Hutchings' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

No. 54...DECEMBER, 1860.

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If ten or more persons will form a Club, we will send our Magazine, Postage-paid, to address in the United States each one may name, at Two Dollars each per year.
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### Oak Hall Clothing Emporium

178 Clay & 107 Merchant St.

Lockwood, Ewell & Co

Merchant Tailors,

And Dealers in

Gents’ & Boys’ Clothing,

**FURNISHING GOODS.**

N. B.—We are not open on Sundays.—Our customers will hear this in mind, and make their purchases on Saturday.

J. E. & Co.

### Use of Dr. Adolphus’ Anti-Rheumatic Cordial

And Health Restorative!

A Sure and Reliable Medicine for the Cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Secondary Syphilis, Scrofula, Dropy, Chronic Liver Complaint, And all Gutteenes and Chronic Diseases

**Warranted**

To be a Sure Cure when taken according to directions.

For sale at 60 Montgomery Street, And by all Druggists.
WHENEVER nature steps out of her usual course to make anything very beautiful or very won-
derful, it is not unreasonable to expect that men and women, generally, will be
gratefully willing to go out of their way to see it. It is true that many men love
money, more than they love nature, and will not go; others, love nature more
than money, and yet often feel too poor, almost, to gratify that love; and yet an-
other class have become so much habit-
ual to the same stool in the counting-
house, the same old chair in the office,
the same familiar standing-place in the
store, and the same spot in the workshop,
mine, or field; that nothing short of an
earthquake or revolution, could induce
them to turn aside from the well-worn
highways of business habit, to see any-
ting beyond themselves, and their busi-
ness routine. In their eyes it is the Al-
pha and Omega of life, the beginning
and end of all things, yes, life itself.
But unfortunately—fortunately!—has
it left them for anything beyond the
machine—man. The blue sky, the
bright sunshine, the flower-carpeted
earth, the foliage-clothed trees, the moss-
grown cavern, the mighty hills, or the
forest-formed harps touched by the fingers
of the wind, and playing their grand old
anthems of praise have no inviting and
suggestive voice, that "man was made
for enjoyment as well as duty—for hap-
pleness as well as business" and that the
probability is apparent, that the God-like
faculties bestowed upon him, enabling
him, if cultivated, to hold communion
with the beautiful, the sublime, or won-
derful, would not have been
if man were not expected to be some-
thing loftier than a hum-drum
business machine.

Nature sometimes turns over some
new and wonderful pages in her glorious
old volume, and discovers to men such
marvels as the Groves of Mammoth trees,
the Yo-semite valley, the Geysers, the
natural bridges, and caves, and recently
the Abalaster cave of El Dorado county.
As such times there are many persons
who will find time to open their sight-
searing eyes, and take a glimpse, if only
to say, that "they have seen them," but
they should be deemed behind the age
or out of the fashion. But there are oth-
ers again, and their name is legion, in
this new State, who adore, yea almost
worship, the beautiful, the grand, the
astonishing; from the handful of soil, that
gives out so many varieties of rare and
fragrant flowers, and luscious fruits, to
the vast cathedral-formed arches and in-
tricate draperies of stone, produced by
chemical agencies and mystical combina-
tions in one or more of nature's great in-
vestigations beneath the surface of the
earth.

With the latter class it is always a
pleasure to be in company; as a pleas-
ure shared is always doubled; besides,
kindred spirits have a happy faculty of
reproduction, denied to others.

A ledge of limestone rock, resembling
marble in appearance, dropped out by
the side of the El Dorado valley turnpike
road, which, after testing, was found to
be capable of producing an excellent
quality of lime. Early in the present
year Mr. William Gwynn employed a
number of men to quarry this rock, and
build a kiln. To these works he gave
the name of "Abalaster Lime Quarry,
and Kiln."

On the 18th of April last, two work-
men, George S. Halterman and John
Harris, were quarrying limestone from
this ledge, when, upon the removal of a
piece of rock, a dark aperture was visi-
tible, which upon being enlarged enabled
them to enter. The flood of light pour-
ing in through the opening made, en-
abled them to proceed some fifty feet.
Before venturing further they threw a
stone forward, which, falling into water,
THE ALABASTER CAVE.

At this juncture, Mr. Gwynn comes up, and, upon being informed of the discovery, seeks for candles, to enable him to further prosecute their explorations. Mr. Swan of Placerville by chance making his appearance they all entered together. The result of this, after several hours spent, cannot be better given than in Mr. Gwynn's own language, from a letter addressed to Mr. Holmes, a gentleman friend of his, residing in Sacramento City, and afterwards published in the Sacramento Bee, dated April 10th, 1860:

"Dear Mr. Swan:—Wonders will never cease. On yesterday, we in quarrying rock, made an opening to the most beautiful cave you ever beheld. On our first entrance, we descended about fifteen feet, gradually, to the center of the room, which is one hundred by thirty feet. At the northeast is a most magnificent pulpit, in the Episcopal church style, that man ever has seen. It seems that it is, and should be called, the "Holy of Holies." It is completed with the most beautiful drapery of alabaster stories of all colors, varying from white to pink-red, all overhanging the beholder. Immediately under the pulpit, there is a beautiful lake of water, extending to an unknown distance. We thought this all, but, to our great admiration, on arriving at the center of the first room, we saw an entrance to an inner chamber, still more splendid, two hundred by one hundred feet, with the most beautiful alabaster overhanging in every possible shape of drapery. There stands magnificence, giving the instant impression of a power above man; grandeur, that defies decay; antiquity, last tells of ages unnumbered; beauty, that the touch of time makes more beautiful; use, exhaustless for the service of man; strength, imperishable as the globe, the monument of eternity—the truest earthly emblem of that everlasting and unchangeable, irresistible majesty by whom and for whom all things were made.

Wm. Gwynn.

As soon as this interesting announcement was made abroad, hundreds of people flocked to see the newly discovered wonder from all the surrounding mining settlements of Whiskey Bar, Wild Goose Flat, Barrenmoon Bar, Pilot Hill, (Centreville,) and other places, so that within the first six days, it was visited by upwards of four hundred persons; many of whom, we regret to say, possessed a larger organ of acquisitiveness than of reverence, and laid vandal hands on some of the most beautiful portions within reach, near the entrance. This determined the proprietor to close it until arrangements could be made for its protection and systematic illumination, the better to see and not to touch the apoapses.

At this time Mr. Gwynn leased the cave to Messrs. Smith & Halterman, who immediately began to prepare it for the reception of the public by erecting bar- ricades, platforms, etcetera; and placing a large number of coal oil lamps at favorable points, for the better inspection of the different chambers.

The discovery being made in the spring, considerable water was standing in some of the deepest of the chambers; but signs were already visible of its recession at the rate of nearly six inches per day, and, in a few weeks, it entirely disappeared, leaving the cave perfectly dry. This afforded opportunities for further explorations; when it was found that a more convenient entrance could be made, with little labor, from an unfrequented room within a few feet of the road. This was accordingly made, and which, in addition to convenience, allows of the free circulation of pure air. Having thus given an historical sketch of the discovery, with other matters connected with its preservation and management, we shall now endeavor to take the reader with us—at least in imagination—in describing our visit.

We had grown tired of looking, month after month, upon the same sanctum walls; of being a mere pen-driving man-

v
chins from week beginning to week ending; and, consequently, felt ready for anything that offered a change. It is true the flowers, for the most part, had dried up and departed; that the grass had grown withered and sore; and that dust, in all kinds of cloudy separativeness, had given intimations of a readiness to powder hair—and clothes, too, for that matter—to any extent, free of charge. Besides, knowing—or at least believing—that our "peck of dust," allowed by (no one can tell how ancient a) tradition to every person I had, years ago, followed the fortunes and destinies of our meals, and had quietly been disposed of without visible injury, we were prepared to receive any new instalments of the article in store, on our own account, or on that of anybody else.

Therefore, nothing daunted, we elbowed our way aboard the new and even more convenient California built steamboat, the Chrysopolis—or, as a merry friend of ours calls it, (we think in sportive derision of the name,) the, Eryslpelas—arrived in Sacramento shortly after midnight; remained on board until daylight; at half-past six o'clock, A. M., took the ears of the Sacramento Valley Railroad for Folsom, and arrived there at a quarter to eight, making the distance of 22¼ miles, within an hour and a quarter.

Folsom is a perfect stage coach Babel, where stages from all points of the central mines connect with that terminus; but, as we shall have something to say about this in a future number, we will leave the subject for the present and make way for our quiet-looking open-fair (and hearted,) middle-aged man, who in patient sitting on the box of his stage, his good-natured countenance invitingly saying, "If there are any ladies and gentlemen who wish a pleasant ride to-day, to "Alabaster Cave," it shall not be my fault if it is not one of the most agreeable they ever took." That gentleman is Capt. Nye. We sat, somewhat harrassed, if his is the conveyance for the Cave, when a bluff and kindly response is, "Yes, sir; but don't hurry yourself, I shall not start for a few minutes, and the day is before us." It may not be amiss here to remark that the Alabaster Cave is located on Kidd's ravine, almost three quarters of a mile from its debouchment in the north fork of the American river; ten miles from Folsom, by the "Whiskey Bar" road; and thirteen miles by "Shaws" road, known as the Fl Orodo Valley Turnpike.

As our coachman cries "all aboard," and as he has way-passengers on the latter route and none on the former, we, of course, give it the preference. From Folsom, then, our course lay over gently rolling hills, with here and there an occasional bush or tree, to Mormon Island. Here peach orchards and well-cultivated gardens offered a grateful relief to the dry and somewhat dusty road.

Crossing the south fork of the American by a long, high, and well-built suspension bridge, we ascended, on an easy grade, to a mining camp, named Negro Hill. Threading our way among mining claims, miners, and ditches, we passed through this latter town into the open country, where buckeye bushes, now scantily clad in dry brown leaves that bespeak the approach of autum—tho nut pine, and the dark, rich foliage of white oaks, dotted the landscape.

Prospectively, we reached the foot of a long hill covered with a dense growth of chapparel, composed mostly of elephant bushes. As we ascended, we felt the advantage of having an intelligent and agreeable coachman, who explained the localities visible from the road. From the summit of Chapparel Hill, we had a glorious prospect of the country for many miles.
There is "Monte Diablo," sleeping in the purple distance; yonder, "Sutter's Buttes," which hearken, at once, their prominence and altitude; while the rich valley, and the bright silvery sheen of the Sacramento, and tributaries, are spread out in beauty before us. The descent to the cave is very picturesque and beautiful, from the shadowy grandeur of the groups of hills seen in the distance.

Arriving at the cave, or rather at the "Alabaster Hotel," we found an excellent appetizer for a good dinner, and soon found enough to satisfy it. Indeed, we were much indebted to Mr. Holmes, the proprietor of the hotel, for the many attentions extended to us by him during our stay. This will also, with great justice, extend to the gentlemanly lessees of the cave, who, with prompt pleasure, gave us all the information, and pointed out wonders, that might have been overlooked in the multitude of attractions found.

Here let us give a table of distances to Alabaster Cave, from

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<td>Mormon Island</td>
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<td>Auburn</td>
<td>20</td>
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<td>Negro Hill</td>
<td>9</td>
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<td>Greenwood Valley</td>
<td>12</td>
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<td>Lincoln</td>
<td>10 and 13</td>
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<td>Polson</td>
<td>16</td>
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<td>Uptonstown &amp; Coloma</td>
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<td>Georgetown, Placerville Co.</td>
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<td>Diamond Rock &amp; Placerville City, 120</td>
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<tr>
<td>Iowa Hill, Placer Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Forest Hill</td>
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<td>Placerville</td>
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<td>Grass Valley</td>
<td>30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sacramento</td>
<td>32</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nevada</td>
<td>34</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marysville</td>
<td>30</td>
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Dinner being quietly over, let us take a good rest before presuming to look upon the marvels we have come to see; for too many do injustice to themselves, and the sights to be seen by attempting to see them hurriedly, or where the body is fatigued.

On leaving the hotel, it is but a short and pleasant walk to the cave. At our right hand, a few steps before reaching it, there is a lime-kiln—a perpetual lime-kiln—which, being interpreted, means one in which the articles in question, can be continually made, without the necessity of cooling off, as under the old method. Here a large portion of the lime consumed in San Francisco, is manufactured. It is hauled down to Folsom or Sacramento in wagons, as return freight, and from thence transported below. To see this kiln at night, in full blast, as we did, is a sight which alone would almost repay the trouble of a visit. The red-hot doors at the base, with the light flashing on the faces of the men as they stir the fire, or wood-up; with the flames escaping out from the top; and when to this is added the deep ravine, darkened by tall, overhanging, and large-topped tree, and shrubs, while high aloft sails the moon, throwing her silvery oscillations on every object around, from the foliage-draped hill, to the bright little rivulet that murmurs by.

At these works, there are forty barrels of lime manufactured every twenty-four hours. To produce these, three and a half cords of wood are consumed, costing, for cutting only, $1.75 per cord. To haul this to the works, requires a man and team constantly. Two men are employed to excavate the rock, and two more to attend to the burning—refining each other, at the furnace, every twelve hours; from morn to midnight.

The rock, as will be seen in the engraving, is supplied from the top, and is drawn from the bottom every six hours, both day and night.

When entering the cave from the road, which is directly in front of the aperture,
on our way to the Crystal Chapel, enter other little chambers, in whose roofs are formations that resemble streams of water that had been arrested in their flow, and turned to ice. In another, a perfectly formed boot, from one point of view, and, from another, the front of a small elephant's head. A beautiful, bell-shaped, hollow near here is called "Julia's Bower!"

Advancing along a narrow, low-roofed passage, we emerge into the most beautiful chamber of the whole suite, entitled the "Crystal Chapel." It is impossible to find suitable language or comparisons to describe this magnificent spot. From the beginning, we have felt that we were almost presumptuous in attempting to portray these wonderful scenes; but, in the hope of inducing others to see, with their natural eyes, the sights that we have seen, and enjoy the pleasure that we have enjoyed, we entered upon the task, even though inadequately, of giving an out-
THE ALABASTER CAVE.

Miss Maude Nosham, a young lady visitor from Yreka, has succeeded in giving an admirable idea of this sublime sight, in some excellent drawings, made upon the spot; two of which we have engraved, and herewith present to the reader.

The sublime grandeur of this imposing sight fills the soul with astonishment, that wells up from within as though its purpose was to make the beholder speechless—the language of silence being the most fitting and impressive, when puny man treads the great halls of nature, the more surely to lead him, humbly, from thence, to the unaided glory of the Infinite One, who devised the laws and superintended the processes that brought such wonders into being.

