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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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CHINESE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD.

CEREMONIAL AT A CHINESE GRAVE.
the Chinese for their
death is a portion of the
curious system of relig-
ion which has prevailed
among that people from
the earliest times. Their
Sages, or as we would say their Saints and
Fathers, taught little or nothing
about God, the invisible world,
or Divinity. Their great teacher
Confucius admitted that he did not un-
derstand much about the gods, said they
were beyond and above the compre-
sension of man, and taught that the obliga-
tions of man lay rather in the doing his
duty to his relations and society than in
worshiping spirits unknown. He never
taught the duty of man to any higher
power than the head of the state or fam-
ily. The entire religious system of the
Chinese, when not inoculated with for-
dge superstition, may therefore be com-
pared to a school of philosophy, resem-
bling in some respects the old Greek
schools, where gods were spoken of, but
hardly made the pillars of faith. One of
the Chinese sages said that sufficient
knowledge was not possessed to say posi-
tively that gods and spirits exist, and he
saw no difficulty in omitting the sub-
ject altogether. He was silent also re-
specting the immortality of the soul
and future rewards and punish-ments.
According to him, virtue was rewarded
and vice punished in the individual or in
his posterity on earth; but he never
spoke of a separate state of existence.
Confucius said, "not knowing even life,
how can we know death?"

For these reasons the devotions to the
dead, which are practised in China and
wherever the Chinese are found, can
hardly be called idolatry, perhaps not
strictly even worship. The ceremonies
seem rather to be a pageant or form, in-
tended to remind the people of the sacred
lessons teaching honor and respect to
one's ancestors. The spirits of the dead
are addressed—and so the national
religion acknowledged spirits—but the
object seems rather to keep alive their
memory than to supplicate them for
favors or pray to them as gods. The idea
of praying for the repose of the soul is
unknown among this people; they have
tone or a very inadequate conception of
Judgment and Heaven; and all their
concerns are, so to speak, of a temporal
nature. Their prayers to their ancestors
may consequently be termed rather ad-
dresses of thanks than supplications for
mercy. Mr. Williams in his book on the
Middle Kingdom gives the form of one
of these prayers as follows:

Yan Kwang, 12th year, 3d moon, 1st day.
I Lin Kwang, the second son of the
third generation, presume to come be-
fore the grave of my ancestor, Lin Kung.
Revolving years have brought again the
season of spring. Cherishing sentiments
of veneration, I look up and sweep your
tomb. Prostrate I pray that you will
come and be present; and that you will
grant to your posterity that they may be
prosperous and illustrious; at this sea-
son of genial showers and gentle breezes,
I desire to recompense the root of my ex-
sistence and exert myself sincerely. Al-
ways grant your safe protection. My
trust is in your divine spirit. Reverent-
ly, I present the five-fold sacrifice of a
pig, a fowl, a goose, and a fish; also, an offering of five plates of fruits,
with libations of spirituous liquors, car-
nestly entreating that you will come and
view them. With the most attentive re-
spect, this announcement is presented on
high.

There are two annual festivals of this
worship of the dead, one in the early part
of April, at the term called tsian-ming,
when a general worship of ancestors,
called par shen or "worshipping at the
hills," is observed; and another in Au-
gust, called shen i or "burning clothes,"
souls of the dead for the national spirits—but the keep alive their spirits. The idea of the soul is also that of a temporal to their ancestors rather ad- supplications for rather ad- the form of one moon, 1st day. son of the shing sentiments and swoop your will they may be at this sea- d gentle breezes, to root of my ox- slnooroly. Al- notion. My Reverent- sacrilege of a so, and a fish; plates of fruit, an liquors, ear- th will come and most attentive re- presented on the Festivals of this in the early part called tsing-nung, worshiping at the another in Au- burning clothes.

when paper folded in the form of gar- ments, houses and servants, and other puppets, are burned, and supposed to go to the benefit of the spirits. At the for- mer the people repair to the graves, car- rying roast pigs and fowls, libations, candles, papers and incense, and go through a variety of ceremonies. At the latter the burning of fireworks seems to be the principal business. Both festivals are attended with music and feasting. But the former is the principal one, and most commonly and extensively observed.

Among the Chinese in California the pai shen takes place every spring, and generally in the first week of April. In San Francisco a large portion of the Chinese population repair on this day to their burying-ground at Yerba Buena Cemetery; some in vehicles, others on foot; and accompanied with wagons and drays bearing their roasted hogs, pigs, fowls, fish, sweets, fruits and other delicacies. They bear with them various kinds of ornamented and tinted papers, cut in various shapes, some gilded with silver, others with gold; and various colored candles, and burning punk-sticks.

Upon arriving at the graves, some set forth in front of the tomb all the sacri- fices, arranging them upon mats; others busy themselves in clearing the grass and woods from the graves; others stick lighted candles in the earth, and still others scatter burning papers over the ground, and ignite fire-crackers. In the meanwhile one of the number of worship- ers stops forth in front of the grave and kneels and bows his head three times to the ground, at the same time muttering what is supposed to be a prayer, something like the one above given. He then rises and pours out three small cups of wine or tea, scatters it over the ground, and retires—while the others stop for ward and follow his example. These ceremonies are conducted by different relatives, and always in honor of ances- tors. The spirited engraving at the head of the article shows the feast spread forth, and represents one of the libations.

After the ceremonies at the graves are over, the meats and other edibles are gathered up, replaced in the wagons, and the worshipers return to their respective homes, where they spend the rest of the day in feasting. Sometimes a few of the fruits are eaten at the tomb; but, generally speaking, the entire feast is carried back to the homes and there partaken of. The whole worship may be said to consist of pouring out libations and burning paper and candles at the grave, and then a family meeting or social feast, with a few simple prostrations and petitions. There are no bacchanalian riots; all is solemn and harmonious. "Such," says Sir John Davis, "are the harmless, if not meritorious forms of respect for the dead, which the Jesuits wisely tolerated in their converts, knowing the consequences of outraging their most cherished prejudices."

SKELETIONS FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

CHAPTER 1.

EVERY man, woman and child, who has ever passed the corner of Montgomery and Clay streets, on a sunny afternoon, when Peg-leg Smith has been "drawn from the ranch," cannot have failed to notice that celebrated individual. Any such afternoon he is to be seen with his one sound leg and one stump, dressed in some smooth costume or other, with a bland smile on his weather-bitten and wrinkled old face; his white hairs standing out from under a cocked wool or long-napped and abounding old Beaver hat; hopping along from Biggs & Kibbo's corner to Martin & Horton's, or vice versa; or standing out on the curb and taking it quite as easy as Thomas Tenant's wooden sailor opposite the Custom
House. On such an afternoon, he is one of the most familiar of our San Francisco sights, and can hardly fail to attract the attention of the passer-by. There is something in the appearance of the old man, in the lines of his face, the cut of his clothes, the making up of his toilet, and particularly in the manner in which he braces himself up on the thick and positive piece of timber, which forms the lower half of his left leg, that marks him out as a remarkable man. There is a sort of abandon in his manners, a take-me-as-I-am style in his behavior, and an old-soldier-like veteran independence in his bearing, which at once suggest a career where the amenities of social life were little known and fashion was a different thing from the soft-worded but effeminate politeness of our metropolis.

Such has been the effect produced upon us by the spectacle of old Peg-log, as he usually appears on the sunny side of Montgomery street, and, when he is in the city, he is as regularly to be found there as the timber-legged tar, who sings of "Nelson and of victory," on the benches of Greenwich Hospital. For a number of years past we have periodically observed him; and could not help looking again and again; and never to our recollection in all that time have we ever seen him leaning or sitting down, and seldom in conversation with any one. Now and then, perhaps, some upstart, who had never seen the fresh tracks of a grizzly or heard the whoop of an Indian, would address him; and Peg-log's broad face would expand into a "much-obliged-to-you," at an invitation to take a social glass, as if it brought back to his memory his old times; but even this was a rare occurrence; and, as a general thing, Peg-log is as unapproachable in the city as he is in the country. We have seen him in both places, and in both, the same Peg-log, a Peg-log whose manners and ways seem fit for an old soldier who, through the wilderness, has fought his way to the Pacific, and meet his old foe with a word of welcome and a broad smile.
as a general rule, the old man was alone in the midst of the younger crowds about him. Being, in other respects, comfortably situated, all his necessities supplied by friends in the country, and nothing to do but to pass the remainder of his days in that repose and quiet which his age requires, he spends his time in visiting the country inn, hearing the news there; and, when the weather is pleasant, and there is a dearth of sport on the farm, coming in to the city and taking up his old stamping ground.

This singular old man, one of the last struggling remnants of that strange class whom Washington Irving has immortalized in his "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," and other narratives of the Rocky Mountain hunters and trappers, is the famous Peg-leg Smith of western story, whom all our readers have undoubtedly heard of; if they have not seen. For nearly half a century he lived in the wilderness, which stretches west and north and northeast of Santa Fe, as far as the mouth of the Colorado in one direction, and the Missouri in the other; and during the most of that time in his present peg-legged condition. He became domesticated, as it were, among the plumed and painted warriors of the beaver and buffalo grounds; and though much of his time was spent in battling and marching, in fighting and ambuscading, yet he found opportunity to marry in a royal family of the forest; and the story of his loves and losses, is among the most interesting of his checkered and varied career. Often has the ring of his deadly rifle been heard on the blue and distant hills that stretch in uncounted chains from the Platte to the Rio Virgen; and many have been the vermilion painted horse-thieves that have paid dearly for their temerity in disturbing the pickets of his camp; but over the whole coun-
try, wherever bold mountaineers and brave leaders are in quest among the red men as well as among the white, from Fort Hall down to Albuquerque, and from Independence across to the plains overlooked by the white caps of the Sierra Nevada, the name of Tovvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone, is known and respected.

CHAPTER II.

Thomas L. Smith, or, as he is better known and as we shall call him, Trotter, or, as he is familiarly called by the Indians, Tovvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone, was born in Garrard county, Kentucky, two miles north of Dick's river, on the road leading from Crab Orchard to Lancaster. His father, Christopher Smith, was an Irishman, who had early emigrated to America, and engaged under General St. Clair in the Indian wars of the northwest territory. After the disastrous defeat in 1791, he made his way to Crab Orchard, in Kentucky, then a comparative wilderness, and formed the acquaintance of Nancy Long, a member of one of eight families who had recently emigrated from Culpepper county, Virginia. A mutual attachment sprung up, and the result was matrimony, and a large family of nine daughters and four sons.

Old Christopher had built himself a double cabin of hewn-logs on a gentle rise of ground, a few yards from a spring of clear water, surrounded by a grove of elms, oak and sugar-maple trees, which were made melodious with the songs of the foolish vocalists of the western wilds; and thither he conducted his bride. It was there, one stormy night, the 10th of October, 1801, that several of the neighbors, male and female, were gathered. The women were in the eastern wing of the cabin, the children being snugly disposed in trundle beds and pallets. The usual treble notes of industrious gossip were to be heard around the fireplace; but the busiest person was old Granny Richardson, the midwife of the neighborhood, who understood the virtues of “yarns” and “pennyroyal” to perfection. The in the western wing, before a roaring blaze, regaling themselves with their pipes and apple-toddy, which relaying their old tales of Indian skirmish and hair-breadth escapes, sat the men. Bob Trotter, from a natural defect in his organs of articulation, could never sound the “l,” but substituted “n” in its stead, and was talking of having been at the “batto of the Blue-Niks, where the bunnits and numpes of need new ilkse hous stones,” when Jack Taylor suddenly sprang to his feet and exclaimed, “A war-whoop, by Heavens! Chris., your baby's born!”—and Tovvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone made his advent into the world, destined to pass a life quite as wild and boisterous as the elements were furious on the night of his birth.

Two miles distant from Christopher's double cabin was a little round-log school house, where Dominie Ross taught the mysteries of letters and laid the foundations of a knowledge of reading, writing and cyphering. Tibber, at the age of four years, Tommy was sent in company with an older sister, as kind-hearted a girl as ever flung a shuttle or turned a spinning-wheel, who, when the little fellow got tired of walking, frequently carried him upon her back. In two years constant attendance Tommy seems to have acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the first three letters of the alphabet, when a now pedagogue, named Soviet, arrived in the neighborhood and opened a “Seminary;” and Tommy was sent to him. In eighteen months further study, the hopeful pupil got as far as b-a-baker; but not being able to master the “k,” he was turned back to the a-b-e-a; and old Christopher, concluding that he was never intended for one of the savants of the world, put a hoe in his hand, and placed him in the field to hoe corn and dig potato-
SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

TOE CHIEF "OPEN!" AND WON.

Toes, at which occupation and driving up the cows and doing little jobs about the farm, he was kept till his tenth year. In the meanwhile Tommy grew up a mischievous boy, and learned much more about robbing hen-roosts and fighting chickens than of anything good; and for a long while he and his companions were such a terror to the poultry yards, that the neighbors were forced to purchase pad-locks and keep watch-dogs in all their chicken houses.

On one occasion, Jack Taylor, the same who said Tommy had uttered a war whoop at his birth, had gone with a load of marketing to Lexington and brought home a game rooster, which came up to Tom's ideal of a beauty to a feather. That night as Tom went to bed, he said to his brother William, who slept with him, "Bill, did you see that new rooster of old Jack Taylor's? Now, if we only had him, couldn't we whip Jim McCormick's black chicken, though?" William thought that they could do it very easily; and it was forthwith arranged that they must have the rooster, even if they died for it. The next day, which was Saturday, they accordingly put themselves upon their good behavior, did all their work about the farm in good time, and obtained permission of old Christopher to go possum-hunting that night. After dark they called the dogs and started on their way in the direction of old Taylor's barn. Reaching a small grove of timber near the barn, William set the dogs on a hog; and their barking soon brought out all of Taylor's dogs, while Tom slyly stole around to the chicken house and managed the game so adroitly that he secured the coveted prize without causing either a squall or a cackle.

CHAPTER III.

After breakfast the following day, Bill and Tom stole off with their roosters to the rookery, as they called it, a small open space in a pawpaw patch, surrounded with a dense undergrowth of spic-
wood and huckleberry and shaded by tall hickory, oak, walnut and sugar-maple trees. About a hundred yards before reaching the spot, they concealed their newly-acquired prize in a cane-brake and taking with them their three other roosters, found Jim McCormick and the other boys on the ground. In a short time the wagers were laid and the fighting commenced, but with indifferent success on either side, till Tom proposed to fight his “Grocery-keeper,” as he dubbed his new rooster, against Jim’s famous black chicken, the “Turkey-Buzzard” for all the money in the crowd, which amounted to some five or six dollars. The offer was eagerly accepted, and Bill was dispatched for the Grocery-keeper. The cocks were soon healed, and after a few preliminaries, they were pitted; and, at the third pass, the Grocery-keeper drove his gaff directly through the head of the Turkey-Buzzard, and Jim McCormick’s famous black chicken lay lifeless upon the ground. This made Tom the onlooker hero of the day, but as is usual upon such occasions, he was not allowed to enjoy his honors without a fight.
I've beaten you at everything else to-day, and I'll try to beat you at this, too." Thereupon Jim, placing his hand behind his back, cried "open or shut?" Tom eyed him a second or two, when he brought him a well-directed blow under the burr of the ear, which brought him to the ground; and, as he spread out his hands to break his fall, Tom cried "Open!"—and won Jim's last half-dollar at his own game.

