Published Monthly. Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE

No. 46...April, 1860.

PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFIELD
143 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 one address in the United States each one may name, at Two Dollars each per year.
NOTES AND SKETCHES OF THE WASIHO COUNTRY

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TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS
NOTES AND SKETCHES OF THE WASHOE COUNTRY.

VIRGINIA CITY AND THE COMSTOCK LEAD.

VAILING ourselves of the topographic knowledge and artistic skill of a gentleman recently returned from the rich silver mines, east of the Sierra Nevada, we present the patrons of our magazine with a life-like view of several important localities in that region. The first of these is a sketch of the celebrated Comstock lead, with the adjacent mining hamlet of Virginia City. This lead, at the point exhibited in our cut, being that at which the rich silver ore was first struck, is about fifteen miles in a direct line north of Carson City;
and nearly twenty miles, going by the wagon road. It is situated nearly half-way up the eastern slope of a mountain spur branching off from the Sierra, near Carson City, and running north to the Truckee river. This spur has since been very appropriately named the Silver Range. It is about 2,600 feet high, and separates the main, Carson from Washoe Valley. It is almost entirely destitute of vegetation, there being but little grass and only a few stunted pines and cedars scattered over it, with a small grove of tall trees at two or three points along its summit.

Running along its sides are numerous ledges of quartz rock, cropping out in places for a considerable distance. Some of these are much decomposed on the surface, and by being worked, either by means of washing or crushing, yield various amounts of the precious metals, being a mixture of gold and silver. It was while working one of these veins, last spring, that James Finney, better known as "old Virginia," came upon the rich silver ore which has since been taken out in such large quantities and rendered the Comstock lead so famous. Finney worked the vein as a placer claim, taking as a species of gold dust depreciated with silver, and making twenty or thirty dollars a day to the hand. But, coming at length upon the worthless blue stuff, as he termed it, but in reality the rich sulphurites, he became dispossessed of his luck, and not being longer able to make whiskey money, parted with his claim, selling it to five men, named Comstock, Penrod, Corey, Reilly and McLaughlin, the consideration being an ancient horse, with this stuff and a short ducat. Most of these men with hardly a better appreciation of the property they had acquired than the original vendor, shortly after parted with their interests in it for a more nominal consideration. McLaughlin, who sold to Hearst and Morrison, getting $5,500; Penrod and Comstock, who sold to Walsh, getting the former $5,000 and the latter $6,000; and Corey, who sold to Beard & Co., getting $7,000 for his share. Reilly, who did not sell until five months after, got $40,000, besides his share of the ore previously taken out. The entire claim of these parties as it originally existed, was eighteen hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide — being fifty feet on each side the vein, and running downward as far as it extended, or they might choose to go. This claim was afterwards reduced to fourteen hundred feet, so that they conveyed at the time of selling, two hundred and thirty-three and one-third feet a piece; of that portion parted with prior to the sale, one hundred feet was given to Comstock and Penrod, as their exclusive property, in exchange for a small water privilege owned by them and necessary to the working of their united claim by the Company. This one hundred foot, situated four or five rods north of the excavation from which the rich ore was first taken, was afterwards sold to some Mexicans, and was thenceforth known as the Mexican or Moldando claim. It has since proved exceedingly valuable, and being in a more satisfactory condition as to title and possession, commands a higher price in the market than any other portion of this lead. It is the most northerly point on the Comstock vein, at which the rich sulphurites have been struck in any quantity, though about one-half of this claim lies beyond it.

Going south, we have next to the Mexican, the Ophir Company — two hundred feet, about the center of which the first discovery of silver was made; next the Central Company, one hundred and fifty feet; then fifty feet, a part of the original Corey claim, and finally the California Company's Claim of two hundred and fifty feet, which disposes of the Comstock Claim as it originally existed; though
The same vein has since been traced some distance, both north and south, and a great number of claims have been located on this supposed extension thereof. For more than a mile towards the south, the Comstock lead can be easily traced and identified, both by its continuity and the rich character of the rock. Beyond the California Claim, in this direction, very valuable outcroppings have been met with at several points, more especially on what is known as the Gould and Curry, and on the Hale and Norena Claims. Here better surface rock has been obtained than was first met with on the Comstock Claim itself. In consequence of these discoveries, the prices of these claims have gone up to enormous figures—even so high, it is said, as $700 per foot.

Not only has this wonderful silver lode been found to extend itself longitudinally, but parallel veins have been formed in close proximity, proving that the argentiferous deposits of this locality spread in every direction. Amongst these lateral veins, the Grass Valley, Winnemucca, Sacramento, Bryan, Hagen, &c., are reported valuable; the four last mentioned showing every evidence of being genuine silver lodes, of a similar character to the Comstock vein. That they possess substantial merit, is shown by the high prices they readily command in the market; some of them selling for more than the Comstock claim, for a period of several months after it had been opened and the quality of its ores determined. The belt of these rich parallel veins does not seem to be confined to the immediate vicinity of the Comstock lead; on the Rogers vein, several miles to the east, the rich sulphuriferous ores have been struck and traced north across Six Mile Canon into the Yankee claim, where they reappear in all their richness. At other points in the neighborhood, and at those still more remote, not simply traces of silver, but ore assaying hundreds of dollars to the ton has been met with. There is therefore good reason to believe that this entire portion of western Utah abounds in argentiferous deposits, many of which will be brought to light the present season, others perhaps being reserved for future exploration.

The mining hamlet, seen in our cut, and ridiculously called Virginia City, as in derision of the man whose ill-luck it seems designed to perpetuate, sprang up during the past summer, but grew slowly, owing in part to its unfavorable situation, and still more to the difficulty of getting lumber for building. It is expected to grow more rapidly this spring, though the entire absence of wood, and water fit for drinking, in the neighborhood, will operate as a great drawback on its prosperity. It is also, owing to its elevation and exposure, an exceedingly cold and dreary place during the winter. With water, and fuel, for reducing the ores, this could hardly fail to become a town of some magnitude. As it is, it would be difficult to say much about its future. It at present contains about a dozen stone houses, two or three times as many built of wood, of every size and description, with a number of tents, shanties, and other temporary abodes. Owing to the scarcity of lumber, and the difficulty of getting stone, not a few, on the approach of cold weather, dug excavations in the side hill and, covering them with earth, passed the winter there. In front of the rich mining claims are arrastas, at work crushing the decomposed quartz and the poorer class of silver ore, that will not pay to be sent to San Francisco. Here, also, are to be seen workmen wheeling out, through the open cuts made at the top, the refuse rock, earth, quartz, and the rich sulphuriferous ores; the latter of which are boxed up, preparatory to transportation. Scattered about the place are the usual para-
phernia of a mining camp, while at various points in the vicinity, are to be seen prospecting tunnels, open-cuts and shafts, nearly every important claim having had some work of this kind performed upon it. Cropping out along the hills are numerous quartz ledges, some of them so prominent as to be seen for several miles, others barely coming to the surface and showing themselves only at intervals. The famous Comstock lead is of the latter class, and is made conspicuous in our picture only because of its great intrinsic value.

About four miles south of Virginia City, is another locality, of such striking characteristics that our artist has thought worth while bringing it into notice. This place is known as the "Devil's Gate," being a pass in Gualston, about twenty feet wide, with perpendicular rocky walls, running to a great height. Through this the toll road leads, and besides being noticeable for its striking and rugged features, it has other, and, to the utilitarian, greater attractions, as the center of an extended district rich in auriferous quartz. In the immediate vicinity of the "Gate" are several veins of well known value, prominent among which are the "Twin Lead," the "Jenck," the "Badger," &c. A few rods below the "Gate" a town has recently been laid out, called "Silver City." It now contains a dozen or two houses, of a temporary character, the growth of the place having been retarded, as have all the towns in this region, from scarcity of building material. It is situated on both sides of the ravine known as Gold Canyon, which is here narrow, affording but little room for a town, unless it be carried up against the adjacent hill sides. Several arastas have been introduced into the cut, these being in constant use for working up the rotten quartz, found in most of the surrounding claims, and frequently yielding large amounts of deteriorated gold. A great number of tunnels are being run into the hills, hereabout, some of which have already struck rich quartz, and the others are going on with good prospects of success. Standing below the "Gate," and looking west up the cañon, a great number of parallel knolls run north, forming the base of a rugged mountain in that direction. Running horizontally over these are numerous quartz ledges, all taken up and held at high prices, since nearly all have exhibited more or less gold. In the back ground, to the west, we get a glimpse of the "Silver Range," the base about three, and the summit five miles distant. It is a bold and barren chain of hills, about 2,500 feet above the level of Carson Valley, which it separates from Washoe Valley, lying along the western base of this "Range." On the left, stretching south from the "Gate," are two black mountains, between which runs the west branch of Gold Canyon. The lower, and more prominent of these, rises to a height of near 2,000 feet, and having been called by some Mexicans, prospecting about it, the "Cerro Alto," it still bears that name. About half way up it, on the side next Gold Canyon, is a "bench," or table, across which runs a quartz lead, which, having been taken up, it was afterwards called the "Bench Claim."

It is a singular circumstance, that two brothers, Englishmen, having gotten the idea that silver existed at this spot, proceeded there some three or four years ago, sunk a shaft on this "bench," and erected a small furnace for smelting the ore. One of the brothers dying, the other, disconsolate, left the place after filling up the shaft they had dug, by placing timbers transversely across it about twelve feet below the mouth, and covering them with earth. This would seem to have been done that their labors, should they ever be discovered, might not give the impression that they had gone far down.
Their furnace, a rude affair, probably at best, had also been demolished, and when the writer visited the spot last summer, nothing but a heap of stones and some fragments of charcoal remained of those pioneer silver works, thus erected by those ill-fated brothers, so far beyond the confines of civilization. The grave of him who perished, is still to be seen by a cedar on the hill side, all trace of the survivor having been lost; nor would it ever have been known whose work this was, but for this faint tradition, known only to a few of the older residents in these parts. That any one should have went there at that early day in search of silver, seems strange enough, when taken in connection with the little that was then known of that remote region, and with the astounding discoveries of that metal that have lately been made so near by. Whence these brothers got their notion of silver at that point, what discoveries they may have made, or why nothing further was ever known of them or their labors, remains, as it no doubt over will, a mystery. The most likely solution of it is, that they derived the idea from one of those legendary tales of mineral wealth, so often heard and so little believed, though not always devoid of some foundation in fact; while, as to the brother who came away, he may have since followed his kinsman to the unknown land; or surviving, have left the country, and perhaps never yet so much as heard of the fabulous treasures since, found fast by his mountain home.

The next place exhibited by our artist is Carson City; a town that, having wholly grown up within the past year, has already attained a very respectable magnitude; not only eclipsing its older and politically more favored rival, Genoa, but advanced rapidly towards the position it must hereafter hold, as the great central depot, and distributing point of Western Utah. This beautifully located and promising town is situated on the west side of Eagle Valley, about eighteen miles south
of Virginia City, and twelve north of Genoa. It stands immediately at the foot of the Sierra, which rises behind it to a height of more than three thousand feet, being covered with pine forests from its base to its summit. Coming down from the mountain, and crossing the valley below, are numerous rivulets of pure cold water, which, with the springs found on the margin of the plain, afford ample supplies for the use of the town, (through which it courses in channels dug for the purpose,) as well as for irrigation.

Rugio Valley, containing an area of nearly one hundred square miles, is itself one of the most beautiful in a long series of mountain vales that skirt the eastern base of the Sierra. Watered by the Carson River on the one hand, and by the many rills mentioned on the other, with numerous springs, hot and cold, pure and mineral, scattered over its surface; covered with green sward along its western margin, and environted by hills, it seems the perfection of landscape scenery, and every way fitted for the abode of men. Nature, in fact, seems to have destined this for an important point in the future of this country. Here, by the configuration she has impressed upon the country, all the great highways seem compelled to center. Standing at the gateways of the Sierra, and on the threshold of the Desert, Carson City commands the passage, trade and travel of both; while her central position as to the mines makes her the supplying agent for them; leaving her future growth to be determined only by that of the mineral districts around her. Which way soever we would proceed from this point, a comparatively good natural way opens itself to us. Westward, leading out toward Placerville, a good route is found by the old Johnson Trail, over which a wagon road, much shorter and better than that now traveled by way of Genoa, could easily be opened. Going northward through Washoe, Stumboat and Truckee Valleys, by the Henness Pass, into the populous mining counties of California, we find nearly all the way along a natural depression with a smooth surface, and even surmount the Sierra, scarcely being conscious of the rise. This town is also on the great Emigrant Trail across the Plains; while southward it communicates with Carson Valley, the Walker River and Mono districts, by means of roads, over which, with very trifling expense, heavily laden teams might be made to pass.

Here, also, the entire country to the east, and for some distance north, must come for lumber, this being the nearest point from which supplies of this indispensable material can be drawn. Interposing between the country along the Lower Carson, including most of the mineral region, so far as discovered, and the Sierra Nevada, on which alone trees suitable for lumber abound, is the Silver Range, a rugged chain, destitute of timber.

Carson City is laid out in regular squares, the streets being straight and wide; and, as the surface is perfectly level, no grading or other labor is required to prepare the lots for building. The soil about it is of such a nature that neither the mud or dust become excessively troublesome at any season of the year. Water of the best quality is abundant, running through the town in small ditches dug for the purpose. It is procured both from the springs adjacent, and the streams coming down from the mountains, which never fail, winter or summer. There were but two or three houses on this spot, one year ago; now there are over one hundred, and there would have been more than double that number, had lumber been plenty, even at the high prices men were willing to pay for it. Some of the houses are built of adobe, several of them large and sub-
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Carson City.

In the midst of fine timber, a steam sawmill was erected last fall, but it could not supply one tithe of the demands made upon it, being of only moderate capacity, and not kept constantly running at that. Other mills of like kind are about being put up, and the prospect is that lumber will be both cheap and plentiful before the summer is far advanced. When this shall be the case, aided by brick, sandstone and adobe, with not only limestone, but a species of natural cement near at hand; with improved roads, and the prospect of a heavy immigration meeting here next season, and a rich mineral district unfolding itself all around her, Carson City must become a large and thriving City, if there is to be any such within the limits of Western Utah; and everything considered, it may justly be said to have a promising future before it.

The next and last place depicted by our artist is Genoa, the oldest, and until
recently the largest town in Western Utah. It was first settled by the Mormons; who, as early as 1850, erected some cabins here, and afterwards more substantial houses, mills, &c. It is handsomely located on the west side of Carson Valley, right under the Sierra, which rises abruptly over it, being covered from top to bottom with pine trees, not very large or suitable for lumber, yet being the best to be had, they are made to answer every purpose. Genoa, like Carson City, is well watered, by a number of rills coming from the mountains and flowing through the streets. One of these is made to drive both a flour and a saw-mill, situated in the edge of the town, as seen in our picture.

Genoa contains about fifty houses, mostly frame, a few being of logs or adobe. At the time Carson County was organized, Genoa was made the county seat, which it has continued to be nominally ever since. The U. S. District Court was also held here last fall by Judge Cradlebaugh; but there is a talk of all these courts, as well as the other offices, whether territorial or belonging to the general government, being removed to Carson City on the opening of spring. Property has recently advanced somewhat in this place, but not at such a rate as in its more fortunate and progressive rival.