After the mind seems prepared to examine this gorgeous spectacle, somewhat in detail, we look upon the ceiling—if we may so speak—which is entirely covered with myriads of the most beautiful of stone icicles, long, large, and brilliant; between those are squares, or panels; the multitudes or bars of which seem to be formed of diamonds; while the panels themselves resemble the frosting upon windows in the very depth of winter; and even these are of many colors; that most prevailing being of a light pinkish-cream. Moss, coral, moss, wool, trees, and many other forms adorn the interspaces between the larger of the stalactites.

At the further end, is one vast mass of rock, resembling congealed water, apparently formed into many folds, and little hillocks; in many instances connected by pillars with the roof above. Deep down, and underneath this, is the entrance by which we reached this chamber.

At our right stands a large stalactite, dome-shaped at the top, and covered with beautifully undulating and wavy folds. Every imaginary gracefulness possible to the most curiously arranged drapery, is here visible, "carved in alabaster" by the Great Architect of the universe.

In order to examine this object with more minuteness, a temporary platform has been erected, which, although destructive of the general effect, in our opinion, affords a nearer and better view of all these remarkable objects in detail.

As this spectacle, as well as the others, is brilliantly illuminated, the scene is very imposing, and reminds one of those highly-wrought pictures of the imagination, painted in such charming language, and with such good effect, in such works as the "Arabian Nights."

Other apartments, known as the "Picture Gallery," etc., might detain us longer; but, as they bear a striking resemblance, in many respects, to other scenes already described, we must take our leave, in the hope that we have said enough to enlist an increased attention in favor of this new California wonder.

As the ride is agreeable; the fare cheap; the coachman obliging; the guides attentive; and the spectacle one of the most singular and imposing in the State, we say to every one, by all means, go and see it.

LA PORTE, SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

HOW well do we remember the few agreeable days spent in this mining town in the winter of 1856; when snow was several feet in depth, and still falling. To sit in the cozy cabin by the large log fire, and listen to the cheerful converse of the miners, when the snow-king had driven them from their daily labors, and clogged the water ditches, was a time to be remembered. We have often thought that mining, if the claim pays well, is one of the most independent and pleasant of all occupations in the mountains—still while a
mitting that it is very laborious and fa-
tiguing. But this history.

In 1859 the Mountain Messenger, pub-
lished at La Porte, gave a very interest-
ing account of several mining towns in
Sierra county, among which was the one
here illustrated, and we know that we
cannot do better than present that hist-
tory to the reader, as she given.—

This flourishing place is pleasantly
situated on the north side of Rabbit
Creek, on the dividing ridge between the
Yuba and Feather Rivers, about sixty-
eight miles north of Marysville, and
twenty miles from Downieville; and
during the winter season is the highest
point of the Sierra Nevadas reached by
passenger trains. The altitude of La
Porto is about four thousand five hundred
feet above the sea level.

There is but very little definite or ac-
curate information concerning the time
of the discovery of gold in this part;
but the year 1851 is generally admitted
to be the time. The name of the discov-
er is not now known, and probably this
very important item in the town's history
will ever remain among the things un-
chronicled.

Mr. Hackett, now a resident of Gar-
diner's Point, in this county, worked on
Rabbit Creek in 1851, and is now the
only person residing in this vicinity who
was a resident at that early period.

Several stories are rumored in regard
to the origin of the name by which this
place was known till the year 1857; but
the following has the precedence for con-
stanting some miners who were working
on what is now known as the West
Branch, one evening were returning from
their labors, when they saw a rabbit—

The sight being a rather novel one in
this altitudinous region, the name Rabbit,
Creek, was given to the stream; after-
wards to the town—if we may dignify a few
cabins by that name. In the year 1855,
when a Postoffice was established, the
name Rabbit Town was assumed.

The year 1851 marks an important era
in the history of this town—in that year
Sillie's Ditch, the first brought into the
place, was completed.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1852.
The succeeding season, 1852, is also a
memorable one in the recollection of the
old residents of the town. In this year
the Rabbit Creek House, the first build-
ing erected in the town, was built by
Mr. E. L. S. Oster, still a resident of La
Porte. He had commenced selling goods
here in April of that year. The Lexing-
ton House, two miles south of this place,
built in 1851, was at this time the head
of town navigation on what was known
as the Jamison route; and from the Lex-
ington, all goods and provisions for more
northern points, were packed.

In this year, the first hill diggings
were opened on Rabbit Creek. The
"Sailor Boys," Hillard & Co., Harrison
& Co., O'Hara & Co., Hackett & Co.,
Brown & Co., Wagoner & Co., and Hud-
sen & Co., opened claims on the West
Branch, and E. C. Smith & Co., and
Newton & Co., on the East Branch. The
completion of Loster's Ditch afforded in-
creased facilities for mining, adding con-
siderably to the prosperity of the camp.

The latter part of the winter, '52 and
53, formed the most disagreeable season
over known in this locality. This snow
averaged fifteen feet in depth, and was
accompanied by very cold, boisterous
weather. There may have been nearly
as severe weather, as much snow, and as
keen freezing since that time, but ample
preparations have been made for the ad-
vent of the storm-king, and precautions
which could not be taken at that earlyday,
have contributed to make the winters
much more pleasant than the one which
will be remembered by the old setler, as
an epoch in his life to be looked back upon
with commingled feelings of joy and
sadness.
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EAR 1852.

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Provisions this year were very scarce, and many articles not to be procured by any means, consequently high prices were demanded. Something of an idea of the prices of early times may be formed from the following list of rates: Flour, 40 cts. per pound; pork, 65 cts. coffee, 50 cts.; sugar, 15 cts.; butter, 51 cts.; and fresh beef—sold at fifty cents per pound.

There were but two buildings on the present site of the town, at the close of this year; a log structure erected by Robert Bruce & Co., and Lester's building, to which we have previously alluded. But two families, Jacob Peters, wife and child, and Isaac Griffith and lady, resided here during the winter. About one hundred miners wintered on the Creek, in cabins erected near their claims, during the preceding summer.

The miners, taking into consideration the facilities for working, paid very well in 1852.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1853.

In the year 1853, but few improvements had been made, although the claims about were paying well. Two stores—one kept by E. S. Lester, and the other by Mortimer Cook—carried on a fair business.

This year was a remarkable one in the history of mining in this section; being the time when hydraulic sluicing, or as it is more commonly called, "piping," was introduced. Mr. Bill Loster, (Bill Straight,) now residing in Sonoma Co., was among the first to introduce the new system of mining. The nozzle attached to the hose first used, measured but one inch in diameter. The new manner of sluicing away the dirt was found to be a great improvement on the old method, and was generally adopted the same season. About fifty companies worked on Rabbit Creek during the water season, and as a general thing were amply rewarded for their labors.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1854.

During the year following, 1854, the town began to improve rapidly. More buildings were erected in the spring and summer than had been built previously to that time. Mr. Thomas Tregaskis built a dwelling house; A. Lofere, a butcher shop; Henry Smith, a dwelling house; J. W. Perry, alias "Chinony," a blacksmith shop; Allen & Ball, a house; Davis & Smith, a tin shop; Evorts, Davis & Co., an express office; Rigby & Co., a saw mill, on the south side of Rabbit Creek; Wells, Fargo & Co., an express and banking office.

Cutler Arnold took possession of the Rabbit Creek House in December.

Two casualties, the first that occurred here, took place this year. A man named Jenkins was killed by the falling of a tree. Another man (name unknown) was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own hands. The small pox became prevalent and took away a number of victims.

In October of this year, M. D. Harlow murdered Henry Smith, in the vicinity of High's mill. The circumstances of this murder are well known, and we will consequently make but a brief allusion to them. Harlow boarded at the house of Smith, who was a married man. The two men were chopping saw-logs, south of Rabbit Creek, on the 11th of October. Thomas Tregaskis, in passing the place, saw the form of Smith lying beneath a tuft of brush, the head fractured in five places. Harlow, who was seated with an ax in his hand, requested Tregaskis to stop, but the latter appearing to pay no attention to his conversation, and apparently unobserving the murdered man, proceeded to town, and gave the alarm. Several persons repaired to the scene of the murder, and found Smith's corpse lying on the snow. Harlow had, in the meantime, made his escape. In about a year afterward he was arrested at San Francisco in the 14th street, and sent to the county jail. He was found guilty of the crime, and sentenced April 1st to be hanged. The hanging was performed in the street near the county jail. There were a great many people present to witness the execution. It was a cold and bleak day, and the spectators were much obliged to walk about the streets in their feathers and shawls, to keep warm.

The following is a list of the early buildings in the town.

Mr. Thomas Tregaskis built a dwelling house.

Jacob Dunn & Co. built the first building after the first of May, and continued to live there.

The supply of food, in the early days of the town, was a great object of care.

As the season advanced, a depot of flour was established at subsection

But not a man, at that time, had a place where he could put up his goods and chattels. To overcome this difficulty, a man named Mr. & Co. built a saw mill.

Cutler Arnold took possession of the Rabbit Creek House.
1854, owing, 1854, the rapidly. More in the spring and build previous to Tregaskis built store, a butcher dwelling house; longs," a block; a house; Da.; Everts, Davis Bigby & Co., a side of Rabbit Co., an express session of the number.

as that occurred of a (name unknown) to discharge of The small box ok away a number.

M. D. Harlow in the vicinity circumstances of town, and we will brief allusion to the house of died man. The saw-logs, south 11th of October. Missing in the place, lying beneath a butternut in five was sent with noted Tregaskis appearing to pay creation, and apprehended a murderer, gave the alarm, to the scene of night's corpse lay; Now had, in the age. In about a arrested at San Francisco, taken to Downieville and tried in the 14th Judicial District, before Judge Sears; H. B. Cassitt, district attorney, for the prosecution; W. S. Spear and R. H. Taylor, for the defense. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree, sentenced, and hung on the 18th of April, 1855.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1855.

The town continued to improve in the year 1855. Quite a number of good buildings were erected: Madame Cayote built the Hôtel de France; Murray, the Kitt's Hotel, (now called the Union); Jacob Peters, a brewery and hotel; V. Bonn, the El Dorado saloon; Dan Dely & Co., a bowling Alley; besides various dwellings erected in different parts of the town.

Messrs. Cook, Fuller & Bell, and Loeb, were engaged in mercantile business.

The introduction of a still greater supply of the needful water, by the Martindale ditch, formed an occasion for rejoicing among the miners.

A meeting was held in American Hall, December 22d, for the purpose of agitating the question for the division of the county, from which period the continued efforts of the citizens have their first date. During this year, a never to be forgotten event occurred, which for a time cast a gloom over the State, from which it did not soon recover; we allude to the failure of Adams & Co. About the time the news of the failure came to this town, Mr. F. D. Everts, then agent for Adams & Co., received instructions to forward all specie to the principal office at San Francisco. Many miners, merchants, and others, who had made deposits, called on Mr. E., and were promptly paid, as long as a dollar remained in the office. He preferred paying the money to the honest, but too confidential depositer, to giving it to the unscrupulous, and we may add, dishonest bankers. This act of honesty on the part of Mr. Everts is well worth recording, and adds another proof to the many that our community is not destitute of men who possess integrity.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1856.

In 1856, Fuller & Buell erected their fire-proof brick store—this was the first brick building built in Sierra county. The same season H. C. Brown finished his brick store, and the same year sold goods in it.

John Conly opened a banking house, for the purpose of buying gold dust and doing a general banking business.

A man named John J. Roosch, (a soda water pedler, from the valley,) committed suicide at Kitt's Hotel, May 18th, by taking laudanum. He had been in a state of despondency for some time, and finding himself a prey to dissipation and gambling, and not having the moral strength to conquer these deams, he concluded to launch his frail life bark in the untried waters of death. Roosch left a wife and children in the Atlantic States.

On the 3rd of October, C. Stockman, better known as "Comish," was killed by a man named Betts, at the "Pontoon," a house of ill-fame, situated in the upper part of the town. Betts and one of the female occupants of the house were in a sleeping apartment together, when Comish knocked at the door and demanded admittance, and upon being refused he broke open the door. Some words were exchanged, whereupon Betts shot him. Immediately after the killing of Comish, Betts made his escape to Salt Lake, where he remained for several months, during which time he held an office under the Government. He afterwards returned to this State, was arrested in Grassville, taken to Gibsouville, in this county, where he was tried and acquit-
claims were opened, several main and branch tunnels were run, and the diggings yielded a much larger amount of gold than had been taken out at any former season. Notwithstanding the depressed financial state of affairs which existed in many of the mining towns of this State, caused by the heavy failures the year previous, La Porte, or as it was then called, Rabbit Creek, felt but slightly the shock which had almost paralyzed many of its sister towns.

**Events in the Year 1857.**

In 1857, the people, having a dislike to the name by which the town was called, held a meeting, and resolved to substitute La Porte for Rabbit Creek. Accordingly on the 16th of October, the name was changed, and in the language of Moore (slightly altered):

What was Rabbit then, is La Porte now.

On the 5th of April, a murder and suicide was committed, the particulars of which are still familiar to many citizens. A man named Harry Yates, an individual of rather intemperate habits, lived on the creek, and was deeply in love with a young lady named Bliss Caroline Young. His demonstrations of love were not cordially received by the young woman, and being of desperate character, he resolved to either win her affections, or kill her. He went to the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Anderson, and immediately after his arrival, he went into a room where the girl was. He asked her to marry him, and upon being refused, drew a pistol and fired, killing her instantly. He then shot himself through the neck, lay down by the side of the murdered girl, and finding that his first attempt at self-murder had not proved effectual, he arose, put his revolver on a table, took a deringer, placed it to his head, and ended the tragedy by blowing out his brains.

**Events in the Year 1858.**

The year 1858 was a prosperous one. The water season was as lengthy as usual, better facilities were afforded for mining than had been at any former season, and notwithstanding the Fraser river stampede, La Porte was in a healthy financial condition. Many valuable claims were opened, which though scarcely prospected, last season, amply remunerated the owners for their labors. The town rapidly improved; many valuable buildings—among others, the first-proof banking house erected by John Conly—were put up. Prominent in the improvement line, was the project—talked of years ago, but never carried out till last summer—by which the town was to be amply supplied with water. The water is brought from a spring, which is one mile from Everts, Wilson & Co.'s Express office, through logs which are laid below the surface. The spring is 75 or 80 feet above the level of the town, never freezing, and not excelled for its purity and coldness. All the stores, and nearly all the family dwellings in the place are supplied by water which is conveyed to the buildings by hydrants. To the energy of B. W. Burns our citizens are indebted for this improvement.

**Mountains Messenger.**—In August, 1850, Myers & Head removed the Mountains Messenger printing establishment to this place, from Gibsonville, where the paper had formerly been published. It was published under this firm for two successive years, when A. L. Smith purchased Mr. Head's interest. Myers and Smith continued in partnership some four months, at the expiration of which time Mr. M. became sole proprietor, and continued as such until 1858, when Mr. Wm. Y. Head again became its publisher. Mr. H. continued its publication to the 1st of January, 1859, when A. T. Dewey was...
THE TRUE CONSERVATISM.

