rolled,
And the night winds sing thy dirge,
In wailings, sad and deep,
Or, swelling to a thunder tone,
Through the solemn woods sweep!

Alone—thou sleep'st alone!
Woe! woe, to them who wait
At the lonely cottage gate.
Thy mother looketh out
Across the misty sea,
Crying, oh! come to thy childhood's home?
And'vor, return to me!

No winds that round thee sweep,
Nor rattling thunder's loudest tone,
Can break thy long tranced sleep!
But, when the trumpet shall sound,
And heaven and earth shall flee,
Arise, thou sleeper, from thy grave!—
Thy loved ones wait for thee!

AGNES EMERSON.
A Tale of the Revolution.

BY COLONEL GREENE.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

(CHANGED FROM PAGE 216.)

CHAPTER VI.

Which boothes on Knowledge, Neutrality, and Friendship.

"Hope, like a glittering taper's light,
Avenues and clears the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Sheds a brighter ray,"—Tennyson.

The following morning Harrison removed his baggage at an early hour to Capt. Hartley's quarters, until he could be settled in those to which he might be ordered by his new commander.

He found on arrival two cases which had been that morning handed from the Sea-Gull. They contained the complete cavalry uniforms and outfit for a lieutenant in the 7th Light Dragoons. They had been sent by his London tailor in consequence of instructions from his brother at home.

Alluring himself in an undress suit he proceeded to the Adjutant's quarters, and was taken by him and presented to his Colonel, who, as the reader knows, had been acquainted with him from earliest childhood.

Military etiquette must be observed, but sometimes it looks marvellously like humbug.

After this they called on the second in command, Major Williams.

Here Harrison was treated not only with coldness, but with a rudeness bordering upon insult.

"He is a great admirer of Thynne's, and so are some of the others. I fear you will have to suffer a good deal of this sort of thing for a time," said adjutant Brown, as they left the house.

It was not so bad, however, as that officer anticipated. Though coldly enough received by some, still it was with politeness; for these officers, unlike Williams, were gentlemen; though from their friendship with Lord Edward Thynne, they did not affect a cordiality they did not feel; they were at heart courteous.

"Well, Hartley, that's well over—better than I expected," said George, upon his return; "and now I will off and see as many of our officers as I can settle with the pay master and quarter master, and after that you will, I know, accompany me to call at Sir H. Clinton's, the brigadier major's, Major Andre's, and our brigadier's."

"No," said Hartley, "Sir H. Clinton may say that to you which he would desire to be private, but to the rest I will—we dine though at noon, so go to the commander-in-chief before you come back for me."
Sir Henry Clinton evidently desired to see our hero, not to seek vagrant information as to Emerson's movements from the invalid inmate of a hospitable house, for it is well known he possessed the very nicest sense of honor; but because he desired to give him some plain but perhaps not very palatable advice.

"Mr. Harrison," said the veteran after dispatching his secretary on a commission from the room, "I wish to speak to you as a friend, as a friend of your father's and brother's. I wish to advise you to drop your great intimacy with Mr. William Emerson, for it may compromise you fearfully as things go. I am well aware that the great kindness shown you by an old schoolmate, and personally I have no doubt a worthy man, renders this a hard as well as a delicate matter, but I am well aware that in the event of a discovery, your intimacy and constant association with him would most certainly bring your loyalty in doubt. Your name has already been lightly mentioned in connection with this subject—and I say more, to an officer holding His Majesty's commission!"

"Your excellency must surely be misinformed. I have never seen even enough of energy in Emerson to make such a thing possible, not to say probable,—his father's principles too, and William's great respect for him, would make him in any case neutral."

"There can be little or no honest neutrality, Mr. Harrison, in a war of this kind," said Sir Henry, emphatically. "A man in the true sense of the word must take one side or the other—if he have any character at all he must defend the one he adopts, whether it be the rights of his majesty (God bless him) or what he considers the rights of the land of his birth. If he do neither he is simply contemptible. Old Mr. Emerson is but lukewarm, in fact I find now he is little of a loyalist at all, and he may have the only excuse a man can have for neutrality, namely: his convictions being in favor of independence, while his early associations and services prevent him from contending with a King whose hand has for fifty years contributed for his support. As for William Emerson—still water runs deep—he has determined for the side of the Colonists. I have seen it over his own signature. He has contributed largely from his own means to Congress. I honor him for it more than for dreaming away his time in uncertainty; still it is my duty to try and counteract his schemes. Remember this conversation is private, and remember my advice."

George having paid the other visits with Hartley, presented himself for the first time in New York at the mess-table of his old regiment. It was quite cheering to him to find himself among those whom he had found to be first friends, and who, whilst they congratulated him upon his promotion, appeared all to regret his removal from their midst.

At dessert, the regimental order book of his new corps was brought to him for the first time, and he observed that he was appointed to the 5th troop, commanded by Capt. Donald Campbell.

"I am glad you are appointed to his troop," cried Hartley, "he is the finest fellow in the 7th, always excepting the Colonel. The saying, there is a silver lining to every cloud, is sometimes true, you see."

The morning following, mindful of Col. Hyslop's instructions, George was at that officer's quarters at eight o'clock.

"I understand, Mr. Harrison, that you are perfect in the cavalry drill—is this so—and how is it?"

"When in the neighborhood of London for some months, Colonel," answered Harrison, "I attended the riding school of the 11th Light Dragoons, of which my
brother was then Major, and as I hoped for a commission in it, I was allowed to drill as a volunteer. Afterwards, sir, my father could only lodge the cash for an infantry commission, and so I had to abandon my hopes of cavalry service for the time.

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Col. Hyslop, "for we are short of officers and also because if you are perfect in drill, I shall send you away tomorrow with Capt. Campbell to escort officers who are to be exchanged at some place above the White Plains; on your return your troop will relieve one which is stationed near our outposts. I think absence from headquarters for a time would be advisable for you, until excitement feelings blow over. I have therefore appointed you to Campbell's troop, which is next for detachment duty. As we parade at ten o'clock you will take your station, and after a sharp drill exercise I will judge whether I can in your case, and contrary to custom, dispense with an adjutant's drill. Take that book, you have a good hour and more to spare, and study the 12th, 10th, and 17th sections of cavalry manoeuvres. I have ordered a troop horse for you which is well trained, until you are suited with chargers; he will be at Capt. Hartly's soon after half-past nine. Now be off and make the most of your hour."

It was with a joyful face that Harrison, after performing his part in the subsequent parade to the satisfaction of both colonel and adjutant, hastened to call upon Agnes. He had ascertained that Emerson was out; not particularly desiring to see him after his own request to the contrary, and which, coupled with the words of Sir H. Clinton, began to engender the fear that his old school-fellow was really engaged in something which involved risk.

Agnes was in a very pensive mood when she entered. "Oh! George, this will be our last meeting for long, perhaps forever," she sobbed—"read this—there is one, too, marked "on service" for William."

"Sir Henry Clinton presents his compliments to Miss Emerson, and has the pleasure to inform her that a detachment of the 7th Light Cavalry proceeds to-morrow, at 9 A.M., to escort officers for exchange to the continental lines in the neighborhood of Fishkill. Instructions have been given for the safe conduct of Miss Emerson to such place as she may desire, not exceeding eight miles from the line of march already proposed, as requested by her brother, who has better communications with Capt. Campbell commanding the detachment.

"Sir Henry sends the earliest intimation, to enable Miss Emerson to make her preparations, and I hope she may find her father in better health than Mr. Emerson represents."

"New York, 26th Sept., 1778." The happiness of Agnes, when she found her lover was to form one of her escort, was of course great. "And, George, we find my father has arrived, William will introduce you, for I could not do it well—and...and you will try to please the old man for my sake, and...be first to tell him of our attachment."

"How can William introduce me, except by letter?" said Harrison; "rather a roundabout way, when you will be upon the spot?"

"O! William has decided to go with me," said Agnes. "Why, what's the matter?—does not that please you?"

"O, yes, dearer," stammered Harrison, "I shall be very glad indeed if he goes with us."

"If he goes—if he goes! Dear, dear George, what if can there be about it? Surely, no objection can be made to a civilian and non-combatant going to a sick parent?"

George was in an unpleasant position. He felt sure Emerson would not be allowed to join the party, but to hint this to Agnes would be a breach of confidence, probably of honor. The sudden entrance
of Emerson therefore greatly relieved him.

CHAPTER VI.

Interrupted Arrangements.—An Enemy.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing."

"Now mine. We bid, and has been since to thousands, but he who steals from me, say good-bye"

He left me at that which I might have been, and never we poor indeed.

After a word with Harrison, Emerson took up the dispatch from Sir H. Clinton, and having read it with evident anxiety, handed it to Harrison, who at his desire read it aloud. It was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS,


Sir,—I am directed by the general commanding-in-chief to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, and in reply to inform you that he will be happy to afford Miss Emerson the protection of the British escort proceeding to the Continental lines, which leaves the brigadier major's office at 9 A.M. to-morrow, and which will call as it passes your house, for the accommodation of the lady.

Sir H. Clinton desires me further to say, that in consequence of information which he has received, he regrets extremely that he cannot permit you at present to leave New York.

If to-morrow warning you will give your parole of honor not to leave the city without his permission, you will remain un molested; but in case of your declining to do this, you will be placed under closer surveillance than you are now, and under which you have been for some days past.

Sir H. Clinton will be ready to receive you from ten to eleven in the forenoon. I have the honor to be,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

William Atwood, (Major)

A. D. C.

"I know now," said Emerson, "why I have been so closely watched and followed the last week. It is nothing more than I expected; but my mind has been made up for some time—I will be neutral no longer. Shame on me for my indolence! But God knows it was only the fear of involving my father that prevented my acting sooner—and not knowing how to dispose of Agnes. Harrison, you must go. I wish to consult with my sister, and what I say must not meet the ear of a royalist officer. I will be out to-night, when you can bid Agnes good-bye."

"There is no occasion for you to be out," said Agnes; "I cannot spare you, and I shall be too busy packing to see George. He is one of the escort, so we can say good-bye at our leisure."

Descending to the door, Emerson extorted from Harrison a solemn pledge not to accept any further promises from Agnes until her father's will should be known. He was very earnest in his manner, and stood with the front door open, when having obtained the promise, he grasped Harrison's hand fervently, saying—"I knew I could depend upon you, and I do rely on you. Farewell!"

As George emerged from the porch, he saw a cavalry officer slowly riding past, whose sinister face betokened both malice and gratulation.

Harrison had yet another ordeal to pass through. He was to make his first appearance at the new mess that evening, and from his he knew that he must not shrink. As dinner hour approached, he felt a little nervous at the thought of the great number of eyes that would be fixed upon him. The more so, as Captain Hartley had warned him that Williams was everywhere speaking in cautious but most disparaging terms of him.

Near the mess-room door he met Captain Campbell, who, taking his arm, ascended the steps with him.

"Why, Campbell," cried a young lieutenant, "this is indeed a wonder. The only officer of the regiment who has a wife in New York, leaving her, the night before partir, to join us!"

"Why, the fact is, gentlemen, I thought it best right to meet my new subaltern

here at assembly evening, as kind as anyone, so say," who still bore.

The gratify loved at every of council not of entirely. The upon the detail

"The said be reason to play, us now have a assistant"

"It Major to-day the very through self. both"

"I joined it is then able to more up. The fitted, safest depend to say "I that quite"
AUGUST EMBERSON.
with—"Remember, with such a cunning villain as I believe the major to be, we can never be too careful."

As if everything conspired against George, in stepping into the moonlight from the shadow of the wall, he nearly ran against an officer about to cross the end of the line.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, politely.

"Certainly," answered the other, "but you soon forget your friend's remark, that of me you can never be too careful!"

It was Major Williams!

CHAPTER VIII.

Piloting a ruin.

"Thou art but yet confined;" said Catesby, "Thy prison house is never seen till used."

Upon entering, his face swathed in a multitude of bandages secured228 nan with a cord, and his head and shoulders supported by numerous pillows, laid Lord Edward Tyrone. Conveniently placed close to the bed, was a small table with shortened legs, upon which was a slate and pencil. By this means he was enabled to hold intercourse with those around him. Now, however, the only person present was Major Williams, who sat beside him speaking in a low tone of voice, or reading his lordship's writing upon the slate, and occasionally rubbing it out with a sponge which he held in his hand. In this manner the conversation, if such it can be called, was maintained between them.