Tom might now have said, with the famous Logan, three have I gone forth to give, battle and thrice have I returned victorious; but that day's sun was destined to see him completely chop-fallen. Among the friends and cronies of Jim McCormick was one Buck Baford, a boy four years older than Tom Smith, and of a tyrannical and overbearing disposition. He had been busy nearly the entire day, trying to pick a quarrel with Tom, had used disparaging epithets, taken the part of the Turkey-Buzzard against the Grocery-keeper, and stood over Jim McCormick and told him at the game of seven up—all of which was equivalent to a declaration of hostility. Toni, on his part, allowed himself to be persuaded by Bob Tisdell that he could whip Buck; and without much negotiation agreed to go over to the Seminary and fight it out. Arriving at that place and settling the preliminaries, accordingly, a ring was soon formed, and at it they went; but it soon became evident that Buck's additional years wore more than a match for Tom's skill and determination. The two soon closed, but Buck's greater size and strength gave him at once a decided advantage. Bob Tisdell, seeing this, attempted to part them, but the remainder of the party interfered and the fight had to be fought out; which was not the case until Tom felt compelled for once in his life to cry "enough." It was a bitter hour for him, and the humiliation of it stuck to him for many a day. Even now, at a distance of fifty years, and although but half of what he used to be, Peg-leg declares that should he ever meet with Buck Baford, he would try that fight over again.

CHAPTER IV.

At the age of ten, Tom was again sent to school with his sisters and brothers, and continued in attendance for over four years; and it seems that notwithstanding his mischievous propensities, he so conducted himself during school hours as to win the approval of his teacher and the friendship of his schoolmates. One remarkable thing is said of him, which is hard to credit of a boy who fought chickens and played cards, and that is, that no inducement could make him tell a lie; that no matter what kind of a scrape he might be led into, not even to escape the severest punishment would he violate his character for veracity, but rather confess and suffer the penalty. His father was not one of those affectionate parents, who believe in spoiling the child by sparing the rod; and Tom had bitter experience of it; but even the certainty of the old man's wrath did not deter him from living up to what he considered the dictates of honor, widely and unfortunately as he had mistaken the true meaning and principles of that noble word.

There happened, about the time of which we are speaking, a wedding in the neighborhood and the pies, cakes and confectionaries were all deposited in the dairy under an apple tree in the yard. On the night previous to the eventful day, Tom with his mischievous companions repaired to the spot, carried off everything to the woods and after eating, hauled the dainties in a hollow stump, with the intention of returning the following day and having a grand feast. But to their sad disappointment they found that the ants had taken possession of their store-house, crawled into
the pores of the cakes, got in between the crusts of the pies, and mired in the sugary juices, and entirely destroyed the pleasures which they anticipated from their stolen luxuries. They indeed attempted to dislodge the industrious little invaders; but after fruitless efforts by knocking and blowing, now and then taking a bite and having to spit it out again, they soon gave up the job in despair; and had to content themselves with the reflection that they were no worse off than the wedding party. But "murder will out," and in course of a few days this theft was noised about the neighborhood and came to the ears of old Christopher Smith, who at once suspected Tom of having had a hand in it. Here Tom's character for varacity was fully borne out; for upon the accusation being made by his father, he instantly acknowledged his participation; but no amount of punishment could induce him to inform on his companions; and it was as much for his obstinacy in this respect as for his original mischief that his father gave him such an unmerited flogging that he was laid up for a week.

Not long after this, one day in school, Tom's propensity for fun overbalanced his discretion and subjected him to the ire of his schoolmaster, who in a paroxysm of rage ordered him to take off his coat. This Tom positively refused to do; and the authority of the irascible pedagogue being thus for the first time called in question, so excited that dignitary and caused him to ply his hickory so fiercely, that Tom determined to reciprocate, and picking up the dog-wood poker, gave him a tremendous poke "below the belt," which sent the school-master reeling to the other side of the room. The momentary cessation of hostilities, occasioned by this stroke of policy, afforded Tom an opportunity to look around him, and dropping the poker, he fled. The teacher sent several of the other boys to bring him back, but they knew Tom too well to execute their commission and returned reporting him beyond their reach. As for Tom, he stopped at the forks of the road and waited for his brothers and sisters on their way home, who brought his hat and a note from the master to his father. After inquiring the state of affairs at the schoolhouse, he went on with them to his home, rather anticipating a belligerent display there too; but old Christopher, after reading the note with a half smile, merely put it in his vest-pocket and walked out into the yard. A subdued conversation was now carried on between his mother, his sister and himself, which was soon interrupted by the reappearance of his father, and Tom expected to catch what he called "magnificent particulars;" but nothing was said till after breakfast the following morning, when the old man quietly said, "Well, Tom, it appears you and the school-master have had a fight; which had the best of it?" "Don't know, sir," said Tom, "but I rather think he got the hardest lick. I didn't want to take my coat off; I thought it bad enough with
in school, and opened him to the in a paroxy-
sko off his stum to do
possible peda-
time call-
da dignitory
icky so
rooded o
below the
master read-
room. The
store, occa-
sed around
him, a
fold. The
other boys
knew Tom
mumilation
beyond their
stopped at the
old for his
husky, who
from the ma-
ding the
ool-house, he
home, rather
display there
after reading
merely put it
led out into
vocation was
mother, his
was soon inter-
of his father,
what he call-
but no-
breakfast the fol-
told man qui-
pears you and
ight; which
't know, sir,'
ink he got the
at to take my
enough with
it on." "Well," replied the old man, no
doubt feeling remorseful for the unmer-
ciful flogging he had given Tom a short
time before, "you go to school; and as
you get into the difficulty, you must get
out of it the best way you can. Settle it
between you; I shall have nothing to do
with it."

With these paternal words still in his
care, Tom started in the direction of the
schoolhouse; but after arriving at the end
of the field, he mounted the fence and
looking around him began soliloquizing:
"Well, I'm going on sixteen years old
and I've had nothing but work and flog-
gging all my life; twice by my father so
bad that I have been laid up in bed, and
I don't know how many times I've been
walloped by crabbed schoolmasters. I
could stand being larruped by my moth.
er," and here the tears began to swell in
his eyes—"but by these others, never.
Now, I know boys of my age, who have
no parents and they earn their own liv-
ing—why can't I do the same? Yester-
day I got licked and will be again to-day,
provided"—here his face wreathed in a
melancholy smile—"provided I face the
music, which I don't intend to do, so
how you can fix it. So, good bye, old
fols, I'll try my hand with the world," and
getting down from the fence, Tom
started off on the road to Nashville, Ten-
nessee, where a maternal aunt of his re-
sided, some two hundred miles distant.
With only the clothes he had upon his
back and twenty-five cents, which his
brother-in-law had loaned him a day or
two previously, in his pocket, Tom walk-
ed briskly on; and soon had his first ex-
perience in what he called trying his
hand with the world.

THE PAVILION OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FAIR

VIEW OF THE PAVILION.

The Pavilion of the Mechanics' Insti-
tute Fair, of which the above en-
graving gives the outside front view, is
situated on the corner of Montgomery
and Sutter streets, and very nearly in
the center of the city of San Francis-
co. It fronts 150 feet on Montgomery
street and runs back 200 feet, making
one of the largest rooms in the United
States. It is on the main street, and the
omnibus lines from the extremities of the
city as well as the rail-road from the
Union Iron made all of the grinders, the graters, the saws, and the cast iron of the brick grinders, the wall grinders, and the table grinders of the past year; and the year before that.

The First Industrial Fair over held in the State was opened there on the 7th of September, 1857, and remained open for five or six weeks. Being a great novelty and attracting all objects of interest in mechanical departments in the State, besides a remarkably fine display of the California Horticultural Society, the Fair met with a success which was altogether unexpected. During its continuance, the Pavilion was almost constantly crowded and it presented really a very interesting and at least a very new kind of exhibit, one to which most of the population had been unaccustomed since they had left their homes in the East.

The unexpected success of the first Fair induced the managers of the Institute to renew it the next year; and the Pavilion was allowed to stand through the winter. The canvas roofing did not rot away and was blown into shreds; but the next summer the building was repaired, a new roof put on, and in September, 1858, the second Fair was opened. It resembled the first in many respects, except that that was lost in novelty it made up in the greater number and greater excellence of its articles on exhibition. During the season of its continuance it was well attended, fully rewarding its promoters for the pains and trouble to which they had gone to make it an exhibition creditable to the city and State.

After the close of this second Fair, it was resolved that the third should not be held before 1860; and the Pavilion building was sold, and the greater part of it broken up and carried away. The wing fronting on Montgomery street remained, however, for two years longer; and was used, first as the place where the "Model of Solomon's Temple" was built and afterwards exhibited; and subsequently for a few months at the end of 1859 by Capen Adams, the famous Grizzly Bear Hunter, for the exhibition of his Pacific Museum.

The present Pavilion, which is a great improvement as an exhibition building on the first, was built in the spring of this year. During the summer it was used for various purposes, being engaged almost every evening for concerts or balls. The Episcopal Mission Sunday School engaged it for their 4th of July celebration and decorated it very beautifully for that fine occasion. It had also been used for political meetings; but was found to be bad acoustical qualities; and one great mass meeting, in relation to Fraudulent Land Claims, was compelled to adjourn to the streets, as the speakers could not be heard within its sound-disseminating roofs and walls. It was opened by the Mechanics Institute with their Fair on the evening of September 4th. The attendance was crowded, and for two weeks up to the time of this writing, it has continued crowded evening after evening, with fair attendance during the day time.

The Fair this year surpasses in variety and excellence of the articles exhibited, the Fairs of 1857 and 1858. Even in these last two years the progress of California in the Industrial Arts has been very great. In almost all departments of mechanics we can compete very well with the manufacturers of the East; and we may almost say of Californian Art, as we say of California herself—that it has sprang, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full-formed into complete existence. All branches of manufactures, from the immense marine steam engine of 1000 horse-power from Mr. Dunblane's
THE DISCOVERER OF CORAL CAVE.

BY WANDERER.

A DELVING 'mong the ragged rocks,
What cheering hopes he found;
When stern misfortune's cruel shocks
All common hearts did wound.

But he, unconquered, sought to know
The secrets of the hill,
And day by day his works did show
The efforts of his will.

For this he toiled with hands and brain,
To conquer if he could;
He said: "Perhaps some one may gain,
For Providence is good."

Undreamed of, unexpected quite--
Fortune rewards the brave;
At last the lantern's feeble light
Revealed the Coral Cave.

E'en he, the brave, could scarcely dare
To lift his flickering lamp,
And tempt the unknown wonders there,
Those chambers dark and deep;

Till, hear, a voice of sweet, pure tone,--
Told of the spirit fair,
Who made the glittering grot her own
Retreat--unique and rare.

When Nature robbed the earth in green,
And everything was good,
Fair flowers and fruit and grain were seen,
And Paradise still stood;
Then man and beast and birds were gay,
In syrian shades and sun;
But Nature rested not that day--
Her works are never done.

On, on she worked! and worketh still,
Replacing what decayed,
And forming new; health vale and hill,
Her works in wondrous ways;
Tis thus the hidden cavern yields
Wonders as fair to view,
As even the forests and the fields
South Heaven's arching blue.

Go on, brave man, thou first to tread,
Where none hath trod before,
Where Nature lavishly hath spread
Her rich, resplendent store--
And, trusting to the lantern's light,
Through halls whose crystals dazzling
Reflected back each ray.

He raised his voice, but not to shout;
A sacred face he viewed;
And grandest, purest thoughts devout,
Forbade expressions rude;
He stood enraptured with the scene,
Bound with a mystic spell;
But what he said his soul alone,
No words, no tongue can tell.

*Note.*--When Mr. Owen first broke into the Cave, he heard a musical sound, occasioned by the current of water, and resembling the melodious tones of a woman's voice.

THERE is a spring of great medicinal virtues on the summit of principal Farallone Island.

The water comes up from many apertures, containing chlorites, sulphates and phosphates. In taste it resembles alum water mixed with vinegar. It is represented as beneficial and curative; and is known to be a great provocative of appetite. It has the reputation of being a perfect cure for obstinate cases of diarrhoea. One of the keepers of the light-house on the island states that for three consecutive years he suffered constantly from this distressing disease and exhausted all the remedies within his reach without effect. Upon resorting to the use of the waters of this spring, a speedy and entire cure was effected.
THE PIONEER STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

We present above an illustration of the new Steam Fire-Engine, which has been imported from New York, by Weather & Tiffany of this city. It is now in the hands of Monumental Engine Company, No. 6, and will be purchased by them, provided that on trial it prove satisfactory. We have had the cut made from a photographic view taken while the engine was on parade, on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of Monumental Fire Company, No. 6, which took place September 12th.

The annexed notice of the Engine in question, taken from the Scientific American, gives a description of it: It was built, says that Journal, by Messrs. Lee & Larned, of New York, at the Novelty Iron Works. These engines are fitted to be drawn by hand, being intended especially for the use of engine and hose companies; so that villages and small cities may now avail themselves of the superior and untiring power of steam, for fire-engine purposes, with no change in existing organizations, and without the expense of a horse establishment. The engine from which the view is taken was on duty for several months, in the hands of the Valley Forge Hose Company, stationed in Thirty-seventh street, New York, and it rendered signal service on several occasions. It is about ten feet in length, exclusive of the pole, and weighs 3,700 pounds; which weight, we understand, will be reduced at least 200 pounds in engines of the same style to be hereafter built. Having large wheels and sensitive springs, it runs as easily as an ordinary fire-engine of 500 or 600 pounds less weight, and easier than the average of first-class hand engines. Its best single stream, for distance, is one inch diameter; for quantity, 11; but for ordinary fire duty effect, two or three inches of water. To five hours at full speed.

The steam of Lee & Larned's engine can be drawn in from six to eight hours, and is of the Cary's patent reciprocating form, and 8 inches in diameter. It is intended to cast on the cylinder, and is thus combined, of novel form and compactness; a space (only) one inch in diameter; and is thus combined, of novel form and compactness. The pistons on the opposite heads are each cast on the part of the head in which the journal is reduced at least 500 pounds. Instead of the usual journal, the whole is hung on plain, or of Jesse iron, like those of the tension rods at
THE PIONEER STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

nary fire duty, it will handle, with good effect, two one-inch streams, drawing its own water. This is did, for ten consecutive hours at a fire on the ship John J. Boyd, in January last.