In the year 1858, as a prosperous one, as long as six seasons were afforded for the mining town of Frazer Porte, it was in a new dress, machine job presses and new type were added to the office, rendering it the most complete newspaper and job printing establishment in the mining towns of this State. The paper is in a prosperous condition, and steadily increasing in circulation.

Rabbit Creek Flume.—This important acquisition to the miners in Rabbit Creek was located in June, 1857, by Wm. H. Reed and J. M. Barry. Work was commenced in July, and the same season the flume was finished to the bridge, a distance of 1,000 feet. The proprietors, Messrs. Reed, Underhill, Bouron and Barry, have continued the flume to the length of 2,500 feet, with a branch flume to the East Branch a distance of 1,000 feet. The intention is to run the main flume 2,500 feet farther. Dimensions of flume: 6 feet in width (below the dam), above, 5 feet (board flume), and branch flume, 3 by 4 feet wide.

The Rabbit Creek Flume has already proved beneficial to the miners on the Creek, and when completed cannot fail to accomplish results which must add largely to the weight of La Porte. Many miners on Rabbit Creek will be ready to run tailings through the flume in the coming spring, and when it is completed there will be an opportunity to work one hundred valuable claims.

Waver Ditches.—There are now four ditches coming into this place. The Martindale ditch carries forty sluice heads of water, Feather River ditch sixty, Yanko Hill ditch twenty-five, and John C. Fall’s sixty—making a total of 150 sluice heads, all of which are used during the mining season.

The town now contains thirty-five business houses, which do an extensive business in selling goods to many of the miners and retail dealers in the adjoining mining camps. An extensive travel passes through La Porte, both in summer and winter, and during the former season a semi-daily line of stages runs to this place.

A brisk business season is expected as soon as water comes, and mining commences. Fifteen companies will be ready to work in a few weeks; and about three hundred miners will be at work on Rabbit Creek next season. Some of the most valuable claims in the mountains were opened last fall, and when worked next season, a plentiful golden yield may be looked for.

THE TRUE CONSERVATISM.

When the hurryhurry’s done,
When the battle’s lost and won,
A gain the great quadrennial revolution of the Federal Government of the United States has transpired. Again that marvel of modern times, the peaceable and bloodless change of national rulers, has taken its place among the events of history; and the unpano-

pled but weary soldiery rest from their marching and countermarch, the victo-
rions with a sweet and joyous repose, the defeated in hopeful resignation. The dead (hopes) have been decently interred; the wounded (feelings) are in a fair way to convalesce. Though the smoke of battle has scarcely had time to clear away, a stranger visiting the scene of conflict might go on his way unconscious of the events of history; and the unpano-

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doing the conservative man justice to
call him an old fogy; or even significantly
stigmatize him as a member of the "Old
Gentlemen's" party. There is, without
doubt, a germ of patriotism at the core
of conservatism; also, why is money,
time, and earnest effort so often spent in
a hopeless contest—a contest at the end
of which lie no pretty spoils, but simply
the satisfaction of having performed a
duty to his country, negative though it
be, and almost Quixotic in its aimless and
useless expenditure of energy and means.
But of what value is a power, unless it
be so directed that its influence may be
felt for good—may resist to eradicate an
evil, and build up something better in its
place. Even admitting that something
to be not the best thing, in the conserva-
tive's view, it may be a step towards the
goal desired; and, at any rate, where one
of two parties is likely to be triumphant,
the wiser course of the true lover of his
country would seem to be to make a
choice between them, rather than remain
in the isolated position of a cipher. We
know that even a cipher, by being judi-
ciously placed with other figures, may be
made to represent something, instead of
nothing. But conservatives, by standing
alone, and in the minority, (as they
generally do,) represent value no better
than an indefinite number ofiphers un-
accompanied by other figures.
"I have always been in the minority,
and suppose I always shall be," remarked
an intelligent gentleman on election day.
But what a humiliating confession is
this, when closely scanned! Think of
an American citizen having allowed six
or eight Presidential elections to pass
without ever having exercised his privi-
lege of voting, during that long period,
with sufficient discrimination to have
had a voice in the government of the
nation! As well might he, for all prac-
tical purposes, have entirely refrained
from voting.

As an example of what a different
course of action might sometimes accom-
plish, our own State, in the election
which has just transpired, is an instance.
It was, pretty generally understood, that
the contest would be a close one between
the Republicans and the Douglas Demo-
crats. The "Union" men professed to
entertain the laudable object of defeating
dissension projects, and pacifying the sec-
tional animosities which had, as they
continued, reached a crisis of danger.
Between the two parties named there
was a choice in the minds of a majority
of "Union" men, however much they
may have deprecated both. To say they
had no preference, would be absurd.
But their action, in adhering to their
favorite candidates, who stood not the
shadow of a chance of carrying the State,
was tantamount to remaining at home or
at their business posts, and not voting at
all. They practically shunted themselves
out from having a voice in the matter,
where their votes, limited though they
were, would have decidedly tended in
favor of the party of their choice. That
they had plausible reasons for the course
they pursued, there is no question; but,
from the patriotic point of view, do not
these reasons appear puerile, empty and
insufficient? The preservation and peace of
the Union, and its general prosperity, lie
possibly within the control of the pow-
ful and everywhere pervading influence
of the conservative element of our popu-
lization. This hypothesis, however, rests
upon the assumption of the judicious ex-
cercice of that influence, but as utterly
fails if that influence be not so exercised
as if it were not exercised at all. The
conservative element is confessedly
small, in proportion to the great mass;
yet, by proper management, it may al-
ways occupy the driver's seat of the
Government coach, and, holding the
reins, guide it safely along the byroad
of prosperity. Let conservatives reflect
upon this.

W.
THE JOY AND BEAUTY OF LIFE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

THOU shalt go through the world, as though it were
The dwelling place of gods. Day unto day
Shall utter speech, and night to night show knowledge.

The summer woods, through which the breezes float,
And singing birds sit warbling all the day,
Shall fill thine heart with tuneful harmonies,
Such as no'er floated through the many arch
Of earth's old, grand cathedrals, where the sound
Of mighty organs rolled their thunder tones,
Or died away in melodies, soft and sweet
As angels' whispers, at still midnight heard
By infants in their dreams. All the bright earth
Shall minister to thee, and its fulness pour
Into thy cup of joy. The clouds, that seem
The charriot path of angels, the low flowers
That smile along the desert, the old trees
Swayed by the storms of ages, rocks and brooks,
The ever heaving, ever changeless main—
All shall talk with thee; and thou shalt learn
From out their silent teachings all high thoughts,
Of grandeur and of beauty, all sweet love,
All due humility and grace of life,
All charity and wide benevolence,—
Blessing and making many rich, while, lo!
Angels shall stoop and kiss thy brow, all radiant
With such sweet joy of life.

CALIFORNIA SUNFLOWER.

[Helianthus Californicus.]

BY DR. W. KELLOGG.

THE accompanying sketch exhibits
the true characteristic features of the California Sunflower as found in this
vicinity. The outline drawing was made
by us directly from a growing specimen
brought from the other side of the bay of
San Francisco by Mr. Dunn of Oakland.

This sunflower has mostly a simple
stem—although in very rich open situa-
tions we believe it is sometimes seen with
spreading branches. It usually grows
to about four to eight feet in height,
with a loose open top of golden flowers,
radiant as little suns, blooming late in
September and October.

To us, few flowers have such an honest,
candid, open-hearted, good old home-like
countenance as the sunflower. We never
see one without wishing to press it to
our bosom—and we always stop to admire it and do homage to its virtues.

We have observed this class of plants for more than twenty years past, with a view to ascertain whether they were justly entitled to their reputation for preventing the effects of malaria, and rendering the atmosphere around them more salubrious. During many years residence in Georgia and Alabama we had better opportunities for this kind of observation than since our residence in the comparatively healthy climate of California. But we were there, as we are now, persuaded there is much truth in the observation. It is but fair, however, to note some facts which tend to mislead our judgment and militate against any hasty conclusions.

We seldom knew a rich planter cultivate a sunflower; and they were those who commonly owned the richest and more malarious districts; while the light, dry, or sandy and to some extent wooded ridges, remote from swamps, were owned by the poor or well-to-do classes who were more given to planting them, in this their more genial soil.

Doubtless if we studied the higher and more useful laws that govern the great ocean of atmospheric fluid in which we live, with as much care and skill as the keeper of an aquarium does his reservoir, we should find it equally as easy to understand and avoid any ill-balanced culture, and thus be able to supply the needed natural compensating vegetable life exactly suited to purify the air by absorbing injurious exhalations and effecting accumulations consequent upon stagnation and excess; and also counteract the baleful influences by balsamic and etherial exhalations in such abundance as to supply the brain and nervous system with its appropriate panacea and consequent vital force—sufficient at least to counteract the temporary tendency and preserve a general state of healthy equilibrium.

The time is drawing nigh, we would fail hope, when we shall need the physician less, because we are more willing to search out and submit to the divine laws of Nature. Those who may be skeptical on these points, and too ready to dismiss the subject without investigating for themselves, would do well to consider: that with regard to this plant, it is one of the most remarkably absorbing and exhaling properties. The perpiration of the sun-flower is seventeen times greater than the human body, and its exhalations are peculiarly balsamic and healing in mucous irritations.

To dwell on the powerful, although often insensible nature of the resinous, oleaginous, inflammable and electrical, besides numerous other qualities of these vegetable exhalations, would be to extend our remarks to a volume, instead of a short notice; we hope enough has been suggested to induce observers to entertain the subject, so far at least, as may be useful for investigation.

This plant appears to be an intermediate form between H. Californium (D. C.) and H. Californica (Nutt.) which are distinct species in T. & G.'s flora. In Nuttall's description, his plant has leaves "narrowly lance-linear" or "4 to 6 inches long" and only "2 to 5 lines wide." H. Naturita of T. & G. In De Candolle's description the leaves are "entire"—ours it will be observed, are slightly serrate—the cup-scales of the involucre are spoken of as "rigid" and a "little longer than the disk" and "not effilicate," in which respect it also differs. Notwithstanding these discrepancies, we believe this is the plant alluded to—at least with the facilities here offered the scientific reader will be better enabled to form an opinion.

It would be gratifying to us to receive specimens from other localities with which to compare this plant.

Technical description—stem smooth, leaves broadly-lanceolate, entire or cut-
need the phrase more willing is to the divine
who may be need too ready haste investigate do well to come
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venteen times body, and its huismate and cas
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stem smooth,
entire or cro
nate-acute, stronglytripinnervetowards
the base, feathery veined, tapering into a
short winged petirole, ciliato, apex elong-
gated acuminate, slightly sebaceous.
Branch leaves mostly opposite. Irrotu-
cellate scales ovate, ciliato, 3-nerved at the
base, apex acuminate long-linear, square-
rose 2 or 3 times the length of disk, uncu-
qual. Rays lappet of two broadly
subulate awn, columnia smooth and shin-
ing anthers of disk color dark brown or
black, florets nerved, 5-teethed, sebaceous
externally.niest of receptacle cone en-
tire short villous above.

THE HEROINE OF THE RHINE.

"I have a thousand spirits in my breast."—Shak.

At the foot of the Vosges mountains,
in that part of the Kingdom of Ba-
varia which lies on the western banks of
the Rhine, stands the old romantic town
of Zweibruecken. In one of its oldest
mansions, thirty years ago, lived Jacob
Ambos, a rich wine merchant, his wife,
and five children. Of these, Henri was
the oldest, and a year younger than
himself was Bettii, or, as the neighbors
used to call her, the "Fair Fawn of
Zweibruecken." Her figure was small;
her eyes dark, and full of frank earnest
expression; her firm, close set mouth bet-
rayed resolution and decision; and her
fair high forehead shone gracefully
through the bands of plaited hair which
she wore fastened to the tap of the head,
after the fashion of the German peasant
girls. She loved her brother Henri more
than any other living, and thought of him,
by far, the wisest, the bravest and the
best of all the fair youths of Zweibruecken.
And dearly did Henri Ambos prize his
sister's love. They had spent all their
happy childhood together; together
roamed the fields, gathering blue-bolls
and little pinks which grew so luxuri-
antly among the broad pasture lands of
the Rhine; together they climbed the
hills covered with old vine-clad ruins,
which impart such picturesque beauty to
the scenery of Germany, and fed their
flocks of white and brown goats, and
watched them as they screamed on the
castle-crowned cliffs at the foot of the
Vosges mountains.

An old stork had built a nest for its
young in the roof of their father's dwell-
ing; old Jacob Ambos said it was the
same that built there when he was a boy,
full forty years before. Be that as it
may, the children never disturbed them.
"Do not molest them," their father would
say. "Where the storks build their
nests God sends a blessing"—for such is
the old German proverb.

Happy days, these, for Henri and Bet-
ti Ambos! They did not dream of the
changes that time would soon bring—
that scatters families and separates
brothers and sisters from each other, and
lays our parents in the dust.

When Henri was nineteen years old,
he was sent to the University of Berlin,
in Bavaria, to learn a profession, and
Bettii was left alone with her father and
mother who were now getting to be old.
Much did she miss her brother, who had
been her only companion; and she used
to watch and listen for hours, for the
wheels of the coach that was to bring him
home to spend his vacations with her.
But, when he came, and she saw him
grown up a noble and very learned and
wise man, then was Bettii's heart happy—
happier than when they played together
among the cliffs of Zweibruecken; and
we must forgive her if she looked with a
feeling of pride on her high minded, no-
table spirited brother.

After a few years Henri finished his
studies at the University, and one of the
Princes of the north of Germany chose
him for his private secretary. With him
he traveled over many of the Kingdoms
of Europe, and afterwards became pro-
Fessor in the University at Riga. Here
he fell ill and died, not of
bade the her to fall into

She told them, "I love Ambos's daugh-
ter which are pre-
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he fell in love with the daughter of a rich Jewish merchant, but, as he was not of the Hebrew faith, her father forbade their union, and Henri persuaded her to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Siberia, and there become his wife. She consented to do so, and one night they fled; but her father pursued them and took his daughter home, and Henri Ambos was accused of stealing the daughter of the rich Jewish merchant, which, in that country, where the Jews are protected by law, is considered a capital crime. He denied the charge, and said that she had followed him voluntarily, and to become his wife. "Call her," he said; "she will answer for herself." Pale and trembling she came in to court, with her father beside her, and when the judge asked her "if it was by her own will she had fled with Henri Ambos," she answered in a faint voice: "No!" "Did she resist the robbers?" "Yes!" "Was she a Christian?" "No!" "Did she regard Henri Ambos as her affianced husband?" "No!" Henri Ambos sprang to his foot on hearing this falsehood; "Darest thou say this," he asked, "in the face of man and of God? Darest thou say it to thy afflicted husband?" She was qualified—she could not speak. "A curse upon thee!" he said, "for thou hast perjured thy soul!"—and seizing a knife he endeavoured to throw it at her, and then to strike it into his own heart. But it was wrested from him, and he was committed to prison.