"On your action in this matter," wrote his lordship, "depends my further conduct to you. I have saved your commission once, I have advanced you sums upon sums to pay your gambling debts, and though you did not know it, I was the means of obtaining for you your majority in the regiment, which otherwise you would not for years have obtained by service—tell me in this and I cease to be your friend!"

Your lordship," said Williams, "has been indeed a constant friend, and the cause has, in own truth, often been a pursuable to me. If then, I can possibly fulfill your wishes, you know you may rely on my doing so."

"Possible or impossible, you must do it; here am I, disfigured, most probably for life, by this boy—ruin him, disgrace him, court-martial him on any charge you choose, so you but ruin his future, and I am content; surely your wit can betray one of Harrison's impetuous, fiery temper, into some unpardonable breach of military discipline. Look here, Major! we are alone, and I will let you into a secret. I know more of your antecedents than you do yourself. I know all about you from your very cradle up to this hour. You say my friendship puzzles you; well, it may. You cannot suppose that in three years $2,000 has been advanced by me to purchase your last promotion, and support your gambling. With my own means I could not have supplied a third of that sum. To be plain with you, I am your father's confidant—he has supplied me with the money; on my report depends his further assistance; one word from me puts a stop to the exertions of interest in your behalf at home, as well as to the pecuniary aid you occasionally receive."

"You know my father—oh! my Lord, you are disposed to be facetious," replied Williams. "My father died when I was a perfect child. I never saw him to my remembrance."

The patrician sneered at him sneeringly, and having by means of his slate, communicated to the Major what he was about to do, drew from beneath the coverlet a slip of paper containing a few lines, and which had been cut out from a letter; on the one side he showed him his name on the address, and the London post-mark with date as proof of its genuineness.

Reversing it, but still holding it fast in
his own hands, he permitted him to read
as follows:

"I am glad you say that the reports
detrimental to the character of Williams
have but little foundation in truth. I
promised his mother faithfully that I
would see to his interests; but should I
find that such aid as I can render him
through you is undeserved, I will con-
tinue it no longer. I have lodged the
money for his major in his own name,
and expect that he will be excelled major
of your regiment shortly. Few men
would do as much for an illegitimate son.
You can tell him that any further attempts
to trace his supposed benefactor will
prevent further assistance."

Having allowed the major to read this
scrap, Lord Edward motioned him to be
silent, and resuming the slate wrote:

"After your mother's death, whose
injury laterly depended on her leading
you to believe your father dead, you were
brought up at the expense of an unknown
friend. You were placed in the army;
your lieutenant you got by a death va-
cancy, but your own soldiers, troop and mi-
jerity were all of them purchased for you.
You attempted by means of spies, and
by bribing a banker's clerk, to ascertain
who your unknown benefactor was—
your supplies were therefore stopped—
you got in debt—you gambled—reports
injuries to your character were circula-
ted.

Three years ago your father wrote to
me on the subject; what you have just
read is in a part of his second letter to me.
More—to remove your fortunes you used
loaded dice; you were suspected, all but
taxed with it. I was present, and I re-
quested to look at them, when doubt was
expressed. I changed them for a pair in
my pocket, and then insisted on their be-
ing split; unnoticed I gave you a word
of encouragement. They were split, at
least those I had substituted were, and
your character was safe. Now I did
not do all this for nothing; I thought I
might want your assistance some day—
to be plain, I thought I might want a tool,
so I did my best to make one, and for my
own possible convenience, and not for
any love to you, I have done what I have."

For several minutes, Major Williams
sat silent and motionless, with his face
averted and concealed by his hand; then
rising, he crossed the room to where a
collared stool; opening it, he filled him-
self nearly a full tumbler of brandy, and
adding a little water, drank it off at a
draught. For a few minutes more he
seated out of the window; then, return-
ing to his seat, addressed Lord Edward,
who had been watching him keenly the
whole time.

"My lord," said he, "after reflection
I will say that I believe every word you
have written, and there is that in it which
gratifies me. I have lost my love for the
only human being for whom I ever had
any. I too speak plainly; your apparent
kindness has aroused whatever there was
of good in me—I thought I had one
friend, the only one I had ever met in
the wide world. I now find I was mistaken,
and am weak enough to feel grieved at
it. I am what circumstances, ill-training,
and associations have made me. Self-
interest to a certain extent now binds me
to you, and to the best of my power I
will do your bidding—on one condition,
namely, that you tell me why and how I
was led to believe that my father was a
surgeon and dead; who my mother was,
and, under a pledge of secrecy, who my
father is. A tool is but a tool, but it re-
quires delicate handling, or it may break.
Nay, hear me out—I am as self-willed
as your lordship, and these are my only
terms. If you turn on me, you will only
temporarily inconvenience me, for in such
cases I will so conduct myself as to give
the lie to any assertions you may make
against me to my father. As for the
dice story, any statement whatever about
it would too much involve yourself, eli-
ther for you to make it, or for it to obtain
credence."
The decided manner in which the major spoke convinced Lord Edward that he was determined. His lordship was disappointed in his expectations; he had relied on Williams as a pliant sycophant, who by self-interest could be moulded to his will; he now saw that he had misjudged the major; that in showing himself in his true colors, he had lost his affection, arising from gratitude, and which affection had been his surest hold of him. But Lord Edward, knowing no love save for himself, had been unable hitherto to attribute the major's servility to himself, but to interested motives. He now remembered that this very servility was contrary to Williams' usual disposition, which was haughty and discourteous even to those very high above him in authority; so that instead of strengthening his own position by his communication, he had actually destroyed the strongest foundation of the major's friendship.

Having mused awhile, he had recourse to the slate, and replied thus: "I agree to your terms, but I must have some security that you will persevere in my purpose. I will now reply to all your questions but one, and that is the last. When Harrison is under arrest for an offence which involves the least cashiery, I will tell you who your father is, on the pledge of secrecy you mentioned. Do you agree to this?"

"Yes," replied the major.

"Your father seduced your mother—she was a Miss Brown, a farmer's daughter—you were the result. Your father was at this time a married man; this she found out. Her father had disinherited her, and she had no other near relative. Her seducer agreed that if a young surgeon, a Mr. Williams, married her and adopted you, he would give her a dowry of £5000. Mr. Williams announced that he had been privately married for eighteen months; you were then about eight months old. Your putative father got into good practice through the patronage of friends of your real father, aided by his own ability, which was considerable. He died when you were five years old. It turned out that he had lived with a woman in Scotland, and had a son by her, before he had been acquainted with your mother; it also appeared that he had in Glasgow always called this woman his wife, which in Scottish law constitutes a marriage. She had, however, eloped from him with another, and he had never heard more of her. Some years after she saw the announcement of the death of Mr. John Lloyd Williams, surgeon, in the newspapers. She laid claim to his property for her son, and under the circumstances I have told you of, she obtained it. Your mother was consequently penniless, and your putative father a bigamist. Your own father made her an allowance for two years, when she died; afterwards you were by your father's bankers, placed at school and provided for. You know the rest."

Major Williams rose, and in a cold, steady voice, addressed Lord Edward. "My lord, I have no more to say. I will do my best to fulfill your wishes, in the case we have discussed, according to our compact, and report anything which transpires. Good day; and although I promise to do this, allow me to say that your knowledge of human nature does not equal your knowledge on other points. I had been the more earnestly desirous to aid you in this matter, had I retained my affection for yourself, than I now am from other motives, which, however strong, are, to say the least, humiliating."

Immediately after the utterance of these words, the major quitted the room, leaving the patient to his own reflections.

[To be continued.]
CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

Let us talk, Sons of New England, of the good old Christmas times,
When sleigh-bells on our northern hills rang out their merry chimes;
And gather up the golden grains of friendships, true and old;
Those northern hills—our native hills—are shrouded now in snow,
But round the firesides of that land warm hearts are in a glow;
No biting frosts, no wintry winds, no winter snows, can chill
The hearts that loved us long ago, the hearts that love us still!
As the year brings back Thanksgiving and merry Christmas morn,
Our hearts go flocking homeward to the land where we were born.

Born mid these granite mountains, walk you ever in your dreams
On the hill-sides, in the valleys, by the rippling meadow streams?
Think you ever of the pastures in the pleasant summer hours,
On the clover-scented hay fields after cool refreshing showers?
Dream you ever of the autumn, when the gorgeous forest lies
A grand old northern painting, touched by lights of northern skies?
Glide you ever like an arrow downward the snow-clad hills?
Swoop you ever on the ice-fields, till each tingling fibre thrills?
Dream you ever of our comrades, bold, hardy, tough and stout,
Who fought fierce snow-ball battles, who at the pent-up school out?

Ring out the merry Christmas bells, and sing the songs we sung
Round the firesides of New England in the days when we were young.
When we gathered in the kitchen around the blazing hearth—
Father, mother, sister, brother—our hearts all one in mirth ;
When our hearts were all Thanksgiving, and we worshiped God in truth,
Contented with the priceless boon of home, and health, and youth.
Ring out the joyful Christmas bells—the same true mother's prayer
Ascends to heaven for us to-day, as when we bent low there.
Ring out the bells, raise thanks to God, that memories of home
Attend like angels on our steps wherever we may roam.

God bless the rough old Granite Land, and Plymouth's sea-washed rock;
God bless all wandering children of the hardy Pilgrim stock.
New England's wealth lies treasured not in golden strong or glen,
But in priceless souls of women, and the iron hearts of men;
Our footsteps wander from her, but our pride is still to know
We keep the free New England hearts she gave us years ago:
Like the needle always turning to the polar star at sea,
We are ever drawn, New England, trembling, quivering, to thee!
The ties that bind us unto thee, nor time nor space can sever—
Our homes are on Pacific's strand... our hearts are thine forever!

MY GRANDMOTHER'S NOTIONS.

Stay, gentle reader, any rising ridicule commonly suggested by the caption we have chosen.
The soundest wisdom of age, is always slighted and scoffed at under some misnomer. For our part we could never have the heart to ridicule even the old grandmother's P's and Q's. From the earliest fun-loving days of our childhood up to the present hour, it has always been very painful to us to see any one prone to such impiety. The peculiarities of age have an inexplicable charm for us—doubtless some unique traits which go to make up a complete character in one individual, would not befit another quite so well; for the very obvious reason, that they would be neither original or natural.

But if we had our way! O that some good genius or demon would loan us his scissors one precious moment or so, that we might cut and clip right and left to our pattern! But oh, no; we are not at all in earnest in this last aspiration of unhallowed ambition; indeed we are always sorry to see either the devil or the saints get the scissors, and we don't wish them for our own.

We neither look for nor desire to see our extreme modern phases of fashion in the representatives of a past age. All that we can say is, that we love and admire plain, sensible and tasteful moderation in all things.

We cannot contend with Captain Captnons nor Mr. Fiddledee Fou about the exact hair line where the different colors begin and end, in the beautiful bow in the cloud; we have ceased chasing such phantasms long since. Only show us the right sort of principles springing from a heart ruling in a region above conventionalities, and we scorn to carp; nevertheless we bid God speed to the best patterns. But even these will also appear quaint, to the next generation. Without a little of this queer element, now and then, as the spice of life, who among us would enjoy with such a lively zest and pleasant play of good humor our ordinary social interchanges. Any quaint way of saying or doing a thing always clings with unusual tenacity to our memory; and the wisdom thus half disguised often passed into a proverb, and became a rule of life, which but for its queer dress would have been lost forever.

"Would you believe it," said grandmother to me the other day, "how is the top of my frying-pan, and the base of my stove-pan both stuck on the wrong side! Now do just think of it a moment? a hungry man is waiting, and we women folks are all in a hurry—we must needs set down our guillich-oats and pans, and change hands in order to pour out any thing! What foolish people tinkers and foundry men must be! I wonder if they think people are all left-handed? Well, well, how can they be so stupid! But perhaps here change truly now, but so many... or... it will all be days. Puff! Wondee!"

