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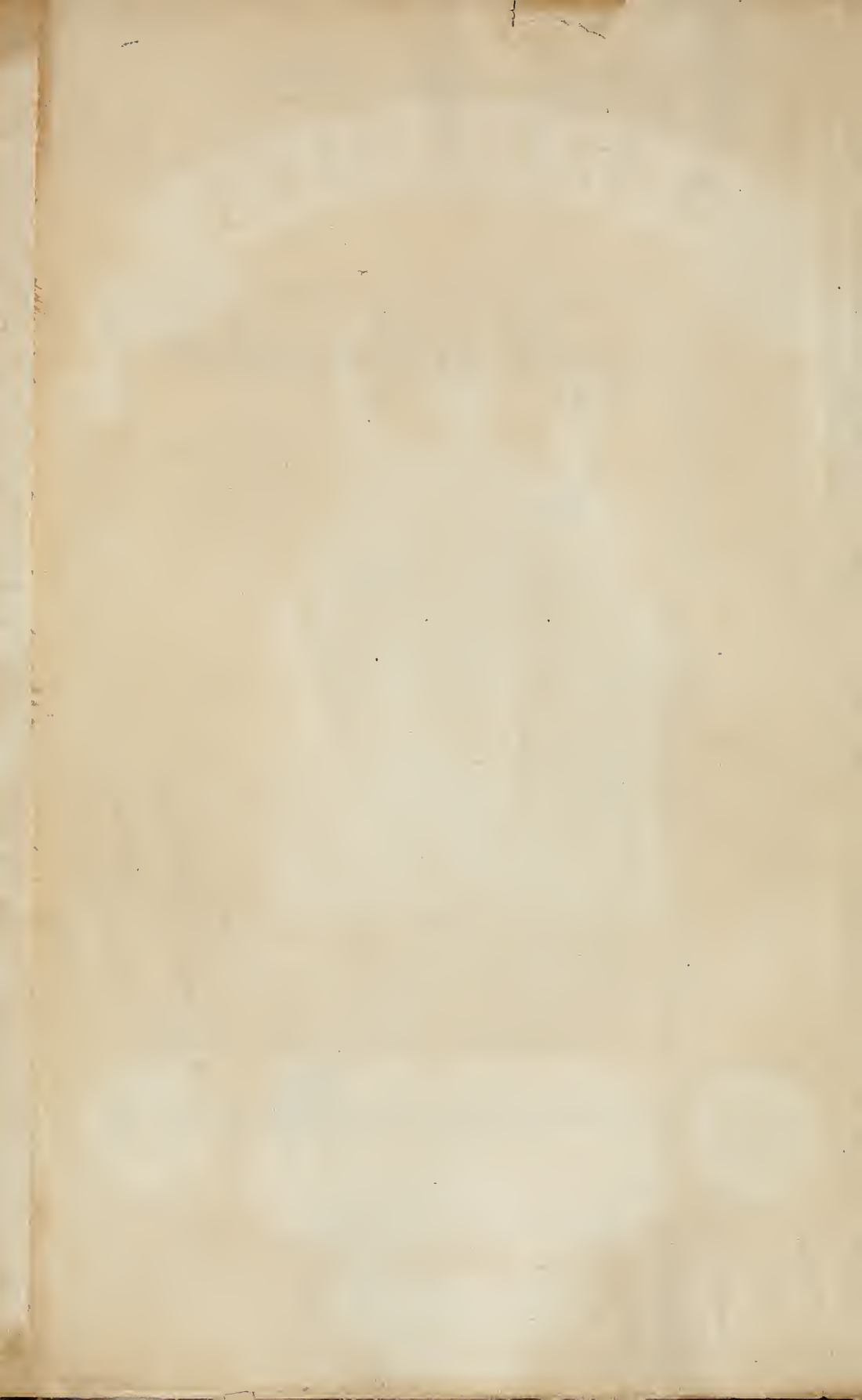
## EXTRACT

*From an Act prescribing Rules for the Government of the State Library, passed March 8th, 1861.*

SECTION II. The Librarian shall cause to be kept a register of all books issued and returned; and all books taken by the members of the Legislature, or its officers, shall be returned at the close of the session. If any person injure or fail to return any book taken from the Library, he shall forfeit and pay to the Librarian, for the benefit of the Library, three times the value thereof; and before the Controller shall issue his warrant in favor of any member or officer of the Legislature, or of this State, for his per diem, allowance, or salary, he shall be satisfied that such member or officer has returned all books taken out of the Library by him, and has settled all accounts for injuring such books or otherwise.

Sec. 15. Books may be taken from the Library by the members of the Legislature and its officers during the session of the same, and at any time by the Governor and the officers of the Executive Department of this State who are required to keep their offices at the seat of government, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General and the Trustees of the Library.





CAL.

OF THE  
**WESPERIAN**



**VOL.**

**EDITED**  
**(BY)**  
**Mrs J. N. Day**

**SAN FRANCISCO CAL.**

**1859.**

**III.**





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GEORGE C. YOUNT.

*(Expressly for the Hesperian.)*



Nash Brothers

L. Nagel Print

CRIMSON NECKED OR HOUSE FINCH

FRINGILLA FRONTALIS. (AUD.)

Expressly for the HESPERIAN from an original drawing by A. J. GRAYSON.



# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1859.

No. 1.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

GEORGE C. YOUNT.

THE subject of this sketch was born in North Carolina in the year 1794, and, with his father's family, emigrated to Missouri in the year 1804. From thence—prompted solely by a spirit of enterprise and a love of adventure—he set out for California, where he arrived in February, 1831. He justly ranks among the earliest pioneers of civilization on the Pacific coast, being at the time of his arrival, and for some time after, the only white man to be found from the Mission of Sonoma to the quarters of the Hudson Bay Company. He found the country overrun by numerous tribes of savage Indians—there being at that time not less than ten or twelve thousand ranging the country from Napa to Clear Lake. They were composed of various tribes, which, perhaps, accounts in some degree for their sudden and almost total disappearance, as they frequently made war upon and destroyed each other. Grizzly bears were also found in great numbers; to use the words of the venerable pioneer, “they were every where—upon the plains, in the valleys, and on the mountains, venturing even within the camping-grounds, so that I have often killed as many as five or six in one day, and it was not unusual to see fifty or sixty within the twenty-four hours.”

The only traces of civilization to be found in the country at the time of Mr. YOUNT'S arrival, were the Missions which had been

founded by the Old Padres, who were sent from Spain for the purpose of civilizing the Indians, which object they accomplished by attacking small parties of Indians, taking them prisoners, and driving them into the Mission, where they were put through such a course of instruction as best fitted them for the duties they might be expected to perform.

Each Mission was supplied with five or six Spanish soldiers, and when one band of Indians became somewhat tame, they were sent out, under the command of the Spanish soldiers, to attack and drive in more Indians, who, in their turn, had to go through a course of instruction or civilization.

The soldiers wore coats made by pasting one deer-skin upon another, to the number of seven, which admirably served the purpose of coats of mail, as no arrow could possibly penetrate them. As soon as one Mission was well filled, the Padres would take some of the most civilized Indians, and, selecting another station, start a new Mission. In this way the various Missions were established, beginning at Sonoma, and extending until every important point had its Mission.

In the fall of 1833 the cholera broke out in California, and raged with terrible violence among the Indians; so great was the mortality that they were unable either to burn or bury the dead, and the air was filled with the stench of decomposing humanity. A traveler who passed up the Sacramento valley at this time, relates that on his way up he passed a place where there were about three hundred Indians, with women and children, encamped; when he returned, after an absence of three or four days, the ground was literally strewn with dead bodies, all having died except one little Indian girl; she occupied the camp alone, while around her lay the festering bodies of her dead companions, and the air was rendered noxious by the disgusting stench arising from the dead bodies which, not alone in this camp, but every where throughout the valley, strewn the ground.

After Mr. YOUNT's arrival in California, he continued his occupation of hunting and trapping, together with catching sea otter, up to the year 1834; he then spent two years in traveling from place to place, engaging sometimes in one occupation and again in another. At this time he frequently took charge of the Sonoma

Mission, while the Padre went to San Rafael to look after affairs there.

In 1836 he retired to Napa Valley, for the purpose of settling upon a large tract of land which had been granted him by the Mexican Government. Here the same spirit of enterprise which had prompted him to stray so far from the land of his fathers, began to show itself in the way of improvements, and, in the fall of 1836, he built the first log-house ever built on the Pacific coast, and raised the first chimney in California, from which ascended the blue smoke to heaven.

The Spanish Padres, when they saw the cheerful fire blazing on the hearth, exclaimed in alarm, "Younte ! it will make you grow old to have a fire in the house." And the savage Indians looked on in wonder and amazement, then, shrugging their shoulders, retired to ponder over the wonderful works of the "white man." The house was constructed somewhat after the fashion of a block-house or fort, with one room below about eighteen feet square, while above, the walls extended so as to make a room twenty or twenty-two feet square ; where the roof extended, port-holes were made for the purpose of protection against numerous hostile tribes of Indians, and through which Mr. YOUNT was often called upon to defend himself by firing many a deadly shot upon the savages, who from time to time came down from the mountains to make war upon him.

At this time his only companion was an old Frenchman, who had served in the war with Bonaparte, and his only neighbors five or six families of friendly Indians, who had taken up their abode near by. With these exceptions, there were no neighbors nearer than the Sonoma Mission on the one side, and the Hudson Bay Company on the other.

At one time the Indians of Sonoma made a great feast and dance. The Indians on Mr. YOUNT'S place took it into their heads to go to the feast ; so a young Indian came forward and asked Mr. YOUNT if he might go, at the same time signifying that five or six more of the tribe would also like to attend. Mr. YOUNT readily gave his consent ; but the young Indian became depressed in spirit, seemed moody and sad, and finally declared he would not go to the dance, and no persuasion of his companions could induce him to change his mind, so they departed without him.

The air was still and calm, and the night wore quietly away until just before day-break, when suddenly arose upon the air the fearful warwhoop! Louder and louder it sounded, as if the very fiends incarnate had been set loose; and Mr. YOUNT, grasping his rifle, sprang from his couch to find his house surrounded by a band of savages, who had come down from the mountains for the purpose of war and plunder. Thick flew the arrows, and the first one to fall was the young Indian who but the day before had refused to leave Mr. YOUNT. The Frenchman guarded the room below, while Mr. YOUNT fired from the port-holes above, killing many of the invaders, so that they were glad to retreat, carrying their dead and wounded with them.

During the skirmish a little circumstance occurred, which serves to show the disposition of the brave settler. The friendly Indian women rushed to the door of Mr. YOUNT's cabin, for the purpose of obtaining protection from the flying arrows of the wild Indians; but the Frenchman had the door strongly barricaded, and refused to open it. At length their piteous screams reached the ears of Mr. YOUNT, and in a voice like thunder he exclaimed, "Open the door, you old rascal, and let those women and children in, or I will come down and put you out among the Indians!" It is needless to say the door was opened immediately, and the women and children given such protection as the house afforded. The man who could ride right up to the face of a grizzly bear, and fight the red-skins with furious and unerring aim, whose courage in the midst of most imminent danger never faltered, could not listen to the pleading voice of the helpless Indian women and their babes, but ordered the door opened, even though by so doing he risked his own life and the life of his only companion, his trusty Frenchman.

At another time Mr. YOUNT and his friendly Indians had had a fight with some savage tribes, and whipped them. But revenge still burned within the breasts of the savages, and they determined to make another attack. Mr. YOUNT heard of their approach, and, taking twenty-five picked braves from the Sonoma Mission, went out to meet them. They met in Pope's Valley a company of five or six hundred wild savages, and a terrible battle was the result. The arrows flew thick as hail, yet the little party of braves, led on by Mr. YOUNT, stimulated by his example, and encouraged by his



voice, fought like heroes, and after a desperate encounter, which lasted untill the morning began to break, succeeded in putting the enemy to flight, having taken forty prisoners, and killed and wounded many more, while they suffered comparatively small loss. During the engagement, Mr. YOUNT, who was foremost in the fight, had a silk handkerchief shot off his head by an arrow, yet he remained unhurt.

When we consider what a little handful of men went out to meet hundreds of a warlike race and yet returned victorious, we realize the power of Him who "giveth not the battle to the strong, nor the race to the fleet"—and also the fact that knowledge is power, and that it is destined by the all-wise Ruler to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. As civilization advanced, his fights with the grizzlies and wild Indians became less and less frequent, — but new and more formidable enemies appeared in the land commissioners, squatters, and lawyers. Mr. YOUNT'S history, in this respect, is but a repetition of that of almost every one of the early settlers of the country. The land which their own daring, energy, and courage rescued from the grizzly and wild Indian, they have now to contend for in our courts of law. This is not as it should be. They are all men well advanced in years; their thin locks are white with the frosts of many winters. They have played a noble part in the history of our country, and it ill becomes our government to allow them to dwell in insecurity, uncertainty, and anxiety, now. They have *earned* their repose, and should be allowed to sit in the shade of their own vine and fig-tree, in their declining years, with none to dispute their right.

Notwithstanding all he has had to contend against, Mr. YOUNT still resides in Napa Valley, on the very place which has been to him the scene of so many trials and adventures, every foot of which he has contended for, with the grizzly bears and wild Indians. Strange to say, he was never wounded in any of his conflicts, and bears upon his person no scars as mementos of the past. He yet retains much of the energy and firmness of his youth, and preserves his memory to a remarkable degree, relating incidents which happened years ago as if they occurred but yesterday, even giving the day of the week and month without the least reference to notes. He is unostentatious and simple in his manner, narrating

incidents of the most startling and thrilling nature in which he played a conspicuous part, without betraying arrogance, egotism, or vanity, and fascinates the listener by his easy and simple statement of facts. Such is Mr. YOUNT — a fair representative of a class of people who seem by nature fitted for trying times, and whose courage is at all times equal to any emergency. The more desperate the circumstances, the more calm and collected the mind — the more deadly the aim. To use the words of the venerable patriarch, “the tighter the place the surer the shot.”

He looks with a keen insight into human nature. It is to him no sealed book, but one with which he is perfectly familiar, and with which he is so well acquainted that no garb of deception could long be worn in his presence; his sharp eye and quick perception would penetrate and rend it into fragments. So while the crafty and designing could make but little headway with him, the honest and worthy may approach fearlessly, sure of ready sympathy and that benevolence which is ever the accompaniment of a noble nature.

Long may he live to enjoy the reward of his toil, and his last days pass peacefully and quietly away.

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#### THE MOTHER NURSING HER INFANT.

How mingled hope, and fear, and prayer,  
 Rise in the mother's breast,  
 When those bright eyes are fixed on hers, —  
 To her those dear lips prest.

It is an hour of holy joy,  
 And aspirations high;  
 She feels the mother of a soul, —  
 A soul not born to die.

Think of it, mother — not to clothe  
 The lovely limbs in garments fine,  
 But to adorn that soul for God;  
 This is thy task divine.

Mrs. V. E. HOWARD.

## THE CRIMSON-NECKED, OR HOUSE FINCH.

BY A. J. GRAYSON.

THIS familiar little songster will be readily recognized by most persons living in California, and more particularly by those who reside in the country. Although he is of a confiding nature, and a welcome and pleasing little associate about the farm, or habitation of man, for which he manifests great partiality, yet at times his intrusions upon the gardens, and orchards of ripening fruit, are felt with no inconsiderable degree of annoyance by the cultivator. At such times his bright plumage, and always cheerful and lively manner, do not protect him from the gun, or what proves more fatal, the deadly *strychnine*, which is frequently resorted to in such cases by the ruthless culturist to rid the premises of this confiding little bird. Though it be true that he does pluck a few ripe cherries, or peck a peach, or extract the juice from the luscious grape, when he feels hungry or thirsty; is he not entitled to some of them? Has he not watched them grow through the long summer months, cheering the farmer the while with his presence and his song?—and though last, not least, doing great benefit by ridding the trees and vines of destroying insects—how could you destroy him? Your home would be bleak without this ever-joyous and happy little songster. Surely, he is deserving of some consideration, and a small share of the grateful fruits of the farmer's toil.

The Crimson-necked Finch belongs peculiarly to the *founa* of the Pacific slope, in which its geographical distribution is very extensive; ranging, so far as my knowledge and observation is concerned, from Oregon to South-western Mexico. I have seen it in Tepic, one of the cities of South-western Mexico, where they were very numerous, and so tame, as almost to seem domesticated. They are great favorites with the natives, and are permitted to live about and in the houses; and among the orange groves of the court-yards of the city, in a state of perfect freedom and favor, their cheerful warblings are heard throughout the day, thus gladdening the heart and enlivening the scene. It may safely be put down as a constant resident of Western Mexico, California, and Oregon; and it is also stated to be an inhabitant of New Mexico. I did not, however,

meet with any specimens of this bird on the Colorado; but its absence in that locality may be attributed to the fact of that region being too much of a desert for this little lover of civilization to exist in. But in California it is "native to the manor born," and, at the first approach of spring, may be seen about the farm-houses, the gardens, the old missions, and orchards, familiarizing himself with the locality, in anticipation of raising his little family. As the season advances, they may be seen prying into every available little nook about the eaves of the houses, or the nearest tree or bush, for the purpose of building their nests; and the male at this time, with his pretty crimson head turning from side to side, seems to be particularly busy and anxious about the matter. It not unfrequently happens that small communities will build in a scrub oak, or bush, in a very sociable manner, keeping up during the day a constant twittering and chirping, some of the notes of which greatly resemble the canary. The nest is large for the size of the bird, and is generally composed, outwardly, of coarse grass, bits of paper, or moss, and neatly lined with hair. The eggs, sometimes four, five, or six in number, are of a pale blue, marked with small spots. A pair of these birds built their nest in a small bush in my garden in San José; the young of which I placed in a cage, just before they were able to fly, and removed them to the house; the old ones followed, and still continued to feed them through the bars of their little prison. I soon took pity on them, however, and gave them their freedom. They remained about the place some time afterwards, where I noticed the male, who always seemed to be the most attentive, continue to take care of and feed them long after they were fully fledged. The male also assists in incubation. After the breeding season is over they congregate in small flocks, in which they continue until the return of spring, employing themselves in the meantime very busily in pursuit of grass and other seeds, upon which they subsist during the winter months.

Among the numerous birds of this class, and of the birds in general of this country, there is none so confiding in man, and, by his ever cheerful song, his lovely plumage, none so deserving of the kindly regards of those with whom he may fix his abode, as the little Crimson-necked House Finch of California.

## TECHNICAL OBSERVATION.

*Fringilla frontalis*.—AUD.*Carpodacus familiaris*.—MCCALL.

*Dimensions of specimen in San José*.—Total length from tip of bill to end of tail, six and one-eighth inches; wings, three and one-fifth inches; tail, two and three-quarter inches.

*Colors*.—Head and neck crimson, running into brownish red upon the upper parts; the feathers upon the rump of a more decided red. The balance of the plumage upon the upper parts and wings, brown, mingled with black spots; that of the abdomen, dull white, with longitudinal black spots; bill short and strong, conical-shaped, of a pale yellowish brown; tarsi and toes scutulated, and of a pale brown color.

The female is destitute of the crimson color of the male, and is clothed with an unassuming modest dress of a grayish color, each feather marked with a longitudinal dark spot. The figures represented in the plate are of life-size.

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 BABY ANNIE.

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 BY ANNE K. H. FADER.
 

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Do n't you know a little angel  
 Has come down to dwell with me ?  
 In the form of Baby Annie  
 How that spirit loves to be !  
 She came to me all spotless,  
 With no stain upon her brow ;  
 Will she go to God as taintless  
 And as beautiful as now ?

May be none may see the angel  
 In this little mortal guise ;  
 May be none may see the glory  
 That around her being lies ;  
 But a mother's heart above her  
 In worship half doth bow,  
 And fain would keep her innocent  
 And beautiful as now !

## WOMEN OF THE WEST.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

SO MANY thoughtless or malevolent persons have written untruthfully of society in California; so many have been the sneers at woman's asserted infidelity; so extensively have these slanders gone abroad, that it becomes some one to speak truthfully and vigorously in vindication of Women of the West, and in a publication whose refinement will ensure an extended audience. It is fit that a Magazine, originated, conducted, and supported by women, should be her defending expositor; its beautiful pages, chaste in abounding truth, should proclaim it the result of innocence, purity and indestructible faith. And, as the twilight rises high in the West, declaring that the sun has gone down in cloudless beauty, this *Hesperian* evidence of her intelligent existence should return with its burden of beauty and light to the remotest eastern land-verge.

We would not conceal one from the catalogue of California women's derelicts; but we would assert that western women display more of fortitude and patient endurance, than their eastern sisters have occasion to manifest, or even imagine. They dwell in a new-found land, peopled by the restless, adventurous, excitable; their companions are smitten with the curse of gold, one day insane with delusive hope, again despairing and demented with drinking from that more curseful than Lethe's infernal stream, in which the unfortunate destroy their troubles and the peace of their homes.

A majority of our people are sanguine and unstill; they came with magnificent hope and gigantic purpose. They failed, and fell from the mirage-heaven of sublime ambition to the deep, dark caverns of rayless despair. Within their homes, outwardly so peaceful and happy, the demons of discontent, moroseness and quarrel wrought hellish figures on the hearthstone, until she, whose young love was once as pure as the gathering snow-down, went forth a fugitive, to implore the meagre mercy of the law, and to cower before the un pitying gaze of moralists who multiply the requirements of justice. Like the tortured wolf, smoked from her den in the rocks, even gentle and angel-like women may turn upon and tear her tor-

mentors, amazing even herself in the depravity of friendless, world-abandoned desperation.

Look you, woman! — you who behold your sister trembling on the verge of destruction; you shun her; you pass by on the other side — you spurn her from your door — you forbid her to drink of the cooling stream of mercy and compassion, where misery might slake her consuming thirst — you drive her forth in the un pitying rain and snow and hail of the world's heart-congealing derision, and thrust her beyond the boundary where human steps begin to take hold on hell. Clothe yourself in the soft raiment that Christ threw over the erring Mary; go to her desolating house, and gently replace the fallen fragments of her home-altar; sweeten the fading smile that is slowly changing to the sardonic grimace of hate and despair; let her hear the sweet music of sympathetic speech — show her, rising from the tumultuous waves of ruin, an Ark of safety lifting its blessed roof from the flood, — Woman the mariner, Christ the pilot, Heaven the harbor, Mercy the favoring wind.

And let the condemnation of a virtuous woman's frown pursue the slanderer. Be deaf to his accursed accents; thrust him without the sacred circle of your homes; make his thin blood freeze under the searching analysis of truth; drive him from your presence as the meanest burlesque of manhood; let the reproving voice of a woman

“Forever run sobbing after his soul;  
Day and night, night and day, let him never  
Escape its mournful control —  
Let its mourning, musical dole  
Pursue him, for ever and ever.”

And woman — she who goes about with her Pandora's box of neighborhood sin — stop her at the threshold; examine her disreputable wares through glasses of incredulity and charity; send her away with the hood of shame close over a womanly face made devilish by malice — her tongue, fashioned for the utterance of woman's omnipotent prayer, and for the tender words of soothing consolation, is the wand that summons discordant spirits from hell.

Now come to the mountains, away from the City of Sin. Look into the wash-woman's humble house. She is not uncomely; her arms are round and strong; her hands are abraded by painful labor;

but her heart is full of purity and perpetual truth. Her husband, having failed in his first, second, third and manifold enterprises, sits by her dejected and unmanned; he is, truly, a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water"; yet that faithful wife, unchanged, undespairs, inseparable, labors for him from early dawn 'till condensing night. Look at the sweat-drops distilling on her forehead; observe the muscles of her arm swelling with unwomanly courage and unnatural strength; see her children clothed with the warp and woof of her own hands, and behold the tenderness with which in sickness she clings to the partner of her young love and hope, enfolding him within her sheltering arms, unwilling that death should mercifully remove the worthless being from her poverty-stricken home.

Not alone in cities, among fashionable churches and ostentatious piety, should woman's character be studied. Find her in her secluded home, from which rough and crooked paths lead out through chilling mountain gorges and over vigorous snows. Find her there, plainly and unfashionably clad, protected from assaulting storms by rough timbers or clapboard wainscoting; observe her simple but affectionate welcome to her companion who comes chilled, tired and dripping from the mine, or from the perilous mountain trail. You are surprised that one so refined, so delicate and slender, should be found there. But you will learn, in simple story, that, long ago, her heart clave to that man — that she followed him through disappointment and disaster; that she helped him gather up their prostrate household gods, and, side by side, through dangerous and toilsome distances, she kept on his arm the electric motor of a wife's encouraging and willing hand, until they fell upon this dreary spot where the still, small voice of love shouts from heart to heart, unheard by the world, but to them, in the whispering gallery of home, distinct as the altercations of wrathful storms.

What, if here and there, a woman, discouraged, neglected, despairing, goes forth under maledictions thick and unsparing as arctic hail? Should one of the Pleiades, abandoning the bright society of her sisters, fall, rayless, forever down the infinite depths of space, would we less admire the steadfastness of the six remaining Vergiliæ that, unspotted in lustre, and in meek obedience of the Creator, tread their eternal orbits, sorrowing and unsinning?

Should every other star desert its appointed path, and whirl away



in eccentric madness, to the inconceivable darkness beyond the searching light of Omniscience, leaving Orion, only, to trail his constellated tapers through the desert heavens, how would men worship as the surviving sentinels rose on the horizon—how would angels descend to watch the bewildering but faithful travelers that shed their endearing light amid the midnight ruins of God's great temple!

*Weaverville, Cal., Feb. 8, 1859.*

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LO! THE POOR INDIAN.

BY OLD BLOCK.

“WHAT filthy creatures—what disgusting objects, what horrid specimens of mortality!”

True, Hattie, you don't like them; their very appearance gives you an unpleasant sensation; but the time has been in the age of the world, when your ancestors, the old Celtic and Saxon races, were nearly or quite as barbarous as these poor Ishmaelites of our mountains. Now don't say “O, father!” it is true; and with all their paint, tar and feathers, they have their redeeming qualities, and have hearts and souls, affections, loves and hates, like the most refined christian people. They are a part and parcel of God's Universe, and being the more ignorant, weak and helpless, are entitled to consideration from us, the more enlightened and strong. You would not crush the worm in your path; you would ever carefully step over it and let it live till the Great Author of its Being saw fit to remove it from life;—especially if it was harmless in its nature,—and how much less would you drive from the face of the earth a being who bears the semblance of your own image, and is animated with the same feelings and natural gifts that you are. They are dwindling fast away, and a few years will place all their race among the things that have been, for they disappear before civilization as the grain falls before the reaper's sickle, and true philanthropists will not only bear with them “yet a little longer,” but smooth as much as they can the path to their hunting-ground in the spirit-land. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that we have taken their lands, and

appropriated to ourselves all that was theirs, and this too without saying as much as "by your leave." They are now strangers in their own homes; they live by our sufferance, yet they are more ardently attached to the soil than we are to our homes. There never was a more feeling and palpable truth than that uttered by an old Chief to me in Council about three years ago, when an effort was being made to induce them to remove to the Reservation. There was probably three hundred assembled. Some of the more lawless and evil disposed had been committing depredations, and ill blood was fast rising between the whites and Indians, and I met them in Council to endeavor to allay the excitement. "What do you want?" I asked, after speaking of the cause of the existing difficulties. I was sitting on my horse, when an old gray-headed man stepped forward, and with a dignity of manner which would well become an orator of our schools, replied—"You charge the Indians with stealing. There are bad Indians as well as bad white men, but all are not bad; most of them are good. But how is it that you charge us with being thieves? Before the Americans came we were happy. We had enough to eat, we needed no clothes; there was plenty of acorns, there was plenty of game, there was plenty of grass, (clover;) we had all we wanted. The Americans came—they took our land, cut down our oaks, dug up the soil and destroyed our seeds. They killed our game, and fenced up our springs so that we cannot even get a drink of water without trespassing upon the claim of a white man. And what have they given us for it?—Nothing. You will not let us dig gold, you have destroyed our food; you leave us to starve after taking from us all that we have;—you give us nothing, and now you would make us go to Tehama. El Capitan, (and he drew himself up proudly as he said it,) these hills are ours, these trees are ours, these springs are ours, and we *will not* leave them. We will not go to Tehama! The bones of our fathers are here, and where theirs are, ours shall be. We won't go to Tehama!" All I could reply was, that the Government did not intend to force them, but only invited them to go where they could have enough to eat without being annoyed by the white men. If they chose to stay in their poverty they could do so, but they must not steal. This they promised, and the Council broke up with amicable feelings. I could not help thinking, however, how we should feel were we driven

from our homes, and "the bones of our children," by another and strange race. Human nature seems to be about the same among all nations, and so far as my experience goes, there is really as much honesty among the Indians according to their own principles of right and wrong, as with us. It is a part of their education that it is right to steal from their enemies, and surrounded as they are by various tribes, always expecting a foe, they regard those as enemies whom they do not know to be friends; and as they visit the shortcomings of an individual upon the tribe to which he belongs, so, when a white man does them a wrong, they retaliate upon any of the tribe of the white man they may meet. And is it not so with many boasting of civilization? How often do we see white men destroying, indiscriminately, *any* Indian they may meet, simply because a few bad Indians have committed an overt act. I could tell you many anecdotes of my own experience, but one or two must suffice, which will go to show Indian integrity, and Indian friendship.

In the spring and summer of 1850, I established a trading-post on Feather River, about twenty miles above Marysville. When I went there, there was but a single house on the north side of the river, between my post and Marysville; and I had but one neighbor, Capt. Yates, who lived about half a mile above me. Adjoining my store was an Indian village, numbering, perhaps, two hundred families, and near Yates' was another village of about the same size. As I was alone, and completely in their power, it was for my interest to cultivate their good will, and I laid down certain rules which I strictly adhered to, and with success. I never deceived them; I always told them the truth; I treated them with uniform kindness, and although I often gave them food I always refused them spirituous liquors. One evening I started into their camp and found the Chief sitting by the fire, apparently unwell. I asked him by signs as well as I could, what ailed him. He raised his hand to his neck and gave me to understand that it was very painful, and that he had not slept for two nights. I observed that it was very much swollen, and without saying anything I went to my camp, and taking a bottle of strong liniment, returned to the afflicted Chief. I carefully rubbed the inflamed part, and giving him a good sized pill of opium, told him to go to bed and he would sleep. Like a confiding child he obeyed me, and I found him the following morning much relieved,

and one or two more applications relieved him entirely. From that moment I was an important personage in their estimation, and the most implicit confidence was placed in all I told them. Indeed, I sincerely believe had I told them to kill a man, that they would have obeyed me without asking the reason. "The Capitan said so; it must be done; it was right," would probably have been the force of their argument. If I had been absent, on my return they invariably gathered around me with a shout of welcome; one took my horse, another took off the saddle and carried it in; another brought me water, while others, unasked, brought wood for my fire; all seeming anxious to render me any service in their power: and in all the time that I lived among them I heard no word of difficulty or quarreling among themselves. It was one great family living in harmony. I had in my store a large assortment of such articles as they coveted; but, although I have left my goods in their care for days at a time, I never missed an article; and while they would sometimes steal from travelers, from me they never did steal. At the close of my sojourn among them, I had disposed of my stock, except my provisions, all of which I had saved to carry with me to the mountains, whither I was going to engage in mining operations. Before leaving for the mountains, it became necessary for me to visit Marysville, and, consequently, to leave my provisions in the care of the Indians. Accordingly I went into the village, and calling the chief and a few old men together, I addressed them: "Olivee, I am going to Marysville. I shall be gone six sleeps, and then I shall return. I leave my house and my goods in your care. Will you protect them for me?" "Yes, yes," they replied, "all will be right." I left them. In Marysville I was unwell a day or two; and then, to get my letters, I found it necessary to go to Sacramento, which occupied me three or four days, and instead of returning in six days, as I promised, I was gone thirteen. I approached my village on the opposite side of Feather River, and called to some Indians to ferry me across on one of their flattened logs, which they use for canoes. This they did; but on ascending the bank, I was instantly struck with a change in their demeanor.

Quite a crowd stood at a little distance, but no one came forward to meet me with a welcome. There was an air of constraint which I could not understand. I saw that something was wrong, and I

stopped upon the bank without speaking. We stood looking at each other for perhaps two minutes, when at length an old gray-headed man approached me with a calm but dignified air, and slowly addressed me: "Wan nan nah — when you left us, you said you would be back in so many sleeps," — showing at the same time a string, with six knots tied in it. "You have been gone so many," and drawing the string through his fingers, showed thirteen knots. "How is this?" I read the story at once. I had deceived them, though unintentionally, and their first doubts had arisen. An explanation was due, and I gave it. "When I left you, I intended to return in six sleeps. I was six sleeps in Marysville; two sleeps I was sick; then I had to go to Sacramento two sleeps, then three sleeps to come here. Is it good?" "It is all right, el capitan — all right now: we understand it;" and he gave me his hand; and the crowd standing in the distance now came around me with their usual demonstrations of good-will at my return. "Well, come," said I; "go with me to my house," and I led the way. I found that they had piled a heap of brush before the door, which signified that the proprietor was absent and the premises must not be intruded upon; so, pulling it one side, I opened the door and entered. What was my surprise at finding my house completely empty! Every thing which I had secured for my mountain trip was gone. There was not a box, not a bag — not an article was left; all was gone, and my house was empty. I was much startled, and here would have been a capital excuse for shooting down the Indians for stealing my property. But I did not seem to notice that it was gone, though, to tell the truth, I felt anxious. We sat down on the ground, and I distributed a few presents which I had bought for them, and after chatting awhile I observed: "Come, let us go to the village; I want to see Olipee and the children." All followed me, and on reaching the village I found the Digger Chief seated on a beeve-hide in the sun. He motioned me to sit by him, when I explained to him the cause of my long absence. "It is all right, now," he said. "We are glad to see you." "And I am glad to get back," I replied. — "Well, Olipee," I continued, after a pause, "you took care of my house while I was gone?" "Yes, all right." "And — humph! — you — took care of my goods, my bread, my flour, my meat, my sugar?" How I dreaded his reply. It came,

frankly, promptly, honestly — “Yes.” “All safe?” I asked, half doubtingly. “Yes, all safe,” came out in a tone that set me at once at ease. “Well, where are they?” “There,” said he, pointing to his own earth-covered hut. “Malo Americans came and was going to steal them. We drove them away, and I put them into my house to keep them safe.” I drew a long breath. “Well,” said I, “you have done well. I have come back now, and you may take them to my house again.” He jumped up, and calling a dozen stout Indians together, in less than half an hour every box, bale, and package, was taken back and piled up in my house as it had been taken, even to a hammer and half a dozen nails. Verily, I would trust to an Indian’s honesty before he has been spoiled by contact with civilization, quite as soon as those who boast of being civilized. Gain their confidence by kindness, uniformity of conduct, and by justice, and they may be managed. But don’t, for Heaven’s sake, destroy the Reservations, for it is their last hold in the land of their fathers. Let them have at least one resting-place near their old homes, from whence they can cast their eyes towards the hills where once their council-fires were kindled, and above all bear patiently with them “yet a little longer,” for soon the Angel of Death will leave none for the “dance” or the “cry.”

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### THY WILL BE DONE.

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A SINGING angel took that song and sung it through the earth, and wherever he went, came joy and peace and blessing for the song he sung.

In a darkened chamber a mother sat weeping over an empty cradle. In her hand was a little locket containing a curl of golden hair, which ever and anon she pressed to her lips; and in her lap lay two slippers, once filled by tiny feet, now walking with the angels. She wept, and said in her sorrow, “I will go down to the grave, mourning for thee, my child!”

The singing angel entered and sung that song, and she heard it, and forgot her sorrow, and arose and blessed the Hand that had taken her darling one, and borne it away and laid it beneath the wings of the cherubim on the mercy seat, 'till the evil days are past, and the thrones shall be set, and Time's brittle hour-glass be broken. Then shall that little one shine as a star in the Redeemer's coronet, forever and ever.

It entered a dungeon and sung that song, and lo! the chained captive arose and dashed aside his fetters, and leaped and danced for very joy, and his dungeon became a palace from that hour.

It entered the dwelling of poverty, where a widow pined, and laid herself down at night and dreamed, and saw before her great, staring, hollow eyes of hunger, and pale, sunken, ghastly faces. O, God! that childhood should ever wear a face like that! One was among them paler than the others — a little paler — and wrapt in a shroud. She shrieked, and started from her sleep, and clapped her hand to her brain, and cried, "Take the dark vision from me, O my God!"

The singing angel entered and sung that song, and she forgot her dream and her misery; while down her cheeks flowed great tears of joy, the first she had known for many a day. Then she arose, and joined the song, and looked so wondrous happy that her little ones stared, and stood amazed, so strange it seemed, their mother's sudden joy.

An aged man came leaning on his staff to his dwelling. It was empty and desolate, for that day had seen him lay "in the narrow house, the last of all his family." He tried to enter, but could not. He sat himself down on the threshold of his home — now no longer a home to him — and said: "It is enough; surely, the bitterness of death is past! Very heavily hast thou laid thy hand on me, O, my God! Lover and friend hast thou laid in the grave, and hast made all my home desolate."

The singing angel passed by, and whispered in the ear of that aged man, and he arose and threw away his staff, and sung long and loud, in a voice strong with immortal youth, "Not *my* will, but *thine*, O, God! be done."

G. T. S.

## O N W A R D .

BY G. T. SPROAT.

“Onward! fight in darkness! fight when you are down! die hard, and you won't die at all!”

*Beecher's Thoughts.*

Onward! still the cry is, “onward!”

On, with firm step, strong and bold!  
Scoff at danger and disaster!

Drive the demon from his hold!  
Onward, where the fight is fiercest,  
Ever foremost in the strife;  
Onward, struggling, striving; “Onward!”  
'Tis the battle-cry of life.

Onward! onward, up the mountain,  
'Till thou reach the sunny crown;  
O'er its steep sides struggling, climbing,—  
Never think of going down.  
On, from rock to rock, where frowning  
Overhead the cliffs are riven;  
Write thy name upon the topmost —  
Lo! thou hast reached the summit-heaven!

Onward! onward, through the desert,  
Where the burning wastes are spread;  
With the scorching sand beneath thee,  
With the blazing sun o'erhead.  
Onward! gleaming far before thee,  
Lies the land of flowers and streams;  
Thou shalt reach it, past the evening,  
When the glorious morning beams.

Onward! onward, o'er the ocean,  
Driven before the roaring blast;  
Onward, among rocks and quicksands,  
Where the buried wrecks are cast.  
Onward, where the clouds are darkest,  
Scowling through the angry night.  
See! one lonely star is beaming!  
Hail it! 'tis thy beacon-light!



## ABOUT CLEAR LAKE; ITS SCENERY, &c., &c.

BY J. A. VEATCH.

To the imperfect description of Clear Lake, in my last, I would add a few words about its scenery. As the lake is literally hidden betwixt mountain ranges, with peaks rising sky-ward to a great height, the approach to it gives no evidence of its presence until the traveler looks suddenly down upon its silvery surface. A green fringe of tules mark the margin, and cosey little islands dot the center. It is like the unmasking of a hidden battery of beauty; and I know of no surprise more agreeable and striking than coming on Clear Lake for the first time. If the day is fine, a fleet of Indian boats chasing birds and casting nets may be seen, and the cry of the frightened fowl is mingled with the merry shouts of the boatmen. In the background of this picture of life and activity, are the distant mountains, blue and hazy, hiding their summits in white, fleecy clouds. It makes one feel half willing to turn Indian, and seize on "some dear little isle of his own,"—wed a dusky belle, and spear fish the remainder of his life! But, alas, the romance is broken if you approach too near;—distance lends enchantment—and the dark Indian beauty that handles her oar as gracefully as the Lady of the Lake, is transformed into the dirty digger woman, when you come within speaking distance.

A prominent and attractive object is a mountain peak, called by the Indians Co-noke-ti, or high mountain: the *Americanos* of the neighborhood call it Mount Sam. The Indian name is certainly preferable. It is on the south side about midway of the lake's length, and springs up from the water's edge. The side fronting the lake offers a perpendicular face of several hundred feet in height. It presents a columnar appearance at a distance, a little like basaltic pillars, but closer examination shows the columns to be only the edges of sand-stone strata, upheaved to a vertical position. A low, narrow tongue of land shoots out from its base into the lake, forming a beautiful little peninsula, densely wooded and covered with a grassy carpet. This spot is selected by the Indians for the solemn rites of cremation, and their dead are here burned with simple but impressive ceremonies. A more appropriate spot could scarcely be imagined. The tall fir trees interlocking their boughs with those of

the wide-spreading oaks, the whole overshadowed by old Co-noke-ti, shed a kind of gloom in keeping with funeral solemnities. As the smoke of the blazing pyre curls and twines about the tree tops, a mournful wail, prolonged by the echo of the mountain, is raised by the friends of the dead, and the spirit is supposed to take its flight to its far-off home. If the deceased was good, his spirit travels west to where the earth and sky meet, and becomes a star; if bad, he is changed into a grizzly, or his spirit-wanderings are continued for an indefinite period.

The mountain is held sacred, and no one ever attempts to ascend it but the doctor or wizard of the tribe. The possession of the root of a certain plant, (a species of angelica,) when gathered on the summit, is thought to bring good luck. It makes the wild fowl gentle and unsuspecting, and entices fish into the net of the fortunate possessor. As no one but the doctor dare approach the holy ground, he is generally shrewd enough to make good use of his monopoly of the valuable root.

From the top of the peak, the whole lake and a broad expanse of country — besides a bewildering confusion of hills, valleys and mountains — meet the eye in every direction.

Not the least interesting feature is the evidence of volcanic action encountered at almost every step. At one place, immense quantities of obsidian, (volcanic glass,) in small fragments as well as huge blocks, cover the ground for acres. At another point, enormous heaps of pumice-stone, in blocks of several cubic yards in size, are piled up in wildest confusion. A bluff of this kind of rock presents itself near the water, at a point on the "Lower Lake." It is an interesting experiment to tumble some of these huge masses into the water and see them float off like lumps of cork.

Deer formerly abounded here, but are now scarce. Quails and hares are numerous, and the adventurous hunter can "scare up" a *grizzly* without much labor, by beating the chaparral. The bear, however, — like the Indian — is being crowded away by the white man. The elk, found here not more than five years since in great numbers, have totally disappeared, leaving as the only record of former occupancy, their huge antlers, bleached and decaying. The rich valleys, surrounded by grassy hills, form attractive objects to settlers, and a considerable population is already located about the lake.

The foregoing are only a few of the interesting things about Clear Lake. Why don't somebody go see them? Where are the tourist book-makers? Where the artist wanderers in search of the picturesque?—and where the getters-up of extensive gipsy parties? A glorious place is this for a gipsy party! One composed of the right material might have a grand time of it. A botanist, geologist, zoölogist, sportsman, *ad lib.*, and a few ladies, — without “nerves” — should compose the party. Let them go as I direct, and they will see enough of the strange, wild, and grand, to repay their labors many fold.

Rendezvous at Napa City in May or June; take a wagon, or better still, horses or mules; pass up through Napa Valley, — the garden of California — a distance of twenty miles; ascend Howell Mountain, — lingering on its summit to admire an extensive view of the valley you are just leaving, — then plunge down into Pope Valley. Stop at Christmas' Hotel and get a good dinner, done up in wholesome, substantial, western style, and you will be the better able to climb Coyote Mountain, four miles beyond. A spot near the base of this mountain, at the last house on the north side of Pope Valley, was, many years ago, the scene of one of the characteristic incidents of frontier life — a bloody, hard-fought battle. Mr. J. C. YOUNT, an old pioneer, — now among the wealthiest men of Napa Valley — here repulsed, with some twenty or thirty Indians of his own, a night attack made on his camp by four hundred wild savages. Your artist must take sketches from the summit of Coyote Mountain, for he will see nothing more grand or sublime in the way of scenery short of Clear Lake. The botanist, in the meantime, will tell you that the tall pines with long pendant cones hanging from the tips of the branches, is the Lambert Pine, (*Pinus Lambertina*,) and that its presence indicates an elevated position. The deep green fir, making such an inviting shade, with its dense leaves and spreading boughs; tapering away in a graceful pyramid two hundred feet high, is the Douglas Spruce, (*Abies Douglasii*;) and the clump of miniature trees — half tree and half shrub — with smooth red trunk, and boughs, contorted and divided in the most fantastic manner, having glossy green leaves and bearing diminutive apple-like fruit, is the Manzanita — (*Arctostaphylos Glauca*.) Its shade is the favorite resort for the crested quail. As you de-

scend the northern slope into Coyote valley, you will observe a very attractive evergreen tree, the Madrona — (*Arbutus Menziesii*.) A spring of clear, cold water, breaking out amongst ferns and lillies, and fritillaries, about half way down the mountain, may tempt you to linger awhile, and perhaps, “camp” all night. Coyote valley is ten miles across, level as a floor, and remarkable for conical hillocks scattered about and looking like huge wigwams. A few stock-raisers have settled here, and the traveler may luxuriate on the pastoral fare of butter, milk and cheese. Beyond Coyote valley you ascend over the low mountain range, called the Clear Lake Mountain, a noted locality for quail, and the hunters may fill their game-bags here. The rocks have a volcanic look, and the road sparkles with California diamonds — rock crystal fragments — left bare by the winter’s rain. Cache Creek Valley comes next, and soon Clear Lake itself, a distance of fifty-five miles from Napa City. You are now at the foot of the lake, as it is termed, viz.: its outlet,—forming Cache Creek.

Here take a boat; build one if need be,—there is a saw-mill and plenty of lumber. Send your horses to the head of the lake,—hire a couple of Indians to manage your boat, and speed away for the bays, islands, sunny nooks and shady spots, that lie before you.

Along the shore you will observe huge, wide-branching pines, with heavy, rough-looking cones — *Pinus Sabiniana* — the “nut pine.” The seeds furnish an important article of food to the Indians. The ground is generally strewn with their burs, and groups of women and children are often seen pounding them betwixt stones, to make the rigid cone yield up its rich, oily seed. Interspersed with these pines is the Hindes’ oak — *Quercus Hindsii*. On the higher grounds, the *Pinus Ponderosa*, and Kellog’s oak, — *Quercus Kellogii* — predominate, while higher still, crowning the mountain crests, the same forest trees occur as on Coyote mountain.

In your progress you will reach the island of Coyempo — under the shadow of Co-noke-ti — the site of an Indian village; it is about fifteen or twenty acres in extent. In a deep bay, off to the northeast, lies the “leafy isle” of Alempo, — the residence of Salvador, chief of the lake Indians, — the “lord of the isles.” His principality contains about thirty acres of ground, but his authority extends to the other islands and the neighboring shores. He is a shrewd

young Indian, speaks Spanish, and can give, amongst other interesting items, the particulars of a battle fought on this island in '52, betwixt his people and the United States' troops, when the Indians were severely, but justly punished for murders committed on the early settlers of the lake country.

Along the shores of this bay is the best place to gather shells. They are not numerous, are diminutive in size, but are not destitute of beauty, and may serve as rather attractive mementoes of the lake. A minute spiral shell, of a green color — a *Valvata*, and two larger univalves, the one a *Lymnea* and the other a *Physa* — looking much alike, but the spires of the first turn to the right and the other to the left — and an elegantly fluted little spiral, are generally found together. The last is probably new to the conchologist, as well as are two others of a depressed pyramidal form, with angulated whorls. A kind of water snail — a *planorbis* — and a fragile semi-transparent bivalve, — an *Anadonta*, — complete the brief catalogue.