A few weeks after he was sentenced to spend the remainder of his life, an exile among the wilds of Siberia. He was conveyed to the fortress of Baraniski, in Siberia, where he was loaded with irons, and made to work, breaking stones, chained to the vibras of criminals.

Poor Henri Ambos! When she heard of it she went almost distracted. "I will see him," she said. "I will go to the Emperor at St. Petersburg! I will throw myself at his feet! I will plead till I die! but I will save Henri, my poor, wronged, and innocent brother. Do not stop me, mother," she said; do not look at me as if you thought me mad; but I love Henri, my dear good brother, the companion of my youth and the blé of my heart. Oh, mother, bless me, and let me go!"

Her mother approached her, and laying her hands on her daughter's head, said, "Go, my daughter, and may God touch the Emperor's heart, that he may restore Henri to us once again! The blessing of the mighty One be with thee! Go, my daughter!"

And so the next day Buttl Ambos departed with her mother's blessing resting upon her. "It was that which made me so strong," she said. I feared not kings or emperors. With my mother's blessing resting upon me I could have gone to the ends of the earth."

She arrived at Riga, on the road to St. Petersburg. Here she obtained the proofs of her brother's innocence and unfair trial, and with the necessary papers, she started for St. Petersburg. When she arrived there a good friend drew up a petition, and with great difficulty she gained access to one of the Ministers of the Court, and begged him to present it to the Emperor. But the mean-hearted official treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on his knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and indulged brutality.

"Your brother was a neuanus sujus; he ought not to be pardoned; and, if I were Emperor, I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervor, "I call God to witness that my brother was innocent, and I thank
God that you are not the Emperor, for I can still hope." The Minister, in a rage, said, "Do you dare speak to me thus? Do you know who I am?"

"You," she replied, "you are his Excellence the Minister C——, but what of that? You are a cruel man; but I put my trust in God and the Emperor!" and then, said she, "I left him without even a curtsey, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily.

What was now to be done? For six long weeks did this brave girl try to find some friend to present her case to the Emperor, but all refused. At length God, who never deserts his children, raised her up a powerful friend, indeed. It was a very rich Countess, who had heard her story, and invited her to her residence in the city.

"I pity you, Betfi Ambos," she said; "therefore I went for you. I love you for your perseverance, which nothing can conquer, and I reverence your love for your brother. I will do for you all I can with the Emperor. But I dare not present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished from Court; but all I can do will I. I will lend you my equipage and servants; I will dress you in one of my robes, and you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain an audience under my name. When once in the presence of the Emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk this much for you, you must venture yourself to do the rest.

Betfi then threw herself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown. "You are my good angel," she said. "You have saved my brother. God will reward you for this."

This plan being arranged, on the day appointed our resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the Emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back. "I speak for-ward," said she, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming with clasped hands, "pardon, imperial majesty! pardon!"

"Who are you?" said the Emperor, astonished, "and what can I do for you?"

"I spoke more gently than any of his ministers, and overcame even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears. "May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise——; I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. Oh, pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, imperial majesty, pardon my poor brother!"

"I held out the petition and the papers, at the same time, prostrate on my knees; I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat and pressed it to my lips. The Emperor said, 'Rise, rise!' but I would not rise. I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them.

"At last the Emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying, ‘Rise, mademoiselle, I command you to rise!’ I ventured to kiss his hand, and said with tears, ‘I pray your majesty to read that paper.’"

"I will read it," he replied, "I then rose from the ground and stood watching him, while he unfolded the petition and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice, ‘Is it possible? This is dreadful!’"
When he had finished he folded up the paper, and without any observation, said to me: "Madeleine Ambos, your brother is pardoned!" The words rang in my ears, and I again shung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said—"your imperial majesty is a God upon earth. Do you indeed pardon my brother? Your min- later would never suffer me to approach you, and even yet I fear——" He said "fear nothing; you have my promise!"

He then raised me from the ground and conducted me, himself, to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not. He held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room." (To be continued.)

HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

EDMUND RANDOLPH'S ORATION BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

The early history of California, having been preserved, for the most part, in fragmentary papers, written in Spanish, and stowed away among the dusty archives of the Missions, has not been readily available to persons unfamiliar with that language; or, who were unable or unwilling to go to much trouble to find the interesting facts thus treasured up.

In 1853 E. S. Capron paid this State a flying visit, and returned with the material for a small volume; but his opportunities were small, and as a consequence his little work, historically speaking, was very meagre.

In 1855, that able editor and comprehensive volume, "The Annals of San Francisco," which, has not, we are sorry to say, as yet, received the appreciation to which its merits so justly entitle it—made its appearance, and in its first six chapters gave a general history of California, the material for which was principally collated from various published works. Mr. Randolph, on the other hand, although necessitated to draw a portion of his facts from similar sources,

This has been given to the world, entirely, in a series of pamphlets of seventy-two pages, with maps, by A. Roman, the enterprising publisher and bookseller of Montgomery street, San Francisco.

derived them mainly from the old Spanish records, thus materially increasing the historical knowledge of this portion of the world, while he rescued from decay and oblivion the substance of many precious and valuable papers.

We have heard many "Oration"s that have not been remarkable for their eloquence, point, or practical tendencies. Mr. Randolph's was not of this class. It was our good fortune, not only to be a member of the Society of California Pioneers, but to be a delighted hearer on the occasion of its delivery; and we must confess that the three hours passed in listening, was among the best and the most profitable we ever spent. To us there was not one fatiguing or tedious sentence—not a line that we could wish exchanged, and we feel a meanness stealing over us at the idea we have entertained of mutilating it by giving only an abridgment in this article; but as many of our readers may not probably see the Oration entire—we sincerely hope they will obtain it,—under the impression that "half a loaf is better than none," we appropriate the small consolation which this abridgment gives, and proceed with our abridgment:

Proem—From the imperfections of the native Present which surrounds us,
we turn for a brief space to the Past. Today we give ourselves up to memory.

And first, our thoughts are due to those who are not here assembled with us; whom we meet not on street nor highway, and welcome not again at the door of our dwellings; upon whom shines no more the sun which now gilds the hills, the plains, the waters of California; to the Pioneers who are dead. Your companions died that California might exist.

Fear not that you will honor them overmuch. But how died they, and where do they repose—the dead of the Pioneers of California?

Old men among you will recall the rugged trapper; his frame was strong; his soul courageous; his knowledge was of the Indian's trail and haunts of game; his wealth and his defense, a rifle and a horse; his bed the earth; his home the mountains. He was slain by the treacherous savage. His scalp adorned the wigwam of a chief. The wolf and the vulture in the desert fed on the body of this Pioneer. How was slain by the treacherous savage. A companion, wounded, unarmed and fleeing, wandered out through some rocky cañon and lived to recount this tale—lives, more fortunate in his declining years, to measure, perhaps, his lands by the league and to number his cattle by the thousand. And the sea too, has claimed tribute; the remorseless waves, and the terror of shipwreck, too often in those latter days have closed over the many forms of the noble Pioneer. The monsters of the deep have parted amongst them the treasures of California upon the world!

Of populous Christian countries, Upper California is among the newest. Her whole history is embraced within the lifetime of men now living. Just ninety-one years have passed since man of European origin first planted his footstep within the limits of what is now our State, with purpose of permanent inhabitation. Hence all the inhabitants of California have been but Pioneers.

Curten about the year 1537 fitted out several small vessels at his port of Zouquencapa, sailed north and to the head of the Gulf of California. It is said that his vessels were provided with everything requisite for planting a colony in the newly discovered region, and transported four hundred Spaniards and three hundred negro slaves, which he had assembled for that purpose; and that he imagined by that coast and sea to discover another New Spain. But sands and rocks and sterile mountains—perished and thorny waste—vanquished the Conqueror of Mexico. He was glad to escape with his life to the

The fallow fields divide the woods, and out of the ocean the sun. But the calm is still, and his call that last the day...
with his life, and never crossed the line which marks our southern boundary.

The viceroy Mendizabal, soon after the failure of Cortez, dispatched another expedition, by sea and land, in the same direction, but accomplished still less—and again in 1542 the same viceroy sent out Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a courageous Portuguese, with two ships to survey the outward or western coast of California. In the latitude of 32 degrees he made a cape which was called, by himself, I suppose, Capa Eguino. (Delcuti) in 33 degrees that of Isla Crucis, and that of Galera in 46°, and opposite the last he met with two large islands where they informed him that at a distance there was a nation who wore clothes; in 37 degrees and a half he had sight of some hills covered with trees, which he called San Martin, as he also the cape running into the sea, at the end of these saloons. Beyond this to 49 degrees the coast lies northeast and southwest, and about the 49th degree he saw two mountains covered with snow, and he twixt them a large cape which in honor of the viceroy he called Mendizabo. This headland, therefore according to Vencescas, was christened three hundred and eighteen years ago. Cabrillo continued his voyage to the north in midwinter, and reached the 44th degree of latitude on the 18th of March, 1543. From this point he was compelled by want of provisions and the bad condition of his ships to return, and on the 14th of April he entered the harbor of Natividad, from which he had sailed.

In 1578, at midsummer, Sir Francis Drake landed upon this coast, only a few miles northward from the Bay of San Francisco, at a bay which still bears his name. Sir Walter Raleigh had not yet sailed on his first voyage to Virginia. It will be interesting to know how things looked in this country at that time. After telling us how the natives mistook them for Gods and worshiped them and offered sacrifices to them much against their will, and how he took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth, the narrative goes on: "Our no

HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

there is no part of earth here to be taken up, whereas there is not a reasonable quantity of gold or silver." [1578]

And it would also appear that Sir Francis Drake knew nothing of Cabrillo's voyage, for he says: "It seems that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country, neither did discover the lands by many degrees to the southward of this place."

There were other expeditions to Lower California and the Western Coast, after the time of Cortez and Cabrillo, but they all proved fruitless until the Count de Monterey, Viceroy of New Spain, by order of the King, sent out Sebastian Vizcaino. He sailed from Acapulco on the 5th day of May, 1602, with two large vessels and a tender, as Captain-general of the voyage; and three bare-footed Carmelites, Father Andrew de la Asunciun, Father Antonio de la Asunciun, and Father Tomas de Agullo, also accompanied him; likewise Capt. Francisco Martin, who went as cosmographer, in order to make droughts of the countries discovered.

Sebastian Vizcaino with his fleet struggled up with immense difficulty against the same northwest wind. On the 10th of November, 1602, he entered San Diego. In Lower California he landed frequently, and made an accurate survey of the coast. Above San Diego he kept further from the shore, noting the most conspicuous landmarks. But he came through the channel of Santa Barbara, and when at anchor under one of the islands, was
visited by the King of that country, who came with a fleet of boats and earnestly pressed him to land, offering as a proof of his hospitable intentions, to furnish every one of his seamen with ten wives. Finally he anchored in the bay of Monterey, on the 10th of December, 1602. The name of Monterey was given to this port, in honor of the Viceroy. On the 17th day of December, 1602, a church tent or arbor—was erected under a large oak, close to the seaside, and Fathers Andrew de la Assumpcion and Antonio de la Ascension said mass; and so continued to do whilst the expedition remained there. Yet this was not the first Christian worship on those shores, for Drake had worshipped according to a Protestant ritual, at a place where he landed, twenty-five years before. Viscaino sent back one of his ships with the news, and with the sick; and with the other left Monterey on the 3d of January, 1603, and it was never visited more for hundred and sixty-six years.

In 1097, the Jesuits with patient art and devoted zeal, accomplished that which had defied the energy of Cortez and baffled the efforts of the Spanish monarchy, for generations afterwards. They possessed themselves of Lower California, and colonized the greater portion of that peninsula, retrospective as it was, with their missions. In 1742, Anson, the English Commodore, cruising off the western coast of Mexico, watched for the Spanish galleon, which still plied an annual trip between Acapulco and Manila, and espied her. On board was a million and a half of dollars, and a chart, on which we find that the coast of California from a little further north than Punta de los Reyes, is laid down with remarkable accuracy. We have a great indication of the coast immediately below Punta de los Reyes, a large land-locked bay with a narrow entrance, immediately off which lie seven little black spots, called Los Farallones—in short, a bay at San Francisco, but without a name.

In 1709, the history of mankind may be said to have begun upon this coast.

In 1707, the Jesuits being banished from the Spanish dominions, Lower California was transferred to the charge of another celebrated order, the Franciscans. Into this field, when it had been wrested from the Society of Jesus, the Franciscans were led by one who was born in an island of the Mediterranean, the son of humble laborers. From his infancy Father Junipero Serra was reared for the Church. He had already distinguished himself in the conversion and civilization of heathen savages in other parts of Mexico; and afterwards had preached revivals of the faith in Christian places, illustrating, as we are told, the strength of his convictions and the fervor of his zeal by demonstrations which would startle us now coming from the pulpit—such as burning his flesh with the blaze of a candle, beating himself with a chain, and bruising his breast with a stone which he carried in his hand. Further, this devout man was lamé from an inarticulate sore on his leg, contracted soon after his landing in Mexico; but he usually traveled on foot none the less. You have before you the first great Pioneer of California. 

José de Galvez, then Visitor General, a very high officer, arrived at this time in Lower California, bringing a Royal order to dispatch an expedition by sea to re-discover and people the port of Monterey, or at least that of San Diego. Father Junipero entered with enthusiasm into his task.

If we are not misinformed, Mr. Randolph will find among the old Spanish manuscripts, sufficient evidence that a devoted layman left the city of Mexico on foot and alone, to explore the Californias as a field of missionary labor, and thus opened the way for Father Junipero’s devoted labors, and was the real Pioneer. —No.
HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.
visited by the King of that country, who came with a fleet of boats and earnestly pressed him to land, offering as a proof of his hospitable intentions, to furnish every one of his seamen with ten wives. Finally he anchored in the bay of Monterey, on the 16th of December, 1602. The name of Monterey was given to this port, in honor of the Viceroy. On the 17th day of December, 1602, a church—tent or arbor—was erected under a large oak, close to the seaside, and Fathers Andrew de la Assumption and Antonio de la Ascension said mass; and so continued to do whilst the expedition remained there. Yet this was not the first Christian worship on those shores, for Drake had worshipped according to a Protestant rite, at a place where he landed, twenty-five years before. Vizcaya sent back one of his ships with the news, and with the sick; and the other left Monterey on the 3d of January, 1603, and it was never visited more for a hundred and sixty-six years.