With a sigh and now, wheat, sure and good, old dear do we live in even now, ours would be with those... advices absolutely other little storing up angles, mine would wear the ground, for our doubt if the water is more of it; in she of her part more to a... best part other pre...
Ml GRANDMOTHER'S NOTIONS.

perhaps here in California, where folks change trades so strangely—who knows now, but some sensible cook may turn tinner; or some enterprising stewart take to casting pots and pans for a living. Of it will all come around right one of these days, I'll venture!"

Wonderfully hopeful, you discover; always amiable, she's rather inclined to look upon the right side, as well as the bright side.

To her many "wise savs and modern instances," she adds a great store-known of medicinal samples. No trivial treasures are these in the eyes of the old matron, and we more than half inclined to say she is backed in much of her belief by all the weight of mature talent and good sound sense of the whole Rebeccaan fraternity.

But all this apart, we will call in the doctors when she falls.

With a little sweet oil, air and exercise, and now and then a dish of cracked wheat, and a cup of buttermilk—that good old Dutch physic which kept the Yankee doctors out of practices so long, down there in New Amsterdams, and which, even now, needs no recommendation of ours south of Mason and Dixon's line— with these I say, and a seasoning of sensible advice, she helps all, if she does not absolutely cure four-fifths; and with the other little fifth, she has miracles of restoring mericles in her other blosoms, sago, mint, and thym teas, &c. Where would our doctors be, in the finding up of the great day of accounts, if it had not been for our grandmothers? I very much doubt if we'd be in existence. As for the water remedy? why, she can use it in more ways than ever a duck dreamed of; in short, she attributes too to all years of her past life to water, and as many more to same; and, besides all this, the best part of the balance is some how or other pretty clearly smite. She declares to this day, she don't believe she'd survive a fortnight if wasn't for water. You may know by this, that her very life is in water.

We confess to some slight reluctance in detailing all her notions, useful as they may be—but please, gentle reader, set the precedent over against the strong-minded, and we will proceed.

Grandmother, as before, as observed, seldom follows the fashions to the full, but although she's 70, and set in her way, she is still prompt to perceive, and ready to adopt any real improvements; strange to say, she contents herself in favor of bloomer dresses, and she never intends to give it up, to the day of her death. She gives us many sensible reasons, no one would presume to put up a plea in her presence, in favor of draggletail dresses.

Suppose she does have pockets in her dresses in the old fashioned way: let me tell you her notion about it; not pockets in general, but her kind in particular. When she makes a new dress she takes a portion of it for a pocket; then if a spark from the open fire—I forget to tell you that with all the economical conveniences and facilities of modern stores, her heart still lingers around the old open fireplace; and she envies the miner in his cabin. "Stop!" says she, the other day; "read that over again; did the paper say something about a lock-leg?"—Then, as I was saying, it's a spark flies and burns a hole, or gets torn, just as apt as not, she cuts the pocket out, and there she finds the proper materials to mend her dress with.

Perhaps I ought to give you her notion about washing and drying a black dress without streaking it, as it surely would be if washed and dried in the usual way. She folds it in an old sheet, and rolls it up, letting it lie twenty-four hours; it comes out almost dried through, with a satiny gloss as good as new. The same principle she applies to her ribbons, yarm, and all bright colors; her notion is, they should always be wrong out in
another dry, white, clean cloth, for then the colors never flow or mix confusedly as when the common mode is adopted.

"Green, let me consider." Yes, somebody will bless the good old grandmother's notion when they see how like a charm it saves the lustre of that ever pleasing color. She always dips her green cloth, or those in which the green color abounds, in 

Let the young ladies who have been in trouble on these points take a hint from her life-long experiences; "they are better than thy theories," as the old Quaker doctor said to the young professor of

Such a vast field of the science of home life opens out before us, we know not where to conclude; will not some of your female patrons take up the subject of dresses and give us a useful essay, one of those days.

Grandmother had a great many kitchen, pantry, and table notions, and among the rest, her particular Corned Beef notions.

What are they? you ask. I am glad to see you becoming interested.

We must premise a word. Modern city and village markets are convenient institutions—very. But grandmother, you must know, lived in the country, so you will excuse her; she cannot quite shake off the old country habits, and I'm really glad of it. She likes to superintend, I had almost said, every step from the stall to the table—it's one of her notions.

We will suppose then a nice choice cut to be procured, under her eye, in the small domestic way. She abhors brine, and all such waxy things, fancying very justly we think—that the sweet juices are often lost thereby. She places the meat in a platter, or any low-edged dish; takes salt, a little saltpetre and sugar, and rubs it well in. This reminds us of some 3 year old ham we were treated to away down in Alabama,—prepared in a good, careful way; the first process of which was, as I have told you. Like good old wine 'would make your mouth water to think of it, as it does our's now. Grandmother covers up everything, not air tight, to be sure, but as she says, "so as to keep in the sweet aroma;" of course this is no exception to the rule. While penning this we have been trying to think of a table dish or article, as an exception—have to give it up—not one—boiled meat, ham, vegetables, butter, cheese, &c. &c. with sauces to fill a dictionary—it's all one to her.

Stop! I take it back; some things must not be closed up. I forgot to tell you a tale of romances in real life. When grandmother was married and first Hogan to the table—"it's one of her notions.

We must premise another word. Modern city and village markets are convenient institutions—very. But grandmother, you must know, lived in the country, so you will excuse her; she cannot quite shake off the old country habits, and I'm really glad of it. She likes to superintend, I had almost said, every step from the stall to the table—it's one of her notions.

We will suppose then a nice choice cut to be procured, under her eye, in the small domestic way. She abhors brine, and all such waxy things, fancying very justly we think—that the sweet juices are often lost thereby. She places the meat in a platter, or any low-edged dish; takes salt, a little saltpetre and sugar, and rubs it well in. This reminds us of some 3 year old ham we were treated to away down in Alabama,—prepared in a good, careful way; the first process of which was, as I have told you. Like good old wine 'would make your mouth water to think of it, as it does our's now. Grandmother covers up everything, not air tight, to be sure, but as she says, "so as to keep in the sweet aroma;" of course this is no exception to the rule. While penning this we have been trying to think of a table dish or article, as an exception—have to give it up—not one—boiled meat, ham, vegetables, butter, cheese, &c. &c. with sauces to fill a dictionary—it's all one to her.

Stop! I take it back; some things must not be closed up. I forgot to tell you a tale of romances in real life. When grandmother was married and first Hogan to the table—"it's one of her notions.

We must premise another word. Modern city and village markets are convenient institutions—very. But grandmother, you must know, lived in the country, so you will excuse her; she cannot quite shake off the old country habits, and I'm really glad of it. She likes to superintend, I had almost said, every step from the stall to the table—it's one of her notions.

We will suppose then a nice choice cut to be procured, under her eye, in the small domestic way. She abhors brine, and all such waxy things, fancying very justly we think—that the sweet juices are often lost thereby. She places the meat in a platter, or any low-edged dish; takes salt, a little saltpetre and sugar, and rubs it well in. This reminds us of some 3 year old ham we were treated to away down in Alabama,—prepared in a good, careful way; the first process of which was, as I have told you. Like good old wine 'would make your mouth water to think of it, as it does our's now. Grandmother covers up everything, not air tight, to be sure, but as she says, "so as to keep in the sweet aroma;" of course this is no exception to the rule. While penning this we have been trying to think of a table dish or article, as an exception—have to give it up—not one—boiled meat, ham, vegetables, butter, cheese, &c. &c. with sauces to fill a dictionary—it's all one to her.

Stop! I take it back; some things must not be closed up. I forgot to tell you a tale of romances in real life. When grandmother was married and first Hogan to the table—"it's one of her notions.

We must premise another word. Modern city and village markets are convenient institutions—very. But grandmother, you must know, lived in the country, so you will excuse her; she cannot quite shake off the old country habits, and I'm really glad of it. She likes to superintend, I had almost said, every step from the stall to the table—it's one of her notions.

We will suppose then a nice choice cut to be procured, under her eye, in the small domestic way. She abhors brine, and all such waxy things, fancying very justly we think—that the sweet juices are often lost thereby. She places the meat in a platter, or any low-edged dish; takes salt, a little saltpetre and sugar, and rubs it well in. This reminds us of some 3 year old ham we were treated to away down in Alabama,—prepared in a good, careful way; the first process of which was, as I have told you. Like good old wine 'would make your mouth water to think of it, as it does our's now. Grandmother covers up everything, not air tight, to be sure, but as she says, "so as to keep in the sweet aroma;" of course this is no exception to the rule. While penning this we have been trying to think of a table dish or article, as an exception—have to give it up—not one—boiled meat, ham, vegetables, butter, cheese, &c. &c. with sauces to fill a dictionary—it's all one to her.

Stop! I take it back; some things must not be closed up. I forgot to tell you a tale of romances in real life. When grandmother was married and first Hogan to the table—"it's one of her notions. We must premise another word. Modern city and village markets are convenient institutions—very. But grandmother, you must know, lived in the country, so you will excuse her; she cannot quite shake off the old country habits, and I'm really glad of it. She likes to superintend, I had almost said, every step from the stall to the table—it's one of her notions.

We will suppose then a nice choice cut to be procured, under her eye, in the small domestic way. She abhors brine, and all such waxy things, fancying very justly we think—that the sweet juices are often lost thereby. She places the meat in a platter, or any low-edged dish; takes salt, a little saltpetre and sugar, and rubs it well in. This reminds us of some 3 year old ham we were treated to away down in Alabama,—prepared in a good, careful way; the first process of which was, as I have told you. Like good old wine 'would make your mouth water to think of it, as it does our's now. Grandmother covers up everything, not air tight, to be sure, but as she says, "so as to keep in the sweet aroma;" of course this is no exception to the rule. While penning this we have been trying to think of a table dish or article, as an exception—have to give it up—not one—boiled meat, ham, vegetables, butter, cheese, &c. &c. with sauces to fill a dictionary—it's all one to her.

Stop! I take it back; some things must not be closed up. I forgot to tell you a tale of romances in real life. When grandmother was married and first Hogan to the table—"it's one of her notions. We must premise another word. Modern city and village markets are convenient institutions—very. But grandmother, you must know, lived in the country, so you will excuse her; she cannot quite shake off the old country habits, and I'm really glad of it. She likes to superintend, I had almost said, every step from the stall to the table—it's one of her notions.

We will suppose then a nice choice cut to be procured, under her eye, in the small domestic way. She abhors brine, and all such waxy things, fancying very justly we think—that the sweet juices are often lost thereby. She places the meat in a platter, or any low-edged dish; takes salt, a little saltpetre and sugar, and rubs it well in. This reminds us of some 3 year old ham we were treated to away down in Alabama,—prepared in a good, careful way; the first process of which was, as I have told you. Like good old wine 'would make your mouth water to think of it, as it does our's now. Grandmother covers up everything, not air tight, to be sure, but as she says, "so as to keep in the sweet aroma;" of course this is no exception to the rule. While penning this we have been trying to think of a table dish or article, as an exception—have to give it up—not one—boiled meat, ham, vegetables, butter, cheese, &c. &c. with sauces to fill a dictionary—it's all one to her.
MY GRANDMOTHER'S NOTIONS.

Auburn.—prepared story; the first process of old age. Like a Lover's heart, it turns to wine. It makes your mouth water. Do you ever know a certain odor? It can be detected by smelling it. Of course it is a rule. While we are reading to our scale, as an extra fee—not one—vegetables, butter, sugar, to fill a dish. A thing must be said to tell you a thing. When grandmothers first began to find their circle, an sorcery, immortal inevitability, familiar circumference, dharma, (nothing had done) ever done; the song of heart and reason; if delight in and al the friends who sprang her up, and, not to be young woman, ended to do her last; distinguish herself, at noon at the start; all bold life—as if, to a general question. All great and good in which every eye is quickening days, was it; every thing else or was next to nothing on grandmother's hand, was an unimpeachable personage—England and beard I all that—could do the honors of his table like an English squire. When Isaac came down with the glimmering knives upon that pie, silence and he alone regained supreme! With the first bold incision, an unwonted exaltation came forth; some half-whistled at the table, contrary to good manners; gladly would they have whistled a stave to keep from it, but they had none; meanwhile the ladies pinched their noses so sharply out of shape, while their cheeks swelled into such bubbly proportions that the scene put on a comical aspect; finally one incontinent twitter burst, and broke a hole so big, that it let the whole out at once. Uncle Isaac stood self-possessed, unsoiled his dignity so far as to look around knowingly. Of course he wouldn't have her oath on the Family Bible that cleaner, sweeter lamb, wouldn't have taken her oath on the victim, nor as a rose, and innocent as a lamb, would have taken her oath on the Family Bible that cleaner, sweeter lamb, wasn't so soon as it was no use treating the matter seriously, now that the fun was up. It was unlively, cruelly suggested that there must be something in it.