Fishes are numerous, and fine sport may be had at this point, in catching them. The geologist will also find a field for his skill in tracing the evidences of volcanic action, not even yet extinct, as is proven by the numerous springs of hot water and masses of sulphur, in and near the water's edge. Here coarse sand-stone strata, passing gradually into a flinty texture, show the effect of igneous matter, protruded at some former period, in a fiery sheet betwixt the rocky layers. Old Co-noke-ti is in full view, presenting his erect stratification, carries the mind back to the distant past, when the huge mass lay on its side at the bottom of an ancient ocean, — the particles of its layers slowly gathered from other mountains in process of disintegration — and how, during a period not to be counted by years, it emerged from the waters, and, amidst earthquakes and volcanic forces, gradually assumed the present position. The basin of the lake itself seems to have been formed by the sudden sinking of the bottom to its present depth, as if by the breaking in of a crust. The precipitous character of the banks — the water having a depth of fifty or sixty feet to within a few yards of the shore, save in a few places — would justify this opinion.

When the party become satisfied with the lake and its strange and varied objects of interest, they might mount their horses again at

the head of the lake, and return to Napa by way of the Geysers, and thus see another of the grand wonders of California.

A trip like the above would be perfectly practicable, and scarcely another could be suggested of equal length, embracing so rich a variety.

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RESURGAM.

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I SHALL RISE AGAIN!

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BY S. H. LLOYD.

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This word we trace where'er we bend our eye,  
 In silent groves, in yonder sunset sky;  
 In garden walks where once the lilies slept,  
 Bathed in the dew-drops that the evening wept.

The leafless tree that lifts its arms in prayer,  
 The naked rose-bush, once the gardener's care,  
 Shall hear the voice when spring shall come again,  
 With melting sunlight and the genial rain.

The setting sun that bathed the earth with light,  
 And scattered far and wide the gloom of night,  
 This word repeats, as with departing ray  
 He leaves the scene and shuts the gates of day.

The stars that lingered till the opening dawn,  
 And graced the beauty of the dew-eyed morn,  
 This word repeat, as fading from the sky  
 They lonely set before the watcher's eye.

Beside the open tomb, the grave new made,  
 Where mourners kneel beneath the willow shade,  
 An angel stands, and to the passing train  
 Proclaims these words: "They rise—all rise again!"

As springs succeeds the wintry days and snows,  
 As from the budding stem the blossom grows,  
 So near is Heaven—so near the landscape lies,  
 Though hidden now beneath these earthly skies.

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

A SKETCH.

BY CAXTON.

THERE is certainly no event in the whole history of the world—if we except the discovery of Hispaniola by Columbus—which fills the mind with such ideas of sublimity, as the discovery of that vast ocean, upon whose eastern shore we are now engaged in building up an immense empire.

Every event connected with it is interesting to all mankind, but particularly so to the citizens of California. It will require, therefore, no apology for presenting some details respecting the event itself, as well as the personal character and history of the great Adelantado, VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA, who was so fortunate as to be the first European upon whose sight flashed its calm blue waves.

The notions of the wisest men in Europe, during the early part of the sixteenth century, on the subject of geography, were exceedingly crude and limited; indeed, they were both narrow and absurd. The voyages of Columbus were projected for the purpose of discovering some nearer way to the Indies, whose silks, and spices, and pearls and precious stones, were the envy and desire of all Europe.

Columbus himself believed until his death, that America was but a short distance from China, and the East, and all his later voyages were devoted to the discovery of a passage into the Indian seas. He had read and studied the travels of Marco Polo, a Venetian, who, about the middle of the thirteenth century, started forth upon a course of travel, a full account of which he subsequently published, and which gave such glowing descriptions of the several countries he visited, including Tartary, China, and the East Indies, that his fame and exploits were familiar to all Europe for more than two centuries after his death. Columbus took the chart made by him, on his first voyage, and it was the prime object of the Spanish navigator, in prosecuting his discoveries, to fall into the track of the adventurous Venetian. Indeed, Cathay and Cipanjo, the chief countries visited by Marco Polo, were at that time universally believed to be within a few days sail of the west end of Cuba.

VASCO NUÑEZ participated in the general opinion until after he made the great discovery which has rendered his name illustrious.

BALBOA was a Castilian by birth, and was one of the first, as he was certainly one of the boldest and most magnanimous of the adventurers who sought the shores of the new world. The first distinction to which he attained, was that of Governor of the little colony of Darien—the very first, it should not be forgotten, planted on the American continent.

At this era, he is described by his companions, to have been “about thirty-five years of age, tall, well-formed and vigorous, with reddish hair, and an open, prepossessing countenance.” He is also represented “to have been a great favorite with the people, from his frank and fearless character, and his winning affability;—and his superior talents soon gave him a complete ascendancy over all his official colleagues.”

The first rumor of a GREAT SEA beyond the mountains reached BALBOA in one of his expeditions against the Indians.

By his humane and generous nature, he had won over to his interests the oldest son of a Cacique, named COMAGRE. This young savage observed with disdain the fondness of the Spaniards for gold, and with the design to ingratiate himself in their esteem, as well as to show his contempt for riches, he ordered 4000 ounces in gold to be presented to VASCO NUÑEZ and his companions. Whilst engaged in dividing the spoil by weighing it out, the Spaniards got into a disgraceful brawl, which filled the mind of the Indian with disgust. Marching up to the scales he struck them a blow with his fist, and scattered the glittering ore far and wide. “If gold be so precious in your eyes,” exclaimed he, “behold those lovely mountains! Beyond them lies a mighty sea which may be discerned from their summits. All the streams which flow down the southern side of those mountains into that sea, abound with gold, and the Kings who reign upon its borders eat and drink out of golden vessels.” “Such was the first intimation,” says an American writer, “received by VASCO NUÑEZ, of the Pacific Ocean and its golden realms. Henceforth the discovery of the sea beyond the mountains was the great object of his thoughts, and his whole spirit seemed roused and ennobled at the idea.”

BALBOA had been elected to the office of Governor of the Colony



of Darien by the free suffrages of the colonists themselves, but had not as yet received the royal sanction from Spain. A lawsuit had consequently arisen between himself and a certain bachelor of law, named ENCISCO, concerning the office, which was claimed by the latter as the next in authority to the former Governor, who had been deposed. The lawsuit was decided at first in favor of VASCO NUÑEZ, but ENCISCO appealed to King Ferdinand, and left the colony to prosecute his appeal in person.

Intelligence was received at this juncture, at Darien, that the suit had terminated in favor of ENCISCO, and that Ferdinand had ordered a judgment to be entered condemning VASCO NUÑEZ in costs and damages. It was also rumored that he would be summoned to Spain, to answer in person to certain criminal charges which had been preferred against him for the part he took in the deposition and banishment of his predecessor.

As yet known, no official intelligence of these facts had been received at the colony. BALBOA determined, therefore, at once, to attempt some bold and dazzling exploit, which, at the same time that it would redound to his own honor, would serve to ingratiate him with the King.

He was not long in determining what that exploit should be. He resolved immediately to set out across the mountains and search for that great sea, so many rumors of which had been borne to his ears.

The force at his disposal was exceedingly small, and the region he had to traverse was filled with the most formidable foes! Not only were there thousands of savages obstructing his path at every turn, but many deep and rapid torrents had to be crossed, lofty mountains scaled, dense forests penetrated, and many leagues of tropical thickets traversed, inhabited by ferocious wild beasts and literally swarming with poisonous reptiles.

But, BALBOA'S was not a nature to shrink from an enterprise which promised such glowing rewards because danger and difficulty lay in the path. Indeed, these impediments but kindled the loftier impulse of his soul, and whetted him on to the accomplishment of his purpose. Besides, there was no alternative left him. Before him lay the road to glory and immortal fame; behind him were chains and imprisonment, perhaps an ignominious death. Nor was there any time to be lost in extensive and effective preparations. The

ship bringing the official news of his disgrace, might at any moment enter the harbor, and thus forestall forever the realization of his brilliant hopes.

The Cacique, COMAGRE, had informed him that it would require at least one thousand Spaniards, well armed and equipped, to prosecute the enterprise with success. But after several days spent in searching for recruits, he could muster only one hundred and ninety effective men.

These soldiers, however, were worthy of their age and country. They were equally as bold as their leader, and participated fully with him in the grandeur of the exploit they were selected to perform. A few friendly Indians in addition, volunteered to follow him, and he also took in his escort, several well-trained blood-hounds.

Such was the little army with which VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA set out in search of the great South Sea, and for the conquest of the powerful realms by which he believed it to be bordered.

It was on the 1st of September, 1513, that this adventurous discoverer set out on his memorable expedition. It consisted of one brigantine, and nine large piorques, or bungoes, such as are still used by the natives in that section of America. He steered to the north-west, and after a few days reached the dominions of COMAGRE, the friendly Chief who had first given him intelligence of the existence of the great ocean beyond the mountains. Leaving with him his naval flotilla, early on the morning of the 6th of September, after having participated with all his soldiers in solemnizing a grand mass, BALBOA turned off to the southward, and boldly invaded the central regions of the continent.

It is unnecessary to follow him particularly through all the details of his perilous and fatiguing march. He was compelled to fight his way, not only against the savages, but against a far more formidable foe, in those tropical regions — the deadly miasma of the climate. So toilsome and difficult was the march, that for the first fourteen days he did not advance more than ten Spanish leagues. At this point, however, he encountered a Cacique named Ponca, who pointed to a lofty range of mountains, stretching far away to the south, and informed him that from their summits the great object of his search could be found.

Taking fresh courage at this announcement, he ordered the sick

to return to Comagre, and with a greatly reduced force he pushed forward on his march.

At length, on the evening of the 25th of September, he arrived at a small village at the foot of a lofty mountain, and there learned with rapture that the Southern Ocean could be distinctly discerned from its bald and rocky summit. The day previous, he had fought a great battle with the natives, and took several prisoners. From amongst these, he selected a guide, and made preparations to commence the ascent on the following day. Upon counting his men, he ascertained that of the whole number with which he set out, only sixty-seven remained, who had strength enough left to venture on the task of climbing the mountain.

At day-dawn, every thing being in readiness, he commenced the ascent. Rugged, steep, and slippery as was the path, the heroic heart of BALBOA bore him on, with fleet step and flashing eye. At ten o'clock he emerged from the dense sea of vegetation through which he had struggled, and came out upon an open and elevated plain. Shooting still upward, the rocky summit rose many hundred feet above him; but from that eminence his guide announced that the glittering waters of a boundless ocean would burst upon his sight.

Halting his men, he commanded them to remain fixed in their footsteps, and not presume to follow until he gave the signal to approach. Then with the pride and vigor of the condor that still soared above him, lost in the distant clouds, he sprang forward, solitary and alone, to feast his eyes upon the magnificent scene. Onward and upward he pursued his way, his chivalrous old Spanish heart beating with the heroism of a crusader, and the hope of immortal renown. One more crag rose above him. Bounding to its summit, the sublime and majestic spectacle burst suddenly upon him, in all its romantic glory. Far away o'er mountain, river, and forest, brightly flashing in the morning sun, and marking the clear horizon with its azure line, smiled the calm blue waters of the PACIFIC OCEAN!

Overcome by the grandeur of his discovery, as well as filled with humble devotion, that he was the instrument selected by Divine Providence to make it, he fell upon his knees, and poured out his thankfulness to heaven, that he was the first European whose eye

had ever rested on the prospect before him. Then giving the signal to his companions, they soon clambered to his side, and there, after joining the Priest, ANDRES DE VARA, in the solemn chant of *Te Deum*, they subscribed their names to a formal Declaration, drawn by the Notary of the expedition, announcing to the whole civilized world, that VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA, on the 26th day of September, 1513, discovered that Sea, and took possession of it with all its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name and for the benefit of the Sovereigns of Castile.

Preparations were immediately made to descend the western declivity of the mountain, and take *corporal* possession of the sea. This imposing ceremony was performed on St. Michael's Day; the very same day that BALBOA reached the sea-coast.

Seizing with his left hand, a banner, on one side of which was painted the Virgin and infant Jesus, and on the other, the arms of Castile and Leon, and drawing his sword with his right, he waded into the sea until the water reached above his knees; then waving his banner, and striking the billows, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Long live the mighty Monarchs, DON FEDINAND and DOÑA JUANA, Sovereigns of Castile, Leon, and Arragon, in whose names, and for the Royal Crown of Castile, I take corporal possession of these seas, and lands, and adjacent coasts, and islands!"

This haughty *pronunciamento* was only attested by twenty-six of his followers; and hence originated the claim, persevered in for so many years by the Spanish Monarchs, of the exclusive right to navigate the Pacific Ocean, as well as the sole ownership of all the lands by which it is bordered, and of all the islands by which it is dotted over and adorned.

It is unnecessary to follow BALBOA any further in his fortunes. Suffice it to say, that he was most ungratefully treated by his country; and, like Columbus himself, was doomed to disappointment and disgrace. The world hates its greatest benefactors, and BALBOA formed no exception to the general rule. He was finally accused of some treasonable conspiracy against his Sovereign, and though the only testimony against him, was the oath of his bitterest enemy, and the suspicions of a deserter from his standard, he was tried by PEDRARIAS, Governor of Darien, and in the year 1517 — only four

years after his great discovery — he was led forth from prison, and ignominiously executed in the public square, at Acla.

A distant age, and a foreign people will yet do justice to his memory; — and should the day ever arrive when San Francisco shall fulfil her proud destiny, and lord it over the Pacific, like Venice of old over the Adriatic, then, the first object that from the summit of her hills shall greet the eye of the stranger as he passes through the Golden Gate, will be a lofty monument dedicated to the memory of BALBOA.

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WHILE SAILING O'ER THE SOUTHERN SEA.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

BY FRANK SOULE.

While sailing o'er the Southern Sea,  
 Though distant, I remember thee;  
 And oft my longing heart turns back  
 Along the white foam of our track,  
 And measures o'er the leagues of main  
 That I must pass ere we again  
 Shall meet upon our native shore,  
 To part, God willing, never more.

But are we parted? 'tis but the clay  
 Of those who love, that roams away:  
 Their souls remain; their spirits still  
 The cup of sweet communion fill;  
 Hearts part; but what their depths contain,  
 Love, sympathy and faith remain:  
 My thoughts, my soul are still with thee,  
 Though I am on the Southern Sea.

And thine I know are with me here,  
 I feel thy loving soul is near;  
 Thy blessings come like gentle gales  
 To fill with joy my spirit sails.  
 In thought by day, by night in dreams,  
 Thy presence sweetly on me beams:  
 Thus, though our forms far sundered be,  
 United still we roam the sea.

*South Pacific, Oct. 14, 1858.*

## THAT OLD ANCHOR FLUKE.

BY W. WADSWORTH.

OF the many thousands who annually pass by river craft between San Francisco and Sacramento, but few, probably, are aware, that near the upper extremity of a small, low island, known as Wood Island, about one mile below the present village and landing of Rio Vista, upon the decaying trunk of an old sycamore, lying near the water's edge, is the broken and rusty fluke of an old anchor; it is not large, but will probably weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. And fewer still, know anything of the dark mystery of its being there; but I can tell you of its history, as one full of truth, if not deeply interesting.

In December last, whilst indulging in my annual two weeks' sporting excursion along the low banks of the Sacramento, one afternoon, near nightfall, I saw, near the island opposite to me, what appeared to be a man waist deep in the water, and his peculiar movements excited my curiosity. He held in his hands an oar or pole, with which he seemed to be dragging or raking the river's bed, and, changing his position from time to time, he continued his labors till the growing darkness shut him from my view. Strange as the circumstance appeared to me at the time, I probably never should have thought of it again but for the fact that on the approach of the succeeding evening, I saw a man making for the island from the opposite shore in a small boat, propelled by a single oar at the stern.

Again I tried to fathom the mystery, or suppose a cause that should induce a man to be so strangely occupied, and at such an hour of day or night as had been chosen by him whose movements I had watched the night before. My curiosity I determined to gratify; so, hurrying to my tent and partaking of a hasty meal, and providing myself with a warm overcoat, I leaped into my skiff, and, as quickly as possible, made for the lower end of the island. I had often hunted there, and knew of a footpath through its tangled underwood that would lead me near the place of the stranger's operations.

Leaving my skiff, I soon reached a position, where, though hid from his sight by low brushwood and intervening tules, I could dis-

tinctly hear his heavy breathings, as he labored hard, apparently to drag from the river's bed, a something I could not discern. Cautiously stepping a few yards from the trail, I obtained a position, where, though unseen by him, I could observe his every movement. He held in his hands a short pole, and, as he raised it from the water, I observed a boat-hook attached to the end of it. After carefully examining it, he again fastened upon the mysterious object beneath, and dragging heavily, brought it to the water's edge. Suddenly dropping his hook, and rising to an upright position, he turned his face directly towards me, and in a voice that seemed full of both terror and defiance, exclaimed, "What's that you say?" But I had said nothing, and all was still around, save that of his own voice and movements.

Again stooping, he picked up an object, and looking at it for a moment in the moonlight, hurled it into the thicket. It fell within a few yards of me, and distinctly seeing its form, I involuntarily exclaimed, aloud, "A human skull!" Then again his unearthly voice rang out upon the air: "What's that you say?" Then, as if listening for a moment, he added: "The boy seems talkative to-night." From this moment I believed him to be a murderer; but the sequel shows. Again gathering up what I fancied to be the object of his search, he waded towards deep water and tossed it in; on returning towards the shore, he mutteringly exclaimed: "Now, with head and body far apart, talk to me further if you can."

How my blood rushed through my veins at that terrible recital; but his task seemed not yet fully done, and though I could see nothing, yet as he stooped again I could distinctly hear the low clanking of an iron chain. I could endure it no longer: and as he drew the last links from the water, I was at his side. In the bright moonlight, fixing his eyes upon me, and in accents as of a doomed man, he faintly uttered: "Even though thou be a fiend, have mercy."

Presenting my hand, I assured him I was not a fiend, but a friend, and that I would show him mercy too; but that he must tell me all he knew, when, why and where, and whom he slew. Instead of a strong and stalwart form, I found him a heart-broken, conscience-stricken, bowed-down man. Half reclining upon a fallen tree, in a subdued and hardly audible voice, he told me in few words, where and how he had lived for the last two years; that he had occupied a

shanty upon the neighboring main-land, and told me where I could find it; as though expecting I would retain him, that justice perhaps as well as mercy might be meted out to him.

That night he accompanied me to my own tent, a weak and feeble man. On the following morning he was exceedingly ill; but desired that he might be conveyed to his own miserable abode, if only for a few moments, that he might produce from a secret hiding-place, a single letter that he had received by post from an unknown source, three years ago. On asking him of the contents of the letter, he replied: "That is just what I do not know, for I am uneducated and cannot read; and yet if it be possible, I would know, ere I die. I could allow no one to read it for me, lest it might reveal the one only crime of my life."

The sunken eye, the weak and quivering frame, gave but too certain evidence that his days were nearly numbered; and I promised him that as soon as he should reveal the full secret of his crime — if crime it was — his request should be complied with.

"Let me do it quickly, then," said he, and raising himself to a sitting posture, with his face in his hands and his hands upon his knees, he related the following: —

"My real name is SHELSON; English by birth, and from my earliest recollection I labored with my father in the collieries. It is needless to give the history of my early life, for, though not faultless, it was stained by no crime. In 1845 I sailed for America, and the spring of 1850 found me upon the Missouri River, preparing for the overland trip to California. At Independence I made the acquaintance of GABRIEL LORNDOLF, a Swede, who, with his wife and child, a little boy of six years, were also preparing for the overland journey.

"LORNDOLF had money, and in addition to his teams and rolling outfit, purchased some fifty head of cattle to take along on speculation. It was an easy matter to engage my services to him for the journey, and with four others, did so. Passing over all the minor incidents of the journey, it may be well to say that in that year, sickness sported with the trains, and at the second crossing of the Sweet Water, we made the grave of MRS. LORNDOLF. But the gloom incident to the event soon wore away, and we had reached the grassy meadows of the Carson. Here our party dispersed with the



exception of a young man by the name of SPANGER—a countryman of LORNDOLF'S—and myself; we, for increased pay, continued with LORNDOLF in the care of his stock.

“After the death of MRS. L., the little boy seemed more than ever the pet of the company; we all loved him for his sprightliness and intelligence. But it was his fate to be orphaned; for in less than five days after, he was weeping bitter tears over his father's grave. And now for the first time came over me the thought, that I might enrich myself by impoverishing the boy; but I had then no thought of destroying him.

“We found upon the person of LORNDOLF a little more than twelve hundred dollars in cash. The cattle, horses and wagons, we sold in Placerville and Sacramento for nearly three thousand dollars more, all by right the property of Charley, our pet boy. The ease with which I might, with the concurrence of SPANGER, seize upon what I deemed a competence, haunted me day and night. We had been boarding for some weeks on K Street, Sacramento, till one day it occurred to me that I would introduce to SPANGER the subject of deserting the boy and dividing the money between us. A favorable opportunity presenting, I did so, as though intending it as a mere joke; when to my surprise he replied: ‘There is a better way than that, for in doing as you propose the boy might tell upon us.’ Thinking I had found in SPANGER the counter-part of myself, in my design upon the child, I laid before him at once a plan for its accomplishment; and it was this:

“Under the pretence of a trip down the Sacramento River for the purpose of locating farming lands, at the same time to make us masters of our time on the way, we procured two small row boats, and loading them with tent, provisions and implements, we started down the river. It was my own preconceived plan to cause the foundering and sinking of the boat that contained the boy as though by accident, and accordingly had procured that piece of an anchor's fluke and chain as a sinking material.

“Much to the discomfiture of my plans, we had not proceeded three miles from the city when we were joined by another party of two men in a large open boat, also bound down the river even as far as the San Joaquin; and for three days they kept us company, though we endeavored by unnecessary delays along the way, and

every other reasonable mode, to get rid of them. On the fourth day, before noon, I had feigned sickness, and to that degree that I ceased even my efforts at rowing, and one of the strangers volunteered to assist me. I accepted his service till a favorable opportunity presented to carry out my plans.

“We had reached the head of Wood Island, where I insisted upon stopping until such time as I might be better able to proceed. This ruse served to rid us of the strangers, who soon left us; not however until we had bought of them, at the earnest solicitation of the boy, a large, old, big-headed bull-dog, with the shortest nose I ever saw on a dog of his size; a perfect pet he was, so that now we had two of them, the boy and his dog; the latter sullen sometimes, the boy never. And now I come to that part of my story, which, could I but blot it from my memory, I would give worlds did I possess them; and though my partner in the great crime readily assented to my proposition, he seemed to leave the entire planning to me. I accordingly proposed to SPANGER that towards nightfall *he* should drug the boy to stupefaction, and then when all else was arranged *I* would do the rest. We then placed all our most valuable effects in one boat, and which included the accursed gold; all but about fifty dollars which I had in my pocket.

“It was agreed that when night came, I should take the dog and leave our camping-ground for an hour or more; that the moon’s rising should be the signal of my return as well as of SPANGER’S departure with the treasure-boat, for the lower end of the island, where he was to await my arrival; having first placed the helpless though not lifeless body of the boy, encircled by the chain, and that fastened to the anchor’s fluke, in the other boat. This was understood; I was not to see *him* place the pet boy there, he was not to see *me* as I drew the plugs from the bottom of the boat and cast it all adrift.

“Twilight came, and though already at heart a murderer, a tear did fall, as I looked for the last time upon the boy in his utter helplessness. I had not been gone long when I missed the dog: he had returned, doubtless, to the camping-ground. The moon at length arose, and, steeling my heart against every misgiving, hastened back, and finding all things properly arranged, approached the water’s edge, and as I laid my hand upon the boat I could distinctly hear the half-

suppressed breathing of the poor boy as he lay in its bottom wrapped in his blankets. Fearing to trust the boat adrift I waded out as far as I could, then started the plugs, and holding on by a short line, turned my eyes away. A single struggle was all I heard, and boat and boy were gone.

“Turning to the shore, I hastened to the appointed place of rendezvous at the lower end of the island; but judge of my disappointment, SPANGER was not there; and of my anger, for he had gone, taking boat, money, valuables and dog with him; and leaving me thwarted of the very riches that already seemed within my grasp, upon an island, with only a chance means of escape therefrom, and what was worse, alone with myself, a murderer! No pen can depict the horrors of that first dreadful night; remorse, anger and revenge alternately held sway; I was more a demon than a man. And, when at the end of two days I was forced to drag out again the sunken boat as the only means of escape from the island, how my heart sank within me; but overturning it before reaching the shore, I saw not so much as the shadow of the burden it had borne.

“For many weary years have I sought the object of my soul’s revenge. From a description of his person I have followed upon his trail from village to town, and from town to city, and I have traced his footsteps to many a mining camp; but all in vain. And now, with a soul harrowed with remorse, and a heart breaking with the weight of its afflictions, I would gladly sink into forgetfulness and the grave.”

Exhausted by the effort he had made, he fell backward upon his blankets like a dying man; but by the aid of simple restoratives he soon rallied, and once more vehemently urged to be conveyed to his own cabin that he might learn the contents of the mysterious letter in his possession. An hour of steady rowing and I had conveyed him to his cabin door, but a few feet from the border of a slough. It was a wretched home for man; in one corner of the cabin was a mere pallet of tules, which, with a few dingy blankets, had been his only couch for many a month, and on which I laid him down and took a seat upon a solitary stool beside him.

He seemed now quite revived again, and for a moment something like a ray of cheerfulness enlivened his haggard features, whilst he said to me, “Is it not strange that oft while sleeping here, and in

my dreams, with fiends and demons dancing round my bed, I sometimes see the radiant face of that poor murdered boy, and, stranger still, that it should be beaming with pity and forgiveness? but so it is." Pointing to a corner of the cabin, he said: "Will you hand me that old coat?" Complying with his request, he immediately tore apart a portion of its lining and produced a letter; but with seal still unbroken, for he could not read. It was directed to JOHN SHELSON, San Francisco.

"When I left my childhood's home," said he, "my father was alive, and it may be from him."

Raising himself to a sitting posture, I broke at once the seal, and drew forth the letter. It read as follows:—

"JOHN SHELSON—

"Should this letter ever reach you, it may possibly relieve your mind of a terrible burden." 'What is it?' eagerly inquired SHELSON. "Then know of a truth that Charley, our pet boy, still lives." 'Oh, my God!' said he; 'but go on.' "In place of the boy, I substituted his pet: I bound the chain around his sullen dog, and wrapped him in his blankets; then, taking the drugged body of the boy, together with his treasure, proceeded to San Francisco, and in two days thereafter we were on the ocean, bound homeward. And now our pet is protected by kind relatives. I, from the first, never intended you should destroy him; whilst you, to your satisfaction, perhaps, may learn from this that you were not his murderer."

"Truly,

"W. M. SPANGER."

As I turned my eyes upon SHELSON, he clasped his bony hands together, and turning his eyes upward, whilst a smile as of peace and tranquility played o'er his pallid features, he exclaimed: "Thank God, thank God!" But he never spake again.

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TITLES. — Several years ago there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles, which, notwithstanding our pretended dislike to them, have sometimes the effect of tickling the ear amazingly. Several young ladies were in debate, going over the list — he is Lord Viscount so and so, Baron of such a county, &c. "My fair friends," exclaimed the gallant Lieut. N., "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Ah," exclaimed they, eagerly, "what is that?" "He is *Barren of Intellect*," was the reply.



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### INTRODUCTORY.

THE fondness with which we turn from toil and care to commune with nature, is so near akin to devotion, our heart is wont to inquire of the sober judgment, whether the sacred aspirations it awakens are not more promotive of the virtues which conduce to human happiness than is generally apprehended. When we walk abroad in this hallowed temple, the conscious presence of the Great Father of All awes to silence our clamorous evils, and good gains strength. A composed reliance upon his beneficent hand begets a feeling faith; and a sweet tranquility and cheerfulness of temper come down upon the soul "like the dew of Hermon upon the mountains of Zion." This sphere of kindly feeling is often transferred from objects of beauty and harmony, to individuals, and to society. We deem it, therefore, of no small importance to allure the young into a suitable sympathy with natural objects; by this knowledge and love of nature we also lay the future foundation of every useful science.

From lower natural views, we may rise to higher, and behold outward nature as having "a mysterious relation to the soul of man."\*

We often speak of the great "Book of Nature"; it is all this, and far more in our eyes—a world of wonders and delights—a paradise of parks and play-grounds—scenes for sensuous and bodily

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\* Humboldt's "Cosmos."

exercises, as well as for the mental, moral and religious exercises of the soul. Our young friends may not understand so well what we mean by exercises of the soul and heart; but perhaps we shall be better understood by and by. Meanwhile we ask their indulgence in this introductory if we now and then address a word to older people. Riding is a pleasant exercise which you all understand; but we think *walking* is much the most useful and interesting in the country.

We have also a very pretty play in our walks. We play "observations," or "eyes and no eyes." You do not know what that means? Well, my little Katy can tell you. She says now we are coming to a good place. Let us see who will find the first flower! and then if the flower is too common, and we know its name and all about it, then the next is to be some other; so one after another we leave out and hunt for something new or more rare. Some children make repeated mistakes, and it is always a feather in one's cap to catch them at it. It is not to be expected we should know every thing at once, but it would be thought very strange indeed if you knew the faces of your acquaintances, and yet could not call their names! Just so we ought also to try and learn the names of the most familiar flowers, plants and trees. Besides, there are many curious insects, and strange animals, beasts and birds worthy of our careful attention.

"Lord! how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where e'er I turn my eye;  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky,  
There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glories known."

If we play "*observation*" very attentively, our walks will never fail to interest us. There is a great deal in knowing how to take a walk. A thousand things might be said, but we must content ourselves with one or two rules only, which we will give you in our next.

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A clergyman told an Indian he should love his enemies; "I do," said the latter, "for I love rum and cider."

## Home Department.

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HAVING had some experience in the culinary art, and knowing how essential to the health, comfort and happiness of the family circle it is to have food well prepared, we propose to give, from time to time, such recipes, original and selected, as will prove valuable to the practical housekeeper; and as there are in California many ladies who find themselves obliged to prepare their own meals, who in their former homes found no such necessity, and consequently have had no experience, we will begin with very simple dishes, and render descriptions as minute and plain as possible. We would also solicit ladies who feel an interest in this important department, to contribute such recipes as in their experience they have found valuable to the California housekeeper. Our aim will be to serve the *practical* housekeeper by giving recipes for the preparation of plain, wholesome dishes. As in cooking much depends upon the way the ingredients are put together, we would recommend a close adherence to the rules laid down in the recipes.

**TO BROIL PORTER-HOUSE STEAK.** — In procuring the steak from the butcher, be particular to have it about an inch in thickness, as a thin steak retains no juice; hang it for several days in a place where the air will pass freely all around it — say four or five days — until it has had time to mellow; then taking it from the hooks, lay it upon a board, which should be kept for that purpose, and with a sharp knife cut little slits in the edge about an inch apart, then fold the narrow or flank part up against the fat in the centre, so as to give the steak an oblong shape, and pass a skewer through it; have the coals bright and clear; place your gridiron upon them until it is well heated, but not burned; then with a piece of clean heavy paper rub the bars briskly over; oil them very slightly, and place them again upon the coals, and lay on the steak; as soon as the juice begins to rise to the surface it is done sufficient to turn; now lift it carefully to the platter, which should be beside the fire quite hot, and turn the juice into it; then replace upon the bars for a few moments only, as steak to be rich and juicy should be rare done; when done sufficiently, place it upon the platter, remove the skewer, and dress with butter, pepper and salt; serve *quite hot*. For this purpose queen's-ware platters are best, as they will bear the heat. Do not salt your steak while over the fire, as salt extracts the juice, and renders the steak dry and chippy. In carving, the little bone in the centre should first be carefully removed; the steak can then be cut in slices clear across, which will give to each person a share of the fat, flank and tenderloin.

**EXCELLENT CORN MUFFINS.** — Mix sour milk and corn meal until you have a thin batter; add a little salt; put a pan with the rings in it upon the stove until it becomes hot, and just before you fill your tins add to the batter a little saleratus; then put a spoonful of batter into each ring; begin again at the first tin and add another spoonful all around until they are a little over half full, then bake in a quick oven.

## Editor's Table.

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ONCE more, kind friends, we are with you. Once more we have grasped the pen to renew our pleasant intercourse with the readers of the *HESPERIAN*. In imagination we already feel the warm grasp of friendly hands, and hear the kind word of welcome! It seems to us an age since last we met you; and now, we come, bringing with us the result of our labor during our absence. With trembling hope, we lay our work before you, only too happy if it shall receive your kind approval.

We renew our labors with a cheerful heart and firm purpose, to resign them no more until the Great Proof-Reader call upon us for the proof-sheet of our mortal life.

We come, and not alone; but accompanied by a corps of contributors whom we need not introduce to you, for their names are household words. Some of them have long been known as the guardians and representatives of literature on the Pacific coast—while yet genius was a stranger on these shores, they flung the first bright thoughts, that fell like heavenly manna upon famishing minds. They shone forth like bright stars, when but few were shining in our western sky, and their light loomed up the brighter for the thick darkness around. At their touch, the finest sympathies of the human heart awoke; and the rough cheek was baptized anew by the tear of repentance when some plaintive strain awoke memories of other and purer days. And now, we are sure you will welcome them to your fireside through the pages of the *HESPERIAN*.

One feature of our work with which we feel sure you will be pleased, is the department of natural history, under the care of A. J. GRAYSON, whose long residence in this country, and great love for this department of science has naturally rendered him familiar with the habits of much of the fauna of the Pacific slope. Each number of the magazine will contain a description of some bird peculiar to this coast only; together with a lifelike illustration in natural colors. Some of the birds which will appear, have been previously described and illustrated by other authors; but probably very few have had an opportunity of seeing the works and, on account of their great expense, a still less number have been able to place them in their libraries. There are many, however, yet remaining upon this hitherto unexplored coast, to be presented to the lovers of nature, by the future ornithologist. Should Mr. GRAYSON be prosperous, he will, doubtless, contribute something valuable to the libraries of the lovers of science in this department, as he contemplates, eventually, bringing forth a work in true Audubon style; devoted exclusively to the birds of the Pacific. At present, however, his efforts will be confined to the pages of the *HESPERIAN*; and in future numbers, he will present some rare and beautiful specimens from the southern coast. Thus we hope to make the *HESPERIAN* a repository for valuable scientific knowledge, and furnish it at such a price that it may be within the reach of all.

We have often thought that some one should rescue the names of the early settlers of our country from oblivion, and hand them down to posterity as a



goodly heritage. The thought has been with us in our waking and sleeping hours, until at last, in the absence of some one more capable, we have ventured to put forth our own hand, weak and incompetent as we know it to be, for the accomplishment of so great a work. It is hardly to be expected, that in the limited space allowed us in the pages of the HESPERIAN, we shall be able to embody anything more than a very brief sketch of each individual. What we do give, however, may be relied upon as well-authenticated *fact*, and in another work, which we have now in preparation, we shall give the most full, complete, and extended histories, both of the men and women of those early days, that can possibly be gathered from the present resources of the State. Much of our time during the past three years has been devoted to this work, and from the material which we have at our command, we hope to make "Sketches of the early settlers of California" an interesting feature in our magazine.

We wish to say to the old residents of the State, and to all who may be in possession of interesting facts connected with the early history of California, that they will confer a favor by communicating with us upon the subject.

We should scarcely have ventured to start a monthly magazine, in the expensive style of the HESPERIAN, upon an uncertainty. But the success we met with in the little semi-monthly paper, (notwithstanding all we had to contend against at first) has placed our enterprise beyond a peradventure. At the same time, our experience has revealed to us the want, felt by the community at large, for a good, monthly magazine, high-toned and refined in its character, embodying all the departments of literature, art and science, at the same time particularly adapted to the fireside and home-circle, where it will ever seek to inculcate lessons of morality, purity and wisdom.

Almost every State in the Union has one or more monthly magazines devoted to the interests of the family-circle. And shall not California, with five hundred thousand inhabitants, support one such work? Most assuredly — and yield such support, too, as shall speak well for her appreciation of home-productions. But our circulation is not confined to California — from Maine to Minnesota, is the HESPERIAN looked for with anxiety and interest. It was the knowledge of this fact that inspired us with the determination to improve our work, and make it such as should be a credit to our State; — and we think we have accomplished our purpose. Our contributors, some of whose names we publish; others, quite as strong, who yet remain "incog.," would do credit to any literary magazine in older and more advanced States.

Our embellishments were drawn by those inimitable artists, NAHL BROTHERS — the likeness of Mr. YOUNT from an Ambrotype by BRADLEY. For the exquisite lithograph printing we are indebted to L. NAGEL.

Those who are acquainted with the venerable pioneer whose likeness we present in this number, will readily perceive that it is no mere picture, but a truthful, *lifelike* likeness. And the birds, clinging to a branch of "The Late Duke Cherry," are they not true to the very life? We showed a proof of them to an old farmer the other day, and he exclaimed, "Oh! the rascals, I want to throw a stone at them for pecking that fruit."

May we not be pardoned if we indulge a little pride with regard to our typographical appearance; is there not a neatness and precision about it which is truly beautiful? For this we are indebted to MR. FRANK EASTMAN, of the Franklin Printing Office, to whose uniform courtesy and kindness we have been much indebted while planning and arranging our new work.

It will be perceived that the illustration upon our cover is no common woodcut, but a fine lithograph.

In our next number we hope to remedy any defects which may appear in this, and also expect to bring out some new features of intense interest.

OUR TITLE PAGE.—We are so frequently interrogated as to the meaning of the word “Hesperian,” that we think we cannot do better than to define it in connection with a description of our title page; which, it will be seen, illustrates a scrap of mythological history.

Hesperia is a name applied by the poets to Italy, as lying to the west of Greece. It is of Greek origin, and is derived from a word which signifies evening. So that Hesperia properly means, “the evening land, or the Western region.”

The Hesperides or “the Western maidens,” were three celebrated nymphs. They are said to have been the daughters of night, and to have had no father. Their home was “beyond the bright ocean.” When the bridal of Jupiter and Juno took place, all the deities came, bearing nuptial presents for the bride; among them came the goddess of Earth, bringing with her branches having golden apples growing thereon. Juno being greatly pleased with the branches of golden fruit, begged of Earth to plant them in her gardens, which extended as far as Mount Atlas. The request was granted, and the Hesperides or “the Western maidens” were set to watch and guard the trees. But, alas! the fruit was too tempting; and like our first mother, they put forth their hands and plucked for themselves. Juno was so enraged at this conduct that she sent a great dragon to guard the precious fruit. Hercules was sent by Eurystheus to bring some of this golden fruit. On his way in quest of it, he came to the River Eridanus, and inquired of some nymphs where the apples were to be obtained. They directed him to Nereus, whom he found asleep; him he bound and held fast until he told where the golden apples were. Having obtained this information he set out on his journey. He visited Egypt, roamed through Arabia, over the Mountains of Libya — he then reached the eastern course of the ocean, which he crossed in the radiant cup of the Sun God. He now came to where Prometheus lay chained, with a bird feeding on his liver; he shot the bird and delivered Prometheus, who, out of gratitude, warned him not to go himself after the apples, but to send Atlas for them, and, in the meantime, support the heavens in his stead. Atlas, accordingly, went for the apples; and when he returned, proposed to carry the apples to Eurystheus himself, leaving Hercules to hold up the heavens. This Prometheus seemingly acceded to, but asked Atlas to take hold of the heavens while he put a pad upon the head of his friend Hercules. The unwary Atlas threw down the apples and resumed his burden, when Hercules snatched up the fruit and went on his way.

Thus derived, we find the HESPERIAN, or Star of the West, a very appropriate name for a work published on the far-off shores of the Pacific. The tree represented in our title page is, to use the words of C. B. McDONALD, "a branch transplanted, bearing golden apples of thought in the garden of Western Literature." The three maidens may be thought to represent the women of our day, who have indeed put forth their hands to appropriate some of the Golden Apples of Literature. The old dragon in the background represents Ignorance, who would guard the tree of knowledge, and prevent the distribution of those golden apples, of which, if the people partake, they become "wise as gods." See how zealously he watches, apparently well aware that from this point the strongholds of ignorance, superstition, and barbarism have every thing to fear.

"Do you read the ATLANTIC MONTHLY?" inquires a young friend at the East. Most certainly we do; and recommend it to our friends. The leading article in the February number, "Ought women to learn the alphabet," is one of the best things that has ever been written. We wish we *knew* who wrote it: yet we are more than half inclined to think that it was penned by J. W. HIGGINSON, who has before now proved himself the noble champion of freedom and right.

WE love poetry, and yet we would just hint to our friends that prose articles, occasionally, are very acceptable. Speaking of poetry reminds us of an article which we were once guilty of pilfering from the table of a sentimental young friend; and which, for the benefit of despairing youths who may be contemplating suicide, we here make room for.

#### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

We met — around her seemed to rest  
A halo spell of love,—  
Like summer billows heaved her breast,  
As waves by zephyrs moved!

Her eyes shot liquid arrows bright,—  
Love shafts with passion tip't;—  
Her smile was like the sun's fresh light  
In dews of morning dip't!

One look — one smile — that smile and look  
Part of my life have grown,  
The only page on memory's book  
I care to look upon!

*But* — as I never died for love  
Perhaps I never shall,  
And should the lady cruel prove,  
I'LL LOVE SOME OTHER GAL!

WE are happy to be able to announce that Mrs. MAGDELEN G. BLANDING, of this city, has received the appointment of Vice Regent for the State of California, for the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union. Now that the State is provided with a Regent who will prove in every way acceptable to the people, we hope that California will not be backward in espousing the cause which appeals so forcibly to every American heart. We trust that the women of California will not be behind those of any of her sister States.

So it seems the Senate has effectually killed our Pacific Railroad Bill. Well, we do not know as it need be a matter of surprise when we consider that such an act is just in character with the way they have ever treated us and our interests on the Pacific. Forbearance is a great virtue; one that it is as well for nations as for individuals to exercise; but there is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue; and if the many acts of injustice to which we have, as a people, been subjected ever since the State of California was reluctantly admitted into the Union, should awake in our minds a memory of the Stamp Act, as well as the noble example of our forefathers in resisting injustice and oppression, we think that the East may feel herself to blame, and too late, perhaps, regret for *self-interest's sake*, what she failed to appreciate from higher motives; for in all their panics and pecuniary difficulties they look to California for relief.

Every month we remit to them four millions of dollars, which they eagerly clutch and still cry for more. But what have we received at their hands? Let the State records show.

But we are waxing warm over a question of political interest, forgetful that we are but women, and only allowed to talk of fashions and frivolities. It has often been a source of amusement to us, to see the attempts of some of the "Lords of creation" to render their conversation particularly agreeable to their female friends; with what a patronising air they descend from exalted themes to render themselves intelligible to women, in common small talk — how interesting their comments upon the "weathaw," — the last "nauwal," or the "ope-waw" — how flattering their remarks on the clearness of one's complexion, or the brilliancy of one's eyes. We always feel as if we should like — ah, well, we didn't say it; we never mean to say anything unkind; we will only give you a little anecdote to prove that women do *sometimes* appreciate the tremendous efforts which are made by the sterner sex to render themselves agreeable.

M. LALANDE dined one day at the house of RECAMIER, the banker; he was seated between the celebrated beauty, Madam RECAMIER, and Madam De Staël, equally distinguished for her wit. Wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, the astronomer exclaimed, "How happy I am to be thus placed between wit and beauty!" "Yes, M. LALANDE," sarcastically exclaimed Madam De Staël, "and without possessing either."

REJECTED. — "To my Mother;" "I think of Thee;" "Description of Gold Mines;" "How I became a 'Blue';" "Darby, a tale of Western Life;" "Crossing the Plains;" "Memoirs of '49;" "The dying Bride;" and four namby pamby letters, which should have been addressed to the Mutual Admiration Society.





THOMAS O. LARKIN.

*(Expressly for the Hesperian.)*



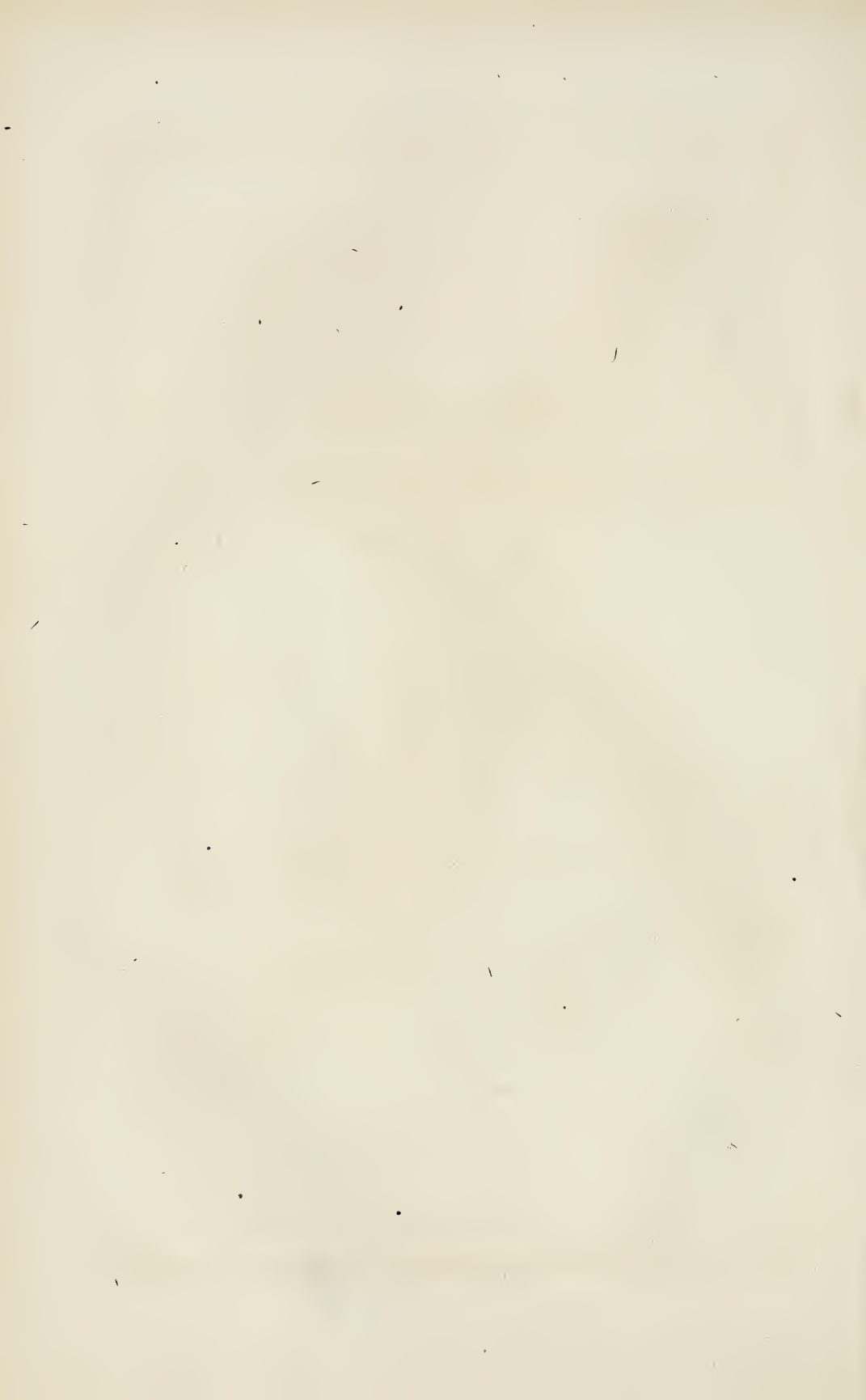
*Nahl Hrothels.*

*L. Nagel, Print.*

## RED CUCKOO

COCCYZUS RUFUS (GRAYSON.)