The steam power is derived from one of Leo & Larnod's patent annular boilers, of 125 feet of heating surface, with which steam can be raised to working pressure, in from six to eight minutes. The pump, which is of brass, and highly finished, is Cory's patent rotary, driven by a single reciprocating engine, of 7 inches bore and 84 inches stroke, with a pair of light balance wheels to carry it over the center. It is intended to make from 200 to 400 revolutions per minute. A flange-dish, cast on the pump shell, makes one of the heads of the steam cylinder; the two, thus combined, forming a steam pump, of novel form and unequalled simplicity and compactness; occupying, indeed, so small a space (only 27 inches in length), that they are hardly seen in the engraving. The piston rod, passing out through the opposite head, acts on a cross-head of such length as to allow a connecting rod from each end of it to pass the cylinder and take hold of cranks on the pump shaft. The valve movement is obtained by means of a rockshaft, actuated by an eccentric rod from the main shaft. The boiler is supplied from an independent feed pump, but has also a connection with the main pump, which may be used at pleasure. The carriage frame is, in front, simply a horizontal bed plate of iron, of less than a foot in breadth, expanding, behind, into a ring, to the inside of which is bolted an upright open cylinder of thin, but stiff, sheet-iron, strengthened at the bottom by an angle-iron ring, the whole forming as once a seat and a casing for the boiler, which is placed within it. This end of the bed or frame is hung on platform springs, arranged like those of an omnibus, by means of tension rods and braces, taking hold of the angle-iron ring. The center of weight is directly over the hinder axle, which opens into a hoop allowing the boiler to hang within it. The springs are plates of steel, one or more to each, of uniform thickness, but tapering in width from the middle towards either end. In front, two springs of this form are used, placed one above the other, in line with and directly under the bed, receiving the weight of the machinery at the middle or widest part. These serve the two-fold purpose of spring and cough, taking hold in front, by means of forked ends, on pivot-boxes at each end of a short vertical shaft, forming a universal joint with the front axle; giving thus a single point of front suspension, annihilating the tendency of the bed to wring and twist under its load in traveling over rough roads, saving all the weight of metal needed under the ordinary arrangement to counteract that tendency and secure the necessary stiffness, protecting the machinery perfectly against the collision of travel, and dispensing with the complication and friction of a fifth wheel.

These engines are built of several different sizes; the one we have described being the smallest. The next size larger, weighing 5,200 pounds, is also a hand engine (though either can be fitted to be drawn by a horse or horses, if required), and boing of proportionately greater power, is to be preferred where the condition of the streets is favorable, in respect to surface and grades, and the company is strong enough in numbers to manage it. This engine throws a 1½-inch stream 200 feet, a 1-inch 225 feet, and for fire duty not un freqently plays a 1½-inch stream with great effect. The Manhattan engine, which, in the hands of Manhattan Company, No. 8, of New York, did such admirable service at the severe fires of the last winter, and which was, according to the estimate of competent authorities, the means of saving property to the amount of at least a hundred times its cost, is of this size.
SAND CLOUDS ON THE DESERT.

The stories told by the old traveler Bruce, of columns or pillars of sand moving with fearful rapidity over the African deserts, were regarded by many as too wonderful for belief; and probably he did draw a little too much upon his imagination in his descriptions of them. But there was much truth in his accounts there can be no doubt, as columns of this kind are observed in the smaller deserts of our own country.

Dr. John B. Trask, writing under date of April 30th, 1860, from Virginia, in the Washoe region, says:

"Since my last, we have had a variety of weather, the compound being made up of clear and warm, clear and cold, and cold and windy, with a half-hurricane and abundance of whirlwinds the greater part of the time. At our altitude (5,580 feet), now well determined, the view to the east is romantic and grand. On the forty-mile desert (the nearest point of which to this place is sixty-six miles), there has been for the last ten days an almost constant series of tremendous whirlwinds, which at this distance seem to travel north or south. The level of this desert is obscured from our view by a low ridge of mountains about one thousand feet high, and you may form some conception of the grand scale on which those local storms act, when I state to you that columns of sand rise to an elevation of more than four times the height of the intervening ridge. Taking the distance into consideration, the largest column raised to this immense height, which I saw on the 22d, could not have been less than three miles in diameter, forming a feature on the atmosphere of an immense waterspout, at times witnessed at sea. These whirlwinds seem to travel about seventy miles an hour—for one of the columns rising on the southern border traveled a distance of forty miles in little less than thirty minutes. The man adventures of geographies would do well to come to Virginia City, and study the features of sand-storms for their illustrations. Since I have been here, there have been probably not less than a dozen or more of these storms, and they all present the same features, viz.: a point of cloud descending from a broad base for a short distance, and beneath it a dark column gradually rising till a junction is formed. The sand-cloud also rises when no cloud is visible there."

Frank Soule, a few weeks afterwards, wrote of the same sand-clouds:

"This has been a day of fearful winds. Clouds of snow have been hanging on the mountain tops, and scattering their burdens down; and furious gusts and gales are sweeping from the southwest across the forty-mile desert, raising columns of sand and dust to the clouds. Some of these must be at least three thousand feet in height above the desert, and travel at great speed. Above the hills, above the highest mountain tops, we see them at a distance of from thirty-five to fifty miles, whirling upwards as if they would blot out sun and sky, while the desert itself seems like an ocean of water, dashed into billows of foam. Fright, indeed, when these galloping columns of stilling dust and sand, and pitiful indeed is the condition of any poor creature, human or brute, who, caught there, is obliged to endure, or die, amid the chilling and strangling tempest."
THE MIRAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FRILGEBURCH.

MY EYE surveys with restless gaze the harbor’s pennon-bearing breast,
But thine still seeks the ostrich plumes that nod upon my warrior crest:
"I fear would hear once more again, here in our sea-surrounded yale,
A tale about the desert wastes from which these bounteous plumes were brought."

Well, well! I lay my aching brow upon the hollow of my hand;
My eyelids fall, but not for sleep—see there, the desert’s glowing sand!
The pieces of the tents belong to those of whom I’m kith and kin,
And in her blighted widow-woods Sahara’s spreading wastes are seen.

Who traveled through the lion-land with claws and hoofs is marked the city?
Timbucto’s caravan it was—an horizon the banners play,
And glister spears—and in the dust the Emir’s purple vestments spread,
And proudly midst the moving throng the cumbel lifts his stately head.

They travel in compacted mass, where intermingle sand and air:
But see that sulphurous-colored cloud within whose folds they disappear!
'Tis easy to point out their trail from traces they have left behind;
With what they’ve lost, in scattered heaps, their rough and toilsome way is lined.

The first, as if a mile-stone placed, dead dromedary, lies just there;
And on its carcass sit and gorgle, with naked necks a vulture pair;
They hoe their raw anti glue—and lo! a jeweled turban’s test,
Which in his wild and raging haste a young and noble Arab lost.

Beyond, its silken housings shift which on that tamarisk’s thorns is seen;
And near it, dry and empty, lies a tough but bursted water-skin—
Bul; who is of frantic gaze that comes with wild and painful trot?
It is a dark- haired desert chief, the Sheikh of Boubinghir.

The rear-guard closing, fell his horse; he stayed; his people would not bide;
His favorite wife alone of all cleaved fasting to his girdle side.
How brightly beamed her brilliant eye, when lifted to his saddle seat!
And now he drags her panting form amid the desert’s dust and heat.

The burning sands, where nightly but the lion’s shaggy form creeps,
Are now with the disheveled locks of this exhausted beauty swept.
The dust besails her loosened curls; it stains her riper and dewy lips;
And there her blood paints red the flint stones’ sharp and cruel tips.

And ’tis the Emir reels; the blood in all his pulses feverish flows;
And now he drags her panting form amid the desert’s dust and heat.

The burning sands, where nightly but the lion’s shaggy form creeps,
Are now with the disheveled locks of this exhausted beauty swept.
The dust besails her loosened curls; it stains her riper and dewy lips;
And there her blood paints red the flint stones’ sharp and cruel tips.

And on the Emir reels; the blood in all his pulses favorafl flows;
His eyes start out, and on his brow a vein that’s full to bursting glows.
With one last burning kiss he wakes his fainting Fuzzan bride again,
And then, with wildest curse he falls upon the dry and parched plain.

She, wondering, wondering looks around;—ha, what is that? "sleep’st thou my
The sky that seemed all brass, now wears a look of steel. Arouse, arouse!"
Where is the desert's yellow glare, where o'er I look a light appears! It is a glistening, like the sea's, that brightly shines beyond Algeirs!

See, see! it brightens and it storms; and mister, colder grows the air! A giant mirror sparkles it,—wake up, perhaps the Nile is there!

But no, we travel southward; ah! perhaps it is the Senegal?

Or, if it were the ocean wide with broken white and pearly swell?

But either one, 'tis water still! wake up! our rainy isle aside;—

Wake up, my lord! and let us haste and haste us in the welcome tide;

A livingdraft, a strengthening bath, our veins with power renewed will flow;

And soon we'll reach those castled towers which yonder o'er the waters glow.

Around their gray and stony doors the scarlet banner proudly flies,

And lancelets bristle on their walls; and in their midst domed mosques arise;

And in the road-stands freighted ships, high-masted, sail-spread, come from far,

And pilgrims of all nations fill the spacious and perfumed bazaar.

Beloved, haste, my tongue grows thick;—wake up, the twilight comes again!

Yet once he lifted up his eyes; then spoke with husky voice:—'Tis vain!

'Tis but a mockery and a cheat, the mirage, false, delusive spell.'

He ceased,—The meteor disappeared,—upon his corse she lifeless fell.

Thus spake in Venetian harbor once about his home the swarthy Moor;

The General's story sweetly streamed in Desdemona's eager ear.

She rose not till the vessel came beneath the palace marble's glow;

And then he bore her up the steps—sole child of old Brabantia.

NOTES ON AMADOR VALLEY.

BY JOHN S. HUTTEN.

LOOKING eastward from the city of San Francisco over the bay of the same name eighteen miles wide, beyond that plain three or four miles wide, and beyond that the Contra Costa ridge of the coast mountains. That ridge with its spurs is about ten miles wide, and to the east of it, and between it and the parallel Diablo ridge, lies Amador valley, one of the prettiest and most fertile dales of the state. The valley was formerly called the Valley of San José, and was used by the Mission of San José for the pasturage of its cattle. The present name is derived from Don José Amador, the first white settler, who came into the valley more than twenty-five years ago. He was at one time Administrator of the Mission of San José, and was a prominent man among the native Californians. Some five or six years ago he sold out and moved southward to Santa Barbara. Soon after the discovery of the gold, this Señor Amador went to the mines, with a large number of Indians from his ranch, and he mined for a time between the Cosumnes and Mokelumne rivers, at a place now within the limits of Amador county, to which his name was given.

The Amador valley is triangular in general shape, about eight miles in diameter, and is nearly surrounded by mountains. Only a very little of the land is cultivated; nearly all of it is used for
When seen from the adjoining hills, the valley, with its great extent of untouched grass lands, the peculiarity of its houses, fences and cultivated fields, and the abundance of its cattle, reminded us of Napa, Sonoma, Petaluma and Santa Clara valleys, as they were eight or nine years ago, when our State imported wheat and barley from abroad, and we did not dream that our apples and our vines would soon compare with any in the world. Here something can still be seen of California as it was in old times, when the lasso was king, as it is yet in this valley. Nine-tenths of its wealth, exclusive of the land, lies in the herds of cattle. The native Californians have sold most of their land to the Americans, but the latter have adopted the pursuits of their predecessors, and prefer swinging the lasso to following the plough.

The old system of stock-raising was very good for the California of 1845. In fact, no other system was available. The great ranches, large as European dukedoms or princedoms, the lack of fences, the open range, the vaqueros, the reata, (pronounced may-th-ia) the strong Mexican stallio, the Spanish bit and spurs, the corral, the brand, the rodes, (pronounced ro-de-s) all these were necessary to success in stock-raising in California fifteen years ago. Cattle and horses were never or very rarely fed, but were compelled at all seasons, to rely entirely on their own ability to pick up food in the open plain. And they had very little value. Horses were worth about $6 apiece, and the chief value of cows was in their hides and tallow, for which alone many were killed every year. Under these circumstances it could not be expected that the rancheros would go to much expense in improving his stock; his only care was to keep his herds within reach and marked so that he could recognize them without difficulty. But now a new order of things has been instituted.

The old system is becoming every year less and less suitable to our present wants and circumstances. Our herds are now, when well managed, the source of immense wealth. The ranchero can afford to improve his stock; indeed, if he wishes to derive the most possible profit from his herds he must improve their blood. The old breed of California horses and cattle were of very good quality in some respects, and suitable for their wild modes of life, but they are poor as compared with the high-bred animals common in England and the Eastern States, and now in demand in California, too.

The Spanish cattle of California were brought from Mexico, by the missionaries, about 1770. At what time their stock came originally to Mexico is not precisely known, but no doubt it was in the seventeenth century, and they must have been imported from Spain. In Mexico they were allowed to run almost wild, and they took the appearance of wild animals. They have very nearly the same range of colors as the American and European cattle, but the dun and brindle colors, almost infallible signs of "good" blood, are more frequent, and the deep red, fine cream color and delicate motting of deep red and white are found only in high-bred animals, are entirely wanting. Their legs are thin and long, their noses sharp, their forms graceful, their horse long, thin, and wide-spread; and they have the same dizziness about the nostrils and eyes as the deer. In many points a resemblance may be seen between a young Spanish cow, and a deer. The cows are small and wild, do not fatten readily, produce little milk, and their meat is not so tender and juicy as that of the American cattle. The most of the Spanish cow
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when his is good; but since most of the Spanish beef, now brought into the market of San Francisco, is obtained by driving wild animals a considerable distance, and necessarily worrying and wasting them, it may well be inferior to that of stock bred near the city, in fields, and specially fattened for the table. However, they are certainly far inferior to the American and imported stock for general farm purposes, and they should be replaced by herds of better blood as soon as possible. In this respect much has been done by California. Millions of dollars have been spent to get fine-breded bulls and cows, and we have almost as fine Arythires, Devon and Durham, as can be found anywhere, and of American cows there are not less than ten thousand and in the State.

The Californian horse, like the cow, betrays his base blood by his colors. Mouse color, dull duns of various shades, and calico color or mixtures of white with red or black in numerous large spots or blotches, are very common, and chestens, bright sorrel and dark bay and fine dappled grey, are very rare or entirely wanting.

The Californian horse is quick, tough, unsurpassable for the use of the rider and the vaquero; but he is small, lacking weight and strength, is not suited to hard, steady work with the plough or wagon, and is not beautiful. He is wanting in the hereditary subservience and steadiness of the well-bred horse; and he lacks that sort of "sense" which leads an American horse to be quiet and gentle even in circumstances strange to him. The consequences is that American horses are worth about twice as much as California horses, the latter averaging in price from $75 to $100; the former from $150 to $200.

The Californian who desired to have a ranch under the Mexican dominion sought him a place in a valley where grass and water were abundant, and petitioned the Governor to give him a grant, for colonization, of some leagues of land—not less than one league nor more than eleven. The Governor addressed a note to a local officer, instructing him to examine whether the land petitioned for was vacant, and report. If the report was favorable the grant was made, on condition that within a year or two the grantee should build and occupy a house, and put some cattle on the land. The grantee had his house, built near a spring or creek, a house of adobes, or bricks, covered it with tiles or slates, and drove his cattle to the place. Ordinarily there was no garden. The rancho was his home and his corral, into which his cattle could be driven, and these were the only improvements on his place.

A young rancho might start with two or three hundred cows, which, previous to 1860, were worth about $6 a piece. If two hundred, he would, the next year, have two hundred calves, half bulls and half heifers. The next year he would have as many more calves. The third year his oldest heifers would take rank with the cows, and he would have three hundred calves, the next four hundred, and so on increasing. The bull calves would be used for veal, or changed, and used for work oxen, or killed for their hides and tallow. The herd required no expenditure of money for their protection. They never had any shelter, or were inclosed in a field, or tasted any cultivated plant. They ate only the indigenous grasses, oats and clover. Nothing was spent to improve the blood, or to transport them to fairs, or to advertise them. The owners' only care was to keep them in his vicinity—on his ranch, if possible—and mark them, so that he and all his neighbors might know them.