This threw a great deal of light upon the subject. It was further insinuated that somebody had played a trick; but unfortunately there was no dinner about to lay it to.

The diamond tear-drops of the heart, properly formed and gleamed in grandmother's eyes—instinctively the mirth was checked. But grandpa wasn't a bit like me, or he would have kissed her in such an extremity, without caring who knew it.

Ever after this well-nigh tragic disaster, one was sure to see a supplement to her chickens pies in the shape of an extraordinary big trap-door ventilator, crowning the top. I, like an impertinent boy, as I was, must needs know the "why and wherefore," and what the chickens, this or that there for? otherwise perhaps posterity might never have been one with the wiser for her woful experiences.

Rarely have we felt called upon to apologize for her dinners; and never for the last dessert.

She took the best papers and periodicals in the country, which were brought out, and served up a la mode; then came the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." You read of. Each one, as occasion offered, reading out whatever pleased or interested them, without ever dreaming of interrupting any one; and as all were in equal freedom, the variety was as charming as the different tones in a choice musical performance.

It is always easy to glide with interest into the ruling current of thought and feeling, or hastily retire with grace when no note of interest responds.

A new broom is said to sweep clean; but according to grandmother's notions it always kicked up such a dust over everything, that she seldom or never introduced one into her parlor, or finest carpeted rooms. She thought brooms very good helps in their way, but better suited to the kitchen and such like common-place purposes of life.

She weeped her carpets—"What! mop carpets? Oh, you must be joking." No, indeed, we are in downright earnest. Suppose you take grandmother's notion on trial before you unchurch a good old-fashioned broom.

Take a clean cloth, fixed for the purpose, and a bucket of water; wring it out well; and begin rolling and licking up the dust and dirt—change waters often, and when done, her word for it, a bright or gloss never shines out of a new carpet.

If Providence has blessed you with the easiest, richest, velvety carpets, so much the more need of the good old lady's advice.

Long years ago, when she lived in the country and looked after the dairy, she entertained her dairy notions too.

Her churn went by water in the most approved style of the times; but even this apparently perfect improvement
was superseded and bade no bale as useless, for good and sufficient reason—

which we will state if it please you.

much more at large when more at leisure."

SONG.

Do the sunbeams still play as lightly,
And the birds unto the lattice come
As my heart wonders however, how the
Where my footsteps still fall as lightly
As they did when I dwelt in our home?

Chorus.

Lonely shades are stealing round
And I'm sad with a wearying
Where my footsteps may never stray, again.

One will miss my voice in the hour
Where the blooming May curls to to the
The gay child with garlands of flowers
And the youths with the legends of their

Chorus—Lonely shades are stealing, &c.

[Continued from page 370.]

THE TURNIP-COUNTER.
SECOND LESSON.

Translated from the German,
By P. F. Johnson.

"So he said, glorious: 'I shall
brave the world again; I shall
hurry and speed, beg and steal, plan and act,
to gain the prize thou dost not possible win
thee. Until then we shall not rest.'

In such a manner I treated poor Beneclix;
he went off in anger, his good genius left
him, and he was tempted to commit an
act at which his heart I know revolted.

The respectable citizen shook his head
on hearing this, and after a while thoughtfully exclaimed—'This is remarkable!

But why?' he added, 'do thou thus fill
the forest with thy lamentations, without
benefit to thyself or to thy lover?'

"Kind sir," she responded, "I was on
the road to Hirzheburg, when, nearly over-
come by anguish, I took refuge under
this tree."

"And pray, what wouldst thou do in
Hirzheburg?"

"Kneel before the executioner; stent all
the town with my pleading, and call
on its daughters to join me in my supplications. Perhaps the judges will deal
mercifully, and spare the young man's
life; else I shall gladly die with him."

The gnome in the height of his emo-
tions forgot his revenge, and made it
point of gallantry to give back the youth
to his distracted lover.

"Dry thy tears," said Lee, sympathiz-
ingly, "and give not thyself up to sorrow.
Before another sun shall rise, thy sweet-
heart will be free. Be awake tomorrow
at the first cock-crow, listen for the
ting knock at thy window, for Beneclix
will be asking and waiting for admittance.

But the door where woodbines arc bloom-
Shall ne'er open with my hand, or
the latch."

Chorus—Lonely shades are stealing, &c.

[Inco...er, and the credo nonetheless to himself for their constructing his pan-
grows, and so

"Ah! Choral lesson. The truth
caused him to be sent, against
him in judgment; but his innocent has
been proclaimed for his life. It is
because I have ever
The damsel o

Meanwhile preparing the Poor Beneclix
and better rays
and scissors of
and the credo
nevertheless to himself for their constructing his pan-
grows, and so

"Ah! Choral lesson. The truth
caused him to be sent, against
him in judgment; but his innocent has
been proclaimed for his life. It is
because I have ever

The damsel o
Meanwhile the padre labored hard in preparing the culprit for the next world. Poor Benedix was an ignorant layman, and better versed in the use of the needle and scissors than the rosary. The one and the other with him were nothing, and the crude he knew only by name; nevertheless the zealous monk devoted himself for two days to the work of instructing his pupil. Even then the poor sinner would reason the formula with groans, and such stray expletives as—"Ah! Clare! Clare!" and thus spoil the lesson. The religion of the pious father caused him to picture hell as a terribly hot place, and so lively was his description of it, that he made the slave burn of the flock throw off streams of perspiration, and impressed him with the prospect in view to such an extent, that at length he combed his hair, as if already knee-deep in burning lava.

The priest, wishing the delinquent a last good night, had just left the prison, when he came across Turnip-Counter, who this time had adopted the invisible style of clothing; but he could not make up his mind as to the best manner of liberating the poor tailor, without spoiling for the judges their ease in hand, for their prompt action in the matter had won his admiration. Now a thought struck him, exactly to his liking. He followed the monk into the convent, borrowed a-cowl out of its wardrobe, and tried the fit. Thus disguised, he sought, as a father confessor, admittance at the prison, to which the tailor with due reverence responded. Once in the prisoner's cell, he thus addressed him:

"The care for thy soul, after my short departure, once more calls me hither. Let me know, my son, if thou hast anything yet untold upon thy heart and conscience, that I may console thee."

"Reverend father," Benedix answered, "my conscience troubles me much less than thy reproach, which gives me fear and anxiety; it appears my heart as if it were in the thumb-screw."

"Ah!" Benedix interposed, "I cannot stand that wading knee-deep in the fire-pit!"

"Fool!" repeated the other, "why not keep out of it, if the bath be too hot?"
Benedix thought that a screw was loose somewhere, and he started at the priest in a manner that warned him not to commit another blunder; and he turned away abruptly, saying: "But of that some other time; what about Clare? Does thee love her still as thy lady? Hast thou a message for her at thy last hour? If so, let me know."

The young man felt the magical effect of that name with such force, that he gave vent to cries and sobs, without being able to speak. The monk, in pity, thought it about time to put an end to the performance. "Poor fellow," he said, "keep quiet and take courage, thou shouldest not die. I know thee to be innocent."

He drew forth a key from his pocket, saying, "Let me see if it will fit the lock." The experiment proved satisfactory, the iron dropped from the prisoner's hands and feet, and he stood unencumbered. Next, the monk changed clothes with Benedix, saying, "Pass slowly out, like one of our brotherhood, through the outside guards and down the street, until thou reachest the boundary-line of the town, then hasten with all thy speed to gain the mountains; rest not, until thou art in Liebenau, at Clare's house; then knock softly at the window, for there is no harm in that, if she is waiting."

Benedix thought that this must be all a dream; he rubbed his eyes, and plunged his arms, to find out his real condition and situation, and when he found that he was wide awake, he fell down before his deliverer, embraced his knees, and tried to stammer his thanks. But as time was valuable, he gratefully took the proffered leaf of bread and a sausage with him, to lunch upon, and passed the sombre prison walls, trembling for fear of being recognized. Yet, the sacred cowl possessed such excellent virtues in disguise, that the jailors never would have thought the bird it covered was one of different feathers.

Clare, lonely and depressed, sat in her little chamber, listening to the whispering wind, and starting at the footsteps of every passer-by. Hark! I did not something rustle at the window shutter?—was that not the door-blower which sounded? With fluttering heart she jumped to her feet, peeped through the wicket and found herself disappointed. Time wore on; the roosters in the neighborhood shook their wings, while their crowing told of the breaking of day, as the convent bell sounded to matins. To her it sounded like a death knell and funeral requiem; the night waltz blew his horn for the last time, to rouse the sleepy female lancers to their early work. Clare's lamp burned dull, because its oil gave out; her anxiety rose with each passing moment, which must account for her neglect to notice the splendid rose of good omen, as it burned at the glowing wick. If the early morning had not brought him this tidier, he would not have crossed the roosters' yard, which many a time he have vowed some day to enjoy life without. He remembered the dead silence from his pocket, finding it hundreds of times, this did not guard against gold pieces dropping Clare new happiness, if Benedix, too, was as the gentleman claimed, and shared her walking and carriage in conjugal happiness.

In making his good monk undo him this treasure, keeping decently away from the truth, with all the words of his heart, he left their birthplace Prague, where M of means, lived in.
ing a voice whisper from outside, "Sweet love! are thou awake?" To thinking she stood at the door, "O! Belissi
dost thou come, or is it thy ghost?" Be
holding the revered father, she dropped
down in horror; but, happily, his faith-
ful arm and kiss of love—acknowled-
ed to be the best remedy for all bisteric
fits of this kind—soon restored her to
consciousness again. The first joy of
their reunion over, Belissi attempted
to tell her of his wonderful escape from
the nords prison, but his tongue, from
painful thirst, stuck to his mouth, until
Claro brought him some fresh water; this
revived him, but hunger exercised its
eavings, and Claro had the only common
panaceo of lovers, salt and bread, over
which many an impassionate couple have vowed somewhat rashly, perhaps,
to enjoy life satisfied, and happy togeth-
er. He remembered his sausage, drew it
from his pocket, somewhat astonished at
finding it heavier than the horse-shoe; but
this did not prevent him from break-
ing. When lo! the bright gold pieces dropped to the floor, occasion-
ing Claro new anxiety, doubting as she
did, if Belissi, after all, was as innocent
as the gentleman from the east had pro-
claimed him to be, and the gold not a
part of the plunder.
In making her understand how the
good monk undoubtedly had bestowed on
him this treasure, to commence home-
keeping decently, the youth's honest face
went far to convince her that he spoke
the truth. With deep gratitude, both
blessed the generous benefactor; they
left their birth-place and settled in
Prague, where Master Belissi as a nun
of means, lived with Claro for his wife,
in conjugal happiness, surrounded by a
numerous offspring. So deeply hid the
fear of the gallows taken hold of him,
that he never acted dishonestly against
his customers, (in opposition to a settled
habit of his craft) and he never appro-
imated the smallest trifle of cloth as eba-
logue* from its owner.
About the same time that Claro heard
her lover's steps at the window, a person
knocked at the prison door in Hircsburg;
this was no other than the real father
confessor, anxious to deliver up his pupil
to the hangman, in a manner that reflected
credit on the master. Turnip-Coun-
ter had taken up the delinquent's part,
and in honor of justice resolved to go
through with it; to suit the case, he secon-
ded to meet his fate with fortitude; to
the man's great delight, as the blessed re-
ward of his holy labors. Satisfied in his
own mind, he ordered the penitent's
chains taken off, as he would have him
confess, and then absolve him; but after
all he thought that it would be well to make him repeat the yesterday's lesson
over. What did disappointment for the
good father to find that crook and every-
thing creditable had vanished from the
fellow's memory, like smoke from the
chimney. The priest was certain that
Satun had a hand in the matter. Exor-
cism was resorted to, but all endeavors
to make him love the victim, that he
might take care of his soul, were in vain,
whether would the crook come home to
his memory. No further respite could
be granted, no further delay in favor of
a hardened sinner was allowed; and he
was taken to the place of execution.
Pushed from off the ladder, Turnip-
counter sprang to his heart's content,
and with such vigor did he ply at the rope
that the hangman felt afraid lest some of
* One of Master's profligate jaws. Tailors
are a mild minded craft in some parts of Germany.
Since the tears, John of Aragon, broke himself to
the request of the melancholy lady, he has been the
sympathetic standard of the belittled artist, and of
materiality; heanism, turning up one's nose
and contempt at a person holding of "tailor's weight,"
and borne down by the pressure of the loaded cart, he
seemed to be a proper title being of "tailor's weight,"
and borne down by the pressure of the loaded cart, he
seemed to be a proper title being of "tailor's weight,"
and borne down by the pressure of the loaded cart, he
seemed to be a proper title being of "tailor's weight,"
and borne down by the pressure of the loaded cart, he
seemed to be a proper title being of "tailor's weight,"
the crowd who were looking on should hint that they ought to stone him for doing his work so bunglingly, and to which must be ascribed the horrid torture of the dying man. Now, as Turnip-Counter wanted to avoid any new misfortune, he settled himself in a rigid position, and pretended to be dead; however, when the people had dispersed, and some persons, taking a walk near the gallows, stepped up to have a look at the corpse, the wag played his odd tricks again; and his grimaces were such that they made them take to their heels in great consternation.