*Expressly for the HESPERIAN from an original drawing by A. J. GRAYSON.*





# THE HESPERIAN.

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No. 2.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

THOMAS OLIVER LARKIN.

THOMAS O. LARKIN was born in Charlestown, Mass., in the year 1802. His early life was overshadowed by the death of his parents, his father having died when he was but seven years of age, his mother ere he had completed his sixteenth year. Thus early was he deprived of a father's counsel and a mother's care, and thrown upon the world with nothing but his own energies by which to make his way through life.

He early manifested that energetic and courageous disposition which characterized his life through after years, and applied himself to business with that zeal and fidelity which won the good will of all who knew him.

At the age of nineteen, we find him serving in a book and stationery store in Boston. He soon left his employer, however, and in company with a young man of his own age, sailed for the South, and landed at Wilmington, N. C. Poor in purse, without either friends or acquaintances to assist or encourage him, he was forced here as elsewhere to rely entirely on his own energies for daily bread — a stranger in a strange land, without resources. Who can properly appreciate the struggle which he had here to undergo before he was so far successful as to be enabled to engage in the mercantile pursuits, which he afterwards conducted successfully for six or eight

years, and only relinquished for the purpose of entering largely into the saw-mill business. In this, however, he was unfortunate, and lost both his health and fortune.

He returned to Massachusetts in 1830, in poor health but with undaunted spirit. The North-West coast of America next attracted his attention, and he set out for that country as much to recruit his failing health as to benefit his depleted purse. At this time, there were no ships running to the country named, for the accommodation of passengers. By chance, however, he obtained a passage in a vessel called the Newcastle, Capt. HERSEY. She left Boston in September, 1831, and reached the Sandwich Islands in February, 1832. From thence she sailed for California, touched at San Francisco, and then proceeded to Monterey, where she arrived in April, 1832. Here MR. LARKIN found his brother, and with characteristic energy began to employ himself in commerce. He erected the first double-gear'd wheat-mill in that part of the country; himself making the models for the carpenters to work by.

COLTON, in his excellent work entitled "Three Years In California," thus speaks of MR. LARKIN: "The same spirit of adventure which took him to this country, characterized his subsequent career. He came here without capital, and with no sources of reliance save in his own enterprise and activity. There was then no gold out of which a fortune could be suddenly piled, and no established channels of business through which a man could become regularly and safely rich. But this unsettled state of affairs was suited to the enterprising spirit of MR. LARKIN.

"He often projected enterprises and achieved them, seemingly through the boldness of the design; but there was ever behind this a restless energy that pushed them to a successful result. Many and most of the public improvements were planned and executed by him. The only wharf and custom-house on the coast were erected through his activity.

"Through all the revolutions which convulsed the country, he held the post of United States Consul, and vigilantly protected our commercial interests, and the rights of our citizens. He was deeply concerned in all the measures which at length severed California from Mexico, and loaned his funds and credit to a large amount in raising means to meet the sudden exigencies of the war.

“The Californians, to cut off these supplies, managed at last, very adroitly, to capture him, and held him as a hostage in any important contingency. But the work had already been measurably accomplished, and a restoration of prisoners soon followed.

“MR. LARKIN early engaged in the organization of a civil government — was a delegate from Monterey to the convention for drafting a Constitution, and impressed his practical genius on many of its provisions. He has never been a candidate for any office, and resigned that of Navy Agent with which he had been honored, as soon as the condition of public affairs would allow. His commercial enterprise and sagacity work best where they have most scope; they have secured to him an ample fortune. His house has always been the home of the stranger; his hospitalities are ever on a scale with his ample means.”

In 1833 MR. LARKIN married the only American lady at that time residing in California. The marriage was celebrated on board of a vessel under the American Flag, by JOHN C. JONES, U. S. Consul for the Sandwich Islands, who happened to touch on the coast. From 1834 to 1846, MR. LARKIN gave employment to as many foreigners as chose to work, in making shingles, shaping timber, &c. The natives he employed in hauling, putting up buildings, wharves, &c., for the Mexican Government. He entered into a brisk trade with the rancheros, purchasing all the soap and produce that they brought to Monterey, and opened an entire new trade in the country by exporting timber, shingles, potatoes, flour, and many other things to the Sandwich Islands, Mazatlan, and Acapulco. He also supplied whalers, ships of war and other vessels, and at the same time supplied the different Mexican Governments in California with stores, funds and clothing.

During this time there was neither hotel or boarding-house in the country — travelers were always accommodated with good quarters, free of expense, and they could travel across the country or up and down the coast without paying anything as passage money.

In 1844 MR. LARKIN was appointed U. S. Consul for California; he was the first and last American Consul ever appointed on this coast. True to his country, he used every means in his power to reconcile the people to a change of government, and endeavored to direct their inclinations towards his own country.

When the news arrived from San Francisco of the taking of Sonoma by the "Bear Flag" party, Mr. LARKIN, at his own expense, sent couriers to San José, San Francisco, Sonoma, and Sutter's Fort, with Commodore SLOAT's orders to hoist the American flag at those places.

He assisted in hoisting the national flag in eight different places in California — in four places in his own person, and in four others by his couriers.

During the time that Monterey was surrounded by the Mexican soldiery Mr. LARKIN sent his family to San Francisco, as there they would be less exposed to immediate danger. Unfortunately the children contracted the fever of the country, and Mr. LARKIN was speedily called to San Francisco to attend the bedside of a dying child. He started at night on horseback, with no companion except one servant-man. That very night he was taken prisoner by a party of the enemy who supposed him to be a bearer of political dispatches. In vain he read to them the letter received from his wife, stating to him the dying condition of their child, and urging him, in the deep tones of affection and distress, to hasten his presence, if he would see the child alive. They treated the letter with insolence and contempt, as a ruse to mislead them and evade their power. They carried him several miles to an encampment, where they presented to him a certain letter, and ordered him, under displeasure of the party, to sign it. This he refused to do, when he was immediately surrounded by a body of armed men, who threatened to shoot him. Mr. LARKIN coolly drew off to one side and sat down by the fire, saying, as he did so: "To live on such terms from night to night, gentlemen, is no object to me. Do as you like," at the same time calling his servant, ordered him to make a cup of tea. This he drank and heard no more about the matter, although his captivity continued for three months — until Los Angeles was retaken by Gen. KEARNY and Col. FREMONT. He then, together with about seventeen other Americans, regained his freedom. The coolness with which he ordered his cup of tea, in the midst of such imminent danger, was the cause of many jokes and much merriment among his friends in after years.

In 1850 Mr. LARKIN and his lady, after an absence of twenty years, returned with their family to the Eastern States. But their

hearts still yearned for their adopted country, and they returned in 1853, determined to settle in San Francisco for the remainder of their days. From this to the time of his death his life is unmarked by any particular circumstance to engage the pen of the historian. The necessity for public action having ceased, with graceful dignity he retired to the sacred confines of private life. His early spirit of adventure had been gratified — his dream of ambition had been realized — the poor and adventurous youth, by his own energy and perseverance, had become the honored and wealthy man. He had been tried and proved, and in the day of his prosperity we find him without arrogance or petty pride, pursuing the even tenor of his way — consistent, energetic, and faithful. He was suddenly called by the Great Master to come up higher. He had been up to Colusi to settle some business, and upon his return remarked to Mrs. LARKIN “that he was sick — that he felt as if he was all broken up.” He was taken sick on the 20th of October. The family physician was called in, but his skill, and all that affection could devise proved vain; he seemed to sink gradually — growing weaker day by day, until he peacefully breathed his last on the 27th of October, 1858, just one week from the day on which he was taken sick. He left a wife and five children to mourn his irreparable loss. The funeral services were performed by the Rev. Mr. THRALL, at Trinity Church, and his remains were followed to Lone Mountain Cemetery by a large concourse of mourning relatives and friends. He rests from his labors, but long will his memory be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen. He has left to the world the rich legacy of a good example, “Being dead, he yet speaketh.”

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HUMANE DRIVER REWARDED. — A poor Macedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule laden with gold for the king's use; the beast being so tired that he was not able either to go or sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off, and carried it himself with great difficulty a considerable way. Alexander seeing him just sinking under the burden, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, “Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thy own.”

## RED CUCKOO.

BY A. J. GRAYSON.

How familiar does the name of cuckoo fall upon the ear! carrying our thoughts at once to the famous bird so oft spoken of in song, and already made classic by the poet. I mean the cuckoo of Europe, which visits England in the spring for the purpose of breeding, and whose peculiar habits of depositing its eggs in the nest of other birds and leaving them, and the young after they are hatched to be provided for by a foster-mother,—this, together with its song, (from which it derives its name,) has always rendered it one of singular interest and notoriety. The English cuckoo is the only one, I believe, however, of this numerous species, which has the unnatural habit of leaving its progeny to the care of other birds. The Cowpen bird (*Icterus Pecoris*), of the Atlantic States, is possessed of a similar disposition, seldom, if ever, rearing its own young, but, like an unfeeling mother, makes foundlings of all its offspring. Of cuckoos there are many varieties to be found in Europe, Africa and America; three of which belong to the ornithology of the United States, and are elegantly illustrated in “Audubon’s Birds of America.”

All birds of this species differ somewhat in their plumage and size, but are of sufficient analogy to be easily distinguished as belonging to the same family. The toes of all the species are equally divided, having two forward and two back. None of the species, however, have a similar note to the famous bird from which the name is derived; most of them, in fact, are without song.

The Yellow-bill Cuckoo of the Atlantic States is best known as the “rain crow,” the only name I knew for it when a boy; and often do I remember, while wandering amid the swampy solitudes and tangled woods of Louisiana, listening with feelings of melancholy to the plaintive cries of the rain crow, when the lowering clouds and mutterings of distant thunder portended the approach of a storm. But once only have I heard, in this country, the familiar but almost forgotten notes of the Yellow-bill Cuckoo, and I shall always remember the impression it made upon me at the time. It was in the summer

of 1852, whilst on a hunting expedition, and encamped in the woods on the north side of the bay of San Francisco, upon a thickly wooded creek, not far from the point known as "Corte Medera." The beams of the bright full moon penetrated here and there the fringed foliage of the lofty redwood, which was the only canopy of my bed. The night was one of remarkable beauty and quietness—no air ruffled the sleeping boughs,—all nature was hushed in quiet repose,—and I lay upon my lonely couch with my own solitary reflections,—when suddenly, as if in a dream, came softly to my ear the well-remembered and peculiar notes of "Coo-ah—coo-ah—coo-ah—cow—cow—cow;" these notes were repeated several times in succession during the night. I could not be mistaken, it was the voice of an old acquaintance, and what a train of reflections did these familiar sounds bring to my mind!—the happy days of my early youth in a far distant, sunny land,—of scenes long forgotten.

"The thoughts of other days came rushing on me,  
The loved—the lost—the distant—and the dead,"

passed in review before my vision, awakened by those melancholy notes which had been a stranger to my ear for many a day. Early the following morning I sought patiently, but in vain, for the old acquaintance. I have never yet seen one in this country. The Yellow-bill Cuckoo, however, is said to be sometimes a visitant of this coast, and, being migratory in its habits, I have no doubt in the summer time a few straggling ones may find their way to these remote shores.

The three varieties found within the limits of the United States, are the "Yellow-bill," "Black-bill," and "Mangrove Cuckoo." The latter, which was discovered by Audubon, is described by him as being a resident of Florida and Florida Keys; the other two are migratory. All these birds build their nests in rather a careless manner, of small sticks, at a medium height, upon the horizontal branches of a tree generally well sheltered by thick woods, and lay from three to five eggs. Like the jays, the species are addicted to the habit of robbing the nests of other birds, and sucking the eggs, sometimes devouring the young. This I have observed—and noticed, with no little degree of interest, the Sylricolidæ and other small

birds of the woods, in their attempts to drive the ruthless intruder from their nests.

Having given the reader some idea of the species in general, I will now proceed to describe the one that heads this article, and is figured in the plate. The Red Cuckoo is a closely allied species of the three varieties already mentioned, but whose greater size, fine plumage and graceful movements, render it one of superior rank among all the varieties which have yet come under my observation, either in preserved specimens or living ones of the woods. It is a native of the western coast of Mexico, and as I have never yet seen it figured or described, I have adopted the name of "*Red Cuckoo*," from its reddish or rufous colored plumage.

Although it cannot be as yet placed in the fauna of the United States, it is quite probable that it will be eventually one of the birds of our country; and, as there is an increasing interest felt by us for our neighboring Republic, particularly that portion lying upon the Pacific coast, I feel confident any description and illustrations of its ornithology will not be out of place here. There are other rare and beautiful birds which I will endeavor to describe in future numbers of the "Hesperian."

It was during my sojourn in Tehuantepec, in the year 1857, I first discovered this beautiful cuckoo, and I have a distinct recollection of the trouble I had in procuring the first specimen. Whilst rambling in the thick and tangled forest, my eyes never tired of the many strange scenes that constantly presented themselves to my view, and more particularly the rare and bright plumaged birds flitting among the foliage of this perpetual verdure, always attracted my attention; in one of these rambles, in company with a fellow traveler, I first got a sight of the Red Cuckoo. It was exceedingly wary, passing with remarkable ease and grace among the boughs of mimosa trees, in its inclination to escape my presence. I at length, however, succeeded in shooting it; it fell and disappeared in an impenetrable bramble of a thorny species of Agave, called by the natives "*Isla*," from the fibres of which is manufactured very good rope or cord, and hammocks. The leaves of this plant are armed with sharp, hooked thorns, as sharp and not unlike the claws of a cat, and so situated upon the edges of the leaf as to retain or repel one who may become entangled in their clutches, and growing in a



matted mass, which it is their nature to do, they present an impenetrable barrier to man and beast. I shouted to my companion, who was a little way off, to come and assist me in recovering the bird. After a diligent search, but not without receiving many scratches, and tearing our clothes by the treacherous thorns, we found the cuckoo, in all its excellent plumage; but my friend was almost angry with me, and disappointment was plainly depicted upon his countenance when he beheld the object of our search. His interest in zoology was of a different nature from mine; he was in pursuit of more substantial and larger game. Returning home, I immediately proceeded to note its dimensions, color, &c., after which I skinned and placed it carefully with my other collections. Upon dissection, I found it to be a female, the embryo eggs considerably enlarged. This was in the latter part of May. I afterwards had opportunities of observing its habits near Tehuantepec, and other portions of the Mexican coast, and procured specimens at Manzanillo, San Blas, and Bahia Banderas. From my own observation and information from others, I am satisfied that its geographical distribution is confined to the Pacific coast, and extends from the southern portion of the Gulf of California as far south as Panama. It is not abundant any where; solitary and silent in its habits. The only note I ever heard it utter was a kind of chatter, complaining or scolding me for my invasion upon its seclusion. I have not seen its nest. Its flight is regular, but of short distance at a time, only from tree to tree; at the same time spreading its long and beautiful tail, giving it the appearance of a much larger bird than it really is. It feeds upon various kinds of insects, besides berries and other fruits. It seldom soars above the tops of tall trees among which it loves to dwell. I have but seldom met with it in an open country, but in the dark and shady glens,—where the luxuriant growth of such localities o'ershadows the earth,—where the towering palm rears its lofty head of waving and feathery branches,—and innumerable creeping plants and parasites, decked with gaudy flowers, overburden the sturdy limbs of the cauba, and bend the long and slender branches of the graceful mimosa;—there, in those wild and shady retreats, have I observed this handsome bird silently gliding from branch to branch, pursuing its avocation songless and alone, an interesting object of study to the lover of nature.

## TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.

*Coccyzus Rufus*.—GRAYSON.Genus—*Coccyzus*.

From my note-book I extract the following memoranda, made at the time of shooting the specimen, as follows:—

R. C.—Shot, Jan. 23d, 1858, on the borders of the lake near Manzanillo, Mexico, among a thick growth of mangoes. Specimen, adult male, in fine plumage.

*Dimensions*.—Length from tip to tip, eighteen and three-quarter inches; extent of wings, sixteen inches; length of bill, dorsal line, one and a quarter inches; of gap line, one and a half inches; length of tail, thirteen and three-quarter inches; feet, moderate length, stout and scutellated; body, inclined to robust; plumage, soft and blended; tail, graduated, middle quills longest; bill, compressed, arched, acute, lower mandible nearly as long as the upper; nostrils, basal.

*Color*.—All of the upper parts, with the exception of the tip ends of eight of the tail feathers, which are tipped with black and white, are of a rufous or reddish color, lighter tinge on the neck and head; the under parts or abdomen, of a pale blueish or dirty white; iris, reddish hazel; bill, of a pale yellow, with a slightly greenish tinge; tarsus and toes, pale blueish, nails darker.

*Remarks*.—Habitant of western coast of Mexico. Very slight difference in size or appearance between the sexes. The above mentioned specimen, from which the principal figure in the plate was taken, is now in my possession, handsomely mounted in a case, by Mr. Gruber, a deserving young taxidermist of this city.

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 THE NIGHT BEFORE I SENT IT.
 

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The eve of that day when lovers are free  
 To speak to that heart held most dear,  
 Without that restraint, which the world says must be  
 Acknowledged the rest of the year.  
 Then to you I'll reveal, what I scarce could conceal,  
 When e're in your presence I came:  
 A regard that has grown, both in depth and in tone,  
 'Till I pray you to part with your name!  
 Let the parson, official, transfer to initial,  
 The name which by birth you inherit,  
 And in lieu thereof, take the one best for my sake,  
 Which a thousand times over you merit!

D. C.

## TERRESTRIAL SHELLS.

*Description of two New Species of the Genus : HELIX.*

BY D. FRICK, LL. D.

NATURE has gifted all the ramifications of the creation with an originality of character that differs, to a certain degree, with every subdivision of the globe, called country; that truth is manifest on the whole scale of natural history, from the human race to the imperceptible mite, and through the infinite row of links that connect all the elements of the three kingdoms. Man does not alone enjoy the privilege of a separate type of nationality, according to the locality of his birth; all other subjects of the animal kingdom exhibit the same features, which are equally evident in the vegetable and in the animal reigns.

This universal law having been acknowledged in principle, let us, from the lofty generality, descend to the humble details, and produce an illustration through the agency of Terrestrial Conchology.

The characteristic configuration of the molluskian dwellings being on land, submitted to the same influence which the climate exerts in the sea, similar modifications in shape and color are produced in both dominions, with sensible changes at every intermediary degree between the great cardinal points, but always exhibiting undeniable traces of the general connection, which are more or less striking, in proportion to the distance that is interposed between the localities.

Thus, we perceive in the Northern Atlantic States of the gigantic republic, a chain of similarity that reaches Canada and stretches into the immensity of the Western regions; but the main delineations of the figure of the subjects are gradually dying away, the nearer the observer approaches the countries that are bathed by the Pacific; there Nature shows the repetition of the intimacy existing on the opposite coast; the California terrestrial shells are partly reproduced in Oregon and in the septentrional possessions of Great Britain. It is true that these generalizing rules are intercepted with exceptions that prove the naturalization of an identical genus, in several distant countries, in the same way as we find certain tribes of the human race reproduced on many different spots of the globe.

The study of the causes of such exceptions being an interesting scientific pursuit, every new discovery of a strange character in a country, should awake the peculiar attention of the pioneers of natural history; therefore we present, as a good fortune, in our limited sphere, two species of California land shells, that seem to depart from the ordinary character of this country, and claim a decided relationship with certain Atlantic classes. The largest of these shells appears to be in close alliance with that abundant line comprising *H. appressa*, (SAY), *H. dentifera*, (BINNEY), *H. monodon*, (RACKETT); the lesser may be ranked with those eccentric little scions of the Helicinæ family, *H. leporina*, (GOULD), *H. auriculata*, (SAY), *H. postula*, (FERUSSAC); all shells belonging to the Atlantic and Western stars of the Union.

We have debated their claim to novelty, in contradiction with all the information that we were able to gather on this subject, and we venture the publication of their descriptions with such a conviction as we could derive from our investigations, as to their non described condition.

*Helix Lanosa*.—(Woolly.)

DESCRIPTION.

*Animal*—Purple-brown, deeper on the head, tentacles and ridge; granulated; tail acute and linguiform; base of a lighter shade; length, twenty millimetres. Shell moderately convex; epidermis invariably of a light diaphanous horn color, obliquely striated, covered all over with a very short wool of the same tinge, implanted in the enamel, which is topped with a removable coat of a darker shade, due to fibrous and mineral matters adhering by the secretion of the mollusk; whorls five to six—the base or outer whorl measuring twice the width of the second, and the others diminishing gradually to the apex; aperture wide and arching; lip expanded, sharp and bright grooved behind, of a pale fawn color, its exterior edge bordered with a diminutive fillet of a deeper hue, and its lower end roofing the narrow orifice of the umbilicus; base rounded, with a callous dot in the upper region of the mouth, and striæ collected in the cup of the axis.

*Diameter*—Uniformly about fifteen millimetres.

*Origin*—California, in damp places, under decayed fragments of vegetation.

*Observations*.—The aperture of this shell is not always provided with a white spec; often its columella is glabrous, or washed with a transparent callosity drawn from one extremity of the lip to the other.

*Helix Vestita*.—(Clad.)

DESCRIPTION.

*Animal*—Bluish slate, dark tentacles and head, the same color bifurcating the dorsal surface; dotted with granules; tail vermicular; length, eight millim-

etres; shell depressed though of a gibbous shape; epidermis constantly of a reddish translucent brown, under a complete dun coating which can easily be removed and does not prevent the sight of its tiny oblique striæ; whorls five; aperture ogival; lips pink, lightly reflected, grooved at the back, and exhibiting on its margin two obtuse teeth of the same color; the columellar lip is provided with a well expressed white tooth in the center; umbilicus partly intercepted with the inferior extremity of the outer lip; base rounded, with streaks directed into the ombilical calix.

*Diameter*—From six to seven millimetres.

*Origin*—California, chiefly beneath crusts of bovine ejections.

*Observations*.—This shell is deprived of varieties, but many individuals are found considerably or entirely denuded of the color of the epidermis, bearing all the appearance of bleached, dead shells, although they are occupied by their natural inmates, alive. The exiguity of this shell not allowing the extraction of the animal, the four superior whorls are obscured by their cupation.

*NOTE*.—Four specimens of each species have been deposited in the Cabinet of the Society of Natural History of this city, and the same number left with the Editress of this Magazine.

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## MONTIE'S SHOE.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

It hangs beside the mantle tree,  
 Upon a tiny pin,  
 And no one thinks of taking down  
 The little cunning thing!  
 And what do you suppose it is?  
 'Tis nothing rare or new,  
 But still we prize it very much,  
 Our Montie's little shoe!

Oh, may the little darling feet  
 That once this shoe encased,  
 In Truth's and Virtue's pleasant way  
 Forevermore be placed;  
 And may his parents still rejoice,  
 With feelings warm and true,  
 And guide to Heaven the foot that press'd  
 Their Montie's little shoe!

*Trinity Centre, Cal., March, 1859.*

# THE SAXON ENGLISH.

WRITTEN IN A FOREIGN LAND.

BY R. T. MONTGOMERY.

My native Saxon English —  
My good old mother tongue !  
I've learned to love thee more and more,  
All languages among.  
Around me float the varying tongues  
Of many a land and zone,  
But ah, I miss the noblest one --  
The language of my own.

Castilia's daughters round me breathe  
With voices sweet and low,  
And the balmy words of a balmy clime  
Make music as they flow ;  
Yet pines my heart for home-bred words,  
Learned on my mother's knee —  
That tongue — my only birth-right —  
The language of the free.

The brave old Greek majestic roll'd  
Like billows in their might,  
And bathed in seas of melody  
Each lyric fancy bright ;  
The scholar hears its echoes sweet  
In many a burning line,  
That glows in Sappho's fiery page  
Or Homer's song divine ; —

Aye, brave old bards in classic tongues  
May win our souls away,  
Most sad — most sweet, like voices heard  
Mid ruins and decay ;  
But the brave old Saxon English —  
'Tis nobler than them all —  
Power sleeps among its syllables —  
It wakens at the call !

Born of the sternest needs of men,  
 In wild and stormy years; —  
 How many a word hath a history  
 Baptised in blood and tears :  
 Far pierce its roots among the wrecks  
 Of conquered nations blent, —  
 That chosen tongue of a mighty race  
 On a glorious mission sent.

'Tis heard beneath the noblest flags  
 That sweep o'er the boundless sea —  
 'Tis the tocsin tongue for the future,  
 Of a glory yet to be.  
 Wherever man in his nobleness  
 For the RIGHT puts forth his hand,  
 'Tis the sword of thought that gleams and glows  
 Like a stalwart warrior's brand.

From the gentle song and pastoral  
 Of poets most divine —  
 Those gems of genius long preserved,  
 Like roses steeped in wine, —  
 To the thrilling words in manly war,  
 That ring o'er the bloody field —  
 What tongue, but with our own compared,  
 The mastery must yield !

*Napa City, Feb. 1859.*

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## A GRAIN OF MUSK.

BY A. J. H.

I dropped a single grain of musk  
 A moment in my room ;  
 When years rolled by the chamber still  
 Retained the same perfume.  
 So every deed approved of God,  
 Where 'er its lot be cast,  
 Leaves some good influence behind  
 That shall forever last.

RICH AND POOR;  
OR,  
WHO MADE THEE TO DIFFER?

BY H. B. D.

“A half-dollar for this day’s washing? Why, you did not get here till half-past seven, and then it was another half hour before you got to work!”

“True, ma’am, I was half an hour late, for my baby has been sick for a few days past, and this morning I feared to leave him, he was so bad; but I think I have made good the day, for I worked near an hour later.”

“You do, indeed!” said the lady, “well, I do not, so I shall pay you but three shillings for what you have done;” and her white jeweled hand haughtily proffered the silver coin.

“Indeed, ma’am, it is too little,” said the woman, as with a half suppressed sigh she took the money, and stood irresolutely contemplating the shining bits, as they lay in her rough palm. Then, gathering courage, she ventured the request—

“Can’t you make it three and sixpence, ma’am? Indeed, the times are very hard with me, food and fuel are so high these cold months!” and she glanced, with a shudder, towards the window, against which the wind and snow beat furiously.

“It is all you have earned,” was the cold reply, and the lady turned away.

Wrapping her thin shawl about her, the poor washwoman stepped into the street. Hurrying along through the deep snow, she soon reached a secluded alley, and stopped before the door of one of the most miserable tenements of that wretched spot. For a moment her hand trembled on the latch, and she bent her head forward eagerly, as if listening for some noise within. All appeared to be quiet. Darting from the doorstep, she almost flew along the way to the market-place.

“What’s the price of your chickens?” she asked of a burly-looking man, who had fowls for sale.

“Three shillings,” was the curt reply.

“Can’t you sell one for less?”



“No! poor folks should’nt dine on dainties.”

The color mounted to her face at this unlooked-for rudeness, but, mastering her feelings, she replied—“Give me one of the tenderest and best you have; I want it for a sick child.”

“I have got just the one you want,” (blandly replied the dealer, now seeing the three bits in prospect.) “A fine fat pullet, fit for the son of a queen. Shall I take its head off?”

“No—yes!” said the woman, “but be quick, I am in a hurry.”

One stroke of the hatchet severed the head from the body. Throwing the price of her entire day’s work into the hands of the trader, she caught the yet quivering body of the fowl in her hand, and hastily retraced her steps. A few moments brought her once more to the door of her home. She did not hesitate now, nor stop to listen at the door, but bounded in with the air of one made desperate by suspense.

Upon a pallet of straw, in the only room which the house possessed, lay a child about four years of age. His cheek was flushed with fever, and incoherent murmurs escaped his lips. An aged woman bent over him, bathing his head with water. She was one of the poor neighbors.

“I am so glad to find you here,” exclaimed the mother, “I feared poor Charley would be alone all day.”

“I got through my work early, and have been with him since noon,” was the kind-hearted reply; “Charley was very uneasy when I came in, and called incessantly for you to come and bring him chicken, but now he is feverish, and seems to be dozing”

Bitter tears stole silently down the cheeks of the poor mother as she looked upon her boy. He was the last one of five that had called her mother, and, in his crimson cheek and difficult breathing, she recognized the approach of a messenger that filled her with alarm.

Seeing the struggle which was going on in the mind of the mother, neighbor Alice sought to divert her mind by asking if she had had a hard day’s work.

“God have mercy on the rich!” was the bitter reply. “There was no end to the fine shirts, skirts, laces and muslins, which I did to day, and every few moments I was interrupted by the lady herself, at one time urging me to be quick and lose no time, and

again saying 'Use a little less soap, a little less soap, Mrs. Hardy;' and when at last the work was done, and the washroom put to rights, she turned me away with three shillings when *she owed me four!* Oh, God! it is not of enlargement of the heart that woman will ever die!"

Blame her not, gentle reader, that she thus gave way to the expression of her sense of injury and wrong. She was as rich in maternal love as if she had been born to more worldly wealth; and to see her child suffering the pangs of sickness without the power to procure the aid of a doctor, or even provide the little comforts which he had at first so craved, had roused her usually quiet nature to desperation, and, full of helpless wrath, she raved against those who had themselves put curses instead of blessings into her mouth.

Leaving her to prepare the chicken against the child's awakening, let us take a peep into the house of her employer.

Seated at the dinner table, which is covered with a profusion of luxuries, served on rich china and silver plate, is the lady and her husband. The richness of her toilet is in keeping with the splendor of her surroundings.

"You look tired, wife," said the husband. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Looking after those dreadful servants," was the reply, in an unhappy tone of voice. "I never saw the like; they grow more impudent and exacting every day. Only think of it, Mrs. Hardy, the washwoman, had the impudence to ask me four shillings when she had only worked part of a day! Had I not taken note of the time she commenced, I should have known no better than to pay her. But I look too well after your interests to be imposed upon in that way."

"How much did you pay her?" asked the husband.

"Well, I gave her three shillings, though I ought to have given her but two."

"Did she not finish the washing?"

"Oh! yes, and cleaned up the washroom."

"Did she do it well?"

"Beautifully! I have no fault to find with her work."

"What time did she get here this morning?"

"Not till half-past seven."

“What time did she leave?”

Mrs. Markly's face crimsoned a little as she replied, “Half-past eight.”

“Then she made up the time that she lost in the morning?”

“I do not think so.”

“Are you sure you did quite right to turn her off with but three shillings, when she felt that she had *earned* four?”

“To be sure I am; how am I to economize at all if I give these people just what they ask every time? It's a shilling here and a shilling there, a little now and a little then, but it amounts to something in the course of a year.”

Mr. Markly saw that his wife was in no humor to be convinced of her error, so he adroitly changed the subject of conversation.

The dinner service had been removed, and the grate replenished with coal, which sent its grateful warmth throughout the parlors, when Madame Tournure, the celebrated French milliner, was announced. She came bustling in with bandboxes, packages and parcels, in endless profusion.

“I hope I find you quite at leisure, Madame,” she began; “I come this evening, as you request. I have bring you plenty rich tings for you make choice. See, here is a hat beautiful for you! there, look in de glass, how becoming! just de ting, Madame!”

The lovely face of Mrs. Markly looked still more lovely beneath the gossamer surrounding, called a hat. With a smile of satisfaction, she turned from the mirror to her husband, making a silent appeal to his taste and his purse.

“What is the price of this head-piece?” he inquired.

“Oh! notting at all, Monsieur, only fifty dollar I charge Madame.”

“How cheap!” whispered the wife, “Why, Mrs. Dresswell paid sixty for one not near so handsome!”

The hat was decided upon, and one article after another was tried on, discussed, and purchased, until, at last, Mrs. Markly declared she had all she needed for that time; and, stepping across to the table where her husband sat writing, she reminded him that Madame Tournure had a bill which she would like settled.

“What is the expense of all this finery?” he asked, rising from the table.

“Here is the bill, Monsieur, only five hundred dollar.”

He took the bill, and run his eye quickly over; hats, gloves, shawl, lace, hosiery, etc., etc.; then, taking his book, he drew a check for the amount.

The Frenchwoman bowed herself out, and the husband and wife were once more alone.

She was in ecstasies with her purchases, and did not fail to remark upon the extreme low price at which Madam T. always accommodated her. Indeed, everything she had bought was a *bargain*. "Do you not think so?" said she, addressing her husband, and for the first time remarking his thoughtful manner.

"No," replied he, "I do not think them cheap."

"There, that's just the way; if I pay out a few dollars for myself or the children, you feel it; but you don't stop to think how much I save you by my household arrangements. Why, by my *management*, with the hired help alone, I save more in a year than it costs to clothe me. But, then, you never think of what I save."

"That is just what I do think of," he replied, tenderly drawing his wife to a seat upon his knee. "Anything," he continued, "is extravagant, which we do not really *need*. But, when it comes to grinding the face of the poor, and depriving them of their hard-earned rights that we may make a better appearance in the world, it becomes a *sin*, and, as such, must be regarded by Him, who has said: 'Rob not the poor, because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the gate, for the Lord will plead their cause and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them.'"

"What a sermon you are preaching, just because I did not pay that woman four bits, when she had only earned three! You need not feel uneasy about her; she's got money enough, I dare say; these working-people are so deceptive."

"There you are mistaken, love; they may, sometimes, be deceptive — but, as a general thing, I have not found them so. The poor woman whom you to-day deprived of one-fourth of her wages, is the widow of the man who was killed by a fall from the scaffolding of one of my buildings. He had worked for me for years, and I knew him to be honest and industrious. I had lost sight of the widow until to-day, when Col. Finley, who is on a committee to inquire into the wants of the poor and destitute, called at my office and mentioned the fact of a poor woman living in a certain alley, who was

entirely destitute of the common comforts of life, and who said her husband was killed by a fall from one of my buildings. I went around there to-night, on my way home, and found her truly in poverty and affliction. Her only child lay dying upon a pallet of straw. She had no fire, having, as she said, used the last chip for the purpose of making a little chicken broth for her child, which he, poor little fellow, was too far gone to taste.

“The dying taper flickered and went out soon after my arrival, leaving us in the dark with the dying child. When I asked her to light another, she replied, bitterly, ‘I have no more, sir, nor a farthing to buy another.’ How forcibly came to my mind the words of the song which I have so often heard you sing :

“Oh! young and joyous creatures,  
One lamp from out your store  
Would give that poor boy’s features  
To his mother’s gaze once more.”

“Judge, if you can, of my feelings, as I listened to the recital of her history, from the time of her husband’s death till now. How her little means had diminished day by day, until she had been obliged to seek cheaper lodgings in this unhealthy alley — how she had exerted herself to keep want from her door — how her children, who, during her husband’s life, had been accustomed to good, healthy food, had sickened upon such as she could provide for them, and one by one been removed to the church-yard, until now her youngest and her last had sickened — how he had craved chicken-soup when she had no money and no work. But that day she had done a large washing for a wealthy woman. She had worked hard, encouraged by the hope of being able to provide some medicine and a chicken for her child — how the lady found fault with her for being a half hour behind time, and, though she had stayed and worked late to make up the time, she had only paid her three shillings for the day’s work; consequently, she must do without one or the other — either the medicine or the chicken. Knowing that her child was famished for want of suitable food, she had procured the chicken; and now that she found the child too ill to taste of food, she bitterly regretted not getting the medicine instead.

“When I asked the name of the lady for whom she had worked, and who had been mean enough to retain a portion of her hard-

earned wages, I was overwhelmed when she gave me the name of *my own wife*, at the same time bitterly saying, ‘If she had given me what was honestly mine, I should not have to sit to-night *in darkness by the side of my dying child!*’ ”

A deep sob burst from the bosom of Mrs. Markly, as she said: “I did not think she was so poor. Oh! my husband, let us go to her to-night. I will repair the wrong I have done by every means in my power, and do all I can to nurse her child back to life.”

“It is unnecessary to go out to-night, as I put some money in her hand when I left, and ordered from the store such things as I thought she might need; but we will see her in the morning.”

The next morning the elegant carriage of Mr. Markly stopped before the humble door of the poor wash-woman, and Mr. and Mrs. Markly alighted. As they entered the house they perceived that the wants and sufferings of the little one were forever over. The bereaved mother rose to meet them, and a perceptible shudder passed over her as she recognized in the lady before her, her employer of the previous day.

“It is too late! too late!” she said, bitterly, and a flood of tears came to her relief.

Mr. Markly drew his wife to the window before which the corpse of the child lay. His sunken eyes, thin features, and gaunt, skeleton-like limbs too truly told the dreadful tale that *want*, more than disease, had wrought this fearful work.

Mrs. Markly’s eyes were suffused with tears, as she contrasted the thin, pinched features and gaunt limbs of the little corpse before her with the fat, chubby, healthy boy of the same age, who called her mother, and vividly came to her mind that fearful denunciation of the rich, who oppress the poor:—

“Behold the hire of the laborer, which is of you, kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have labored, are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.”

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REPUTATION.—Nothing is so uncertain as general reputation. A man injures me from humor, passion, or interest; hates me because he has injured me; and speaks ill of me because he has injured me.  
—*Ld. Kaines.*

## MINERAL WATERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY J. A. YEATCH.

THE mineral springs of California — remarkable alike for their extraordinary numbers and the valuable properties of their waters — have as yet received but slight attention either from scientific men or those who take pleasure in noting the strange and curious things in nature. This neglect on the part of science is the more conspicuous as numbers of these springs contain products of considerable commercial value, to say nothing of their medicinal and healing qualities, — and the casual observer could scarce fail to notice that wild and peculiar scenery generally marks their localities. With the exception of the Geysers, however — whose fierce steam-jets and hot water-spouts enforce their claim to rank with the Great Trees and Great Falls — the public seem to know but little of this important feature of California. A few springs are known to invalids, as the Tuscan Springs of Tehama County, and the Hot Springs of San José. The White Sulphur Springs of Napa County is a pleasant and fashionable place of resort, and the Napa Soda Spring Water is becoming a lucrative article of trade. Those, however, form but an insignificant proportion to the whole number in the State, and the most important of all yet remain hid from the public eye. They are mostly hot or thermal, having a temperature varying from 80° up to 212° Fh. There are, however, not a few cold mineral springs, — which are as remarkable for the quantity of carbonic acid held in solution as are the hot waters for their sulphureted hydrogen — each containing, usually, many times its own bulk of gas.

These springs have a range parallel with the coast, and extend the entire length of the State — showing themselves mostly in the numerous small valleys of the coast mountains. Many of these isolated spots have healing fountains, well known to the Indians who resort to them for the cure of such diseases as are too stubborn to be charmed away by their wizard-doctors.

These outbursts of hot and sulphurous waters are doubtless connected with volcanic fires at some great depth below, and their position seems to mark a line of volcanic action which has left many

traces of its ancient fury, and whose smouldering fires are not yet extinguished. The earthquakes that disturb the tranquility of our coast are probably attributed to the same source. Some of the hot springs have been known to increase suddenly, both in temperature and volume after an earthquake, — as occurred in a remarkable manner in a spring on Kern River a year or two since. A deep well in Napa Valley had its pure waters highly impregnated with sulphur on a similar occasion. Such phenomena are not unfrequent in volcanic countries, and seem to indicate the igneous origin of our hot springs.

The line of springs extends, as before observed, the entire length of the State, but the most remarkable developments take place at two points, viz.: in the Colorado Desert, and in the district about Clear Lake. These may be considered the two termini of the great range of mineral springs — as those north of the last named points are neither so abundant or so remarkable as those south of it.

Amongst the Clear Lake Springs are included the Geysers, which have their counterpart in the “Mud Volcanoes” of the Colorado Desert. These two wonders of nature have been described frequently, but nothing short of a visit to them can convey an idea of the reality. They are similiar in many of their most remarkable features, their points of difference being mostly incident to their localities. The Mud Volcanoes are situated on a level plain, and the Geysers on the face of a steep declivity. The tumuli and miniature mountains built up round the steam jets of the volcanoes are not observed at the Geysers, as the matters brought up from below continually slide off down the declivity and are washed away by the stream at the bottom. But the same confusion and uproar of subterranean sounds — the same hissing of steam and spouting of boiling water, and the same sulphurous vapors are observable alike at either place. The volcanoes however present the additional feature of throwing up into the air masses of hot mud, which, falling back, build up the little cones above named. These extraordinary developments form appropriate termini for a volcanic line, and for the remarkable springs that mark its course. Many of them deserve an extended and particular description, which I may attempt for some of them, hereafter, but at present I only propose to speak of them generally. A few begin to be known to the health-seekers, as mentioned in the



first part of this article, and in addition I would name, for the southern part of the State, a hot spring near San Juan de Capestrano — much resorted to from Los Angeles, — and the well-known “Aguas Calientes” of Warner’s Ranch, as well as a remarkable series of springs of various descriptions near Santa Barbara.

The three classes of springs — the cold, thermal and hot — present each a distinctive character, in most cases. Among the cold mineral waters are generally the brine springs, or those of the common salt. They are probably not connected with volcanic action. But the carbonic acid or Soda Springs, though cold, abound mostly in the neighborhood of volcanic disturbance, and are often in the immediate vicinity of hot and sulphurous waters. Such springs are often useful medicinal waters, containing many valuable ingredients besides the carabonic acid.

Among the Thermal Springs, *sulphur* in various forms is always present, and in many cases *iodine* in considerable quantity. It is to this latter that the extraordinary healing qualities of many of these springs is probably attributable.

In one locality, a little north of Clear Lake, I found *iodine* in such exceeding great quantity, that I doubt not, a most profitable business could be made in extracting it.

The hot waters generally contain all the sulphur qualities of the thermal waters, together with many additional ones from their solvent powers being much enhanced by their superior heat. In this class of springs I have found large quantities of free boracic acid, in several instances — a quality I have not observed in cold, or thermal waters save in a single case, and that was in close proximity to a hot spring highly impregnated with the acid. This is a peculiar feature of California Springs — free boracic acid not being found in any part of North America, besides.

The borate of soda (borax) occurs in some of the cold and many of the thermal springs — as at the Tuscan Springs of Tehama. The presence of this salt gives the water a remarkable detergent property, and it makes a most agreeable bath. It is not improbable that this salt renders the springs above named so efficacious in healing ulcerations and eruptions of the skin, aided by the internal use of the water, which also contains some iodine.

Some of the springs of a boiling temperature seem to be nearly pure water, containing but little beside silica in solution. This, however, is not often the case, hot springs being mostly intensely mineral in proportion to their temperature.

It would be impracticable in an article of this kind to specify even the localities of all the valuable springs that could be named. A critical analysis and description of even a small proportion would be a matter of much interest, and I hope some one ere long may take it in hand.

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“ H E S P E R . ” \*

BY EDWIN R. CAMPBELL.

One eve, at set of sun, I was roaming ;  
 The sky was a lovely arch of azure, and the air  
 Soft as the breath of angels ;—in the twilight gleaming,  
 A tranquil landscape slept, — beautiful and fair,  
 As a fresh-cheeked maiden’s innocent repose,  
 Glorifying in sun-touch’d tints of vermeil and of rose :  
 While from the depths of the blue dome afar,  
 There glowed a lonely, lovelit lambent star,  
 All radiantly beaming with a fire divine,  
 Seeming the golden censer of some holy shrine,  
 Where angels chant their heavenly vesper,  
 And breathe, in sphere-choired music,  
 “ HESPER ! ”

As I gazed upon that soft-beaming eye of night,  
 I saw once more bright orbs soul-lit with love,  
 Now beaming with a pure celestial light,  
 E’en as that radiant star, in yon blue vault above,  
 That clasps the circle of the dazzling zone,  
 Flooding with glory the great white throne!  
 Living and bright links of that eternal chain,  
 Freed from nature’s dross, — with nothing of earth’s stain,  
 And in that lonely twilight hour I thought of thee,  
 As borne on zephyr wings I heard the melody,  
 Clothed in thy heaven-born angel-whisper,  
 Thour’t not forgotten by the loved departed  
 “ HESPER ! ”

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\* The evening star.

## CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE DEATH WATCH.

BY REV. J. CHITTENDEN.

PREVIOUS to the year 1694, this little animal, by its mad freaks, used to carry terror and consternation to many a social hearth. The rustic household gathered around the cheerful fire after the day's toil,—and such a fire, and such a hearth as are never seen now-a-days in our economical and scientific age! Why, a coach-and-six might conveniently turn round the hearth, and the fire would serve to roast an ox! and as for the chimney, O! Epicurus! O! shade of gastronomy! such piles of smoked hams! such festoons of savory sausages! such pistol-looking neats' tongues! such saucy pigs' cheeks! greeted the eye, as it would follow up the wide opening at the top, which, were it not for the jovial light below, might serve as an astronomical observatory, for countless stars might there be viewed if the star-gazer could but keep his eyes open to see them. Well, after the day's toil, would come the well known village gossip, generally from the Paul Pry of the family, some idle scape-grace, fit for nothing but to gather up the shreds and patches of the village news. When the conversation flagged, then would they revert again to the old story of the haunted house,—how the squire turned his daughter (who had married beneath her dignity,) and her infant child out of the hall, one cold winter's night, and left her to perish on the snow, its pitiless drift forming a winding-sheet over the delicate limbs that before were draped in the most costly texture;—how her poor ghost never left the hall after the squire's death, who, of course, died by his own hand;—how the Death Watch portended the event, attested by the parson and doctor of the parish, the learned noodles consulting "Gale on Omens," how to avert the threatened calamity, but all in vain. The dread Death Watch, with its little tick—tick—tick, would have its way, and there was no hope for it but for the family to make up their minds to lose one of its members, wherever its ominous note was heard. So great was the terror on the minds of the vulgar, that when one of the family happened to be ailing, recovery became from that moment when its

tick was heard, almost hopeless. "How is your patient, to-day? Doctor Noodle," would a friend who had just stepped in, inquire. The functionary, after sucking another five minutes the gold head of his cane, would turn his addled pate, surmounted by his little three-cornered hat, and fasten his blinking eyes on the anxious inquirer, and say, "Hopeless, hopeless! I fear, for" (in an under tone, almost a whisper,) he would add, "the family have actually heard—the Death Watch!" "Powers above! I feared as much!" would be the response, and the acquaintance would haste from the dwelling as from one bewitched, muttering a heap of Aves, and making crosses and re-crosses in endless variety, as prescribed by the learned Gustavus Gale. This little mischievous terror-striker held its sway over men's minds, and women's too, not to mention their helpless, tender progeny, up to the year aforesaid, when one Benjamin Allen, many generations ahead of his time, threw some light on the pigmy demon. It was thought, before his time, to have been a spider or wood-louse sent by the arch-enemy to announce his fiat. But good Ben Allen, with his little microscope and large research, gave it a local habitation and a name. Instead of the *Scare-us mortis pulsator*, he grandiloquently christened it *Scarabæus galeatus pulsator*, or, the Helmet beetle knocker. His researches are contained in the "Philosophical Transactions," published by the Royal Society, in London. Next followed as a benefactor to the scared human race, one Dr. Derham, whose accounts date 1701. Since these two worthies' times, many eminent naturalists have taken away this sting of death by their writings. The renowned Pierre Andre Latreille, in his "Precis des caracteres generiques des Insectes," published in 1796, observed one species which he called *Anobium striatum*, very accomplished in this art of terror-striking. Modern naturalists have settled the matter at once by classing all the little mischief-making crew under a certain order, called the timber-boring *Anobium*. It would have been well for the weak and timid had they bored nothing else than old tables and antique-backed chairs, instead of old ladies, and antiquated, learned prigs. For a dreadful bore they proved of old, and the ghost-fearing and omen-loving owe a deep debt of gratitude to the naturalist for instilling a little common sense into their minds, where was a very little of any sense before.