Genoa has a resident population of about 200. Amongst these are a number of Mormon families, some of whom have never left since their first settlements here; others are a part of those who having repaired to Salt Lake, at the time of the calling in of the Saints, and becoming disgusted with their experience there, returned to their old homes, much poorer, but hardly wiser for their melancholy journey. Approaching to their peculiar notions, and still cherishing in secret the fatal dogmas of their religion, they do not readily affiliate with the Gentiles around them, nor is there a likelihood of any cordial feeling ever existing between the two classes.
CALIFORNIA FLOWERS.

BY A. KELLOGG.

In the foregoing beautiful group of California flowers, executed by Mr. Nahl, from our drawings from nature, No. 1 represents the largest and most common Iris of this coast—Iris longipetala; the flowers pale blue, or whitish, with deep blue veins. There are many species of the Fleur de Lis found here, some of which may prove to be new. No. 2 is the Western or Pacific (False) Honey-suckle, Austinocentanta. The flowers are perfectly white, except the lower division of its border, which is creamy, or ochreous yellowish. Some specimens we have seen with pink flowers; others of a beautiful yellow color. These plants vary much in form; but, when properly studied, we are satisfied that several distinct species may be identified.

This most ornamental under-shrub of the American forest brings the light of other days around us, and our affections still linger in the pictured past, when we searched the wild woodlands and the shady swamps for the Swamp Apple, or Honeysuckle Apple, as we designated a kind of delicious excrement found upon them.

After the June shower, what inspirations of fragrance did we then enjoy! Hark! do you not hear celestial melody in the rolling numbers of the sweet Swamp Robin? Heaven has blest us
with the sweet hermit of the grove, and
the song and the flower are wreathed
around our hearts in a melodious garland.

No. 3, the Rice Root of the miners, wild
Guinea Hen Flower, Crocketed Lily, &c.
Fritillaria mutica. A dark brown or pur-
plish crocketed, nodding liliaceous flower;
plant about two feet in height, with four
to eight, or even as high as twenty,
flowers. The glandular and beautifully
crushed margins are not noticed in
the descriptions. A very common bul-
bose plant of California. The single
radicle fleshy leaf, as large as the palm of
one’s hand, is absent when flowering.

No. 4, Euthamis arcuata, (Kellogg.)
Sickle-Leaf Primrose.

No. 5, Anemone Californica. A beaut-
fiful scarlet flower, found in wet places.
No. 6, Downing’s Beauty—Downingia
pulchella. In honor of the late A. J.
Downing, Esq., well known to horticul-
tural and rural fame.

No. 7, Specularia, a species of Venus’
Looking-glass.
OREGON SORREL

The foregoing figure is the Sour Clover of the miners, from the juice of which they make an extemporaneous lemonade-like beverage, said to be very cooling and refreshing to the thirsty palate in the hot season. It is believed to possess many other useful properties, e.g. as a palliative in the miner's sourness—in fevers, diarrhoea, dropsy; and is anti-bilious in general.

The expressed juice of this plant when left standing for some time deposits a whitish sediment, (an oxalate?) which when applied to chronic, indolent, or putrid ulcers, will speedily heal them—but the practice we think is rather more cruel than the red-hot-iron remedy. It is doubtless a "rouser" upon the disturbing method of our Austriaans.

The plant is found in this vicinity growing in shady Red-woods.

Were it a foreign plant, it would be esteemed worthy of cultivation. The flowers are large and bright red; some are also pale purplish. In all our specimens, the flower-stem is longer than the leaves. For the lack of space, we have chosen to figure one as short as any we can obtain—will our friends please inform us if the flower-stem is "always manifestly shorter than the leaves?" A brownish pubescence covers it.

The separate figure is designed to illustrate the internal structure of an oxalis. It will be seen that there are five pistils; the largest threads in the center, and ten stamens; five long and five short, alternating. "P" represents the pistils—"S" the stamens. The leaves expand during the day and droop at nightfall. This is probably owing to the effect of the light of the sun, as well as humidity.

* Ocelia Oregana. | Sepals Sempervirens.
I'ri

No. 2, in the preceding cross group, is an outline of the Buckhorn-leaved Gilia, or as it is mostly known in the Southern and Southwestern Atlantic States, The Standing Cypress Flower.*

We seldom see any plant of our gardens of such exquisite beauty as this splendid native species. We have seen and admired it in many of the Southern States, especially in Texas. In California it flourishes at a higher altitude. Wherever it is found, it never fails to extort the most enthusiastic expressions of delight. The downy stem is erect and tall, from 3 to 5 feet in height; the leaves are pinnatifidly parted and densely clustered; the flowers are numerous and pinnate into a conical top often a foot or more in length. The flowers as seen in the outline are long, tubular, with a flaring border, of a brilliant scarlet color, bright straw yellow within or delicately shading into white; they are beautifully dotted with red, or spotted with white and red, mixed.

It flowers from July to September. This is a biennial species; most of them are hardy annuals, of easy culture. The seeds should be sown in open sunny borders, as soon as vegetation starts in the winter of our climate. Many of them crowded together are exceedingly showy. Heaven bless the hand that tills them!

No. 1, of the same group is the Three Colored Plumed Gilia.† This plant is very abundant in California, flowering from June to September; about one foot in height; stem erect and smooth, flowers wand-like, arch-clustered in parcels of three to six. The outline exhibits the flowers of the natural size. No. 3 shows the opened, somewhat bell-shaped, formal flower, with its five-petalled border; the five stamens are inserted into the throat near the tube. No. 4, the seed vessel and pistil, with its three-parted stigma. The flowers are pale purple, or white with a blush of blue; the center and tube yellow, and separated by a deep purple circle. "Nothing can be prettier than this, when thickly covering a bed a few feet in length and breadth." There are also many other native species in California; but these represent the two extreme sections of this family so well one may pretty readily distinguish the remainder.

ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS.

BY NAUTICUS.

[Continued from page 405.]

Let us return to our cuddy supper table.

Money on us, there is Mrs. Cutts having another bottle of beer; that's the ninth silo has had to-day—seven is her regular allowance, and to-day she is exceeding it. She says it makes her limbs supple; if it does, it is a blessing, for she has much need of it. Her husband, Doctor Cutts, gets drunk twice a week, or so, to the great annoyance of everybody; and, under the influence of mania peruviana, fancies himself the Pope of Rome; makes his wife alternately kneel and kiss his toe, and rise to bathe her head with vinegar, and this for two or three hours upon the stretch. Unfortunate couple!—he died shortly after our arrival, of delirium tremens, and she followed hint in six months. Some wag, with more fun than good taste, wrote on her tombstone, with a pencil,—

"Of drinking ale, died Mrs. Cutts—
Perhaps you'll think it queer;—
She tried to drink some forty bottles
Of Hodgson's bitter beer.*"

That stout, rod timed man, helping her to the ninth bottle, is Major Gelding, formerly of the Punglcpoorc Fencibles; he is not in the army now. He has made a fortune by insuring the lives of healthy, ruddy

* Gilia cornutaefolia.
† Gilia tricolor.
The Major says the game is up, for insurance companies require a direct interest on a life now, before they will grant a policy. Moreover, narrating themselves of his experience, one of the large companies has made him their Indian agent, at a liberal salary; that's how he is here now. He will take premiums from fair, dark, or sallow men, or even consumptives, in India; but you must pay high to insure such men as he speculated on in olden times.

One more sketch, and I come to the one with which the happiest epoch of my life is associated. The ten things have been removed, but wine is on the table. Observe that tall, handsome man, with that fragile, but very lovely girl by his side. He is proposing the health of Captain Leeolinio and his officers, in a neat and appropriate speech. There is no awkward hesitation; no humdrum; no hampering, so common on such occasions; he speaks fluently, easily, and all he says is in good taste, and to the point.

That is Mr. Nathan King, and the lady beside him is his sister. They are from New York; they came together, but they went back together. Mr. Nathan King went to England with his mother, sister, and younger brother—they to make a European tour, and he to proceed to Calcutta on commercial business connected with his New York firm. He proposed going out in an English vessel, because of the superior comfort, of a first class passenger ship, and the pleasure of educated society on board. But how comes his sister there? Well, thus it happened: they were the guests of Mr. Hadley, a large merchant in London. His son, Captain Hadley, of the Bengal artillery, was at home on leave. Of course Miss Lizzie King wished to know all about Calcutta, where her brother was going. Now Capt. Hadley was a polite man—a very polite man—and he afforded her every information in his power, until the subject got threadbare. Then he found her voice so sweet, that he must needs require a great deal about New York; not that he cared so much about that, as the manner it was told, and as it came about that he persuaded her that Calcutta, with him, was better than New York, without him; besides, she would be able to see to her brother, who was delicate, whilst he was there. This last settled the matter, and so—and so—they got married; and she is to have her European tour when Hadley next gets leave. That is he, huzzaing so vociferously in answer to his brother-in-law's toast. Look at the merry sparkle of his clear blue eyes, the frank expression of his face, and how tender his glance, when he turns towards her. I had but little fear for their future, and so it has proved. I dined with them since he retired, at their pretty place in Devonshire, twelve years ago, and found that indeed "they too are one."

The next morning all was anxiety to have a fair view of Madras, and soon after daylight the poop was thronged by passengers, wholly occupied with the novel scene around them. Masculine boatmen, catamaran men, in a state of almost perfect nudity, raising blushes on fair cheeks, allowed soon to become inured to the spectacle, native servants, with their tasteful, snowy garments, contrasting with their gay colored, close fitting jackets and fancy turbans, flitted to and fro, soliciting employment from the passengers, and, with humble but grateful salutations, producing their testimonials of character. Who can account for that wonderful grace of motion, characteristic of the inhabitants of the immense Indian peninsula? Is it innate? Is it the result of early training? Or, is it that the extreme exclusiveness of the many
castes renders each desirous to study and
acquire an appearance that shall be cred-
itable to his people? We hold that it
arises from the natural delicacy of their
physical organization, added to pride of
caste, and aided by the total absence of
restraint from any of the torturous ap-
pliances of civilized costumes. That the
extreme poetry of motion, observable in
the females, is mainly attributable to
their habit of carrying light vessels of
water on the head is indisputable, and
has been proved by the dignity of car-
rying that some European ladies have ac-
quired, in late years, by adopting such
exercises as a main element of calisthen-
ics.

A party of us were, by nine o'clock,
approaching in one of the native boats
the outer line of the fearful and con-
tinous surf, which rages at Madras. Be
it known that the whole force of the sea of
the Bay of Bengal breaks on this line of
coast, without protection of any kind.
The result of the undertow is the forma-
tion of a sand bank, about one hundred
and fifty yards from the beach; and
which would probably become, in time,
higher, but that the strong currents run-
ing along the coast and inclining some-
what from it, carries off the higher parti-
cles of sand which are in agitation from
the action of the surf. Inside of this
bank the water is tolerably deep, till the
edge of the steep beach is reached. Now
when the swell which comes in is light,
the impotency of this outer bank causes
but a slight break on the crest of the in-
coming wave, and the risk is consequent-
ally small. When, however, the rise of
the wave, (from the blowing of the north-
east monsoon, from October to March),
is enlarged, in precisely the same pro-
portion is the danger increased. Then
the sea, meeting the obstruction, breaks
with terrible force, cresting with a height
of many feet, and then dispersing itself
in the boiling foam in the deeper water
inside. When this point is reached, the
danger may be said to be past; although
the violence of the blow the boat receives,
on striking the beach, is often the cause
of much inconvenience and considerable
amusement—the more so as if, before an-
other surf strikes her, the boat is not
brought sufficiently high up, the result is
a cloud of spray, enough to half drown
the unlucky wights who are seated in her.

Terrible as the aspect of this surf is,
yet were it not for the formation of the
bank, landing would be impossible; but
for the dispersing of the heavy wave, be-
fore it approaches the beach, by the
means thus provided by nature, the vol-
ume of it would be sufficient, when it
struck the shore, to break at one blow
the very strongest construction of human
ingenuity.

As we came close to the outer break,
the ten boatmen laid on their oars, watch-
ing the waves as they rolled in, and just
rowing a little or backing a little, so as
to keep stationary. Seeing a smaller
wave approaching, the steersman sud-
denly urged them ahead, and, with fran-
tie yells, every muscle was strained to
keep the boat on the shoulder of the wave,
as it rolled in. By their wonderful judg-
ment the bow of the boat, carried by the
curling swell, with fearful velocity, was
but three or four feet behind the crest
when it broke. A few more strokes, and
we were beyond the reach of the next
following wave when it should break.
Had we been but a few feet further on,
and the wave broken under the boat,
then the stern being lifted up by the last
part of it, would have caused the bow to
strike on the bank and upset her end-
ways, landing the passengers in the hiss-
ing foam inside. On the other hand,
had the boat been too far behind the
break of the swell, before she could have
got beyond the reach of the next wave,
it would overtake her, break over her,
and fill if not capsize her.
reached, the set; although boat receives, in the cause considerable if, before anboat is not the result is half drown in her. this surf is,\n\nA few seconds more, and, with a blow that threw most of us into the bottom of the boat, we struck the beach, were hailed up a few feet, and on the shoulders of all but nude boatmen, carried from the boat and placed on dry land.

Miss Palmer, myself, and Miss Crown, whom I had persuaded to accompany us, together with a married lady, Mrs. Southwick, who played propriety, were soon seated in a carriage on route to the house of Capt. Goddes, four miles from town. Capt. Goddes was a cousin of mine, an artillery officer, holding a staff appointment at the presidency.

The extreme flatness of the country, with the exception indeed of St. Thomas Mount, and Armegon Hill, in the distance, detracts much from its beauty; still the pretty houses, embosomed in a perfect garland of flowers and tropical trees, the classic simplicity of the female costume, and the waving of the garments of the males, formed a picture at once enlivening and novel. As we passed through a portion of the outskirts, where the natives most do congregate, and where a small bazaar is situated, the noise, the jabbering in different dialects, made a perfect Babel of sounds. The dust and hubbub, despite the attractive strangeness of the scene, was almost unbearable, and glad we were when we emerged from the crowded district.

Leaving the ladies, who were most cordially welcome, to pass the day in the amusements of social life, the almost exclusive and unremitting exercise of the mental faculties, and a consequently superinduced morbid, nervous susceptibility, cause disease to appear in the sockets of the teeth, which produces their expulsion, although the bodies of the teeth themselves may be perfectly sound. That peculiarity, which both modern and ancient social life affords abundant examples, is frequently found to have existed in the sockets of the ancient Egyptians, but never to have been observed in races of men who have followed a natural course of life.

ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS. 447

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

PREDICTION OF THE WEATHER.

M. Arago is decidedly of opinion that the influences of the moon and of comets on the changes of the weather are almost insensible; and, therefore, that the prediction of the weather can never be a branch of astronomy, properly so called.

And yet our satellite and comets have, at certain periods, been considered as preponderating stars in meteorology. Again, M. Arago believes that he is in a condition to deduce from his investigations this important result:—Whatever may be the progress of sciences, never will observers, who are trustworthy, and careful of their reputation, venture to foretell the state of the weather.

DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Mr. Alexander Nasmyth considers that, in addition to the ordinary diseases of teeth, called decay, the affluence of social life, the almost exclusive and unremitting exercise of the mental faculties, and a consequently superinduced morbid, nervous susceptibility, cause disease to appear in the sockets of the teeth, which produces their expulsion, although the bodies of the teeth themselves may be perfectly sound. That peculiarity, of which both modern and ancient social life affords abundant examples, is frequently found to have existed in the sockets of the ancient Egyptians, but never to have been observed in races of men who have followed a natural course of life.
ARTICLE 1. The bounds of this district shall be, on the south and west by the Seven Mile Canon; on the north by the Iron Mountains; and on the east by Carson River. All quartz claims located in this district shall be two hundred feet on the lead, including all its dips, angles and spurs.

ART. 2. All discoverers of new quartz veins shall be entitled to an additional claim of two hundred feet.

ART. 3. All claims shall be worked within thirty days after location, to the amount of two days to each claim per month, and the owner can work to the amount of fifty dollars as soon after the location as he may choose, which amount of work being done, shall exempt his claim from work for six months thereafter.

ART. 4. All rights of the claimants of a ledge shall always be the whole width of the said ledge, extending a sufficient distance on each side of the ledge, the entire distance of his claim to enable him to work to the best advantage, and if the corner stakes are not at first placed on the ledge by the location, on account of the ledge not being distinctly marked they may be changed so as to correspond to the course of the vein when that shall become known.

ART. 5. All claims shall be properly recorded within five days from the time of location.

ART. 6. All surface or placer claims shall be one hundred feet square, and be designated by stakes and notices at each corner.

ART. 7. All ravine and gulch claims shall be one hundred feet square, and be designated by stakes and notices at each corner.

ART. 8. All surface and ravine claims shall be worked within ten days after sufficient water can be had to work said claims.

ART. 9. All claims not worked according to the laws of this district, shall be forfeited, and subjected to relocation.

ART. 10. There shall be a Recorder, elected who shall be entitled to the sum of one dollar for each claim recorded. It shall be the duty of the Recorder to go on the ground, and see that stakes are set in their proper places, before recording the claims.

ART. 11. Every company shall, within ten days of the time of location of its claims, survey their ground and place good substantial marks at each end of the same, and define by notice the direction which they claim. Said lines shall not deprive the owners of claims from the benefit of all dips, angles and spurs; provided, that such dips, angles and spurs be clearly shown; and all ground within the bounds of said marks shall be the lawful property of the first locater.

ART. 12. All persons holding claims in this district, shall, within ten days of the passage of these laws, survey their claims and set their stakes and marks.

ART. 13. The Recorder shall keep a suitable book or books in which the laws of this district shall be plainly written, and all records of claims, deeds, transfers and surveys shall be registered distinctly, and said records shall at all times be open to the inspection of the public, and said Recorder is required to post in two conspicuous places a copy of the laws of this district.

ART. 14. It shall be the duty of the Recorder to duly record the original notices in letters instead of figures, where figures occur, and shall give to each locator of claims or claims a certified copy of the same.

ART. 15. These laws shall be applicable to companies as far as practicable, and in all company claims, work in accordance with these laws on any portion of their ground, shall be sufficient to secure the whole.

ART. 16. All laws and parts of laws heretofore made in conflict with the spirit and meaning of these laws, are hereby repealed.

Passed March 2d, 1860.
CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY W. B. FREISIE, A.R.

"This is death to life; to be sunk beneath the waters
Without one softly-sprurring sense of an airy spinal
Sight real.

Proverbial Proverb.

Every hope, every aspiration after the
unattainable; every passion ungratified,
his castle in the air. We all build
them. In childhood, they are generally
like the cottage in "Hop-on-my-Thumb"
walls, rafters, and furniture of sugar and
cake; windows of crystal candy; their
occupants having nothing to do but
amuse themselves the live-long day.
Their construction then is comparatively
simple, and if never absolutely realized,
a fortnight of holidays, with an occa-
sional ounce or so of building materials
console the architect. Not so in riper
years—when hangings expand into wider
fields of possessions, if it be but seldom
we turn aside from the active present, so
much the dearer are our etchings of the
future.

There is a class of men styled "day
dreamers," and such the world justly
condemns. Extremes are reprehensible;
yet are we all day dreamers to some ex-
tent, and no more to be censured on that
account, than for enjoying a due amount
of recreation.

Chateaubuilding has its good and bad
effects, according to the character and
foundation of the structure. It is val-
uable as an index and mouldor of the dis-
position, an incentive to labor, and a con-
solation for disappointment. We have
declared these real reasons to be sou-
langeings. As good fountains pour forth
sweet waters, so the aspirations of a noble
soul are the highest expressions of its
refined nature. A mere common-place,
practical man, however much such a dis-
position may avail for the acquisition of
worldly esteem or property, is construct-
ed on too small a scale; what "fifty
hectes" will buy, comprises all his ideas
of the true, beautiful or good.
The materials of the individual's "cas-
tle," then, are drawn from his nature.
We can judge of each from the other, and
shall find the characteristics of both end-
lessly varied. The world is full of men,
and each with his peculiarity; moreover,
should we subdivide characters into class-
es, the number would be well nigh in-
finitely great; from these, then, let us pick up
specimens as they occur to us at random.
Some we shall drop suddenly with a
shiver, or glance at only partially, hiding
as much of the flinth as is practicable:
upon others, the mind will dwell lovingly
and lingeringly; we would fain hold them
in a perpetual embrace, and, as it is,
only let them go when we have prayed
long and hoped that we have appropriata-
ted some of their excellencies.

We have already referred to childhood's
golden edison, rosy with mirth, and
boundless in its supply of unsatiating
sweets. Who does not recognize it (if
he do not now to look so far back, one
day this shall be his sole delight), as his
own fairy ideal? One who cannot, is to
be pitied; he is either that hard-faced,
purse with no outlet individual, who
prides himself on his contempt for poetry
and sentiment, or worse yet—a thorough,
self-advertised rascal—when a boy,
one could warrant he was famous for
grand bargains, and petty thefts too oc-
casionally; he had the faculty of getting
himself bravely out of scrapes at the ex-
 pense of a schoolmate, and was never so
absurdly honest as to own up boldly, "I
did it!" and take the deserved flogging.
Not he! He was too shrewd for that, and
much preferred to see the innocent suffer.
We should find his "castles" preceding
him all along, filled with self, and bright
dollars, and but the reflection of his life-
motive. That they are not fully realized,
all the better for him; but, alas! they are
enough to make the strain of his ex-
listen turbid, and its outflow—we shudder to think whither. Policy has been his motto, inscribed on his air-castles, and still deeper in his heart. Who contributed so magnificently to orphan homes and relief funds, yet turned the fatherless and the widow from his doors? True, he belonged to the church on earth, but not of such, we fear, is the kingdom of Heaven.

Then, again, there is the man of ultra piety. His title, though not just one, is sufficient to designate him. It is intended neither to class him with the former, nor yet present him as the converse. We chance upon him as upon some misshapen stone, valuable for little else than as a specimen. While innocent of evil intentions, he is an injury to society, by exhibiting religion in a false aspect. In childhood his heart structures were ruthlessly torn down; substitutions were made; select chapters from the Old Testament, in place of fairy tales—for such pictures as "Goody Two Shoes," the bears that eat up naughty children. In the case before us, (with rare exception) riper years have not brought about a reaction. If his eyes had been opened, they would have looked too far in an opposite direction; and, for the bigot, we should have had the atheist—(!) the reckless libertine. Asho is, so are his "castles." Sometimes, perhaps, what he crushes as wicked inspirations, build for him afar off—so far that his hope cannot attain unto it—a mansion where joyous laughter, unrestrained, is the music and pleasures to him denied, the fire upon the hearthstone. Seldom does he anticipate happiness in this life. "Across the river" is his home, "planned by Infinite Benevolence"—a vast church, on the mundane order, where songs of gloom re-echo through one perpetual, dreary Sublith. Not a ray of sunshine, not a note of joy, not a breath of freedom?

'Tis false! Better deny God's existence, than his holiest attributes.

Look at the lazy man's "castle"—filled with servants, every thing done at his becket. In it, he pictures himself rich, without labor; learned, without study; righteous, without the pains of self-denial. Do live thus? If he build on strong resolution, with perseverance and industry, he may find the wealth, he the sage and the saint too. But this is not he. With such foundations, the castle belongs to some one else. And to whom, but the man of energy and will? He builds but for to-day; fills with giant purpose, and spends less time in prayer than work. To-morrow, his ideal exists as a reality. His house is larger than had been his hopes.

How many "castles in the air" the lover builds—and how grand! Each is peerless, in his eyes, as a casket from the rich jewel it contains. Of all men he buildeth most recklessly; thinking overmuch of his queen, he chooses but a cottage for her palace—rarely does he even consider the moon never to wane. Though enough. Select any individual, study his habits and motives, and you can readily picture his ideal.

This is eminently a practical and systematic age. No science is regarded worthy the name, which cannot be reduced to first principles; no operation, physical or metaphysical, worth performing, reasons and rules for which can not be stated. To suit the times, then, we conclude with some general hints, in regard to moral architecture, which may serve for a moral.

First, never build on too grand a scale...
—materials are abundant; every wish
adds a wing to the structure—every hope
a dome or a turret; all the more reason
for regarding the rule. "Tis said, as you
are looking with searching eyes, towards
your fairy palace, to find the clouds, where
the sun light was shining, fading away,
and with them your picture. Soli-
der still, if your building has been too
lucky, to see it crumbling into ruins. Al-
ways count the cost, and then build upon
probabilities.

Secondly, build upon faith. This rule
is a check upon running to extremes,
and may be regarded as a corollary of the
preceding. It is not the part of wis-
dom, in planning for the future, to for-
ges the substantial duties of the present.
Final—which should have been first
—build consensually. As a man think-
eth, so is he. We are as responsible to
moral law for our hopes as our acts. If
Wrong be one of the materials of our
"castle," even if the hoped for be real-
ized, we shall find true enjoyment ab-
sent. The world is full of disappoint-
ment. What a blessing that we can
picture for ourselves a brighter future!
With conscience for the corner-stone of
each "castle in the air," whatever fate
assails, we can still be confident of "a
house not made with hands, eternal in
the heavens."

THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

BY G. T. SPRAGUE.

I sit and dream in my cabin door—
I stand in my native home once more;
I hear the music of the bees,
The song of the birds in the orchard trees,
The brooky whispering of the lines,
The music of the Sabbath chimes,
Here the song of the brook by the cottage door—
I hear them all, in my dream, once more.

And I hear sweet voices in my dream—
like some sweet song to my ear they seem.

The shouts of children in their glen,
Ringing aloud ill the meadows free;
The sound of the scythe, and the wakens-
ing horn,
Calling them to the fields at morn;
The plow-boy, wrinkling, wildly gay;
Over the hills and far away;—
Or mocking at the black-bird's song,
Briskly caroling all day long; (stream—
The notes of the thrush, by the meadow
I hear them all again in my dream.

I dream once more;—'tis the hour of mirth,
And groups are gathering round the hearth;
And many a song, and legend old,
And tales of wondrous length are told.
My mother sits and sings so clear,
My father listens, and minstrel's art
Like that could stir his echoing heart:
"Tis the same that in youth came warb-
ling to me,
"Sit, beneath the linden tree.
"There were giants, boys,—brave men,
"Who dared the lion in his den.
"God-like above them all was one,
"The granddam sits and smiles to hear
That tale, oft told, yet still so dear,
As she wanders back through the misty
And thinks of one, her idol boy;
Who left her one morn with a soldier's joy;
With eyes all death-glazed, among the slain,
Furrowing up the streets, on Monmouth's plain.

Then comes a sound like a battle's roar—
I start—and my sleep and my dream are
o'er.
DRESS AS A FINE ART.

A recent paper in the "Atlantic Monthly," entitled "Daily Beauty," advanced some ideas, not altogether new, perhaps, on the subject of dress and personal appearance, which we would like to see generally circulated and adopted. Some may sneer at a deliberate attempt to make dress the subject of a magazine article, but we ought to promise that it is not our intention to say anything to encourage extravagance in dress, but rather to deprecate and crush, if possible, that efflorescence of gay attire which glorifies the drawing-room and illuminates the sidewalk.

I have faith in dress, as I have in whatever will make God's handiwork more personable, more attractive, more beautiful; and he, or she, who dresses meanly when they can afford to dress well, does violence to the purest instincts of our nature, and insults that innate sense of propriety which all have.

But how to dress well, how to so array oneself in ordinary garments, which shall be in keeping with one's personal appearance, habits, character, and vocation, and also attractive; how to group colors and forms in real harmony, to dress richly and yet "overstep not the modesty of nature"; these are things, the knowledge of which is not intuition to all, nor is their practice general, in our own country at least.

One of the principles of true taste, most frequently violated, is that of harmony of colors. The great Architete of the Universe has laid down certain unalterable laws, which regulate the juxtaposition of colors, just as those of music regulate the chords which produce harmonious or inharmonious sounds; and these laws can not be violated without inflicting pain upon the sensible sense of the observer.

In the glory of the sunset sky, you see no brilliant aura jarring against the glowing purple, orange, and gold, of the vapory shapes luminous on the horizon. Search the whole floral kingdom through, and you will find no flowers in which decided blue and yellow are contrasted. Yet, how frequently do we see these colors worn, in odious discord, by both men and women. I remember once seeing a woman, richly and expensively dressed, with a blue gown, green shawl, yellow bonnet, and sky blue gloves. The force of contrast could no further go—no law of harmony was left unoutraged; yet, she doubtless considered herself tastefully and elegantly dressed.

Now, it should be known that there are certain colors which should never be grouped with others; as, for instance, black and pale yellow are incongruous; blue with yellow or green are detestable. Blue, with black, white, or red, is good; and, as a general thing, black and white harmonize with all positive colors. Red, with buff, yellow, or bluish colors, is bad, but with a strong blue or green, is good; but a bright pink, with any yellow or yellowish color, is false and painful. The same principle holds good as applied to all the gradations of positive colors. Women of a sallow complexion should never wear light or pale pinks, as it obliterates the complexion; not should they wear blue, which imparts an unpleasant green tint; but they should wear strong reds, deep, rich browns, or neutral shades. Blue, in fact, is fatal to all complexions, but the fair blondes. Nature has stamped this rule with her approval, by giving to them the bright blue eyes. Women of a florid complexion, should never wear white, especially white head-gear, as the contrast is too broad; but they should let their complexion be shaded off into quiet tints, neutral or secondary. Pale people, of a pure complexion, should wear bright colors, especially near the face, making a warm reflection there,
against the earth, and gold, of the kingdom of heaven.

Now are conse- nantly do we see the discord, by the number once second and expensively seen, green swell, blue gloves. The further go-as I am unenraged-widened herself dressed, in that there are 

Red, in good; back and white colors. Red, colors, is bad, green, is good; any yellow or painful. The skin, as applied with as colors, complexion should links, as it other should they an unpleasant use strong neutral shades. It complexes pure has stamp,-word, by giving.

Women of did never wear sad-gear, as we they should crowded off into secondary. The nation, should entirely near the selection them,

which is better than rouge. Such are very apt to affect white muslin and blue ribbons, which give them an ideal appearance—agreeable, if a hot day, but unnatural and false.