It being noised abroad that the hanged individual was unable to die, and had got off so many strange antics as to astonish the people, the report induced the Senate to send off a committee of investigation early the following morning. When they arrived, their surprise may be guessed at, to find a man of straw only, covered with rags, and swinging from the suspended beam like a scare-crow; such as people sometimes put up among their green peas, to keep the sparrows at a respectful distance from the garden—who quietly was put by, and it report circulated that the tailor being of easy weight, was blown away by the high wind last night, and was floated beyond the limits.

FANCIES,

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.
Rest!
Rest for the troubled soul,
Whose turbid waters roll
Their solemn dirges
In sultry surges
Up from the gloomy cavern of my breast,
Flinging their gory stream of salt and bitter tears
Over the skeleton wrecks of bygone years,
Driven upon the rocks in wild unrest!
Guys barks were they of youth,
Freighted with love and truth,
With sails all spread to catch life's balmy breeze,
Before the tempest's might,
Avoid the breaker's roar
Went down forevermore,
And hope, love, and faith, were buried in the seas.

II.
Peace!
From labor comes a sweet release,
A relaxation which the toil-worn mind,
Thrashing with thought, so longs to find,
Here, all its stormy surges cease.
Birds float with song the incense-laden air,
Which softly before the buried brow of earth,
Till the sweet warblers in the olive trees
Seem soft Petronias wakened by the breeze,
Which walk the thoughts into the land of dreams,
As wild flowers float away on meadow streams.

III.
The balmy air floats heavily around,
The trees are rustling with a soothing sound,
The sun is slowly sinking in the west;
Delicious peaches in the foliage green,
Hide their red cheeks, half blushing to be seen,
While now strolling from the other knees sweet.
The pear tree shower their fall on the plain,
In lascivious drops of autumn's golden rain;
So let the memories which these scenes recall
Open in idleness, and thickly fall,
While twilight hours toll every dreamy sense
In deep, delicious, dreamy inexactness.

IV.
The silver stars which flood the skies,
Beam brightly down, like love's light eyes.
Sweet pictures of the dear home hand
Far, far away in Eastern land—
Some now walk heaven's sapphire strand,
And one comes back whose name has long

And flows the
And sinks the
The twillight
Shall drain
And sooth
Which bids

An invalid
morning,
and I now
consider a
thirty of pain.
It was an
man, his
five years
being mine, a
paper pure
relaxe, a
bathing.
It ed leaving
town of the
boy, leaving
rents, but
friend to
in advance
the proffer
madness.
Their but how
consuming
I lest
rate the life.
When all
end to
readily and
souls in ed but to
parents;
ments, Why
ments as
and down
trying moments.

An incident, though of small moment, occurring within hearing, at my hotel one morning, gave rise to some reflections, and I now submit both the incident and reflections (far a few of them) to the consideration of all who may deem them worthy of perusal.

It was early in the morning, a gentleman, his wife, and their little son, five years old, occupied the room adjoining mine, separated only by a cloth and paper partition, thus making me, volens, volens, a listener to what I am here relating. It seems that a friend intended leaving that morning for the home town of the parents and child; the little boy, being an earlier riser than his parents, had been up and invited by this friend to accompany him home, one day in advance of his parents. Blessed with the proffer, he ran up stairs to his father and mother and asked them if he might go. Their consent was readily given; but how sincere the mother was in this consenting to part with her son for one day, I leave mothers to judge—at any rate the lips and voice gave the consent.

When all was ready, she bade him come and give father and mother a parting kiss; and when they left the room, the mother turned to me and said, "I knew mother's boy could not go away and leave her." "If that old stage had upset and killed him, what would mother have done for a little boy?" "His mother's only darling," and others of similar character.

And thus it is from childhood, from our earliest infancy to life's close, and at almost every step we take, we are met with "trying moments".

When the child-boy has arrived at an age deemed advisable by his parents to be sent from home to an academy or college, to acquire an education, that he may be qualified to discharge, with credit and profit, the duties and requirements of life; the selection of location having been made, his clothing arranged and packed, the carriage to bear him away standing at the door, and he for the first time is called upon to take leave of a kind father who has always loved and provided for him; of a devoted mother, who watched over and nursed him during his infancy, and at whose knees he had been taught and accustomed to lie on his infantile, evening knees, were still and silent—that little voice, all gentle and mirthful, in a moment was husked in silence—for the first time the painful reality broke upon his youthful mind that he was going away from his father and mother. Probably he began to wonder who would kiss away his little troubles, and when night came, diorama and lay him down to his evening slumbers. Halting and hesitating a moment, the veil of filial love breaking loose, overflowed his little heart, and with sobs and tears he retraced his steps and ran to the arms of his mother, already outstretched to receive him. To the mother too, these were "trying moments." Could her boy, so young, voluntarily leave her for a whole day? And when she found filial love so deep seated in her son, her joy may be judged by her utterances of such expressions as these:—"I know mother's boy couldn't go away and leave her." "If that old stage had upset and killed him, what would mother have done for a little boy?" "His mother's only darling," and others of similar character.

And thus it is from childhood, from our earliest infancy to life's close, and at almost every step we take, we are met with "trying moments."
and sisters, with tearful eyes stand around to receive the parting kiss; and his own heart, ready to burst under the sup-pressed emotion; to him, these are "trying moments!" He must have a stout heart, indeed, and one not to be envied, who can pass through them unmoved. But the absence is to be only temporary; in a little while—counseling thoughts—he will return doubly endeared to those whose love-taking now constitute his "trying moments."

Follow a little farther the boy-subject of our reflections. In a few years, with diploma in his pocket, having acquired the advantages which education gives, returns to the parental roof; but his stay is of short duration; it has become necessary for him now to enter upon the duties of manhood life. It is true, the world is before him, but how dark and gloomy the prospect of success. In the various pursuits and professions, every department seems already over-crowded, and by each aspirant who would swell the number, instead of extending the helping hand of encouragement to meet and hail him as a brother and co-worker, he is scowled upon and repulsed. Little by little his heart, indeed, and one not to be envied, is scowled upon and repulsed. Little by little, the wise and sagacious judge of the bar and his first case. They are negative in their character, and require only patience, perseverance, industry, and a moderate share of good common sense to overcome them all; for, at some stated period, after putting up his "shingle" the first client makes his appearance and states the facts which are to constitute his first case. This long looked for, important personage having introduced himself and stated his case, and desiring "advice," to know what his remedy is—it may be said presents to the new novice "moments of trial." It is of another kind, and a different occasion I would now speak.

After having successfully overcome such difficulty in its progress—the first case has so far been presented that nothing remains but the "summing up" and to make his plea to the jury. His opposing counsel for hours, has dealt in eloquent and persuasive arguments, has dwelt long upon the great injury and injustice attempted to be practiced upon his client, and has left them to hear what may be said in a cause so manifestly unjust. The time has now come when he must stand up before the court and jury—surrounded by a pantomimic crowd of idle, curious, criticizing spectators. All eyes are directed to the spot where he sits, expecting to see him rise and make his "debut"—borne down by the weight of anxiety and excitement consequent upon the occasion, the many pointed, convincing arguments and appeals which had crowded themselves upon his mind, all suitable to the case, have now vanished from his mental vision. But he cannot longer sit—he must rise—he does rise, and though he knows not what to say, the power of the moment seizes him and he is preparing to make his "moments of trial;" courage and skill he has, and he knows he must make his "debut."
DAISYBANK.

BY MARY VIOLET VESELEY.

CHAPTER I.

Little more than two years ago, as I sat in the school-room at noon, a note was handed me. This was on examination day. Upon opening it I read the following:

Dear May:

I know your vacation is near, and you faithfully promised me to spend the time as Daisybank. Cousin Byron has arrived from the West, and is to stay with us this summer. He looks just like that handsome little Carlos, who went to Colfax boarding school, when we did, in the old gaol on Washington street, in '33. Oh! you'll admire him so much—he is altogether so charming! So, my dear, throw aside equations and French rules, and come without fail.

FLORENCE.

I hastily replied:

With all my heart. Tell Ben Brown that I'm coming, and that I wish to ride that magnificent black horse of his, "Lassie." I think I'll like Byron—but not if he isn't as proud as Oscar. You know I always despised a tame, obsequious man.

Two mornings after this, I was seated in Col. Elliot's carriage and on my way to visit Florence, my schoolmate, who had left us one year before. I had been to see her two or three times during that time, as we were inseparable confidants. We followed the road to San Mateo, and beyond, where we turned off among the hills for several miles, till we came into the little valley, or rather cleft, where a beautiful white cottage appeared, the only one to be seen, and soon I jumped from the carriage and was cordially welcomed by my friends.

Daisybank is situated near the further end of the cleft, on the high, and in spring time, always daisy-covered bank of a beautiful streamlet "meandering at its own sweet will," and selfishly taking care to always glide from side to side, where the most lovely flowers grow, and where the most graceful shade-trees bend low.

Florence and I christened the place Daisybank, and the brook Afton—for we always loved that streamlet and its name, of which Barns so tenderly speaks. Then there was a big, noble oak tree, that we called "Washington." Surely, if there was ever an earthly paradise, this was not what to say, would speak, but I delayed the power of utterance. One excellent, and but one, stands between him and failure—ruin; it is a glass of water—he seized it and while slowly emptying its cooling contents, seeks to compose his thoughts and remove the cloud from his mind. It is his last auxiliary—the terrible, death-like stillness must be broken—these are "trying moments."

And now, kind reader, I leave these "reflections" to be extended, if desired, by your own reflections drawn from your storehouse of observation and experience. The world is full of "trying moments;" they are to be found everywhere, more perhaps in its unuttered, than in its written history. He who would win the prize and experience the exultant joy of victory and triumph—he who would attain to position, honor, wealth, fame, or any of the unnumbered, priceless objects which excite the honorable ambition of the wise and good, must pass through "moments" of trial; to say nothing of the years of study, toil, and privation which go before.

Let not this truth, however, deter one aspiring spirit from entering the field; content, but he be like unto the sturdy oak, which, striking deeper and deeper its roots, as the storms grow stronger and more violent, it grows and continues to grow taller, until it becomes a majestic tree, and is universally recognized and known as King of the forest.

LEXIUM.