In 1694, the Jesuits with patient art and devoted zeal, accomplished what had defied the energy of Cortez and baffled the efforts of the Spanish monarchy, for generations afterwards. They possessed themselves of Lower California, and occupied the greater portion of that peninsula, repulsive as it was, with their missions. In 1742, Anson, the English Commodore, cruised off the western coast of Mexico, watched for the Spanish galleon, which still plied an annual trip between Acapulco and Manila, and captured her. On board was a million and a half of dollars, and a chart, on which we find that the coast of Californian from a little further north than Punta de los Reys, is laid down with remarkable accuracy. We have a great indentation of the coast immediately below Punta de los Reys, a large land-locked bay with a narrow entrance, immediately off which lie seven little black spots, called Los Parishes—short, a bay at San Francisco, but without a name.

In 1769, the history of mankind may be said to have begun upon this coast. In 1767, the Jesuits being banished from the Spanish dominions, Lower California was transferred to the charge of another celebrated order, the Franciscans. Into this field, when it had been wrested from the Society of Jesus, the Franciscans were led by one who was born in an island of the Mediterranean, the son of humble laborers. From his infancy Father Junipero Serra was reared for the Church. He had already distinguished himself in the conversion and civilization of heathen savages in other parts of Mexico; and afterwards had preached revivals of the faith in Christian places, illustrating, as we are told, the strength of his convictions and the fervor of his zeal by demonstrations which would startle us now coming from the pulpit—such as burning his flesh with the blaze of a candle, beating himself with a chain, and bruising his breast with a stone which he carried in his hand. Further, this devout man was lame from an incurable sore on his leg, contracted soon after his landing in Mexico; but he usually traveled on foot none the less. You have before you the first great Pioneer of California.*

José de Galvez, then Visitor General, a very high officer, arrived at this time in Lower California, bringing a Royal order to dispatch an expedition by sea, to re-discover and people the port of Monterey, or at least that of San Diego. Father Junipero entered with enthusiasm into his project. He was fitly to fill the void at which the Church should look for another Pioneer of the Mission of Monterey, a term which is here used in a kind of the name, and the first that could be set on the lands thus opened to civilized life.

For the purposes of the voyage, a coastal or land expedition was fitted out, under the direction of Father Junipero's devoted labor, and was the real Pioneer.·—Rt.

* If we are not misinformed, Mr. Randolph will find among the old Spanish manuscripts, sufficient evidence that a devoted band of friars left the city of Mexico on foot and alone, to explore the Californias as a field of missionary labor; and thus opened the way for Father Junipero's devoted labors, and was the real Pioneer.
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into his plans. Galvez, the better to ful-

fill the wishes of his Majesty, determined

besides the expedition to sea, to send

another in search of San Diego by land,

at which point the two expeditions

should meet and make an establishment.

And he further resolved to found three

missions, one at San Diego, one at Mon-

terey, and another mid-way between

these, at San Bueno Ventuna. Galvez

ordered to be boxed up and embarked all

kinds of household and field utensils, with

the necessary iron-work for cultivating

the lands, and every species of seeds, as

well those of Old as of New Spain, with-

out forgetting the very last, such as

garden herbs, flowers and flax, the land

being he said in his opinion fertile for

everything, as it was in the same latitude

with Spain. For the same purpose, he

determined that from the frontmost north

of the old missions, the land expedition

should carry two hundred head of cows,

bulls and oxen, to stock that new coun-

dry with large cattle, in order to cultivate

the whole of it, and that in proper time

there should be no want of something to

cat. Father Junipero blessed the vessel

and the flags, Galvez made an impressive

harangue, the expedition embarked, and

the Governor tried to dissuade him

from the undertaking, but he said he

would rather die on the road, yet he had

faith that the Lord would carry him

safely through. A letter was even sent

to Galvez, but he was a kindred spirit,

and agreed with Father Junipero, who,

however, was far into the wilderness be-

fore the answer was received. On the

second day out, his pain was so great that

he could neither sit nor stand, nor sleep,

and Portal, being still unable to induce

him to return, gave orders for a litter to

be made. Hearing this, Father Junipe-

ro was greatly distressed on the score of

the Indians, who would have to carry

him. He called one of the muleteers and

addressed him, so runs the story, in these

words: "Son, don't you know some

remedy for the sore on my foot and leg?"

But the muleteer answered: "Father,

what remedy can I know? Am I a sur-

geon? I am a muleteer, and have only

cared the sore backs of beasts!" "Then

consider me a beast," said the Father,

"and this sore which has produced this

swelling of my legs, and the grievous

pains I am suffering, and that neither let

me stand nor sleep, to be a sore back,

and give me the same treatment you

would apply to a beast." The muleteer,

smiling, as did all the rest who heard

him, answered, "I will, Father, to please

you," and taking a small piece of tallow

mushed it between two stones, mixing it

with herbs, which he found growing close

by, and having heated it over the fire,

anointed the foot and leg, leaving a pla-

ster of it on the sore. God wrought in

such a manner—for so wrote Father Ju-

ipero himself from San Diego—that he

abated all that night until daybreak, and

awoke so much relieved from his pains

that he got up and said Mass and Primo

and afterwards Missa, as if he had never

suffered such an accident; and to the

astonishment of the Governor and the

troop of seeing the Father in such health.
and spirits for the journey, which was not delayed a moment on his account. Such a man was Father Junipero Serra, and so he journeyed when he went to conquer California. On the first of July, 1769, they reached San Diego, all well, in forty-six days after leaving the frontier. The first day of July, ninety-one years ago, is the first day of California. The year 1769 is our era. The obscure events that I have noticed, must yet by us be classed among its greatest occurrences, although it saw the birth of Napoléon and Wellington.

The number of souls then at San Diego should have been about two hundred and fifty, but the San Carlos had had a very hard time at sea, not reaching San Diego, which place she found with difficulty, until twenty days after the arrival of the San Antonio, which sailed five weeks later. She had, of the crew, but one sailor and the cook left alive; all the rest had died of scurvy. The first thing to be done was to found a Mission and to look for Monterey, which from Vizcaya’s time had been lost to the world.

The Mission being founded, the next thing was to attract the Indians. This was done in the simplest manner by presenting them with cloth and tools to the older ones, and bits of sugar to the young ones. At the same time they were drawn from a wandering life, collected in villages around the Mission Church, and instructed in the habits and arts of civilized life. Father Junipero began the work at San Diego on the sixteenth day of July. An unusual incident of a very unusual nature in California, attended this first essay. The Indians not being permitted to steal all the cloth they coveted, surprised the Mission when only four soldiers, the carpenter and blacksmith were present, and Father Junipero would have been murdered then at the outset, but for the muskets, leather jackets and bucklers, and mainly the valor of the blacksmith. This man had just come from the communion, to which circumstance the Fathers attributed his heroism, and although he wore no defensive armor of skins, he rushed out shouting, "Viva la fe y la muerte a los españoles," at the same time firing away at the savages.

On the fourteenth day of July, the Governor Portolá and a servant; Father Juan Crespi and Franciscom Gomez; Captain Montana, the second in command, with a sergeant and twenty-six soldiers of the leather-jackets; Lieutenant Pedro Fages and seven of his soldiers—the rest had died on the San Carlos or were left at San Diego—Don Constancio the Engineer; seven muleteers and fifteen Christian Indians, sixty-five persons in all, with a pack train carrying a large supply of provisions, set out to re-discover Monterey by land. Portolá passed Monterey without visiting it, and kept on farther toward the north, and at forty leagues distant in that direction they discovered the Port of San Francisco, which they recognized at once by the description they had of it. The Fathers considered this circumstance as providential. They remembered that when Galvez was instructing Father Junipero by what names to call the three Missions he was to found, the Father had asked him:

"But sir, is there to be no Mission for our Father St. Francis?" and that the Visitor-general had replied: "If St. Francis wants a Mission, let him show us his part, and we will put one there." And in view of the discovery, they thought that it was now clear that St. Francis did want a Mission, and had concealed Monterey from them purposely that they might go and find this Port. A question of more than historical interest, or curiosity at least, is whether, notwithstanding that Portolá knew the port from description as soon as he saw it, any other white man ever had seen it before.

The year 1769 is our era. The obscure events that I have noticed, must yet by us be classed among its greatest occurrences, although it saw the birth of Napoléon and Wellington.
HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

Fore. His latest guide was the voyage of Vizcaino, who had entered the port of San Francisco on the 12th of January, 1763, and anchored under a point of land called Punta de los Reyes, namely in the light outside the heads and north of point Bonita.

It seems to me certain that Porta I was the discoverer. And I regard it as one of the most remarkable facts in history, that others had passed it, anchored near it and actually given its name to adjacent continents, and so described its position that it was immediately known; and yet that the cloud had never been lifted which concealed the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco, and that it was at last discovered by land. [Here follows a long and interesting account of the Missions; and of the return of Portafiez and others to Mexico; which we are reluctantly obliged to omit.] When they were gone there remained only Father Junipero Serra and five priests, and the Lieutenant Pedro Fages and thirty soldiers in all California. It is impossible to imagine anything more lonely and secluded than their situation here, at the time the bells were ringing so joyfully in Mexico, on their account. Very soon, however, they began to get on good terms with the Indians, for Father Junipero was not a man to lose any time in beginning his work.

Father Junipero soon removed his Mission from Monterey to a more suitable place close by, on the river Carmelo. This was his own Mission, where he always resided when not engaged in founding or visiting other Missions, or in some other duty appertaining to his office of President of the Missions of Upper California. This high office he held for the first fifteen years of the history of California, and until his death, which occurred at his Mission of Carmel on the 28th of August, 1784. His activity and zeal in the conversion and civilization of savages are really wonderful, and strangely intelligible to us. The sight of a band of Indians filled him with as much delight as at this day a man feels at the prospect of making a fortune. He regarded them as so many souls that he was to save; and the baptism of an Indian baby filled him with transport.

The Missions of San Francisco and Santa Clara were not founded for several years after the occupation of Monterey. The wants of the new Missions of his jurisdiction induced the Reverend Father Junipero, to make a journey to Mexico to see the Viceroy in person in 1744, and come back again with a considerable number of soldiers and families in 1776.

In the meantime in anticipation of his arrival the San Carlos was sent up to examine the port of San Francisco, and ascertain whether it could be really entered by a channel or mouth which had been seen from the land. This great problem was satisfactorily solved by the San Carlos—a ship of perhaps some two hundred tons burthen at the very utmost, in the month of June 1775.

The date of the foundation of the Presidio is the 17th of September, and of the Mission, the 9th of October, 1776. And after the Presidio, and before the Mission was established, an exploration of the interior was established, as usual, by sea and land. Point San Pablo was given as the rendezvous, the prospect of making a fortune. He regarded them as so many souls that he was to save; and the baptism of an Indian baby filled him with transport.

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Their marriages were very informal, the ceremony consisting in the consent alone of the parties; and their law of divorce was equally simple, for they separated as soon as they quarreled, and joined themselves to another; the children usually following the mother. They had no other expression to signify that the marriage was dissolved than to say, "I have thrown her away," or, "I have thrown him away." And in some of their customs they seemed to have been Mormons. In their marriages, affinity was not regarded as an objection, but rather an inducement. They preferred to marry their sisters-in-law, and even their mothers-in-law; and the rule was, if a man married a woman he also married all her sisters, having many wives who lived together, without jealousy, in the same house, and treated each other's children with the same love as their own.

Father Junipero's death closes the first period of our history. It is a period, too, marked by exploits—they are of those of humble and devoted, yet heroic missionaries. And only one instance of bloodshed attended the happy course of the spiritual conquest. The vicious Indians of San Diego, on a second attempt, murdered one of the Fathers, and two or three other persons, and burned the mission, which some little time afterwards was re-established.

[Concluded next month.]

TO AMI.
It may be folly, weakness, yet I feel
A strange, wild joy, which words cannot
to the sky, men for spontaneous liberality, in
A pair of heaven-lit eyes bent down on me,
Of love and faith pure thoughts have
WHAT IS CHARITY?
BY W. W. CARPENTER.

It strikes me that there is a marked and important contrast between genuine benevolence, and that which the world designates as such. The word admirals of a very broad and extended definition. I consider its correct meaning to be an "unostentatious donation to those who are in absolute need." And I furthermore believe, that in order for it to deserve the appellation of charity, the sole prompting incentive to the presentation, should be the relief of the subject of acceptance. When the object of the giver is the laudatory heralding of his name abroad as a great public benefactor, he deserves the finger of scorn to be pointed at him. Finally, there is, there can be but one motive, in true charity—the redemption from actual want, suffering and distress, of a worthy donee. Admitting my definition of the word to be correct, where are we to look for charity to-day, with a good prospect of finding it? I am forced to confess that I know not where. The papers of the present day, are filled with matter, extolling to the skies, men for spontaneous liberality, in making large donations; but reader, had generosity been the motive, the world would never have heard of it. How usual it is to take up a daily paper and read a paragraph like the following, to wit: Mr. — one of the wealthiest men of the present generation, died last week. Upon opening his will it was ascertained that he had made the following dispositions of his immense property: For building a church of the denomination one hundred thousand dollars; for defraying the expenses of missionaries to the heathen, ditto; and so on through, with perhaps ten or fifteen similar donations, to banks and all kinds of monopolizing institutions. What was the cause of that man's making such enormous gifts to such
WHAT IS CHARITY? 274

GIFTS TO SUCH QUESTIONABLE INSTITUTIONS! IT WAS THE SCENE OF PUBLIC DISPLAY.

You, in the name of charity, he has given importance and influence to many monopolies, while true subjects of charity had perishing, in the last agonies of starvation, at his very door. Call you that charity? I think not. Not a generous thought entered his mind. Had a charitable impulse have been present, his money would have been distributed amongst the thousands of haunts of misery, suffering and starvation which hound him on every side. It would have dried up the tears of the widow, and the sobbings of the orphan. Think you that great donor will ever receive one solitary blessing from heaven, for making such a distribution of his property? I think not. But had he given his property to the obscure poor, the world would not have given him any credit for it.

Oh! what a perverted, degenerate age we live in. But had he acknowledges a higher tribunal than man; and had he a million dollars to give away to-day, I should pursue precisely an opposite course to that which is followed by the would-be philanthropists of the present age. Edward Everett and the ladies of America have toiled for years, and raised thousands upon thousands of dollars, and for what? To enable them to buy the land and rear massive works of art on the spot where the ashes of the immortal Washington repose. What supreme address! Could the spirit of that mighty patriot express its sentiments to those miserly philanthropists, it would plead in thunder tones for them to desist from their work of foolish vanity, and expend that which has already been collected, in the worthy cause of redeeming the very people from whom it was extorted. You, who have in all sincerity contributed to that cause, stop and reflect one moment, upon the pitiful superstition, for a nation claiming a high standard of intellectual excellence, apeing the aborigines, who either burn or bury, as the case may be, with the corpse, all the property that belonged to it when living, in the hope of securing a greater degree of happiness for the spirit which has escaped beyond the confines of time. Do you too, believe that the pecuniary surlicette which you make over the mortal ashes of George Washington, are requisite to the happiness of the veteran spirit, which long, long ago, broke the ties of earthly connection, and spanned the eternal space of immensity to the very gates of paradise? If not, you are not as excusable as the savage is, because he considers such superstitious proceedings essential requisite to the happiness of the spirit. Does any one believe, for instance, that Mr. Everett would have traveled and lectured three or four years, at his own expense, and at the expiration of that time invested the whole proceeds thereof in clothing and feeding the poor amongst the many miserable haunts of destitution with which the Union abounds? Let us reflect upon these things, and forget not our poor brethren around us, who need our help; or if we do the one, let us not neglect the other.