But, after all, the great sin of the fashionable world, is that of wearing too many positive hues, especially in the street. When will our women learn that glaring colors, festoons plumage, streaming ribbons, and the like, seen in the street, on the railroad, or the steamer, are unmistakable signs of indescribable vulgarity, however sanctioned by fashion or by position? A woman who appears on the street in a brilliant dress, loaded with farbels, or motes-like bonnet, a flower-bed shawl, doth greatly fool herself if she thinks that she is anything else than a walking lay-ligure to advertise her dry-goods dealer, withal. Let the women, to be dressed beautifully, choose quiet, rich shades; use sparingly all positive colors; eschew a redundancy of "trimming," and they will achieve a success boister unknown. They may not attract the attention which would be directed to a red poppy in a bed of violets, but people would say, "how becomingly Mrs. Bashlea was dressed," and not "what a splendid dress she had on, it must have cost ten dollars a yard." Of low necks, bare arms, hoop hoops, the fruitful themes of so many writers, I will say nothing, being convinced that the woman who has not grace enough to keep her from adopting the uniform of the courtesan, has not enough to heed any reproach, however severe.

One word about jewelry, and I have done with the women. It is ordained that everything on this fair earth shall have a useful end and aim. Even the humble flower, by the wayside, not only cheers the eye, but feeds the riving bee, perfumes the air, and fills its little part in the great scheme of nature. So, also, no ornamentation should be merely for show; flowers and angels, spangles and the multitude of silken or gauzy necessities, with which some women bedeck themselves, are of no earthly use, except to encourage extravagance and the dry goods trade. A bracelet upon a bare arm is a humbug, a dislocation, having no more propriety of place than the "barbaric pearl and gold" which some savages wear in their noses. Gold and precious stones pass from crossed pierced ear-loops, are either indicative of weak eyes or weaker heads; they are and relics of a barbarous age. A pin should fasten something; a bracelet should keep, or seem to keep, something in its place; a chain should carry something valuable, or useful, which otherwise were in danger of being lost. But a jeweled corner on a Yankee woman's head, a huge pin flaming on her bosom, or chains and bracelets loading arms and neck, all give to the wearer the same charm which belongs to a jeweler's show-case—valuable for their market price only.

In the coming millennium of poets and painters there shall be no more "dress," but all shall be habited in what is seemly to be beautiful, and the "eternal fitness of things" shall be the only rule of practice.

In my next letter I shall have a few words to say to the sterner portion of my readers.

THE CARPENTER AND THE MAGIC STATUE.

Wlalce Titus was emperor of Rome, he promulgated a decree, that the birth-day of his son should be kept sacred, and that no one should presume to do any labor on that day under the penalty of death. The emperor soon found that it was far easier to decree than to obtain the concurrence of his subjects in the decree. The law was continually evaded, and the judges and officers were unable to discover the offenders.

Then said Titus, "Call hither Virgil, the magician."

Virgil came at the emperor's command, and stood in his presence.
"Mighty magician," said Titus, "I have promulgated a law that no one should presume to labor on the birth-day of my son under a penalty of death."

"Thou hast, my Lord." 

"Know now, that this law is constantly re-enacted, and that neither my judges nor my officers can discover the offenders."

"What my lord says is true." 

"Virgil, we desire you to frame an image; some curious piece of art, which may reveal to us every transgressor of the law."

"It shall be as my Lord desires," said the magician.

Not long after this, Virgil constructed a magic statue, and caused it to be erected in the centre of the city. By virtue of its secret powers, it acquainted the emperor with whatever was done amiss. Many and many were the persons convicted through the means of its information, and no man was safe from its knowledge.

In Rome there lived a poor but industrious carpenter, named Focus, who earned little for the now edict, and every day pursued his laborious occupation.

"Mistake take thee, thou tell-tale image; some curious piece of art, which reveals to us every transgressor of the law." 

As soon as it was day-break, Focus arose, dressed himself, and went to the place where the statue stood; placing himself immediately before the figure, he then addressed it:—

"Statue! statue! many of our citizens die daily, by reason of your informations; now take this warning: If you accuse me, I will break your head."

Having thus spoken, Focus returned home to his usual work, though it was the prohibited day. About mid-day the king sent to the statue to inquire whether the law was being duly observed.

"Statue!" said the officers, "the emperor demands whether the edict is being strictly observed."

"Friends," rejoined the magic voice; "look up, see what is written on my forehead."

They obeyed the command of the statue, and saw these lines on his brow:

"Times are altered."

"Mens voce alterata."

"He speaks the truth, but his head is broken." 

"Friend," said the statue again, "tell the emperor what thou hast read." 

Now, when Titus heard what was written on the forehead of the statue, he was very much affected, and ordered his guards, and his officers, to watch before the statue, and see that no man did it injury. He made them also require of the statue the names of the misbehaviour, and bring him before him directly.

"Declare, O statue!" said the officer of the emperor's guards, "who is in such distress?"

"It is Focus, the carpenter," rejoined the figure; "he cares not for the edict, and never resumes his labor; moreover, he menaces me with a broken head if I disclose his crime."

The guards soon discovered Focus at his work as usual, and dragged him before the imperial presence.

"Man," said the emperor, "what is this that I hear of thee? Not only dost thou break the law, but dost also menace the statue, should it declare thy crime." 

"It is even so, my lord; I cannot afford to keep the edict; a holiday to me is so much loss. Every day must I obtain eight pence, and without incessant and never remits his labor; moreover, he menaces me with a broken head if I disclose his crime.

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"It is even so, my lord; I cannot afford to keep the edict; a holiday to me is so much loss. Every day must I obtain eight pence, and without incessant labor I have not the means of acquiring them. Holidays are well enough for the rich, but for the poor they are too often a curse."

"Eight pence, Sir Villain — why eight pence?"

"Every day throughout the year I am bound to repay two pence, which I borrowed in my youth; two other pence I lend to my son, two I lose, and two I spend."

"Explain this," said Titus, interested in the man's replies.

"Two pence I repay that I borrowed in my youth; when I was a boy, my father expended daily upon me that sum; now he is poor and needs my assistance; therefore I return that which I formerly borrowed."

"Thou dost well."

"Two other pence I lend to my son, for his studies, even as my father did to mine; in the hope that hereafter he will do likewise."

"Again thou dost well; but how dost thou lose two pence a day?"

"I give them to my wife for her maintenance; she is willful, contradictory, and passionate; these two, therefore, are lost to me on account of her disposition."

"Good again, Focus."

"The two last pence I spend upon myself. With these I save my child from the necessity of borrowing; you may therefore understand the reason of my poor appearance."

"But, Focus, tell me, what makes thee so passionate?"

"The emperor."

"What is this with which I charge thee?"

"With the emperor."

"Go, Follow, and let not the law interfere with thy purposes."

They obeyed the command of the statue, and saw these lines on his brow:

"Blessed is he, who, with the emperor, discards the edict, now if thou dost not labor."

"By his appointment."
myself in rent, drink and clothing. With less than this I cannot exist, nor can I obtain these eight pence without incessant and unremitting labor; therefore, 0 emperor, a holiday to me is no blessing, but rather a curse; and thy edict, I, for one, cannot obey. You know now the truth; judge dispassionately."

"Friend, thou hast well spoken; go labor at thy trade."

Not long after this the emperor and his son both died, and there was no heir to the throne. Then the people remembered the wisdom of the poor carpenter, and tendered to him the empire. He governed as wisely as emperor as he had lived as a carpenter; and, at his death, his picture, bearing on the head eight pence, was deposited among the effigies of the departed emperors.

LAST GIFTS OF THE DYING.

A gift for thee, mother!—this volume dear, Cherished and hallowed by many a tear; I go where I need its guidance no more— Faith becomes sight, on the heavenly shore.

A gift for thee, father! Thy Emma's filet, By an artist's hand, thou didst love to trace. In the after years when thou scankest this brow, Think, father, thy child is an angel now!

A gift for thee, brother!—this lock of hair, With amaranths, that bound it there; When the brow that wore it is hidden from thee, Dear brother, this token may speak of me.

A gift for thee, sister!—this jewelled stone Thou wilt wear for my sake, thy cherished This ring, a token of love, that lies fast, Too deep for words, and never dies!

One gift, eye, one, to all impart;— 'Tis the deathless love of a trusting heart! Love, pure, enduring, changeless, free, Such as my Saviour gave to me!

By DOINGS.

I AM a great admirer of Tradition. I love to read Legends, and I love to hear them narrated. Anything connected with the history of the natives of America is particularly interesting, and there is much relating to the "poor Diggers," which, if sought out and brought to light, would astonish us with its natural beauties and delight us by its simple lesson; causing us at the same time to feel more compassion for, and to appreciate better the natures of, this poor, lost, rapidly dying out race. I know that there are many who feel and think as I do. Therefore, I take great pleasure in sending forth to the world the results of my own discovery, and, after the trouble and pains taken to obtain a correct and authenticated interpretation, I think that all will be pleased as they read, and give, as I do, the credit to "Sam."

One dull dreary day last fall—one of those days when the sun lies hid behind the clouds, and the air feels damp and close, when the light winds, as they murmur at nothing the tree-tops, seem talking to us, and the roaring of the distant river comes down and hushy, and mingling with the ivies of the woods, seem to endorse all that is said—such a day as timid persons, unaccustomed to the hills, see fit to find in every stump and bush, and startle at any little rustle of the leaves—"twas such a day, when, as Felix and myself were engaged in tracing out the lines of a quartz lead, we were led by its curve into a deep hollow, and among a thicket of chaparral. As we were twisting and turning, stooping and stretching, in order to work a safe passage through, and escape damage to either person or apparel, our attention was directed to an opening at the left, towards which we made our way. On breaking through the labyrinth of boughs into the
clearing — for such it appeared to be — we halted, and in no little amazement surveyed the scene before us. The open ground was in an irregular, circular form, and, in the centre, stood what seemed to be a cluster of shrubbery. That nature had no hand in the arrangement of things, as there exhibited, was very clear; and who could have done it and what for? were questions which presented themselves and passed without satisfactory answers. Our first surprise over, we undertook to explore the ground, and if possible discover, by mark or sign, the object of this singular place. We first took the circumference, and finding nothing there to enlighten us, we approached the centre, and here we found within the shrubbery another clearing — we discovered it by peeping through the bushes — and could also dimly see some object enclosed. Our curiosity increasing, we determined to have a thorough investigation, but our endeavors to form a way through were unsuccessful — the limbs and twigs refused to part for us — this led to a closer inspection, the result of which showed that the aforesaid limbs and twigs had at some time or other, probably in their youth, been twisted and interwoven together, and had so grown as to form an impene-trable barrier. Our desire now to see the whole grew stronger and stronger; we felt that to remove this mystery would be to make a great point, and as our vocabulary contained not the word baffler, we commenced a vigorous examination of the hedge for an opening. Four times did we traverse the circuit, each time unsuccessful, but each time more curious and determined than before; at length, the passage was found, overgrown with leaves and ivies, which we pushed aside and entered. Instead of passing directly through, we were obliged to crawl upon our hands and knees under and through the bushes half way round, when we sud-
denly emerged upon the inside. I cannot account for it, but this I assert: no sooner were we within, than a feeling of awe crept over us; we spoke in whispers and communicated by signs; it might have been imagination, but strange sounds seemed to fill the air, and echo followed echo through the hollow. That which we had so dimly seen through the bushes was located in about the centre, and more like criminals than honest men, we advanced to satisfy our yet craving curiosity. All that we saw were your man crevices, about two inches in thickness, rough and irregular in shape, set in the earth so as to form a square about eighteen inches each way, and the same depth. That was all. We gazed but for a moment, and then hastily, in silence, and with our hearts thumping up to our ribs, we made the best of our way out and sought the neighboring hills. When fairly out of the hollow, and not till then, did we stop to draw a long breath, and compare notes.

"What the — I is it?" said Felix. I shook my head in reply.

"Did you hear the noises?" continued he.

"Yes, did you?"

"Why of course; what do you suppose they were?"

"Owls."

"Well," said he, going off into a horse laugh, "I wouldn't wonder it was owls, and we a pair of fools to allow ourselves to get worked up in such a way. Let's go and get a shovel and dig the damned stones up."

"No, no, no, no!" said I. "Don't touch them; there is something of interest connected with the place — something of Indian history, perhaps a legend, and oh, if it should be," continued I, brightening up, "I shall be made — I have long wanted to be the humble man of bringing something of the kind to light. Indian Sam' can tell us all about it,
I cannot no scurrying of sawdusts and might have no sounds of rustling that the bushes to, and more clear, we fad on our distance to a thickness, at least in the night, and the first time he comes to camp we must take him with us down there, and I will write it out.

"Agreed," said Felix. "Now let's go home."

"Indian Sam" had heretofore been in the habit of passing our way and dropping in once or twice a week, and sometimes oftener; he had no particular days, but usually made his visits when going out or returning from hunting; his principal object in stopping seemed to be to inform us he was very hungry, and to express a desire to partake of bread, and he rarely left without having his appetite, in some slight degree, appeased. A very friendly relation existed between "Sam" and ourselves. He could understand all that was said to him, and could speak our language well enough to be generally understood. He was always willing to do odd jobs, such as bringing wood and water, turning the grindstone, and other light work. He knew us all by name, and I had a wonderful faculty of knowing just when any of us discarded a garment. In short, we looked upon "Sam" as our "retainer," and to a great extent fed and clothed him.

I have thought proper to digress and mention the above facts, in order that you may know something of the character of the person I selected to interpret the mystery of the Stones, and to inspire you with confidence in his simple tale.

Our discovery was made in the early portion of the week, and each day after did I uniformly look for the coming of "Sam," yet he came not; the entire week passed, and his usual visits had not smiled upon us—such was never known before. Sunday morning I arose with the determination to start out in search of his habitation, but when busily engaged over the fire with the fry pan, making preparation for breakfast, I heard not an unfamiliar grunt, followed with "Me hungry." The handle of the before-mentioned utensil went out of my hand like a hot coal, and springing to an upright position, I exclaimed, "What's Sam, here you are! Where in thunder have you been?"

"Me hunt—plenty hun—squirrel—say—me hungry."

"All right, Sam,' poco tiempo— by and by you go prospect with me!"

"Si—yes—me prospect you—poco tiempo—burn by—plenty prospect me."

It is perhaps needless to say that that morning's repast was hurried over. I gave "Sam" an enormous slice of bread, and not only bread, but put butter on it, and syrup all over the butter. I also presented him with an old shirt, and a pair of pants; those pants with a little patching would have lasted "me" another month, but I gave them to "Sam," and besides, a pair of boots which I had been saving up for the purpose of leathering— yet, in the moment of frenzy, I gave them to "Sam." Never was clothing and provision so bountifully lavished upon a Digger; and, as for the recipient, he must have thought the millennium had surely come, his grim and swarthy features lightened up, and his dull, bleared eyes actually sparkled with delight.

Fearing that, should we make known to our friend the immediate cause of so much liberality and kindness, some superstitious dread might prevent him from going with us, we had previously agreed to entice him near the place under the cover of prospecting, and then if he hesitated, we would with kind words and promises draw him to the spot, and coax from him all that he knew relating to the place either personally or traditionally.