Chapter 1.
Behind the house, the bank sloped down to the water; then up rose a high, gradually sloping mountain, on the side of which was covered with luxuriant foliage, and trees, and mossy stumps, and winding paths. Then such sweet singing birds, so many tiny nests, and squirrels, and creeping vines, and dainty hanging mosses. On the left was an open meadow full of trees and flowers, and green grass. And there that regular stream gurgled and laughed o'er its pebbles; and beyond were more hills. In front, a well cultivated garden spread out, and beyond that the most beautiful, lazy, rolling hills, velvet-covered, and among which were the eldest of tumbled together rocks, and ups and downs, ever found—a capital place for kids and seek by moonlight. Then the cottage was almost smothered with honeysuckles, Madeira vines, and Australian creepers; sweet roses peeped in at the windows, and the multihued covered the large bay windows of the library. There was a pretty parlor, a fine library, with very comfortable lounges and good books, and an airy dining hall, that opened its wide French windows on the brook-side; and large chambers with white curtains. Oh, it was just my idea of a fine country home! There was not the walk of a breeze that was not sweet—not a laugh or expression from the heart that was not of gladness, and in harmony with the songs of the birds, that looked like winged flowers among the green foliage.

How many such homes there are in California, that thousands know not of. Oh, these Lover-laden Italian Scholars do not all dance merely upon torn up golden mountains, and upon hearts whose only prayer is for the precious metal. No, God bless us! I there are homes where they shell their heavenly light on flowers of purity, sweetness and contentment, and as the wanderer begins on the gate and "brings his thoughts from their wanderings," he exclaims, "Oh, home! so much like home! dear, bygone days!"

"'Tis too bad, May, that Byron has gone off hunting; but yet I am glad, for I want you all to myself a while."

So we talked and laughed, and towards evening we made a wreath of wild flowers and followed up the hill-side, behind the house, to place it at the head of her little brother Eddy's grave. I well remember the dear blue eyes that had gone to sleep in the Lamb's bosom, since I first went to Daisybank.

As we returned to the house, I saw a shadow moving on the hill and soon old "Love," the dog, came up, and following was Mr. Byron Reeve—a handsome man, by far, than any that I have since seen—to whom I was duly introduced, and whom I slyly peeped from under my hat. He then turned and left us, politely excusing himself. I had only a glimpse of him—but I will not say what my first impressions were.

"That's my knight! Is not he brilliantly magnificent?" said Florence, enthusiastically, as he left us.

"Decidedly, brilliantly dark," I replied.

"That is just why we golden-haired girls like such—don't we know! I'd like to see the blue-eyed man that we admire—wouldn't you, May?"

"Guess that is because we are contrary—nevertheless 'tis true. It is nonsense to hear school-girls talking of beaux, anyhow," said I.

"Is it? We'll see. I imagine you have as susceptible a heart as any one. Why, didn't we used to enthuse down in a corner of the school-yard at recess, and study the 'Lady of Lyons'?—(don't you remember what fun we had in making the gesture in—'Would'ast thou have me paint the scene, etc.) and devour 'Byron' and 'More!' and don't we know as much sentimental poetry as any body? Oh, I'd laugh if you were to feel a wild-beating heart soon!"

That's our song, which, on the gait, his appears old darker, you cannot, and "Jim" that made Byron Reeve had spent a night when he could a man of a gentleman in that reputation nos Col. Ellis, of old gentlemen, over a new cup his care than an effusion emanating brain, soon young rogue, that he ought of society, instead of the glorious him—where the wing its flight; of the passing's words of the mind into beautiful ages, choosing of young the joyous stand in a dark and scribble from.

The next morning my hands 15 eyes, I said, 'Mrs. hand, little lassie?' "Only of you to say of you, of all the delightful, you little! What was your as we walked up the?

"Oh, an exquisite
DAISYBANK.

That evening we sat on the porch and sang, whilst Mr. Browning accompanied us on the guitar. Then Ben Browning made his appearance and played a reel lively old darky tune—one of those which you cannot help timing with your foot—and "Jim" danced such a plantation jig that made us laugh wildly.

Byron Reeve was from Georgia—but had spent much of his time in traveling, where he could get the means, not being a man of wealth. He had gained for himself in the Eastern States quite a reputation as a fine writer.

Col. Eliot, his uncle, being a practical old gentleman, and more of a practical than a poet, was entirely deceived in the character of Byron. Col. Eliot, being a practical old gentleman, and more of a practical than a poet, was entirely deceived in the character of Byron.

He was a beautiful young man, with a face of beauty and grace, and a voice that could charm the birds from their perch. He was a beautiful young man, with a face of beauty and grace, and a voice that could charm the birds from their perch.

The next morning at breakfast, putting my hand before Florence's blue eyes, I said, "What news from dreams?"

"Only of you and your voice, and, consequently, as Ben Browning would say of you, all that was charming and delightful, you little mouse!"

"What was your dream?" she asked, as we walked up the daisy bank.

"Oh, an exquisitely beautiful one! I dreamed that I had roses in my hair, and that I was rambling in a lovely Persian grove, redolent of everything that is charming. Sweet spices grew there, and orange blossoms dropped near my cheek, and the pearl spray from fragrant fountain-lilies upon my brow, and white lilies bent lower as I stepped nearer, and merry tangles hung on the rough rocks, over which a beautiful rainbow hung, as if an angel's wing had swept the air. A mellow light glanced through the trees, and the velvety turf was studded with rare and delicate flowers! Oh, such a lovely spot I never before, even in dreamland, beheld! But yet, it was not what caused the great beauty and love in my heart; 'twas the companionship of one whose every word is music and poetry, such as I had never before known. Though strange, bright birds sang the sweetest lays, yet I listened only to the music that came from his eloquent lips.

"Now, whom think you it was? Ah, you would never guess. None other than the Persian bard, Hafiz. He sang of the dew-drop that kissed the petals of the rose, of the breeze that made the breath of the sweet white narcissus, of the dropping water that came like tinkling bells to the ear, of the music of the human voice, of the tender glance of the eye, the wild throbbing of the heart, and of the beauty, love and immortality of the soul. Was it not charming?" I asked.

"Indeed, indeed it was! but I hope you didn't enjoy that promenade with the old bald-headed Hafiz?"

"Not at all! for he had the form, voice and features of your cousin Byron."

"He had!" she said, half jealously.

"Yes, and here is the mystery. During this visit to dreamland, I heard constant music; and after I had awakened, still heard the sweetest music of birds, far off, trilling and singing. I listened
to it for half an hour, for I am sure the
music continued for that length of time.

"Oh, you are a romantic, superstitious
little goose. May birds singing half an
hour in the night! I'm sure you were
never more deceived. I guess you have
such a musical birdie in your heart that
you hear its echo at all times. I think
you must be posted, for don't you re-
member what a wise old gentleman said
to a young man when he asked if he
thought him a poet? 'Toll me your
dreams, if they are all full of beauty and
sentiment, then you do not mistake your
calling,' or smoothing of that kind. So
I'll go and break a spray of wild laurel
to crown your brow."

"Very well, but I cannot help think-
ing of that mysterious music," replied I.

"Are you so sure? we'll both listen
to-night; but I bar no lovely dream will
come to wake the fairy-minstrels. I don't
know but what they hold their midnight
revels in the damask roses at my window.
We'll see."

By this time we had wandered over the
hill and down the other side, near a clear,
beautiful lake, almost smothered by the
gracful foliage that margined it. As this
was as near the "Como" of our imagi-
nation as anything we had seen, it was
so called - Como in miniature. We sat
down on a grassy plot beneath a big tree,
overlooking the waters, and quietly dmt-
ted. Soon as I jumped up, a voice famili-
er said, "Voyons done, Mesdemoiselles!
Who are you there, or adusately-perfect?
And do you not also Keats?"

"Oh, yes, there is in the former; still, I am
not a painter, nor a painter of flowers;
but from my cravat I suspended, no doubt so
among the roses of
they are damask." I
laughed at the
black.

"If that be true your laurel-spear or
shrub."

"And you, flatterer
having abruptly
to the house, we
Mrs. Ellet, who said,
"Where have you
Over by 'Como,'
replied I.

"And what is Flor
"I left her there, at
adusately-perfect?
"And do you not also
Keats?"

"Oh, yes, there is
thenceforward; still, I am
not a painter, nor
a painter of flowers;
but from my cravat
I suspended, no doubt so
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

M,

AN, as we have before remarked, is considered the only animal that can MA,olutely laugh, and of course he nevef had been gifted with this power if It was not designed that he should use it. We love to see a man laugh, sometimes—not one of your little sniffs, but a downright regular roar laugh—a laugh which shakes the colouche out of his soul, and sends the blood tingling to the ends of his fingers. Every such laugh adds to the sum total of his existence. Heaven deliver us from a man who never laughs; we suspect him at once, and avoid him as we would a greedy bear. There are some well bred people who think it clownish to laugh—they smile sometimes—a sickly smile, which dies from want of blood, before it is fairly born. There are others, who, like the old cosmogists of Cremwoll, go about with sour faces, thinking it an unpardonable sin to crack a joke, or laugh at others who do crack them. Life is a very serious burden to themselves and to all about them. There is another class of non-laughers, who carry too much dignity to laugh. They would like to do so, but then it would lower their dignity. Behind a hay stack they might indulge in a vociferous roar, but before folks, oh! I never.

Not that we would always have a man grinning like a monkey, but the greatest man is by no means always the wisest. The
owl is perhaps the greatest of birds, and
to the stupidest. A donkey carries a grave
face, and has a great deal of professional
dignity, but nobody thinks any more of
him for that. Doctors and undertakers are
excusable for not laughing—they deal in
gross subjects: folks also with heavy heads,
for they cannot appreciate the ridiculous.
Schoolmasters mustn't laugh, for every-
body laughs at them. But common people
ought to laugh and grow fat. Laugh—in
company, and out of it. A merry laugh is
better music than a piano. If you are un-
happily, laugh to drive the blues away.
If you are gay, laugh because you want to
laugh. If you have white teeth, laugh to
show them; if you have none, don't push-
up your mouth to hide the loss.

There to live and always reign
And never to return again
He did not think being called so soon
But his morning was not at so soon
And left him in a dismal light
Thus he has gone from our sight
6

Only think of the dreadful one
That we have not of here below
But how unhappy he must be
To dwell in hell eternally
7

Perhaps the father tried all his might
To train him up as he thought right
But there was something backing here
That would make him happy in that sphere
8

Now the father inasmuch to reflect
To think how his endued son fup
Perhaps saw he would be here
If it had not been for the father then
9

But he had no thoughts of this
That morrow was so happy to bliss
But now you can plainly see
Your son has gone far from the
10

Has left his friends kind parents dear
To mourn the loss of a son so near
Oh they may look with weeping eyes
But the last view in the grave he lies
11

There he must lay and turn to dust
Never more in his fathers trust
There he must lie all silent around
Until the last trumpet sound
12

Then he must come forth again
Whether he be happy or in pain
If he is sentenced to heaven or hell
None earth knows nor can tell
13

The fathers love the oldest one
Was scratched by death and gone
Has gone never more to return
Has left his friends in grief to mourn
14

Think how soon he was cold and went
All owing to the sad accident
That happened in the morning of life
That put him in the dreary abode
15

Now dear brothers he is mistaken
For one of you ramblers sharply is taken
One that you loved while here below
Now has gone and left you in deep sorrow
16

A friend from Shasta relates the follow-
ing amusing little incident that occurred
in that town, and which is well worthy of
a place in this Social Chair:
A bright-eyed little three-year old, was
her father a few days ago on a visit to the
Ter. Mr. S. When they were seated at the
dinner table, and the minister had begun to

Durnings on a Certainty
up, when nabobs from no na-
d as well as playful as
new day—when men
were paid like pes-
like asses, gambling of
praise; but even that
caused habit of betting on
or impossible thing.
statement, if disputed, we
sometimes to an enorm
the extent of it the following

An Illustration:—

— He was a civilian in Col
often kept a sanguine tab
ight o'clock in the event
Mayor Gordon—who was
remained, "He was too high, thirty inche
half height for a comfortable
u sa savery trim, and height for a comfort-
well at last, and, moreover, I a
fleshy inches," as the said Gordon, "I am
sized at last, and, moreover, I a
sized at last, and, moreover, I a
sized at last, and, moreover, I a

A Rule to measure the table:
"Now," said Gordon, "if you
we want no rule; you

HUTCHINGS’ CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1853.
ask a blessing, it being the first thing of the kind she had ever seen or heard, she sat still, struck with wonder, her eyes riveted on the speaker. In the evening, when they were again sitting around the table, and the good old man was engaged in again asking a blessing, her father happened not to be still at the moment, when she remarked to him, in an audible whisper, "pa, pa, be still, the man is going to talk to his plate again."