THE AMIENTO, OR ASBESTOS.

DURING a short visit among the wild and beautifully picturesque scenes of north-western Mexico, a short time ago, we had the good fortune to become acquainted with Dr. Nuñez de Tepic,—a gentleman of extensive acquirements and devoted research into the wonderful and curious in nature,—to whom we were indebted for much information concerning the exhaustless resources of that politically unfortunate country. One of the facts he so kindly communicated, was the existence, near Collins, of a large hill composed of Asbestos.

This mineral, as most of our readers
know, is capable of being divided into fine threads, and woven into cloth; and is thoroughly indestructible by fire. The Greek ladies used to wear skirts made of asbestos, and when soiled wore them white and clean. In order to enlist the attention of ingenious young men to this subject, we give the following description of it by M. J. Girardin of Paris, and which was translated for this Magazine by Mr. P. Hale of Tope.

We embrace the opportunity of saying a few words about one of the most remarkable substances that now engages our attention in the mineral kingdom, the Amianto or Asbestos, of which Ahlini made one of the essential parts of his preserving apparatus.

This substance which is found in certain primitive rocks in small hillocks, possesses such singular properties that the ancients, seduced by a love for the marvelous, have enriched its history by a multitude of stories that have been preserved to our day. Its fibrous texture, its gloss, analogous to that of silk, the facility with which it can be separated into very fine filaments, flexible and elastic, so that it assimilates to linen or silk; in line, its immutability and incombustibility by fire, caused the ancients to believe it to be a kind of incombustible flax grown in India. This opinion sustained by Pliny, who assures us that its propriety of resisting fire is owing to the dry hot climate in which it grows, has prevailed until some chemists examined those pretended vegetable fibres, and ascertained that the amianto is a mineral composed of many oxides of metals: lime, magnesia, alumina, in combination with an acid that in our day is called Silica acid.

This mineral, which is very scarce, is found in the Upper Alps, in the Pyrenees, and in that part of Savoy called "Tarentaise." From this last country above all comes the amianto whose fibres are the longest and most pliable.

The ancients spun the amianto, which they wore into table-cloths, towels, coifs, and from whence they drew them forth whiter than if washed, as the fire destroys all foreign matter and by no means attacks the amianto cloth. The word amianto signifies a thing that cannot be stained. The Greeks and Romans who burned their dead, manufactured shrouds or winding-sheets of this in which they wrapped the bodies of their Kings, so as to collect their ashes intact. In Rome near the Nerva gate, in 702, there was found a funeral urn which contained a skull, burnt bones and ashes in a piece of amianto cloth of 2 metres long, and over 1½ metres broad. [A metre is about 3 ft. 3 in. and ¾ of an inch in length.] This precious relic was seen in other times in the Vatican.

The incombustible wicks of the ancients were composed of amianto, which, according to some authors, burned in oil, without being consumed. Such is the origin of the perpetual lamp. The name of Asbesto, which signifies inextinguishable, appears to have been given to this stone on account of its use. Aldrovando, a Bulonian naturalist, in the sixteenth century certified that he could convert it into oil, which would burn forever. When the filaments of this substance are long enough, and at the same time smooth and pliable, they are easily woven, especially when mixed with cotton or holl. When taken from the loom the cloth is thrown into the fire to burn the vegetable fibres, the amianto cloth alone remaining untouched by its contact with the fire. Some twenty years ago the Italians manufactured very fine amianto cloth, and even lace. They also manufactured paste-board and paper from the same substance. Madame Perpenti, now, priestess through the Kircher into the which the Sage, the of similar entire we the Pyrenees visited the Nervaness, glove advancing mineral part had substance vantagially in a.

The Ars of 600 perfect success. Such, the arts have given and fibres.

Fall.

The ge which north, the large Calvary Cabin, and five feet in a buried hollow some a washing chronicle of the
Perpadi, who commenced this industry, snow, presented some years since to the Institute of France, a work printed throughout on amianto paper. Father Kircher speaks of amianto paper thrown into the fire to blot the writing, and on which they wrote snow. According to Sugo, they manufacture in China, sheets of similar paper 6 metres long, and also entire webs of cloth. The inhabitants of the Pyrenees manufacture purses and garters which they sell to the curious who visit their mountains. In Siberia, in Norwinsky, they also manufacture purses, gloves, &c. Amianto paper could be advantageously used for deeds, &c. If a mineral ink were used, that without alteration could bear the action of a river. The pasteboard made of this substance, although fragile, could be advantageously used in many things, especially in decorating theatres.

The society for the encouragement of the Arts at Paris, has offered a premium of 500 francs to any person who will perfect the weaving of amianto, since Aldini has applied himself with so much success to the preservation of the firemen.

Such is the history of this curious mineral, the nature and properties of which have given a margin to so many strange and fabulous stories during entire centuries.

FALL OF ONE OF THE MAMMOTH TREES.—

The gala of the nineteenth November, which swept across this State from the northeasterly, with such fury, prostrated one of the largest of the mammoth trees in the Calaveras Grove, known as the “Minor’s Cabin.” This tree was three hundred and five feet in altitude, and ninety-one feet in circumference. It was very much burned at the base, so that there was a hollow large enough comfortably to seat some twenty persons. Here was its weakness, and the cause of its fall. We chronicle the fate of this noble monarch of the forest, with deep regret.
The joy and love vouchsafed me in that boon, 
All quicken'd at that morning's song high; 
Wild music, sweet, thought's come with it--
Deep thoughts, and grief I cannot all relish.

V.

For the true joy, the gladness, as of life, 
Is not to see, beloved walls; 
We see him clearly with our inner eye. 
Perpetual now or venous in the smile, 
That upward, tender, bles's the better life. 
Bright beam of promise, as we know it here; 
Bright beam of promise, in the upper sphere.
Always remembered in the pneumanae, 
Where're spirits bright hope, from also the blear we 
grieve; 

Pleasure and faith from e'en the saddest that be.

VI.

The Chief of the Forest and the little Father, 
Quothed of one around this little house;
Of one whose words were in the heart; 
Together went their spirits to immortal birth; 
Together crossed they ever, hand in hand, 
From earth world up to the Better Land; 
The tender bedding, and the great old man, 
Crossed the great apal: of knowledge with. 
The love that bound them and that young, 
Will last with yet the heavenly wisdom be sure. 
Thus, the two paths sometimes, never, never, 
Weth and strength in my, "They will be done!" 
Without catch such glories of the sweet ways. 
And feel the drawings of the nuptial chere, 
And guess the meaning of the charmed words, 
The Lord appiied to bring me to his garden. 
Forgiven, I, Lord, in our, still for the rain. 
The shepherd's hand, and bring me in the sunshine, 
Blessed.

VII.

Shade on bright Cyphotis, let thy quiver go, 
From thine silver or thy golden bow. 
Teaching constant, with thy young king eyed; 
How the time--how the hour of--of--of 
Yet through our Healer's love may come again, 
As constant love, and all the heavenly urn, 
Brighter for the chere, froth and the worm. 

WM. CARY JOHNS. 
Cinema, Washington, 1st April, 1852.

* * *

This is a vouchsafed boon, and of the family should have died within a few hours of each other, under the same roof. An idiot, grandson of Col. Hascom, the eldest of Mrs. Win. Cary Jones, died in the house of his grandfather yesterday morning, and the grandson and the granddaughter, in the same house by the same hand. The remains of both will be placed in the vault here this afternoon, on their way to St. Louis, for interment."—Defended Saturday, April 12th, 1856.

LIFE AMONG THE CANIBSALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

HAVING repaired to my usual station, on the summit of the mountain, I scanned the horizon eagerly for a sail, not knowing what moment one might "leave in sight." Meeting with no success, I turned to my companion, who in this instance was a boy prince, about 14 years of age, and of beautiful features and proportions, saying to him "Menfolk, lady," which being interpreted—would be welcome a ship, or a ship would be welcome, when he relaid, "Nonna" or "No to me." The forenoon was passed in mutual improvement in learning the language of each other; and at about noon, the King, and Chief, with two young princes, and the Queen and Princess, came up with some, some young green coconuts, and shark, and we all took a hearty meal, and after passing the omnipresent pipe, all retired to the hut to sleep, except myself, and my companion, who stuck to me with the tenacity of a leech. Being somewhat wearied with continual long sittings, I prevailed upon the prince to take a walk with me, and just as we proceeded towards a deep ravine, at a short distance from us, I glanced my eye round, and to my joy saw what I most earnestly hoped might be a ship. It was but a mere speck as yet, but I felt almost certain that deliverance was at hand, and at once began to consider the feasibility of certain means for my escape. Several canoes lay hauled up on the beach about a mile from us, and as I caught sight of them, my plans were immediately formed. My demeanor was nothing changed, for it was part of my plan to appear totally unconcerned and not seem to have seen anything. I succeeded admirably, and occasionally stole a look towards now increased a size.

Having seen this, and slowly, sail, to command no damo, and having we shoved off. As a as and company, I an a few minutes, so that I leave being and with me I met in a considerable moment, got out about with a sign to go back, and by the shore, and yet the money, and from him, I went to the loud about, and I saw from we leaving the one sees that day up, and, missing in they instantise us immediately, and the two boats.

Our relation to the is new, and N. N. E., among two miles from the canoons about, N. N. E., and My only other been seen in which by off two points ever that this was the course was running ste
stole a look towards the speck, which now increased in size rapidly.

Having many times previously been out, willing in a canoe with some of the natives, for pleasure, I gradually, and without any suspicion, enticed the prince down to the beach, saying I was going to take a sail, to sound him; but he made no demur, and having entered the canoe, we shoved off. As the canoe was small and clumsy, and I was encountered with a few articles which I valued too highly to leave behind, and which I always carried with me in a bag, in case of an emergency of this kind, our progress was considerably retarded. When we had got out about a mile and a half, he made a sign to go back, and with considerable trepidation uttered “Lolo lohii, va lolo meaka vii; tore” which means—a ship, a ship, pull, go back shore soon; now. But I turned upon him suddenly and by threatening motions made him sit still, and having taken the paddle from him, I propelled the canoe vigorously towards the beach, whoa I heard a loud shout, and looking towards the shore, I saw from twenty to thirty canoes just leaving the beach in pursuit of us, for it seems that they had discovered the ship, and missing the young prince and me, they instituted a search, but not finding us immediately, they rushed to the beach, and thus became aware of our whereabout.

Our relative positions at this moment, I took in at a hasty glance: the ship was two miles from me to the S. W., and the canoes about two and a half miles due N. E., and between me and the shore. My only chance of escape was by being seen by some one on board the ship, in which case, she would be kept off two points, which would soon materially lessen our distance. Happily this was the result, for I saw that her course was altered, and that she was running straight for me. Meanwhile, the canoes came up with great rapidity, and gained upon me fearfully. When the ship was about half a mile from me, I observed a great commotion on board, and presently she “launched up” to the wind, hauled about the maintop-sail, and the next moment, down came two boats well manned, and pulled quickly towards me. As one of them ran up alongside the canoe, I jumped into it, and told the men to pull for their lives, at the same time giving them a brief and hasty outline of my adventures. The canoes were now within speaking distance, but our boats distanced them, and in a few minutes, I stood upon the deck of the ship, happy and free. The canoes surrounded the vessel, and the natives made some angry demonstrations, but the Captain very ostentatiously displayed his whole ship's crew, armed with harpoons, cutting spades, hand-spikes, bill-hooks and old muskets, which had the effect of making them more peacefully inclined.

A large canoe was now observed, just leaving the beach, and viewing it with a glass, I soon informed the Captain that he was about to be honored with a visit from the King, Queen, and the Princess my intended spouse; and, while waiting patiently for their arrival, I informed the Captain how matters stood, entreatinng him not to deliver me up to them. He handed me over to his wife, who took me down into the cabin, gave me a suit of her apparel put a wig on my head, she took off my spectacles; and when the King and the others came on deck, I was sitting at a table very composedly, playing a game of chess with her. My transformation was so complete that they were baffled for a time, but the lynx-eyed princess soon penetrated my disguise, and eagerly rushed towards me, but the mate caught her, and I escaped to the lower cabin. She did in reality love me (which admission is perhaps taking too much credit to myself) and I was
Sir Francis Drake.

By J. H. S.

The Illustrated London News of the 9th of February, 1856, is furnished with engravings of two highly interesting mementos of this celebrated California Hero, of which the following account is given by a correspondent of that journal.

"At Nutwell Court, near the city of Exeter, are presented several mementos of the great circumnavigator Drake; and amongst them, unquestionably the most precious are the two jewels represented in the engravings, which, as tradition says, were given to Drake by Queen Elizabeth, on his return from the voyage round the world.

"The smaller jewel, in form of a sun or star, has rubies set in the rays, and diamonds and opals in the border round the inner portion; engraved in this, in intaglio, is an orb, emblematical of sovereignty, and round the ruby are several fine opals.

"The larger jewel is a most exquisite specimen of goldsmith's skill; it is richly enameled in red, yellow, blue and green, and has a few diamonds and rubies introduced in the border. The centre is composed of a very fine cameo, cut in onyx, believed to have been given by Valerio Vin- cuntino—a most celebrated engraver of precious stones, and of whose works Pol- lution says, that if his designs were equal to his execution, he might be compared with the ancients. The subject of this cameo is a representation of two heads—one of negro character, and the other a beautiful female face—typical doubtless of Europe and Africa. At the back of the jewel in the centre, is an exquisite miniature of Queen Elizabeth in all her glory of ruff and necklace, painted by Nicholas Hilliard, and bearing date anno Dom. 1575, Regni 20. Hilliard was much pained at her apparently real sorrow, of which she made very loud demonstrations. A long parley ensued, but as the Captain was firm, they were obliged to be contented with trading a few articles, and then they retired, uttering loud grunts of dissatisfaction. Before the King left, the Captain made several attempts to induce him to sell my chest; and clothing which I wore on shore, but to no purpose. The crow, being unacquainted with my almost destitute condition, very kindly contributed each one some article of clothing, so that I was now suddenly rendered comparatively comfortable. The Captain and officers, not to be behind the crow in liberality, each presented me with some very useful and necessary appurtenances, and contrary to the usual custom, I was given the freedom of the ship. Some of these generous hearted tars wept, as I related many of my adventures among the Cannibals, and they were never wearied with hearing them. I found the vessel to be the bark S—N—, of N—II—, Captain R. II—, and learned that she was bound on a cruise down the line, for sperm whales, and thence to the Sandwich Islands. The names of the ship, Captain, officers and crew, together with that of the vessel I left, will be made known on the publication of "The White Cannibal."