"Twas early when we started—Felix, "Sam," and myself—all in excellent spirits; right glibly did we push along until just before reaching the place where we
intended to leave the trail and commence our descent into the hollow; but "Sam" began to lag—we called to him to come on, and resumed our way, turning off at the proper point, but "Sam’s" pace was very slow, and his features serious—he scarcely seemed to move, and we halted for him to come up. He reached the turning off place in the trail, but kept on, at the same time increasing his speed. We called on him to come down, but he walked the faster, and turned not. Again we called, and this time he replied in his own language, and each word came like a volume of fear—each syllable came as though from a terror-stricken soul, and his gait became more and more rapid. We called once more, and made promises of reward, but the only response was those same Indian words, rather yelled than spoken, quivering as they went, and running at the top of his speed he passed out of sight behind the hill.

Remarkable as this may seem, "true reader," and "Sam" has never been to our camp since.

My very dear and gentle reader, I have told you all I know about "those stones." You are not satisfied, neither am I, but if ever I do succeed in having the mystery unravelled, I pledge the honor of my pen to write it down.

**SNOW-SHOES.**

It is interesting to notice the skill and contrivance with which man adapts himself to the different climatic and physical peculiarities of the countries in which Providence has assigned him a dwelling. Places, which to us would seem utterly desolate, are not only rendered habitable, but are made to afford many of the pleasures and even luxuries of life. Natural difficulties are overcome with a readiness in the application of means which may well excite our admiration and esteem. In the chilly regions of the north, where the cold is too intense for the growth even of the rugged pine—where, during a large portion of the year, the waters are bound up with frost, and the earth is hidden beneath deep snow, the Esquimaux uses both the loon and the snow in the construction of a dwelling, which he finds warm and comfortable, while the external air is often more than fifty degrees below zero. When the hunting grounds of the Indian are hidden beneath the same glittering mantle, on which we should suppose a foot heavier than that of a bird would find it impossible to tread with safety, the hunter and the traveler nevertheless fearlessly pursue their way by means of one of those skillful contrivances alluded to above. Experience has taught him that, by enlarging the surface of his foot, the slight cohesion among the particles of the snow beneath him is sufficient to support his body; and accordingly, he supplies himself with a pair of snow-shoes, with which he steps fearlessly forward over drifts which, without such aid, would prove fatal to him.

The snow-shoe in common use in the North American continent consists of two light bars of wood fastened together at their extremities, and bowed outwards by means of transverse bars inserted between them. The side bars are first brought into shape by means of a frame, and are dried before a fire. The front part of the shoe turns up like the prow of a boat, and the part behind terminates in an acute angle. The spaces between the bars are filled up with a fine netting of leaden strings, except that part behind the main bar, which is occupied by the foot; the netting is there close and strong, and the foot is attached to the main bar by straps passing round the heel, but only fixing the toes, so that the heel rises after each step, and the tail of the shoe is dragged on the snow. Between the main bar and another in front of it, a small space is left, permitting the toes to descend a little in the act of raising the heel to make the step forward, which prevents their extremities from chafing. The length of a snow-shoe is from four to six feet, and the breadth one foot and a half to one and three-quarters, being adapted to the size of the wearer. The motion in walking in them is perfectly natural, for one shoe is raised with the leg that is on the side of the other one is passing over it. It is not easy to use snow-shoes among bushes without frequent overthrows, or to rise forwards without help.

**Reprinted from Sharpe’s London Magazine.**
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first, indefatigable step; and we had all walked a little more than seven hours, when the snow-storm had increased to such a pitch of violence, that it seemed impossible for any human creature to withstand it—it did, however, even to their most extraordinary exertions. The wind now blew a hurricane. We were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards, and the drift gave an appearance to the surface of the snow we were passing over, like that of an agitated sea. Wheeling round every now and then by the wind, we were enclosed in clouds so dense, that a strong sense of suffocation was absolutely produced. The party, therefore, halted, and sought the friendly shelter of a pine forest. The party, therefore, halted, and sought shelter from the wind, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of all power to assist him in leaping over such obstacles as stood in the way. They descended hills with wonderful rapidity; and in drawing up, they left room between the skis to turn in the skates, which they did by changing the right foot by an extraordinary motion which would seem to dislocate the ankle. "An army would be completely in the power of even a handful of these troops, which, stopped by no obstacle, and swift as the wind, might attack it on all points, while the depth of the snow, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of the means of defence, the Skidobars, still hewing round them like saws, skimming the snow and dealing destruction upon their helpless adversaries."

"The skis are still in common use in Norway; the widely-dispersed inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex, making use of them in winter; traversing mountains, lakes, and arms of the sea, as well as level ground, and often saving several leagues of the distance they are obliged to travel at other seasons. On a common road, a good skater will travel faster than a horse in a sleigh. He progresses up hill, however, is slow and fatiguing, and on hard snow he would slip backwards but for the rough skin on the under surface of the skates. But he descends the steepest mountains with astonishing rapidity, avoiding precipices, and guilt is said to be a skater.
SUNSHINE.

BY C. T. S.

Blessed be God for sunshine! and by sunshine I do not mean the mere shining of the natural sun; but that sunshine of the spirit that spreads its halo around him who possesses it, and makes him appear like one of those heavenly visitants sent to save and to bless. "A sunny spirit," said Dr. Johnson, "is worth more than a thousand pounds." He might have said ten thousand pounds, and then not have estimated it too highly; for indeed what is the wealth of all the world without it? The grumbler enjoys nothing with all his heart of gains; his outward wealth is but a barrenness on his inward poverty. The cheerful man feels, as Frederica Bremer says, "like dancing with the whole world." His heart goes out, and leaps for joy among the green sunny highways of existence; to him every spot, however waste, has its little oasis, with its bright rivulets and banks of flowers. And then how every thing around him looks brighter for his smile—for he is like the sun, that brings joy and gladness wherever it goes. Every one feels happier for his presence,

"Even children follow, with adoring wife, And pluck his gown to share the good man's smile;"

and the dumb animals seem to recognise him at once, and look up into his eyes as if to seek their friendly gaze.

"I know not why I am so happy," said Duldrige's little girl, "except that it is because I love everybody, and everybody loves me." Blessed be childhood! It had discovered a great truth, that it takes many of us all our lives to learn—the power that dwells in that one word—

Love.

Some one said of a lady, remarkable for her equanimity, that her "smile was so sunny that it made the flowers bloom." I do not doubt it; and it was no miracle, either.

"But how can I possess cheerfulness?" says one, or "sunshine, as you call it, when it makes no part of my nature?" Believe me—like every thing else we possess, it requires cultivation.

If you arise in the morning with the disposition to make no effort during the day to bear and forbear, if you throw the reins on the mad neck of your passions, you will find that storms will not disturb the sea, as that passions, unchecked, will not disturb the sea of your mind. But if you start with the determination to keep cool and collected under provocation, you will find that every victory gives you fresh strength, and you will surely come off victorious, and you will do more than he who inherit a city—you will rule a spirit.

Our hearts should be like that fabled fountain of Anlethus, so beautifully recorded by the ancients, which, though it flowed out of the earth bitter and turbid at first, afterward, in its course, became sweet and pure, and transparent as crystal:

"Out upon the calf, I say, Who turns his grumbling head away, And quarrels with his feel of hay, Because it is not clover.

"Give to me the lumpy milk, That will ever seek and find Something good and something kind, All the wide world over."
AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

[Continued from page 416.]

Mr. Tresto's vast property fell to a cousin, Mr. Richard Tresto, who was a fashionable and stylish man of the world. His wife was his counterpart. Everything that was not in vogue among the aristocracy, was discountenanced by them; and this sudden acquisition of property greatly facilitated their love of luxury. The mansion was reitted in princely style. Mr. Richard Tresto had three daughers, at this time, young ladies. Miss Emma was a plump, chubby girl, short, and with red coarse hair; there was little beauty in her composition. Her disposition was as disagreeable as she was homely. Mary was rather tall, with fair hair, and passable face, rather intellectual, proud, and envious of any who possessed more beauty than herself. Lucy, the youngest—near fourteen—was like her sister Emma in looks, but insolent, and rather good natured. A maiden aunt, was also a member of the family—Miss Ruth Malford—who was past thirty. Ruth had been a beauty, and still was line looking. There were marks of deep-rooted trouble on her countenance. These comprised Mr. Tresto's family, excepting numerous servants. Amelia was retained in the family, as their pride would not let them suffer her to seek another home; but, notwithstanding this privilege was granted her, she was only looked upon as a menial, and compelled to give up her nice room for one among the servants. The Misses Tresto disliked Amelia at first sight, although she strove to please them. Miss Emma endeavored, in every way, to humble Amelia, and make her feel her dependence on their charity. Amelia was unprepared for this new treatment; she became melancholy and heart-sick; it was not home to her now; the only pleasure she enjoyed was in rambling over the places where she and Caleb had gathered so many shells and flowers.

How dear to her memory was the fond recollection of Caleb's kindness, and of his dear parents, who had been to her all that parents could be. "Oh that I had died with them!" would often escape her lips.

She had lived with Mr. Richard Tresto about a year, and was in her fifteenth year. Her remarkable beauty attracted much attention; and, in consequence of this, she was kept out of sight as much as possible. Miss Ruth was always kind, and considerate of Amelia's feelings. Amelia soon perceived this, and her desolate and grateful heart loved her as if she were her only friend. Miss Ruth was not treated as one of the family, but as a servant. She received their ill treatment with mild patience and forbearance; she was always sewing for her proud relatives. Amelia was required to assist Miss Ruth in sewing.

"Miss Ruth," said Amelia, "you sew with as much diligence as if you were a hired seamstress."

"Yes, Amelia, I must always hurry with work; it comes in as fast as I get it out."

"I should think you would injure your health, sitting so much! Why don't you take a ride some times with the Misses Tresto? I know it would do you good."

"My dear," said Ruth, turning an inquiry look at Amelia, "why do you ask me such questions?"

"Because I don't think they treat you quite right."

"I suppose it don't look quite right to you; but circumstances alter eases."

"Why, as Madame's sister, I should think you entitled to every privilege that sisters generally allow each other."

"I am only half-sister to Madame Tresto, and was never a favorite with her; and I am not support, but to their...

"I am not ship," so things in justify...

Amelia—pray God.

"Oh! bitter trial said. And putting...
and I am also dependent on her for my support, just as you are, Amelia."

"But you have a more natural right to their sympathy."

"I never presume upon our relationship," said Ruth, "and there are some things in my history which somewhat justify their conduct toward me; but you are not old enough to know my misfortunes. You have much to learn, dear Amelia—perhaps bitter lessons—but I pray God you may be spared—"

"Oh! I hope I shall never know more bitter trials than I have passed through," said Amelia, bursting into tears; and, putting her arms around Ruth's neck, she besought her to love, cherish and advise her. Ruth dropped the half-finished garment from her hands, and pressing Amelia to her heart, gave way to a flood of tears. The fountains of her long pent up grief were broken up; hidden sorrows burst forth afresh.

Amelia was alarmed at her violent grief, and her own troubles were swallowed up in her sympathy for Miss Ruth. Young as she was, she could see that it was no trifling sorrow that could disturb the general calm exterior worn by Miss Ruth. From this time, Amelia held all her trials open before her, over receiving from her encouragement and good advice.

Not long after the occurrence just mentioned, Miss Emma Trosto returned from a watering-place, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen; company thronged the mansion; a large party was given, which was attended by all the elite of Philadelphia, and was considered the most brilliant affair of the season.

Another important event was about to transpire; Miss Emma was to be married. Two weeks was all the impatient bridegroom could give her to prepare for the wedding. Hurry, bustle, and confusion appeared the order of the day. Milliners and dress-makers were all in requisition. Miss Emma made the acquaintance of her intended at the Springs. He was represented as rich and accomplished; his personal appearance was quite prepossessing, and it was considered quite an eligible match. Miss Emma was fond of novelty, and this sudden and important acquaintance gave her inventive mind plenty of room to build wonderful air castles.

"He has quite a foreign accent," said she; "perhaps he is a nobleman. Yes, I know he is—and the dear, kind gentleman wants to surprise me. How delightful! Dundee! yes, it is a Scotch name! Lady Dundee is quite grand! I always did like to read of Scotch nobles, but never dreamed of being one of them. Pah! I mustn't give me quite a fortune, and I don't think it possible for me to finish them," said Ruth, mildly.

"You must finish those dresses this week, Ruth; I must have them. We are going to Europe on a wedding tour."

"To-day is Wednesday, and the time is so short I don't think it possible for me to finish them," said Ruth, mildly.

"Yes, you can, and you must. You have got so lately that you don't earn your salt. Come, go about it; if you can't get through, call that little hussy, Amelia."

Saying this in an insulting manner, she slammed the door after her, and left poor Ruth to perform her hard task. Amelia soon after entered Ruth's room, and was surprised to see her weeping.

"What is the matter, dear friend?" said Amelia, affectionately kissing Ruth's tears from her eyes. Miss Emma has
been insulting you again. I hate her for
her unkindness to you."

"No, child," said Ruth, "You must
never indulge in such sentiments; they
are unworthy of you; rather forgive and
pity her."

"I cannot but feel contempt for any
person who insults another without pro-
vocation," replied Amelia.

"There are many unpleasant things to
endure in this heartless world, and to the
friendless they often occur; and it would
wear us to the grave to always feel re-
sentment," said Ruth, "and we must
possess our souls in patience. Ask of
God, and He will enable you to perfim
a more difficult task than you have ever
borne, or I either."

"You are so good, dear Ruth, that
nothing appears hard to you. If I were
as good as you are, it would not be diffi-
cult for me to endure insults with pa-
tience."

"I am not good, dear Amelia, but,
with God's help, I hope to endure with
patient forbearance all the evils that may
fall to my lot."

"And I also hope you will pray for
me, that I may, dear Ruth. My mother
prayed for me on that fitted vessel; --
A

"Do not weep, Amelia! Their prayer
in your behalf will be answered; they
will be like bread cast upon the waters,
gathered after many days. Come, put
your trust in God, and He will care
for you! Come, now, Amelia, let us
begin our sewing, and do all we can to
finish these dresses."

"I hope we may be able to finish
them," said Amelia, "for I dread to hear
another scolding."

Slowly they pilled their needles, until
a late hour at night.

"You had better go to bed, Amelia," said the kind-hearted Ruth.

"No, I will sit up as long as you do."

"Well, just as you please."

Soon the clock struck three, and they
folded their work and retired. Three
successive days and nights found them
working, as if their lives depended on the
finishing of the dresses. Sunday came,
and one of the dresses was not finished.

"What will we do, Ruth? Emma will
be so angry!"

"Do? why, we will have to take all
she feels disposed to say."

They did not converse long, before Miss
Emma made a hasty appearance.

"Did you get the dresses done, Ruth?"

"The two traveling dresses are done;
but the morning dress, not quite," re-
plied Ruth.

"Did I not tell you that I must have
these dresses?"

"Yes, but it was impossible for us to
have them done."

"You hateful, old ungrateful thing! This is all we got for hiding your shame. Where would you be if it were not for us? You are a disgrace to our family, and I only wonder
mother don't disown you altogether. I
am sure I should. Don't you put in your
gab, Miss Amelia; it is not wanted."