To prevent them straying away, so far as
to be lost, the attention of a negro (pronounced va-kay-ro, cow herd, from the Spanish vaca and Latin vacus, for cow,) was necessary. He always had his horse, his Mexican saddle, the pummel strong enough to hold a bell, and his reins, with which to lasso cattle, if necessary. He rode out occasionally to see where the calves were, and, if beyond the limits of the ranch, he drove them to their proper grazing ground.

The ranchero recognizes his own solely by the brand, that is, he knows his cows by the brand, and knows his calves by the following of his cows. The latter are all branded when they are brought on the ranch. He must collect all his cattle every spring, and brand every calf. The collection of cattle for branding is called a rodeo, and the business of holding rodeos in the spring makes the busy season of the rancheros. There are general rodeos and special rodeos. A rodeo may be for one ranch or for several—in the latter case, the size of the ranches, and the number of cattle, being usually small. When a general rodeo is to be held, the owner of the ranch gives notice to every cattle-owner in the vicinity, and to all supposed to have stock in the ranch, for cattle will often wander forty or fifty miles from home.

On the day of the general rodeo a dozen negroes start out, at daylight, to all the borders of the ranch, and commence driving the cows to a herd spot agreed upon, usually near the centre of the ranch. The cattle learn to know this place, and when they have the shouts of the negroes they all start in that direction, and they are usually collected on the designated ground before noon. The negroes of the ranch owner are then stationed round them, and the other rancheros ride into the band, find their own, lasso the cows, and take them out—the calves following. When a ranchero gets all his cattle out, he drives them off to his own ranch, and brands the calves.

At the general rodeo, everybody can come; the special rodeo is similar, except that it is given at particular request of those persons, who then have the privilege of taking out all their cattle before anybody else can disturb the herd. After the time of the general rodeo, everybody is busy branding his calves, of which a dozen negroes will brand about two hundred in a day.

The rodeos commence in the latter part of March, and continue about three months. In some parts of the country, the rodeos have a regular round. Thus, at the beginning of the rodeo season, the rancheros of Amador Valley start with thirty or forty men for the San Joaquin Valley, a distance of about fifty miles, with many of their cattle straying during the winter, and commencing at the farthest ranch south, a general rodeo is held, at their request. After collecting all their cattle at the first ranch, they drive them northward to the next, where another rodeo is held, and so on, and they usually get home after an absence of two or three weeks. In the fall, another general rodeo is held for the purpose of branding calves which may have been overlooked at the spring rodeo, or born after it, though that is a rare event—the cows calving almost universally in the winter.

On the 14th of May last, Mr. Dougherty, the owner of the finest stock ranch, and the largest herd of cattle, in the northern half of the State, held his general rodeo for this year. Notification of the time and place had been given, far and wide, to the rancheros, who came together in a large assemblage for such an occasion. The rodeo, (which etymologically means a surrounding, and comes from the same origin as "rotate," supplies to the rancheros three occasions of general meeting, exciting adventure, and conversation and festivity which the settlers of the Mississippi Valley have in
their "raisings," politicians in their conventions, and ladies at balls and tea parties. The 14th of May showed promise early in the morning, of being a splendid day, clear, quiet and warm, a promise afterwards fulfilled. The valley, about eight miles in diameter each way, was covered with a deep green carpet of grass and clover, here and there hidden by the abundance of flowers, while all around rose the hills, tinged with a pinkish purple where the vegetation had commenced to dry up, and beyond these were the mountains, brown and sullen with barren rocks and dull green chaparral.

Before daylight, Mr. Dougherty had sent out a dozen vaqueros to the outer limits of his ranch, to drive together all the cattle, which then for three hours could be seen running in great herds to the rodeo ground, near the place where the Ahumado Valley opens upon the larger Amador Valley. At nine o'clock, eight thousand head of cattle were there collected, and about them were 200 or 250 rancheros, all on horseback, picturesque Californian figures, swarthy and fond of it. They soon recognized the cow that was to be "parted out," and kept their eyes fixed upon her, discovering her purpose before their riders, and turning with every turn of her.

When one of the stock-men discovered one of his cows, he called to a friend, and the two chased her close to the herd. The horses were evidently familiar with the work and fond of it. They soon recognized the cow that was to be "parted out," and kept their eyes fixed upon her, discovering her purpose before their riders, and turning with every turn of her. She was soon driven away from the herd, and then, was placed under the charge of two vaqueros who guarded her until her owner had got ready to depart. When the animal to be driven out was an unmarked cow, it was lassoed, thrown down, and a vaquero with a knife marked it, cutting or slitting the ears, or cutting a little fur from the dewlap or neck, according to the owner's knife marks. Now and then a vaquero, after lassoing a cow, would lose hold of his reins, and the cow would run away. The horse knowing that the renta must be picked up, would run alongside of it, and while he was at full speed, the vaquero, with one hand on the pommel of the saddle, would lean over or hang down on one side, and with the other hand pick up the renta, rise to his place, then wrap the renta about the saddle-bosom, and the cow would be caught as securely as though the renta had never been slipped from the vaquero's hand. Numerous scenes of this kind were going on continuously on all sides of the great herd, and meantime the vaqueros and rancheros in chasing would occasionally attempt to overtake the cow and catch the renta for the herd from the cows and lugs, with greater or less success, which, in the distance at ground level, was often a sight to be the wonder of.

The cattle were driven into a compact mass, nearly circular, and the body was apparently about a quarter of a mile across. The number was guessed at eight thousand. It is said that Dougherty owns about four thousand, and his, easily recognizable by a little tail cut from the dewlap, were not more than half of the great herd. They were driven by the vaqueros to move round and round in a circle, thus giving a better opportunity to see them.

Soon after nine o'clock the work of the day commenced—a day full of life, action, confusion and excitement. The men from the San Joaquin, having some of the finest cattle, were the first opportunity to get out their cattle. They rode in a dozen men or more, and took a direction contrary to the motion of the cattle, which were not disturbed in the least by the presence of the horsemen. Whenever one of the stock-men discovered one of his cows, he called to a friend, and the two chased it out of the herd. The horses were evidently familiar with the work and fond of it. They soon recognized the cow that was to be "parted out," and kept their eyes fixed upon her, discovering her purpose before their riders, and turning with every turn of her.

When one of the stock-men discovered one of his cows, he called to a friend, and the two chased her close to the herd. The horses were evidently familiar with the work and fond of it. They soon recognized the cow that was to be "parted out," and kept their eyes fixed upon her, discovering her purpose before their riders, and turning with every turn of her. She was soon driven away from the herd, and then, was placed under the charge of two vaqueros who guarded her until her owner had got ready to depart. When the animal to be driven out was an unmarked cow, it was lassoed, thrown down, and a vaquero with a knife marked it, cutting or slitting the ears, or cutting a little fur from the dewlap or neck, according to the owner's knife marks. Now and then a vaquero, after lassoing a cow, would lose hold of his reins, and the cow would run away. The horse knowing that the renta must be picked up, would run alongside of it, and while he was at full speed, the vaquero, with one hand on the pommel of the saddle, would lean over or hang down on one side, and with the other hand pick up the renta, rise to his place, then wrap the renta about the saddle-bosom, and the cow would be caught as securely as though the renta had never been slipped from the vaquero's hand. Numerous scenes of this kind were going on continuously on all sides of the great herd, and meantime the vaqueros and rancheros in chas...
NOTES ON AMADOR VALLEY.

The land of Amador valley is rich, moist, and warm, and produces feed when other valleys are nearly bare. The hills produce wild oats, and the low lands native clover, both excellent for stock. In the spring, the cattle prefer to range in the hills; in the summer and fall they love the clover; and even after the ground appears to be bare, the stock thrive by piling up the clover bars which lie upon the ground. This bar clover is more nutritious than any imported, but it will not thrive so well in dry land as the alfalfa.

Tributary to Amador, are two smaller valleys, the Alamo, (pronounced A-lah-mo) and the Tasajera, (tah-ahl-ay-rah.) The former is so called from some alamo trees in it, but whether these alamos are almes or cottonwood, (the Mexicans apply the word almo to both,) we are not informed. The Tasajera valley is so named because, previous to the secularisation of the Missions, some vaqueros or Indians killed cattle belonging to the Mission, and cut up and dried the meat in this valley. Tasajera is a verb, meaning to perform that process, and Tasajera means a place where meat is cut up and dried in the sun. This is a process which would be well nigh impossible in the Atlantic States or Northern Europe, where meat would putrefy before it would dry, but there is no difficulty of that kind in California. Previous to the American dominion, when beef was the chief article of food with everybody, and almost the only one with most of the population, the process of cutting up and drying meat was one of the most common operations of the ranchoer's life; now gone completely out of practice, except in a few of the ranches in the southern part of the State.

The small amount of tillage in Amador valley is to be ascribed to various causes, among which are that the land with a clear title is in the hands of a few owners, who own great herds of cattle, that fencing timber is scarce and dear, that the land is remote from the markets, and that spermatophytes, or as they
are commonly called, squirrels, are extremely abundant. Beechey's spermophiles are among the peculiar features and curses of California. They exist in thousands, we might almost say in millions, in Amador Valley. Their burrows make the earth look like a honeycomb in those places where they establish their colonies, for they are gregarious animals and are fond of company. Sometimes five hundred burrows may be found on an acre, and hundreds of tenants may be seen at a time racing about over the grass. Nobody in Amador Valley need suffer for the want of fresh meat, for it would not be a difficult matter to shoot a hundred of those pernicious spermophiles in a few hours; and their meat is fat and sweet. They live on grass and grass seeds—that is, if they cannot get into cultivated fields or gardens—for if they have access to any such places they eat down everything. The only way to raise a garden in their vicinity is to build a board fence so tight that they cannot get through it. They are so bold that they will make their burrows within ten steps of human dwellings, and there is in the valley more than one house from the roof of which dozens of squirrels might easily be killed in a day with a rifle. But they are now so numerous that it is almost folly to think of making any perceptible decrease in their numbers by shooting or hunting them. In the course of a few years, however, the squirrels will be killed off; good roads will bring the markets near; cattle will be stalled, or kept in fields of cultivated grass, and Amador will be one of the garden valleys of the State.

By W. P. Rice.

EVENING IN NAPA.

Fair Napa, sweetest valley, radiant queen—
Of Californian days, how sweet thy scene
Of shady groves and verdant dale,
When evening breathes her balmy gales,
Here lawns extend in flowery sheen,
And waving fields in purple green,
And silvery streams with music flow
And purple mists in beauty glow.

You setting sun with gorgeous light,
Tips each surrounding mountain's height;
Your groves where Love her court might hold,
See how their green is edged with gold.
No chills; no frosts; here hide no bowers;
Here always bloom the thrifted flowers;
Through all the year their glories shine,
O spring perennial! happy clime!
Long ere the "pale-faces," Fortune's child,
O'er the hills, thy valley smiled;
And forest maidens knew to dream
Of love along thy flowery stream.

And yet may rove, at twilight hours,
True lovers find thy blooming flowers;
For, hark, the note of turtle dove,
Here is the paradise of Love.

THE UNS A R E A D SHORES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In looking over our books on marine animals, plants and zoophytes, and particularly those published of late years by Mr. George of London, we can not but think of the magnificent field for the naturalist, which is presented in our own Bay and Coast, the Unsearched Shores of San Francisco. When we consider the casual discoveries that have been made from time to time by even unobservant persons, the curious fishes, sponges, corals, polyplas and shells; when we sit out at the ends of the wharves and look at the dark, green and black shell-incrusted piles, with their worms and parasites; when we walk around North Beach after a gale and survey the tangled line of delicate and gorgeous-hued sea-weeds; when we clamber among the rocks and see the anemones, crawling star-fishes, and p look in the rocky lava ponds, desolate bays, or rocky shores, we can well imagine the many unsearched fields of nature which are presented to the naturalist, who might well try his hand upon this most interesting and beautiful field which is presented to our naturalist.
and pinching crabs; when indeed we look in any direction, whether towards the stony ledges of the Golden Gate, the rocky islands, the shallow waters of the lower Bay, the sandy beaches to the north and south of the city, the flats and ponds of Oakland, or the mud-stretches of Mission Bay—in every place we find unexplored regions, filled with new and untold wonders of the deep.

All these have to be investigated, studied, described; and we do not know that one could do a more acceptable or useful service to his day and generation than to assist in unfolding and spreading forth these hitherto unopened pages of the great book of nature. There are men in our midst who are well capable of reading the mystic characters, and of translating for us the evangelies here written and bound up; for we cannot doubt but that there are on every side of us revelations—for those who can decipher them—as convincing and as wonderful as ever in the old world served as stepping stones from Nature up to Nature's God. If these men would but for a short time every week or a few days every month lay aside their scalpels, books, and crucibles, and pry a little more into the wonders around them, they would soon open up new and unheard of instruction and entertainment. Who would have thought that a horse-pond could have furnished such a fund of knowledge of the most pleasant and useful kind, till Buckland dipped his net into it and brought his microscope to bear upon its silty soum? Who would have thought that the humble parish of Sol-bourns, with its few swallows and swifts, could have furnished a series of histories, read with pleasure over the whole world, till White noted down the results of his stray observations? But probably in no other spot on the face of the globe is there a field so rich in variety and interest, or which affords better opportunity for making investigations, than the vicinity of San Francisco. The harvest is spread forth abundantly; the rewards are rich and glorious; who will go forth to labor?

It would be a task of supererogation to speak of the usefulness of science: it might as well be asked what is the good of eloquence, at some one of whose sacred altars every spirit, that has ever benefitted his race, has been lighted. When therefore the question is put, what is the use of fingering among the sea-weeds and scrawling up the mud, which lies in refuse masses all around us? the response is, there is entertainment, instruction, knowledge, philosophy, poetry, religion in them. Little comedies and tragedies are taking place daily among the bugs in yonder pond, which are quite as interesting and to some much more so than those in the playhouse; a correct knowledge of the habits and natural history of the long, many-legged, boring worm, which honeycombed those hickory piles at the foot of our city, might save us tons of thousands of dollars every year; the philosophy and poetry, which are written in the waves of the sea, as well and quite as finely illustrated as in the depths of the forest, constitute the only common ground upon which the tastes of all nations and all creeds from the beginning to the end of the world can meet; and as to religion, which rightly viewed is the end and aim of all knowledge not purely economical—there can be no inferiority in the religion of Nature. Unbelief in the evangel of the material world around us is death; and death is itself a proof of the evangel.

In view of the magnificent field for research, which is open in the Bay and along the shores of San Francisco, a few results from this kind of study, as carried on in England, may be interesting to the reader. It has become so fashionable in that country to observe the nature and habits of marine animals and plants, that every summer, parties are formed in London and other cities to go...
down to the sea-coast and spend a few weeks dredging the bays and overhauling the rocks for weeds and curiosities. Great numbers of aquariums are scattered over the kingdom, and so general is the interest taken, and so much in vogue this kind of investigation, that shops are established where ready-made aquariums, fresh sea-water and specimens are sold.

The most devoted perhaps of all living students in the natural history of marine forms is Philip H. Gosse of London. He has published several books on the subject, in one of which "The Aquarium," he gives directions how the study can be best prosecuted. In his writings he is perhaps too much disposed to ramble and preach sermons out of place; but no one can deny that he has presented us with some very entertaining sketches; but we think that his works, interesting and celebrated as they are, could be excelled by some of our California scientific men, were they to turn their attention to the Bay and coast waters and give us a plain narrative of their investigations.