**J. C. C.**

**Buying on a Certainty.**—Fifty years ago, when nabobs from and in British India were as plentiful as fillibusters are now—when men in that oriental paradise were paid like princes, and spent it like asses, gambling of course was common; but even that was nothing to the constant habit of betting on every possible or impossible thing. Every opinion or statement, if disputed, was backed by a bet, sometimes to an enormous amount. Of the extent of it the following truthful anecdote is an illustration:—

M—, a civilian, in Calcutta, high in office, kept a sumptuous table. At dinner, at eight o'clock in the evening, a guest of his—Major Gordon—who was staying with him, remarked, "If—this table is a little too high, thirty inches is the maximum height for a comfortable dining table."

"It suits me very well," said the host, "and, moreover, I am sure it does not exceed thirty inches." "Oh, but it does," quoth Gordon. "I assure you that you are mistaken," said M—. "I wish I was as sure of one thousand mothers ($2000)," rejoined Gordon. You had better not bet, for you would lose."

"I am so certain that I'll bet you a thousand."

"Done."

"But I tell you I bet on a certainty, so if you like to take it, well and good; but I tell you plainly I bet on a certainty."

"Never mind, I am equally sure; so done," said M—.

A rule to measure the table was sent for. "Now," said Gordon, "if you take my word, we want no rule; you know you would not, though I told you I had a certainty; the fact is, I thought the table too high, and I measured it this morning after breakfast."

"I know you did," coolly replied M—. "Now so?" "I was in the next room, and saw your reflection in the mirror through the open door as you measured it; so I sent for a carpenter after you went out, and cut three-quarters of an inch off each leg."

**A Few Weeks Ago.**—A couple of produce dealers from Contra Costa, arrived at the Broadway wharf, in this city, after having indulged together a little too freely at the bar on the ferry boat, while crossing the bay. Now it so happened—as it has often done before—that the effect of liquor upon the one was to make him more good natured and jovial than when sober; while upon the other it produced the opposite effect, for he became quarrelsome and insulting, and ultimately sent the former a challenge. This was promptly accepted, and by the custom of "the codes," the party challenged whom we will call B—had the choice of weapons.

Now as B—was a man of generous impulses; and moreover, enjoyed a good joke as well as most men, although possessing as much true bravery as any man, he informed G.—who was somewhat of a bully, and consequently a coward—that he would send his friend to him to make all the necessary arrangements for their duel.

G., went away in a very melancholy and uncomfortable mood; seriously pondering upon the loss his family would sustain in case of his fall, which was not at all improbable, since B—was always cool and self-possessed, and moreover was an excellent shot. Those thoughts sobered him a little; and just as he was reproaching himself for his egregious folly in provoking the quarrel, and for placing the circumstances of his family, and his own life in jeopardy, his second walked in and informed him that he had met B—'s second, and that every thing was arranged for their hostile meeting, and that he wished his principal to..."
walk down with him immediately to the end of Clay street wharf, where the duel was to take place.

The first impression of G. was that the place chosen was not altogether suitable; but as his thoughts were mainly with his family, they did not recur to that subject again, or even to suggest an enquiry, as to the kind of weapons to be used. In fact, he heartily wished himself out of it, but for the laughter and scorn he must procure, he would even now have apologized rather than fight.

As all the party were near neighbors and friends, who knew G.'s quarrelsome disposition when in liquor, and wishing to break him of his chivalric impetuosity, taking the one from B., they readily agreed to have the duel, and dispense with balls in the weapons. It was also otherwise arranged that in order to turn the whole more completely into ridicule, and at the same time restore the parties to good humor, so soon as B. had tired of his ballless pistol, he should renew the fire with eggs.

As G. was entirely in the dark upon this arrangement, when his antagonist resorted to this mode of combat, he was taken by surprise, but finding that a similar style of warfare was very handy at his side, partly instigated to it by his seconds, he returned the fire, when each presented such a ludicrous appearance, covered with egg shells and their contents, that one spontaneous laugh broke from the seconds, in which both the principals most heartily joined, and as the ill feeling was now at an end, they shook hands and were as good friends as over. Thus ended a bloodless duel—to the entire satisfaction of both parties.

OATTS IVANS was an old naval veteran of sixty-seven; he had lost an arm and an eye years and years before at Navarino, which last action settled his understanding, both legs being carried off by a chain shot. Cork legs were coming into fashion. Sept. 20 had a pair of the first quality made for him; he had a false arm and hand; into the latter he could screw a fork or a hook as occasion required, and being gloved, the deficiency was not easily perceived. As increasing years rendered him infirm, his relatives took advantage of him, so that he wrote to his brother—a Somersetshire squire—to send him up some tenant's son as body servant. "No matter how stupid, if but honest and faithful," he wrote.

His brother was absent, and sent to his steered to select a lad. This the steered did, but merely mentioned that Captain Evans was infirm, not appraising the humbug of his new master's deficiencies, and sent him to London at once, where the Captain lived.

At ten at night, he arrived, and was immediately shown to Captain Evans's sitting room.

"What is your name?"
"My name is John, sir."
"Well, John, my recently victim is absent again without leave; help me to bed, as it is late, and then you can go down to your supper."

Adjourning to the bedroom, the old gentleman said,
"John, unscrew my leg."
"Zar," said John.
"Unscrew my leg; this way, see. John did so, tremblingly.
"Unscrew my other leg, sir."
John did so, in a state of bewilderment.

"John, put this eye on the table."
John took it as if it would have bitten him.

"Now, John—so I won't take the other eye out—lift me into bed."

This done, the waggish Captain continued, "John, beat up the pillow, it is not comfortable."

It was done.

"Bast it up again, sir: it is quite hard."
Again John shook up the pillow.

"That won't do; John, I can't get my
head comfortable. D—m it, John, unwear
my coat."

"No, by God, I'll unravel no more; and John fled from the room to the kitch-
en, swearing his master was the d—l, tak-
ing himself to pieces like a clock.

As Christmas and New Year come round,
think of this, ye lonely bachelors:
Every heart must have a shrine,
Worshiping with love divine;
Souls must ever blend in one,
As the streams together run.

Stars that shine upon the river,
Waken this world's life and sleep;
Kiss the flowers which sleep below,
Thus do mortals ever find,
Their souls must ever blend in one,
As the streams together run.

As the good natured spirit that follows
is brief, as well as sprightly, we shall al-
know it to speak for itself:

LETTER TO SISTERS.
SUSAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15, '90.
My Dear Brothers:—
The sweet summer months are passed
again, and we have not spoken to each
for such a long, long time, I almost fear
that you've forgotten little sister May. So
soon? But I have not forgotten you, and
the old Magazine is still one of my best
friends, because it speaks so kindly of you.

Do you wish to know where I've been?
Well, I'll tell. You are acquainted with
"Bessie," who writes so sweetly, are you
not? I visited her during the summer.
She lives in a little fairy cage, just fit for
two such wild birds as she and I were.
You remember some gentleman writing to
the "Golden Era," and saying that "Bessie
had such a graceful kind of a face, and
was never known to smile. Well! if
I didn't laugh! Guess he saw the wrong
lady. Wish I could peep in her face now,
and say, "look in my roguish eyes, Bessie;"
just to see her spring up and laugh. Why,
we skipped through the flowers, and under
the grape and rose covered bowers, like
mad-caps. And then such romps, and
jokes, and joyous laughter, and songs, and
down! Dear me! Guess I'd know a
true face sooner than most persons—
couldn't live a week where there is such a
preventive to mirth. Jessie's nothing but
a fun-loving girl, in disposition. When
that gentleman comes where I am, I'll just
draw my round cheeks down in the shape
of an angle, and look as though I had no
friends. Wouldn't his description of me
be funny enough? If he should, he had
better recollect that I have a great many
big brothers in the mountains, who, I'm
sure, would take my part. How could
Bessie be unhappy, with such a home, with
its thousands of roses, and fruit trees, and
birds?

Whilst I was there, every morning a
bird came and sang on a rose bush over
my window, at dawn. Hear its sweet song!
The music is yet in my heart. Thos so
these soothing minstrels contribute to our
happiness.

I hope that you are very happy, broth-
ers, and that success may come from your
honorable labor. Do not forget me, and
remember that you have at least one friend
in San Francisco.

Where are those brothers who used to
write me, do tell or Doings? Have
they gone away?

Best wishes—beat love, and good night,
from yours, affectionately;
SISTER MAY.

The Grasures.

Read Dresses.

There never was a time when head
dresses were as much worn as they are now.
No woman of fashion is seen without them
at any hour of the day; nor is this article
confining to the simplicity of construction
and material, either in quantity or quality,
as has often been the governing principle
hitherto. Caps are considered the most
distinguished ornaments, and many of them,
on account of the trimming, cost as much
as the dress itself, and require nearly as
large a b赦e to hold them, but as this arti-
cle of dress admits of more variation from
established rules than any other, every
milliner will understand as much from the
hints above given as is required for prac-
tical purposes.

Baskets,

Are very useful as well as stylish the
winter, and the tendency to drop the
crown heal, sold still more to comfort.
Vestes, mixed with white chips, and even
such a style as these are very fashionable.
The light sweet is most assuredly more
stylish and fashionable for promenades and
morning dresses than any other; they are
not made so very tight as the pair when
they were in fashion in 1848, and have
been adapted to the modern taste, not only for the
fashionable night, but for the merrie they have
of being warm. The waist, most of them,
are plain and high, belted in the back;
bows and roses down the whole front
of the dress where the skirt is plain, have
a charming effect, especially for the new
style of wooden material, with silk stripes
or rills. We have not space for more this
month on the subject of fashion, unless to
remind, that with all our hearts, as with
our best wishes and good wishes for your welfare
and prosperity, we await all our dear
readers a "Happy New Year" greeting,
and should there be amongst you any who
are in want of such articles as cannot be
procured in the "mountains town," we
offer our services (grat) should you consider
our price and quality a criterion for you, from
a direct to

Fashion Department of Hutchings' California.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26th, was
generally observed throughout the State.
Three distinct shocks of an earthquake
were felt in this city, between 73 and 84
on Sunday evening, Nov. 27th.
The San FranciscoLetters arrived, Nov. 27th, from
Panama, with 1,407 passengers and 1012
packages of merchandise.

On the 30th Nov. the Uncle Sam arrived
with 726 passengers and the U. S. mails.
The Grissom sailed Nov. 30th, instead of the 21st—owing to her detention at Panama,
and consequent late arrival in this port,
with 113 passengers.

On the 1st ult. the wages of the laborers
on the Government works at Port Pinto,
were reduced to $2 per day.
A rich decayed quartz vein, of small
size, was struck by Indians on the
between front and back country counties.
It paid as high as $240

Besquare Parish, the large-hearted and gifted author of the deservedly
famous "Patent Corny," most of which
were originally published in the Golden
Age, under the name of "Daw, Jr."
he hailed his last on the evening of the 4th ult.
The Golden Gate and Uncle Sam steamers
arrived from Panama on the 5th ult.;
the former with 362 passengers and $4,400 in
revenue; and the latter with 405
passengers, the U. S. mails, and $73,526 in
revenue.
The Collector of the Port of San Fran-
cisco confirmed 1,088 clerks of
steamers, and which were sold
as auction for $2,50 to $400 per tons.
A happy New Year! give from our hearts' best
prayers. There is no language more
noble when it falls from the
love us? The music of an
sweeter than the voice
which we have the honor
relaxation for the overtaxed
harm from the stress
dail, when the minds
bitterness of disappointment

her trial trip on the 10th
pounds of steam

Collections in the various cities, for the Prot-
ions, were made on the
amounting to $1,140.
The price of a through

66 MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

God bless you, as you say, and brought
victories of home, and felt
with it many fond hopes.
How many a lonely one
the snows of the Sierra
memories of home
how many hearts were
gathered around the hearth;
the golden lamplight for the safety of
father, son, or brother.