The *Anobium tessellatum*, so called from its motley-colored back,

when seen under the microscope, has the most celebrity in England and elsewhere. These insects are about half an inch long, more or less, of a dark brown color. They commence their serenades about the time of spring. They make, generally, ten strokes in succession, fainter towards the last, bolder at the commencement. If no return from the tender sex be made, the creature will make for another part of the room, and commence serenade the second. This ticking is a very singular proceeding. Bending its hind legs, and stretching to their full length its fore ones, so as to incline the body to half a right angle with its standing place, it knocks its little head with great force upon the material upon which it stands. This force is so great as to leave a palpable impression upon any substance softer than wood. In old homesteads, especially in the neighborhood of Kent and Sussex, in England, they may be distinctly heard all day, and found, with no great difficulty, in the commission of the very crime. The noise resembles very much that of the thumb-nail on a polished table. The writer has often imitated the noise so naturally as to cause an immediate and prompt response as often as he chose to repeat it. They are very shy in their habitat. It is not all old mansions that can be favored with their presence, but where they can take up their abode without any chance of the ruthless hand of the modern architect, they will soon form a little colony, and riddle an old table or a chair, or a bedstead or a cabinet, as effectually as any of the timber-boring family of the Anobium.

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IN MEMORIUM.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

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“Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart, pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.”—*Wordsworth*.

Rest! rest, great spirit! thou whose pen has stirred  
 The hearts of thousands, calling from the dead  
 The heroes of old Time, with thy strange power  
 Of wondrous magic — how does thine own heart  
 At last stand still! They live, they walk the earth;  
 Spell-bound they hear thy voice and start to life,  
 Whose names once rung o’er the broad hills of Spain,  
 With banner, trump and song — thy Kings, Castile!

How do they stand before us now, as drawn  
 By some old master's hand! Witchery like that  
 Which the old Grecian threw across his page,  
 Recorder of his country's history,  
 Was thine. Like his thy name shall live enshrined  
 In temples of great hearts to farthest time.  
 Rest! rest! thou, who with thy brave will didst mock  
 At trial and disaster, climbed the steep  
 Where common millions halted, saw Heaven's light  
 Beaming along thy dungeon walls, saw it,  
 But not with eyes of flesh, looked up,  
 Looked up into the face of God and smiled —  
 How hath great light from God now fallen on thee!

G. T. S.

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## H O M E S I C K .

BY L. C. H.

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In quiet, lonely sabbath eves,  
 I gaze along the heights which hem the sea,  
 Watching the flame the sunset leaves,  
 On snowy cloud and quivering tree;  
 But oh! my thoughts are far beyond  
 The beauteous landscape which I see.

The woodbird's gush of twilight song  
 Floats softly through the scented air,  
 And many a sound the night-breeze wafts along,  
 Whose dying echoes music bear;  
 But, lonely still, I do not heed  
 The beauty round me every where.

I see again my forest home,  
 Beneath the sheltering shadows stand,  
 And then the band of loved ones come  
 To kiss my cheek, to clasp my hand,  
 Forgetful of the weary leagues  
 Between me and my native land.

I hear the fresh winds gladly blow  
 Among the dear old boughs in glee,  
 Whose mingled murmurs, soft and low,  
 To happy dreams hath oft lulled me;  
 But visions fade—the darkness comes,  
 And gathering gloom is all I see.

## THE DICTATOR AT THE DESSERT;

WHAT HE THINKS AND SAYS.

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SOME women, aye, and men too, are like the gilded signs above the doors of mercantile firms, all glitter and gold in appearance, yet, in reality, only film deep; an indication of what lies a little beyond, but possessing only a superficial wealth themselves. I have known such, shining, glittering, resplendent, the brightest gilt possible. When the light of conversation favors—as the sunlight strikes the gilded signs, at a certain angle—they reflect the rays of intellect as if they were the gold itself. Upon the last novel, the latest play, the newest opera, they chat as if they knew all about it. Their erudition seems wonderful for five minutes. The deepest work upon philosophy appears to have been fathomed by the line and sinker of their investigation. They have crammed themselves with the bright points, the salient angles of the subject, and will show off upon them as if they had almost written the book, or been the prima donna of the opera.

For five minutes they astonish you. You wonder how they can so master so many things in so short a time. But, try to hold them to the subject a little longer! Not they. He's an adept equal to a Mexican *vagüero*, who can *corral* one of them within a fence of argument for fifteen minutes. They have exhausted all they knew of the theme in five, and flit, like humming-birds, to the next subject, put their long, slender bills into the flower, balance themselves on the wing of piquancy for a moment, win your ear by their chatty hum, and your eye by the varying brilliancy of their talk, and off again to the next literary honeysuckle, snow-drop, or fuchsia, that chances in the way. Many men and women have thus held a high position in literary circles, who never knew much more about the books, or the subjects of conversation, than the gilt sign does about the Chinese shawls, the Bohemian ware, or the rich, golden vessels upon the shelves within.

[This was said after the cloth had been removed, the wine brought on, the ladies retired, our Havanas lighted, and my friend, the editor, had essayed a spoken paragraph of praise in favor of a favorite lady conversationalist. He did not exactly approve of the

sentiments uttered, but his profession had so cosmopolitanized him that he had learned to tolerate all tolerable opinions, and his dissatisfaction was compensated by silence, and an extra puff.]

Yes, the true poet is like a great picture; the farther back he dates the more we honor him. If there be anything wrong in the coloring, time has rectified it. If the costume be incorrect, we have not the means of proving it. And the world honors him who had a brilliant thought two thousand five hundred years ago, but calls him, that had it yesterday, not knowing that it had ever been felt before, a plagiarist. Is this just? In what is the first producer of the thought superior to the second, except that he lived first, and the other later, neither having any choice in the matter?

[My friend, the editor, smiled at this, and I felt satisfied he liked it. I saw his hand pass to his vest-pocket, and I am sure he had drew from thence a pair of scissors, but consciousness returned, and he compromised, by producing a tooth-pick.]

The pen is mightier than the sword, you say; [This was said by my friend, the editor.] I shall not deny it. But you will allow me to say that, in our profession, the scissors is greater than either. It is the sickle which gathers as tares the whole crop of contemporaneous literary husbandry. The pen is but the machine which sows the seeds, and the winnower that separates and arranges the grains of thought. We clip with the scissors, and change, arrange and re-arrange the kernels of wheat with the pen, but 'tis the scissors which is the great thought-reaper. It has not been patented, but perhaps should be. It is the companion of my pen; they are crossed on my coat-of-arms; they adorn my office as armorial emblems. Answer me; what would this, our fourth estate, be, without scissors? Paste and wafers are something — so is the pen; but the scissors —

— Why, sir, I replied, they seem to utter but one word — *steel*.

[I thought the editor did not like my pun, and our cigars being converted into a hazy atmosphere and certain alkaline relics, we adjourned to the parlor.]

The strong-minded woman, who was one of the company after dinner, said she had a mind to learn to inhale the fragrance of the great weed, as an excuse for remaining at the table longer than did the cloth. Madam, a lady taught me to smoke. I was younger



then. I affected an actress. She had just played Julia in the Hunchback. I called to congratulate her upon her success. There was a profusion of bouquets all around. Will you take a delicate cigar? Yes. [I had never smoked.] Do not cut it. The greatest compliment a Spanish lady can pay to a gentleman is to light his cigar, as thus: she took it, passed its well-turned point between her coral lips, touched its other extreme with a snowy paper roll, drew the flame to its embrace, three clouds of a blueish tinge floated from between two rows of pearl and their cherry border, passed the lighted inspiration gracefully to my fingers, and I inhaled the breath of the gods. Do you wonder that I smoke? The balm of her dewy breath was in my soul. What are the amber tips of the meerschaum to that glowing socket of fumigation? Paradise was re-produced; like Adam, I fell; Eve's apple was the cigar, the tree of knowledge the *nicotiana*. If my capital sin be the weed, woman, woman is guilty of it all.

[The poet, who had been a listener, or perhaps only an abstract link of humanity during the above observations, seemed aroused by the last topic, and, overcoming his diffidence, said he once produced a few lines upon the cigar, which, if the company pleased, at some time he would produce.]

The strong-minded asked if he proposed to produce the cigar or the verses. The poet blushed, but said she could have her choice—perhaps she might find the aroma of each equally distasteful.]

Yes, Madam, I own that you ladies may equal us in many things—surpass us in not a few—mentally nicer in your discriminations—quicker in your perceptions, and morally so far our superiors that comparisons will not hold. But in one thing you are at fault, and not even the universal adoption of the Bloomer costume, the recognition of your right to vote, and legislate, and sit as judges, and stand in the sacred desk, though you write M. D. after your names, and command clippers on the sea as well as on the land, you can never cultivate beards.

[The strong-minded looked serious at this remark, I thought—perhaps she thinks I am jeering. But as she sighed slightly soon, I set her sad look down to the credit of regret. They say nature never makes mistakes—I doubt it. Was this strong-minded intended for a woman? I doubt it. And I doubt not when she

goes to Heaven she'll find a pair of masculine spiritual wings ready for her to wear.]

Yes, Madam, nature took out a patent for beards in the name of man, heirship to which descends like the crown of Hanover; she adopted and enforces the salic law by which woman can no more inherit our hirsute patent than could a French princess the monarchy of France.

[The strong-minded hinted that this was not an original idea exactly; she thought it had been advanced before.]

True, Madam, but I wished it as a preface to another not so trite, although also not original with me. Man should not shave. Not because it makes him look effeminate, but because it effeminates. And every race which shaves, or plucks out the beard, deteriorates. All the great races were bearded like the pard. If you trim the branches of the pine tree, the spruce, the fir, you destroy it: it will bleed to death. Ten generations of shaving would degrade the ancient Greek to the level of the puny, crown-shaving, beard-plucking Chinaman; and reduce the old Romans to the feebleness of the Hawaiian Kanaka.

Think you that Epaminondas, Cæsar, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, were crop't and shaven? He who wrote the history of Samson was a philosopher, and taught a lesson when he placed the citadel of his might in his unshorn locks. The lion's mane of Mirabeau was as indicative as his tongue was eloquent. A hundred years of shaving has already half-stunted our race. Why should the barber mar the image of God? Who is entitled to the credit of the most taste, the clipping-master of the shears and comb, or He who made man in His own image? Yes, Madam, and the reason why woman has not physically degenerated as much as our own sex, is simply that she could not stunt and deplete her life-principle by shaving.

[The strong-minded smiled at this compliment, as she called it, and all being in a good humor and willing to listen, the poet read his verses:

#### THE CIGAR AT SEA.

I sit me silent by the quarter rail,  
 In dreamy thoughts of friends I love afar;  
 Or list the whistle of the spouting whale,  
 And breathe the scented breath of my cigar.

How human-like this roll of burning weed!  
 No matter, whether high or low the gust,  
 Its life is wasting with the same sure speed,  
 Its fire and smoke but end at last in dust.

I light it at my will, as God illumines  
 For His own purposes, His creature man,  
 Extracting with its life its rich perfumes,  
 As with man's being He works out His plan;  
 Some burn out freely to the very last,  
 Aroma-smoke, like good acts, spread afar;  
 Some die half burnt, both man and weed, and cast  
 Abroad the odors of a bad cigar.

And some give comfort as their life expires,  
 With slight persuasion from the wooing breath,  
 Yet dying while they live, their very fires,  
 Which give them odorous life, result in death.  
 Man burns and dies like them, a useless lump,  
 Hid thence forever in the darkling grave,  
 As this cigar, diminished to a stump,  
 I toss and quench its fire within the wave.

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MY LITTLE PET.

“THERE, papa, you may have all my playthings. Sissy don't want them any more. Sissy's tired — her head aches,” laying her little hand on her forehead. I looked. What ailed my little pet? Did I not know that, even then, shadows from the dim land were gathering round my child, and voices from the unseen world had said unto her, “Come up hither!”

That night I dreamed that I was sitting in the arbor in my garden, and before me lay a casket filled with jewels. A being clothed “in white raiment” suddenly appeared before me, and said, very solemnly, “These are beautiful jewels! let me look at them.” I presented him the casket. He immediately selected one — the brightest of the lot, and said, “All these are gifts from the All-father. He lent them to you freely, on your asking. He now sends to receive one of them back. It is to be set among the brightest jewels of his crown. Which of them shall I take?” My heart failed me. I could not utter a word. “I will take this one,” he said;

“It is the brightest, and the highest prized by the All-father.”

I sprang forward, and would have said, “Oh! no! not that one—not that one!” but the suddenness of the emotion startled me, and I awoke.

“Papa, are you awake? Lay your face close to mine—there—so. O! I had such a sweet dream, papa! I saw an angel with bright wings, and he said, “Will you go with me?” And he took me up, up to a beautiful city. O so beautiful! There were flowers, and birds, and, O! so many sweet little boys and girls! and they all looked so happy! Was it heaven, papa? Do tell me if it was heaven!”

“Yes, it was heaven, my child,” I said, trying to conceal my emotion. “Does my pet want to go away so far to that distant world, and never see her father and mother any more?”

“But I shall see you, papa, I saw many men and women there too, and O! they had such bright smiling faces!—just like yours, papa, only a great deal brighter. I loved them so much! O! you will come with me, will you not, papa, and we will be so happy together in heaven!”

I could not answer a word. It seemed to me at that moment as if the veil were suddenly removed which separated me from the invisible world, and I had only angels for my attendants. And so it was. For, low and mysterious, and unheard by mortal ears, I heard a voice, saying, “Blessed are they who are called to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb!” I looked beside me. What did I see? Only an empty casket. The jewel was not there. My little pet was in heaven!

G. T. S.

HANG TOGETHER IF YOU WOULD NOT HANG SEPARATELY!—Richard Penn, one of the proprietors, and of all the governors of Pennsylvania, under the old régime, probably the most deservedly popular,—in the commencement of the revolution, (his brother John being at that time governor,) was on the most familiar and intimate terms with a number of the most decided and influential whigs; and, on a certain occasion, being in company with several of them, a member of Congress observed, that such was the crisis, “they must all *hang together*.” “If you do not, gentlemen,” said Mr. Penn, “I can tell you, that you will be very apt to *hang separately*.”



[Continued from page 42.]

## INTRODUCTORY.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

WE must forget *self*, and be kind, and help somebody. Take little sister along; don't mind the trouble; strive to 'make her happy — little brother, or the child over the way — these little, kind, and considerate attentions please your neighbors. And, then, if you want to share an angel's bliss, just look down into those sweet, beaming eyes when they bless you a thousand fold for the little happiness you contribute. We remember the *look* a little lame boy gave us on one of these occasions; it almost broke our heart; it was more than we could bear! for one "thank you sir," we owe *him* ten thousand. What gives you the most pleasure to look back and think upon, when you say your prayers at night? why, some *kind deed*, of course.

Let me tell you another secret: if you are going to walk with me, you must not *despise anything*. The master maw-worm fault-finders, and the misses Fidgety-croakers, had better stay at home; they will see nothing that pleases *them*; no, not even if they should sit in the corner and look at a mirror.

Remember, there is a beauty in all God's works. O, that our eyes may be opened to behold — our ears to listen, and our hearts to feel!

Did you never admire the much-despised and persecuted thorn-bush and bramble? *No?* — then you never saw the thorn-tree that

grew at the head of our lane, when we were children; this shrub aspired to be a tree, and a glorious old tree it was too, as large as the largest plum trees, and so laden was it, with bright scarlet berries—like our laurel hawthorne\* on the hills, which we so often use here for a Christmas tree—just so, this old thorn-tree was a lovely object in our eyes. There it stood, like a red-coat sentinel, guarding the little fairies and wood-nymphs of the “Old Mountain.” Almost everything you could think of, lived up there in the mount. So, as I was saying, at the head of the lane, at the foot of the mountain, stood sentinel Thornberry; he glowed and blazed away in the soft autumn sky so very brightly you could see him for miles around.

This tree had another charm for us children—don't tell *me* about the “horrid thorns,” and all that; we love our old friends, rough though they may be, and we intend to defend them, too. Was it not here in joy we gathered these very thorns, and exulted in the native production of pins, to pin together the leaves to make those grand fishing-nets, or “drags,” wherewith we learned the useful fisherman's art! And when we caught one of the little “shiners” or “silver sides,” no bigger than mother's tape-needle, O, such wondrous raptures as then made the welkin ring! Yea, the old, sober mountain itself burst out into jolly laughter; and the wood-nymphs echoed back a pleasant response. When we told our tale to the old barn, it also deigned to answer us in cheerful sympathy. All things seemed as if *alive* then, for the loving angels were with us in our innocent pastimes. No fish in the wide world where we have roamed, have ever appeared half so wonderful as the “shiners” of those happy days. We have fished in larger streams since; but seldom with such whole-souled joy and gladness as in those hallowed hours of innocence and love. With these, and similiar scenes are associated a thousand pleasant memories. Here were our mill-dams, water-wheels, canals and water-falls—yet, even the great Falls of Niagara have been gazed upon, many a time, with far less enthusiastic wonder than these minor mimics of ours. “Of what use are these trifles, and whither do they tend?” Let me speak a word to these would-be-wise-heads. Do not the sympathies, sights and sounds which arouse the soul, call out and mould the man? So it is; however trivial the incidents may appear to the stocks and stones of humanity.

\**Photenia arbutifolia*.

Need we tell the story of the mighty waves upon the great ocean of human affairs, whose loud surges still lash the sounding shore with an eloquence that thrills the world's great heart! or the brilliant race of to-day's inventors — those men who started here at the very fountain head! The writers and poets of this, and every age, could their true historic origin appear, would be found among those undwarfed children of nature who drank largely at the "Immortal Fountain" of this divine innocence; they lingered long by those deep waters "that go softly," refreshing the contemplative soul with immortal verdure.

It is always a sad sight to us to see children caged in a city. To parents we feel inspired to say, as the good angels said to Lot of old, "Flee to the mountains; tarry not in all the plain." Be it a point of duty to impress your young hearts with a love for the beauties of nature — even short visits often give life-long visions of hallowed delight.

" The mountains holier visions bring  
Then e'er in vales arise,  
As brightest sunshine bathes the wing  
That's nearest to the skies."

And, to the heaven-favored whose homes are in the country, we would say, let no bitterness mingle in their cup of nectar; but, with love and tenderness lead the little ones "into green pastures beside the still waters."

The modern "pic-nic" is a blessed institution, ominous of good, when not too formal and ostentatious.

It is our purpose to while a few social hours with our dear ones, now and then, devoutly hoping we may be the humble but happy medium of interesting the young friends of the HESPERIAN.

May the good Lord help the little pilgrims to travel on and explore these ever new and beautiful fields. Believe us, your path will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect splendors of a more glorious day. Give us your hearts and hands, and we will walk and talk together with you. We will wander over every high hill and mountain top, through the flowery fields, and far away into the deep forest and wild woodlands. We will sit us down and rest beside the little rippling rills that run among the hills. No fiction can equal the facts of Nature. Innocence, or, to use a figure, the Lamb is

able to loose the seals and open the book! No artist can paint the rainbow hues! — no human hand wreath such gay and gorgeous garlands! Could your little eyes only once behold our beautiful little spring where we played in life's spring-time, and see the darkest, glossiest green wreaths our Heavenly Father wove with the pretty *Mitchella* vine\* around that pure fountain, you could never forget it — no, never! There, side by side, stood the tiniest little bridal-flowers, dressed in chaste white — almost paradisaical in its perfect whiteness, gemmed within and without in dewy diamonds. Daily we watched them as we hied homeward from our school, and lo! these *two* flowers formed but *one* little brilliant red berry! Herein was a wonderful mystery! The sweet twin flowers now bloom in our heart with a holier lesson; may Heaven, in the innocence of wisdom, grant us many more visions of similar relations among our fellow-men! meanwhile we behold, in our spirit's eye, the pretty pair as we saw them forty years ago. Why is it we never saw this beautiful little native creeper cultivated by some loving heart? The reason *we* have never nursed it is, because (shall we say it?) we have, in a certain sense, been a sad and lonely wanderer! May the tear we shed touch the heart of the Recording Angel!

No tongue can tell what exquisite joy it gives us to point your footsteps along the fragrant flowery walks of life, that Heaven may flow down into all that is innocent and good, and pure, and beautiful in all God's works.

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THE world is like a vast sea, mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favorable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder. Without this last, the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy, vigilance and economy of riches and honor, riches and honor of pride and luxury, pride and luxury of impurity and idleness, and impurity and idleness may again produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life. — *Goldsmith*.

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\* *Mitchella* Repeus.



## WINNING NOTES.

BY MARY VIOLA TINGLEY.

O, grand are our mountains,	As rosy-lipped sea-shells
And fine to behold,	From Ceylon's far strand,
Our full-flowing rivers	May nestle 'mong flowers
With beds of bright gold!	Inauteous land,
But dearer the valley	Yet sweeter it singeth
Where childhood was spent,	Of sea and of foam,
And sweeter the ripple	Like fond hearts e'er dreaming
The running brook lent.	Of songs and of home.
The dream of Ambition	As wild-bird when driven
Is held in the breast	To south-land of flowers,
As safe as a birdling	When spring, 'gain returning,
Is held in its nest;	Will back to old bowers;—
But sweeter the night-dream	So hearts from the hearth-stone
That wings us o'er sea,	To gold-land may roam,
And golden the minutes	But spring-time comes winning
Thus happy and free!	Them back to their home.

*San Francisco, April, 1859.*

A correspondent from Philadelphia sends us the following item with regard to

## F A S H I O N .

It is rumored that the toilets this season will tend decidedly towards simplicity. Dress skirts are made very full; their ample width falling in graceful folds about the person, does away with the necessity for the vulgar and ungraceful hoop.

Bodies for walking costume are made high and plain, without other ornament than a few buttons or bows. The sleeves are closed at the wrist. Loose sleeves are worn, however, in full dress.

Bonnets remain about the same. It is almost too early yet to look for any decided change in that article of toilet.

Head-dresses are quite the rage, composed of flowers, feathers, or ribbons. There is one pattern which seems to have especial favor; it is a small cap composed of black velvet, and trimmed with gay velvet flowers. It is exceedingly becoming.

## Home Department.

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YEAST for home-made bread is easily manufactured thus: Boil one pound of good flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and half an ounce of salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour. When nearly cold, bottle and cork it closely. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours, and one pint will make eighteen pounds of bread.

ASPARAGUS.—The frequent use of asparagus is strongly recommended in affections of the chest and lungs; in fact, asparagus is one of the most wholesome, as well as agreeable vegetables we possess. Take a bundle and scrape lightly all the white part, beginning from the head down; when done, throw them into cold water, then tie them up in bundles of twenty-five each, if an ordinary size, if very large, half that number, keeping the heads together, and cut off the ends to make them the same length; have ready a pan containing one gallon of boiling water, in which has been thrown two ounces of salt, boil quickly for fifteen minutes, or till tender; dish them up with a piece of toast in the middle, keep the head in the centre, and form a pyramid. Serve very hot with rich melted butter, or cream sauce.

CALIFORNIA CAKE.—One tea-cup of sugar, one tea-cup of sweet milk, one tea-cup and a half of flour, not sifted, one egg, one table-spoonful of butter, one tea-spoonful of soda, dissolved in the milk, two of cream tartar, stirred well in the flour. To be baked in a quick oven.

TAPIOCA PUDDINGS.—Four table-spoonsful of tapioca, one quart of milk, four eggs, saving out two of the whites for frosting, one table-spoonful of sugar; soak the tapioca over night, or several hours, in a little water; boil the milk, and turn over the tapioca; and, when it is blood warm, add the sugar and eggs, well beaten; flavor the pudding with lemon or rose-water; bake it about an hour, and after it has cooled a little, add the two whites of the eggs and one-half pound of white sugar, beaten together for frosting. This answers as sauce for the pudding, and looks quite ornamental.

INDIAN BREAD.—One quart of buttermilk, one quart of Indian-meal, one quart of coarse flour, one cup of molasses; add a little soda and salt.

CAULIFLOWERS—TO BOIL.—Trim them neatly, let them soak an hour at least in cold water, put them into boiling water in which a handful of salt has been thrown, let it boil, occasionally skimming the water. If the cauliflower is small, it will only take fifteen minutes; if large, twenty minutes may be allowed; do not let them remain after they are done, but take them up, and serve immediately. If the cauliflowers are to be preserved white, they ought to be boiled in milk and water; or a little flour should be put into the water in which they are boiled; and melted butter should be sent to table with them.

## Editor's Table.

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WHAT is supposed to be the principal thing upon an editor's table? Some body suggests — scissors. Fie! what impudence. But a good friend, whose face is indicative of health and good humor, suggests Salmagundi. Who ever heard of the like? Salmagundi for an editor's table! The herring and onion we might perhaps obtain — but the *spice*, ah! there's the rub. The oil and other ingredients, where are they to come from? 'Tis plain he never dined with an editor, or he would have proposed some plainer and less expensive dish. Why, an editor's table is the poorest thing on earth. Indeed, it has been thought by some that editors have no need of tables, or bread-baskets, either; at least one might think so, from occasionally seeing such advertisements as the following:

WANTED—Immediately, in pay for subscriptions, pork, nails, flour, slingles, potatoes, lumber, beef, blankets, whisky, spikes, rails, anything to live on. Gentlemen, the fact is, we must live.

Now, what do you think of an editor's digestive organs, after such a bill of fare as that? He is fortunate, however, if he has nothing more to try his powers than spikes and nails. Not unfrequently he has poems to digest that are not measured by *feet* — though they may be by yards — and MS. to decipher the hieroglyphics of which would puzzle a Greek philosopher, and which show that some of his correspondents regard him in much the same light that Paddy did the Postmaster, when he wrote a letter to that functionary, and put, as a postscript, at the bottom, "The devil hang me if I can read this letter, now I have got it writ; but I suppose it'll be no throuble to yeess, as yere a betther scholar than mesilf."

Speaking of letters, reminds us that we are sadly behind on our correspondence. Exercise patience, good friends; you shall all be attended to as soon as possible.

We paid a visit, the other day, to the highly interesting study of D. FRICK, LL. D., whom we had the pleasure of knowing during our stay at the Sandwich Islands, from whence he but lately arrived, after a residence of over eight years. We found the old gentleman thriving in the midst of the treasures of his archeological and historical reliquary, of which the most curious division is the Hawaiian terrestrial shells, which he calls his zoological jewels.

Facing the door stands the doctor's excellent library, to which his own pen has paid a diversified tribute, composed of voyages, conchological descriptions, historical novels, and poetry. On the four sides of the room are appended many valuable souvenirs of his Polynesian sojourn. The most conspicuous among them is a collar worn by the founder of the petty realms of Hawaii, Kamehameha I. This collar is made of a thick bunch of plaited hair, the most esteemed spoil of a slain hostile chief, worked into its present form by the wives of the conqueror; from the middle of the neck ornament is suspended a broad hook, cut out of a large walrus tusk. We were at a loss which to admire most—

the delicate fineness of the plaiting, or the high brilliancy of the ivory, made by hands deprived of all metallic or other of our polishing tools. Next to this product of an extinct industry, we saw an idol, made of wood, but covered with a kind of *vert antique*, due, no doubt, to several centuries. Man is said to be created after the image of God; this idol, on the contrary, is a perfect likeness of the ugliest specimens of the Kanaka race. The doctor says it is the only one of the forty thousand of the Sandwichian deities that seems to have escaped the autodafeic conflagrations lighted by the missionaries to seal the fate of the pagan public worship, but that a little more discrimination in that vandalic zeal would have created a pen to preserve these brutish gods—a sort of museum of idolatrous images—the richest collection of barbarian workmanship in the world.

Besides the relics of the Sandwich, we perceived a number of savage weapons still in use among the natives of the Feejee Islands, that sturdy stronghold of wild anthropophages; a few domestic gods of the New Zealanders, New Caledonians, and others, with some of those lacerating spears prickled in all their length, with four rows of sharp teeth; bows and arrows from Bougainville Islands to the Arctic Esquimaux; samples of Japanese and Chinese manufacture, with two oil paintings, by Kin Li, the Raphael of the Celestial Empire, complete the hasty review of our first visit to the doctor's sanctum.

We almost forgot to mention a painting by Ary Shefter, which the Doctor calls a family antiquity; it is his own portrait, delineated forty years ago.

Of the many objects of natural history with which our curiosity was so kindly fed, the limits of our table will not permit us to speak, much less do justice to subjects embracing all that was rare and new from the nearest isles of our neighborhood.

The obliging proprietor of these *rarae aves* has furnished us with the following note: "The vernacular name of this necklace, which on solemn occasions the great chiefs wore on their breasts, like the commander's cross of the Legion of Honor, is *lei palaoa*—tooth of a sea animal—for the neck; the name of the idol *kalai pahoa*, a famous poison tree. All the Hawaiian deities being ministers of mischief and evil, were, for the most part, designated under sinister appellations."

A NEW PLAY.—We understand that W. H. RHODES, (our contributor, Caxton) has just completed a drama upon which he has been at work for some time past.

The play is entirely *American* in all its bearings and characters. It is founded upon the rise of Mormonism, and its catastrophe consists in the tragical death of the Mormon Prophet, and the ruin of a family of converts to his detestable delusion. We hear that it will be produced in this city some time during the next month.

SUCCESS OF THE HESPERIAN.—We trust that it may not appear egotistical or inappropriate to speak of the gratifying success of the HESPERIAN on its first appearance in magazine form. The edition was a large one—much larger than we supposed would be required; but it was exhausted in one week, and the

demand still continued unabated; so much so that we found it necessary to get out another large edition, which will be published about the 19th inst.

THE PRESS.—We extend our thanks to the brotherhood of the press, who have not been slow to appreciate, or backward in commending our work to the public. Many a time has our heart been cheered, and our task rendered lighter by their kind words of approbation and encouragement; and yet they have made us feel, more and more, our own responsibility, at the same time that the resolution has been strengthened within us to make the *HESPERIAN* equal to all the kind things that have been said of it. We would honestly suggest to our good brothers of the press, not to expect too much of us; we are but mortal, and laboring in a new field, under many disadvantages; and though we pledge to you our word, that no time, pains or labor shall be spared to make the *HESPERIAN* all that you desire it to be, we yet know that it will fall far below our own wishes, and probably far below your expectations. The disadvantages under which we labor, are those of a new country, and may not be overcome in a day or a week; and yet in time we expect to conquer. We have everything to encourage us. The press has overwhelmed us with kind words. Our table is literally covered with letters of congratulation and encouragement. The large sales by dealers in this city, and others, show that the public are not slow to appreciate our work.

Highly as the March number was appreciated, we believe that the present April number will be found superior to it in many respects. The likeness of Mr. Larkin was drawn by Nahl, Bro's, from a photograph, by Mr. Selleck.

In compiling our brief sketch of the life of Mr. Larkin, we have received valuable assistance from Mrs. Larkin, the widow of the deceased, who was his constant companion during all the years of his California life.

We are aware that many persons hesitate to subscribe for a new Magazine, because it is so common for them to depreciate after the first issue. The *Hesperian* will be kept fully up to its present standard—and improved as opportunity offers.

OUR EXCHANGE LIST.—Since the publication of the *Hesperian* in magazine form, we have received a great many papers, saying, "please exchange." Now we should be glad to exchange with all that desire us to do so: but our exchange list is already so large that it is impossible for us to add any more to it at present, without dropping some of those already on hand, and that we cannot do, for they are those who received the *Hesperian* in its humble semi-monthly form, placed it upon their exchange list, and by kind words of encouragement, cherished and strengthened it, until it has been enabled to put on a new dress, and appear before the world in a more attractive form.

DR. FRICK will please accept our thanks for specimens of the Shells mentioned in his article on "Terrestrial Shells." They are now at our office, where the lovers of nature, who may be desirous of seeing them, can have an opportunity of doing so.

Good.—We hear that the young men of Nevada have formed an Anti Swearing Society—each member of which, becomes liable for twenty-five cents as often as he so far forgets himself as to use a profane word. We wish such societies might extend the length and breadth of the State. Certain it is, if every man and boy in the State who uses profane language were fined twenty-five cents for every profane word made use of, it would prove a much larger source of revenue to the State than even our gold mines. We would soon have a fund sufficient to build the Pacific Rail Road. The young men of Nevada are entitled to great credit for being the first to move in this matter—and we hope that the movement of reform may extend throughout the State.

“It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme  
Rudely appeal'd to, on each trifling theme ;  
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise ;  
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise ;  
You would not swear upon a bed of death,  
Reflect! your Maker *now* could stop your breath.”

We have also a society of young men in San Francisco called the “Dash-Aways;” significant of their determination to dash away all intoxicating drinks. We heartily bid them God speed. May their resolutions and their numbers be strengthened, and may the blessing of wives, mothers and daughters, whose homes they have defended from the blight of drunkenness, rest upon them.

Finite man may not presume to limit the influence for good which such societies exert. They stop not in the city or town where they were originated, but extend from place to place—reaching even into the limitless future, and carry blessings with them to generations yet to come.

This month, we present our lady friends with a page of elegant Embroidery Patterns.

SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS BY MAIL, DIRECT TO THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION. Address, Mrs. F. H. DAY, Editor *Hesperian*, San Francisco, Cal.

We have no agents, for whose acts we are responsible, except Miss M. CLARK, who is fully authorized to transact business for us.

Many valuable articles are unavoidably crowded out this month; among which are “A Leaf from Life,” “A Welcome to California,” “The Forsaken,” “Watching Alone,” &c., &c.

Will not the author of a “Welcome to the Rain,” furnish us with his or her name? We like the article, but cannot publish without knowing the author's name.

REJECTED.—“U. X. Q. Z.,” “I have loved in vain;” “Lines to —;” “The Mother's Prayer;” “The walk by the Sea-side;” “Our Captain's wife;” and many more, too numerous to mention.

We sometimes reject meritorious articles, because they are not suited to our columns—sometimes, because we have too many treating on the same, or similar subjects.

## Literary Notices.

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*The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince*—By WM. M. THAYER.—We are indebted to ALLEN & SPIER for this excellent little history, which bears a moral upon every page. It was drawn from the life and character of the late Amos Lawrence, and shows how the poor boy became the merchant prince, how *any* boy can attain success in *any* pursuit. The work is especially designed for the young, and we heartily recommend it to the *young friends of the Hesperian*.

*Synopsis of Jewish History*.—Our thanks are due to the author, REV. H. A. HENRY, for a copy of this interesting work. Vast as is the field of sacred literature, interesting as are the characters and subjects there treated of, we can but welcome anything that is calculated to awaken deeper interest in those sacred pages. This work is entirely free from sectional bias, and may well claim the attention of all lovers of Sacred History.—Published by TOWN & BACON, and is of “*fair*” typographical appearance.

*Esther, the Hebrew-Persian Queen*—By Rev. Dr. SCOTT.—This book is dedicated, by the author, to the mothers and daughters of the Pacific. Of all the heroines of the Bible, perhaps there is none whose history is more intensely interesting than that of the Orphan Queen. There is no finer specimen of female biography—no subject better calculated to enlist the finest sympathies of the soul—no more exalted example of piety and true moral courage,—than is to be found in Esther, “the Hebrew-Persian Queen.” Most ably has Dr. SCOTT treated this interesting subject, and laid before the women of the Pacific a history which it should be their pride, as it is their duty, to show that they appreciate. No library is complete without this history of one of the greatest of Bible heroines.—For sale by H. H. BANCROFT & Co., to whom we are indebted for a copy.

*Samson, the Hebrew Hercules*, by Rev. Dr. SCOTT, has, also, been laid upon our table by H. H. BANCROFT & Co. We have not yet had time to read this work, but from the well-known ability of the reverend author to treat historical and biblical subjects, have no hesitation in recommending it to the reading public.

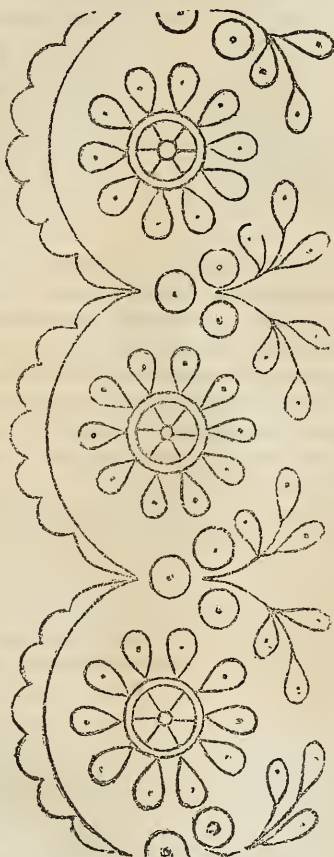
MESSRS. STILL & Co. have our thanks for a copy of the *Eclectic Magazine* for March. It contains the very cream of foreign literature, and is elegantly embellished with two superb steel engravings.

RELIGIOUS STARS OF AMERICA.—*The Banner of Light*—a weekly paper published in Boston, furnishes its readers every week with verbatim reports of Henry Ward Beecher's and E. H. Chapin's sermons. Terms, two dollars per year, and in the same proportion for a shorter time. Sample copies sent free, with club terms.

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# THE HESPERIAN.

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No. 3.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

MRS. THOMAS O. LARKIN.

RACHEL HOBSON was born in Ipswich, Mass., in 1807. Her early life was passed amid the hallowed retirement of home, and the quiet of domestic duties. In 1827 she married Capt. JOHN C. HOLM, a native of Copenhagen, Denmark. Shortly after their marriage Capt. HOLM sailed for the Pacific coast, leaving his wife with her father's family, as he expected to return with the ship in a few years. Some difficulty, however, occurring with regard to the ship, he left it at China, and afterwards accepted a much better offer from a wealthy house in Mexico, that of first officer of a vessel then running up and down the coast. Capt. HOLM was anxious to return to his home and his family; but the owners of the vessel, who found in him an able and efficient commander, refused to let him go, and suggested that he send for his wife to come to him. This he finally consented to, and Mrs. HOLM was accordingly sent for. She, true to woman's nature, acquiesced in the proposal; and, as her health was very poor, her friends yielded their reluctant consent in the hope that the sea voyage might be of benefit to her. She sailed from Boston in Sept., 1831, and reached Monterey in the month of April, 1832. Here she expected to meet her husband, but was doomed to disappointment, he having sailed for Lima a short time previous. But a greater disappointment was in

store for her. Three months she waited and watched, day after day, for his coming, and at length received the heart-rending intelligence of his death. He had fallen a victim to the fever of the country when within ten days sail of Lima. As might be expected, this sad news filled her with distress, and broke up all her plans for the future. Her heart yearned for her old home, and the companions of her youth. But there was no vessel at that time "homeward bound" in which she could secure a passage, and she was obliged, for the present at least, to content herself on the coast. At this time her home was in the family of Capt. COOPER, who spared no pains to make her feel contented and happy. She did not, however, relinquish her idea of returning to the Eastern States until after her marriage with Mr. LARKIN, which was solemnized on board of a vessel under the American Flag, by JOHN C. JONES, U. S. Consul for the Sandwich Islands, in 1833. At this time, it should be remembered, the Romish Church was in power. It was "church and state," and the padres would not perform the marriage ceremony for "heretics," as they were pleased to call those who were not within the pale of the Romish Church. Several years after this, when Mrs. LARKIN lay very ill, so low indeed that life was despaired of, the padres and Spanish friends gathered about Mr. LARKIN and represented to him how terrible it would be to have his wife die without the limits of the church; denied even a burial-place among the people. He yielded to their entreaties and had the ceremony of baptism administered; after which the ceremony of marriage was performed by the padre according to the usage of the Romish Church; he having pronounced the Protestant marriage as illegal and void. By this ceremony, also, was secured to their children the property by right inherited from their parents, which otherwise, (according to the then existing laws) would have been confiscated by the church.

It should not be forgotten that Mrs. LARKIN was the first American woman who became a permanent resident on the Pacific coast. Her children were the first of American parentage on both sides, ever born in the country. Her life has not been so much one of active exertion, as of patient endurance. During the war with Mexico she had much to undergo, and many privations to endure; all of which she bore with that quiet fortitude which seems to belong peculiarly to woman.

During the time Monterey was surrounded by the Mexican soldiery, Mr. LARKIN, for the better protection of his family, sent them to San Francisco by means of a vessel at that time running on the coast. Unfortunately the children, three in number, contracted a fever on the way and became seriously ill. Now, in addition to the care and anxiety felt by Mrs. LARKIN on account of the exposed position of her husband, was added maternal solicitude for her suffering little ones. Arriving at San Francisco she found it but little better than Monterey, so far as tumult and danger, occasioned by the unsettled state of the country, was concerned; and in regard to home comforts, so essential to the welfare of her sick family, she was much worse off. She succeeded, however, in finding shelter in a rough shanty, called a "hotel," on the corner of Clay and Kearney streets. Here, night and day she held her lonely vigil over her suffering children, until it became apparent that the youngest could not long survive the terrible ravages of that painful disorder. Overwhelmed with distress, Mrs. LARKIN immediately took means to communicate the unwelcome intelligence to her husband, and summon him to the bed-side of their dying child. Abruptly leaving all matters of business he started to rejoin his family — with the story of his capture by the Mexicans on that ill-fated night, you are already familiar — while his wife bent in agony over their dying child and strained her listening ear to catch the sound of horse-hoofs, or better still, his own loved foot-fall. He sat moodily by the camp-fire of the enemy, surrounded by swarthy Mexicans, who communed among themselves whether it were better to dispatch him at once with a rifle-ball, or retain him as a hostage in case of any important event.

All news travels fast, and it was not long before the intelligence reached Mrs. LARKIN that her husband had been taken prisoner by the Mexicans. Now her sky seemed dark indeed, and her way hedged up before her. By inclination she was strongly prompted to join her husband; by duty and maternal love confined to the bed-side of her dying child. At length tired nature gave way, and on the 28th of Nov., 1846, the little one breathed her last. The Rev. WALTER COLTON, in his "Three Years in California," pays the following beautiful tribute to her memory: — "She passed away like a bird from its clouded bower; and though her flight lay over dark

waters, she now sings in the purple land of the blest. There no shadows fall, and death has no trophies. One eternal spring with its sparkling founts and fragrant blossoms, reigns through the vernal year. The soft airs as they stir, wake the strings of invisible lyres; and the tender leaves whisper in music. There walk the pure; there survive the meek who wept with us here. They wait to welcome our flight to their joys and sinless repose."

Who can contemplate that mother bending over the lifeless form of her child; her mind torn with anxiety for the husband and father who was far away — a prisoner — entirely at the mercy of a ferocious and blood-thirsty people, without realizing something of the sufferings which characterized the lives of the early settlers of our country.

Alone, with no husband to lean upon in that trying hour, herself in delicate health, Mrs. LARKIN followed her child to the grave, and returned lonely and sad to her desolate home to ruminate upon the probable fate of him to whom her womanly heart turned with all the tenderness and devotion of a wife. For three long months was her stay in San Francisco prolonged — she and her remaining children, during that time, subsisting principally upon boiled potatoes, and boiled squash — deprived of many of the luxuries which American women are wont to consider essential to comfort.

About the time of Mrs. LARKIN'S return to Monterey, Los Angeles was retaken by Col. FREMONT, and her husband, with other prisoners, set at liberty and restored to his family. Mrs. LARKIN has witnessed more changes in California than any other American women in the State. She has had her share of suffering and trial to undergo, not the least of which was the sudden death of her husband, THOMAS O. LARKIN; by which a whole community was thrown into mourning. But the quiet, uncomplaining fortitude of earlier years is with her still; and the light of the christian faith sheds its bright radiance upon her path, and points her to that land

"Where sorrows never come,  
And partings are unknown."

HE who after a loss, immediately, without staying to lament it, sets about repairing it, has that within himself which can control fortune.



## RED BREASTED, OR CINNAMON TEAL.

BY A. J. GRAYSON.

THIRTEEN years ago, when, prompted by the natural love of adventure, or to indulge an inordinate passion for the wild sports of the chase, with my wife and son, then but little over a year old — together with other companions of the adventure — we sought this then almost unknown region, I little dreamed of ever attempting to portray some of the objects of natural history that then interested me most. But time and circumstances make strange alterations in the path of life we expect to pursue. After a weary travel of nearly six months over a trackless country, in many places a desert, every mile of which to me was not without its interest or even pleasure, although hampered by much fatigue and watchfulness natural to such a journey, — we were repaid for all our toil and hardship, when at length we came in sight of the California mountains, clothed as they were with a forest of majestic trees — trees once more! How the very sight of them cheered our spirits. As we hurried on to get among them, how gladly did we hail the change. Entering this strange forest, its breath was animating to us. What a feeling of freshness diffused itself into our whole being, as we enjoyed the pleasures of the pathless wood. Encamping upon a small, clear brook, we bathed our tired limbs and drank its waters, sweeter than any we had tasted for a long time. Around us the birds were singing sweetly, and many of the little striped squirrels, peculiar to the mountains, were frisking about over the old logs and among the branches of the trees, whilst my little boy made the woods ring with his joyous laughter. What a change from the wild wide waste over which we had been traveling for months! A still happier change awaited us, when we at length passed uninterruptedly by the Indians through the silent woods of the Sierra Nevada and beheld for the first time, the promised land of our hopes — no words are adequate to express my feelings of delight, and most profound gratitude to my Maker, for thus leading us in His divine providence, to so beautiful a land. With the dearest ones of my heart by my side, blooming in youth and health, my rifle in my hand, I gazed upon the scene spread out before me with unspeakable joy. The broad valley of

the Sacramento, and the far-off mountains of the coast range, mellowed by distance, and the delicate haze of Indian summer, lay before me,—whilst the timber growing upon the border of the rivers Los Plumas, and Sacramento, but dimly seen at that distance, pointed out our course. I looked upon the magnificent landscape with bright hopes for the future.

At the confluence of the Rio de los Plumas and Sacramento, which was then uninhabited, I rested a few days from my long and toilsome journey. It was here I first saw and shot one or two of the beautiful little teal which are the subject of this article; it even then excited in me considerable admiration from its novelty and handsome plumage. At that time I had not the remotest idea, however, of portraying or writing its description. Subsequently, I have met with it occasionally when gunning, but by no means frequently, for it is not abundant, though it is not very rare in this State. I have seldom seen an entire flock of the Red-breasted Teal; they are generally found in company with other ducks, such as the Shoveler Widgeon, Green Wing Teal, &c., feeding in fresh water ponds or streams.