After exhausting her spite on poor
Ruth, who now sat weeping and sobbing
like a child, she snatched up the dresses
and left the weeping girls alone.

"Dear Ruth," said Amelia, "how I
pity you! How unfeeling in Emma to
torture you! What did she mean? Have
you a child, Ruth?"

"Yes, a dear little boy, Amelia; but I
have never seen him since his birth; neith-
er have I any knowledge of his where-
abouts. Oh! Amelia, it is this that
is near breaking my heart. It is not
proper that I should tell you more at this
time. I ought to bear my trials alone."

"But, oh, child, there must
you have so

"I cannot
Amelia; but perhaps I
Amelia, entered
that
Amelia's entered her
full of sad
morning he had opened
of the Temple.

"Poor Ruth! Would to be
sorrows! They were only
patient and
forty

"Who knew it was right to be rich when
After this
contests, she
thoughts were
a secret
spots that in
happy times
hat, she was
spots. Such
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I was more in fault than any one else."

"But, dear Ruth, may I not sympathize with you in your sorrows? I know there must be some sore trials and wrongs you have endured. Will you not tell me your history? I would dearly love to know how to comfort you."

"I cannot tell you at this time, dear Amelia; but, on some future occasion, perhaps I may tell you now, my friend, that I may regain my composure. These excitements quite overcame me."

Amelia arose, and kissing Ruth, she entered her own room. Her mind was full of sad thoughts; the events of the morning had not only grieved her, but it had opened her eyes to the real character of the Presto family,

"Poor Ruth! yours is a life of trial; would to heaven I could alleviate your sorrows! Oh! thought Amelia, "if I were only rich, it would give me unspeakable pleasures to lighten her wearisome burden! How I wish that my will, in my locket, were worth something! If it is, she shall share it with me. She is so patient and kind that she seems the personification of goodness."

While in this train of thought, she took out her locket, and again examined the will, and the ring.

"Who knows that my dear father Presto was right in the supposition that I will be rich when this will is tested?"

After tiring of examining the locket's contents, she locked it up in safety. Her thoughts were now in a melancholy train; a secret longing to visit the enchanting spots that Caleb and she used to visit in happy times gone by. Taking her straw hat, she was soon rambling over familiar spots. Soon she reached a favorite resort, where a large elm stood upon the bank of a little stream that ran in its crooked course over pebbles of many colors. The clear dimpled water refreshed many a flower that grew on its banks. Amelia soon collected a number of her favorite flowers, and seated herself on the grass under the shady elm. It was a beautiful day; the frost of fall had turned the autumn leaves with many variegated hues. The birds, too, were singing in the merry sunshine. All nature appeared lovely and rejoicing.

"To bless mankind," said a voice near her. Startled at this unexpected address, she gave a sudden bound, and fell nearly to the earth. A strong arm lifted her up.

"You are forgiven," said Amelia, blushing scarlet, "but I did not know any person was near."

"You were thinking aloud, were you?" said Mr. Philips, with a smile.

"I was not conscious that I spoke aloud," replied Amelia, scarcely knowing what excuse to offer.

She was preparing to return to the mansion, when one of the gentlemen inquired "if he had the pleasure of meeting one of Mr. Presto's daughters?"

"No, sir; I am not honored with that name. My name is Amelia Oldenburgh."
ing a lady in our morning ride. My name is Mr. Philips; and allow me to introduce you to my uncle, Mr. Hunt.

Mr. Hunt cordially extended his hand to her, and, with many flattering praises of her youth and beauty, hoped for a continuance of so agreeable an acquaintance.

"Do you reside at the mansion, Miss Oldenburgh?"

"Yes, sir," replied Amelia; and picking up her straw hat from the grass, where it had fallen, she bid the gentlemen good morning and returned to the house.

"Who is she, Uncle Hunt?" said Mr. Philips, much interested in the fair little stranger.

"An angel, perhaps," replied Mr. Hunt, "I never heard of her name before; but she is evidently a well-bred lady. May be a visitor at the mansion, on this wedding occasion?"

"Yes, undoubtedly," returned Mr. Philips. "She must be a comparative stranger in these parts, else we should have heard of her rare beauty before this."

"True, Philips; I think she is the most beautiful young lady I have seen for many a long day. In fact, I don't think I ever saw her superior in this particular. It is a wonder that knave of a Dunbar don't try his lady-killing arts on this fair creature, instead of that red haired amazon, Emma Tresto, whom I consider the plainest woman of my acquaintance."

"He knows what he is about; it is the times. I guess by this time his pockets are empty—and I don't correct, Uncle?"

"Doubtless you are, in this instance, Philips."

"Let us call on the ladies at the mansion, Uncle Hunt. Would you not like to see more of our little praying fairy?"

"Yes, I would like very much to feast my eyes on this rarity, but I never call on that detestable family—they and I must ever be strangers."

Mr. Hunt was a wealthy banker, a bachelor of forty summers, though time had stolen few of the graces from his manly brow. His tall, graceful figure, and piercing black eyes lost little in comparison with his nephew, who was not unlike his uncle in appearance, except in his mild hazel eyes. Mr. Philips was his uncle's junior partner in the banking business, and were both men of more than ordinary ability.

"Why, Uncle," said Mr. Philips, "can't you do away with this old grudge, and call with me this morning?"

"It would give me real pleasure to call on Miss Oldenburgh, were she in any other place except Mr. Tresto's; his offence to me is of such magnitude that I can never overlook it."

"Sorry for this," replied Mr. Philips, "as it deprives me of seeing that little witch that has quite charmed me. I really believe I am quite in love; perhaps, Uncle, you are afraid of the tender passion in your nephew's heart, lest you should be his rival. Am I not correct, Uncle, hey?"

"Not this time, Philips; you have nothing to fear in the shape of a rival, I admire her, as I do every lovely woman; but I have never loved but once. Then I gave all my heart, and it has never returned to me whole, but is still a captive. Time, nor circumstance, have ever altered my sentiments; though unworthy, as she has proved, my fond heart still clings to her image. The wounds I received from her, can never be healed by another."

"What has become of the fair truant, Uncle?"

"I do not know, Philips, neither have I acquired these six years. And now, nephew, I would caution you not to surrender your heart, too entirely, until you know of a certainty that the object is worthy of your devotion."

"Thank you for your timely advice;
but, early as it is given, I am like a charmed bird, ready to risk all for my charmer. There can be nothing evil in so fair an exterior."

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Hunt, who had become quite melancholy, and out of his usual gay humor; "I hope not, for your sake."

Having now reached the place where they had tied their horses, they mounted and rode back to the city, Mr. Hunt with quite a damper on his spirits, and Mr. Philips with a new object in view that occupied all his thoughts.

[To be continued.]
NATURAL FORCES.

We stand upon this green and rock-built earth to read its mysteries and understand its truths. We have not yet learned them all, and we never can—Nature rests upon the supernatural science, and floats on the great infinitude of Neceience—at bottom a miracle forever. Yet, in virtue of our mingled nature, the natural and the spiritual, we see the universe, not only that it is, but understand in some measure how it is.

The reason in us stands over against the reason in nature, searching out its hidden mysteries and revealing those inner laws that formed its eternal archetypo in absolute mind, before over the world was. We see the universe about us, an aggregate of atoms, not powerless, lifeless and unmoved—not chaos "without form and void," but subject to forces ever acting, continual and irresistible—forces bringing order from disorder, and life from death—mysterious architects building by divine commission this wondrous temple of the world—working out in awful silence, and with fierce wild energy that sustains destiny—impalpable, insensible; yet we know they are, for we read their record everywhere, written on the adamantine rock, and in the sparkling alphabet of heaven. Rude uncultured men acknowledge their being and their power—they recognize in teluric changes and organic growth, a mysterious agency. With their free open sense and childlike simplicity, they stand face to face with nature, owning and worshiping as is most natural, the divinities that they see rule. "In the black thunder cloud, is not the storm king coiled? Is not the thunder his angry voice, and the lightning the flash of his chariot wheel, as he passes on the swift winged tempest?"

Better to worship thus than not at all. There is often almost a prophecy in mythology—a strange insight, revealing in the light phantom of a poet's dream, what laborious science by its tedious process, long afterward finds true. The tale of Prometheus is wonderful, who taught the ancients of a life breathing dignity in light. Newton has but changed the name of the Norsemen's Serpent of Midgard. But, now the guardian spirits have passed from the stream and the fountain, they dwell no more in the sparkling wave—no more in the silent forest—the Gods have left Olympus and the Giants their Jotun-halls. Yet, not now as usual has the ideal lost its beauty and its poetic interest in the real. Science reveals the spiritual in nature—the immaterial principles that pervade and animate gross matter, giving it a life semblance, moulding it to beauty or mouldering to decay—around which matter clings and agglomerates and grows like the body round the soul. A stone is simply a stone to most men, yet in it are hidden mysteries that angels might explore with wonder—it lies inert, unheeded by the roadside, yet the power that binds it there, is the Serpent of Midgard, circling the universe—the ruling spirit that restrains all others in their wildest moods—it fashions the dew-drop on the flower and in obedience to it, the great orbs above us clasp their giant hands and mingle in the mystic dance forever. Two forces acting in constant antagonism preserve its solid form; heat and cohesion we name them. The solid, liquid and gaseous conditions are in no case necessary—all things tremble in the balance, between these opposing forces—one iota added to either side would send aloft the densest solid, in curling vapor, or make adamant of lightest other. The forces of nature, wild and terrible as they are in their undirectable energy, yet have before the dignity of mind submissive to its decrees. Man was not made to labor only, but to stand in the channel circle of science, the arch evocator of its powers, and notwithstanding the popish idol worship of progress is natural for another exertion.

Revolution is the order ing us with their terror phantoms a crystal gem—beauty—for the earth's gold spangled plastic demon—metaphysical, but real. The sun is the great change, or charged with wild forces, inducing the balance, and in the coequilibrium, organic and indurating spirit a miracle in a miracle in life and gold rube of light the blushing. The amorphous dark blue flowers and high, high height, in touch, eye and regulate light alone.
The sun shining in its far distance, is the great magician that works these changes. Our planets began its course charged with a certain amount of physical forces, which are and ever will be indestructible. By an external agency the balance of these forces is destroyed, and in the constant effort to regain their equilibrium, all the phenomena of change, organic and inorganic appear. This disturbing agent is the sunbeam. There is a miracle in it—our earth, that slept before in its dark cold solitude, it wakes to life and gladness. It folds each day its robe of light around and crowns it with the blushing beauty of all living things. The amorphous rock, the crystal gem, in its dark hidden cavern, the rich tinted flowers and the bird that sings at heaven's high gate, owe each their form to its fairy touch. Every physical force it excites and regulates. It brings to our orb, not light alone nor heat alone, but vivacity; the mystery of radiant chemical force depends upon it—electricity and magnetism are twined in its silvery cord.

The sunbeam is an organ builder; the true promethean torch. "Light, offspring of heaven first born," is parent of life—darkness, the herald not alone of nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, but nature's dire destroyer, dreaded death.

The sunbeam never dies—as the warm life stream flows ever from its source, it sinks not unreturning in the dull cold earth, but phosphorus like springs forth in that living verdure that waves its graceful forms and spins its incense on the breeze. The subtle spirits still live embodied in the plant, and when the vegetable organism is again destroyed, freed from its prison bars, the mystic flame leaps forth radiant and sparkling in the joy of liberty. Plane invisible forces—imprisoned sunbeams set free again. This is no poetic fancy, but certain fact. The miner digs from the bed, far down beneath many formations, the rocky anthracite, and the burning coal dissolved in genial flame, yet the light and heat that it gives forth today, is the same that ages ago floated across the wide abyss from the universal source. It was buried with the rank luxuriance of the primeval age, and there since then it has lain chained in that dungeon of sunbeam. Mysterious agency, what monster that untutored men have reared to it their rugged altars, that pagan fire worshippers and Roman vestal virgins have tended the undying flame, when even philosophers must recognize it as the dim shadow of an infinite power that dwells behind the veil. The forces of nature then, as markers of the useful, teach man the utilitarian economist, all that can alleviate his material condition here—As framers of the beautiful, they lead to man, the poet thinker, a holy light that shines not on but through these outward forms, reviving the universe as a face.
most vast and glorious, through whose transparent walls and crystal stones, a heaven born radiance streams—but, as creators, changers and supporters of them all, man, the angel—spirit they bear aloft, to the presence chamber of "Him who spake and it was done." Every flower and tree in mimic pointing, every star a torch to light our pathway upward.

THE RAINBOW.

All nature shadows forth the imagery of things invisible. The rainbow's arch, Clothed with auroral and purpureal gleams, is but the emblem of the circling breath of the soul, that speaks at peace; all clouds dispersed, The waves of passion lulled to placid sleep, And high-throned Reason's government uprear'd To rule man's little universe—himself.

Conscience, which is gradual in its growth, Is kindled with hope, which burns man onward still Through early years and late; until the soul, Which groaned with twain for full many moons, Receives new life, inhabits superior realms, And breathes an air peculiar to itself; The Gate called Beautiful hath oped its portal And the weary traveler in. Ah, then Miss looketh down, and seeth how, step by step, By patient toil he gained the mountain top. Then like a seer he stands, holding comm union With beings angelic—whiten forms of Whose words of wisdom, like the halcyon airs That blow from auroral climes, inform the soul Of the realities of Paradise.

It must be so. These truths, writ everywhere, That God is Love, and Heaven is Happiness, Resound a state of peace, when man shall be Like yeaster star, whose fixed, eternal course Joins in the harmonies of distant worlds, Which move in order there. And thus the soul,

Springing from chaos, marches by degrees Through all the elements of natural things, Till at last own light sheds its supernal beams Upon man's grooping spirit, and conspires To establish order where confusion reigned; And his last state, upon the eve of rest, Is symbolized by the radiant bow of promise, Presaging "peace on earth, good will to-wards men."

L. W.

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH SECOND.

[Continued from page 412.]

CHAPTER 1.

New York once more.

"The task is ready and the wind at help. The associates toil, and everything is bent, for England."

The United States had won the long fought struggle for independence, and peace had been established with the mother country some three years, at the time we return to our tale.

Letters had at times been received from George Harrison, by Agnes, for a period extending over four years, after his departure from New York; but now, for upwards of eighteen months, not a word of intelligence of, or from him had she heard. Could it be that he was recreant to his vows? No; his last letter was sufficient to disabuse her mind of that idea, had it existed, and not for a minute did she entertain it.

George was now all she had to fill her aching heart; her brother and one cousin had both fallen in the cause of their country, and her aunt had died some months before.

Agnes was now rich; she had suc-
ceed to the property of both father and brother, and this, added to her own fortune, rendered her income very large.

As a liberal salary, her remaining cousin now acted as her agent in Virginia.

For two years she had resided in the house, formerly her brother's, in New York; and with her lived a distant relative, an elderly maiden lady, as protectress and companion. From Miss Nisbet she received the sincerest sympathy; the old lady's kindness and affection, and the tender interest she evidently felt, as well as exhibited, on the point nearest to her heart, had deservedly won for her a warm attachment on the part of Agnes.

"And to-morrow, dear Miss Nisbet, we shall be on the sea," said Miss Emerson, as, late in the evening, they sat in the drawing room. "Oh, you are kind to venture on such a voyage; I know you act in opposition to your own wishes, to gratify me, and mo alone."