THE SEPIOLA.

Mr. Gosse gives the following sketch of the "Sepiola," a curious kind of Polyp, species of which have been taken in our own Bay. He says:

My notions of the Cephalopoda, [a genus of marine animals having the feet at the head,] derived from figures of the various species in books, were anything but agreeable. I thought of them as hideous, repulsive, fierce, atrocious creatures; horrid and fearful whenever seen. But an acquaintance with the pretty Sepiola Vulgaris, has not a little modified these ideas; and its beauty, sprightliness and curious habits, have made it quite a favorite pet among the denizens of my Aquarium. It is a little creature, rarely exceeding an inch in length, though the extensibility of the arms somewhat varies its dimensions.

When we turn out two or three from the net into a pail of sea-water, they are at first restless and active. They shoot hither and thither, as if by a direct effort of will, but in reality by the impulse of rapid and forcible jets of water, directed towards various points, from the mouth of the flexible funnel situated beneath the body. After a few moments they suspend themselves in mid-water, hovering for many seconds in the same spot, scarcely moving a hair's breadth either way, but moving their large circular swimming-lashes rapidly and regularly up and down, just like the wings of an insect. Indeed, the resemblance of the little cephalopod, in these circumstances, to a brown moth hovering over a flower, is most close and striking, and cannot fail to suggest an interesting comparison. The body is held in a horizontal position, the large proboscis en glyzin on either side, and the arms, grouped together in a thick bundle, hang freely downwards. If you essay to count these organs, you find only eight; and even if you are aware that one of the characters of the genus is to have ten, of which two are much longer than the rest, you may search for these latter a long time in vain. Of course I mean during the life and health of the animal, when its impatience in being handled presents obstacles to a very accurate investigation; you may turn it over and over with a stick, and look at the bundle of arms from above and below in turn, now grouped together, and now thrown all abroad in anger at being teased; still you can make out but eight. It was not until after many trials that I at length caught a glimpse of the missing organs—the pair of long arms—and discovered that it is the animal's habit to carry them closely coiled up into little balls, and packed down upon the mouth at the bottom of the oral cavity. If we managed to insert the point of a pin in the coil, and stretch out the spiral filament, the little creature would impatiently catch it away, and in a twinkling roll itself up again. A zealous votary of the circular system would seize on this analogy with the spirally-folded longues of a snail, and triumphantly adduce it as additional proof that the cephalopods represent in the molluscan circle the lepidoptera among insects.

While thus hovering motionless in the water, the sepiola presents a fair opportunity for observing its curious transitions of color, which are great and sudden. We can scarcely assign any hue proper to it. Now it is nearly white, or yelling...
by a direct offer of the surplus of water, directed from the mouth upon the sand, becomes the old-water, here.

At the same time, the breadth sides in large circular and regularly the wings of the resemblance of the circumstances, r# the breath and the same., as moment at any instant the spade becomes spots, that come and go, and change their dimensions and their forms, and appear and disappear momentarli. The whole body, arms, fins and all, which before appeared fixed, display their spots, which, when looked at intently, are seen to play about in the most singular manner, having the appearance of a colored fluid, injected with constantly varying force into the cavities in the substance of the skin. Now the spots become rings, like the markings of a panther’s skin; and, as the little creature moves slightly, either side beneath the fin is seen to glow with metallic lustre, like that of gold-leaf seen through horn. Again, the rings unite and become a beautiful netted pattern of brown, which color increasing, leaves the interspace a series of white spots on the rich dark ground. These and other phases are very constant; and are suddenly and momentarily into each other with the utmost regularity. But here is a change! One is hovering in quivering, his color pulsing almost; one of his fellows shoots along just over him; with the quickness of thought, the altered creature stands out white to an uniform deep brown, the rich full color suffusing the skin in a second, like a blush on a young apple. The hue is very beautiful; it is the fine, deep, somnous tint of a tortoise-shell; a substance which, indeed, the mingling clouds of brown and peloid horn closely resemble in the intermediate phases of color.

The sipholis is a burrower, and very cleverly and ingeniously does it perform a task which we might at first suppose a somewhat awkward one, the insertion of its round correlative body into the sand or gravel. Watch it as it approaches the bottom, after a season of hovering play, such as I have described. It drops down to within an inch of the sand, then hangs suspended, as if surging the ground for a suitable bed. Presently it selects a spot; the first indication of its choice being that a hollow, about the size of a silver fourpence, is forcibly blown out of the sand, immediately beneath the group of pendant arms. Into the cavity so made the little animal drops; at that instant the sand is blown out on all sides from beneath the body backwards, and the abdomen is thrust downward before the chord of sand which has been blown up and upon the body. Another forceable thrust in front, one on each side, and another behind, follows in quick succession; the fine sand displaced at each blast settling round the animal, as it thrusts itself into the hollow thus more and more deepened.

I was at first not quite sure by what agency these blowings, so admirably effective and suited to the purpose, were performed. The jet in front I readily attributed to the action of the flabby funnel projecting from beneath the mantle on the breast; but I did not see how this could blow a stream directly backwards. I therefore put one of my pits in a vessel with glass sides, which was furnished with the requisite sand and water. I at once saw that the funnel was indeed the organ employed, and the only one in every case; and perceived its beautiful adaptation for the work it had to do, in its extreme flexibility. This organ is very protrusible, and being perfectly flexible, its orifice can be, and is, at will pointed in any direcion, so as to blow the jet of water forward, backward, or to either side, at pleasure.

It frequently occurs, of course, that small stones are mingled with the sand, or the animal may find it convenient to burrow in the loose gravel. In either case the arms come to the aid of the funnel, the sucking-disks with which they are furnished being made to adhere to the stones, which are dragged out and thrown aside. You may suppose this to be a clumsy expedient, but you would think differently if you saw it; the rapidity with which the arms are thrust under the body, and drawn out, bearing pieces of stones of comparatively large size, and the graceful ease with which they are then thrown forward, discharging and dropping the burden, impress the mind with admiration of the beautiful fitness of the organization for the requirement.

I am sorry to confess that my little pet can be a real Cain at times. I saw one dart at an unoffending brother, that was passing, and seizing him with murderous jaws, shot out his life in a few seconds. The poor victim shot his feeble column of ink, and sunk white and motionless to the bottom, as soon as the ferocious grasp was loosened. The indel-
ment which old Allian brings against the whole race, that they are gluttonous, ("terrible fellows for their belly," is his phrase) and murderous, is, I am afraid, after all far from the truth.

THE SOLDIER CRAB.

Many of us are disposed to regard the story of the old man of the sea in Sindbad the Sailor, as a very marvellous narrative; but listen to Mr. Gosse, on a subject of much the same kind:—

While I was feeding one of my Soldier Crabs, which occupied a whole-shell, by giving him a fragment of cooked meat, which he, having seized in one claw, had transported to the foot-jaws, and was masticating, I saw protrude from between the body of the crab and the whole-shell the head of a beautiful worm, Nereis bilineata, which rapidly glided out round the crab's left claw, and, passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws, seized the morsel of food, and retracing, forcibly dragged it from the crab's very mouth. I behold this with amusement, admiring that, though the crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the action of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again; indeed, on every occasion that I fed the crab and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few moments, aware, probably by the vibrations of its huge fellow-tenant's body, that feeding was going on. The mode and the pace of the worm's appearance were the same in every case, and it invariably glided to in every case, and it invariably glided to the crab's mouth between the two left foot-jaws. I was surprised to observe what a cavern opened beneath the pointed head of the worm when it seized the morsel, and with what force, comparatively, large pieces were torn off and swallowed, and how firmly the throat-jaws held the piece when the latter would not yield. Occasionally it was dragged quite away from the crab's jaws, and quickly curried into the recesses of the shell; sometimes in this case he put one of his claws and recovered the morsel, and at others he gave a sudden start, at missing his prey, which frightened the worm and made it go and retreat; but sometimes the latter made good his forage, and enjoyed his plunder.

THE VELVET FIDDLER.

Mr. Gosse finds that even Jack the Giant Killer is not too marvellous a story, for truth. He thus describes an ogre of the sea:

An old man of the Velvet Fiddler is a striking and handsome crab. His body generally is clothed with a short velvety pile of a pale brown or drab hue, from beneath which here and there shines out the glossy deep black shell, especially when rubbed, as in the edge. The feet, particularly the plates of the cars, are exceptionally striped with black; the large and formidable claws are marked with bright scarlet and maroon, as are also the foot-jaws and face; while the eyes of oft his richest vermilion, projecting from hollow black sockets.

I said that he is a "striking" crab; and, though I was quite innocent of a pen when I wrote the word, it is characteristic in more senses than one. Both it and its frequent companion, the short crab, are, when apprehended by assault, use the powerful claws, not to seize, but to strike transversely, as a mower uses his scythe; and this action they perform with force and precision. In the aquarium the Velvet Fiddler was shy and reclusive. His abode was in the most obscure recess he could find, beneath the dark shadow of two pieces of rock that formed an arch. For some days he remained gloomily in his new castle; but at length he ventured out under the cover of night, and would wander about the floor of the tank. But he never lost his cautious suspicion, and the approach of the candle was usually the signal for a rush back to his dark castle. He was a fit representative of one of those giants that nursery tradition tells of, as infesting Gauls and Cornwall, in good King Arthur's days. Gloomy and grim, strong, ferocious, crafty and cruel, he would sit in his obscure lair, watching for the unsuspecting tenants of the tank to stray near, or would now and again rush out, and seize them with fatal force and precision. As this giant grin of old spared not ordinary-sized men for any sympathy of race, so our giant crab had no respect for lesser crabs, except a taste for their flesh. I had two or three soldier-crabs, themselves warriors of no mean prowess; two at least of these fell a prey to the fierce Fiddler. His man-
The Birds of the Farallones Islands.

In a late paper on the subject of the Farallones Islands, Mr. Grinnell speaks as follows, in regard to their ornithology, We transcribe from his German account:

On whichever side the eye turns, it is presented with a most lively scene; all the rocks seem to be stowed over, as it were, with gulls, of which there are four species, sea parrots or tufted puffins, murres or foolish guillemots, cormorants of four species, sea pigeons and horned Murres. The common murre is the most frequent bird to be seen, and the horned murre the least so. In the mouth of November there are also falcons, pelicans, pigeons, plows, plovers, bitterns, great herons, and often also meadow larks, blue-birds, sparrows, rusty-crowned warblers, and swallows. But all the last named, after a short rest, leave the Islands again, because, with the exception of a peculiar kind of grass, they produce no plants or other food for them. They are, generally speaking, nothing but bare grey rocks.

From the middle of May to the end of June the murro eggs, known as Farallones eggs, are collected; and often 25,000 are gathered weekly, and sent to San Francisco for sale. Among hundreds of these eggs two cannot be found of similar markings, so various are they; also in color there is much difference, some being green, some light blue, some grey brown, and some white.

The murre lays one egg, and if that is taken a second one; the small, whose eggs are grey with black markings, lays generally three; the common from two to six; the horned one or two; the sea pigeon three, and the sea parrot two or three. The egg of the horn-billed guillemot, [ursa arctica], is the most difficult to be procured, because this bird broods from three to five feet deep in the cliffs. Most of the other birds lay their eggs on the bare exposed rocks; but the cormorants, gulls and horned murre build a kind of nest with dried grass. When the birds are disturbed by the egg gatherers it seems as if thick clouds ascend from the Islands, which, however, settle down again upon their former places. The gulls take the opportunity of following the egg gatherers, and every murre egg which is left undefended they seize upon, carry two or three in the air and drop, whereveron in a trice three or four gulls collect and devour its contents. In the same manner the gulls often steal each other's eggs, when they are left but for a few seconds.
LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

It is the September number of the Magazine Mr. Shaw gives an account of in which he was left on the Island of Nuahiva, or Nakahiva one of the Marquesas group, together with some interesting particulars about the Islanders. His continuance.

Having in a great measure recovered my health and spirits, I mixed freely with the different classes of natives, and endeavored to make myself master of their language. But this I found a difficult matter, as it required a peculiar twist of the tongue to pronounce many of their long-winded words. Their alphabet consists of but fifteen letters: a, pronounced as ah; e, as a; i, as e; u, as co; as with an unslurred sound of the tongue to pronounce many of their long-winded words. Their alphabet consists of but fifteen letters: a, pronounced as ah; e, as a; i, as e; u, as co; r, t, and v. The words are so intermingled, that their distinct sounds are indistinguishable, and many entire words and even sentences are made up of vowels alone. In a short time, however, I succeeded in making them understand me, and in understanding them in return.

For some weeks, nothing of importance transpired with regard to the King of Molucca and the Chief Tohuya, and at times strolled out over the mountains, hunting and gathering fruit. On my first expedition of any length, we left on the Island of Nuahiva, or Nakahiva one of the Marquesas group, together with some interesting particulars about the Islanders. His continuance.

I went fishing with the King of Molucca and the Chief Tohuya, and at times strolled out over the mountains, hunting and gathering fruit. On my first expedition of any length, we started one night at eleven o'clock for the neighboring bay called Typeo or Ipa, and after pulling in clear smooth water for some three hours, along the wild and rugged coast, we landed at Ipa; and, having anchored our boat, laid ourselves down to rest until daylight. As soon as the Typeos knew of our arrival, they came down to the beach in great numbers and escorted us up to their huts, giving us a lively welcome, by feasting us with "pai" and fish, and providing plenty of coconut rum. After the feast, they rubbed noses with us, and passed round the pipe; after which, they assured us over with a yellow ointment of a very agreeable perfume, and then all hands took to the water for a bath, much to the delight of the women and children in one indiscriminate company. While we remained with them, some eight hours, during which the trades, they filled our boat with fruit and provisions, and we then took our leave of these rude but kind people.

As space will not allow a minute and full description of all I saw, I shall only mention a few of the most important objects. We took from Uapa, as passengers, an old woman and her son, intending to convey them to Uapon. From their endeavors to make me understand their answers to my repeated inquiries regarding the age of the woman, I gathered that she was about one hundred and twenty-eight years old. By signs, she gave to understand that she had helped to eat about three score of her own people and prisoners which they had taken in battle. She laid down on a mat in the middle of the boat, from which position she did not move for several hours. Three of us were in the stern and four in the bow, and there cash had to carry during the passage, for, it is "tabu" to pass anything over or to pass by a female while she is in the boat.

As we ran down along the land for some distance, I saw two great natural curiosities; and, I had the boat stopped in order to make a minute survey of them. The land, which was high and steep, with only an occasional break, in some places projected out at the top some sixty feet; in others, the immense rock extended perpendicularly from the water's edge, to a height of from three to five hundred feet.

One of these stupendous masses, which ran some two miles without a break, was about from fifty to one hundred feet high, and at the top was covered with trees. The whole group of these rocks, which are not very numerous, is nearly level with the sea, and extends north-northwest for a distance of some six or seven miles. The whole group of these rocks, which are not very numerous, is nearly level with the sea, and extends north-northwest for a distance of some six or seven miles.