It is rather more difficult to approach than some of its *congénères*, and often gives the alarm to the flock in which it may be in company by its sudden flight when the others least suspected danger. It is easily distinguished, at a considerable distance, from other members of its species with which it may mingle when on the wing, from its conspicuous reddish plumage, and the distinct and prominent blue color on the butt of the wings.

I never see this duck but what I am reminded of its near relative, the Blue Wing Teal, (which is absent in this country,) and to which it is closely allied in its habits and general type. This can be the better seen, by the sportsman or observer of nature, when it is in its wild freedom. The female, in particular, is almost similarly marked, and exactly the same size, as the Blue Wing female; I having measured and compared specimens, just shot, with the female Blue Wing figured and described by Mr. AUDUBON, in his "Birds of America." It is, however, not so abundant as its near relative.

With respect to its geographical distribution, it may be regarded as truly a Western species, more frequently to be met with in the countries bordering on the Pacific coast than any where else.

Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institute, at Wash-

ington, to whom I am indebted for some valuable information regarding the natural history of this country, and to whom I sent specimens of the Red-breasted Teal, informs me that he has received specimens of it from Oregon, California, Utah, in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake, and also from Chili, in South America.

Mr. JOHN CASSIN, member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, in his late Ornithology, mentions having received a specimen of a male Red-breasted Teal, in very fine spring plumage, from E. PILATE, M. D., a physician and naturalist, residing at Opelousas, in the State of Louisiana, with a communication to the effect that he regards its appearance in that State as unusual. Mr. CASSIN further remarks, in his description of the Red-breasted Teal, that "it visits South America in the course of its winter migration, and is frequently to be met with in the Western countries of that portion of this continent." With regard to its extending its migrations from the Northern countries so far South, I must say I am inclined to doubt, and am of the opinion that those found there, are constant residents of that country. During my residence in San Jose, in this State, in 1856, I paid much attention to the habits of this Teal. I found them, generally, dispersed in company with other fresh water ducks, feeding in small ponds, and in the Coyote, a small stream which runs through the valley. It was upon this creek that I shot the two specimens figured in this plate. Previous to shooting, I observed them closely for a few moments, from the high banks; they soon discovered me, when they left the water and walked out upon the shore, with their necks stretched and ready to fly; and I have endeavored to place them in that position, just as they were about rising from the ground.

The Red-breasted Teal makes its appearance with us in the early part of winter, and continues until late in the spring; and I have known some to linger as late as the middle of the month of May, before taking their departure for their Northern home. Possibly, an occasional pair may breed in this State; this I am only justified in stating, from the fact that I was informed by a gunner that he had captured some of their young, when they were quite small. They are an excellent duck for the table, and are sometimes for sale in this market, though I do not think they are so sweet and juicy as the little Green Wing Teal.

## TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.

*Querquedula Cyanoptera.*—VIEILL.*Anas—Cyanoptera.*—VIEILL.

Form, small; body, full; feet, short, placed rather far back; wings, moderate length, rather narrow and acute; tarsus, delicately scutellated with small angular scales; plumage, dense and compact.

*Dimensions.*—Female, length from tip of bill to end of tail, fifteen inches; extent of wings, twenty-four inches; bill, moderate length; tail, short. The male is a little larger.

*Color.*—Male, all of the entire under parts, sides of the neck and head, are of a rich, reddish chestnut, darker upon the abdomen; lower tail coverts, brownish black, also, top of the head, which is slightly tinged with green; back scapulars, rump and upper tail coverts, brownish black, edged with dull chestnut; large space on the shoulder and lesser wing coverts, light sky blue, terminating with a transverse band of white; speculum, brilliant grass green; a portion of the two first scapulars, blue, the balance, brownish black, with a central stripe of buff; tail, brownish black, each feather margined with a pale brown; primary and secondary wing feathers, brownish black; bill, black; iris, bright clear yellow, as are also the feet and tarsus.

The female is differently marked. The under part of the head, neck, and the breast and abdomen, and under tail coverts, of a dirty buff color, deepening into pale chestnut upon the breast, all of which is marked with longitudinal dark spots in the centre of each feather; the entire upper parts, brownish black, the feathers of which are edged with buff; wings, similar to those of the male, with the exception that a portion of the two first scapulars are of a dark, changeable green, instead of blue; bill, black; iris, brown; feet, dull yellow.

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 LITTLE CHILDREN.

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 BY ANNE K. H. FADER.
 

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Little children, ye are young,  
 Cares have not your bosoms wrung,  
 Life-shades are not on your brow,  
 Come then, come to Jesus now!  
 Do not wait 'till snares of youth  
 Make less pure your spirit's truth,  
 Do not wait till cares of age  
 Mar and blot life's fairest page.  
 Come to Him whose living tone  
 Blest young children one by one,  
 Though exalted now above,  
 Still he keeps his earthly love.  
 Come, then, little children come,  
 Seek and find a glorious home,  
 Where eternal childhood stays,  
 In the world of nightless days!

## BEECHER AND CHAPIN.

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PROBABLY most of the readers of the *Hesperian* have heard of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Rev. Edwin H. Chapin. But those who have not, I will inform that the former is pastor of the "Church of the Pilgrims," in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the latter, that of the "Messiah," in the city of New York.

It is generally admitted, that these two men stand at the head of the American clergy, in pulpit eloquence. It is always a pleasure to hear a really eloquent man speak upon any subject, and especially upon the sacred truths of the Gospel. On this account, while on a visit to the east, in the fall of '57, as the last day before the departure of the steamer was the Christian Sabbath, I availed myself of a treat which I never expect to enjoy again—that of hearing these two champions of the American pulpit preach on the same day. I heard Mr. Beecher in the morning, and Mr. Chapin in the evening. The day was cloudy, but not rainy.

Mr. Beecher's church is somewhat in the form of an amphitheater, and arranged so as to seat the largest possible number in a given space. I was told it would accommodate three thousand hearers. The house was full, every seat, and many went away without being able to find accommodation. There were, evidently, a great many strangers, and every one was shown to a seat immediately on arriving at the inner door, while any remained unoccupied. The church was built of brick, presenting a plain, Quaker style of finish, outside and interior.

Mr. Chapin's church is situated on Broadway, is built of freestone, and gothic style. It has a more beautiful finish than Mr. Beecher's, externally and internally, but will seat, perhaps, five hundred less. Strangers were compelled to wait till the second hymn had been read, when they were seated in what available space had been left by the regular occupants; but a large number were unable to obtain seats, and either remained standing, or left the house. The singing was done by the congregation of worshipers in both churches, a practice which I wish was more common; for the song of praise which ascended to heaven from those immense congregations, was truly refreshing to the devout soul, and must have had a benign influence upon the heart of every hearer.

Mr. Beecher spoke upon the subject of "Prayer;" "pray without ceasing." I had often heard ministers preach upon this subject before. But never before did I hear it handled with such skill and thrilling effect; with such a thorough knowledge of the human mind; and an insight into the wants, longings and desires of the heart. Every avenue to the understanding was probed and searched, and each one received a portion suited to his wants. Now a solemn appeal which would raise the soul to heaven, then a withering denunciation upon a hypocritical pretender.

In comparison with others whom I have heard speak upon the subject of prayer, Mr. Beecher was an Ajax standing among pigmies — a Parnassus overlooking the surrounding hills. With many, it is considered an act of profanity for an unregenerate sinner to pray. Mr. Beecher was of a different opinion. "Pray," said he, "when your heart is warm with love towards God; pray when you are cold and indifferent, when your heart is steeled with selfishness and hate, and God will warm your heart with the spirit of divine love. Let the saint and sinner pray; the devoted spirit, and the unregenerate soul; him who dwells in the clear *light*, and the *shadow* of God's presence." "Pray without ceasing."

In the afternoon I repaired to the church of Mr. Chapin, where I expected to find a spiritual feast,—nor was I disappointed. As at Mr. Beecher's church, every pew was filled, even the extreme ones in the gallery. I was more favorably impressed with Mr. Chapin's style of speaking than Mr. Beecher's, though where both were so manifestly superior, and yet so different, it might be presumption to give the palm of victory to either.

I have heard many of the most distinguished orators in the United States, statesmen and preachers, but I never heard one who could approach the towering eloquence of Mr. Chapin. Some of his appeals were most sublime and overpowering. He did not frighten his hearers by denunciation, and by drawing pictures of the wailings of the subjects of God's wrath in endless perdition,—but portrayed the love of God, the sufferings of the Savior for the redemption of the world, and the consequent duties of man to obey, love and serve his Heavenly Father, to become more and more like Christ, and to love all mankind as brethren, children of God, and having one common interest in the blood of Jesus.

His text was an expression of railing, used by the Jewish chief-priests at the crucifixion of our Savior, found in the 27th chapter of Matthew. "He saved others; himself he cannot save." He began his sermon by reading from a manuscript, in a moderate, but clear and distinct tone of voice, so much so, that the most distant could understand every syllable, with the utmost ease. He showed that the text contained a great truth, though uttered in derision, by the enemies of Jesus. That he died, not for his own exaltation, but *to save others*; that was indeed his great mission. "Himself he cannot save;" this, in the eyes of his revilers, was the test of his Messiahship. If he was the Son of God, as he claimed to be, why not come down from the cross, and save himself? Why not send the thunderbolts from heaven, upon his murderers, and destroy them, and shiver the cross, the disgraceful instrument of death, to atone? Why not take this course to confound the unbelieving Jews, and convince the world? Such is the reasoning of a mocking and superficial world. But had he done this, his mission would have been defeated. He came not to destroy, but to fulfil. If he had destroyed his enemies, would he have overcome evil with good? No! He came not to establish a visible, worldly kingdom of gaudy power, by physical force; but to reveal the truth, the love of his Father, to bring life and immortality to light, and establish a spiritual kingdom within the soul. Mr. Chapin then portrayed, with great power, that love which overcomes the world, which overleaps the low, groveling passion of retaliation, and which enabled Christ to *even die* for his enemies, and utter a prayer, even in his dying agonies. We should imitate Christ, should make him our pattern and guide, in all things.

When Mr. Chapin came to make the application, and to point out our duties, it was really thrilling. No preacher ever stirred up my soul so before, and made me feel my extreme weakness, and how far short I came of being Christ-like. The world seeks for the advancement of self: Christ looked beyond self, for the good of the world. Jesus had the power to save himself from the cross in one sense, and in another he had not. He could have summoned an army of angels, physically speaking; but this would not have fulfilled his mission. He could not give evil for evil. God himself cannot do wrong; and Jesus came to do the will of his Father, and to finish his work. To do this, his brow must bleed, his side must be pierced, he must suffer

and die. It is easy to do duty, when it does not conflict with self; but when we suffer ridicule, and torment, and the scoffs of mankind, then comes the test of principle. Christ could not come down from the cross, and save himself. Just at this point, our Savior was at the height of his glory; he had performed his mission, he had done the will of his Father — he was in the very paradise of bliss. So with man. When he arrives at that point where he *cannot disobey God*, though he suffered persecution, loss of standing, reputation and poverty, he is then a true man, God-like and happy; he then has a heaven within, of more value than all the honors and emoluments of earth; he then lives in the immediate presence of his God.

Such are a few of the ideas in Mr. Chapin's discourse: but to report him truly, would be an impossibility. He would sometimes describe, in most glowing language, the infinite love of God, or portray the sufferings of our Redeemer upon the cross, and the jeering scoffs of the enraged multitude, and then, with the rapidity of thought, pour out a most withering, sarcastic rebuke against some prevailing sin of the times, and show that those who were guilty of such, were disobedient to a righteous God, and hugging a viper to their bosom.

Chapin and Beecher have many similar traits of character, but their style of oratory is very different. They are both suited to the times of the nineteenth century, reformatory but not destructive, earnest without fanaticism, possessing courage without temerity; alike original in thought and expression, and no one can deny that both are possessed of a masterly eloquence. But the oratorical style, both in manner and expression, of the one differs entirely from that of the other. While Chapin seldom changes his position, Beecher is almost constantly moving from one end of the pulpit to the other, especially after he becomes warm in his subject. Chapin's eloquence is of a more elevated and refined order than that of Beecher. Chapin raises the hearer by rapid steps, from one elevation to another, until he has lost sight of the earth and its simple inhabitants, far above the clouds and the heavens, and places him on the very pinnacle of the New Jerusalem, where, enchained with holy joy, he listens to the song of seraphim and angels, and gazes upon the pearly gates and golden streets, and talks, face to face with the redeemed and the Saviour; Beecher pricks the hearer here, and punches him



there, and puts you in mind of the keeper of a menagerie, who occasionally stirs up the animals with a sharp stick. Chapin is dignified and sublime, and the hearer feels that there is sincerity in those earnest words: Beecher is more playful, and likes to get off a joke occasionally, at the expense of some of the follies of the day, does not object to relate an anecdote, if suited to the end in view, and an attentive observer will detect an attempt to raise a smile on his auditory occasionally, and when successful, he enjoys it as well as any one. While the eloquence of Chapin would be likely to be more appreciated by the scholar, and the pure in heart, that of Beecher would have more influence over the masses, and is better adapted to reform the erring. Chapin excels in imagination, and copious thought; Beecher, sharp points and sarcastic retorts. You possess more devoted and holy sympathies, feel that you have ascended one step higher in the scale of the christian life, after hearing Chapin; but carry away more facts, and a clearer knowledge of the discourse after leaving Beecher. It is evident that neither has so great faith in the efficacy of the terrors of the law, as in the rewards of a christian life. They cannot be said to belong to that class of preachers who deal largely in fire and wrath, and who aim to produce a sensation upon the audience through fear and tears; but the conviction is deeper and more lasting, the mind enlightened, and the hopes strengthened. No sect can justly claim them; for their views are too broad and catholic to be hampered by the trammels of mere party. They belong to the great Christian Church, whose members are composed of the pure in every sect, and those standing outside of any denominational name; whose practical creed is *love to God, and love to universal man*.

The mass of preachers are tenacious for creed-making, and fluent in anathemas; they are champions for christianity in its broadest form. I know of no preachers who battle with greater success against the inroads of skepticism. Before their mighty thoughts, infidelity dies, and the divine truths of Jesus fall upon the thirsty soul of the hearer, like the dews of Hermon. The pulpit often falls into unskillful hands, and the Author of our religion is put to open shame, or is murdered anew, by those who are his professed followers. The bungling artist produces a deformed statue. So the narrow, brainless preacher presents Christ so unlike himself, that the hearer

often goes away more deeply enchained in ignorance, superstition and bigotry, or a scoffing skeptic. The pulpit is often made a rostrum for the display of ignorance, where stale sayings, repetitions and bombast make up the sum total of the sermon; where dry creeds, abstractions, husks and fish-hooks are dealt out, in a drawling tone, to the hungry audience, as gospel food.

Beecher and Chapin are always fresh; and the heavens, earth and sea, every science, and the deep recesses of the human heart, are made to yield their quantum to make up a sacred feast for the hearer.

With many, religion consists in wearing a garb of sackcloth and ashes, in putting on a sanctimonious look and very long visage, and making one's self as miserable as possible. Not so with Beecher and Chapin. Out of the pulpit, they are free, easy, affable. They are lively in conversation, and not unwilling to give a sly joke, or take one; but never descend below the dignity of well-bred etiquette. I think they believe sincerely, that true "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less." J. MONROE.

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## A WELCOME TO THE RAIN.

BY T. W. W.

When all without is dark  
 And no silver-flashing spark  
 Streams down from the heavens to illumine our way,  
 When the winds go mourning by  
 Like the music of a sigh,  
 I love to sit and listen to the elemental fray.

Quick follows in the train  
 Of the mournful wind, the rain,  
 With its lively rat-tat-tat on the roof and on the pane;  
 Then a lull — now a drop  
 Falls from some piny top,  
 Where it paused to refresh it, then hastens on again.

Hear it splashing on the street!  
 In the path where many feet  
 Pressing onward, ever onward, have worn the grass away;  
 On the hill-side and the plain  
 Fall the glad some drops of rain,  
 Sweetly singing us to sleep at eve, and waking us by day.

## EVERY DAY LIFE.

BY S. C. H.

“FORGIVE her, you say. No, I never will. I have borne enough from that source already. It is past endurance any longer, and I have made up my mind to drop her, and my grievances with her. So please let the matter rest, for your interference will do no good.”

“But, Grace, dearest, I cannot take any such summary dismissal of this subject at your hands. I came in this afternoon, firm in my purpose to persuade you to a better mind. I cannot give you up to the indulgence of the feelings that now possess your heart, without a struggle for the right. When with you last evening, I urged nothing, as I saw you were too much excited by your feelings at the time, to be either just or generous. Now you are calmer, more open to reason, and I must insist in obtruding my advice upon you, even at the peril of your deeming me officious. Take some pity on your friend, Grace, for I find it requires considerable courage to boldly tell you your faults, particularly with such a hard unbending face as you now turn on me.”

Grace's face unbent, somewhat, its hardness, as her friend Margaret Robb thus addressed her, and a strong natural sense of justice, though now clouded by anger, led her to yield assent so far as to listen to what Mrs. Robb might urge, yet with a manner that promised little hope of her being convinced. But there was a brave heart battling with Grace that would not weakly yield a victory to evil, and not permitting Grace's manner to discourage, Mrs. Robb resumed — “You say Grace, you will not turn a deaf ear to what I have to say. I thank you for thus much — but, dear Grace, do something better still; don't turn a deaf ear to what a Higher Power commands — ‘Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.’”

“Oh! Margaret, how can you so speak, when you know what I have borne from Abby, time and again. As she is a sister, I have forgiven, and forgiven. It makes no difference with her, my kindness is all lost on her; she is not able to appreciate the forbearance I have exercised, but takes it for granted that it is simply her due. That I am sensible of error and therefore make concessions. I do not believe it is my duty to bear with such a state of things any

longer. This being obliged to weigh and measure every word, lest you give offence, is intolerable, and I will not submit to it."

"The duty of forgiveness, Grace, is not limited. We are not at liberty to indulge malice or revenge, even if our advances are not appreciated, but are to do good to our enemies when opportunity offers; yea, seek for opportunities to benefit, thus hoping to convince of kindly feeling, if you cannot by simple words. Allow, dear Grace, that your concessions are not appreciated. Is this a reason why you should do evil? Does this alter the principle of right? If we dealt righteously with those who alone appreciated our actions, we would seldom have occasion so to do. No, no, Grace, there is a higher motive to actuate you, and I think it is the one that generally guides you. Why not allow it to rule you now?"

"I would submit to its rule, Margaret, if I felt there would be any gain in so doing — that it would produce any improvement in Abby; but to suffer her longer to impugn my best actions, twist thoughtless words into studied unkindness, and to complain to her friends that I had neglected her in her day of need, is more than I can bear. To be represented as an enemy, where you have been acting the part of best friend, is a drop too much. There is no use of my trying to convince Abby of her injustice, as every attempt on my part to advise with her, is resented as a desire to find fault. If I hint she has misunderstood, and misrepresented affairs, she hurls at me a grand fire of indignation, so that the end is worse than the beginning."

"I know it is very hard to be so misunderstood, and misrepresented. But is not undeserved censure more easily borne, when your own heart accuses you not?"

"I admit that, Margaret, but it don't wound the less deeply. The manifest injustice practised, renders me the more indignant."

"That is the feeling I want you to overcome. I do not assert that you have not been dealt with ungenerously, unkindly; but I want you to cultivate such a spirit of love, that you will pass over all these grievances, feeling you cannot dare to live in enmity with any one;—feeling that, if they have failed in duty, you dare not. Ah! Grace, you know not what you may gain by perseverance in right. You may win your sister to a better appreciation of yourself, to discard her suspicious nature, to control this propensity to mag-

nify small evils. If you accomplish this, you secure happiness to your sister and yourself also. If you do not, you gain to yourself an enlarged capacity of soul, for no one overcometh the desire to revenge their wrongs, without getting nearer to God, and being more like Him. You tell me you have tried advice, Grace. Let me ask, if you were so possessed with the spirit of forgiveness for the wrong you had suffered, that you did not manifest anger in your manner or words?"

"It is very difficult not to manifest some feeling," said Grace, warmly; "you cannot expect me to be more than human."

"Grant, dear Grace, that with much wounded feelings, there is considerable anger at the offender — wounded pride, that your sister fails to appreciate you, that renders you unforgiving, and in attempting to convince your sister of her wrong, or in counseling her as to her actions, you assume very much the spirit of judge and avenger."

Grace thoughtfully listened, but said nothing, and Mrs. Robb proceeded.

"Have you not hardened your heart by these feelings — allowed them to blind you as to your error, in dealing thus with your sister, no matter how much she has transgressed? — by this means hardening Abby still more in her feelings, and confirming her in the prejudiced views of yourself. Let me urge you to cast aside all feelings of self; to be willing to be misunderstood for a time; to call to no account, and to act as though nothing had passed. You will find that Abby will grow to understand you, will seek your confidence, appreciate your goodness. Unfailing kindness cannot fail to secure a better understanding, and you must be rewarded."

"I acknowledge the truth of what you say, dear Margaret. I feel that you have judged me rightly, and where I have been taking great credit to myself, there has been much for which to account on my own part. I will try to forgive, but it will be hard to forget."

"No, Grace, the very endeavor to forgive, if honestly attempted, brings forgetfulness. If you look back at all, it is only with joy that you are conquerer over the evil, and that it is gone. I met with a passage in my reading this morning that I cannot forbear repeating, as it contains a sweet lesson — 'He that cannot forgive others, breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven.'"

Whatever latent feeling of resentment Grace cherished, at last yielded to the earnest efforts of her friend. "Forgive me, that I have been so unyielding, so hard to convince of duty," exclaimed Grace.

"Thank God, that you suffered me not to break down that bridge of mercy over which I must pass."

"Yes, Grace, thank God, and Him alone, for He strengthened me to do my duty. And now, dear Grace, the few moments that are left, ere I return home, I will employ in giving you a sad lesson, that my own heart has learned, from the indulgence of the very feeling I have condemned in you. I had a young friend, to whom I was passionately attached. I cannot call it by a colder term, for it would not express the feeling that possessed me. I never met with one that exercised such a fascinating influence over me, as she. She possessed remarkable powers of conversation, and with a memory richly stored, relation of facts by her became a living picture to the eye. You do not wonder that such a being was warmly admired, and truly loved by me. Our friendship had long endured, when my own hasty actions brought it to an end. My friend had appointed to spend an evening with me. I was awaiting her appearance, when she came in and said, that her mother needed her, and that it would be impossible for her to fulfil her engagement with me; also, warmly expressed her regret that such was the case. I of course was sorry, but said we would have our evening at some other time, and bade her good night.

"Near the close of the evening, a Miss Gray called in for a few minutes, saying she had just returned from singing school. What prompted me to ask the question I did, I know not. Knowing that my friend, Alice, belonged to the same school, I asked in a careless tone — if she was there? "Yes," was the reply. I was confounded, but said nothing. What! my Alice deceitful? And for such a small matter, when I would have been as willing to have excused her for the truth, as I did for the pretence. I felt indignant, outraged, but determined I would not face her with her meanness, but drop her acquaintance. At our next meeting, she was as usual in her manner, and did not notice the coldness and restraint that marked mine. From time to time we met, I persevering in the course I had adopted, and she, evidently much surprised, though she never asked

for an explanation. She at last understood me, and seconded my efforts, avoiding me, as I had her. Grace, I believe I sinned. I wronged her. But it is too late to retrieve my error — she is dead. After my first judgment of her, I closed my heart against her. Every attempt of hers, to interest or win me to confidence, was considered by me as the practised efforts of a deceiver, and I hated her. My natural disposition is, that one who offends me, or deceives, I shut my heart upon them instantly, and dismiss them from my affections, as unworthy, deeming it mean to reproach, or quarrel over the affair. I cultivated this feeling, as though it were a virtue, and allowed it full scope in the case of Alice.

“I left home, and did not hear from her for several years, when I met a friend from my native place. In course of conversation, it was mentioned, that Alice was dead, and the bright evidences of her death, as a christian. It was also mentioned, that she said, “she had loved me very dearly, but that I grew cold and distant to her, she never knew why.” My heart smote me, as I thought of the past, and the question, “could I have been mistaken?” for the first time arose within. For the first time, I coolly reflected the matter over.—She was a christian. Would she have deceived me in such a small matter? Then Miss Gray might have been mistaken in supposing she was at the school on that evening, for she was a wild, thoughtless creature, and might have easily said yes, without thinking. Or, she might have been there without deceiving, as she said, her mother needed her that evening, which she truly might, if she desired to accompany her daughter to the school that evening, and I had deceived myself, by taking it for granted, that Alice meant she was needed at home. I would have given much to have recalled all, but I could not. The time had gone by. Why did I act so? Why so hasty? That pale, still face, oft rises accusingly upon me, and I turn from it with a wounded and reproached heart. Oh! that I could take it all back — Grace, I cannot redeem the past, except it be, to hold back others from the path I trod. Do you wonder now, dear Grace,” said Mrs. Robb, with tearful eyes and husky speech, “that I could not give you up?”

“It is late,” said Mrs. Robb, rising, “and I must say good bye. I go happier than I came, for I have won my friend.”

“And I,” Grace replied with emotion, “hope to win my sister.”

At an early hour the next morning, Grace might have been seen with springing step, wending her way through the town to her sister's, Mrs. Lockhart. It was a calm, sunshiny day, but not calmer or brighter than the face on which the sun glanced, as Grace hurried on her way. The warm, rich light within, had driven forth the shadow and darkness from the heart, and sunshine reigned within, as well as o'er the face of nature. The heart's sunshine has a wonderful power to beautify, and lent to that face a nobler beauty, than marked it when first we gazed on her, as "I'll never forgive" broke from her lips.

"Good morning, Abby," said Grace, entering her sister's sitting-room; "how are you all?"

Abby appeared rather sullen as Grace entered, and looked up somewhat surprised, as if she expected a different greeting. Her color mounted perceptibly, as with some embarrassment she replied, that "she was feeling forlorn, she was tired to death — completely worn out."

Grace did not notice her peevish tone, or that her manner was unusual, but kindly inquired "what was the matter?"

"Well! my girl left me yesterday, the baby is sick, kept me awake all night, and the other children are so worrisome, that I have no peace of my life. After no sleep, to nurse the sick and attend to the house, is more than I can support." "Don't fret Abby, you lie down to rest, and I'll take charge of affairs here. But the baby is quiet now, and does not need you."

Her sister willingly complied, for she was feeling badly, and Grace did not need to use much persuasion. Grace busily employed her moments, and the home was soon set in order. The next step was to amuse the children, and secure quiet, so that her sister might be undisturbed. The day was far advanced towards noon, when Abby reappeared, with a face considerably lightened, and apparently refreshed in body. Grace had an inviting lunch already spread for her, and inquired, "what further she should do." Abby thought she did not need any more assistance, as the baby appeared much better, and she did not intend to prepare any dinner, as Mr. Lockhart intended to dine with a friend. Grace insisted that the children should go home with her, and remain till her sister secured help, to which Abby assented.



Thus was begun a system of unvaried kindness and self-sacrifice by Grace. If her sister was unjust, she murmured not. If complaining, she was silenced by Grace's cheerfulness. It was oft' a severe struggle to maintain the mastery, and to give kindness in return for misconstruction. To pass over evil done, as though no evil had been attempted. But the reward of well-doing did come. As Grace was won by her friend, so the sister was won in return, and Grace has gained a better sister, Mr. Lockhart a better wife, his children a better mother.

Let us play the eaves-dropper for once, as the sisters sit in earnest conversation, some two years after our opening scene.

"How ever was it, Grace, that I imagined you so unkind to me? It seems almost like a dream." "Never mind the past, Abby, if we have grown to understand each other better. We both expect too much of the other, and conceded too little ourselves. We have taken warning by the past, and may hope for the future."

"Ah! Grace, dear, you must acknowledge you led your naughty sister in the way, and she was persuaded to follow. I can now see that I oft' did you injustice. I too easily persuaded myself, you intended unkindness, when none was meant. Your unvaried calmness when I have been ruffled, and forgetfulness of my ugliness, has shamed me into efforts to conquer my faults, and prove myself worthy of your forbearance."

"No more Abby; say no more. We are content to let the past rest."

*April 7th, 1859.*

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### WHAT IS HOPE?

A beacon beaming from afar —  
 The weary wand'rer's guiding star —  
 The poet's lay — the lover's dream —  
 A sunbeam sparkling on the stream —  
 A balm to soothe the heart's unrest —  
 A rainbow on the storm-cloud's crest —  
 A ray of light in sorrow's hour —  
 'Neath wintry skies a bud, a flower —  
 An olive branch upon the wave,  
 That bears us onward to the grave —  
 A priceless gem of worth untold  
 Enshrin'd within the heart's deep fold.

THE DICTATOR AT THE DESSERT;  
WHAT HE THINKS AND SAYS.

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THE peculiar antipodean characteristics of Australia have been a theme for talk and wonder to the world elsewhere. The Englishman, tilted thither from his native clime, latitudes and longitudes, by a clipper in sixty-five days, finds himself, if not with "his back to the field," at least with "his feet to the foe." The heads of the hobnails in his brogans are pointed towards the hobnail heads of the square-toed boots his brother wears in the mines of Cornwall, like the spear heads of two ancient hosts ready for collision. Lucky is it that the screen of five thousand miles or more of solid earth and interposing water intervene.

While John Bull at home is taking his midnight nap, John Bull in Victoria lifts to his lips the "nobbler," or "'arf and 'arf," to moisten his noonday, wind-dried lips. One lies down when the other is about getting up; one is "on change" while the other is changing his linen preparatory to an appeal to Morpheus.

While Sawney looks out upon the snow-clad heath-hills of his homeland, Sawney junior pants beneath his cork-tree hat and a vertical sun, and breathes the hot air and thick dust from the interior desert, while his old neighbor at home shivers by his peat fire, and his "poortith cauld" lot tries in vain to keep out the searching snow dust, the down of the north wind's wing.

The Australian grain is yellow, like its gold, and waving in billows of yet unmade loaves, while its kindred lies piled in the barns of Old England, or running through the hoppers of her mills.

Christmas comes in midsummer. The sparse leaves of the gum, or the oak branch scarce and scrubby, supply the place of the classic holly, and the little-leaved "wattle" serve as a diminutive substitute for the mistletoe. Even one's shadow deflects to the north — is it not a visible memory, pointing to the father land and the friends left behind? — and the leaves of the predominating trees, instead of being extended horizontally, are vertical. The native flowers are commonly without odor, the bees without sting, and the birds without melody. The owl hoots by day, the cuckoo coos by night. Australia produces black swans — how antiquity would stare — white eagles — how our own "bird's" eye dilates at the wonder —

and a mole, semi-aquatic, with a duck's bill, and a habit of laying eggs — how the naturalists have wondered, disputed, and disbelieved !

The editor said he did not think these reflections original, and asked if I had not read Charles Lamb's letter to a friend in Australia. Of course I had. Of course to repeat well known facts is not originality. But moral reflections which are original may have very common and well known facts for their text. Now all these contrasts are striking to the sight, the senses of a stranger, but they do not at all astonish the principle of life within us. Whether the sun shines upon our left or right side ; whether our shadows point towards the unseen Arcturus, or the Southern Cross ; whether the mole digs its grand avenue with the bill of a duck, or the snout of a pig ; whether the bees are non-combatant, or in their organization say to us "*nolle me tangere*," the great principle of existence is not shocked. It is from the result of previously received ideas, from the habits of thought and education, from the circumstances about us heretofore, that new things and strange, surprise us. We are made by circumstances. And the Australian born is quite as much surprised when he finds himself in a northern land to see his shadow pointing southward, and the thousand other antitheses he meets, as is the denizen of a northern hemisphere when he for the first time feels that Capricorn is far to the north of him, and all things around him speak of another natural conformation and arrangement.

Why, then, should men wonder much at the differences in man's constitutional structure ? Were all made alike, like the shot which fell from the high tower, or the iron balls which cool off in the foundry, undistinguishable in form, weight, and appearance — they would not remain so, nor perform in life similar and equal missions. Some of those messengers would fall wide of their mark, hitting nothing ; others would pursue their course with an undeviating line towards the target of their destiny. A grain of powder more or less, may change the course of the grape-shot, or the bullet, and send it tearing through the shattered ranks of a squadron, or the torn fibres of individual life. A word, an action, a look, may change the whole course of one's existence, and make or mar a hero.

The "Strong Minded" was of opinion that much of the powder of education had been badly applied, and that the inferiority of woman for so many centuries, in many respects, had resulted from

this fact. Mankind, she said, had been attempting to make too often a derring-do do the work of a Paxon, carry a hundred and twenty-eight pound shot when the calibre was fitted for only thirty-two to the pound. And this had been done while whole batteries of women, capable by nature to wield the destinies of empires, had been allowed to rust out as refuse iron, never allowed to be wheeled into action at all. Such had been the result of prejudice, and the selfish complacency of the stronger sex exercised its might but not its reason.

The editor demurred. He thought that no education could make great guns out of such ethereal material as woman is made of.

The "Strong Minded" very soon overwhelmed him with citations from Semiramis down through the race, touching up Zenobia, Joan of Arc, Isabella, Elizabeth, not forgetting the feminine demi-goddesses of literature and art, nor the philanthropists of her sex, hinting at Miss Dix, and that queen of the kingdom of goodness, the peerless Nightingale. The catalogue was formidable. She said that woman is quite as competent to rule, and enlighten the world, as are they who term themselves its lords. That nature's mint issued no spurious coin, and that the most refined and pure and valuable of her golden dust bore the "guinea stamp" of woman. Man had clipped the coin of its fair proportions, and striven to depreciate its current value, through his desire to monopolise the market. He had marred by withholding the opportunity, and circumscribing the field of her circulation, while God had made her at least his equal, and given her capacities in no wise inferior. As well might you say that the birds and bees and plants of Australia are inferior because they differ in organism from those of the northern climes.

The editor lost his argument, and compromised by saying that if woman were compared with those creations of the great Island-Continent, it would hardly be said that, like the birds, they had no song, the bees, they had no sting, nor that like the flowers, they had no power to fill the most delicate of the senses with delight.

The "Strong Minded" thought this a shabby retreat, and a doubtful compliment. But she adjusted her cap and crinoline, and became abstracted.

A well filled head is a church full of people. The ideas are there, but often the doors are shut, and there they remain till the

services are over and the time of exit come. Even then it is difficult and slow work for the many to retire. The egress is troublesome and hesitating. There are a thousand obstructions. Fashion has put up her barriers. Hoops obstruct the aisle—long dresses trail out like trains and occupy half-a-dozen stairs behind the fair wearer—bonnets are very mortal, laces are easily ruined, and gallantry prescribes a thousand inconveniences which hamper and delay. Like the congregation, the ideas of the full head are often slow to emerge. When there is much to come out the passage is liable to be choked. The people and the ideas press upon each other. They crowd, and wrangle and impede. The aisles may be narrow, the doors contracted, and fears of the elements outside may check the eager crowd within. Some men of genius appear to feel this very sensitively, and push an idea out only after they have provided an umbrella to protect it, or satisfied themselves that there is nothing but sunshine and pure air without. Can our language show any finer specimens than the writings of Washington Irving? They seem like a deep river, ever flowing. There is the glitter of the bubble upon the surface, the ripple by the shore, the laughing of the cascades that come in along the edges with their contributions. There is the ever brilliant gleam of the sunshine, the dancing of the waters as they pass the rapids; but there is also the majestic flood giving the idea of exhaustlessness and power. And yet they say that Irving broke down in a short speech at a dinner given to welcome Dickens. He was full of ideas, of course, but the aisles of utterance, the doors of thought were cumbered. How many poets in thought there are who are not so on paper—how many poets eloquent on paper who are almost dumb in company. Goldsmith is not the only “inspired idiot,” “who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.” The greatest poets have given evidences of superfluity of ideas, for they blocked them out, often in a rude way, as does the common mason the marble which is perhaps to receive its finish from the touch of Phidias or Powers; or left them rough and wild, yet speaking and significant, not to be improved by the chisel of any succeeding sculptor. Who would attempt to improve a picture of Michael Angelo, put a missing arm to a statue of Praxitelles, or a stanza to a fragment of Sappho? Great poets have been and are the great inventors. The very air-tight, air-filled couch you

rest upon was prognosticated by Ben Johnson, where he makes one of his heroes say "I will have my beds puffed up with air."

The "Strong Minded" remarked that she preferred a harder mattress, and did not approve of such inventions as those which modern civilization has contrived to make men effeminate, and women a doll.

My dear madam, it is the abuse of these, not their use, which injures.

Most men of intellect are probably eloquent in thought, especially when passion excites. Many are poetic in their ideas who utterly fail in the expression. Great poets in the first draft of their immortal songs, are rough and perhaps uncouth. Their souls are not versifiers. That is the part of art—not of nature, not of genius. They first have the idea, the line follows, the rhyme and the rythm, the accent and the cadence, the feet and the measure are but the costume in which these children of the brain shall walk forth into the presence of the world, and pass down the home train of time to the depot of the great future. What would Shakspeare have done had he confined himself to the shackles of rhyme? Even in his blank verse his versification is lawless as was his youth in regard to the game of his lordly neighbor. His imagination spurned the conventionalities of versifiers, quite as much as did his soul the oppressive statues which wealth and power had imposed upon society. And his ballads, however full of fancy they may be, would have left his fame on a very indifferent basis compared with the boundless foundation which it now occupes.

Some there are who find words for every idea ready coined, dripping from the tongue like the honey of Hymettus. Are they full of ideas? Or are their words only robes ready made at call to clothe each orphan thought that straggles along like a boy with a tambourine? Tambourines remind me that some spirits discourse most excellent music. Are they full of it, or is the supply so small that it flows forth free and untrammled? It may or may not be. They may resemble the piano, silent, though full of the capacity of rendering volumes of glorious sounds, and only waiting for skillful fingers and earnest souls to call forth floods of harmony.

However this may be, there are those whose souls are as full of music as an opera house charmed by Malibran or Grisi, but yet who

never can arise to the glory of warbling a solitary stave. Their beads of melody have not been strung, lie confused and cumbrous, stopping each other's flowing, or coming from the soul in a confused mass, neither harmony nor melody resulting. Their undeveloped faculty seems incapable of order, and thus many a divine strain finds its birth and its grave in the soul where it originated, alone, felt but never uttered. When Sheriden failed in his maiden speech, he declared that eloquence was in him, and it should come out. He made his assertion true. Demosthenes may have had the same idea, and his climbing eminences to give him breath, and bearing in his mouth pebbles to correct his lisp, conquered, or rather corrected the little deficiencies of nature. Is music in the soul like eloquence in the brain and heart? Can any pebbles contribute to give it utterance? It has been said that all the Moravians are singers, and so also are the Shakers. If so, teaching and practice alone are wanting to those human birds who have no song.

The editor here said that his soul was full of music, but that he had never progressed to the mastery of even "Sweet Home."

To which madame replied that his want of success might perhaps be attributed to the fact that he had never made a home, and consequently was not equal to appreciating the song.

Our poet spoiled this repartee by reminding her that the author of that popular ballad had himself never known what it was to have a home, and yet he had expressed its delights in language which found an echo in the almost universal heart.

"Never take advice. Before I was eighteen I often did so, and never failed to regret it. Since then I have never done so, and I have never had occasion to wish I had." One of the wisest of women I have ever met, gave me this advice—"never take advice." Generally I have followed her example and her precept, and always with satisfaction, even when the result was not fortunate. Sometimes I have yielded my own opinion to that of another. I never have felt fully satisfied with the ending, however advantageous it may have been. Man's self-love is sufficient to conquer chagrin for a failure provided his own counsel has been his guide. But even success based upon the opinion of another is a sharp witness against himself, telling him that he is inferior, and owes his good fortune not to his own merit, but to the wisdom of another. Besides, as

two persons cannot occupy the same space at the same time, neither can any one judge of circumstances, emotions, desires, and ambitious projects, from the same standing point in the mind, as can he whose scheme or plan is the subject considered. Gain all possible information, then judge for yourself. Often is it better to lose upon your own judgment, than win by acting upon that of another. The one is a healthful misfortune, the other an effeminating success. The victories of Hannibal conquered him.

According to M. BIOT, death is not a cessation of even physical existence. It is but a change of aggregation. By it man merely finds himself "reduced to a more simple expression." At first the expression itself appears simple, like some of Wordsworth's poetry where the idea of simplicity is carried to the verge, if not to the extent of simpleness. But BIOT is a philosopher, and his expression gives his school's scientific idea of immortality. As no atom perishes, but the various elements which combine to make up that great mystery, humanity still continue, separate particles instead of the aggregate whole, he draws the conclusion that we still exist — which is true enough, scientifically considered — and also that we are still conscious — which he does not prove. If we are to be so after the decomposition, it would be pleasant to know in which, or how many of the scattered elements consciousness is to continue. Is it in the carbon which enters the new vegetation rooted in our graves, the gases which find a new dwelling in the trees, and flowers, and animals that succeed or outlive us? If so, death becomes a greater multiplier than even life, for each particle, and principle, and element, and subdivision of the decaying, or changing body, becomes a self-conscious entity, a new self of our old self. May not these entities, then, be at war with each other? His "simple expression" thus would become still more complicated than even the aggregate particles of live humanity, and the science of immortality according to him, instead of explaining life or death, only clothes both with additional mysteries, not to say absurdities.

The editor said, to return to a former remark upon the equality of man, that he did not agree to my position. He thought that KOSSUTH was correct, when he said that "A Frenchman, if put among the tattooed Islanders of the South Sea, would in two years be found tattooed, while an Englishman thus placed, would in the same



length of time make himself king of the country." And he might have added that a Yankee would have erected a Republic and have all the candidates at the polls voting — so distinct are the races, so different their tendencies.

Sir, education, tradition, government, circumstances, have made all these tendencies and differences. The Englishman has had a thousand years of brightening, increasing, improving freedom in the lives of his ancestors and his own; and he carries with him, not a different, original nature, but the effects of a different school. He but does abroad what he would have done at home. The Frenchman has had his thousand years of despotism, the whole rule of the Bourbons and their predecessors having served only to check and restrain all the progressiveness in the nature of the oppressed subject. As for tattooing, perhaps it is as common among British seamen as with the natives of the Fejee, or New Zealand Islands. The difference is chiefly in the mode, and in the location of the ornament. And this induces me to ask how much do the fashions, some of them at least, of civilized, nay genteel society, differ in spirit from some of those of the savages of the seas? They wear a fish-bone through the cartilage of the nose, our ladies wear a gold ring through the cartilage of the ear. The New Zealander wears a perpetual picture in dots, and stripes, and fanciful figures upon his face. Our fashionables wear their pictures of rouge, or carmine, and pearl powder over the entire countenance, less durable than the facial decorations of the savage, and in the eye of philosophy no less than in the opinion of good taste, more objectionable. You may see some portion of the real savage, but you never see any portion of the painted and pearled lady, unless immediately after her ablutions, or when a tear, or the perspiration caused by a warm atmosphere, has cut a channel through the outside coating.

The poet objected to this comparison and sarcasm upon the ladies, and said to offset it, he would read a few lines he had composed upon an incident which occurred at a funeral in New Orleans. He thought it would more than outweigh in praise what had been uttered against the sex.

“LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER’S SAKE.”

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It is the funeral room, be hushed each breath!  
A manly form is turning into clay,

Upon his brow the spell of yellow death,  
 On his still face the seal of black decay.  
 By Casco's waves, or Androscoggin's streams,  
 Hearts, true, and loving, for his presence yearn,  
 In sleep his spirit smiles on those in dreams  
 Who ne'er again will smile at his return.

The stranger's funeral prayer has leaped the skies,  
 The solemn hymn's sad echoes die away,  
 No tears are shed, for strange though friendly eyes  
 Alone are gathered round the changing clay.  
 Screw down the lid! but hark, that voice—"Forbear!  
 One moment, while a last farewell I take,  
 A mother's heart will mourn the sleeper there,  
 And I will kiss him for his mother's sake."

Oh, human sympathy, how slight a touch  
 The frozen gates of love aside may roll;  
 Bid its warm currents flow, and show how much  
 Had lain an unthawed glacier in the soul.  
 Those simple words, links of a mighty chain,  
 Thrill through each heart and moisten every eye,  
 As heavy clouds dissolve at once in rain  
 When the electric flash disturbs the sky.

There is no heart but hath a sacred cell,  
 A fountain of pure water from above,  
 Locked from the world, but gushing at the spell  
 Wrought by the magic of a mother's love.  
 The stranger's dust is motherless no more;  
 That touch of feeling kindred all have made,  
 And for his mother's sake hearts calm before  
 Are throbbing where her idol's dust is laid.

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INJURIES.—In the case of injuries, it is too common to say, "Both are to blame," to excuse a listless unconcernedness. This is a base neutrality. Others will cry, "They are both alike;" thereby implicating the injured with the offender. This is done in order to qualify the matter with the faulty, or to hide a just decision from the wronged.

## THE PRISONER'S GUEST.

BY MISS MARY J. CROSMAN.

"A little child shall lead them." — *Isaiah.*

"CAN you tell me where's the State's Prison?" asked a tired, trembling voice.

The company of urchins playing on the outskirts of Auburn paused, and the largest of the group said, "You see whar that old engine's a puffing, don't yer? wal, it's right acrost the road—you'll see the great, high walls in a minute, and the men walkin' on 'em with their guns."

"Better walk straight, or they'll pint at you," was the volunteered advice of a second, known as "Wormy Wel."

The motherless-looking group went on teasing a poor three-footed mastiff, and the little heated traveler, drawing up his form erect as possible, hurried along.

He stood by the gate. "Will you please to let me come in, sir? — my father's here."

The gate-keeper looked up from his toil, lifted his hat deliberately, wiped the moisture from his face, and pocketing his red handkerchief, advanced slowly, turned the key, and admitted the boy.

He passed up the stone steps into the hall, and sat down; presently the chaplain entered. "I want to see my father," were the words that met his look of inquiry.

"How long has he been here, my little fellow?"

"This is the second year," and the child's lip quivered. The questioner hesitated. "They said he stole some horses — so he was brought here; but mother don't think he did;" and perfect faith seemed written on every feature, and spoken by every expression of his countenance.

"What was your father's name?" and the chaplain took the small hand on the settee-arm in his own.

"Charles Winfield."

"What kind of a looking man is, or was he?"

"He was tall, and real good looking; had black hair and eyes, and white, clean teeth, and nice whiskers; he used to buy me primers, and let me drive, and a great many things."

"What shall I call your name?"

"My name is Charles, too, but every body calls me Charley."

"And you are lonesome without your father?" Charley essayed to speak, but something in his throat hindered. "You shall see him in about an hour," said Mr. Mann.

The chaplain sat for awhile in deep thought. He knew Charles Winfield — he had known him for years before. Their acquaintance commenced in youth, at a well-filled seminary, where for several months they occupied the same room. Winfield was a gay, impulsive youth, but good-hearted, intelligent, and handsome. Evil associates and a small fortune had been his ruin. The school year closed, and the two parted, cherishing high hopes of success and happiness. Ten years passed, and they met for the first time as convict and chaplain!

That morning, Mr. Mann had visited Winfield in his cell, for he was just recovering from an attempt to end his life. In the afternoon he was thought able to work, so the chaplain sought the carpet factory, the department in which Winfield labored. He advanced to the keeper's stand. "How does Winfield appear?" he asked.