"Nay, Agnes, not so; it is my wish as well as your own to go. First, it is my duty; for to you I owe everything since my little all was swept away, and this anxiety of yours must be relieved, for it is fast telling upon your health; and now, dear Agnes, to bed, for we must be early astir in the morning. We will be soon in England, and then, by enquiries at the East India House, we can get recent intelligence of Harrison; perhaps, too, he may soon be home there; his last letter said in a year or two he hoped to leave India." Kissing Agnes affectionately, as they prepared to leave the room, she whispered softly, "and I, too, desire to hear of, and to see, this lover of yours; I feel an interest in him independent of you,—for—for—his father was the only man I ever loved—now that is my secret, which has not crossed my lips for nearly forty years."

"And did he love you?—but yes, he must have done; you never would have loved unsought."

"He did, truly; more truly than I deserved. He was high spirited and I was foolish, worse than foolish, and so we quarreled."

"And did you never make it up?"

"Never, Agnes—never. I had told him not to speak to me again—he was proud—it was our last meeting."

"Dear Miss Nisbet," said Agnes, affectionately embracing her, "how true it is, every heart knows its own sorrows."

"Yes," replied the old lady, "but remember your sorrows are relieved by hope, blessed hope, whilst I had none."

"And I have, too, the loving sympathy of a dear kinswoman to cheer me; charity, you forget that," said Agnes, as she wound her arm around her, and led the way to their bedroom.

**CHAPTER II.**

**In which the scene changes.**

If I should meet thee, after long years,
How should I greet thee—with silence and tears?

It was a cold December afternoon, in the year 1784. The wind blew in fitful gusts from the south-east, throwing a cross sea into the anchorage of Spithead, outside the Isle of Wight. A large ship, bound to the Downs, had been compelled, by the change of wind, to seek shelter at the mother-berth, which is opposite to the anchorage referred to.

The passengers, who were numerous, had voyaged many thousands of miles, and were all anxious to land; but the roughness of the sea, the drenching sleet, and the pitchy darkness, with which the evening appeared to be closing in, had, with one exception, persuaded them to await the following morning.

The exception in question was a young gentleman of some seven or eight and twenty, but long exposure and hardship had somewhat aged him, giving him the appearance of a much older man. His figure was tall and well proportioned;
his features, naturally handsome, were not improved by a scar extending from the right temple across his cheek, and the careful manner in which his rather profuse whiskers were trimmed to disguise it, showed that some remains of youthful dandyism were still there.

Agreeing at once to the extortionate demands of a boatman, to land him at Portsmouth, he, with a cordial farewell to his fellow passengers and the officers of the ship, descended into the boat, and enveloping himself in an immense cloak bid defiance to the weather. It was yet early, and after a passage of less than two hours he found himself entering the Royal George, then the principal hotel in Portsmouth.

A short time sufficed to change his apparel, and seated at a table near the fire, in the coffee-room, Colonel Beale enjoyed, for the first time for many a day, a quiet, luxurious, though solitary dinner, on English soil.

Having finished, he drew himself near to the fire and, lighting his cigar, sank into a reverie. The voices of three gentlemen, at an adjoining table, did not the least disturb him, until he caught the sound of a name which at once attracted his attention.

"I wonder," said the eldest of the party, "if this East Indian officer, so highly spoken of, is the same Boule with whom my brother was intimate in Madras, and whom he mentioned so often in his letters. He was wounded in Porto Negro, was aide-de-camp to Sir Eyre Coote at Vollore and Chittoor, and remained with him until he resigned the command to General Stuart, two years ago. You see, Mr. Hartley, there were two Beales taken prisoners, about six months after that, together with General Matthews and others, by Tippoo Sull; one of them escaped, and it is said that to information he gathered from the natives, and forwarded in a private letter to Sir Eyre, may be attributed the successful negotiations, and the masterly coup de main, which eventuated in the treaty of peace with that eastern tyrant."

"I believe, sir," said Colonel Beale, turning towards the party, "I can answer your question. The Beale who escaped was the same who had been aide-de-camp to Sir Eyre; but you much overrate the slight service he rendered by his information; the credit is more fairly due to Sir Eyre Coote's and Warren Hastings's statesmanlike activity, which recovered the ground lost by the inept Madras authorities. The other Major Beale was assassinated with General Matthews in Tippoo's dungeons."

"Your statement, sir, with regard to that gallant soldier's identity, may be correct," replied the other, "but it is you who underrate the services of Colonel Beale, for I have myself seen Sir Eyre Coote's dispatches, written but two days before his lamented death, in fact the very day of his arrival at Madras. Might I ask, sir, your source of information?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the Colonel modestly, but firmly, "I have but just learned from the 'Tranquebar,' which arrived this afternoon from India. Sir Eyre Coote was ever generous, and this is but another proof of it. I am the officer to whom he showed such constant kindness—I am the Colonel Beale you have so flatteringly referred to."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the gentleman, rising and holding out his hand, "allow me to welcome you home. My brother, Lord Macdonald, of the Highlands, told me much of your early career in India. You saved his life, too, and in so daring a manner, during the time a desultory war was carried on by men totally unsuited to be entrusted with command, Monroe, Baillie, Lord Macartney, Stuart and Matthews. I am sure you will look on me as a friend—a warm friend. I am sorry, as I sail for the East myself in it, I can see of most of it to Mr. Hartley—this is the next point on this voyage and discussion, at the pressing invitation of Mr. Hartley, at this late moment, you and I, the Colonel, Major in the East India Company's service, we are all in a state of excitement, I am sure, and if you hear anything of importance in the East, let me know."

"Who is it belongs to?"

"Meantime, here let us hear of the last night's entertainment going on in the ship."

"Here, if you please—"
OWN SOCIAL CHAIR.

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myself in the morning, it is but little I
can see of you; but we must make the
most of it. Allow me to introduce you
to Mr. Hartley, my secretary, and to Dr.
Erard—they both accompany me.

It was impossible to raise the cordi-
ality of Mr. Macdonald, and Col. Boale
could not but be cheered at such a recep-
tion on the night of his arrival. They
were soon on the most friendly terms,
and discussing the affairs of Indian con-
quest, at that time a subject of all-em-
gressing interest. Mr. Hartley, he dis-
covered, was a younger brother of Capt.
Hartley, and the latter, he learned, was
with his regiment at Quebec, being the
Major in command.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, a
post chaise was waiting for Col. Boale
to convoy him to the metropolis, which
he preferred to a public conveyance, as
he desired to commune with
his own
thoughts. His portmanteau was placed
on the landing and a porter was on the
point of carrying it down, when a door
opened and a tall, pale, elderly lady,
crossed the hall. Her eyes rested a mo-
ment on the portmanteau, in passing,
and she observed the name painted upon
it, 'Lt. Colonel Boale.'

"Who is the gentleman to whom this
belongs?" said she, addressing the porter.

"Many Canadians arc more or
less excited, nowadays, concerning
the silver mines of Washoe, and in-
dulge in sordid day-dreamings of wealth,
in store for them, should they ever have
the good fortune to reach that promised
land; and, as we think that ninety-nine
out of every hundred who go there will

[To be continued.]
feel disappointed, and consequently find the time hang heavily on their hands, we
will relate the following incident which fell under the observation of this Social
Chair, at Reece’s Store—now the flourishing little settlement of Genoa—In 1853,
the relation of which may serve to while away a few dull moments.

A large, heavy, thick-set woman, with a
neck like that of a miniature ox, had been
arrested, and was then under trial, before
the “Justice,” on the charge of horse
stealing. The trial proceeded rather in-
formally, it is true, (as the prisoner fre-
quently interrupted the proceedings by
some ill-thned remarks), and after the jury
had retired and remained out for a couple
of hours, they informed the “court” that
they could not agree. This announcement
of hours, they informed the “court” that
had retired and remained out for a couple
of minutes. They all rose and turned:

I. I believe I’m yer to see
that justice is done; and my plea is that
all things yer are not going pan the square.
Now I should like to know if that are at
your plea. I believe that that are jus-
ty what has for represen’ted has not acted
out their convictions I do. Now I pur-
pouses that a jury of three unprejudiced men
should be chosen to try this yer ease; and
of their be strangers own in the country
to sit upon that jury, three strangers shall
be chosen on purpose to try this yer ease
by arbitration. What do you all say?”

“Yes, yes,” was shouted from an over-
whelming majority; and, accordingly, three
strangers were chosen, this Chair among
the number.

After all the evidence had been adduced
and the “charge” given, we retired, and
in five minutes—we mention it with some
compunctions of conscience, on the score
of gallantry—a verdict of guilty was re-
turned.

Now arose a new difficulty to the “Judge,”
for, as there was no jail, they couldn’t im-
prison her; and, if there had been, not
half a dozen men there would have con-
tended to her being immured within it;
they could not whip her (as some suggest-
ed), “because of the disgrace of the thing;”
they could not take the money away from
her that she had received from the sale
of the horse, as that had been spent; they
could not sell her effects, as she had none;
and as they could not send her to Salt Lake
City “on account of the trouble and ex-
spense of the thing,” or otherwise dispose
of the case, they cautioned, then threaten-
ted her, and “let her go!”

In the following is not considered suf-
ciently bold, as well as valuable, we have
no hope of the reader being more interest-
ed in extending his own researches to oth-
er relatives or branches of the human fam-
ily—

Commenting on the Millennial theory of
Mr. Labaugh, in his work on “Unfulfilled
Prophecy,” that the inhabitants of the new
globe are not to be sick, to live generally
69 years, and to increase accordingly—
a writer in the Christian Intelligencer states
that at the end of 1,000 years, the Jews
alone would number “more than 1,024-
000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
which would be more than 5,410,000,000,000,000,
000,000 on each square mile of the earth’s
surface, or 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
on each acre, and more than 1,000,000,000,000,
000,000 on each square yard!”

We think that the author of the above
theory is entitled to an alumnity medal,
as large as a dinner plate; and that his
oldest son should have the honor of pos-
sessing a christian name corresponding in
length, and the number of letters in it, to
the above figures, and we would suggest
the following by way of commencement:

Drummond, Malcolm, Trenchingham, Bickeral,
Chambers, Dandridge, etc.

The latter name, if spelled out, and divided properly, back-
wards, will give our opinion (which is val-
able on such subjects) of the matter.

Connections.—For “amalgamating with
Her Majesty,” on first page, read “amal-
gamating with hot mercury.”—Sierra Dem.
A friend in the eastern States sends us the following:

Squire——of our town, is blessed with a remarkable long nose, and, being a man of great humor, it is often a source of much merriment between him and his friends. Last winter he was shown our representative to Congress, and one day at the dinner table, at his hotel, a fellow-member, who sat opposite him, in order to call forth some wit from our representative, said to him, "Jim, look! there's a fly on your nose!"

"Is there?" said Jim. "Then brush it off; you are twice as near to it as I am."

On another occasion, as he was reeling and trying to find his way in the dark, through one of the halls of the capital, his nose suddenly came in contact with a huge stone pillar, "Bang it!" said he, "who ever before heard of a man's nose being longer than his arms?"

He is the same eccentric genius who sometimes introduces himself into company, as, "Mr. Nosy, gentlemen! Jim will soon be here—he is but a few steps behind!"

A correspondent writes for the truth of the following:

Old Peter——his wife, of this town, are such inveterate drinkers that he buys whiskey by the barrel, and it may be seen any time, standing in one corner of the little kitchen, for old Peter says, "I love to have things handy."

One day, last fall, he had a new barrel of whiskey rolled in place, and in order to save time, Old Peter had both ends of it toppled—one for himself, and one for his wife.

Daniel Webster was sometimes witty, as well as eloquent. Standing on the steps of the Capitol, one day, in company with a distinguished Southerner, a drove of mules passed along, when the southern gentleman laughingly said to Webster, "There goes some of your constituents, Webster." "Yes," said the latter quietly, "they are going south to teach school."

The following "Aboriginal Romance" as related by the North San Juan Press, is well worthy of "a new relation" in our social chair.

The Dickerson Brothers, at Truman's Crossing, have living with them an Indian youth, indigenous to that white name "Tom. He has been with them several years, is now eighteen years old, large, fat, broad-shouldered, calm, serious-minded, industrious, and useful, but decidedly adverse to acquiring a knowledge of letters. He is gentle and slow-spoken, yet exceedingly sensitive and inquisitive, and not to be coaxed or driven to anything he dislikes. While strongly attached to his white friends, who have always been very kind to him, he retains a clinging affection for his race, and frequently makes brief visits to an adjoining "cannery."

Not long ago, Tom felt moved within him that power which, according to Gokersign, makes the earth's surface move to and fro, and that the weaving was performed in the cathedral of emnyow, by the same priest who officiated in a similar capacity at the junction of the Huplaeh and Tiguemen, some six thousand years ago. Tom being no Miss Oriole, and Mrs. Tom decidedly not Miss Kittrelott, the attendants were small, confined to a few lords of the Manor and their servants. He having to furnish a homestead, not purchase a costly bridled outfit, nor buy even a simple hobbled skirt, the happy couple were able to begin horse-keeping immediately, and receive the congratulations of their friends. An unbeguined ock formed at once their parlor, heel-chamber, kitchen at the same time, the Latigarkeek and the housekeepers would live in the same style of elegant simplicity which was in vogue——"When Adam delved and Eve span", and which some wise philosophers affirmed long to see again adopted. But all that is bright must fade, as we need no post come from Paratamus to tell us; and Tom's contented bliss shared with the common folk. Whether the lady he had chosen from all the world beside proved false andickle, or her lord himself——like all his sex, "luculent and prone to change"——wished of her unadorned charms, perhaps will never be known. Suffice it, that "love's young dream" lasted
but a few weeks for Tom, and he yearned again for the flesh pots of Freeman's Crossing. Acorns and grasshoppers are not the food of love, whatever music may be; for Tom's affection died and his flesh grew thin on such "provender," while his garbments owing to antiquity and his wife's shameful ignorance of sewing or inability to keep a Grover & Baker, became ragged and woefully Sense of the requirement of civilized prejudice. His physical health suffered, likewise, and his eyes; that once "looked love to eyes that looked again," were affected with a grievous torrence. In this sorry plight—a warning to all who "love not wisely, but too well"—he was at last found by his white protectors and induced, in spite of his pride, to return to his home. There he lives now, a fatter and a wiser youth, diverted without legal process, and seizes having to sigh for a tent in the wild wood, a home in the grove." In fact, the least attention to his dream of love offends and annoys him.