"A happy New Year!" give from our hearts' best
prayers. There is no
language more noble
when it falls from the
love us? The music of an
sweeter than the voice
which we have the honor
relaxation for the overtaxed
harm from the stress
dail, when the minds
bitterness of disappointment
EDITOR’S TABLE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First cabin, $1,100</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second cabin, $1,073</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third cabin, $1,046</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth cabin, $1,029</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifth cabin, $1,012</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixth cabin, $995</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seventh cabin, $978</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eighth cabin, $961</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ninth cabin, $944</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tenth cabin, $927</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleven, $910</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelve, $893</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirteen, $876</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourteen, $859</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifteen, $842</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixteen, $825</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seventeen, $808</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eighteen, $791</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nineteen, $774</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty, $757</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-one, $740</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-two, $723</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-three, $706</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-four, $689</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-five, $672</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-six, $655</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-seven, $638</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-eight, $621</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-nine, $604</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty, $587</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-one, $570</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-two, $553</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-three, $536</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-four, $519</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-five, $502</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-six, $485</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-seven, $468</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-eight, $451</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-nine, $434</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty, $417</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-one, $400</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-two, $383</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-three, $366</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-four, $350</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-five, $333</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-six, $316</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-seven, $300</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-eight, $283</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-nine, $266</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty, $250</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-one, $233</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-two, $216</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-three, $200</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-four, $183</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-five, $166</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-six, $150</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-seven, $133</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-eight, $116</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifty-nine, $100</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixty, $83</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixty-one, $66</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixty-two, $50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixty-three, $33</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixty-four, $16</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixty-five, $4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Go forth to pluck the flowers of friendship, and from our souls we thank God for it.

“A happy New Year!” How many pleasant memories does the wish awaken, how many familiar faces does it call up, how nice the spirit of the past. The old years die, but the joys they gave us—their loves, their hopes, their cherished hours—are ours forever. They never die. The happiest moments of our lives, lived through all eternity.

“God bless you!” But merry Christmas has come and gone. You have not brought with it many hopes of the future. How many a lovely cabin, half buried in the snows of the Sierras, was lighted up with memories of homes far away; and many hearts were made glad as they gathered around the happy fireplaces, on the other slope of the continent, and turned fondly to the golden land, breathing fervent prayers for the safety of some wandering father, or son, or brother.

“MERRY Christmas to you! God bless you!” But many Christmas has come and gone, you may, and with it many recollections of home, and of friends; and carried with it many fond hopes of the future. How many a lovely cabin, half buried in the snows of the Sierras, was lighted up with memories of homes far away; and many hearts were made glad as they gathered around the happy fireplaces, on the other slope of the continent, and turned fondly to the golden land, breathing fervent prayers for the safety of some wandering father, or son, or brother?

“Merry Christmas to you!” To one and all, we give from our hearts’s holiest thoughts and prayers. There is no phrase in the English language more musical than this, when it falls from the lips of those who love us. The music of a well-known voice is sweeter than the whisperings of an animal; and when the greeting comes from even passing acquaintance, it sends a glow over the affections, makes our hearts lighter, and our smiles more cheerful, and strengthens the ties which unite us to our fellow mortals, who, with us, are drifting down the stream of time.

From the stranger’s voice falls pleasantly upon the ear at such a time. Fortunate is it for us, that, in this country of hurry, excitement, anxiety, reverses, and restless changes, we have the holidays—seasons of relaxation for the overworked brain—loopholes of escape from the toilsome round of daily life, when the mind can forget the bitterness of disappointment, and the heart go forth to pluck the flowers of friendship, and from our souls we thank God for it.

“A happy New Year!” Our Chair becomes a sledge, and at the merry jingle of the sleigh bells, away we are dashes across the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains, and the broad plains, faster than ever the Reindeer dogs dashed across the snows of Greenland with Dr. Kane. Away we go, under those whirling skies, where the old year has been wrapped in a shroud of sorrow, and consigns to the fates of an icy tomb. The storm winds of the North howl his dirge, and Nature’s tears are frozen in icicles over his grave. Far behind us, the mild breezes of the South and West, from the Pacific, are softly sighing his requiem, and the New Year is strewing flowers over his tomb. There, the New Year comes like a blessing amidst us, with sunny smiles and airy step; but, over those granite hills of the East, a lusty youth, full of vigor, bounding over deep snows, laughing at the biting frosts, and gliding over the s糅d rivers and congelated lakes. The merry music of the sleigh bells is welcoming in the New Year, and light sledges are chasing the frosty hours over the hills and through the valleys. It is a star light winter evening: the air is clear as a bell; Orion, the Pleiades, Ursa Major, come tripping up the heavens, their bright eyes trembling with delight; the hard
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

The beaten road is one of dazzling whiteness; the
snow grows and mingles beneath the run-
ning; and a soughing, silver hula, warm
bells, and a shaggy, smiling face, a waft swells
as and glows like the Northern Lights
and a song of sleighs, high
bells, and more than all—think of it
here we go plunging into a snow bank:
"A happy New Year!" Ye of the frozen
North and sunny South, turn back and
read if Christmas memories tarry any old
heart-chord of love and sympathy;
may the New Year come in each like those
pleasant memories of the past, and when it
shall depart, may its memories be trea-
ured up with delight. In the basket
Yea, you are happy, may you all be
happier still. Ye who have known dis-
paiiment, who have seen the brilliant
hopes of youth fade away into viewless air,
who are sick at heart when you look to the
future, may God give you the strength you
need. Ye who feel that your life is slowly
ebbing away; that the New Years of the
future will be less-developed than a few,
that ye must leave this
beautiful world, with your life half lived;
ye who lone at night and
pray to God to take you home where the throb-
ing heart shall cease to pain, gather your
thoughts about you, and learn to die like
men. The ruins of destiny shall open to
you a darker life. Let us all live each
other more, and thank God for another
"Happy New Year."

The annual examination of the public
schools, in all the principal towns and cities
of the State, was held from the first to the
fifteenth of the past month; and by
the reports received, must have given gen-
eral satisfaction. Those of this city were
thoroughly conducted by various examin-
ing committees of the Board of Education,
and although scrupulous care and great
impartiality were maintained, the pupils, as a
whole, acquitted themselves with laudable
proficiency. The article on schools, in our
last number, will give the statistics.
That of the High School, which was
continued for four days, was particularly
interesting, not only from the gratifying
success of the students in the numerous
difficult branches that form the course
of this Institution, but from the fact that
eleven of the class that entered three years
ago, graduated and received their diplomas
being the first class of graduates from the
Public Schools on the Pacific coast. On
this occasion, each of the graduates read
or delivered an original composition, that
would have done credit to the students of
colleges, of greater age, with much more
theory and precision. The teachers of all the
public schools of the city closed the annual
sessions with a joyous solemn reunion at Musical Hall, and the stu-
dents of the High School gave a select,
though large, private subscription party,
in Torel's Hall, at the end of the ex-
amination. Both were well calculated to
unite each other in a closer bond of union.
While upon the subject of schools, we
wish to call the attention of the Board of
Education to the lamentable deficiency of
a large majority of the pupils, in the beau-
tiful and useful art of calligraphy; for while
it is matter of proud congratulation that
nearly all of the "higher branches" are
well taught and studied, but few can write
a passably decent hand. This is much to
be regretted, and should be promptly cor-
rected. We would also suggest, that with
our two happy exceptions, the physical
ion of both sexes is not sufficiently
admission is not very com-
limentary; and although we presume the Board
instructed. We would also suggest, that with
the best assistant teachers they can em-
ploy.

To Contributors and Correspondents.
G.—Next month.

P. B. P.—Send us something that will
make the heart beat quicker, nobler
and better, then we will publish it and thank
you.

C. H.—The present American flag origin-
ated in a resolution of Congress, passed
June 14th, 1777; "That the flag of the
thirteen United States be thirteen stripes,
alternately red and white; that the Union
be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field,
representing a new constellation."

A. G.—Certainly, with pleasure.

F. M.—We should think so much; but if
it cost you no trouble to write (which
admission is not very complimentary),
we regret that we cannot pay as much
for the reading of it, or in the attempt
to discover any portion of that excellence
which you mention. Declined.

J. S.—Give us your 600. We take delight
in welcoming an earnest and large-hearted
thinker back again to our columns. A
career is always, and most cordially, at
your disposal.
SINGER'S
SEWING MACHINES.
ARE the Best adapted to all General kinds of
Sewing, and at a price that will be found in no other machine.

THEY WILL SEW
The Lightest & Finest Fabrics
WITH EQUAL FACILITY,
Making a stitch as fine on both sides, whether the work is to be seen or not, as the finest hand stitch. They are watered out of service in the most simple construction than any other description.

They were exhibited at the GREAT EXHIBITION, and received the \textit{GOLD MEDAL},
And the patents were purchased by the French Government.

\textbf{ATTENTION COMPANY!}

A truly neat and delicate article.

\textbf{GROVER & BAKER'S}
\textbf{NOISELESS}
Family Sewing Machines
Are supplied for the special use of the Family.

\textbf{ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.}
Printed in 15 styles.

\textbf{NEW SALESROOM}
In the New Building, E. W. Grover and Company, 14th Street, between Montgomery and California streets, Nort for a Circular.

\textbf{R. G. BROWN, Agent.}
NEW MUSIC STORE.

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

PIANO FORTE & MELODIONS,
MUSIC,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

AND VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS.

INSTRUMENTS TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Old Instruements taken in Exchange.

B. F. STERETT.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
145 Clay St., near Leidesdorff,
SAN FRANCISCO.

EXCLUSIVELY calls the attention of the public to his establishment. Being well provided with all the modern improvements in presses and materials, he can turn out work at very short notice, and at very low rates.

Interior Merchants, visiting the city, will make a great saving by having their CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTERS, &c., &c., &c., done here, as the rates are very little in advance of those in the Eastern States.

Orders by express promptly attended to, and all work guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Also...
PUBLISHER
AND
DEALER
In New and Popular
Sheet Music.

KOHLER'S
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS
AND
ALL KINDS
OF
Music Books.

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 the largest ever executed on the 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.

Maguire's Opera House.—Professor ANDERSON, the Great Wizard of the North, gives his World-Painted Entertainments in Magic and Mystery, at this fashionable place of amusement.

Price of Admission, to all parts of the house, $1,100.

American Theatre.—At this commodious and beautiful Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS BAKER; Mrs. JUDAH; Miss MINERVA, and Messrs. J. B. BENT, Geo. EYRE, War. BEYER, and other popular artists, perform each evening. A Variety of Novelties, possessing great merit, are in preparation.

Prices of Admission, $1,00, 50 cts. and 25 cts.
FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN!
Being the Seventh time received against all Competitors!

R. H. VANCE,
Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Having again received the First Premium awarded at the State Fair for the best Ambrotypes and Photographs, it is guaranteed that all who have me with a call are sure to obtain better work than can be produced at any other room in the State. I would say to my patrons that I am now producing better work than ever, at much REDUCED PRICES, so as to render it to the people.

Having reduced my prices more than 30 per cent, no one need longer go to second rate establishments on account of price.

For plain Photographs, Ceylon Portraits, India Ink Photographs, or Colored Photographs, you need.

If you prefer to pay in cash, I will sell you the largest degree of the best articles. I can furnish Portraits with greater perfection and promptness than heretofore.

Being the owner of JAMES A. GUTRICK'S PATENT RIGHT for Amperipherally Feeling Ambrotypes, I shall continue to give my patrons the GENUINE PATENT AMBROTYPES At the Reduced Prices.

I have been introduced into my establishment, by my new process, which is the only one of the kind known in the State. Also, a large number of the principal places in the State, with forty different views of the principal cities in the State, with sixty different views of the various county seats, of which are twenty-five hundred feet high, and of the Mariposa Big Tree, one of which is thirty-four feet in circumference.

Duplicates of these views can be furnished if ordered.

I have arranged my business so that hither to I shall be at my room at all times, to attend personally to my patrons; and in the absence of my operators, who have been with me for years, and of the other members of my establishment, I can safely guarantee that all who favor me with a call, will receive the best of service, and all who order through me will be entitled to the highest degree of satisfaction.

* * * REMEMBER THE PLACE.

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