Our voyage was not very successful, and we arrived after a few weeks cruising, at Lahaina, Sandwich Islands. Here ends the sketches of "Lif in the Cannibals.

Irrified Antlers.—A gentleman left at the Summer Democrat off a portion of the antlers of an elk, which was found in digging a well, fifteen feet below the surface, and below two layers of sand rock, each one foot in thickness. The full pair of antlers were found, but could not be taken out whole.

Hutchings' California Magazine.
of the King of the Rancherias of Indians for his mistress Queen Bess, snuffed native tobacco with the Californians, and took possession of the country, which he termed New Albion. This name it retained on most maps and charts, American and European (excepting Spanish), until those made after the 7th day of July, 1580.

Before his departure, Drake erected on the shores of the Bay which still retains his name, a pillar bearing an inscription commemorating the first of this cession of sovereignty. He arrived in England by the way of the Cape of Good Hope on the 26th of September, 1580, after an absence of 1014 days, and was received by the Queen and Court of England with every demonstration of honor and respect.

Elizabeth visited him on board of his California ship, the "Golden Hind," invested him Knight, and took him into great favor, which irritated the ambassador of Phillip, King of Spain, her brother-in-law to such a degree, as to be one of the moving causes of the fitting out of the celebrated Armada, a short time afterwards, which Drake by his skill and valor helped so materially to destroy and exterminate.

This California discovery ship, the Golden Hind, was afterwards broken up, and a chair made from its old timbers was presented to the University of Oxford, as stated by the Elizabethan chroniclers.

After the Armada, Drake continued to serve his country faithfully until the time of his death, which occurred about 1600, or thereabout, on the Spanish main near Carthaginam.

Sir Francis Drake.
ORS were inherited by his nephew, whose descendants still represent in British aristocracy, the California Admiral of maritime antiquity.

Drake was contemporary with the greatest men of the age, and as time has proved, even of the world. He lived in the epoch of William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon; of Edmund Spencer, and of Captain John Smith, that noble and chivalrous American Englishman who founded Virginia—also of the gallant Irishman and cordial-hearted cavalier, the ever to be lamented and remembered Sir Walter Raleigh—of the old sea chroniclers Heye and Purchas, whose works are mines of curious lore and instruction; and of the California navigator, Sebastian Viseaino.

But the greatest of all those was he, who galloped sway over the world by the simple magic of the pen, unfolding the hidden mysteries of man's heart, and the overflowing beauties of nature to the present and to the future generations of Earth's children. His fame was as fresh, as flowery, as verdant, as mellow and mature then in 1600, as it is now in 1860.

A very pleasant and recently written description of Sir Francis Drake's Bay may be found in the Annals of San Francisco, 1856. The Tamales tribe of Indians, a remnant of which still inhabit the Punta los Reyes country, are thought to be the same indians who received Drake with such hospitality and good will in 1579. One of our old pioneer friends, who lived thereabouts from 1833 to 1838, informs us that their habits, dress and customs, assimilate very faithfully to the accounts of them given by the Admiral two hundred odd years ago. They still gather the wild tobacco, and smoke it after their wild Gipsy fashion. We have never heard of any account of the inscribed pillar built by Drake at the site of his California anchorage. Some remains of it may be found even yet in existence.

An English resident of California, who lived for many years in the city of Oxford, England, states to us, that Drake's chair, made from the Golden Hind, is still preserved in the public halls of the aforementioned Bodleian Library, and that he has many times sat in it. Suspended over this California memorial, is some original Government paper relating to the decapitation of King Charles the First. The old library spoken of is one of the most extensive and valuable in the world.

The aforementioned Journal of February and March, 1856, says, there is an old tumble-down house in the town of Saint Aubins, Jersey, in which the islanders maintain Sir Francis Drake was born and spent his childhood. The story goes on to say, that the great navigator's name was originally Francois Malliard, "the squire for Drake in Jersey," but that when he became a great man he converted it into Francis Drake. The said house is still inhabited by a family of Malliards who pretend to be descended from a brother of Sir Francis. Can any reader inform me where he (Sir Francis Drake) was born, and consequently whether my native isle has the honor of having been the birthplace of such a famed one in England's history?

Celia Young, Jersey.
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

The monument of Sir Francis Drake is in the parish church of Musbury. The same Journal in June 1856 contains the following on the Astrolabe of Sir Francis Drake in Greenwich Hospital, and on some other matters pertaining to the great Admiral of England and California. Among the many relics of England’s naval heroes enshrined in that stately and appropriate repository, Greenwich Hospital, a noble building dedicated to a nobler purpose—few are more interesting, few attract more attention, than the Astrolabe or instrument for taking the altitude of the sun or stars, once belonging to the famous Drake. This instrument, constructed for Sir Francis who as Captain Drake, prior to his first expedition to the West Indies in 1570, and subsequently preserved in a cabinet of antiquities belonging to the Stanhope family, was presented in 1783 by the honourable Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, on his quitting England as ambassador to the Court of Spain, to the Hon. Francis Bigsby, A. M., of Stanton manor, Derbyshire, who had in the preceding year married the Hon. Francis Stanhope’s widow, his Lordship’s stepmother. In 1812, that gentleman having captured a large blood vessel, in anticipation of approaching death gave it as a token of affection to his younger brother Robert Bigsby, Esq., of Idon Hall house, Nottinghamshire, the father of whom had the honor of presenting it to King William IV; by whom it was bestowed on the Royal Hospital of Greenwich.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—A statue of Sir Francis Drake has been presented to the town of Offenburg by Herr Andreas Friedrich, an eminent sculptor of Strasbourg. It is executed in fine-grained red sandstone, nine feet high, and is erected on a handsome pedestal of semi-stone, fourteen feet high, in one of the best situations of the town. Drake is represented standing on his ship at Deptford, on the 4th of April, 1587, having just received knighthood at the hands of Queen Elizabeth. He holds in his right hand a map of America, and in his left a bundle of potato stalks, with the roots, leaves, flowers, and berries attached. His arm leans on an anchor, over which a mantle falls in ample folds. On each side of the pedestal are inscriptions, the first being, “Sir Francis Drake, the introducer of potatoes into Europe, in the year of our Lord 1587;” the second, “The thanks of the town of Offenburg to Andreas Friedrich of Strasbourg, the executor and founder of the statue;” the third, “The blessings of millions of men who cultivate the globe of the earth, is thy most imperishable glory;” and the fourth, “The precious gift of God, as the help of the poor against need, prevent want.” The citizens of Offenburg have presented the artist with a silver goblet, on the lid of which stands a model, in the same metal, of the statue of Drake.

It seems, from the following newspaper articles of 1858, that the hereditary estates of Drake are in want of an heir.

The Rev. Charles Drake, of this State, has gone to England to establish his claim as a descendant and heir of the famous Sir Francis Drake, the great admiral and navigator, who was appointed and knighted by Queen Elizabeth.

North Carolina paper.
Mrs. Anna Cooper, of Cincinnati, formerly of New Jersey, claims to be a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Drake, who died in England in 1622, or thereabout, and left an immense estate, worth some $80,000,000; which, after passing through several generations, has at last been unable to find one of the family upon whom to bestow itself.—Eastern paper.

These scattered scraps are well worth preserving in a California magazine, and will no doubt be found of great interest to our readers.

An excellent portrait may be found in a rare old English copy of Fletcher's account of Drake's Voyage, published in 1653, under the following quaint title: ne borun et literatur:

"Sir Francis Drake revived. Who is or may be a Pattern to stir up all mercurial and active SPIRITS of these Times, to benefit their Country and otherwise their names by like Noble ATTEMPTS. Being a summary and True Relation of four Several voyages made by the said Sir Francis Drake to the West Indies—viz.—His dangerous adventuring for Gold and Silver with the gaining thereof. And the surprising of Nombre de Dios by himself and two and Fifty men. His Encompassing the World. His voyage made with Christopher Oar. Hill, Martin Frobisher, Francis Knollisl and others. Their taking the towns of Saint Jago, Sancto Domingo, Carthagena and Saint Augustine. His last Voyage (in which he dyed) being accompanied with Sir John Hawkins, Sir Thomas Baskerfield, Sir Nicholas Oiford, with others. His manner of Buryall.

"Collected out of the Notes of the said Sir Francis Drake, Master Phillip Nichols, Master Francis Fletcher, Prenichers; and the Notes of divers other Gentlemen (who went in the said Voyages) carefully compared together."

Printed at London for Nicholas Bourse, dwelling at the south entrance of the Royal Exchange, 1653."

This is something of a title, in these days of condensed epitaphs. In 1653 things in the literary line went on in a charmingly slow, easy, old-fashioned way. It is a great pity the manner of 1680, with all its brevity, was not as good.

**A NEW ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.**

A correspondent of the N. Y. Courrier des Etats Unis, writing from Monaqua, in Nicaragua, gives information of the discovery of a new route to the Pacific Ocean. The Atlantic terminus is about midway the Mosquito coast, on a stream marked on the map 'Rio Grande.' This is described as large enough to admit our ocean steamers, although it has been wholly overlooked thus far. The water of the river is deep, eighty miles inland, from which point it is but one hundred and twenty-three miles to the Pacific, over a level plain. All conditions favorable to the enterprise are declared by the writer to be supplied by this route. Not only is the level of the uniformity indicated, but the climate is less torrid than that of Louisiana, the region being singularly healthful; while the timber necessary to engineering labor is convenient and abundant.

**A CALIFORNIA ANTEDILUVIAN RELIC.**—We are informed by the Stanislaus Index, published at Knight's Ferry, on the Stanislaus river, that a mammoth bone was taken out of a mining claim in a gulch a mile or two south of Lagrange, by some French miners. The bone was a good deal broken by the pick in taking it out, but the knee-joint is almost perfect. The circumference at the knee is nearly three feet. The length could not have been short of ten feet, but the lower end was too much broken to ascertain its exact size.
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

Our Social Chair.

This would be a happy world, gentle reader, if each of us felt that the happiness of every one with whom we had either social or business converse was in our own personal keeping. That is proportion as we made our relationships pleasant, would be the pleasure communicated to others. Happiness is the great end that we all have in view, and did we understand the true philosophy of obtaining it, our methods of pursuing it would differ very much from those adopted.

If we would allow a gentle but faithful voice within to speak words of admonishment or blame to us, we should often hear it say:

"This thought, or speech, was one-sided, and unfair; and, consequently, unjust, and if known by the person of whom it was spoken, would not only grieve him or her, but be very apt to create a spirit of angry resentment, that would not only estrange from your comfort and happiness, but add materially to his discomfort and unhappiness. So that whenever you think of or meet the injured one, you will feel a pang shoot through you, and all of this could have been avoided."

We might go on ad infinitum with examples, but if the reader will only pause, feeling that his neighbor's happiness is in his keeping, he will always study to avoid giving pain, and strive, in every possible manner, to give pleasure. This will be the true philosophy of obtaining the most happiness on the best and safest principles, always remembering that to bless and be blessed, he must rather selflessness in all its different phases. To do this let us add, if at a rule you cannot speak a word for a person—keep silent.

Our Ben Simmons, of Missouri, used to tell the following story:

I have had many a narrow escape in my day; escapes from the naked, yelling, bloody Indians; escapes from the catsamount, panthers and grizzly bears; but the most wonderful of all was when I was chased, one night, on horseback, on full tilt, by Parson Grinnell's old log meeting-house.

You see I had been to a house party at farmer Starkley's, who lived away up in the back part of the settlement, and had danced with all the pretty girls, and sung songs and drank raw cider, till my head felt about the size of a bushel basket and my eyes felt like two balls of fire, ready to start out of it. It was hogged up so tight. Well, I was riding along towards home, after the frolic; it was about twelve o'clock, and the night was misty and kind of hazy; and as I passed Parson Grinnel's old log meeting-house, I thought it looked kind of gloomy, standing all alone there in the dark, and I looked at it for a long time; when suddenly it seemed to me to have changed its place, and be much nearer to me than it did a few moments before. I rubbed my
eyes; I could not believe the evidence of
my own senses; still it was so. I whipped
up my nag and rode a few paces, and then
ma in a stop and looked behind—and there
was the meeting-house! It had whipped
up and come along with me, and only
stopped when I stopped. By this time I
was pretty thoroughly scared. I put spurs
to my horse, and rode like one possessed;
but ride as fast as I would, the meeting-
house kept close up, and was always at
the same distance. It seemed only about
twenty feet from the horse's tail. Then
off I started like a streak of lightning,
spurring up my nag and pulling and blow-
ing like a porpoise, over the hill, through
the swamp, over the log bridge, and then
newly into the clearing among the stumps,
when the wonder was I did not break my
neck; still there was the meeting-house in
full chase close behind me. "Good God! I
thought, if ever I reached home and got
into the barn safe and sound, will the
meeting-house follow me there? Yes, it
may—it is evidently bewitched, and can go
through a barn door as easily as I can."

So I belled on, spurring at the sides of
my poor beast, till she was all of a foam,
and the sweat was pouring from her neck
and sides; at last I reached the fence that
surrounded my haystacks and barn. I did
not wait for the lowest place, over I went;
my horse plunging one way, towards the
haystacks, and I thorn down sprawling on
my hands and knees, towards the barn, and
my hat in the most puddle between. I
scrambled up in an instant, for I expected
the meeting-house would be upon me and
crash me to a jelly. I gazed all around
me, but the meeting-house was not there;
it had vanished.

"Have I been drunk," thought I, "or
bewitched, or both together?"

I picked up my hat and put it on my
hand—then the mystery was explained.
A piece of the tattered lining hung be-
low the rim, and to my hystcrical vision it
had assumed the appearance of Parson Grimke's
old log meeting-house, as it hung there
dangling before my eyes, following me,
whether I walked or ran—and, of course,
was "always the same distance off."

The following ingenious composition appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, many
years ago. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read, viz.: First,
Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written. Second, Then the lines
downward on the left of each comma, in every line. Third, In the same manner on the
right of each comma. By the first reading, you will observe that the Revolutionary
cause is depressed,—and haunted by others:—

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
Over seas and solid grounds, death call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon will shine
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join:
The Acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
The Toros of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneake away, who independance boast;
Who now resoluteness hold, they have my hand and heart.
May they for slaves be sold, who act a whiggish part;
On Manifold, North and Butte, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North, that British Lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

A lady once pressed us very urgently to
write something in her Album. Yet, such
is our aversion to such an act, that we very
ungallantly replied—"Ask us to hang,
poison, or drown ourselves, and to oblige
you we will do it; but, to write in an
Album is asking altogether too much."