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LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

About four hundred feet high, and at nearly half the distance from the water to the top there was a huge tree with wide and luxuriant branches, among which were myriads of birds. The tree grew horizontally out of the rock, and was some sixty-five feet in height from the rock to its outer extremity. It bore white and purple blossoms, and presented a most pleasing contrast to the great body of rock by which it was surrounded. Some six miles distant from this spot, there was a wide bay, almost entirely inclosed by a reef. There was no sand beach, but near in the centre were three tall and slender rocks, or needles, the one in the centre was very wide at its base, and gradually tapering off to a sharp point about three hundred feet high, and covered on one side with numerous shrubs and small trees; the two outside needles were but about thirty feet through at the base, and rising straight, gradually decreasing in circumference, to a height of four hundred and fifty feet, terminating in a small point, somewhat like a Chinese pagoda. They were entirely bare, and the sun, as it struck on them, caused them to assume the appearance of two bright bars of steel. Any of my readers who have ever visited the islands, will very easily remember the locality. In truth, these islands abound in the wildest and most fantastic freaks of nature, that I have ever met with.

After following the land for some fourteen miles, we shaped our course to the westward, for Uapos, which we could just discern in the distance. We reached the town of Haikihitou, about dark, and landed in the surf—and the natives came down and assisted us with great eagerness. As I wore spectacles, the chief, Tsooli, mistook me for a missionary, and immediately took me to his hut, where he entertained me most profusely. At nine o'clock, some three hundred natives were collected around the fires, which were built to welcome us, and raw coconut rum was very plentifully distributed amongst them, when they soon began a wild and boisterous dance. I had taken my flute with me, and wishing to try its effect upon them, I struck up “Hail Columbia,”—the first time, I suppose, its stirring notes ever sounded on those wild shores. Instantly all was silent for about ten minutes, during which they crowded round me, and endeavored to find out whence the sound proceeded by putting their ears to the flue holes; but when they could not see into it, they set up a yell, and began to dance more furiously. The scene which ensued for about two hours, until the rum was exhausted in its effects, baffles description. It seemed more like a pandemonium than anything else. They seized me and whirled me about, passing me rapidly from one to the other, until I began to be seriously alarmed. At length, however, they quietly calmed down, and at about one o'clock all was still; most of the hideous creatures either squatting on their haunches, or lying on the ground asleep. About every hour during the remainder of that long night the chief roused me to eat with him,—this being esteemed as conferring an honor upon me. While I slept the chief watched over me, and he would often waken me to take a smoke with him and his wife, so that I obtained but little rest.

Having finished our trading, the next day, after I had “hula-huht’d” on the flute for them, we started on our return, and steering to the north, at noon we reached the Island of Numihiva, at some distance from the bay—but we arrived home at sundown, and were welcomed by all our friends.

On the next day, I started on another excursion, in which I was fortunate enough to discover the “singing fishes,” of which I have given a full description in the September number of this magazine, and need not detail here.
After a sojourn of three months among these people, I began to be considered as an old story. I was allowed to go anywhere, or do anything, which was not "tahu," being, however, always attended by one or other of the sons of King Maini. This, I have reason to believe, was to prevent me from escaping, as they had some ulterior designs upon me. King Maini and his head chief Tolahna, both offered me the choice of two of their daughters for wives; said they would have me tattooed like themselves, and that I should always live with them, and be the king's son. As a further inducement, they offered me a large tract of land, and three men, to do as I chose.

This was all well, but to a man who had before been accustomed to move in a more enlightened and civilized sphere, the idea of passing the remainder of one's life there was horrible; and, I gave an evasive answer, patting in the evil day, as quietly as possible; for death would have been the penalty of refusing them. They seemed for a time satisfied; and nothing more was said until the day before my final escape from their hands. I began now to grow anxious for some ship to pass, determining to swim off to her, or escape in her in some way, and I was always on the lookout for one.

I made several excursions to "Music Bay," which I had named from the singing fishes, and to various other parts of the island, and remarked the following particulars concerning their habits, customs, "tahu" system, etc. On meeting each other, they rub noses and touch the back of the right hand to their foreheads, uttering in a guttural sound the salutation "Mamii." Their gait is always a sort of dog-trot, and wherever night overtakes them they lie down and sleep on the bare ground. The men endure great fatigue whenever they are well remunerated for it, and they carry great burdens with ease and rapidity over steep crease and rugged and dangerous paths, where a white man could scarcely venture torawler.

Although they have so many varieties of fruit, their principal food consists of run shrub's flesh and other fish, and "poli." This "poli" is made of broadfruit, which in a ripe state is of a rich yellow color, the inside white as snow, and when baked or roasted makes indeed a luscious fruit. It is gathered in large quantities when ripe; and, being roasted in the ground, it is pounded up into a soft pulp. Then it is worked up with water by the women until it becomes a gelatinous matter, when it is rolled up in small bundles and again baked; it is now worked over again, and then deposited in deep pits in the ground, and pressed down by the feet and covered with stones. Here it remains for some months, and the worms having coursed through it in its sour state, it is taken out and re-worked, and then placed in a fresh pit, where it remains eight or nine months, when it is fit for use. When wanted, sufficient is taken out for present purposes, and is re-worked and baked by the women. It is served in a calabash, and covered with water. It is of the color and consistency of liquid ghee, and tastes like an spoiled lemon.

Their places of sepulture are either in old and abandoned huts, or on bamboos floors resting on four upright posts, about four feet high from the ground, and a roof over all. Around are hung the furniture and implements of the deceased, with his favorite animal or fish. The body is fully exposed to sight, and the whole is sprinkling and disgusting. Trees bearing fruit which stand near these rude charred houses, are never used, they being allowed the privilege to grow on the bare ground. The men endure great fatigue whenever they are well remunerated for it, and they carry great burdens with ease and rapidity over steep crease and rugged and dangerous paths, where a white man could scarcely venture torawler.
LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

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...the hut, they keep the body hung over the door or in the middle of the hut for three months, and the hut is "tabu" to all but the near relatives; and all other huts are "tabu" to them. The consequence is, that sometimes, whole families are taken off before the first three months expire.

Teti, the native priest, is held in great fear and veneration; for with him rests the power of life and death, and he strictly enforces the "tabu," a system which is very complex, and vexatious, and of such ancient origin, that it will be a difficult matter to root it from their social polity. Stones, heads, hills, trees, groves, houses, food, and canoes, are all held in some manner under its ban, and one is not aware until he offender. The heads of males are "tabu," and it is most certain destruction to eat some of the tribes in this particular. Read, pounded by men is tabu to all women. Bananas, cocoa, oranges, and bread-fruit, cannot be eaten by both sexes at the same time. The men sleep on cocoa-nut mats, but they may never handle them, or sleep on one on which a female has previously lain. No one is allowed to enter the sacred house but the priest and the victim for sacrifice. All prisoners taken in battle, are roasted alive with great ceremony, and after being offered to Tui Nui, the God of War, they are eaten with voracity.

Tattooing is a long and very painful process, and every one must undergo it, or be held in abhorrence by his tribe. The hula-hula is a dance, and all girls and boys under ten years are made sacred for the purpose. To any one dancing it over that age, it is certain death. Union, or shaving the head, is tabu to all but the priest, who performs it with many superstitious ceremonies. Such are only a few of the many tabus, which degrade and hold in the bondage of brutal superstition this people.

Titi, princess and wife of Tohu, and Taohi, queen and wife of Nuahu, are most beautiful women. They treated me with great kindness and consideration, in return for which I presented them with a few small things, such as beads, needles, copper rings, several pairs of scissors, at which they were highly gratified. In one only particular, were they at all disagreeable; that is, they kept me continually filling and lighting their pipes whenever I was within call, so that I kept out of their way as much as possible.

About this time I noticed some strange faces around, and a great commotion among the people of the bay. This lasted for some time, before I could find out the reason. At last the princess Titi came to me, and said: "Aia oiai ki esii ki wii," which meant, "we are going to have a great feast," and at the same time she signified to me her desire that I should accompany her. As I had been to feasts on a small scale before, I felt some reluctance, but not wishing to offend, and not knowing the occasion of the feast, I consented. Accordingly, the next day, all the women started off in a body, and the men took to their canoes. I now found out they were going about fifty miles, over to the other side of the island, where we all arrived in safety on the third day. Our poor women, who went over the mountains, were there waiting for us, with about nine hundred natives of the different friendly tribes.

The first two days after our arrival was passed in drinking Kava, and gath-
ering coconuts to make a great
dye, the coconuts being the best
for an intense heat with little blaze.
The Kava is a soft and pulpy root
of a
sharp and bitter taste. Two large roots
are obtained, and some fifty or sixty
natives sit around, each having a small
calabash at their side. They each break
down a piece and chew it soft, and then
spit it out into the calabash. When a
large quantity is thus masticated, they
add water, press and strain, and then
drink the beverage. The sight without the
taste was sickening enough to deter me
from indulging in the beverage.
On the fifth day, at the dill of the
moon, all the people assembled at
and around a lingo papi or heap of stones,
which was used as a sacrificial altar.
The preparations which were making,
struck me with a sort of fear, for I could
now see that a human victim was to be
sacrificed, and I thought that my hour
had come, as I observed several natives
glancing slyly and significantly, as I
thought, at me. At the same time, fear
made me think they were guarding me
more closely than before; but I semi
found out my mistake. They brought
out two boys, whom they had taken
prisoners, and then followed a scene,
which beggars description. The recol-
clection is too horrible to particularize
here,—suffice it to say, the two boys
were roasting, sacrificed to the god, and
then brutally devoured before my eyes. I
fainted, and neither could nor would partake,
even repeatedly urged to do so.
Shortly after our return, I saw a ship,
but she was too far off for us to succeed
in attracting her attention, and I was
still destined to remain in my present
unenviable position.

AROUND THE BAY,' IN THE
SEASON OF FLOWERS.

T HE Rev. T. Starr King in a letter to
an eastern journal, written last
July, thus describes the "flowers by the
acre, flowers by the square mile," which
paint our bay-hills from bases to tops in
the spring season:
In the early part of May, a week after
my arrival in California, I was invited
by a very intelligent gentleman in San
Francisco, to take a seat in his carriage
for a "drive around the bay." This
means around the Bay of San Francisco,
which extends southerly about fifty miles
from the Golden Gate, where the tides of
the Pacific force their way inland. The
bay is, therefore, a large salt-water lake,
about eight miles broad and six times as
long. It is undotted with islands, and
lies placid in the embrace of some of the
richest lands of California. In making
the tour around it, we drive down along
the narrow county of San Mateo, whose
hills divide the dreamy bay from the bil-
lows of the Pacific, then across the county
of Santa Clara, and up, on the eastern
side, through Alameda county to Oakland,
where the ferry-boat returns us to the
metropolis of wind and fog, whose cli-
imate in summer is exhaustively stated in
the phrases, "gust and dust."
Early in May is the true time to make
this excursion, for then the country is at
the height of its brief bloom. California
has often been compared with Palestine
and Syria for scenery. The passages in
the Psalms and the New Testament which
describe the fleeting beauty of the flow-
ers and the grass, are certainly applicable
here. "For the sun is no sooner risen
with a burning heat, than it withereth
the grass, and the flower thereof falleth,
and the grace of the fashion of it perish-
eth." Indeed, there is no grass, properly
speaking, native to the landscape. The
green of early May on the uncultivated
plains wild and the golden hue of
paradise crops amidst
are in this high
grain
place to
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"AROUND THE BAY."

Plains and slopes is mostly that of the wild oats. As the summer sun rises, and the rains cease, they ripen into a golden tinge, which, at a distance, is the hue of sand, and their seed drops into the parched and crackling ground for new crops when the rain returns. By the middle of June all the wild fields that are destitute of trees, look sandy with this harvest of indigenous and self-sowed grain; and it is only in May that the plains and hill-sides which the plowshare has not broken are clad in their vesture of embroidered green.

But the beauty is as captivating as it is uncommon. Some travelers have written of the marvelous effect of the air of California on the spirits. Bayard Taylor tells us that, on this very drive, he felt in breathing the air like Julius Caesar, Mile of Crotona and General Jackson rolled into one. I cannot honestly say that the vivifying quality was any greater than I have experienced in the Pinkham woods, or the forests of Mount Adams, or on the heights of Randolph. Oxygen is oxygen, and will General Jacksonize a man as quickly in Coos county, New Hampshire, as when it blows over the coast range of California, fresh from the Pacific. But there was a great exhilaration in the first acquaintance with the scenery of a strange land, especially when made in a luxurious carriage and with the accompaniment of pleasant companions and a very spirited team.

The first thing that arrested attention after leaving the sandy shores of San Francisco was the flowers. Early in May, in New England, people hunt for flowers. A bunch of violets, or a spig or two of brilliant color, intermixed with green, is a sufficient trophy of a tramp that chills you, damps your feet, and possibly leaves the seed of consumption. Here they have flowers in May, not shy, but rampant, as if nothing else had the right to be; flowers by the acre, flowers by the square mile, flowers as the visible carpet of an immense mountain wall. You can gather them in clumps, a dozen varieties at one pull. You can fill a bushel-basket in five minutes. You can reap them into mounds. And the colors are as charming as the numbers are profuse. Yellow, purple, violet, pink and pied, are spread around you, now in separate level masses, now two or three combined in a swelling knoll, now intermingled in gorgeous confusion. Imagine yourself looking across a hundred acres of wild meadow, stretching to the base of hills nearly two thousand feet high—the whole expanse swarming with little straw-colored wild sun-flowers, orange poppies, squadrons of purple beauties, battalions of pink—and then the mountain, unbroken by a tree or a rock, glowing with the investiture of all these hues, softened and broken by distance. This is what I saw on the road to San Mateo. The orange and purple seemed to predominate in the mountain robe. But on the lower slopes, and reaching midway its height, was a strange sprinkling of blue, gathered here and there into intense stripes, and running now and then into sharp points, as if over the general basis of purple, orange and yellow, there had fallen a violet snow, which lay tenderly around the base, lint in a few places on the side had been blown into drifts and points.

The wild poppy of California, in May, is the most fascinating of all the flowers. It does not have a striped or spotty leaf, but is stained with a color which is a compromise between a tea-rose and an orange, and is as delicately flushed and graduated in hue as a perfect rose. I never tire in studying their color, in masses or singly. While driving to San Mateo, we came upon little clumps of them, springing out of the rocks on the edge of the road that overhangs the bay, and their vivid orange, upheld on graceful
HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Steps, and contrasted with the gray stones and the blue of the bay, gave me a joy which comes up as fresh while I write as when I saw it first. Another piece of cheer intrudes itself between my eyes and the paper, and insists that a note shall be made of it. I mean a California blackbird, perched on a mustard stalk ten feet high. The wild mustard grows luxuriously on the lands at the foot of the bay. It is a great trouble to the farmers, for if the cows eat even a little of it—and they seem to like it for seasoning—it gives a pungent flavor to the milk, and makes the butter bitter. But a field of it in brilliant yellow is decidedly a pleasing concomitant to the general feast of colors. And when a blackbird with a large spot of scarlet on each wing flutters over a tall spire of it and then alights with a cheery twitter, one has a picture before him which gives two-fold delight by making him repeat the couplet of Holmes—

The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Piled on a balsam spply with his weight.

If I quote wrongly, may the genial and always accurate Professor forgive me. I repeat from memory, and must wait till the "Ainsley" arrives from Boston with my books, before I can verify a dozen passages of his, which illia California scenery sets to music again in my brain.