"Wall," said the personage addressed, after relieving his mouth of its encumbrance, "he wants a pretty straight hand, but there's more man than animal about him, and the man's the part to touch; some of 'em 'll bend like a young hickory, but it ain't these proud-headed ones, mind you," and with thumbs in his button-holes, and a countenance that indicated every thing but good management, he modestly hinted at the success and originality of his tactics. However, a convict near by, overhearing his comparison, gave him a frigid, furtive glance, which seemed to say, "You'll see who'll bend, perhaps." "'Cording to your talk, parson, the devil's got both hands on Winfield, and he don't mean to let go," continued the keeper, giving himself and the subject a different position.

"I shall trust a good deal to your management," was Mr. Mann's appreciative reply; "it's about time to close, isn't it?" said he, turning to leave.

"Just about," said the colloquist, pressing the spring of his hunter.

The signal for closing sounded. The prisoners defiled in at the lower stone door. Winfield hesitated a moment, as he reached out for his ration of mush and molasses; he had eaten nothing since the day before, but hunger was only a drop in his cup of misery.

They started out for his cell—Mr. Mann, Charley, and his attendant.

That day, in blindness and bitterness, the prisoner had cursed his God; that day his spirit had chafed and fretted like a fearful demon; that night the tempter's power was shaken, and like the carol of a bird after the storm-clouds break, there floated to his ear the notes of a childish hymn,

“ There is a happy land,  
Far, far away.”

With a groan, a smothered “ Oh dear ! ” he pressed his temples wildly, muttering, “ the last line's true enough ; ” yet Abaddon trembled. He paid no heed to the knock at his door ; the slide was moved.

“ Mr. Winfield, don't you want to see us ? there's a little fellow has a claim on you, out here.”

“ A claim to make you more miserable,” rumbled a voice in his heart.

They turned the key, and the iron door swung heavily in; pale and haggard sat the prisoner on his cot, with his ration before him, untasted. He started nervously — “ Charley ! ” said he, with thrilling emphasis.

“ Father ! father ! *is* it you ? ”

The chaplain and his attendant drew back. The passionate hold of the parent relaxed; words of affection were spoken; and Charley's dark, hopeful eyes lit up with joy—he forgot the cell, the striped apparel, all, save the presence of his father.

Finally, the husband found voice to say, “ How is your mother ? does she ever say anything about me ? ” he whispered, straining the child to his bosom.

“ She cries every day,” replied Charley, with a manner that enforced the words he spoke; “ and she prays every night for you, and we all do, though little Fanny can't pray much — all she can say is, ‘ God, p'eas to let my papa come home ! ’ ” and, for the moment, Charley seemed rather to plume himself on superior attainments.

There was a pause.

“ Who did you come out with ? ” asked the father.

“ Not any one. Uncle James came after mother this morning to go to stay there till to-morrow night, and I was to go to grandpa's; but they didn't expect me, and I thought it wouldn't be wrong to

come out here — I wanted to see you so bad, father," and the child laid his head back on the parental shoulder, and stroked the thin cheeks with a love that sin had not diminished. "You have to wear these clothes Sundays, pa?" queried Charley, rather abstractedly, for his thoughts wandered to the snug little wardrobe of his own. "Mother has made me a nice coat out of your green one, and trimmed it with buttons and braid. You'll leave these clothes here, won't you, father? for I never want any made out of them," said Charley, with a half shudder, as he remembered certain habits of home economy. "Fanny," he continued, "has got a new red dress and cape just alike, and a little, white plush bonnet she wears to church, and she will carry ma's hymn-book, and hold it open when they sing. How long before you can come home, father?" asked Charley, rather timidly.

"Home!"—the word had a strange and thrilling vibration—its memories were like apples of gold! its pictures were vivified before him. He saw the faithful, patient wife tenderly pleading for his return, or devising ingenious plans to break the snares that had bound him. Though her love and labor had failed, they were not lost, as the fruit yet to be gathered should testify.

Winfield wiped away the tears, and endeavored to throw off the sorrow that pressed him so heavily.

"Where will you sleep to-night, my son?" asked he, the parent triumphing over the prisoner.

Mr. Mann heard the question, and pushing back the door, said, "I will furnish him with a bed, and perhaps we had better retire now—he must be hungry, I think."

"I don't know but I ought to go back to-night. Uncle James said there would be a bright moon."

"How far?" asked the chaplain.

"It's fifteen miles, but I am not afraid."

Mr. Mann stated that he was to take an early ride on the boy's route the next morning.

The father and child parted!

A heavy pressure of guilt rested upon Winfield's conscience for succeeding days; still the living voice of dulcimer sweetness sounded, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The winning tones of his child floated at every nightfall to his ear—

they lingered by him till morning, and the din of the machinery could not drown them through the laborious day.

Ere the prison-time closed, Charles Winfield was another man ; under the Highest, a little child had led him into the up-tending path. That path the united family now walk together.—*The Home.*

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## C H I L D H O O D .

BY A. K. H. FADER.

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O! CHILDHOOD! bright, beautiful, innocent childhood! with hearts pure as the limpid waters, but, like them, how easily ruffled! how soon will ye reflect the dark shade of sin upon the surface of your young, light hearts? how soon will ye lose your sweet, trusting simplicity, and become like the men and women of the world, cold, reserved, and almost heartless? O men! O women! O professors of christianity! where are the beautiful precepts of Him who acted as well as instructed? where is the commandment, "Love one another, even as I love you?" Oh! how little heeded are the pure and simple truths uttered by that blessed Saviour! Will they ever be obeyed? shall we ever live as we ought? shall we ever learn to trust implicitly in Him who cannot err? shall we ever learn to restrain our tongues from speaking idle and foolish words, from talking unkindly of our fellow beings, from being discontented with our situations, and wishing to possess what it would, probably, do us no good to have? What miserable creatures we are! how weak, how vain, how ignorant! Who that has looked down into the depths of his own heart, has not sickened at the sight? Probe every motive, and how little of good shall we find!

Oh! humanity! how degraded, how fallen! and never will it rise till we come back to meek, simple, trusting childhood, till we put far away pride, fashion, and freezing formality, and learn to bend our cold, selfish natures to the warm and blessed influences of true faith, true love, and true religion!

*Trinity Centre, Cal.*



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 A TRIP TO THE OCEAN.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

“Hast thou e’er trod the sandy shore,  
 And heard the restless ocean roar?”

Watched the long lines of folding foam as they laved the tranquil shore, whispering tones of serenity and peace that lull the stormy sea of the soul away in silent raptures! Then, ever and anon, comes swelling in a far-off chant, as from the spirit-land, and “sweetly dies along the gale.”

Listen, therefore, O child of nature! to the celestial song the Lord and the good angels sing to the soul, although, perchance, you may not understand. Heaven will one day be opened to the mind as well as heart of those who obey the “still small voice” within. ’Tis the voice of the “*Great Spirit!*” “God was in the wind, and didst thou not attend?” “All Thy works do praise Thee.”

“And if the sea, and trees, and birds, all join  
 To praise God’s name,  
 It must not be, that such as we  
 Refuse to do the same.”

Come then with us, and we will show you this great ocean — grand emblem of Infinite Truth!

— We will hearken, with you, to the majestic music of the mighty waves as they roll in from the unknown deep. Rock our souls in this ocean cradle whilst we list’ to the lullaby old Neptune sings to



his sons! Give us the trumpet tones of the forest, and the song of the sea, that we may learn the loftiest eloquence, and drink in true inspiration from the cup our Heavenly Father holds out to his children! We love the dear old ocean, because it lifts our hearts heavenward, and our thoughts to themes sublime; but we will also play with the pebbles and shells on the shore, with our dear little children too.

This morning our omnibus stopped at the Presidio; and we took the path to the right along the line of the telegraph.

The old telegraph wire was piping loud and grum its Æolian bass to the breeze. We stopped, and placing our ears close against the pole, listened to its rolling numbers. \* \* \* Joyous garlands, fragrant with the sweetest memories, are entwined among the strings of the enchanted Æolian Harp; from earliest recollection to the present hour, it has been our constant companion; and many a harp have we made to sing to the hearts of the dear children—and so did little Albert *listen* in his turn too:—"Well," said he,—with a complaisant wag of the head—"I wonder how they can understand what it says at the *Post Office!* For my part, all *I* can hear is, mum, mum, mum,"—and off he dashed in a trice, chasing a beautiful butterfly.

I do believe these boys would rather play "horse" than any thing else; and the girls are as wild as young deer. We like to see *children* play children *well*—let them romp, if overflowing festivity when out, in irresistible pranks, may be so called. Better call it the first fruits upon the altar of innocence; more useful, perhaps, "saying grace," in the good, old Sterne style—a sacred offering of to the future man or woman (with all due deference to the schoolmaster,) than all the heartless head culture that ever perverted humanity.

"Why, here," says Lucy, "is the musk plant, growing all along the path; smell of it." Sure enough.

There are several kinds of \*Crane's-bill. See how like a Crane's head and neck it is: the long pointed seed-vessel is his bill. The tiny flowers are pink color, quickly falling off. The plant is good to eat, and an excellent herb to fatten cattle, but it is a great pest to the gardener.

When we visit you, which of our young friends will play *observation* so attentively as to be able to find this plant again for us?



CRANE'S BILL.

\*Erodium cicutarium.

We intend to make you little ink-outlines of plants and other objects spoken of, hoping it will help you to learn — go out into the fields and see if you can find them and bring them home. Remember, the figures drawn will be smaller than the plant itself; you must make the same allowance as you do when looking at the picture of a house, or the like, in your newspaper.



PINKY WINKY PRIM.

Ah! exclaimed Katy, here is my little Pinky Winky Prim\* we used to play with down at our San Jose ranch. O! it is so sweet, do just smell of it. Wait a moment, let us observe this sweet, modest daughter of the Primrose family. It is really a bright prim little beauty, nodding more modestly, if possible, than a violet, with the grace of a lilly, and yet with a gay, flashing, airy flourish of its upward curving petals of pink and purple, all of which give to Miss Pinky Winky Prim an air of affectation and fastidiousness. But we can assure the Miss Greeneyes, it is all perfectly natural to her. Let the back-biters come within the sphere of affectionate fragrance she so sweetly sheds on the charmed circle of her acquaintance, and they will henceforth cease to censure, and learn to love — even the *Primworts*.



TIDY TIPS.

Here is our neat little †Tidy Tips we all admire so much. See its orange-colored center all full of tiny golden fairy trumpets — take a microscopic glass to magnify it, and then behold anew its Fairy wonders! see those brilliant satin lemon yellow ribbon-like rays running out into a white, tidy tipped border, and the teeth whiter still. This flower always charms us; perhaps it's because it brings up lessons of neatness and good order.

It's none of your moon-struck neatness now and then. So *dreadful* particular, almost a whole day or two! *no — no —* It's the *habit* of being suitably so at all times. That is the kind we admire, and intend to put in practice. I fear very few realize how much comfort it is to our parents and friends for us to be tidy from tip to toe, and *our teeth* too.

†*Dodecatheon media* and *D. integrifolium*.\**Callichroa plattyglossa*.

Look yonder at the old cow, in the mud up to her knees! "She will dirty her stockings," said Marie — "Frank! you must not go in the mud" — "See Frank" — "you will look pretty indeed, to go in the omnibus with those boots on!"

Frank says to Albert, "Wouldn't you like to be a *cow*, and go where you were a mind to?" "No!" says Albert indignantly, "I would rather be a *man*!" We hope to see you all make Albert's noble choice, and always act the part of a man, instead of a brute.

What in the world has Fanny found? she's all in ecstasies over something: there she comes up the bank.



LADY FROG'S PARASOL.

"Look ye here! I have found the \*Lady Frog's Parasol, *just the same we used to see at the bridge on the old Mission road, and in the water, along by the new road.*

Growing with this, is another species \* with the leaves more kidney shaped, three-lobed, and notched in on one side.

Here is the Lady Frog with her parasol in her hand, in her newest basque and frock — bonnet just stuck on the back of her head — don't her *eyes* look *too bold*? roving to and fro, I hope she isn't visiting and prying around to find out some of her neighbors' faults to croak about. It is a very wicked way to speak evil of others.



LADY FROG.

You have heard of robbers, haven't you? Well, the worst of all the thieves in the world, are those who rob you of your good name. The great poet Shakspeare says, "he who steals my money, steals trash; but he who robs me of my *good name*, takes that which does not enrich him, but makes *me poor indeed*."

By *name* we do not mean name alone, but all the good and noble qualities of any one's heart, and the actions of their life; that is the reason why, when we only utter one's name in a contemptuous or scornful tone of voice, without saying any thing at all against them — we do really slight and disgrace their actions and character. Now

\*Hydrocotyle vulgaris. †Hydrocotyle ranunculoides

it is a law of all nations not to admit any abuse to be offered to one's name. Many of the noblest minded people in the world would rather die than lose a good reputation; goodness and true honor to them are dearer than life itself. They think when one has outlived his honor, he has lived too long.

I know a good mother who lives on a high hill—and she ought to be like a “city set on a hill; the light of whose blessed example cannot be hid”—she *never, never* hears her little daughter speak of the faults of others, without chiding her:—“you never knew your mother say, or do thus and so.” O! what a weight of authority do such admonitions carry! I think we had better leave the Frogs to croak in the mire; it is not very safe to be about here; your foot might slip, on the green slime—why, often, where it appears to be very smooth walking,—down you go, suddenly. I could tell you a very laughable, woful story about two little girls. Perhaps I may, some other time.

Rest awhile under this wild Lilac tree. Let us all sit down quietly on the soft green turf: and let me tell you a story. *A real true story. About Old Tiger and the Wolf.*

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EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers gathered in green daisied and meadows; with birds' nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the center of all good—to God himself.

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The children of Greek and Roman parents were prepared for the pressure of severe study, and for the severer exercises of the gymnasium, at the age of seventeen; but, unless our sons are prepared for business or half way through college at that age, they are put down as rather stupid, and as falling below the mark which promises success in life.

## Home Department.

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**MUFFINS.**—Four eggs, one quart of milk, two ounces of butter, one gill of yeast; salt just to taste, enough flour to make a batter. Warm the milk and butter, beat the eggs and stir in the milk, then add flour enough to make a thick batter. Butter your cake-iron and the inside of your muffin-rings; place the rings on the iron and fill three parts full of the batter. The iron should not be too hot or they will not be done through. Split or tear them open; butter them and send them to the table hot.

**POTATO ROLLS.**—Four large potatoes, boiled, one table-spoonful of butter, salt to the taste, half a pint of milk, half a tea-cupfull of yeast, flour sufficient to form a dough. Boil the potatoes, peel and mash them, and while they are hot add the butter and salt, then pour in the milk. When the mixture is lukewarm add the yeast and flour. Knead the dough and set it away to rise. When it is light, mould out your rolls, place them on the buttered tins, let them rise and bake them.

**FRENCH ROLLS.**—One ounce of butter, one pound of flour, one gill of home-made yeast, one egg, milk enough to make a dough. Rub the butter through the flour, beat the egg and stir in; then add the yeast, milk, and a little salt. Knead the dough, when it is light, mould it into biscuit and bake them on tins.

**MARYLAND BISCUIT.**—One pound of flour, one ounce of butter, as much lukewarm milk as will wet the flour; salt just to taste. Rub the butter and flour together thoroughly; add the salt, and lastly, just enough milk to form a very stiff dough; knead the dough, then pound it with a rolling-pin. Break the dough in pieces, pound and knead it again, and so on for two or three hours. It will be very smooth and light when kneaded sufficiently. Make it out in small biscuit and bake in a moderate oven.

**WAFFLES WITHOUT YEAST.**—Three eggs, one pint of milk, one tea-spoonful of butter, as much flour as will make a batter; beat the yolks and whites separately; melt the butter, and while lukewarm stir it into the milk; whisk the yolks very light, add to them the milk and flour alternately; beat it well; lastly, stir in the whites, which must be whisked very dry. The batter should not be beaten after the whites are in. Grease your waffle-irons after having heated them; fill them nearly full of the batter; close and place them over the fire; turn the iron so as to bake the waffle on both sides; when done, take it out and butter it. These must be baked the moment they are mixed.

**INDIAN MUFFINS.**—One pint indian meal, one pint wheat meal, two eggs, one gill of yeast, salt to the taste; as much milk as will make a batter. Pour as much boiling milk over the indian meal as will wet it; beat the eggs very light, and add them, alternately, with the cold milk and flour. Lastly, stir in the yeast and salt. They may be baked in pans or rings, as soon as they rise.

## Editor's Table.

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THE people of California are an eager, restless, energetic people, whom no amount of discomfiture or disappointment can intimidate or discourage. Fire can not consume, nor flood quench their energy. The smouldering ruins of to-day become the birth-place of gigantic operations for the morrow. An incident which occurred in the days of long-ago, will sufficiently illustrate the character of our people at that time, and they have changed very little since.

During one of our fires, a poor butcher who had but recently invested his all in a small meat market, was burned out, losing everything except one quarter of beef, which was dragged from the flames after it had been well roasted. The fire occurred at night, but daylight revealed our butcher as usual, ready to wait upon his customers. The quarter of *roasted beef* hung upon a pole a short distance from the scene of disaster; and he, with a *borrowed* knife and saw, without either block or bench, was busy cutting it up for customers, exclaiming that "it was the finest bit of cooked beef he had seen in many a day," and urging as an incentive for people to buy, that he charged no more for its being cooked than he would if it was raw. Certain it was he charged no *less*. Having disposed of his beef, (which he did readily) he set to work to repair his fortune. The place where his house had stood being yet too hot for workmen to venture upon, the engines were again put in requisition, and the smouldering ruins cooled off. That day the ruins were cleaned away, and the frame for a comfortable building raised. Two days more served to complete the edifice, (our butcher having turned house-carpenter the while.) The evening of the third day after the fire, found him regularly set up in his new building, serving meat to his customers.

This is only one of many instances which we might name to show that our people falter not at disaster. On the contrary, the most severe trials seem to develop more and more of the indomitable I WILL—more of that unflinching fortitude, which is true moral courage, and which bears us safely over the sea of adversity and lands us at last on the mount of prosperity.

With all this eager restlessness—this unwavering toil for gold—our people are not mercenary, but bestow of their means with a liberal, almost prodigal hand. Our public institutions are well supported, and the cause of the widow and orphan is never plead in vain.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written of California, people at a distance appear to have a very imperfect idea of our position, either socially or morally. They seem to look upon us as in a transition state, between barbarism and civilization—as a people, who at best know but little, but who, nevertheless, may be made useful in replenishing the coffers of bankrupt States—or in furnishing aid to broken-down individuals whose own energies would never repair their fortunes. They do not stop to consider that in California are gathered together great minds from all parts of the world—that here are concentrated into one great focus, intellect, talent and energy, which shall in time be

developed to startle the world. No other country possesses such a combination of power. Here, art and science are represented, and great minds are revolving and solving problems which will give to the world the benefit of new inventions, and add new impetus to human progress.

Here upon the far off shores of the Pacific, are represented every kindred and nation, every tongue and people; and it needs not the eye of prophecy to foretell the building up of a mighty nation appointed by Divine Providence to fulfil a peculiar mission. If we contemplate the history of the past, we recognize the mysterious working of that Providence who ordereth the nations aright, and from small means bringeth wonderful results.

Our war with Mexico resulted in the acquisition of new territory to the United States. But viewed from the seat of Government, it was too far off to be either available or valuable. The population, for the most part, consisted of the reckless Californian, the wild Indian, the roving trapper of the west, the lawless Mexican and Spaniard, and the restless, discontented Mormon. The simple discovery of gold, however, changed the whole tide of affairs. Emigration set in from all parts of the world. The savage Indian, the pleasure-loving Mexican, give place to an intellectual, energetic, self-reliant people. The true American spirit is abroad. Mountains fail to obstruct the onward march of progress; they crumble and fall, leveled by the pick and shovel of the hardy miner as he extracts the golden ore which for ages has lain silently in their keeping. Even the mighty rivers whose waters have rushed madly on for centuries, change their course at his coming, and in their flow obey his will. Like Moses of old, he bids the waters divide and the dry land appear, when lo! 'tis done. The spots over which for centuries the waters of great rivers have roared, surged and plunged, as they dashed wildly on in their mad career, have become dry land; and the sound of the pick and shovel resounds where once naught was heard but the din of rushing waters. Vast as are the changes which have taken place in California within the short period of ten years, we believe that in the next ten years there will be still greater changes, and more decided improvements. The spirit of progress is bearing us onward and upward. The changeful character of our population is rapidly giving way to one of permanence and reliability. Homes, cheerful and comfortable homes, are springing up all around us; they dot every hill-side and adorn every valley; they peep from beneath the stately pine, and look down from the mountain-top. All things point to a prosperous future, and with strong hope we look forward to the time when California shall occupy a proud place among the nations of the earth.

YOUNG AMERICA.—We love childhood; artless, sincere, innocent childhood! with its unaffected purity, its frank simplicity—its enthusiastic earnestness, its boundless admiration and unfeigned love. But now-a-days we seldom see a child; they are all young men and young ladies; they "put on airs" as they do their fashionable, puppet clothes—the sweet breath of childhood is overcome by the fumes of the Havana or Manilla—and the elasticity of the youthful limbs is lost beneath the deformity of hoops or the clumsy, beflounced skirt.

Mrs. VICTOR, in the Editor's Table of that charming periodical, "*The Home*," has so well expressed our feelings on this subject, that we venture to transfer the article to our table, and invite our friends to participate with us.

"FOL DE ROL.—The fashion magazines have got so they address little girls as young ladies—'young ladies, from five to ten years of age,' says one of them recently; and the class thus formally spoken of, and catered to, no doubt feel their immense importance. We can see, in our mind's eye, the dainty-dressed, graceful and accomplished little creatures, enacting with suitable gravity, their parts on the stage of life—that is, on the velvet carpet of mamma's parlor,—no more to be put to blush than mamma herself, regarding with calm scrutiny the dress and manners of the miniature men and women who call upon them. They are already *blaze* in worldly experience; they would be almost as much mortified to be betrayed into enthusiasm, delight, surprise or astonishment, at any earthly event which might possibly happen, as would mamma's fashionable friends. Poor little things! we admire their elegance, their attainments, their precocity; but we pity them for what they have lost. The lily has been painted, the rose adorned; in place of sweet, unconscious grace and artless joy, there is studied beauty and measured happiness. The drop of dew that glistened in the flower's heart has vanished; and in its place has been fastened a hard, cold, gold-encircled gem, pinned to its proper place. Not that beautiful or fashionable dress implies a loss of the peculiar charms of childhood; but we know too well, that in the circle where such expression reigns, a thousand other influences are at work, whose fruit is vanity, self-consciousness, pride of position, arrogant criticism, and those sentiments of worldliness to which young souls should be kept strangers."

We have not only feasted ourselves this month upon the good things set before us in the editorial tables of our cotemporaries, but like greedy children at a "Pic-Nic," have brought some away in a napkin for the benefit of those at home. Here is a good thing which we purloined from the table of the *Great Republic*.

"And I returned and saw, under the sun, that bread is not to the wise, neither riches to the men of understanding, nor favor to men of skill."—*Ecc.*

These are the words of the wisest man,  
And they're true as the truth can be,  
As anybody with half an eye,  
To look about him, can see.

Empirics and blatant demegogues,  
Rule the world at their own sweet will,  
And braggart quackery sets its heel  
On the neck of the "men of skill."

The rich fool lives in a palace,  
With trappings and furniture fine,  
At his table obsequious servants  
Offer choice meats and wine.



And swarms of toad-eaters surround him,  
Asking after his precious health,  
As if such *debris* of creation  
Were a part of its choicest wealth.

While the wise man may live in a cottage,  
A cup and a plate on a shelf,  
A mattress, and blanket, and rushlight,  
Comprising his worldly pelf,

And nobody asks how *he* prospers,  
Or what his thoughts may be,  
Though they be broad as the universe  
And deep as eternity.

The fool is shod in "patents,"  
The wise man with rusty boot,  
The former rides in his crariage,  
And the latter trudges afoot.

The student starves in his attic  
To feed his hungry brains,  
Denying the needs of his body  
For the sake of his mental gains.

While the broad-cloth and brainless dandy,  
Professor of scissors and tape,  
Lips compliments over the counter,  
With the grace of a well-trained ape.

And ladies who 'snub' the student—  
As only fair ladies can—  
Are filled with admiration  
At this "perfect love of a man."

The artist paints his ideal—  
Sure there are many such—  
Where the sparks of the fire of genius  
Flash out at each pencil touch.

Yet must *he* wait for old Owl-Eye,  
With fat face and fiery nose,  
To decide on its merits of color,  
And shading, and drawing, and *pose*—

As if suppers of turtle and oysters,  
Liquored well with port and champagne,  
Could educate men be be critics  
Of the work of the artist's brain.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—We were highly entertained at the festival of the Sunday School scholars, which was held at the Seamen's Bethel, Methodist Episcopal Church, on Mission street, on the evening of the twenty-first of April.

The exercises were of a varied and pleasing character, and reflected much credit upon both teachers and pupils. We cannot forbear to mention the recitation of the "Burial of Moses," by Miss Elizabeth Deeth, who rendered it in the most faultless and impressive manner. Her gestures were appropriate, graceful, and well timed. Nature has bestowed upon this child, uncommon oratorical powers, which we hope to see cultivated for a high and useful purpose. The same young Miss also recited "Jack Frost," in a peculiarly pleasing manner.

The music and singing were fine, and every thing passed off pleasantly, and creditably to all concerned. There is nothing that fills the mind of the beholder with more pleasure, than a group of well behaved children. Their innocent, happy faces, call up pleasant memories, beguile us from the cares and anxieties of the present, and transport us again to a mother's knee, and a father's fire-side, to all the loved scenes of our childhood and youth. They awaken the slumbering memories of the past; and the whole course of our lives, like a scroll, is unrolled before us. As we cast a retrospective eye, and see how our own steps have faltered, how often we have become "weary in well doing," we are brought into closer sympathy and holier communion with those little ones, and while we seek to strengthen and fit them for the places which they will so soon be called upon to occupy, as men and women, our own souls are benefitted by the intercourse, and we realize that while trying to impart to others, we have' in reality, been gainers ourselves.

YOUTHS' CASKET.—We wish to draw the attention of all parents to our "Youths' Casket," which contains many gems of truth and beauty—underlying familiar and easy conversation, which a babe might understand, there is a vein of scientific and moral truth, which may prove interesting and useful to those of more mature years. This month, the article is handsomely illustrated, with representations of California flowers.

To all parents and guardians, we say, give us your aid and co-operation, for we wish to serve the best interests of your children. We would lead them from "Nature, up to Nature's God," and teach them that "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are PEACE."

IGNORANCE.—Some women seem to think it commendable to be ignorant, and, with the utmost coolness, repudiate all idea of books, or learning of any description. They seem to think that gentlemen are attracted by ignorance, and fascinated by want of understanding. To such we recommend the following, from the pen of C. B. McDONALD:—

"We have heard it asserted that women of California mountain towns do not, generally, read newspapers. The remark is scarcely credible. If such be the deplorable fact, we must subtract from the original estimate which we have heretofore placed on female intelligence. No noticeably intelligent woman volunta-

rily debars herself from information of passing events; womanly delicacy may induce her to abstain from reading a journal characterized by coarse vulgarity, or heavy with the debris of leaden brain, but the intelligent lady *will read* some newspaper, if placed within her reach — nay more, she will read attentively the news paragraphs of the local journal, even if the paper be not distinguished for great ability,—her natural curiosity will induce that exertion. We once visited a town noted for the excellence of its press, and in conversation with a sprightly looking woman, remarked on the fact; we were amazed to hear her observe that she “really didn't know — she never read the town papers, there was nothing in them, she had *hearn tell!*” Land of the blessed promise! We had been fooled by the lathing and plastering of the milliner,— the woman was a fool.”

WE this month present our readers with a likeness of Mrs. LARKIN, the *first American woman* who became a resident on this coast. The likeness is from one of Mr. Selleck's inimitable Photographs.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Many excellent articles are unavoidably crowded out of this number. We shall soon make room for them, however, and although obliged to acknowledge that we have not yet been able to publish all the meritorious articles with which we have been favored, we would still say to contributors, send us your articles as soon as possible. In making up a periodical like the *Hesperian*, we need a great variety of matter to select from, and are always glad to have on hand a quantity of articles, treating upon different subjects.

We would gently remind some of our contributors, that we have not yet had any thing from their pens, for the new volume. We are anxious to have every contributor represented before the close of the present volume.

CULTURIST. — The April number of this favorite of the public is well worthy of perusal by all who feel an interest in the cause of agriculture in our young State. To every farmer, this work is an absolute necessity. Its rapidly increasing circulation, shows that it is receiving that appreciation from the public which its merits so fully deserve. The work is eminently Californian, and the efforts of the editor, to raise the character of the agriculture of the State to the highest eminence, should be seconded by all who feel an interest in California, or her resources. The present number is illustrated with a fine colored plate of the white Winter Pearmain. Farmers, subscribe for it, if you have not already done so.

NOTICE. — MR. JAMES C. KEMP, who is at present on a tour through the State, has full authority to receive subscriptions for the *Hesperian*, and receipt for the same. Any favors that may be extended to Mr. KEMP, by our editorial friends, will be appreciated as unto ourself.

TO DEALERS AND AGENTS. — We wish to call the attention of dealers, and all engaged in the sale of the *Hesperian*, to the importance of remitting *promptly* to the office. In *no instance* hereafter, will orders for the *Hesperian* be filled for those whose bills for the preceding month yet remain unpaid.



EDGING PATTERN.



BRAID PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



BLANKET PATTERN.





HAHL BROTHERS

L. WAGEL PRINT.

JACOB P. LEESE.

*(Expressly for the Hesperian)*



MUCHEL & DRESEL

L. NACEL. PRINT.

*Swallow-tailed Fly catcher*

2 FEMALE.

MUSCICAPA FORFICATA. (GMEL.)

1 MALE.

*Expressly for the HESPERIAN from an original drawing by A.J. GRAYSON.*





# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. II.

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No. 4.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

JACOB P. LEESE.

JACOB PRIMER LEESE, whose brief history is here given, was one of the early pioneers of California. His father, Jacob Leese, originally from Germany, was one of the followers of Gen. La Fayette, at the commencement of the American Revolution. He was wounded at the Battle of Brandywine, by the explosion of a baggage-wagon, and was carried from the field by one of his countrymen, Adam Primer, who, with his family, resided in the city of Philadelphia. After recovering from his wounds he married Joanna, one of Mr. Primer's daughters, and in 1800 emigrated to Ohio, and established himself in Newelstown, now called St. Clairsville. Here he kept public house, and raised his family, — four daughters and two sons — Jacob and Manuel.

JACOB P. was born August 19th, 1809, and was brought up in the mercantile business. His time expired in 1827, when he visited his parents, who, in 1825, had removed to Cincinnati. In the fall of 1829 he accepted a favorable offer from Mr. Cobb, to take charge of his business at Baton Rouge. On his passage thither, an accident happened to the boat, and they were obliged to stop at Memphis for repairs. In the meantime Mr. LEESE took a stroll through the city, and stopping at a hotel, accidentally picked up a newspaper to read. The first thing that met his eye was an account of a hunting and

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. F. H. Day, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

trading expedition which was then being fitted out at Fort Smith, by Capt. John Rogers and Calvin Coffee, for the Rocky Mountains, for the term of three years, and the time set for their departure was the first of April.

Such inducements, and flattering prospects of making a fortune, caused Mr. Leese to change his mind with regard to Baton Rouge and try his fortune in the mountains. Being a sure shot with the rifle, he concluded that he could shoot on an average one beaver a day, which would be equal to five dollars per day. He left Memphis about the first of February, and was landed at the mouth of the Arkansas, at Montgomery's Landing, where he received very flattering information from Mr. Montgomery, and as there was no boat going up the river for some time, he kindly assisted him to a horse to carry him to the Post of Arkansas, and moreover favored him with a letter to Mr. Raney, who kept a hotel at that place. Here he was furnished with a fresh horse by Mr. Raney, and in company with two men who were also going to Little Rock, proceeded on his way to that place. On his arrival, he exchanged his watch for a pony and a rifle, and then joined a party of Creek Indians who were emigrating to the vicinity of Fort Smith, where they arrived after a journey of fourteen days. Mr. Leese immediately presented himself to Capt. Rodgers, and informed him of the object of his visit. In reply, the captain handed him the following agreement to read :

"All the outfit will be furnished in advance, as well as such merchandise as is required for the three years' expedition, payable in beaver-fur at three dollars per pound, on the return of the expedition."

The company was organized on the first day of April, 1830, and was composed of forty-two men, by name as follows : Capt. Robert Bean, William Bean, John Sanders, John Porter, Isaac Graham, Henry Nail, George Nidever, Mark Nidever, Alexander St. Clair, Pruet St. Clair, Thomas Durgan, James Anderson, Dr. James Craig, Job Dye, Isaac Williams, Jonas Bidler, Joseph Gipsen, Frederick Christ, Powell Weaver, Cambridge Green, James Green, Pleasant Austin, James Bacey, John Foy, James Wilkinson, John Chasc, Jonas English, Charles Spalding, John Price, George Gould, Thomas Hammond, John Pullum, Cyrus Christian, Ambrose Tomlinson, Jacob P. Leese, and seven more, whose names have been forgotten. They were commanded by Capt. Bean, by request of the

owners — but by no means the favorite of the company. After traveling across the great plains for about three months, they struck what is known as the cross-timbers of Texas, without knowing where they were. Here all their provisions were exhausted, and they were obliged to depend upon their rifles for subsistence. Fortunately game was abundant; herds of fine buffalo roamed the plains, and there were also plenty of wild turkeys. But they had no salt, and consequently had to eat their meat unseasoned. They also found abundance of wild honey. They now found that they were getting too far south, and, changing their course, took a northerly direction across the plains. Occasionally they found shallow ponds of water filled with catfish, which change of food was quite a luxury, and proved very acceptable to men who had been so long confined to one kind of provision. About the latter part of August they struck the Arkansas above the mouth of Little Kansas. Now and then there were rumors of the Indians prowling about, but they excited no alarm, and the party traveled on along the Arkansas until they came to the foot of the mountains at Pike's Peak. Here they remained a few days, killing black-tail deer, which were in fine order, and thought to be even better than mutton. From this place they entered the mountains.

The winter set in severe, and in the month of November they established their rendezvous on the north fork of the Arkansas, about one hundred miles above Pike's Peak. On the 27th of the month, at a time when there were only six men in camp, the Indians took advantage of the absence of the company and massacred two of the men, Mark Nidever and a German named Frederick Christ. The remaining four, Isaac Graham, Job Dye, Henry Nail, and John Price, barely escaped with their lives. Winter quarters being thus destroyed, and all provisions gone, they were forced to retreat to New Mexico, where they were kindly received by the residents.

Mr. LEESE'S taste for hunting life now seems to have been satisfied, and in a few days after his arrival he entered the establishment of Mr. St. Varan, a merchant of the village of San Fernando, in the valley of Taos, with whom he entered into a partnership or engagement, and as the trade for beaver furs and peltry generally came on in the spring and fall, he spent a portion of his time at

the Pueblo of Albique and the remainder with Mr. St. Varan at San Fernando.

Having received flattering information from several of his old associates who had joined a party for California, fitted out by Messrs. Waldo & Jackson, for the purpose of purchasing mules, &c., and commanded by Captain Young, he left New Mexico on the 27th day of October, 1833, with a Spanish trading company, and arrived at Los Angeles on the 24th of December. Here he had the good fortune to meet with one of his old associates, Isaac Williams, and also heard of several others in the country.

On the first day of June he visited Monterey, the Capital of California, and there formed some warm friends and valuable acquaintances; among the rest General Figueroa, who gave him a general passport to go through the country, as well as letters to all the Padres of the Missions. His object at this time was to contract with the Padres for all the mules they had for sale. As he had made up his mind to obtain, if possible, the control of the mule trade between California and New Mexico, with this view he left Monterey by land, proceeded down the coast, and made a contract with the Padre of the San Miguel Mission, who agreed to furnish him with one hundred mules every year at fourteen dollars each, one half to be paid down, the other half on his return. At that time he received one hundred and fifty mules. With the Padres of San Luis Obispo he also made the same arrangement, and reached Los Angeles in September with four hundred and fifty mules and horses.

He left Los Angeles in October, with nine men, with the intention of joining the return Mexican party on the Mohave river. On his arrival, however, he learned that the Mexicans had gone on a few days before. He still continued his journey across the desert, supposing himself to be about two days behind the party. He had now arrived at that part of the plains where for many miles there is no water to refresh the weary traveler; but by traveling all night and the next day until midnight he reached a place where water could be obtained. As might be expected, the men were very much fatigued after such a journey, as well as exhausted by thirst; the poor animals also suffered greatly, being nearly dead from the want of water. Here, by the cool refreshing stream, they camped, and as all were very much fatigued, concluded to keep no guard that

night, feeling the more secure for the thick fog which overhung the place. All slept soundly, and the hours of the night passed quickly away. Mr. LEESE awoke with the early dawn, and his experienced eye immediately observed that there was something wrong about camp. The animals were confused and scattered—fresh Indian tracks were plain to be seen. He gave the alarm, and soon all hands were ready for defense against any hostilities which might be offered. At ten o'clock the fog cleared off, and in looking about they found many of the poor animals with arrows sticking into their sides, and out of the four hundred and fifty could collect but twenty-seven head. They succeeded, however, in finding the trail indicating the direction in which they had been taken, and immediately concluded to pursue their enemies, and, if possible, regain their animals. They were mounted and ready for pursuit, when one of the men came into camp and reported that the New Mexicans had been camped but a few hundred yards above; that they had been attacked by the Indians, and five of them massacred. This of course created more alarm in the small party, and they hurriedly proceeded to the scene of disaster. The place bore every appearance of a long and hard fought battle. They were informed that the Indians numbered about three hundred, while the Mexican party contained but nineteen persons. They fought all day and part of the night, losing five of their number; the remainder, it was afterwards ascertained, reached home in safety.

From this place Mr. LEESE returned to California, thankful to escape with his life. At the San Bernardino Ranch he met with an Indian who knew all about the affray, and said the cause of the Indians not allowing any more New Mexicans to trade in the country was because they had some time previous kidnapped several of their children, and that place was the one chosen at which to waylay their victims, as all travelers must arrive there at night; and from the peculiar character of the country, (it being destitute of water,) they reached this spot fatigued and exhausted, and must of necessity stop a day or so to refresh themselves and their animals. He also said that they knew there was a small force behind the Mexican party, and their intention was to murder all, as they supposed Mr. LEESE and his party also to be Mexicans. On his arrival at San Gabriel he was received with open arms by the Reverend Padre, Thomas

Estinega, who told him that two days previous he started in his carriage to make a visit to the Ranch of San Bernardino, the Indians attacked him and took from him all his clothes, and also his carriage and horses, compelling him to return naked and afoot to his house. At the same time they informed him of what had happened to Mr. LEESE's party, and said that he and all his companions had been massacred. This leaves us no room to doubt that the Indians of San Bernardino were combined with the Indians of the desert.

Mr. LEESE returned to Los Angeles, and there entered into commercial business, in which he remained until the spring of 1836, when he visited Monterey and formed a connection with Captain W. S. Hinckley and Nathan Spear, Esq., for the purpose of establishing a commercial house upon the most desirable location to be found on the Bay of San Francisco. He then returned to Los Angeles with the intention of closing his business there, and, much to his surprise, found the Pueblo in great excitement—the people organizing the first vigilance committee ever known in California. The residents of the place generally looked favorably upon it, considering it necessary for their future safety that something of the kind be done, as several murders had recently been committed and the murderers gone unwhipt of justice. The Alcaldes were both well aware of what was going on about town—Abel Stearns, Esq., and Don Manuel Riquem—but could not take cognizance of it, insinuating that if the majority of the people combined in the execution, they would not be able to resist. All arrangements were made, and the company, (which composed three fourths of the inhabitants,) organized. The Padre of San Fernando Mission was twice sent for, and requested to appear in the Pueblo at a certain hour the following day to confess the two murderers of Mr. Rudugo, one being his wife and the other her seducer. The Padre supposing that the execution would not take place for want of the opportunity of confession, and considering that such an awful mode of doing justice was never heard of in a christian country, purposely forbore to appear at the time appointed, and the vigilant decision was carried out under the military law, with great solemnity by the citizens, in the month of May, 1836. They were both shot, twelve men being selected from the company—six natives and six foreigners—six having blank and six having full charges. After the execution the

bodies were delivered to their friends, who gave them a decent burial. From that time for five years after Los Angeles was a quiet and peaceable town.

A few days after the events above narrated Mr. LEESE left for the north, and arrived at Santa Barbara at the same time with a schooner, which was reported from Mexico, having on board a new Governor, General Mariano Chico, and Secretary, Don Andreas Castellero. The morning after his arrival he paid a visit to the General, and tendered his services as bearer of dispatches to Monterey, as he was going there direct.

The inhabitants of Santa Barbara having received from Mr. LEESE the proceedings of the vigilant committee, disapproved of it very much, for the sole reason that the criminals had not the benefit of confession. The General had word of this before Mr. LEESE saw him, and was rather urged to detain him as a prisoner. After Mr. LEESE offered his services as bearer of dispatches, the General thanked him politely, and requested him to delay his journey until the next day and accompany him to the Capitol; he acceded to the request, and the next day they proceeded on their journey, escorted for some miles by many citizens of the place. They stopped the first night at the Mission of Santa Inez.

The following day the General invited Mr. LEESE to take a seat in his carriage, and after a general discussion of California, its wants &c., he made known his intention of encouraging commerce and agriculture, but said he should oppose all species of revolt.

Mr. LEESE informed him of the necessity by which the people of Los Angeles had just been compelled to take the law into their own hands for the purpose of protecting life and property. Having a copy of all the proceedings with him, he presented it to the General, who, after a careful perusal, said it was right, and expressed himself much pleased that Mr. LEESE happened to have a copy of the proceedings, for he had passed his word to the officials of Santa Barbara that he should be detained a prisoner until the affair could be investigated. Mr. LEESE informed the General that he expected to be arrested, which was the reason of his bringing a copy of the proceedings along, as every signature on the document (and they were composed of the principal citizens of Los Angeles,) was sworn to protect each other. From that moment the General offered Mr. LEESE his protection, and they became warm and intimate friends.

As they neared the Capitol the General was met by Colonel Nicholas Gotures, and many citizens, all friends and acquaintances of Mr. LEESE. After a formal introduction of the Governor, Mr. LEESE separated from his party. Three days afterwards the ceremony of inauguration took place, and Mr. LEESE congratulated the General on his new honors; at the same time informing him that he should sail the following day for San Francisco, — when the General gave him a letter to the authorities there, empowering them to give to Mr. LEESE a grant of one hundred yards of land any where on the Bay of San Francisco where he might wish to locate his place of business. Soon after his arrival he presented the order from the Governor to the the Alcalde, informing him that he would locate his place of business on the beach of Yerba Buena cove. The Alcalde replied that he could give no grant at that place, as he himself had been refused. As the ordinance of General Figueroa concerning the Government Reserve was still in force, he could not confer a lot nearer the beach than two hundred yards — but he would be pleased to have Mr. LEESE establish himself at any part of the Pueblo of San Francisco; and recommended the entrance of Mission creek, which was examined and found unsuited to his purpose. He returned to Monterey and reported the ill success of his journey, to the Governor, who immediately gave a second order for the Alcalde to give to Mr. LEESE a lot of one hundred varas square anywhere he desired within two hundred varas of the beach. Lumber was bought, and shipped on board the barque Don Quixote, and he again set sail for Yerba Buena, where he arrived on the first of July; located his lot about two hundred or two hundred and fifty varas from the beach at the spot where the St. Francis Hotel was subsequently erected, at the corner of Clay and Dupont streets. By the assistance of some vessels which were then in port, he finished his house in time to celebrate the fourth of July. This was the first time that the stars and stripes were unfurled to wave o'er the land of Yerba Buena, as well as the first celebration of the fourth of July in the place where the City of San Francisco now stands.

We find the following glowing description of this eventful occasion in the "Annals of San Francisco": "At this time there was lying in the cove the American barque 'Don Quixote,' commanded



by Mr. Leese's partner, Capt. Hinckley, and on board of which were their goods. There were also at anchor in the port another American ship and a Mexican brig. These vessels supplied every bit of colored bunting they could furnish, with which was decorated Mr. LEESE's hall. A splendid display was the result. Outside the building floated amicably the Mexican and American flags—the first time the latter was displayed on the shore of Yerba Buena. Capt. Hinckley seems to have been somewhat extravagant in his passion for sweet sounds, since he always traveled with a band of music in his train. Through this cause the most stylish orchestra perhaps ever before heard in California was provided by him. This consisted of a clarionet, flute, violin, drum, fife, and bugle; besides two small six-pounders to form the bass, and to add their emphatic roar to the swelling din, when a toast of more than usual importance should be given. These last, however, were borrowed from the Presidio.

“The feast was prepared; the minstrels were met; and the guests began to assemble about three o'clock on the afternoon of the Fourth. They were about sixty in number, and included General M. G. Vallejo and all the principal families from the neighborhood of Sonoma, such as the Castro, Martinez, &c., as well as the chief inhabitants of San Francisco. Besides the banqueting hall, Mr. Leese had erected a number of small tents, in which to receive his numerous guests and provide for them comfortably. At five o'clock dinner was served, and immediately afterwards followed the toasts. First of all was given the union of the Mexican and American flags. (How little did the convivial parties then dream of the near advent of the sole and absolute sway of the Americans in the country!) General Vallejo next paid the honors to Washington. Then followed appropriate national and individual toasts in their order, but which it is needless to particularize. The guests were as happy as mortals could well be; and, in short, ‘all went merry as a marriage bell!’ The abundance and variety of liquors at the table seemed to tickle the Californians amazingly. One worthy gentleman took a prodigious fancy to lemon syrup, a tumbler full of which he would quaff to every toast. This soon made him sick, and sent him off with a colic, which was all matter of mirth to ‘his jolly companions every one.’ At ten o'clock our ‘City Fathers’ got the table cleared

for further action, and dancing and other amusements then commenced. The ball was kept hot and rolling incessantly all that night, and, it appears too, the following day; for, as Mr. Leese naively observes in his interesting and amusing diary, '*Our fourth ended on the evening of the fifth.*'"

Mr. LEESE now being tired of bachelor life, sought and obtained the hand of Miss Rosalie — a sister of Gen. Vallejo's — and they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the first day of April, 1837. On the 15th of April, 1838, was born Rosalie Leese, their eldest child — *being the first born in Yerba Buena.*

In 1837, having received information that hunters were trapping beaver on the Sacramento, which never came down to the settlement, he determined to open a trade with them; and accordingly fitted out his schooner *Isabella*, and started on an exploring tour up the Sacramento river. This was the first deck vessel that ever entered the Sacramento. He proceeded as far as the mouth of the slough where the City of Sacramento now stands. Here he anchored, and fired every morning, noon and evening, a small cannon for the purpose of attracting the attention of the hunters and letting them know that there was some one about for an object. But no living being appeared — not even Indian. No human voice broke the deep silence. Disappointed, Mr. LEESE returned to his home after cutting his name upon a large sycamore tree at the mouth of the slough. He remarked to a companion at the time, that the trees bore evidence that the water sometimes rose very high, which remark was verified in 1852, when the City of Sacramento was overflowed. Mr. LEESE afterwards learned that the firing of his cannon had frightened both the hunters and the Indians away; — hearing the unusual noise they fled to the forest, fearing they knew not what.