Recently one of these souvenirs came into
our hands, belonging to our esteemed
friend and correspondent "Alice," and al-
though we could not conquer the old feel-
ing against writing in it, we found the fol-
lowing very truthful and well-written lines,
addressed to her from a sincere admirer,
that no great effort was made to resist the temptation to steal something from it, however much we may be blamed in the matter.

TO ALICE.

This eye is not a starry light,
Glazing the gloom of sorrow's night;
Thy brow be snow discleries;
No marble lends its hue to deck
The dazzling whiteness of thy neck,
Nor are thy lips twin roses.

Thy form is not some poet's dream,
Shadow'd as by crystal stream,
By its feminine fascies;
They, who are formed of dreams and flowers,
Ne'er wake in this cold world of ours,
But glitter in romances.

But thou to me art dearer far
Than moon, or dream, or brightest star
Through heaven's clear expanse steal-
For, Alice, in that heart of thine
(Up Three gentle powers have fixed their
Love, Purity, and Feeling. [Shrine, Alice.]

The following amusing anecdote was related to us by a friend who loves children, and who derives a large portion of her pleasures from watching their bright eyes, or listening to their sincere sayings:

Little Freddy, who has passed his fourth summer, possesses a great partiality for cats, and an equal amount of aversion for dogs. Now, as we all know, great anxiety has always existed between the canine and feline races, and that many encounters arise from this natural animosity is only another. "Toby," who is not only the larger and stronger, although not always the successful animal, has the faculty of inducing other dogs in the neighborhood to follow suit in all predatory forays after cats, so much so that "Toby" usually has a very hard time of it. These unequal scrambles and fights toward his favorite, had often troubled Freddy's mind, whose sympathies, of course, were all on Toby's side. One day, as his mother solemnly sitting, she was surprised to see mister Freddy rush into the room, his face beamong with pleasure, and to hear him exclaim, "Oh, mother! I know why the Bible says, 'For without are dogs and sorcerers.'"

"Ah, Freddy," his mother replied, "why is it?"

"Don't you know? Why the dogs are put outside so that they cannot worry the cats!"

The following good story, from the San Francisco Morning Call, must be removed with some grains of allowance; for although it savors somewhat of party, (and everybody knows that this social chair has nothing to do with party,) it will very well to have a quiet, good-natured smile over:

AN INTELLIGENT SOVEREIGN.—One of the Republican caucuses tells a hard story of an incident which came under his notice during the campaign just closed. He proposed to speak in a strong Democratic precinct in the mountains. Arriving at the place, he found two men engaged in active and violent discussion. One man was offering to bet $10 that St. Louis is the capital of the United States. Another gave vent to his opinion as follows: "The people of the north dissolve this glorious Union! Why they can't begin to do it! Just let them try it once, and the people of the south would close the port of New Orleans in a jiffy! That would at once put a stop to all the trade and commerce of the north. The northerners couldn't get out, no way!" The Republican concluded that the schoolmaster was too far away from home for him to do any good there.

THERE was once an eminent preacher in a West Tennessee town, who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary Biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would very frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "hunty text" to improve, to announce it, and he would explain it. In some cases, however much it might have troubled the "less distinguished disciples," once one was presented a text, but no one possessing the same one to propound a text, no one possessing a text, he was about to set down without any opportunity of "showing his learning," when a clap "hunk by the door" announced that he had a Biblical scholar of "conscernt" which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite indignant and roused his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement. "What I want to know," said the outsider, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a cockerel?" The "expounder" looked confused, and the congregation stifled, as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming in his loud voice, "I fetched him down on the
College life in the last century was very different from what it is now, not only in the mother country, but in our own. At that time the students were obliged to go to the kitchen doors with their bowls or pitchers for their supper, where they received their milk or chocolate in a vessel held in one hand, and their piece of bread in the other, and went straight to their rooms to devour it.

There were suspicions at times, says a writer of that period, "that the milk was diluted with water, which led a sagacious Yankee student to put the matter to the test. So one day he said to the carrier boy, 'Why don't your mother mix the milk with warm water instead of cold?'

'She does,' replied the boy; 'she always puts in warm water.'"

Not unlike the reply of a little country girl, on a visit to her aunt and the city, who had waited long for the promised milkman to arrive, and who, when he did come, brought the usual "holdful.

The little girl had her bowl of milk crammed with bread, and, after eating a mouthful or two, said, "Amity. I don't like milkman's milk as well as I do cows' milk. Isn't warm so good.

How much, in the way of a maxim or apologism, there is sometimes in a single line from a single-minded, honest thinker! Here is one which should not be lost upon the thousands who are thinking how they look, how they appear in the eyes of others at a party, or how, in the minds of their gods, their great dinner, which has cost them a world of trouble, fuss and feathers, is passing off. "The happiest moment of your life is when you don't know it."

The Fashions.

The promise in our last that we would speak of "bridal dress" is with pleasure redeemed, as never was a prattler than the one we have to give, which is a white rep silk, with three skirts; the first trail in the back a hands breadth, and slope gradual so that in the front it swings free of the bustle; the second is to slope the same, and to extend within a quarter of a yard of the first; the third is but half a yard in depth, and slopes the same; each is finished with a white muslin cock, large sized; on the upper skirt is a stomacher of deep blond here, felled slightly under the cord. This stomacher is looped up on each side with jasmine and orange flowers, among which are mingled leaves of chand liner, with long, flowing barbs. The waist is high in the throat, with long point, back and front, flowing sleeves, very wide, underskirt and veil of point lace. The hair crouched off the forehead and braided and curled on the back of the head. The wreath of jasmine and orange beads is small, except on the right side is a somewhat large tuft of egantine and wild roses, where the veil is thrown to the left side. We have seen this dress, and was compelled to wonder at the style and harmony so happily commingled, and although in colors it would be also pretty for a ball room, it is peculiarly adapted to the bride. If the ceremony is to take place in church, a white cashmere circular, lined with pale blue silk, quilted, finished all around with a cord of blue and gold.

"Walking dress of ivory-colored poplin. Open jacket, trimmed with braidwork; coat sleeves, with collar and undersleeves of white laces, cut square. No change in the pants since our last description.

"Girls' toilet plaid poplin skirts, cut square, No. 38; a girl's walking dress of ivory-colored poplin, trimmed with braidwork; coat sleeves, with collar and undersleeves of white laces, cut square. No change in the pants since our last description.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The steamer Washington, which had been kept in reserve at Panama, arrived here on October 24th, with the mails and passengers of the John L. Stephens.

The news of the sudden death of F. P. Tracy, one of the most eloquent and forcible speakers on the Pacific coast, and a Republican delegate to the Chicago nominating convention, was received here Oct. 24th. He died at Louisville, N. Y. on the 1st.

New silver miners were discovered on the head waters of the Clackamas river, Oregon.
MONTHLY RECORD.

The contest for the construction of the San Francisco & San Jose railroad was let to Ochs, McLoughlin and A. H. Houston of this city, October 24th, for the sum of $2,000,000, $300,000 in cash, and the balance in the stock of the company. To be completed Oct. 1st, 1882.

The mail express of the so-called "People's line" of steamships, was to commence running on the 10th ult., but as a "black mail," or some other "arrangement" had been made, she was withdrawn. The Pacific mail will be the only reliable one for this discourse among "honorable" steamship owners.

The Uncle Sam arrived Oct. 21st with 500 passengers. She was 15 days making the passage between here and Panama.

The Mendocino Herald, E. H. Bald, proprietor, was issued at Ukiah city on the 9th ult.

The Thanksgiving-day was kept with the usual slaughter of turkeys, and family turkey blazes, on the 29th ult.

The Pony Express arrived at Fort Churchill, with 161 passengers, and $1,136,511.

The Uncle Sam sailed on the 1st ult., with 161 passengers, and $1,188,071.

The San Francisco & San Jose railroad opened on the 19th ult., and a native Californian named Francisco Muno, on San Jose, agreed to ride 100 miles on the San José race-course in 61 hours, for a wager of $2,000, using as many horses (of his own) as he pleased. He won the match in 61 hours 2 minutes and 19 seconds. Thirty one horses were used.

The San Francisco Express arrived on the 18th ult. with 350 passengers.

The rapid increase in the production of wheat in this State may be inferred from the following: From July 1 to Nov. 6th, there were received at this port 380,401 sacks of domestic wheat; from July 6th to Nov. 5, 1,692, the amount received was 304,147 sacks; and from July 1 to Nov. 3, 1,191,703 sacks were received. The receipts of hay and other forage have fallen off in about the same proportion that the receipts of wheat have increased.

The value of exports from this port, other than wool, for the month of October, was $901,069.28. We are becoming a little more sensible at last.

Mears, Smith & Son are putting up works for the manufacture of salt, in South Cottonwood, Tehama county; about seven-eighths mile southwest of Red Bluff. They say the water is excellent and abundant, some of it so strongly impregnated, that it will yield three pounds of salt to the gallon.

The new Catholic cemetery near "Lone Mountain," was consecrated on the 8th ult., and the old cemetery at the Mission Dolores closed.

The Square sailed on the 11th ult. with 361 passengers and $495,110.

During the month of October there arrived at this port from abroad 22 vessels (excluding steamers) of 16,275 tons capacity, and the freight value of their cargoes was $330,967.25.

The Golden Age arrived on the 18th ult. with passengers.

The general election, which took place on the 9th ult., for President of the United States, resulted as follows in this State:

Lincoln.
Two-thirds of the town at Post's Bluff, Tuolumne county, was destroyed by fire on the 10th of July.

Two schooners were sunk in the San Joaquin river, by the steam-boat Helen Howley, plying between Stockton and San Francisco. One is a total loss, while her mate—

The land committee is considered as having the most careful at least, that in our opinion,

James Capers Adams, the old, well-known manufacturer and builder of this State, died from an old wound, at Nappanee, Mass. Poor Adams could stand the cold and exposure of our mountains, but was obliged to submit to the oppressiveness of hot days and nights of the Eastern States. The boy who ever there is generally more fatal to the Californians than the cold.

Editor's Table.

With heartfelt sadness it becomes our melancholy task to announce the sudden death of one of the earliest contributors to this Magazine, Mr. William Henry Deitz, to whom, under the signatures of "W. H. D.," we have been indebted for so many graceful and feeling pieces, both in prose and verse, with which to elevate and brighten these pages. But, short the fire of his poetic genius is forever quenched, at least, to us, for he has been called to join the great brotherhood of poets in the spirit-land of the blessed. His "still liveth," not only in these and other pages, and in the hearts of his friends, but to our mind, in a wider sphere of usefulness. We hope to feel that his pure spirit and friendly heart will be often near to prompt and guide us. We do not believe—cannot believe—that disembodied spirits soar away to some unknown destiny beyond the stars; but, that they are always present, upon the earth, hovering among the scenes with which they were most familiar, and lingering in happy companionship with dear friends to whom they were most indebted, or with whom they enjoyed the brightness and noblest pleasure,—perhaps, as our guardian spirits, near reader. Oh! that we, in the hours of temptation and need, may always feel that such an one is very near to us.

Mr. D. was born, 1816, in the city of New York, where he resided until 1856, and was connected with the prosperous and well-known house of Deitz Bros. & Co., lumpy manufacturers, in all its branches, and the

In 1832 he was married, and leaves three children, two girls and one boy, to mourn his loss.

In the fall of the year above mentioned, (1856,) he came to California to benefit his health, at which time the editor of this Magazine became acquainted with him; first, through some affectionately written poetic pieces, and afterward, by personal interview, at which time a friendly acquaintance commenced, that ripened into a strong and warm hearted, brotherly friendship, which continued to the hour of his death. In 1858 he paid a visit to Feather river, and was on board the Corsets, when making her pioneer trip. He returned to this State in January last, on his way to his native city; at which time he appeared very athletic and healthy, having increased in weight from one hundred and thirty-six pounds to one hundred and seventy-eight.

But the climate of New York, in summer and the winter, which may so much dread—was too much for him, (as it has been by far too often with others,) for on the 3d of October last, he sickened with typhoid fever, and on the 16th—Sabbath morning—at the peaceable hour of midnight, he fell asleep like a child, and entered on that Sabbath which is to have no ending.

He retained his senses to the last. A short time before his death, feeling a little better, he sat up in his bed, and while his attentive attendant was temporarily absent,

To any night in praise of Mr. Everett as an author, would be a work of supererogation. His well-earned fame, as one of the most elegant and finished writers in the United States, or the world, is a sufficient guarantee that no line will leave his pen that would be unworthy of his genius. The volume before us was written for the "Encyclopedia Britannica," at the suggestion of Lord Macaulay, the historian, and its requirements naturally suggested brevity and comprehensiveness. Its style is terse and elegant, and presents in beautiful language a cheering picture of the ever to be revered Washington.


The fair writer of this novel is a daughter of the late Capt. Lynd, the eminent author of "Peter Simple," "The King's Own," &c, &c. We cannot see, judging from this work, (the only one of Miss Lynd's we have read) that the daughter inherited in any remarkable degree the talents of the father. "Henry Lynd" belongs, in our estimation, to the class of inspired story books that have but little influence, either for good or evil. As soon as read—if read at all—the impression is, may, would be superficial and very evanescent; and on no account repay the time consumed in reading it.


This volume contains much valuable information on the most prominent discoveries and inventions in all ages and coun-
tries of the known world, from the screw of Archimedes to the latest improvements in the electric telegraph; and being written in a pleasing and popular style, is well adapted for the long winter evenings, and would make an excellent present for the Christmas and New Year holidays.


Mr. King's name as a brilliant lecturer and forcible writer, will at once bequest for this fine volume more than ordinary attention. Lovers of the beautiful in nature—those who delight in holding deep and impassioned communion with her glories and mysteries—will find a kindred spirit in the author of this elegant and finished work. It is not a mere centre-table ornament, whose only recommendation to notice is its ornamental binding; yet, it possesses this quality, also—but is a sublime delineation of God's works among the most remarkable of New England scenes, the White Mountains. We know of no Christmas and New Year's present more suitable than this. It is a book that will be a credit to the taste of the donor, as it will be a compliment to the refinement of the receiver. Mr. Roman has this work in five different styles of binding, (at Boston prices,) so that all classes may be gratified.

In looking over the large supply of beautifully bound books, just received by Mr. R—for Christmas gifts—we notice many entirely new. This will be a feature of importance for the coming season. We wanted to have an interest in one corner of Crown's purse, that we might make an investment in some of them. But—


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beauti-
that the in pen

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