And yet the old Californians, "forty-nineers," sigh when you speak in praise of the May-luxuriance around the bay. They say that the glory is over now. "Ichabod" is written on the landscape. They rode over the same districts when there were no roads, or ranchos, or fences, between San Francisco and San Jose; and when the horses wallowed and galloped through an ocean of floral splendor. The visitor cannot help noticing, when he leaves the base of the mountains, and comes to the farms, how civilization has tamed the land. The barley and wheat, and banded swaths of simple green, look cool and unromantic in contrast with the natural cost of many colors which the unploughed districts wear. The brindled peacock has taken the hue of the cat. It is only when, here and there, we come upon a garden, and see the blaze of roses which bloom the year through, that we see how superior art is to nature.

GREEN SCUM ON THE BENSLEY WATER.

A NUMBER of the daily newspapers within the last week or two have been making complaints about the impurities of the Bentsley water, with which the city of San Francisco is now supplied. Many of the citizens not connected with newspapers and particularly those of an experimental turn of mind, also have devoted some attention to the subject and have, on more than one occasion, amused themselves with collecting the sottlings of the water and pointing out to their friends the unexpectedly large quantities of solid matter which is carried along in the flames and distributed by the pipes throughout their extent. Their investigations and complaints have induced other citizens to go out and examine the reservoirs and aqueducts of the water works; and these latter report that the water runs perfectly pure and clear into the main reservoirs; but there it becomes contaminated, filthy from the contact of some impure matter or other, and covered with a disgusting green scum. The investigators in the city and the investigators in the country have compared notes together; and discussed the matter in all its bearings, and the result has been a kind of wholesale denunciation of the Bensley Water Company, which is accused of negligences and want of proper care in cleaning out their canals and ponds. On the other hand, the Bensley Company have represented that they have used the greatest solicitude in cleaning their works, and

All the

they put was peculiar to the organization of the city, and that it was to be found in no other city as they had seen.

The induced appearances of the green scum appear wrong now of certain philosophers and active citizens that would see greener grass on the other side of the Bensley water. The case in all might be this.

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The discussions which have thus been induced by the green-sum question, have appeared to us exceedingly amusing, for the reason that both parties are partly wrong and both partly right; but neither of them seems likely to arrive at the true philosophy of the matter, without a little assistance. On the one side, no intelligent person can be brought to believe that water, filled with decayed or decaying vegetable matter and covered with a green scum, is healthy; but on the other side there can be no doubt that the Bensley Company have used all possible care in keeping their flumes and reservoirs clean.

The real difficulty, paradoxical as it may appear, is, that they keep them too clean. They have lined their reservoirs with stone and cement; and allow no living thing, such as frogs, snails and fishes, in them. By this exclusion of the "filthy creatures," they really make their water filthy. The minute vegetable organisms, which are in all river water and which particularly swarm in such a place as Mountain Lake, germinate in the flumes and reservoirs, and, for want of animal life to consume them, propound to a frightful extent. They not only thus germinate; but, for want of the carbonic acid which is given off by animals in the water as well as by animals on the land, they are not properly sustained and他们 publish the fact, which however was pretty well known before, that the peculiar greenish hue of the water is due to the presence of minute vegetable organisms, which have been developed by the recent warm weather. They say that this vegetable matter is not injurious to health and they trust that the visits of the little green strangers will be as brief as they are unpleasant.

The proper way to remedy the evil of green scum in the Bensley water, therefore, is not to sit by and wait until the little green strangers please to cease their visits, but to introduce the necessary animal life into the reservoirs.

THE ASS AND THE HUNTING-HORSE.—The Ass had the presumption once upon a time to run a race with a famous hunting-horse; but the trial was a pitiable affair, and the Ass received for his trouble only derision and laughter. "I see now why I lost," said he, "some months ago I ran a thorn into my foot, and it pains me even to this hour.

"Pardon me, my beloved horses," said Parson Leatherhead, "if my sermon to-day is not quite so able and masterly as was to have been expected from the successful imitator of a Mosheim; but, you see, I have had a very bad cold for the entire week."—Leaving's Fiddles.
A FEW WORDS ABOUT CALIFORNIA CLOVERS.

THE following notice of California clovers, written by John S. Mitchell, will be found interesting, so far as it goes. The paragraphs in relation to the bur-clover are excellent: and the reader will find an explanation in it of what may have been a subject of wonder to him, how the cattle live in the dry fields.

While taking a short walk near the White Sulphur Spring in Amador County, I plucked a handful of flowers and grasses, and coming to examine them afterwards found six kinds of clover among them.

The first has a large yellowish white bloom, from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, a beautiful plant, well suited as an ornament for yards and gardens. This clover grows very large, quite two feet high, in moist favorable situations; while in dry places it will also mature its seed, but without rising more than two or three inches from the ground. It is very sweet, and is eaten by the Indians, who like it both raw and boiled. Cattle also are extremely fond of it. The bloom of the clover, botanically considered, is composed of a cluster of distinct flowers, each of which in the large white California clover has a large black spot upon it. Sometimes the flowers are of a reddish color.

The second species has a bloom about a third of an inch in diameter, composed of violet tinged flowers. The third clover has a bloom from a sixth to a quarter of an inch in diameter, the flowers of which are subdued green, tipped with pink at the end. The plant is small.

The fourth is the bur clover. Its name is derived from spherical burs, from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in diameter, which it bears in clusters of three. This bur clover is found in nearly all parts of the State, and is extremely valuable as food for stock. Cattle do not like it much when green; but after it dries, the burs fall upon the ground, and are picked up by the cattle, while the stranger is astonished at seeing cattle pasturing and keeping fat on what appears to him to be the bare yellow ground. The bloom consists of three very small yellow flowers. It is said that the stalks of this clover take root whenever the joints touch the ground.

The fifth species, known to botanists as Melilotus officinalis, likes a very moist soil, and there grows luxuriantly; crowding out nearly everything else. Its bloom consists of a head about an inch long, and a sixth of an inch thick, hung with little yellow flowers. Cattle do not like this plant much in any shape, but they like it better in hay than in any other form.

The sixth species is the Alfilerilla, often called erroneously, " alfalfa." Its name means little pin, and is derived from alfiler, Spanish for pin. It bears clusters of green pins or spikes about an inch and a half long, and is sometimes called pin grass, and sometimes wild geranium. The botanical name is Erodium Cicutarium. The Alfilerilla has attracted some attention as a succulent, sweet, nutritive, Hardy, and large herb, well adapted for our climate and soil. It has a large root, which it sends deep into the ground, thus enabling it to resist the drought, while above the surface, it puts forth a dense mass of stalks and leaves, spreading out sometimes several feet in every direction. Cattle prefer it to every other indigenous plant of the State. The seeds seem to abound throughout the soil, for whenever the sod is broken up for the first time, there the alfilerilla appears, though it may never have been seen there before. It is frequent in gardens, in cultivated fields, and in lands lying fallow.
Experiments ought to be made in collecting the seeds of the first, fourth, and sixth species of clover, as numbered in the above list. Such experiments are matters of serious import to the country. Hereafter, nothing of the kind has been done, so far as we are aware. We send to distant countries and purchase clover seed at great expense, while it may be that we have, at our own doors, plants far better suited to our wants. Certainly, no grass, when green, can be more nutritious than the alfilerilla, when green; none more than the fur clover, when dry. Such experiments, however, require time and trouble; and while the general public is glad to derive the benefit of any new discovery, it is very unwilling to give any thanks, or other reward, to the experimenter.

The present system of allowing cattle to pasture upon other people's lands—for that is the result of having no fences—cannot be maintained much longer in this part of the State, nor is it desirable that it should be. Then let us have all our pastures fenced, and every man's cattle confined to his own inclosure, and we shall soon have cultivated meadows, stall-feeding, high-bred cattle, numerous profitable dairies, and fine beef. There is no telling how soon a severe drought will come and teach a lesson that the Americans in California have never yet learned by experience. Those stockraisers who wish to secure themselves against ruinous loss, should prepare to cultivate their ground and grow the grains and clovers which will produce abundant food, even if the season be as dry as that of 1830, when cattle died by the thousands for want of food, and when large bands of horses were killed to prevent them from dividing the scanty pasture with the kine.

The true clovers all belong to the botanical genus of Trifolium, and therefore, the popular name of clover applied to the Melilotus Officinalis and the Erodium Caudatum, is not strictly correct. Dr. Gray, the botanist, expresses a doubt whether the Melilotus Officinalis is indigenous. He gives a list, in Walpole's Railroad report, of twelve species of Trifolium, indigenous to California, but we presume the list is not complete. It is to be regretted that our indigenous grasses and clovers have not been studied carefully by botanists and stock-raisers; but our resident botanists are men who cannot afford to spend much time in the unprofitable business of examining the plants of the country. Mr. H. G. Bloomer, of this city, has of late been giving some attention to the clovers.

THE MUSE OF FABLE.

In the deepest recesses of that lonely forest, where I have so often listened to the language of animals, I lay once, near a gentle water-fall, and wearied myself with endeavors to give to one of my tales that poetic and beautiful form in which La Fontaine has made it a custom for the modern fable to appear. I meditated, I chose rhymes and rejected rhymes, and my brow fairly glowed with inspiration; but it came not at my call. Filled with disappointment, I sprang to my feet; but behold! there stood, in all the grace of her divine presence before me, the muse of Fable.

And she spoke smiling: "Scholar, therefore pleases thou thyself with these thankless pains? Truth may indeed require the charm of fable, but why should fable require the charm of pleasant numbers? Why wouldst thou season what is itself a spice? Let it suffice thee, that the fable is in its very nature a practical creation, and let it be dressed in an artless guise, like the wise sayings of the philosophers," I turned towards...
her, and would have answered, but the muse had already disappeared.

"What?" I seem to hear the reader say — "what, the muse disappear? Wouldst thou only beguile us with an impossible narration? "Tis but a lame and impotent conclusion to which thou hast brought thyself, thou calling up the muse—like many others, who have invoked her aid.

Excellent reasoning; my dear reader, thou art in the right. I confess to thee that the muse revealed not her presence. I have told thee but a sheer fable, and thou hast already drawn the intended lesson from it. I am not the first, nor will I be the last, who seeks to make his whims and humors, believed to be the oracles of a Divinity.

THE MAMMO AND THE ANTS.—"Oh, you poor ants!" said a marmot, "is it worth the while that you labor the entire summer to collect together such a scanty provision? If you could only see my magazine!"

"Hear thou!" answered an ant, "if the store is larger than thou requirest, so is it right that men dig after thee, rob thee of thy buried treasure, and pay thee for thy ravenous avarice, by taking away thy life."—Lessing's Fables.

Our Social Chair.

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Our Social Chair.

HENEVER a Social Chair is out of the humor to be sociable, or rather to write confidentially and sociably, I am sure I would have answered, but the muse had already disappeared.

"What?" I seem to hear the reader say — "what, the muse disappear? Wouldst thou only beguile us with an impossible narration? "Tis but a lame and impotent conclusion to which thou hast brought thyself, thou calling up the muse—like many others, who have invoked her aid.

Excellent reasoning; my dear reader, thou art in the right. I confess to thee that the muse revealed not her presence. I have told thee but a sheer fable, and thou hast already drawn the intended lesson from it. I am not the first, nor will I be the last, who seeks to make his whims and humors, believed to be the oracles of a Divinity.

THE MAMMO AND THE ANTS.—"Oh, you poor ants!" said a marmot, "is it worth the while that you labor the entire summer to collect together such a scanty provision? If you could only see my magazine!"

"Hear thou!" answered an ant, "if the store is larger than thou requirest, so is it right that men dig after thee, rob thee of thy buried treasure, and pay thee for thy ravenous avarice, by taking away thy life."—Lessing's Fables.
"Yes, my love," I replied, "I will buy it for that purpose!"

Scarce had that remark been conclu-
ded and we were walking up towards the
engine, than a flood of light and a shining
and hissing sound at our right, attracted us
to a long row of lamps—cold all lamps—of
all sizes and styles; and near them a small
kitchen full of cooking stoves—not your
common wood or coal consuming articles—
but some of a new style that stand as well
on a table in a bed-room, as in a kitchen,
and cook anything, from a cup of coffee to
an extensive and elaborate dinner; and
without ashes, dust, soot, or any similar
deterioration. "Ah!" Lizzie began to
whisper in my ear, when Mr. Dietz had fin-
ished his explanation, "that is just what
we want, Tim; you'll buy me one of those."

"The lamps or the stoves?" "Oh! the
stoves, of course; you know we have sev-
eral lamps and if the stores—the Air
vapor stoves, is the name, I believe—they
seem to be called, if they are as good as the
lamps and as economical and cleanly, I
wouldn't be without one for the world."

"Ill buy you one."

Then we looked at the time-piece with a
brass flower on the top, that opened its
petals every hour, and disclosed to view a
little bird, which fluttered its tiny wings
and sang a merry tune, and was again
covered up as before,—and I was to buy
that also.

Then—Tucker's magnificent "Railroad-
seat" of silver; the 2,200-pound cheese, for
the What Cheer House; some fine and large
California-made blankets—all these were
to be bought for us. But, thank goodness,
when examining the fine quality of Cal-
ifornia-made paper from the Pioneer Hills,
I was to speak to you, to buy that for the
Magazine, to have it printed on California
paper.

Perhaps you think that this ended the
chapter of wants! Oh! dear no. Tinkle's
& Packard's California prepared oil and
water colors were to be purchased to make
some paintings of the Yosemite Valley.
Then a washing-machine—and no doubt
in a sewing and a knitting machine also, but
we had the good fortune to have one of
the former already. Then, I was to buy the
beautiful little and neat looking "Mermaid"—
just to take a sail in on Sundays, New
Years, Thanksgiving Days and Fourth of
July. Then, that beautiful carriage was to
be bought, (not the new steam fire-engine.)

Next we went to get some Redwood and
have a new parlor-set of furniture made of
that, or of the Mahoe, chiefly because
these looked well, were well polished, and
California. (My wife is the most enthusi-
astic Californian; you could become ac-
quainted with)—and she threatens me
with,—"she don't know what," if I don't
introduce you to her; but if I were to tell
you all that she says about you and the
Magazine, you would be as proud as I am
jealous.

Next, as we wandered through the pic-
ture gallery, we were to have Nott's beau-
tiful and life-like sketches, and Butman's
paintings, and Noel's India-ink portraits,
Ratzen's and Loomis' pen-and-ink and wa-
ter-color drawings, with nearly the whole
of the wondrous and pretty articles in

So that after carefully estimating the
cost of that visit, if I were to buy all the
articles wanted, it would amount to the in-
significant sum of $197,425 39, and you
know the old maxim about figures.

I will just add that if you are familiar
with the homely proverb, "A nod's as
good as a wink to a blind horse," no more
will be necessary for me to say but that I
remain as ever,

Your Sincere Admonisher,
TIMOTHY WEYER.

P. S.—I ought perhaps to mention that I
couldn't excuse myself from purchasing, at
her entreaty, the four volumes of your
Magazine, as nicely bound as those on ex-
hibition in the Fair, although I have taken
the numbers from the beginning and in-
tend so to do for many years to come, sim-
ply because it is just what it professes to
be—a California Magazine.
Thus Social Chair is well aware that all topics of a business nature, are generally by common consent as well unpleasant, as they require good breeding, carefully excluded from the social circle, but if the following pleasantly given moral against borrowing money, at a high rate of interest, from the New York Leader, does not prove a sufficient apology in itself for the digression, we will, upon complaint, make one to suit:

A merchant once came to Mr. James G. King, of New York, to great distress, to borrow $100,000, for a year, saying that he must have it, and that his business would justify him in paying any rate of interest. Mr. King told him that no business could stand a temptation of three per cent. a month, but finding him hard to convince, took the following ingenious method:

"Why discount for a short time?" asked Mr. King. "Why not make it up for two or three years? I will discount your note for $100,000, if you make it three years."