What a contrast does this view present to the now teeming River of Sacramento, and the hurrying, bustling City of the Plains.

After his return from Sacramento he continued in commercial business until August, 1841, when he sold out his establishment to the Hudson Bay Company and removed with his family to Sonoma. In 1843 he made an expedition to Oregon, taking with him a drove of eleven hundred head of cattle for the purpose of supplying the Americans who were about settling in that country. He was seventy days finding his way through from Sonoma to Oregon; but it

must be remembered there was not then, as now, a road through; on the contrary, those who traveled at that time had to *make* a road for themselves. Mr. LEESE and his companions were constantly annoyed, while on the way, by Indians who lurked in ambush to shoot, and kill if possible, both cattle and drivers. When near Colusi, they were attacked by a party of Indians who shot at and wounded some of their cattle. They traveled on, however, and at last reached Oregon in safety, where the cattle were disposed of to good advantage. Mr. LEESE then returned to San Francisco on board one of the Hudson Bay Company's vessels. The journey, from the mouth of the Columbia to the Bay of San Francisco, was accomplished in five days. From thence he returned to Sonoma, where he continued to reside until the hoisting of the Bear-Flag, on the twelfth of June, 1846; when, by some misrepresentations, he fell under the displeasure of Col. Fremont, who caused his arrest. He was carried to Sacramento, and, in company with Gen. Vallejo and the officers of the fort at Sonoma, placed in close confinement, where they remained until about the first of August, when they were liberated by order of Captain Montgomery.

Colonel Fremont seems at this time to have forgotten that Mr. LEESE was an American, and as such entitled to consideration. More—he lost sight of the fact that the blood of a revolutionary Soldier was flowing in his veins, burning and curdling with the sense of injustice, indignity and wrong, inflicted by his unjust captivity, and which afterwards caused both him and his companions to be looked upon with some degree of suspicion, notwithstanding he was still true to his country and had faithfully served her cause for many years. After his release he returned to his family in Sonoma, where he continued to reside until the discovery of gold in 1848, when he removed to Monterey, and soon after made a voyage to China for commercial purposes, and returned with one of the richest and most valuable cargoes of China goods ever brought to this market. The house in which they were displayed for sale appeared like a magnificent bazaar, so rich and gorgeous was the scene.

Mr. LEESE represents the change which took place in the country, from the time he left the port of San Francisco, in 1843, until his return, after an absence of about ten months, as being most wonderful. When he left, there were lying in the harbor fourteen vessels—he

returned to find there not less than four hundred representatives of every land and clime, through which with difficulty they made their way to the wharf. The countless number of masts, from which proudly floated the flags of every clime and nation under the sun, appeared, to use Mr. LEESE'S own words, "like a great forest of dead trees." Nor was it here alone that change was perceptible. Lots of land which before were worth but two hundred dollars, now sold readily for as many thousand. The tranquil quiet of Yerba Buena was gone — it had given place to noisy bustle, and reckless excitement. Men were delirious with the joy of great gold discoveries, and rushed madly into speculations and hazards of every kind. The excitement spread like contagion from one to another; all were participants in the wild schemes and hazardous enterprises of the day. Fortunes were madly staked, and made or lost in an hour.

Mr. LEESE now resides with his family in Monterey, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries to which his persevering toil in early years so justly entitle him. Like most of our early pioneers he is a man of positive character, strong purpose, high resolve and untiring perseverance. Through all the toil and danger, the trials and temptations, which ever beset the path of the pioneer, he has carefully preserved the "image in which he was created;" and his mild, yet dignified manner, cheerful face and robust health, speak to us of a life well spent and a mind at peace with God and man.

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## D E A T H .

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Death is a road our dearest friends have gone;  
 Why, with such leaders, fear to say "lead on?"  
 Its gate repels, lest it too soon be tried;  
 But turns in balm on the immortal side.  
 Mothers have passed it; fathers; children; men,  
 Whose like we look not to behold again;  
 Women, that smiled away their loving breath.—  
 Soft is the traveling on the road of death.  
 But guilt has pass'd it? Men not fit to die?  
 Oh, hush — for He who made us all, is by.  
 Human were all; all men; all born of mothers;  
 All our own selves, in the worn-out shape of others;  
 Our *used*, and oh! be sure, not to be *ill-used* brothers.

## SWALLOW-TAILED FLY CATCHER.

BY A. J. GRAYSON.

AMONG the numerous species of the birds known as "Fly Catchers," to which this one belongs, there is none perhaps so handsome, so chaste in attire, so graceful in movement, and so perfect in form as the one now before us. No art can do it justice in endeavoring to portray its perfections; nor can the mounted specimens seen in museums, or fancy cases, give one a correct idea of this truly elegant and interesting species.—To appreciate its beauty, we must see it in its native wilds, when upon the wing; it is then, with its long appendage, kite-like, streaming behind, whilst rapidly pursuing the various winged insects upon which it preys, that it best displays its charms.

When I was in Tehuantepec, I saw this bird for the first time, in the month of September, when they first began to arrive from their northern migrations. In a few days they became quite abundant in the open plains, or wherever there was an open space of thinly wooded country, as they are seldom, if ever, seen in thick forests. They remained for about a month, when nearly all of them disappeared; perhaps going farther south. During their stay, I often noticed them to continue upon the wing for some time, darting hither and thither in pursuit of insects, not unlike the swallows. It is their habit, however, to remain stationary, in an open space, upon a stake, or dead branches of a low bush, apparently unmindful of the glaring rays of the sun, and thus watch patiently for a passing hornet, or any other winged insect that may be so unfortunate as to come too near his keen vision.

When thus waiting for their prey, I have observed them turning their head from side to side, occasionally uttering a feeble note, such as tit-tit-tite, and examining, minutely, the flitting creatures upon which it feeds, until one passes suited to its taste, when it immediately darts in pursuit—their mandibles at such a time may be heard to snap together in their passes to capture the insect; after which he returns to the same twig, or one similar, to devour the fruits of his chase, and wait again for another.

I shot and preserved the skins of a number of these Fly Catchers,

and have never yet seen the tails of any two agreeing in length. The longest one I have seen, is the one from which the male, represented in this plate, was figured. It is now in my possession, and the tail measures eight and three quarter inches.

In its geographical distribution, the Swallow-Tailed Fly Catcher is considered a south-western species; migrating southerly early in the fall, and returning again in the spring to its summer haunts for the purpose of breeding. Doubtless, at such times, it may occasionally visit the southern portion of our State.

Mr. AUDUBON, in his "Birds of America," states that he received skins of this Fly Catcher from the celebrated naturalist and traveler, THOS. NUTTALL, who made a tour to this coast for scientific investigation about the year 1837. A part of the communication accompanying the specimens I hereto append. Mr. NUTTALL says—"It is confined wholly to the open plains and scanty forests of the remote south-western regions beyond the Mississippi—where they, in all probability, extend their residence to the high plains of Mexico. \* \* \* \* I found these birds rather common near the banks of Red River about the confluence of the Kamisha. I again saw them more abundant near the great Salt River, near the Arkansas, in the month of August, when the young and old appeared like our king-birds assembling together previous to their departure to the south. \* \* \* \* A week or two after, I saw them no more, they having returned, probably, to tropical winter quarters." (This was about the season of the year I saw them first in Tehuantepec, as already stated.) "In the month of May, a pair which I daily saw for three or four weeks, had made a nest on the horizontal branches of an elm, probably twelve or more feet from the ground. \* \* \* \* The female when first seen was engaged in setting, and her mate wildly attacked every bird which approached their residence."

#### TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.

##### *Muscicapa Forficata.*—GMEL.

*Form.*—Small; body, rather slender; plumage, soft and blended; bill, moderate, wide at the base and somewhat flattened, curved towards the end; wing, rather long and acuminate; tail, long; legs and feet moderate; tarsus with six anterior scutilla; tail with twelve feathers graduated.

*Dimensions.*—Of the male, a full adult, total length from tip of bill to end of tail, thirteen and three-quarter inches; tail, eight and three-quarter inches. Female smaller.

*Colors.*—Upper part of head, neck and back, bluish gray; throat white; breast, grayish white; underwing, coverts and auxiliaries scarlet, as also the anterior wing coverts; all the balance of the under parts, pale rose color; wings, upper wing coverts, rump and upper part of tail, brownish black, with the terminal margins of the feathers white; iris, hazel; bill, black, as also the feet.

*Remarks.*—Habitant of south-western territories of the U. S. and Mexico.

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THE name of Milton is a household word wherever poetry is read or genius is regarded. A man endowed with powers almost angelic, which he cultivated with wonderful diligence, he was destined to wield immense power for good or for evil in the stormy age in which the English Commonwealth rose, flourished, and fell. He had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, which he sought at all its sources. He loved liberty as he did his life. He was educated for the Church, which he refused to enter because of his dislike to subscriptions and oaths, which required, in his opinion, "an accommodating conscience." He traveled to enlarge his circle of knowledge, and returned from Rome fired with zeal to emulate the virtue, the eloquence, the wisdom, the patriotism, the valor of her ancient citizens, and with the deepest abhorrence of the exquisite tyranny there exercised by effeminate priests, who govern their subjects by bungling fables and imaginary fears. The services which he rendered to truth, to the Church, and to the State by his active services, by his immortal poetry, and no less immortal prose, are known and read of all men. He erred to show that he was human; he wrote his "Iconoclastes" and his "Paradise Lost" to prove that he was divine. And when we inquire as to the youth of this most famous of English poets and writers, we learn that his parents were pious and devoted Protestants, and that his first instructor was a pious minister, the Rev. Mr. Young; and to the care and piety of these parents, in his familiar letters, in his poetry, and prose, he often refers in terms the most tender and touching. Had his father been a Cavalier, his son John might have been a Jeffries or a Buckingham.

## THE FORSAKEN.

BY DELTA.

The forsaken! the forsaken!

Far from love and hope astray!  
Lonely travelers, sad and weary,  
On a path once bright and cheery,  
To a goal now dark and dreary:

Let me cheer them on their way —  
By Egyptian night o'ertaken,  
While they thought it early day.

And the needy, poor and friendless,—

Seeking aid from door to door!  
Bless'd be he whose deed doth bless them!  
Cursed be he who doth distress them,  
And with harshness doth oppress them!

Soon their toils will here be o'er,—  
Is their day of labor endless?  
*God* will bless the virtuous poor!

The forsaken! the forsaken!

Wand'ring houseless, homeless here!  
Cheerless, hopeless,— with no token  
Of a balm for hearts now broken,  
And no trust in vows once spoken,

When two hearts beat warmly near!  
Ere by night they're overtaken  
Take them in and give them cheer.

The benighted! the benighted!

Breaks no light upon their gloom!  
Is there no kind voice to cheer them?  
Is no guiding angel near them?  
See them groping! crying—hear them—

Heed them while there yet is room!  
They are lost, misled, affrighted—  
Blindly stumbling o'er the tomb!

The abandoned! the forsaken!

Lost in guilt, and sin, and drink!  
Ways of darkness they are wending;  
On a course that knows no ending,  
Down to hell their steps are tending!

Shall they blindly plunge and sink?  
Rouse ye reckless ones! Awaken!  
Slumbering thus on ruin's brink!



The bereaved ones! the bereaved ones!  
 Opening buds in spring-time gone!  
 Bitter blasts are keenly blowing,  
 Broken boughs around them strowing  
 Briers and thorns so early sowing  
 On their life's once flowery lawn!  
 Let me comfort those aggrieved ones,  
 While they sadly journey on!

The forsaken! broken hearted!  
 I have felt their galling smart!  
 Downard looking, grieving, sighing —  
 Flowers of Hope all crushed and dying,  
 On their bleeding bosoms lying!  
 Pierced by sorrow's bitter dart!  
 On a rayless path they've started,  
 Let me cheer each desolate heart.

The abused ones! the maltreated!  
 Whom the base world coldly spurns;  
 Fiends, to whom pure love was plighted,  
 Left them fallen, ruined, slighted!  
 Fairest hopes untimely blighted!  
*False* the heart that from them turns!  
 Dry their tears so oft repeated —  
*Honor's spark still lives and burns.*

And the humble, meek and lowly!  
 Scorn them not, ye rich and great!  
 They their Master's work are doing;  
 Every evil way eschewing,  
 Every virtuous course pursuing,  
 While ye here luxuriate:  
 All their deeds are high and holy,  
 And in *Heaven* is their estate.

All are kindred, all are *brothers*;  
 And "our Father" lives above;  
 To His vineyard He hath sent us,  
 Varied talents He hath lent us;  
 Let not caste nor creed prevent us  
 From performing deeds of love!  
 All are *His*, and we're *each other's*,  
 Bound by holiest ties of love!

## THE LAW OF EQUIVALENTS.

BY C. A. WASHBURN.

THIS universe which we inhabit is governed by certain general and fixed laws, and among these is the law of compensations or equivalents. This law will be found to hold good, however much people may doubt it who think the world has used them hardly.

“—————The universal cause  
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws,”

said Pope, the poet philosopher, and so hath thought every close observer of Nature and Nature's works. It is a rule of the Divine economy that nothing earthly or temporal shall be free of its cares and perplexities, its sorrows and its shadows. There is a skeleton in every house, and each triumph and success brings in its train corresponding cares and disappointments. Every rose hath its thorn; each sweet its bitter, and though, like Prince Rasselas, we have every thing we had imagined necessary for our happiness at command, yet will a

“—————vague unrest  
And nameless longing fill the breast.”

No one is completely happy, and they who approach nearest to it are not those most envied by the world. They are from a class that fills but a small space in the public eye. They are from the class that avoids the extremes of wealth and poverty, and who, unobserved and contented, surrounded by those they love, pass quietly through the world. If they miss the triumphs of the great, they also miss their anxieties and disappointments.

“The bolts that spare the mountain's side,  
Its cloud-capt eminence divide,  
And spread the ruin round.”

People in every walk of life are prone to think themselves less happy than their neighbors. They see others surrounded with luxuries which their means do not permit to them, and they repine at their lot, not considering that all which man has more than the simple wants of nature require, brings with it corresponding cares and difficulties. What people admire they wish they could imitate or excel.

They hang on the words of an eloquent speaker, and wish it was theirs, "listening senates to command." They read the poet's creations, and wish it were theirs thus "to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." They think there is great joy in the triumphs of literature, of eloquence, of science, of display, of beauty and of art.

And so there is. But each pleasure has its equivalent of pain. The greatest pleasure of true genius, however, does not consist in the applause of others. It delights in its own creations, and the applause of others is a secondary consideration. He who writes or speaks for the public, or at the public, necessarily is labored and artificial, and though he wins their admiration, he has none of that subjectiveness, none of the glowing inspiration that lifts the soul above itself, and gives it leave to riot in all the wild felicity of the unreal world. But this, too, in this world of equivalents; of pleasures and pains; has its compensation. Action and re-action are the laws of this material universe, and he who dwells in fancy's realm with delight must come down from his soaring Pegasus to mingle with disgust in the actualities of life. The Creator has not intended that this world should be all happiness to one and all sorrow to another. However much fortune may seem to have favored one above another, yet will we find, when we come to look into the minute life of each, there is less difference in the amount of pleasure they enjoy than appears to the superficial observer.

It is considered to be one of the greatest of afflictions to be blind. Yet have we seen those blind for years who were apparently the happiest persons we ever knew. They were always happy, and life seemed to them but one long day of enjoyment. So we have observed in regard to deaf and dumb people. Laura Bridgman, who is blind, and deaf and dumb, is said to appear to be, nearly always, very happy. Who shall say that God when he afflicts in one way does not fully compensate in another? Whether a person will be happy or not depends rather on his own mind and will than on his outward circumstances. If he has the force and power to be superior to his accidents he can be happy under almost any circumstances, but if he has not, and is the subject of the whims and caprices of the world, he will be restless and unhappy, though surrounded by all earthly blessings.

If we will observe somewhat closely the daily life of those most envied, we shall find that, in many instances, bright gifts, if not apples of Sodom, are often the cause of as much pain as pleasure to their unfortunate possessors. Of all the gifts with which men are endowed, eloquence is the one perhaps which brings its possessor the most immediate and sure returns. The ready speaker who can enchain the attention of his audience as by a spell; whose wit sparkles, whose rhetoric dazzles, is ever hailed by his auditors with applause and delight. His returns are at the instant—"cash on delivery." He makes no drafts on posterity that may, for aught he knows, be dishonored. He knows that he is admired; that bright eyes beam upon him as he speaks, and fair hands applaud as the swelling periods fall from his tongue. His is not a posthumous fame; or, if it be, it is preceded by contemporary admiration.

But is it all pleasure which this gift of eloquence brings to its possessor? We fear that the law of equivalents will hold good in this case as in the others. A popular speaker has something more to do than to please the people who congregate to hear him. He must please and satisfy himself or he will be disappointed and unhappy. He will not be content that the last speech was as good as the preceding. It must be better. He must continually improve, and if he does not realize that he is improving he is wretched, restless and morose. A miscellaneous audience is very exacting. It is always expecting that a speaker shall surpass all previous efforts, and if he fails to do so the applause is like to be less cordial and enthusiastic than he had anticipated, and he is chagrined and mortified. Once accustomed to highly seasoned food we are then not content ever to return to plain diet. Having once tasted applause the orator is always striving for it, never being quite satisfied—never quite attaining his object. He is as restless and discontented, as dissatisfied and unhappy as he who never thought to open his mouth in a public meeting.

I have instanced eloquence as having less drawbacks, a more ready compensation, and more prompt returns than any other quality. For all other gifts of nature, or fortune, the law of compensation holds more apparently and with equal force. The theatrical star finds it at every stage of his career—the higher up he gets the greater his trials and annoyances. As a stock actor, he lived as quietly as other

people. But as he becomes famous in his profession he sees, or fancies he sees, envious people trying to detract from his merits. He then comes to learn that his bread depends on the popular appreciation. His vanity and his stomach are both fed by applause, and if that is withheld he is at once most miserably unhappy. If a critic objects that this or that is not perfect, he flies into a rage; and if his houses are thin he devours himself with chagrin and anger. In fact, there is no class of people in the world so given over to petty jealousy; so over-sensitive and petulant as those who depend only on the breath of fame for their support. The higher one gets the more sensitive he becomes, and the more jealousies and annoyances he has to contend against. The law of compensations is irrevocable, and the happiness that attends success must be attended with its equivalent of care and pain.

All men desire wealth. They fancy, if richer than they are, they would be happier. Still they will acknowledge they do not believe that those who are richer than they, are, as a general thing, any happier than themselves. Yet they fancy they would be, though they perceive that the most restless and unhappy men they meet with are those whose wealth is so great they know not what to do with it. The very wealthy have small faith in disinterested friendship. They imagine every one who serves them does it from motives of selfishness, and hence are distrustful and unhappy, enjoying, in many instances, less real pleasure than you and I, who are compelled to do a fair amount of labor in order to make a tolerable support.

What a fine thing it is to be a wit; to be able whenever a company is present to set every one laughing, and to feel that your entrance to a convivial party is hailed with pleasure, and your absence noted with regret. Yes, a wit is generally welcome, but how often the people who will laugh at your wit till their sides are ready to split, will envy and hate you for possessing this rare quality. No one likes to be a cipher in a crowd, and if you monopolize attention by your wit, know you, that your neighbor who has more money than you, or whose family is more aristocratic than yours, is thinking, between your sallies, how he may revenge himself on you, and is wondering how such a poor devil as you are can have the impudence to set people to laughing, and is whispering in the ear of the lady you are most anxious to please—"how disgusting!"

But, if you doubt my authority on the evils and dangers of being a wit, I will cite the testimony of one whom you cannot doubt. Says CHARLES LAMB, whose wit none will dispute, and whose evidence none will question:—"Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle, and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play; write an essay, pen a character or description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks."

If it be a misfortune to be born a wit, it is doubly so to be born with handsome features and a handsome form. It is not because the handsome man is envied and disliked by his ill-favored neighbors that he is most to be pitied. He is very sure to be aware of his own good looks, and this very knowledge will most likely make a fool of him who had otherwise passed for a man of sense. He then relies on his shape to push him through the world when he ought to have relied on his head and his hands. The world is then sure to call him a coxcomb and a swell, while his ugly friend who knew he was plain-looking has pushed himself forward into positions of influence, respect and trust.

But the misfortunes attending the possession of handsome features to a man, are as nothing compared to those to which the young woman is exposed who is distinguished for beauty of person. If she is handsome she is sure to know it, and if her claims to beauty are doubtful she is very likely to think herself endowed with all the grace and beauty of a sylph. In either event the pretty face is relied upon to captivate and ensnare rather than grace of mind or character. The sterling qualities that men ought to look for in a wife are neglected, and those superficial traits only are cultivated that serve to set off a beautiful person but are of small account in bringing happiness to the fireside. Like a gaudy flower, there will be a great number of butterflies fluttering about her, glad to catch a pleasant smile in return for persevering attentions or insincere flattery. Such persons divert the mind from more important objects,

and the mind is so dissipated that it cannot be restricted to matters of real and substantial importance.

“Do you pretend to say,” exclaims some brilliant beauty, “that a handsome woman may not be above these weaknesses—that our sex are so weak and frivolous that no member of it can have talent and character and yet be beautiful as Venus and chaste as Diana?” By no means. I know there are those in whom are combined the finest graces of person, the most amiable and loving dispositions, and the highest accomplishments of mind and manners—who are witty, kind and pure. But I care not for all this. The law of compensation yet holds good, and with terrible force. It were better for one of these to have been as plain as Mrs. Conrady, and as senseless and witless as Maelzel’s Automaton, than to have been gifted so fatally as this. Fortunate is the pretty doll as compared with the pretty woman of wit, whose conversation captivates and detains her visitors lingering on the stair. The insipid plaything whose only charm is a pretty, doll-like face, is not besieged with callers of the opposite sex, or if they do call, it is impossible for them long to remain;—having no conversational resources she cannot detain men of sense and intelligence when her whole part in the conversation consists in monosyllables. When such ladies are pursued by men so far superior to them that the world must know it is from no charms of conversation, the inference is and must be that it is for worse motives. But as their society is tedious and their conversation insipid, they are pretty sure, so long as they adhere to the path of virtue, to pass through the world unscathed and unscandalized.

That, however, is impossible to one who is beautiful, witty and highly educated—who can entertain the intellectual and cultivated student, or man of the world—and by the charms of her conversation hold her visitors lingering on her words after they had felt that they should be away. The proud, beautiful, and empty-headed coquette will wonder that another less beautiful than she, should receive the attentions of the highly educated and refined, whose calls are prolonged into visits, while, for herself, she cannot detain them longer than a few moments. The thrifty abigail, whose whole idea of a woman’s mission is to make money, will think there is something wrong in giving any attention to mental cultivation, and will turn up her menial nose at one who has other qualities than those of housekeep-

ing and money-making. Between them both the character of the first shall be most cruelly dissected, and the scandal shall go from mouth to mouth, till at last, the word shall come to her that in the society of her most cherished friends she has laid herself open to suspicion, and every envious huzzy in the neighborhood is shaking her head and saying—"We don't say anything; but we could, and we would, and we have seen enough to satisfy us." "Do you know that Judge A. called on me day before yesterday," says one of these amiables to her equally envious neighbor. "He could not stay, though, more than five minutes, but went and called on Madame B—— and staid a full hour, and I put my ear to the key-hole and heard them talking about Shakespeare and somebody they called Shelly, and then Madame talked full half an hour about Thackery's last novel, telling the whole story over to the Judge. I am sure I never waste my time in reading such nonsense. I much prefer the *New York Ledger*, and the *Ladies' Book*, with all the fashion plates in it. And I don't think it is proper for such a man as the Judge, a man of family—and very proud they are too—to pay such marked attention to a woman whom we do not choose to recognize in our select and virtuous circle." "I agree with you," replies her sweet-tempered companion; "and I don't think our minister is gaining any credit to himself by calling on her so often. The last time I met him, he had just come from there, and when I asked him to call, he said he was in a great hurry, for he had just left Madame B——'s, where, intending to stop but five minutes, he had been made a captive by her talk and detained an hour and a half. But I think he will not go there again in a hurry, for I told him that people said she was no better than she should be."

Exposed thus to the calumny and envy of her own sex, what shall become of this woman of wit? She was yesterday congratulating herself that she had character, position, and friends, and to-day, some kind, officious person informs her that scandal is afloat about her, and when she meets an old acquaintance she is passed by unrecognized. Is it any wonder that when a woman of this kind, of a sensitive and refined nature, having pride of character and consciousness of virtue and purity, should wish, on learning that such a construction is put upon her conduct, that she might lie down and wake only on a world where the tongue of scandal is ever silent.



O, let her that is plain not envy her more beautiful companion, and let her that is unsocial and insipid not regret that she, too, cannot entertain and please by her conversation. Wit, like beauty, is a dangerous gift. It brings a long train of sorrows. Its possession will never be forgiven by thousands who possess it not, and they will take their revenge by calumny and scandal. Be content to be a doll or a dummy, for so sure as you ever please by your conversation and vivacity you shall pay the penalty of your offence by often closing your eyes on a pillow wet with your own bitter tears.

The law of equivalents is a general, a universal law. It hath its exceptions, but nature strikes a general balance among mankind, and we shall find that those who seem to be the most favored by fortune, are, in reality, the most unhappy people in the world. The Creator has not dealt so invidiously with us as we are apt to suppose. When He confers great gifts He at the same time imposes great temptations. Each sweet has its bitter, and though we may think our own lot a peculiarly hard one, there is scarce a person in existence that would be willing to change his identity and take the place of another, though that other were the most favored person in the known world. The law of equivalents is universal. We have but to do our duty and we need not fear but we shall have our due reward. It is ours to serve and wait. We need not be anxious about great results. Let us enjoy life as it is offered to us, and remember the words of the immortal bard who consoled himself for the loss of his sight with the words —

“—————God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MEMORY.—The idle and the ignorant always excuse themselves, by saying they have bad memories. This however, is not true, for every one has a good memory who strives to improve it.

Some people have astonishingly powerful memories, but every one has enough to become extremely well informed and even learned.

## THE WIDOW'S CURSE.

AN INCIDENT FOUNDED ON TRUTH.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

OLD Jacob Short!—No miser ever gloated over his ill-gotten gains more than he did over his, as he counted them out at his desk, in one corner of his dingy shop, at half past ten o'clock, every evening of the year. Jacob was a rum-seller, in a small country town in New England. His shop stood on a corner where two roads met. Before it stood an old, broken guide-post, partly thrown over by the wind, with the two hands pointing downward. Most people thought that in this they could see a wonderful significance, and that they could read there as plainly as though it had been written with black letters on a white tablet—"The road to ruin." Old Jacob had sold himself to his trade, or, in other words, as his neighbors said, "to the devil." There was not a morning dawned, or evening closed, in which they did not curse him in their hearts. Widows cursed him from their homes; orphans cursed in their misery and rags; fathers cursed him, whose sons were sleeping in untimely graves. Mothers—no—they did not curse—they only *prayed* vengeance! One of them called on him on the morning of a cold winter's day. Jacob rose as he saw her enter, and his hand convulsively clutched the paper he had been reading. His own conscience revealed to him her errand. She stood and looked him full in the face, and Jacob shrank before her glance as though it had been that of a tiger. "I come with a message to you, Jacob Short; it is my only one and my last; will you hear it?" Jacob turned as though he would have moved towards the door. "Stop! in the name of God! stand still, and hear me! You have ruined me and mine, Jacob Short. Go and look into my home. I had a husband there once. Where is he now? In the grave—yes—in a drunkard's grave! I had sons—three noble-hearted boys. Look on them to-day. Two of them sleep beside their father—dying as he died. One—the veriest wretch that crawls the earth is not so low as he. What has done all this? Rum! Jacob Short, rum! Rum, dealt out by your accursed hand, into the devil's cup. You—the tempter—the arch fiend—can you look me in the face and say, it is not so?—Nay—move not—hear me!

You have ruined me and mine, and now, hear the words of my curse! — May your wife and children become as I and mine this day are. May your sons lie down in the same grave as that into which I have seen my own two bright-eyed boys go down. May your wife live to see just such misery as you have entailed on me — not greater — that may not be — but misery *just like* mine. May you see it, and may these eyes be there to witness it! Farewell!” — and she turned from him and closed the door.

Did that hard man relent at the words he had just heard spoken? Do not believe it. He sat there with the same cold, gray, glossy eyes fixed on the fire; the same hard forehead; the same scowl on his face that had been printed there for years. Every man, woman, and child in the neighborhood knew that scowl. The children, with the quick instinct of childhood, fled from it as they would from a serpent. It was said the dogs never looked old Jacob Short in the face, but ran sneaking by, for his face was one that made even the dogs ashamed.

Three years had passed and Jacob Short lay on his death-bed. God had said it, and he had “not lived out half his days.” Did he feel remorse? Did devils haunt him in his guilty sleep — he who had sold himself to do the work of the devil? ’Tis said he is a poor pay-master — you shall hear.

In his last hours he said: “Send for her whom I have wronged — the woman that I have made widow and childless.” Foul fiends might have laughed, and asked the question — “Which of them? Which, of all the widows that you have made, and who have gone, every one of them, cursing you to their graves.” “Send for Minnie Hayne, the woman that met me in the rum-shop on that cold winter’s morning! Her words were like fire; albeit her body was shivering, half-clad with rags, in the bitter cold. Did she not curse me that day? And will not the words of that curse ring in my ears forever? Her eyes were blazing fire; like those of the damned! Send for her, I say. Let her come and look on the one she cursed.”

Minnie Hayne stood by the bed-side of that dying man, and said — “I have come! What do you want of me, Jacob Short? Speak quickly, and tell me why, of all others, you have sent for me, at an hour like this.” “I have sent for you because with you, more than all others, I have to do.

“You came to my rum-shop one cold winter’s morning, three years ago. You cursed me, Minnie Hayne, and the words of that curse have rung in my ears to this day. Sleeping and waking they have been there. Wherever I went they followed me, till I seemed beset as by a troop of fiends. But the voice I heard was not yours. It was stronger, deeper. Human lips never uttered it. It was spoken by one — shall I tell you who?” — and he drew her ear close to him, with a whisper that made her start — “*His! The Avenger! God!*”

“You cursed me, Minnie Hayne; you prayed that my wife and children might be as you and yours that day. Look on me now. I had three as noble boys as ever called forth the pride in a father’s heart. Where are they now? In the grave; Minnie Hayne, in the grave. Rum! rum! the same as that with which I murdered your poor boys, has murdered mine also. My wife; will she not be childless and a widow, like yourself, in a few short hours? You prayed that her misery might not be greater than yours. Oh, it will! it will! She will have this thought to torture her which you will not — ‘He with whom my life was linked as husband, was a murderer! He went down to his grave with the orphan’s blood, and the widow’s curse on his soul.’”

“Now, go! you have seen your curse fulfilled; you have looked on my torment. There is blood on my soul — blood!” And Minnie could hear his voice shrieking after her as she went — “Blood! blood!”

Minnie Hayne went to her wretched lodgings that night, and amid all her desolation and misery, she blessed God that she was not the wife of old Jacob Short, the rum-seller; and, as she opened her Bible, she read with awe these words of the Almighty:—

“If ye afflict any widow, or fatherless child, and they cry unto me, I will surely hear their cry, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.”

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BE wise; prefer the person before money, virtue before beauty; the mind before the body: then hast thou in a wife, a friend, a companion, who will bear an equal share in all thy toils and afflictions.

## THE DICTATOR AT THE DESSERT;

WHAT HE THINKS AND SAYS.

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AN omnibus is a type of life. Like the stage it has its entrances and it exits. Passengers come in and go out all along the track, as humanity commences and ends its existence. At each street corner some one pulls the strap. The fee is paid, the cost of the ride is settled with the driver, and the passenger moves by you to the door, as people move to the grave. A little rustling of silk, a compression of crinoline, a staggering along between rows of people who give place to the departing, and each thinking over an obituary, the passenger goes down the steps into that great grave, the city; the door is shut, and on the omnibus moves again like life, until the next one's time and place are reached, when the same process is re-enacted. Meanwhile, like life, the vacant seat is soon occupied by another taken up by the wayside; and so the omnibus, like the great congregation of existence, is varying ever, never so full that there is not room for more. If you keep your seat until near, or quite to the station, like him who reaches the "three score years and ten," the chances are that few or none of those that started with you are still your companions, and you must go down the steps alone, and no one misses you. All along the way you see new faces, and forms, and fashions; no two alike; each on a different errand, each for a different destination; some, the workers, with a little bundle, some with hard hands, some with unsoiled gloves. Look out of the window as you ride, and life is passing you this way and that; the pedestrian who keeps abreast, or falls behind; the equestrian who dashes by your slow motion like High Flyer or Le-compte; and there, too, is the toiling drudge harnessed to his cart and heavy load, or the donkey beneath his disproportioned burden. You pass the splendid mansion and its luxurious inhabitants; you pass, too, the hovel and its squalid inmates. Your city is humanity, the street you travel is life's avenue, along which the wheels of destiny still roll you onward. Now the late shower of prosperity may have lain the dust, or a hot sun may have dried it, and a fresh breeze, or a squall may roll the stifling particles through the open windows,—just like life. Close the windows and you stifle with pent up air,

and respiration becomes a burden. Open the sashes and the chill winds comes whiffing in, full of colds, cramps and rheumatism.

Opposite, sits beauty in satin and ribbons, and by your side, ugliness with a disagreeable breath. Here is a subject of sympathetic instinct that makes the ride pleasant, and you regret to see the fair, small hand raised to pull the string; and there is your antipathy, whose touch makes you shrink with aversion, and you bless the fortune that puts him down at the corner,—just like life. I often ride in an omnibus for the lessons it teaches me, for the views I get of humanity in that democratic coach—the royal carriage of the people. There I am the equal of the millionaire, and I see him move from the noisy conveyance to the marble steps of his palace with as much indifference as I do the poor Irish servant with her bundle to find entrance to the kitchen by the side door. I listen to the vapid panegyrics of a prim gentleman, in elegant attire, as he talks morality and essays possession of exquisite taste. And I am not surprised if, when looking back after him when he has jauntingly stepped down from the ignoble car, to see him pull the bell at the door where virtue never enters,—just like life. I laugh inside at the affectations of my *vis-a-vis* lady, who almost faints at a jolt, and languishly complains of the toil of locomotion, and thinks the dust dreadful, and the world's touch contamination; and I laugh outside when I see her move from our generous carriage towards an ordinary house, met at the gate with the noisy cry of mother, by half-a-dozen dirty, barefooted, roystering boys, guiltless of soap and water, a comb, or a clean suit, for the last two weeks,—just like life. Yes, the omnibus is a moving panorama; a life on wheels; an age spent in a half hour's ride; an education at a bit charge; an experience for which you hand the driver a half dollar and get as change, a ride, eight tickets, and—in the evening—a short quarter from the knavish driver.

The idea of Dr. Franklin of a double Executive—two Presidents instead of one—was not original with him, as all readers of history know; the Athenians having tried it many ages before him. Nor were they the originators, probably. Japan has her two Emperors, although of different and unequal powers. But the principle is carried by them to a much greater extent than ever entered the heads or received the endorsement of the Greek statesman or the American sage. In Japan, each officer is a duplicate of another.

er, as much like him as the broad right leg of his trowsers is like its win leg, straw yellow, or white, bright red, or sky blue. Number one jots down what number two jots down, and number two is a check balance to number one. Official business there is an alternating writ of supersedeas. A writer remarks that this is but the red-tape system of civilization, in a disguised form. He might have said it is but the modified, or systemized essence of our polite society, in which each man and woman is watched by at least one observer, a kind of echo, or shadow, a second self, taking notes of his or her movements, noting down and reporting for the discussion of the great imperial government of scandal, particularly the faulty errors and improprieties, real or imagined, which the echo, the shadow, has observed in the voice, the substance which it acts as a check upon. Thus society's self-constituted *espionage* serves to make all private matters public, each reporting upon his neighbor's acts to the higher tribunal, our celestial emperor, the public ear. We smile at the official check system of Japan, while we apply it in all our individual, private relations. Which is the wiser and least objectionable? Chess is, doubtless, the most intellectual of games, and I admire the genius of Paul Morphy, who has conquered its world of veterans, almost in his teens. But I have little respect for that phrenzy which has created a thousand clubs because of his success, and taken ten thousand youths and men of years from useful employment, to drivel over pieces of ivory and wood, each thinking his chances for immortal fame improved because a stripling in years had stripped the honors from all the elder brows adorned with laurel. Hoyle, and Polydore, and Ben Franklin have endorsed the great game. Paulsen has astonished us by the interior power of movement and combination he has displayed, independent of the senses. And Morphy has dumfounded and made us a still vainer nation, while he has conquered the world of chess. But that is no very sufficient reason why every fellow who can tell the movement of a knight from that of a bishop, to imagine himself a possible rival of either. Of the hundred thousand who have run mad of Morphyne stimulus, ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine had better take morphine sufficient to make a checkmate of life, since they have made a state mate of common sense already.

Hood is reported to have said facetiously, that the phrase, "re-

public of letters," was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they had not got a sovereign amongst them. This was good. But as it was an equivoque, he might have been told that he forgot King David, and James of Scotland, for they were not only sovereigns, but are among the lot of authors. Cæsar and the Napoleons, too, come in for their share. But it would spoil a good thing to be too exact in answering a witticism.

I love flowers with a childish delight, but I am no botanist, and never shall be. I love them for their beauty, not because they belong to this or that class, order, or genera. I might have had a smattering of the science, but the portfolios of a dozen classmates crammed with grasses and shrub leaves, ugly and uninviting, and the artificial enthusiasm of youths who thought themselves each an embryo Linneus, because he had mastered the difference between the Canadian thistle and a poppy, checked my ardor's growth. But the final touch was given by Laura, just from boarding-school and Mrs. Lincoln. I presented her a bouquet gathered at the expense of climbing, toil, and risk, and made holy, I thought, by the love my soul had breathed upon it for its own and her sake. She took it as coldly as a modern lady will the seat you resign her in a car and leave you standing unthanked and comfortless, and immediately commenced plucking out corolla and stamen, and telling me the class and order, the *inia* and *andria* to which they belonged. She tore a throb of love from my heart with each flower-leaf that fell fragmentarily upon the floor, and I have loved the flower in its natural state whole, entire, and unanalyzed, all the more ever since, but science and Laura had their quietus made by that Vandalic act.

Yes, I love flowers as I do children, for their freshness, their beauty unspotted, the tinct of young life so unalloyed, the nearness they embody to the Great Source of all things most lovely. I care little for the class, the family of either, so the bud, the blossom, be pure and pleasant to the senses. I shall not speculate upon their future, nor their scientific classifications. When I begin to analyze them they are no longer human flowers, but facts, and all the poetry of which they are full as children, becomes plain, blank, cold prose. They are then merely specimens for science to classify, and tell whether they belong to the order of thistles — politicians and attorneys — to the sugar-making cane and sorghum — belles and



bewilderers— or to the narcotics, the poppies and nightshades — the drones in robes, and the poisonous *secundem artem*. They are children no more.

The poet here remarked that he thought I had grown so dull, he might venture to read a few lines he had produced, his text the broken expression of his youngling, praying his speedy return ; and as children were the theme, he was permitted to proceed.

“TUM HOME EARLY.”

Oh, happy is the loving father's heart,  
 For though his soul be proud, his physique burly,  
 His eyes grow moist with gladness as he hears  
 Those young lips utter, “Papa, tum home early.”

No water lispng from the limpid spring,  
 And gurgling o'er the pebbles clean and pearly,  
 Hath half the music for his listening ear,  
 As those fresh, baby accents, “Tum home early.”

He turns and stops there by his own loved door,  
 With hand on that young head so fair and curly,  
 His heart o'erfull of blessings, and his eyes  
 Made dim by those dear wordlings, “Tum home early.”

The cares that canker life, the toils that wear,  
 The ills that make the temper sour and surly,  
 Are drowned like discords by an organ's swell  
 By those sweet, loving, flute notes, “Tum home early.”

I have had plaudits from the multitude,  
 And love from lips so cherry-red and girly, —  
 All seem scene-painting to the rainbow's hues,  
 Compared with those fond utterings, “Tum home early.”

God bless thee, fresh, young heart! and when thou, too,  
 Shalt leave this world inconstant, false and hurly,  
 Long after I have past it, may my soul  
 Be first in Heaven to bid thee come home early.

EMMA is from the German, and signifies a nurse ; Caroline, from the Latin—noble minded ; George, from the Greek—a farmer ; Martha, from Hebrew—bitterness ; the beautiful and common Mary is Hebrew, and means a drop of salt water—a tear ; Sophia, from the Greek—wisdom ; Susan, from Hebrew—a lily ; Thomas, from Hebrew—a twin ; and Robert, from German—famous in council.

## MUSIC, POETRY AND SCIENCE.

BY L. C. A.

Bid gentle Music speak,  
Let Science give her plea,  
And Poetry tell now  
Why she has claimed to be  
Preëminent in virtues that will wreath her brow  
With laurels, Juno twineth for the victor now.

BEHOLD the glory, power and majesty of Jove's mighty kingdoms assembled at his courts! Each eye is lit with fires of anxiety; each countenance proclaims that some great event of common interest to all, will soon take place. A low note breaks upon the air; louder and richer does it grow, until the spacious hall is filled with melody; then slowly, sweetly dies away, and silence, as of death, reigns there.

Imperial Jove now speaks, and sways the while his mighty sceptre. Let the competitors, who at the threshold wait, approach. Tell them we grant them audience, will hear their claims, and on his head, who proves his just preëminence, shall Juno place the laurel-wreath of fame.

He ceased; aside was drawn the mystic veil that shrouds the portals; the suppliants entered, bent on lowly knee before their sovereign lord; then stood erect in conscious pride of victory before him. The sweet love-light in Poetry's blue eye, the holy calm upon the lofty brow of science, and the smile that dimpled Music's cheek proclaimed them gentle, happy suppliants.

Welcome, ye gifted ones, thrice welcome are ye to our courts, said their most gracious king; we joy to see you here, and wait to give impartial sentence, when we shall have heard your claim. Therefore, Science, we will listen to thy plea, and see what cause thou showest for especial favor in our sight.

Obedient to the mandate, Science, in these words set forth her claims: I come before thee, O, Imperial Jove, and thy assembled court, with the rainbow of hope spanning my brow, and the blue skies looking down lovingly upon me, to hold out before you the many claims I have upon the human race, and upon your power and approving voice. Where is the spot in all earth's broad domains,

over which I hold not sway, even now? From the extended kingdoms of the East, to the proud "land of the setting sun," the tide of glory has been rolling on, swerving neither to the right nor left, but in its onward course hath ever triumphed, and submerged with its floods of light, humanity in every phase of being.

Wherever the foot of man has trod, there have I been; wherever the flag of freedom has floated, there have I plumed my wings, and startled the world from its dreamings, that it might arise to sublime thoughts and reality. I have watched the heart-beatings of mighty nations, since the world began—since our first parents left their home of gladness, to wander forth upon the earth, buffeted by adverse winds, I have carried Justice and Judgment in my hand, and administered to many weary children. Yonder lies the ruin of greatness that came into being through the power of a breath, by my will. The glories enshrouded in a flood of light, bring to mind the day when her heart rejoiced in her conquest, for Rome, the "seven-hilled empress," received Science as her bosom friend, and was well repaid for the friendly embrace. What did all this? was my power not equal to the task? Ah, yes. "Fair Isles of Greece, whom burning Sappho loved and sung, eternal summer gilds them yet, though all except their sun is set;" there were laid broad foundations of greatness, upon which succeeding ages constructed noble monuments of thought. I have vanquished the minions of ignorance, and elevated to higher and nobler pursuits, those who were victimized, and wherever the rays of effulgence from my shield have been dispensed, humanity has asserted her rights, and now scatters to millions of souls, seeds of intellectual progress and true refinement. To what does society owe her elevation and pleasant continuation? Is it not to the influence of science? Yes; for had I withdrawn my magic wand, had I withheld the invigorating glances that have been bestowed upon the world, long e're this, the most degraded sentiments would have held the place of purity, and those who now go forth as bright and shining lights, would have occupied the lowest positions of which their depraved natures would admit.

But my might has conquered, and through it all nations are and shall be blessed. Steadily and truly science will extend and continue to supplant error with truth, ignorance with knowledge, and

sin with true goodness. Through her unlimited power the world beholds the dawning of a more brilliant future than ever before; the horizon already glows with joy, and it will soon be said, Science hath been this way; her car floated by, and as it went, left peace and joy with us.

Hath my plea found favor in thy hearing? If so, then am I satisfied; if not, I look forward to a more glorious guerdon, the recompense of true merit, and my name shall yet be chronicled upon many hearts, although it gain no place in thy record.

Not so, O! Science, spoke the High One; well hast thou pleaded thy cause; thy eloquence hath sunk deep into our very soul.

But listen: fair haired, blue eyed Poetry would wave aside all other claims, that to us she may prove *her* precedence. Yes, replied the fair one, I am no romantic visionary, nor is mine the boisterous reign of Science, but far and wide, I too extend my might. Ask a Homer or a Milton what power lead them to scale the dizzy heights of fame, and upon the highest pinnacle plant a flag which should forever wave, proclaiming far and wide, their well-earned preëminence. What silent influence nerved them to achieve the glorious triumph they have won, and now leads the hearts of very many to bound with rapture at the words of the former, and drink deep from the clear fountain of glorious sayings that gushed from the soul of the blind writer? The reply would be: Poetry whispered some sweet dream of joy, and we listened to her—she urged us to the contest by the eloquence of her persuasions, and casting a glittering chain about our hearts, bound us to her own will: she guided us where'er she would, and we willingly followed in her pathway. And not alone are these two; the memory of a Shakspeare, Young and Byron, will live for ages, and as ever add new lustre to my brilliant career. I shun not penury, nor want, but gently pushing back the flowing curls from off the brow of lowly beauty, I whisper to her, also, words of comfort, and bind about her forehead the wreath of never-dying poesy.

I dispel the cold, gray clouds from the heart of the dejected, and lead them to the stream where the wine of my spirit floweth freely. The glories of conquered Greece are mine;—the children that live and breathe beneath Italy's genial clime, bring their trophies and lay them at my feet. Yes, mine is a hallowed gift. Could I now bring

before thee the world-renowned, that have been comforted and elevated by my smile, that have gained many an hour of happiness, as the light of my presence beamed upon them, then, perchance thou wouldst accept my plea; yet cast me not from thy presence quite; but for the sake of millions yet to live, place upon my brow the signal of thy approval, and though science hath won thee by her high-souled eloquence, and music may charm thee with her syren voice; let poetry, by her simple breathings, claim the heritage that belongs to her.

Oh! mighty Jove! said sweet-voiced Music, my offering is last presented, but grant that it be not least in thy sight. Ask me where I spread my pinions, and I answer: throughout creation's vast expanse; from the firmament above, where the "spheres make music," to the flowers and springing grass beneath, where the grasshopper low sings his evening song.