To which let us append the following, which, though somewhat profane towards the fair one, has, like its author, considerableness of the honor and in its composition; and will, moreover, tell its own story, and leave the reader to make a moral to suit:

**THE BLUE RIBBON.**

**BY GEO. P. NOBLE.**

'Twas common, quite common, and dirty I swear—a little blue string, neither costly nor rare; but 'twas from a tress of her own golden hair, and I vowed that, with the most tenderly care, I'd cherish the faded and crumpled affair, and next to my heart sit I ever would wear. So I treasured the blonde lace a finger wide; this scarf is gilt—the greasy blue string—as tho' twero i placed on the left side of the brim and crisscrossed to the right side, inclining gradually towards the crown, and attached to the cape. There is a bouquet of roses and agapanthe placed high on the left side, and a fall of the blonde fulled around the left side of the crown, falling over the cape and connecting the bouquet with the scarf on the cape at the right side, where it is finished by another but smaller cluster of flowers. The face trimming is a full little cap, without flower or ornament of any kind, intended for those who wear the fashionable broad braid in their hair.
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

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Another is green crepe plain, over a rose frame, with white tulle, furred on the trim and cape, divided into small pieces by neat white satin piping cord, placed crosswise; a wreath of white and pink roses, with large cape leaves, ornament the sides, and across the crown; a braid of black lace falls from either side. Face ornamenting of full tabs of illusion, and a wreath of small pink roses across the top; wide pink ribbon strings, pearl edges.

Another, intended for a walking bonnet, is of cheesecloth, made over a rose frame, and trimmed in blue feathers, with a wide full of chantilly lace encircling the front and hanging loosely at the sides. Inside, a full blonde net and velvet flowers, and wide blue silk strings, edged with black braid.

Straw and silk bonnets have to be lined with white or some other color, and trimmed in blue feathers, with pearl edged, something to sport in regard to dresses.

A. McGlynn and George Wilkes sole lessees.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Co’s steamer John L. Stephens arrived Feb. 29th, with 609 passengers. The Cortez, (Vanderhill Co) steamer arrived on the 2d ult. with 527 passengers and the U.S. Mail.

Several exceedingly rich quartz leads have been discovered near Jacksonville, Rogue River Valley, O. T.

Long Wharf, once the principal business street of this city, after being almost destroyed, is again being repaired and newly planted.

A. Gray Morgan has been appointed Commissioner of Immigrants.

During the month of February 68,300 letters were sent overland to St. Louis, and 38,084 were received there.

The Golden Gate sailed on the 6th ult. with 306 passengers and $251,000 in treasure. The Cortez with 122 passengers and $114,841 in treasure, and the U.S. Mail.

The total shipment of treasure here was $1,690,847—the smallest amount of money for eight years—that of Feb. 1852 being a fraction less than by last steamers.

Another party of convicts, nine in number, made their escape from the State Prison at San Quentin, on the 3d ult.

Bonita are in process of construction from most of the principal mining towns of this state, and relays of animals placed thereon for passengers’ conveyance, to the Washoe mines.

At the election of officers of the San Francisco Mechanics’ Library Association on the 6th ult., for the ensuing year, 1,793 votes were polled, which resulted as follows:--For President, Wm. B. Stevens; Vice President, Wm. B. Garrison; Treasurer, J. C. Kempley; Corresponding Secretary, A. B. Snow; Recording Secretary, Rufus Hunt; Directors, C. W. Brooks, Edward Hunt, Paul Baker, B. P. Bunker, Wm. Norris, and Benj. Brooks.

Dr. J. E. McCullough, John Shaw, W. C. Mayo, and others.

That of the Mechanics’ Institute, as was follow:--President, Thomas Tenney; Vice President, J. W. Utter; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. B. Herrick; Recording Secretary, F. R. Dower; Treasurer, John K. Kinsey; Directors, Gardner Elliot, Benjamin Dor, Paul Torquat, Henry L. King, J. P. Buckley, James A. Sperry, A. H. Houston.

An extensive newspaper correspondence discussing the merits and demerits of a pa-
A pack of Indians recently carried 125 pounds each on their backs from Plumas, Butte county, to the Sierra Nevada, a distance of 140 miles, and accomplished the task within six days.

A new paper entitled the weekly dispatch, has been issued at Lark Creek, Amador county.

A large vein of marble, almost equal to the best Indian, the Northern Journal says, has been discovered fifteen miles from Yreka.

The receipts of the Sacramento Valley Railroad were, for the last fifteen months, $376,233,83, or of which the nett profits were $119,270.50.

The Hebrews of California have subscribed $4,738, in aid of their suffering brethren in Morocco.

The miners of La Porte, Sierra county, have struck for a reduction in the price of water.

Wells, Fargo & Co. established a semi-weekly express to Washoe Valley.

The Tehama Flouring Mills were consumed by fire on the 9th ult. Los $100,000.

The fare by the steamer of the 20th ult. was first cabin, $100; second cabin, $49; steerage, $50. An advance of about fifty per cent. on recent rates; on account of the amalgamation of the two companies, and the winding up of the Uncle Sam. The P. M. S. S. Co. plying on the Pacific side, and the Vanderblijt line on the Atlantic.

For the twenty-four hours ending 6 P. M. of the 15th ult., only one arrest was made by the police in the city of San Francisco, and that was for imbecility.

About twenty-two minutes past eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 15th ult., three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt in Sacramento city and other places.

The new Catholic Cathedral of St. Francis, on Vallejo Street, San Francisco, was dedicated on the 17th ult. (St. Patrick's day).

On the 15th ult., a Japanese steamer Corante of two guns and 202 tons register, named the Condininmarro, arrived here in forty days from Yokohama, Japan. This is the first Japanese steamer known to have entered this port, and was dispatched by the Government of Japan, in honor of the President of the United States, to announce the great officers of State who will represent that Government at Washington. The officers and crew of the U. S. Surveying schooner Flemre Cooper, (sent there by the U. S. Government) returned in the Condininmarro.

On the morning of the 17th, an effigy of St. Patrick was found suspended to the Liberty pole on the Plaza, San Francisco, and as the halyards could not be reached, in order to remove the effigy the pole was cut down by some inclined Irishmen.

The San Francisco Daily National was merged into the San Francisco Herald on the 20th ult. 

A new paper entitled the Weekly Dispatch of Washoe Valley has been established there.

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Editor's Table.

Reelie can be no possibility of misunderstanding the tendencies of the public mind at this juncture, concerning the discoveries of silver on the eastern side of the Sierras. Excitement is rapidly reaching its climax. The indescribable swell of the tide of population towards Fraser river gives out a new concentric wave towards Washoe. Every steamboat, stage and pack or saddle train, on every conceivable trail has passengers for Washoe. In every city, town and village, there are "Washoe blankets," "Washoe clothing, boots and shoes," "provisions and stores put up for Washoe; Washoe corn and butternut salt," "Washoe pistols, knives and shot guns," "Washoe maps," "Guides to the silver mines of Washoe, &c., &c." Ad infinitum. Persons who do not get excited about the immense rush, and glittry to pass within the description. Several tremors of a dilatory nature were felt last week. That the abundant earth covered its rich, fabulous, a consent to richness is also an object to minds which there with hands at work, mines with secrets and a point of order in every branch. Spontaneous make the few per cent. but the hundreds, of the palm, a consideration. In their eyes the most of the minoes and the vast step to going the net of them, and we now and again superciliously point to them. These same men with the public and the same in spite of the fact that they are. 
the immense fortunes (at least in prospect) at Washoe, are looked upon as behind the age, and facility allowing a good opportunity to pass for becoming suddenly rich. Within three months from this time we expect a different story and a new set of sentiments will be spoken from the same lips.

That there is silver, say silver, in greater abundance than has ever before been discovered in a single vein in any part of the world, we are willing to concede to the Comstock lead, for its richness is almost fabulous; and further, we are willing to consent to the fact that others of great richness will also be discovered; yet, there is also another fact forcibly present to our minds which is this: to the laborer who goes there with his strong arm and willing hands as his only prospecting capital, those mines will be comparatively a sealed book; and exposure, suffering, fatigue, and disappointment will write their severe characters in sweat and dust and lines of care upon his brow.

Speculators and minded capitalists will make—and lose—fortunes, no doubt. A few persons will find good paying mines, but the many will not.

One feature of this excitement gives us pain. Many persons of limited means, and some with families dependent upon them, in their haste to raise money, to start for the new El Dorado, are selling out their snug little homesteads at a great sacrifice, and soon their families will be homeless and unhoused. Such we would entreat to pause before they commit so great an act of recklessness. Were the chances of their improving the condition of themselves and families more numerous and certain, we would have nothing to say.

Those persons who are "waiting for something to turn up," might perhaps be confident a favor upon themselves, and the public, by emigrating to Washoe, and instead of "waiting," go to work at turning something up. Others who are out of employ, might also do well to go, but we hope that few persons will throw away a certainty for an uncertainty, by leaving good diggings in hopes of finding better; as it is a hard task to climb a second time for fortune.

For the past three years a large panoramic painting of California has been in progress, that will show what this State at the present time, really is—the progress she has made, her natural wonders and resources, and her great works of industrial art, which have made the very name of California a synonym for energy and enterprise the world over. This work portraits, in accurate drawing and truthful color, the grandeur of our noble mountains, and the beauty of our fruitful, flower-decked plains; the vivid brightness of our noonday skies; the gorgeous glow of our moonlit sunsets, and the witchery of our moonlit nights; our cities and towns, and our mining and agricultural pursuits. In short, it is a miniature portrait of the whole State. We allude to Tirrell & Co.'s Panorama of California. Let us endeavor to describe this mammoth work of art. Having been allowed the run of the studio, while the work was in progress, we can speak by the card.

The preliminary sketching tour was commenced in July, 1857, and occupied over eighteen months; during which time Mr. Tirrell (who performed this labor, as well as the painting, entirely unassisted) traveled over the entire State, and brought back six large portfolios "stuffed full of sketches," as he expresses it, as the result of his trip. It is, indeed, a treat to look over those drawings, as every one of them bears the marks of a patient, laboring study of nature; and if these travel-worn portfolios could speak, they would tell of many a long day's labor in the wild mountains, and beneath the burning sun in the foot-hills and plains of California.

The sketches having been obtained, the painting of the Panorama was commenced. Slowly the canvas began to "grow," as each day's faithful labor was fixed upon it; and continued thus to grow for over fifteen months, until attaining its complete stat-
The giant is eleven feet in height and two thousand three hundred feet in length; consequently contains twenty-five thousand three hundred square feet of surface, on four huge cylinders, and not a foot of it that does not represent some characteristic of California. Nearly fifty cities and towns are truthfully represented. San Francisco covers eighty feet in length; and not only is the whole city shown, but all the surrounding country—

the Bay, the Golden Gate, and everything that can be seen from Telegraph Hill, in the complete circle of the horizon.

All the agricultural valleys; the Sacramento river, from its mouth to Sacramento city; every kind and description of mining, each represented by actual views of different claims. The natural wonders of the State; the Geyser, Mount Shasta, scenes in the Big Tree Groves, and seven in the Yosemite Valley. An Indian eating an Indian Pandafu; all the varieties of forest trees and wild flowers. Ditches and flumes; steamboats, big wagons and stage coaches. Sunlight, moonlight, and firelight; rain, snow, and dust; everything, in short, that a traveler would wish to see in six months' journey over the State, are typified in this Panorama.

The different views are enlivened by upwards of three thousand figures. There are nearly one hundred large scenes in all, besides scenes of "little bits" of foliage, rocks, trees, and incidents, introduced between them to keep them apart. The painting is no mere "daub," as the artistic execution is excellent. Dozens of the views are worthy of being cut out and framed. Among the best, (selecting at haphazard), are a sunset effect at Nevada; an effect of rain at a sluicing scene near Jackson; another of a moonlight at Stockton, and still another on the Sacramento river, with the steamboat Queen City lighted up, &c, &c.

We hope that every lover of the beautiful, unique, and wonderful, will go and see this "counterfeit presentation" of our glorious State; knowing that while they will be both delighted and instructed, they will also be patronizing a deserving home-made work, and which, should the artist think proper to transport it to the east, to show what California really is to the old folks at home," will do the State much laudable and praiseworthy service.

Steamship opposition is again at an end between the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and the Vanderbilt line; the two companies having united their interests; the former to run on the Pacific between San Francisco and Panama, and the latter on the Atlantic, between Aspinwall and New York and New Orleans. Past opposition rates have been ruinously low, but as these companies have made money out of the traveling public by charging exorbitant rates, the public have little or no sympathy for them in such losses.

The rates of fare for the steamer of the 20th ult. were first cabin, $200; second cabin, $160; steerage, $90; and if they are permanently kept at this price we consider it a tolerably fair remunerative charge; until greater facilities of travel have been provided.

There can be no hope for California until there is a good railroad stretching its iron lines across the country, and the fare put at a reasonably low figure—for this let us hope and unremittingly strive, until it is fully accomplished.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

L.—Many thanks to you for your good wishes and approval.

C. Your P. V. is all descriptive introduction, without sequence, characters, or plot, therefore can not very well be called a "story."

R.—Bayard Taylor's "Travels in El Dorado" were published shortly after his return to New York, from this country, late in the fall of 1854, or early in the spring of 1855.

M. Plureville.—By no means. You adhere to the old adage of "Never quit a certainty for an uncertainty." We do not mean that you should make no effort to improve your condition, but that you keep in mind Bayly Crockett's advice, "Be sure you are right," &c.

P. Red Jog.—Your effort at 15 was very creditable; but, though fine in sentiment, it is not sufficiently melodious in execution to occupy a place in the log.
SINGER'S
SEWING MACHINES,
ARE the best adapted to all General Sewing of
any kind in use, an evidence of which, hardly
any others are said to.

THEY WILL SEW
The Lightest & Heaviest Fabrics
WITH EQUAL FACILITY,
Making a stitch alike on both sides, or neat, at the
discretion of the operator. They are never out of
order, and are more durable in construction than
any other description.

As the Great Paris Exhibitions, in competition with
all other machines—Wachter & Winton's and Grover
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more than half the prices they were heretofore
bought at, and are as superior for family use as our
standard is to all others. Honored alike

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Family Sewing Machines
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ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.
Price from $15 upwards.

By their simplicity, ease of operation and
management, without conventional and adaption
to owing the highest praise to efficiency, they are
enormously the best pieces in public estimation.

Our New Salesroom
is in the New Building & 91, corner Montgomery
and California streets, first floor back of California
Grove. Send for a Circular

R. C. BROWN, Agent.
We advertise to let you know
Of whom to buy, and where to go.

PRIZE POEM.

My Maldon Muse her magic lyre
Has strung again, that all
May list with pleasure to the strains
She sings of QUINCY HALL.

The fount of Helicon would dry,
And Washoe's rivers fall,
Were all the waters used for ink
Describing QUINCY HALL.

The greatest Clothing Mint on earth
Where mortals all should call,
Be it remembered has been found
To be our QUINCY HALL.

Davis & Bowers, Proprietors,
Can fit the short and tall,
The fat and lean, the rich and poor,
Who go to QUINCY HALL.

No fortune will these people take,
Whether 'tis great or small,
For they have all that they can do
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So all the needy persons should
With all the wealthy call,
As well as everybody else,
And buy at QUINCY HALL,

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That you will never run behind.

We always have on hand the
latest fashions.
We will show you what we
have and sell,
You may take back the
samples you like, and
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We advertise to let you know
Of whom to buy, and where to go.

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AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,
In conformity to the times, having reduced my prices more than thirty per cent, I ask you to call hereafter go to accommodating establishments, on account of prices.

Instructions given in the Art, and Stock furnished.
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To rob our honest, straightforward
And patient fair, and every fair.

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In every shape, and every size,
As people know what they are to buy, and what they sell, and never fail.
THE ENORMOUSLY INCREASING DEMAND

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Important to the Deaf and
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A number of years of unceasing attention to
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