"Thank you, Mr. King. I will draw it at once. It is very kind in you, but don't you want collateral?"

"No sir. Mr. Miller, (turning to his accountant), take off the discount at three per cent. a month, on $100,000 for three years, and draw a check for the balance for Mr. D. Wait a moment, D., give me your note for $100,000. The conversation became general, both were stated, when Mr. Miller, the accountant, handed the following memorandum to Mr. King:

Note of Mr. D. for $.........................$100,000

Payable three years after date, Discount at three per cent. a month is thirty-six per cent. per year, and for three years one hundred eight per cent.,

Well sir, $108,000

Balance due to Prime, Ward & King, $8,000.

"Do, have you a blank check with you?" pleasantly asked Mr. King.

"A check. What for?"

"Why, this is absurd. I give you my note for $100,000, and get so much in return, but have to give you $8,000 cash.---What?"

"It is cool, D. and listen. I have done this purposely to give you a lesson—to show you where your mercantile career will end, if you submit to such extortion.

Now, if you will pledge me your word of honor that you will sustain your business, and never pay more than seven per cent. interest to carry on your trade, I will tell you what I will do. You want $100,000. Draw your note for that sum at ninety days, leave with me $100,000 of your best notes receivable, and I will give you the money, less the ordinary discount of seven per cent."

Mr. D. was grateful. He appreciated the lesson taught by Mr. King, and he is, at the present moment, one of the wealthiest men in the city of New York.

We cannot resist the temptation to treasure up in the Social Chair the following good story from the Red Bluff Bee, although it has been extensively circulated:

"A capital joke" is told of a well-known steamboat captain, celebrated for his patient endurance in accommodating the people along the Sacramento river. Boatsmen positively assert that no landing was too difficult for him to make, to deliver five pounds of coffee, or receive an order from an old lady for a pound of tea, to be delivered on his return trip. So notorious at length did he become in this respect, that the good captain was actually imposed upon, in some instances, to such a degree, that even he has been heard to murmur at the importunities of some of the inhabitants along the river. The most glaring instance of impudence that we ever heard of, as being practiced on him, or anybody else, is said to have transpired, between Knights Landing and Colusa, several years ago, and, as the story goes, was something after the following order:

An elderly lady on shore hailed the steamboat, steamboat hands, when the following conversation ensued:

"Well Mrs.---what can I do for you to-day, ma'am?"

"Well, really, Captain, I want a dozen eggs to Colusa, and have but eleven; there is a hen on, however, and I think there will be another directly. Can't you wait a few minutes?"

"Why, this is absurd. I give you my note for $100,000, and get so much in return, but have to give you $8,000 cash.---What?"

"I will do so. I want to show you where your mercantile career will end, if you submit to such extortion.

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OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

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pliety," and "something of apostolical gravity and authority," but was frequently relaxed by much of native wit and genial humor.

During the agitation in 1812, relating to the declaration of war with Great Britain, it is said he met with a strong opposition in the New England representation in Congress, as well as in a great portion of the people in this section of the country. Most of the expenses of the hotel were held by the people throughout those States, and it was proposed that the good people of the town should manifest their pacific spirit and "define their position." A problem demonstration was agreed upon, and old Parson M----, being considered the "man for the times," was called upon by a committee appointed for that purpose, with the request that he would prepare an address appropriate to the occasion.

The Parson did not yield a ready compliance, but illustrated his reply on this wise:

"I once knew," said he, "a widow lady in Scotland who had an only son. Upon him she had expended much to enable him to acquire an education. He was about to go to sea for a long while attending school. Having completed his course of studies, he returned to his good old mother.

"Come, John," said she, on the night of his arrival home, and when they were about to make professions to retire, you've been a long time away from me, my son, and have studied much. I know ye are a good lad, and I have never heard ye pray. Try it, John; for ye surely must know how, with all the learning ye have got."

"Accordingly John complied—made a long, humble, and, as he supposed, satisfactory acknowledgment of his sins and general unworthiness, and of his great indebtedness to his Maker.

"Well, mother," says John, "I don't know how the old drivel'll stop or run!"

"Ah!" says John, "not I—not I; for you know, neither, there's none of us knows whose hands we may sometimes fell into!"

The old parson used to give the following lecture from his private journal with characteristic good nature:

He was appointed a delegate to the Presbyterian Synod which convened at Philadelphia. Before leaving home he made all domestic provisions that would be requisite during his absence, not omitting to select a substitute for himself to occupy the head seat at table, as well as to conduct the family services. The appointees were M----, one of his hired laborers, he being a member of the Parson's church, who, though rather more liberal with his professions of goodness than ripe with its spirit, was nevertheless regarded by the charitable, unrespecting Parson, as an up-right, conscientious man, and, under the circumstances, the "most available man for the office."

On the morning following the Parson's departure his good lady, Mrs. M----, informed him that what was expected of him during her husband's absence, and he accordingly, after having officiated at breakfast, read passages from the Scriptures, and concluded the services with prayer. In fact, he performed the duties assigned him in a very creditable manner, quite in accordance with the requirements of Mrs. M----. His prayer was, to be sure, somewhat prolonged beyond the usual time allotted by the Parson to that sacred ceremony; but Mrs. M----, with extreme delay of thinking, refrained from intimating that any abbreviation in future would be displeasing. The next morning, however, the services—the prayer more especially—consumed so much time that she was forced to remark that it was "keeping them—especially her—out cold, warm weather like this. Mr. M----—always out short the service; he bearing in mind the old adage, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'"

"Perhaps he does, ma'am—perhaps he does," replied J----, "very busily; but, you see, J'm paid by the month, ma'am; and in hot weather like this I'd rather pray than work, any time!"

The Fugitives.

Donors.

We hold this fact to be self-evident, that all fashionable Donors are large—but whether they will be made still larger for winter wear, remains to be seen. Certainly it is always that to the present the tendency is to diminish rather than increase the size of the fronts; but the crowns are materially enlarged in the tips, thereby making them perfectly comfortable. Instead, the bonnet that does not retain its shape on the head without fastenings, is a failure of the maker's. If coming events cast their shadows before, oh! what a mult-
The record of crimes and casualties throughout our State continues to be a large one. Homicides, suicides and accidental deaths, we hear of from every quarter; but in San Francisco where a few years ago no week would pass away without its crop of violent death, they are now comparatively rare, not more than one or two a week on an average.

One of the most exciting and widely discussed affairs lately was the seizing of Thomas Gardner, agent of the Sacramento Union, by William F. Hobson, a book-keeper, on August 25th. Gardner was charged with having taken improper liberties with Hobson's wife. The wound was not fatal. Hobson subsequently attempted to drown himself.

The Mono and Nimbles mines still continue to attract much attention, though neither are yet elevated to the excitement pitch of a Fraser or a Waslone. The wealth of Washoe is still regarded as unlimited; but the difficulties of getting out the metal continue as great as ever. A quartz mill has lately been put into successful operation there; and others are being constructed. A number of shipments of Washoe silver ores have been made by the mail steamers to the coast.

Col. Landers has settled the terms of a peace with Winnemucca, chief of the Paiute Indians; and it is presumed that the Indian difficulties of Carson Valley are composing, for a time at least.

The contract for the building of the Capitol at Sacramento was awarded on September 1st, to M. Fennel.

The subject of the adulteration of California wines by manufacturers and jobbers has lately been a subject of discussion. While the greed of making money lasts, there is little hope of obtaining a pure article, except from reliable dealers. The reputation of California wines suffers in consequence of the frauds already practiced.

A project has recently attracted the attention of the press for connecting Europe with California by telegraph. It is said to be a project of Louis Napoleon who, however, is presumed to have quite enough of other work to do. The line, according to the plan, is to run from Paris to Constantinople, to Colombo, to Pekin, to Belgravia, St. Louis, to Mexico, to Valparaiso, to Buenos Ayres, and to terminate at Rio de Janeiro. There will be
The Mechanical Institute opened their fair at the new pavilion on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, on the 4th of September. John W. Cherry made the inaugural address on the evening previous. The fair was a very busy one, and attracted much attention.

The steamer John L. Stephens, which arrived on Sept. 24, brought out a steam fire engine intended for Monumental Engine Company No. 2. It formed a part of the procession of the Monumentals on their Tenth Anniversary Celebration on Sept. 13th, and was then placed in the Mechanics' Fair.

The corner stone of St. Mary's new Hospital of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, was laid by Archbishop Alemany and other clergy, on September 24.

The steamer John L. Stephens sailed on the 16th September, with 240 passengers, and $81,000,168 in treasure.

A fire occurred on Sunday evening, September 5th, at the house of Bryan Donnelly, a milk dealer on the Potrero, as the south part of the city. Mrs. Donnelly and one of her children were burnt to death. Mr. Donnelly and a second child were very severely injured.

The San Francisco Fire Department numbers 975 members. There will be an election for Chief Engineer in December, Mr. Whittall, the present excellent Chief, declines re-election.

The political campaign throughout the State is already very brisk, and is growing brighter as the election approaches. The splitting up of the Democratic party has put an unwanted seal into the Republican ranks. Speakers of all parties are out "stumping" the State.

In San Francisco local politics, the people's party, which grew out of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, continues to muster much strength and may yet be called a living institution.

The papers speak much lately of the first silk cocoons produced in California. They were raised by Mr. Proctor's nursery at San Jose.

The Mexicans of the city celebrated the anniversary of the Independence of Mexico on the 15th of September. They fired salutes from Telegraph Hill, and an away and a grand ball. Throughout the State there were celebrations of the same day.

At San Lorenzo, Alameda county, there was a celebration of three days, including ball-fights and horse-racing, as in old times.
Editor's Table.

It is our purpose to make this Magazine a vehicle of communication between the intelligent minds of the State, as well as a conveyer of instruction, and make a pleasant companionship. The field of Californian science may be said to be just opening. Here and there a worker is delving among the hidden treasures, and bringing up to light facts of new and startling interest; but they are so inadequately represented in the menagerie and unsatisfactory reports and rumors of reports which we see in the newspapers. There is yet no exclusively scientific journal on the Pacific coast, with the exception of a very irregular publication of the Academy of Natural Sciences. Hence it has always heretofore been the case, that a knowledge of the most interesting subjects connected with Californian natural history and the progress of California science has been scattered away in ephemeral notices, or sent out of the country, to be either buried in the dark night of Latin terms and mathematical symbols, or appropriated as its portion of foreign observations, and more or less attention to Californian romance and poetry, are property within the province of a Californian periodical. Whether we succeed in making the Magazine take a high rank among the publications of the times, and being what it ought to be, an exponent of the intelligence of the country, within a few months or a few years, remains to be seen; but this shall be our object, and for this we shall earnestly and devotedly strive, satisfied that success will meet with its proper reward, and that anyapproximation towards it will not fail to be duly appreciated.

In the September number of the Magazine were given a few interesting extracts from Theodore H. Iliffe's book on the Adventures of James Copen Adams the Grizzly Bear Hunter. This strange man is now going through a large part of his work, and it is feared that he will not live long. The reader will recollect one of the extracts which described an encounter with a grizzly bear in which Adams' scalp was dreadfully

...
and assist us in do so; confident that the Magazine will live as well as ever, where a real and glorious society of Californian adventurers; and with the Public that subject which relating to our own, as outside the sphere of this and kin-scriptions of Cali-
ornia is now and as he reads, he longs to be
one of the party, with all its risks, discomforts, and exposures.

We have been informed that 35,000 of these books were sold in Boston, within two months; and that even a greater number were disposed of in the same amount of time in England; and we do not wonder at it. Costing only $1 each, every one almost can add this interesting volume to his library.

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Our readers are well aware that several voyages have been made to the Arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin. The last, and successful one, left Aberdeen, Scotland, at the beginning of July, 1857. The work before us is a thrilling narrative of that expedition. All the difficulties and dangers of the voyage are described with a force and reality that very much relieves the gloom almost consequent upon knowing of Sir John's fate. All the grandeur of the ice-bound and snow-covered landscape is graphically described; and every event of moment, every noticeable change of scenes or circumstances, are admirably pictured. There is not a tedious paragraph in the whole 375 pages. Then again the illustra-
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be true of our own, it is equally true of other countries. Nevertheless the work is very interesting, and one we can commend.

The Marble Faun, or the Romance of Monte Bev. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. In two volumes. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston: A. Roman, 127 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

No person who has ever admiringly read the "Scarlet Letter," "The House with Seven Gables," or "The Blithedale Romance," but will rejoice that their author has given to the world another great intellectual treat in "The Marble Faun." After several years residence in Italy, Mr. Hawthorne has succeeded in giving a truthful picture of the past glory and present wonders of that interesting country, he takes the reader into the sculptor's studio, to watch the chiseling of the marble statue; among the vine-draped ruins of her ancient buildings; into her old and glorious galleries; and not only introduces him to all the most remarkable sights in Rome, but in different portions of Italy—describing the manners and customs of her inhabitants, and their occupations and aspirations at the present time, with characteristic clearness—all of which is clothed in that romantic mysteriousness peculiar to Hawthorne. Now, as Italy, under Garibaldi, bids fair to do much towards reestablishing her great position among the nations of the earth, these volumes will be read with more than ordinary interest.

Plain and Pleasant Talk About Fruits, Flowers and Farming. By Henry Ward Beecher. Derby & Jackson, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco. Whatever Mr. Beecher attempts is sure to be well done. We would rather take this work than half of those published, for its straight-forward common sense, completeness and conciseness, convinces us that his remarks are founded upon his own experience, and not upon theory. If a farmer, gardener and horticulturist, would not save a hundred times the cost of this book, in a single season, if he adopts its excellent suggestions, we are very much mistaken.

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THE BOTTOM OF ALL OUR POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES—"A NIGGER ON THE FENCE."
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WILCOX & GIBBS' SEWING MACHINE.

PATENTED June 2, 1857. Reple.

The points of superiority of this machine are its own: Puns—The construction simplicity and accuracy of its mechanism, noted in the fact that it is capable of making, unerring.

4,000 Stitches in a Minute.

In its operation, it is simple and easy to understand.

In its facility, with which the learner may become expert in operating it, hence the cost of teaching is the least.

In its permanence of great utility to learners has entirely been applied, which prevents the possibility of making being used in the wrong direction, or the advertisements of its best value, being able to be translated in all parts, or any of them can readily be replaced in case of accident.

It is, beyond a wonderful production, and it is used to great advantage, and for family use especially in Machine will bear comparison with it.

A. A. BROWN, Agent, 15 Montgomery Street.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY BENICIA.

THE NEXT SESSION OF this Seminary will commence on Wednesday, the 17th of October next, and will close on Monday, the 15th of June, 1861.

Misrepresentations, which have come to the knowledge of the Principal, compel her to draw the special attention of parents, guardians, and all interested in the matter, to the following rules of the Institution, from which there is never any deviation:

"Young ladies entrusted to the care of the Principal, and bound in the Institution, are never allowed to frequent balls or parties. Never leave even the presence of the Seminary, unless accompanied by their parents or one or more of their teachers."

For further particulars apply to

MARY ATKINS, Principal.

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