The wild child of the forest hears my voice in the pealing thunder, and as the winter wind goes past his wigwam home, he fears it not, for it is music to him; and her charms tell him of the Great Spirit of goodness. The soldier upon the battle plain feels my power; the flying shot whistles by, the glistening bayonets flash before him, the bugle sounds and he rushes the contest. By my cheering voice, I keep from him the furious battle din; by my enlivening tones, encourage him to press forward for his country's welfare. Go forth to Nature! She will speak for me with her ten thousand tongues; she will bid you list to the ocean's murmur, as wave after wave bears upon its bosom the sea-shell's song, and the echo of my voice from the coral deep; she will bid you listen to the brook as it ripples over golden sands, and to the dying autumn leaf, swayed by the zephyr's light-winged sport; and should you ask, why is this? she'll whisper to you,—music is the bosom friend of Nature's children.

I am a free spirit, and my home is everywhere. I visit the lowly cottage, and you may hear my voice in the mother's gentle tones as she hushes her child to its evening slumber.

The rich love me; the lofty palace would be a deserted abode, did I not visit the occupants, and when the heart is sad, enliven it with the soul stirring enchantment that I can ever throw around the drooping spirit. Minerva's lute hath chased the tear away, and Apollo's

lyre hath driven the frown from off thy brow; didst thou not know me then?

*Mine* is the power to disperse the threatening clouds of anger, and avert the blow of violence; to bind the broken heart, and smooth the rugged paths of life. Am I weary? No! for I came from a Bright Land, to do the bidding of the King of Kings. And while I journey, myriads of happy ones smile upon the ways of music, and delight in her melody.

But ere I depart, let me crave thy blessing, oh, most excellent! Let me not go from hence, without some proof that music has wreathed around thy spirit, some glorious strain that shall not be forgotten. Stay yet a little, bright ones, said the monarch; upon whom shall we bestow the fadeless crown? For what were life to us without music around us, and poetry in our heart? and without peerless science, our kingdom would not stand.

Then upon the brow of each, he placed a shining wreath, and whispered to music sweet, and gentle poetry,—then go ye forth as sister spirits; clasp the hand of science and loiter not in the way, but still pursue the march so joyously begun. Continue to elevate the human race, alleviate the sorrows of life, and pour sweet harmony into the hearts of all.

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### THE SHIP “EXTRAVAGANCE.”

Oh, Extravagance saileth in climes bright and warm,  
 She is built for the sunlight and not for the storm;  
 Her anchor is gold, and her mainmast is pride—  
 Every sheet in the wind doth she dashingly ride!  
 But *Content* is a vessel not built for display,  
 Though she's ready and steady—come storm when it may.  
 So give us *Content* as life's channel we steer,  
 If our pilot be *Caution*, we've little to fear!

Oh! Extravagance saileth 'mid glitter and show,  
 As if fortune's rich tide never ebbed in its flow;  
 But see her at night when her gold-light is spent,  
 When her anchor is lost, and her silken sails rent;  
 When the wave of destruction her shatter'd side drinks,  
 And the billows—ha! ha!—laugh and shout as she sinks.  
 No! give us *Content*, as life's channel we steer;  
 While our pilot is *Caution*, there's little to fear.—*Charles Swain.*



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### FORGIVENESS.

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Forgive thy foes, nor that alone,  
Their evil deeds with good repay,  
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,  
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant Sandal bow  
In meek forgiveness to its doom,  
And o'er the axe, at every blow,  
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

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### THE LITTLE FISH TAMER.

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A TRUE STORY.

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BY G. T. SPROAT.

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AWAY on the western shores of the Atlantic Ocean is a town called Hingham. If you will look on the map of North America you will see Cape Cod and Massachusetts Bay. Well, on the western shore of the Bay is Hingham.

There is a little pond in the town full of tame fishes. A little girl lives there, close to the pond, and she goes to it every day and sits upon a rock in the water, and calls for the fishes to come and eat out of her hand, and they all come, for they love the sound of the little girl's voice.

One day I went to see her. She was a very happy looking little girl, and I did not wonder that the fishes loved to look into her eyes—they were so smiling. There was a large pine forest that we had to go through before we came to the house where she lived. We rode past a little pond and the man who was with me said, "That is the pond where the tame fish live."

By-and-by we came to the house and knocked at the door. A woman opened the door—it was the little girl's mother. We told her we had come to see the tame fishes.

"O, yes, I will go with you," said a sweet voice in another room, and out ran the little girl before us to the side of the pond. She sat down on a rock that was in the pond by the shore.

"Now," said she, "you must be still, and I will call the fishes. I will call Cato first. Cato is king, you know. If he comes first, then all the others will follow. Cato! Cato! come here and take your dinner. Cato! where are you, Cato?"

Presently we saw Cato coming. He was a very pretty fish. The little girl said he was "a jewel." He came and took the food from her hand. "Now, Juno—she is queen—would you like to see Juno?" and she called for Juno to come. But I expect Juno was asleep, or tired, or busy, for she did not come.

"O, that Juno!" said the little girl, "she is a naughty fish. She will not come when I call her."

But in her place came a whole host of little fish, and ate out of the little girl's hand. She talked to them, and played with them, and looked into their eyes, and seemed very happy. "They are my brothers and sisters," she said. "I have no brother now. He is dead. He used to come here with me, and help me feed the fish. They all loved him very much. But he grew sick and died, and now I have to come here alone." The little girl looked very sad when she talked about her brother. "The fishes all loved him," she said. "Some of them loved him better than they did me, for they always came when he called them. They knew his voice, and would all huddle around him. O, how the fishes loved my little brother!"

"And now," she said, "do you want to see my turtles? I have two nice turtles who live in the pond. Their names are Diana and Vesta." And the little girl called the turtles. Up they scrambled on the steep rock beside her, and ate out of her hand.



“There, that is all,” she said. My dinner is all gone, and I can show you no more to-day. Come again, some time, and you shall see me give all my brothers and sisters their breakfasts. They always like breakfast best.” And so the little girl bid us good-bye, and we got into our carriage and rode away.

This was several years since, but I often think of the lesson of love that the little girl taught me, when I went to see her feed the tame fishes.

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## Home Department.

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**ROAST BEEF.**—The nicest piece for roasting is the rib. Two ribs of fine beef is a piece large enough for a family of eight or ten. Put it in a dripping pan without water or salt; place it in an oven that is hot so as to roast the outside quickly, which will cause it to retain the juice and also preserve the inside rare. If it is preferred quite rare, an hour or an hour and a half will cook it. When done, place it on a hot platter, pour off some of the fat from the dripping pan, stir in some flour, and add a little water; let it come to the boil for a minute or two; add some salt and pepper and serve in a gravy-boat. Never put salt on beef that is designed for either roasting or broiling, for it extracts the juice and renders it dry and unpalatable. A good rule to govern housekeepers with regard to cooking meats is this:—all dark meats should be done *rare*; while all white meats require to be *thoroughly* cooked.

**WHITE FRICASSEED CHICKEN.**—Cut up a chicken in pieces, wash it and season with pepper and salt, put it in a stew pan with a little water and let it stew till done tender; then add a tea-cupful of cream and some butter rolled in flour to thicken the gravy. If not sufficiently seasoned, add more pepper or salt as may be required. If the chicken is fat, very little butter is necessary. Watch it carefully; let it come nearly to boiling point, but not quite, or it will curdle; pour it in your platter; have ready some hard boiled eggs and sprigs of green parsley, with which, garnish the dish and send to the table hot. Breast of veal is very nice cooked in the same way.

**SPARE RIB.**—Crack the ribs across the joints, wash and season with pepper, salt, and rubbed sage; put in the oven and cook slowly till well done; serve without gravy. It may be prepared in the same manner and broiled on the gridiron.

## Editor's Table.

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How fast time flies—so fast, indeed, that we failed to note the shadow cast upon the dial-plate which told that a year had past since we sent forth the first number of the HESPERIAN to greet a California public. Yes, the first of May completed a year since we entered upon the editorial duties of the HESPERIAN;—a year which has had its share of care and anxiety; but, has also left with us its blessing and reward.

In looking back through all the toilsome way of the past year, we realize that we have much to be thankful for—much to congratulate ourselves upon. The HESPERIAN is no longer an experiment. The generous and appreciative spirit of our people long since placed it upon *terra firma*, and ranked it among the permanent institutions of California. Since the HESPERIAN put on the magazine form its success has been far beyond our expectations, or our most sanguine hopes; and we enter on the new year with the most flattering prospects before us. We are not unmindful whence this prosperity comes, and we trust the future will prove that we gratefully appreciate the favor so generously bestowed upon us.

We still labor under many disadvantages. San Francisco is not always supplied with the material necessary for our work, which sometimes causes a delay in the publication of the magazine. Only a short time since, we had to wait the arrival of the Eastern steamer for paper upon which to print our lithographic plates. We have, however, made arrangements by which, in a short time, we shall receive regular supplies of all things needful. In the meantime, we trust our friends will extend to us their kind indulgence; assured that we are not unmindful of either their kindness or their claims upon us; and that no effort shall be wanting on our part to render the HESPERIAN all that it should be.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.—PETER LASSEN, one of the veteran pioneers of California, is no more. He was shot down by a party of Piute Indians while out on a prospecting expedition near Black Rock Springs. Another pioneer gone!—What tumultuous feelings waken in the breast as we realize the full import of those sad words. Another of that veteran band who led the van of civilization through the deep gorges of the Rocky Mountains, and over the desert plains to the rugged shores of the Pacific, has fallen—laid low by the conquerer death. One by one they are passing away. Soon none will be left to tell the tale of those whose feet ventured where the foot of white man never trod before—who conquered the wild beasts of the forest, and subdued the savage tribes. It is hard for us to realize one of those brave men conquered; one of those stalwart forms prostrate. The palor of death resting upon the noble brow; the keen, flashing eye forever dimmed; the restless, energetic limbs, which ever spurred control, bound by the icy chains of death; the pulsations of the brave and generous heart forever stilled, without realizing the mighty power of death; for verily *naught else* had conquered here. Like the great oaks of the forest, they

are falling one by one—they are passing to that bourne from whence no traveler returneth.

In view of this fact, we commenced our "Sketches of the Lives of the Early Settlers of California;" hoping, thereby, to preserve many interesting incidents and some valuable facts connected with the early history of California. In carrying out this design we have found much to discourage us. A vast amount of valuable information is already lost; buried with those who sleep the last sleep. Again, our pioneers are not an egotistical or self-aggrandizing class of men; and with the modesty which ever accompanies true merit, they at first shrank from giving publicity to scenes in which they themselves figured so conspicuously as actors. But many of them now see the need and importance of the work in which we are engaged, and with characteristic nobleness, laying aside all thought of *self*, freely furnish us with the information desired. The eagerness with which the sketches so far given have been sought for, and the approbation they have everywhere received, notwithstanding their brevity and incompleteness, shows the popular feeling in this regard. The *Los Angeles Vineyard*, speaking on this subject in its issue of April 5th, says:—

"In the contents of the *HESPERIAN*, there are several things that we like. The first article is the commencement of a series of biographical sketches of California's early Pioneers; not those who came since the discovery of gold, but those who, unallured by mines of fabulous richness, wandered to this far-off land long years ago, to find a new country, a new *Hesperia*; to build for themselves new homes, to found an Empire of the West.

"The plan of the authoress of these sketches, is legitimate, and the field untrod. We know many, who with us will bid her God speed in her labor of love. Executed with fidelity and in the right spirit, her task of rescuing from oblivion, as far as may be, the features and lives of that band who led the 'March of Empire' to this its final goal, the Western confines of America, is one that will commend itself to the present and future generations. Centuries hence our posterity will look back upon the early settlers of California, and especially those who came here before the *grand rush*, as we who are congregated here from all the various nationalities, now look back on the pioneers of the country from which we came. Let the historian trace the record before the actors shall have passed off the stage."

Hereafter we hope to make these sketches more complete, and consequently more interesting. We think we are safe in indulging this hope, as some of the oldest of that brave band have kindly promised to place us in possession of such information as we need, and such a record of facts connected with the early history of California, as shall make our work not only interesting, but valuable to all who feel an interest in the past, or indulge a hope for the future of our fair State.

We have sometimes felt as if people in the Eastern States did not fully appreciate or sympathise with the toiling, weather-beaten sons of California. But the following exquisite gem from the *Marshall Statesman*, has put to flight all such ungenerous thoughts, and taught us that the electric cord of sympathy, that

telegraphic signal by which "heart answers unto heart" still quivers and vibrates in response to the joys and sorrows of many a wanderer in the golden land. Read it, and then let fall a tear of sympathy for the writer, who has evidently been brought near to us by suffering; for words like those are wrung only from hearts tried by affliction.

THE MINER'S DEATH.

BY LILA LEA.

Far beyond Nevada's summit, far beyond the desert old,  
Where the miner's lonely footsteps wander oft in search of gold,  
Comes a faint and feeble murmur, borne upon the stilly breeze,  
Like the breath of tranquil summer, floating through the waving trees;  
Only sadder, only deeper, for it is the moan of death!  
Hark!—no gentle, loving weeper, comes to catch the last faint breath;  
All alone amid the anguish of his young departing life,  
In the miner's humble cabin, there he waits to meet the strife.

See!—the death-dew thickly gathers on the noble pallid brow,  
But those eyes of melting lustre catch a brighter glow e'en now;  
List!—he whispers, oh, my Father, take me to thyself in Heaven.  
Let sweet angels round me hover, while the life-cord shall be riven;  
I am dying, with no loved one near to catch the parting lay;  
Oh! that *she* could set beside me, from the darkness until day,  
Could I feel the soft fond pressure of her lips upon my cheek;  
Could I once more hear those accents of that voice so soft and meek.

She will weep in doubtful sorrow, vainly watching my return,  
Oft her bower she'll deck with beauty, oft the lamp for me she'll burn;  
God protect—angels guide her to the land of holy rest;  
May no evil e'er betide her, when my soul is with the blest.  
All my earthly hopes have faded, all my golden dreams are fled,  
Soon among the stranger hillocks they will lay my weary head;  
But my spirit will be ransomed, and forever dwell with Him.  
Yes, I'm going—strangers, listen, for my eyes are growing dim.

Lay me where the gentle river sings its plaintive lullaby,  
Where the wild birds and zephyrs e'er may chant a mingled sigh.  
Farewell, earth—his breath comes fainter—death's strong arms around him fold;  
Those deep eyes are closing slowly; those fine limbs are growing cold!  
One short struggle—all is over!—gentle maiden, thou mayst weep,  
For thy young and faithful lover rests within a *dreamless sleep*.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Is there not an error in the mode of educating daughters at the present day? "O, dear!" we heard a young lady exclaim to her mother, "I can't wash dishes; it makes my hands so black and my joints so stiff, that I never can go through with my exercise on the piano:" and the mother, who had made the feeble request unaccompanied by parental authori-

ty, toiled on alone, while her daughter, dressed in the height of fashion, entertained her perfumed French music master in the parlor, with no thought of the mother who had reared her through all the helpless years of infancy and childhood, and whose declining years now claimed the solace of a daughter's sympathy and generous, unselfish love.

We are warm advocates for the education of girls, who, we believe, should have every advantage which is accorded to their brothers. But, while educating the head, let us not forget the *heart-culture*, which is of the first importance. Of what value is the accomplishment of playing the piano, or the melody of sweet sounds, which answer to the touch of fair fingers, if obtained at the expense of moral duty, and those holy acts of filial tenderness and affection which come so gracefully from the young to the aged; and which cause the character to shine forth with a lustre and radiance almost unearthly. Such an one creates harmony in the household, and her heart gives forth a richer music, and a more exquisite melody, than ever echoed to mortal touch from harp, piano, or deep-toned organ,—neither will the heart-culture, for which we contend, interfere with the education of the mind; on the contrary, it will be found a valuable auxiliary in bringing to perfection the mind and character, and rearing a complete temple of moral worth and excellence. But, let us go back a step. Can that be called education which requires a young woman to ignore all practical and household duties? that she may cram her brain with a smattering of knowledge? We answer no—this is but the exaction of *fashionable, superficial nonsense*; not the requirement of that genuine knowledge and understanding of matters and things, of philosophy and science, which fits, (not unfits), one for the duties of life. From all this we deduce one fact—there is a true and a false system of education. How then shall we discern between them? Can that be *true* which require the sacrifice of filial affection and moral duty, and ignores the cultivation of the most graceful and charming of all accomplishments, that genuine politeness which is ever ready to sacrifice personal feeling for the good of another? Is it not rather that which strengthens principle, enforces duty, and fits its possessor for the whole duty of life, so that she stand forth in all the regal majesty of virtue and moral strength—upon her head the diadem of truth inlaid with the precious stones of understanding and discretion—her form clothed with the ermine robe of maiden modesty—upon her feet the sandals of industry, while in her right hand she grasps the sceptre of knowledge, with which she overcomes the evils and temptations of life.

But, say you, women are not exposed to dangers and temptations—they are sheltered by the sacred walls of home, and protected by fathers, brothers and husbands. We grant it all. But does the syren voice of the tempter never enter within those hallowed walls? Is man true, that woman may implicitly trust? Do the honeyed but poisonous words of flattery no more fall from his lips? Is the home circle a charmed spot where the trail of the serpent never enters? Alas! alas! the requiem of departed virtue is even now sounding in our ears; the wail was begun at the desecrated hearth-stone and by the shattered altar of home, and its sad cadence has been borne to the utmost verge of civilization. The record of man's unfaithfulness is traced upon many a pale

check and fragile form which staggers past us in our daily walks. Verily, dangers and temptations abound, even within the charmed circle of a happy home. Mothers! turn which way you will—evade the startling truth as best you may—yet the responsibility of your daughter's future rests with you. Are you aiding her intellect and cultivating her affections, thereby preparing the gorgeous diadem to grace her lofty brow? Are you keeping pure and untarnished the ermine robe of maiden modesty, beneath which lies the vitality of womanhood. Remember, a breath may tarnish its purity, which, like the bloom on the fruit, can return no more. Be vigilant, then, that nothing mar its delicate texture, or soil the folds of its snowy whiteness. Are you teaching her habits of industry which shall be as sandals to her feet, protecting her from the thorns and sharp rocks of want and temptation? Are you instructing her daily, imparting to her freely of the intellectual and moral truths which have been given to you? Are you giving to her "line upon line, and precept upon precept,"—here a little and there a little? and have you placed in her hand the sceptre of knowledge by which she shall overcome the varied evils which assail her from every side?

It is not enough that you educate the head and the intellect. You must also cultivate the heart and the affections, if you would have her

"A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit, still and bright,  
With something of an angel light."

Oh, mothers who indulge in easy indolence, and allow your children to take their own course, and choose their own companions, beware! And you, mothers, who in the vanity of your hearts, deck your daughters for the midnight dance and the public show, guard well the ermine robe, for beneath those influences its spotless purity may be forever lost! It is somewhere recorded, "That as ye sow, so shall ye reap," and "if ye sow the wind ye shall reap the whirlwind."

THE recent fine weather seems to have driven every one who is able to walk, out to enjoy the delightful air, and forcibly reminds us of a letter written by a young friend at the east, in which she says—

"WALKING is my antidote for everything; when I am thinking deeply, I walk; when I am very happy, I must go out and have nature sympathize with me, and then how brightly-beautiful everything looks. When I am sad I walk because nature is a kind mother, and partakes one's sorrows as well as joys; and above all, when I am angry I walk and sing conjointly, because I am determined to give way to no bursts of passion, and walking rapidly is the only escape valve I can discover for the steam of passion to find its way out."

How much better that than to allow the tongue to become the escape valve for the angry passions. Walking is not only a healthy exercise for the body, bringing strength to the limbs and bloom to the cheek, but it brings the mind into sympathy with nature, and lifts us from nature up to nature's God.

WE must still complain of receiving too much poetry, if that can be called poetry where the chief beauty consists in a mere jingle of words. We wish to call the attention of our poetical friends to the following excellent advice which we extract from *Fraser's Magazine*:

POETICAL COMPOSITION.—If meter and melody be worth anything at all, let them be polished to perfection; let an author "keep his piece nine years," or ninety and nine, till he has made it as musical as he can—at least, as musical as his other performances. Not that we counsel dilatory and piecemeal composition. The thought must be struck off in the passion of the moment; the sword-blade must go red-hot to the anvil, and be forged in a few seconds: true; but after the forging, long and weary polishing and grinding must follow, before your sword-blade will cut. And melody is what makes poetry cut; what gives it its life, its power, its magic influence, on the hearts of men. It must ring in their ears; it must have music in itself; it must appeal to the senses as well as to the feelings, the imagination, the intellect; then, when it seizes at once on the whole man, on body, soul, and spirit, will it "swell in the heart, and kindle in the eyes," and constrain him, he knows not why, to believe and to obey.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BENICIA.—The annual exhibition of the Collegiate Institute, Benicia, will take place on the 9th inst. We acknowledge from Mr. C. J. Flatt, principal of the Institution, a very attractive programme of the exercises, together with a very kind invitation to be present. We should gladly avail ourselves of the rich treat, did not our duties peremptorily forbid any such diversion. Mr. Flatt and his efficient corps of teachers have done, and are doing, much for the cause of education on the Pacific Coast. The blessing of many parents rest upon them; and at the coming exhibition many a father's heart will swell with pride, and many a mother's breast be filled with joy as they note the progress made by their sons during the past year. The Institution is worthy of patronage by all parents who have the welfare of their sons at heart. We wish them all happiness and success at the coming exhibition, only too sorry that we cannot partake with them.

ACCEPTED.—"Maidenhood," "The True Wife," "My Lesson," "Enthusiasm," "My Wife and I," "A Vision," "Watching Alone," and others which we have not time to enumerate.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"To Miss D— B—," "I Dream of Thee." "Old Tennessee—The Faithful Friend;" "To My Mother—Memory;" "Mount Vernon Papers—Hope;" "The Jewels of the Mind;" "Alone in my Despair;" "Reminiscences of '49;" "An Adventure with a Grizzly;" "The Parting Hour," &c., &c. We cannot return rejected MSS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Extend your indulgence. You shall all have attention as soon as it is in our power to bestow it. We owe you much.

SUBSCRIBERS will please bear in mind that the year closed with the May number of the *HESPERIAN*, and remit their subscriptions if they wish the work continued.

No dealer will be furnished with the *HESPERIAN* where the bill for the preceding month yet remains unpaid.

EMBROIDERING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



TO BE OBTAINED OF MR. FENN, CALIFORNIA STREET, ABOVE MONTGOMERY.







*Chas. Friedrich del.*

*From a Photograph by W. Shaw*

**ISAAC J. SPARKS.**

*( Expressly for the Hesperian. )*



L. NAGEL PR.

KUCHEL & DRESEL. LITH.

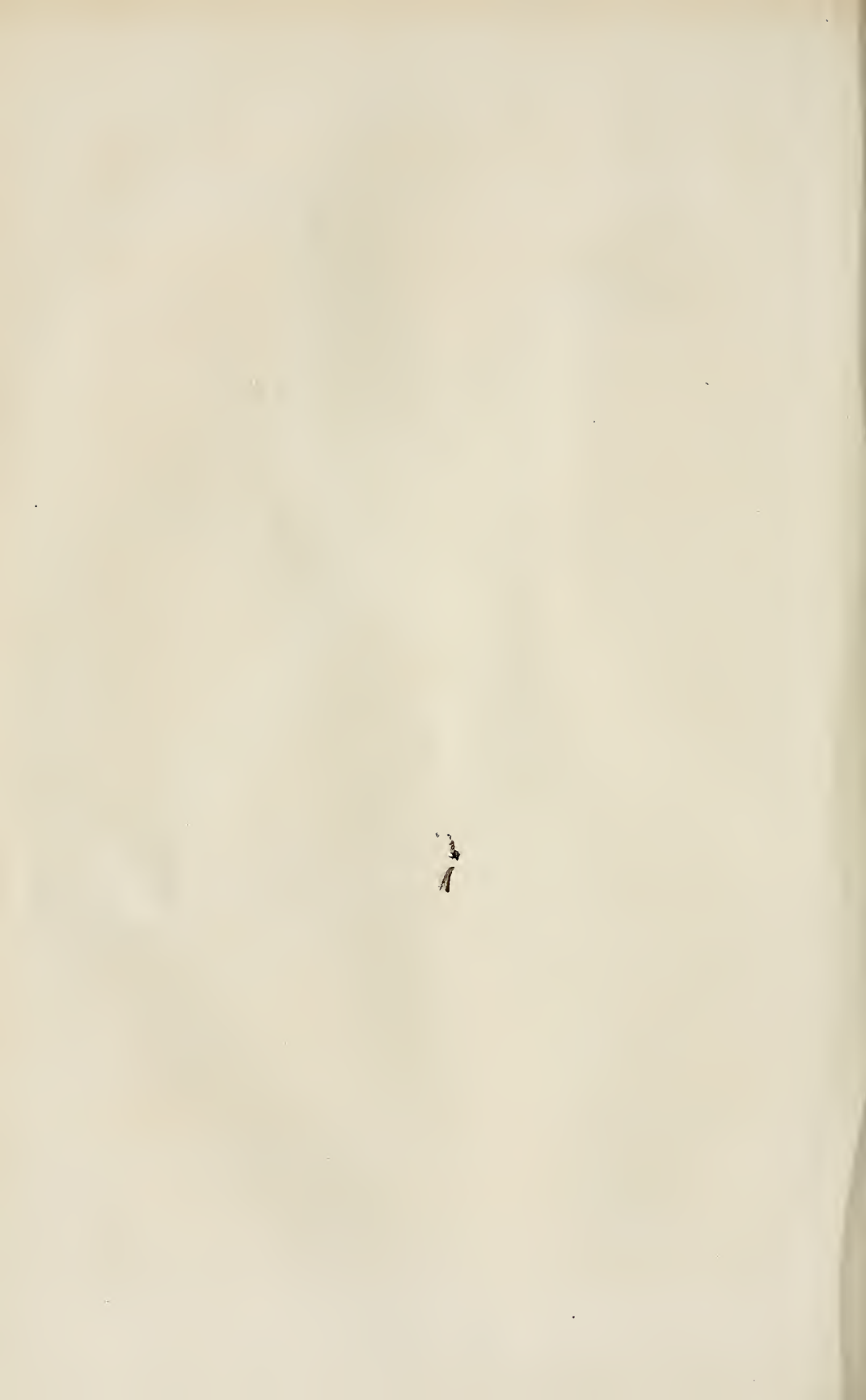
*Bearded Jay.*

1 MALE.

CYNOCORAX BARBATUS. (BRISSON.)

2 FEMALE.

*Expressly for the HESPERIAN, from an original Drawing by A. J. Grauson.*



# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1859.

No. 5.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

ISAAC J. SPARKS.

MR. ISAAC J. SPARKS, one of the veteran band of pioneers, was born in the town of Bowdoin, District of Maine, in the year 1804. The day before the battle of New Orleans, his father started with the intention of going to the Genesee country, but changed his mind and struck across the Alleghany Mountains to the head waters of the Alleghany River — at that time the head of navigation. Here he tarried long enough to build a large flat boat, upon which he made his way to Cincinnati. The following winter, he, with his son Isaac, started in a keel boat for St. Louis. On their way thither they met the first steamboat that ever ploughed its way through the waters of the Missouri.

Mr. SPARKS continued to reside in St. Louis until the 9th of April, 1831, when, in company with Captains Smith and Sublet, he left for Santa Fe. Nothing of much importance occurred on the way until they reached one of the tributaries of the Arkansas River, where three young men by the names of Minturn, Day and J. J. Warner, fell behind the balance of the company for the purpose of killing antelope. While hunting, they were surprised by a party of Pawnee Indians, who fell upon them and savagely murdered young Minturn, whose manly qualities and kind, generous heart had rendered him a favorite, and endeared him to every member of the company. They immediately took counsel how they should avenge his death,

which they did in the following manner. When they left St. Louis they had with them a man who was sick with the small pox; he recovered and they still had with them the clothes which he wore when ill with that loathsome disease; these they threw across an old pack horse, secured them in such a way that they could not be lost off, and then drove him some ten or twelve miles towards the settlement of the Pawnees. Here he was found by some of the tribe, who immediately appropriated the clothing with every demonstration of savage joy. But hidden beneath the folds of what to them was gorgeous apparel, lurked a secret foe whose work of destruction was not stayed until half the tribe had fallen victims to the terrible and devastating scourge of the small pox. Sleep on in peace, young Minturn, for thy death has been fearfully and terribly avenged! After this the party proceeded on their journey, and in crossing from the Arkansas to the creek Simeone, they lost their way in the sand-hills;—this portion of the country is visited by severe gales of wind, which blows the sand so as to destroy all traces of a road or path. It was owing to this cause that the party now found themselves bewildered and lost. To make the matter worse there was no water to be found—in vain they explored that trackless waste of sand; no sound of gurgling waterfall or singing rivulet met their ears—no cool, refreshing stream gladdened their sight—they became victims of the most intense suffering, driven almost to madness by the prolonged agony of thirst. The animals also suffered intolerably; their tongues hanging from their mouths, black and parched, while their eyeballs glared fearfully; and every sound they uttered, and every movement they made, was indicative of the terrible agony of death by thirst. Oh, how little do those who have never felt the want of nature's pearly liquid know its value. Only those who travel the hot, arid sands of the desert, day after day, toiling on in the fruitless search for water—the burning sun above, the scorching sands beneath—over all, the hot glare and stifling, humid atmosphere. Companions drooping from day to day; the strength of all departing—the last day's march shorter than the one preceding it. The animals which have been gradually failing, now utterly prostrate—some with the glazy film of death already upon their eyes. Companions giving way to wild, distracted ravings; maddened and driven to desperation by the terrors of the parched and fevered system;

the unutterable, exquisite agony of prolonged thirst. 'Tis then that the weary thirsting one, as he gasps in vain for a draught of water, thinks of one drop as of a pearl of great price — more valuable by far than all the golden sands of earth. But, to return to our narrative. Captain Smith with undaunted courage still continued the search for water, and traveled on in advance of the party some miles. His toil was at last rewarded; he heard the low, musical gurgling of a brook, and hastened forward to the cool, refreshing stream. He sparingly gave to his animal, and himself partook — then stooping, laved his hot, dusty brow with the precious liquid, while a feeling of intense thankfulness pervaded his soul for the timely relief thus afforded to his party. At this moment he was surprised to hear the sound of horses' hoofs, and ere he had time to think, found himself surrounded by a party of Camanche Indians. He vaulted into his saddle, but they made signs of friendship, and riding up each side of him, threw him off his guard by making signs of good will; they then treacherously speared him. Even after he was wounded his valiant spirit did not forsake him. But with his strength failing from loss of blood, and the death dew gathering on his brow, he shot at and wounded two of his enemies, and then fell to rise no more. The party, saddened by the loss of Captain Smith, (who was a brave and good man,) continued on their journey and reached the Simeone creek in the night. The next morning they found themselves surrounded by from fifteen hundred to two thousand Indians — the "Grovents of the Prairie." They threw up a temporary fortification by digging ditches between their wagons, which were so arranged as to form a sort of a barrier between them and their enemies. They expected, and were prepared for an attack, but it did not occur. They succeeded, however, in getting five of the leading Chiefs into camp, where they held them as prisoners, and kept them under guard until they were ready to depart on their journey, when they took them the distance of about eight miles from the camping-ground, and there set them at liberty and permitted them to go on their way unharmed. All day long they continued their journey up the Simeone, and at night again constructed their fort of ditches and wagons, and secured their stock inside. The night was dark and gloomy, and the hours wore on unbroken, save by the low wail of the wind, until about midnight,

when the unmistakable warwhoop of the Indians rent the air, and they found themselves surrounded by a party of the same Indians with whom they had parted company in the morning. The animals, frightened by the noise, broke loose and ran helter skelter in every direction. One pair of oxen having on a yoke in which was an iron ring, broke loose and made right for the Indians, the ring making as they ran a great noise, which the Indians, in the darkness, imagined to be a piece of artillery, and fled in hot haste down the valley, leaving to the oxen the honor of a conquered field, and the rescue of their owners from a tragic fate. The next morning the oxen were found about two miles from camp. Although surrounded by hordes of savage Indians they pursued their journey without further molestation, and at length reached Santa Fe, in safety.

Mr. SPARKS, in company with Captain Young, left Sante Fe in the fall on a trapping expedition to the Querétaro Mountains; nothing worthy of record occurred until they reached what is known as the "Black Water," the head waters of the Salt River. Here the Indians began to be troublesome by stealing their traps, sneaking into camp and shooting down their animals, and committing various other depredations which irritated and annoyed in the highest degree. The whites exercised forbearance for a season, and then determined upon inflicting chastisement upon their persecutors. For this purpose they resorted to stratagem that they might be the better able to cope with their insatiate and treacherous foes. The principal part of the company would leave the camp, thus leading the Indians to think that *all* had gone, when, in fact, there were six or eight concealed within, where they would remain perfectly quiet until the Indians got fairly into camp, when, upon a certain signal, they discharged their fire-arms, whose deadly and unerring aim would send the Indians for a moment bounding in the air, while the despairing shriek of death burst from their lips; the next they lay lifeless on the ground. From Black Water they proceeded to the Gila River, which they followed till they came near the line of the Yuma. Here, Job Dye, Isaac Williams, Turkey Green and Squire Green, being in advance of their party, fell upon a party of Indians who were on their way to Sonora for the purpose of stealing horses. A skirmish took place, which lasted about an hour and a half. The Indians threw up a fort of brush-wood and nobly stood their ground



until the remainder of the whites came up, who, in company with the others, made a deadly charge and put them to flight. Of the Indians there were killed and wounded fourteen or fifteen. A ball from Captain Young's rifle wounded the chief, who was indeed a "brave," for it was ascertained that, besides the wound from Captain Young's rifle, he had been shot through the chin, had one arm broken, and had also a rifle-ball in his side. Turkey Green approached the wounded chief and grasped his hair with the intention of scalping him. The dying warrior begged for mercy, and clasped his hand upon the knife to stay the deadly blow. But Green inhumanly drew the knife through the clasped hand and severed it from the body, and then finished the horrid tragedy by scalping the mutilated and dying chief.

The entrenchment which the Indians had thrown up for their protection proved their funeral pyre, for the whites, instigated by more than savage barbarity, set fire to the entrenchment and then threw the dead bodies of their enemies upon the flames. Nor was this all; for, during the night the wounded Indians, suffering from cold, crawled from their hiding-places to avail themselves of the warmth of the fire; in the morning they were discovered by some of the whites, who, with savage barbarity, threw them also upon the flames. Their piteous cries for mercy found no response in the breasts of their inhuman captors, and they were consigned *alive* to the burning pile.

The mind sickens and the heart revolts at such scenes of cruelty and barbarism, and the pen hesitates to depict scenes which, in atrocity and fiendishness, outdo even the wild savages themselves. But they are well authenticated *facts*, and a faithful history of the past demands for them a record.

To his credit, be it recorded, Mr. SPARKS took no part in these cruel acts, and even dared to enter his protest against them. Fight he did, 'tis true, for the preservation of life and the protection of his party; but it was ever in open field and fair fight—never taking undue advantage of an enemy—never striking a fallen foe. His kind heart was pained at these atrocities, and his benevolent nature plead the cause of mercy and justice, but to no avail; for a portion of the company, who had steeled their hearts to pity and shut up their bowels of compassion, seemed bent upon outdoing even

the savages in their barbarous and fiendish acts, and would listen to no suggestions that counseled mercy, compassion, or humanity.

The day succeeding these events they journeyed on to the Yuma village, where they traded for beans, corn, &c., and thence proceeded to the Rio Colorado or Red River. Here the party separated, and Mr. SPARKS, with eleven others, came through to California, and arrived at the Pueblo of Los Angeles on the 10th of February, 1832.

Their warfare with the Indians and denizens of the forest now being over, they thought themselves secure from further molestation, when lo! to their surprise and mortification, they found themselves prisoners of the country under the authorities of the land — the laws not permitting strangers to travel through the country without a passport. Not liking to be detained in “durance vile,” Mr. SPARKS watched narrowly for an opportunity to escape, and after a short time succeeded in evading the vigilance of his captors and made good his escape to San Pedro.

What a moral does the history of Mr. SPARKS (as well as many more of our pioneers) afford to the contemplative mind! Alone, far from friends or home, overcoming the fatigue and peril of a journey across the Rocky Mountains, only to be received as a prisoner within the walls of a strange city, with a mind torn by anxiety, watching by night and by day, with vigilance untiring and patience unsurpassed for an opportunity to regain what is dearer to every American than life itself — Freedom. His escape without a dime in his pocket, alone, pursuing his course with hurried and anxious steps, fearful lest he become again a prisoner. What gloomy reflections occupied his mind as he pursued his lonely way to San Pedro, we may never know. Certain it is that trial and danger did not exhaust his energy nor disappointment overcome his perseverance. With nothing but his gun to rely upon, he did not fail to make good use of that. Here he shot his first sea-otter, and began a business which he followed for many years successfully, reaping annually a rich harvest from his labors. He began at first with a single rifle, shooting the animal from the shore, himself swimming out to secure the prize. He soon became able, however, to hire a swimmer to perform this duty for him, and in about a year and a half forcibly felt the need of a boat. He accordingly set to work and built a small light

one suited to his purpose, and then went out to sea after the otter. His business continued to increase, and he soon found that his little boat was not sufficient, and he now, with his men, formed a company of three boats, and the business became very lucrative. Mr. SPARKS followed this business with different hunters from the year 1832 until 1849.

Perhaps a brief description of the mode of hunting Sea Otter may not be inappropriate here. To carry on the business successfully, there are necessary three small boats, in each of which are three men, a "shooter" and "two pullers." They have also a large boat to carry provisions, having on board two men—a cook and a camp keeper. They generally start out in the month of April, and make a cruise of from six to seven months. One small boat is always kept in advance on the "look out" for otter. When a shoal is discovered, if the weather is fine, the hunters approach and the work of destruction begins; if not fair, they land on the beach and remain quiet until it becomes so, when they again take to their boats and the excitement of the chase begins. The fastest canoe pulls right through the shoal without attempting to shoot; the other two come up, one on each side, and as it were corral the otter, and then shoot among them, right and left. When the shoal scatters, which it will in a short time, they attack them singly, taking care to select a large one, the boats form a triangle around the spot where he dives, and as soon as he again rises to the surface of the water, they shoot. They then form another triangle around him, and as often as he appears he is greeted by musket balls, so that, if not killed, he is again obliged to dive. In this way he soon becomes exhausted, for want of air, and rises within gun-shot, when he falls an easy victim to his pursuers.

This business is very profitable—hunters frequently taking from seventy to one hundred and thirty otters in a season, sometimes more, seldom less. The skins are worth on an average from twenty-five to forty-five dollars apiece.

In 1849 Mr. SPARKS left Santa Barbara, and came by land to San Francisco, from whence he again started on another hunting expedition. This time he took a large company with him—four boats and twenty men—and proceeded to Cape Mendocino. Upon his arrival he found hostile Indians very numerous. But as the wind

was blowing a gale, he comforted himself with the assurance of safety afforded by the wind; for the Indians, whose weapons are arrows, knowing that the wind will cause the arrow to swerve, never attack when it blows hard. For several days the party remained quietly on shore, when at dawn one morning Mr. SPARKS discovered that the wind had ceased and all was calm. Then calling his men, they jumped into their boats and pulled swiftly and silently away, leaving the Indians to wonder at their mysterious disappearance. Upon his return to San Francisco he found the gold excitement had commenced. The men whom he had employed at sixteen and eighteen dollars per month, were immediately offered as much per day, and although they were engaged to him, he released them and let them go to the mines.

Perhaps you will observe in our portrait of Mr. SPARKS, a defect in the right eye, occasioned by the loss of sight in that organ. The loss was occasioned by an encounter with a grizzly bear, and serves as a "Certificate of Pioneership" which renders any other unnecessary.

Mr. SPARKS now resides with his family in Santa Barbara. Long may he live to recount the scenes of peril and adventure of those early times—times which called forth all the nobleness and heroism of exalted manhood, and caused the true character to stand forth in all its native attributes.

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LEARNING is only valuable when it serves to regulate our conduct, and govern our desires, not when it appears ostentatious as mere science. True learning produces reason and humility, but ignorance is the source of vanity and folly: the more we learn the more we perceive the boundaries of knowledge extend, and the more humiliating becomes the sense of our own imperfect acquirements. Ignorance is forward and assuming, confident of imaginary excellence, and preferring its own opinion to the judgment of the wisest; because it sees wisdom extend no further than the narrow limits of its own imperfect conceptions.

All reading is vain which tends not to make us wiser and better.

## BEARDED JAY.

BY A. J. GRAYSON.

THIS very singular and interesting species of Jay is to be met with upon the Western coast of Mexico, and inhabits that portion of the country bordering the coast, known as "Tere Caliente," and extending from the Gulf of California, as far South, perhaps, as Central America. I have met with it frequently upon the coast, from Tehuantepec as far North as Mazatlan, and have always regarded this peculiar bird with no little interest. Its solitary habits, its color, and a rather large bill — the edges of which are slightly serrated — rendered it, to me, a species rather difficult to comprehend, and in whose identity I was puzzled to place its generic relation. But, in time, a very accomplished European naturalist, Mr. J. Xantus De Vesey, came to my rescue. Mr. Xantus spent a few days in this city previous to his departure for the Southern coast, and Gulf of California, where he anticipated making collections of natural history, and whose acquaintance I had the good fortune to make. Having a mounted specimen of this bird in my possession at the time, which I showed to him, he immediately recognized it as *C. Barbatus* or Bearded Jay. He also gave me further information respecting its genera, all of which indebtedness I here acknowledge.

Now that I was put upon the right track, by Mr. Xantus, I had no difficulty when examining Mr. John Cassins' ornithology, in tracing a resemblance in its *congener* to the *Cyanocorax Luxuosus*, or Mexican Jay, figured and described by that author. I will take the liberty of adding what Mr. Cassins says in regard to the genus, in his description of the Mexican Jay. He says, in his technical observations — "The present species we regard as deviating in some degree from the characters of the typical species of this genus, as is the case with other species to which it is nearly related. We do not at present, however, consider them as presenting peculiar characters sufficient to constitute a distinct genus, though that excellent ornithologist, the Prince of Conino, has given to this group the generic name of *Xanthoura*, which embraces the species now before us."

I generally found the Bearded Jay inhabiting a growth of mimosa, groves of acacia, and other small trees, of which it seems more

partial than of tall, dark forests. It is rather solitary in its habits, as more than a pair is seldom to be met with in company. Its note is very peculiar, more like a feeble grunt, with a trill, than the song of a bird. It is not so active or frisky as other species of Jays, but generally remains quiet upon the branch on which it may be perched for some time perfectly motionless. Its flight is very irregular, undulating in its movements and not prolonged to any extent. It feeds mostly upon coleoptera and other insects, and some kinds of fruit;—and I have no doubt, not unlike all other birds of this class, that it occasionally robs the nests of other birds, and sucks the eggs.

Two very extraordinary features in this Jay are the serrated bill and the two middle feathers of the tail, extending some length beyond the others, the shafts of which for about two inches near the end are bare. But these peculiarities in this bird, are only two among the many hundreds to be met with in the land of the tropics, where nature seems to have exhausted herself in designing and producing such an endless variety belonging to both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Birds of the most beautiful, as well as those whose singular and uncouth appearance approaches, apparently, to that of deformity—birds with the sweetest song—whilst others possess notes the harshest and most discordant it is possible to imagine—these, with thousands of other interesting subjects, present a magnificent field for the study of the naturalist or botanist.

#### TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.

*Genus—Cyanocorax.*

*Cyanocorax Barbatus.*—BRISSON.

Form, rather inclined to robust; bill, rather long, stout, slightly curved; edges of mandibles, serrated and compressed; tarsus and toes, stout and scutellated; nails, long, sharp and arched; plumage, blended; wings, rather short and curved; tail, long and graduated, the two middle quills longest, the shafts of which are bare about two inches from the extremity.

*Dimensions.*—Total length about thirteen inches; length of tail, about six and a quarter inches.

*Color.*—Upper parts of head, neck, and shoulders, of a brownish color; balance of the upper parts green with bluish reflections; the under parts dull green, with two or three black feathers in the center of the breast; ear, coverts, and cheeks, black, variegated with deep blue; bill, black; iris, reddish chestnut; feet, brown.

*Remarks.*—Very slight difference in the appearance of the sexes; habitant of Mexico and Central America.

## A VISION.

LINES TO H———E D———G.

BY OLIVER OUTCAST.

Come, gentle maid, lay by your task,  
Forget your music, books and birds,  
Come listen now to what I ask,  
And view the picture I shall draw  
Of that my hopeful fancy saw ;  
Though sketched in rustic words.

It was a rare and cunning place,  
Arranged with many a strange conceit ;  
Where art had conquer'd nature's face,  
And, close beside the surging shore,  
Where ever sounded ocean's roar,  
The breakers ceaseless beat.

Within a glen, not far behind,  
A grove of trees a nook contained ;  
There, all shut out from gust and wind,—  
The devious paths among them wound —  
They whispered back the ocean's sound,  
And quiet ever reigned.

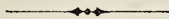
But overlooking surge and shore  
A house stood fronting to the sea —  
There, when I should not wander more,  
I fixed my life-long happy home,  
And having ceased abroad to roam,  
A resting place to be.

There with my books, my dog and gun,  
My horses, and my rod and line,  
My days in ceaseless pleasure run,  
In hardy sports or studious ease —  
A life that might a cynic please ;  
That happy life was mine.

But first of all, my gentle maid,  
I saw you in my home so wild ;—  
My youthful looks no longer staid,  
For I was older than to-day —  
My locks were thickly flecked with gray,  
Still you were Nature's child.

You were a spirit pure as light,  
 The wearied, old man's heart to win,  
 And gladden with your presence bright —  
 Sometimes there came the unbidden tear  
 When thinking bliss had been so near  
 And O, what "might have been."

But visions cloudlike leave the sky,  
 And brightest hopes too soon will fade,  
 Yet wheresoe'er my path shall lie  
 My heart shall hold its treasure fast,  
 And cherish warmly to the last  
 My loving, gentle maid.



### MY LESSON.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

I WAS a young, giddy girl when it came — scarce sixteen — yet it was none too soon; for, with the disposition I then possessed, mere words were of no avail.

I had been repeatedly counseled by a kind mother, and warned against indulging in a fondness for "flirtation," which I then considered very interesting and natural to a young girl, who was conscious of possessing some attractions of mind and person.

I was willful and headstrong, and believed the advice and warning to be but the serious view of life, taken by sombre-hued age — all very good, of course — but not applicable to the bright, rosy morning of youth. Who could reasonably expect a young girl of sixteen to "settle down" into a staid, sober, matter-of-fact sort of person, and give up all those charming little fancies so natural to her?

A little flirtation was certainly a harmless amusement; and then it was so delightful to have the reputation of being a "coquette!" to be looked at with envy and admiration by one's companions! A coquette I would be! and men — stern "lords of creation" as they felt themselves to be — should feel and acknowledge my power.

Such was my avowed determination and principle at sixteen! Noble ambition! glorious aim of life! lofty employment for those powers my Creator had endowed me with!



Young as I was, I had not, of course, had many opportunities of exercising my gifts; but, so far as possible, I acted — vain, silly creature that I was — upon the coquetting *principle*, to the grief of my mother, whose judgment and kindness I so disregarded.

But the end came; and now, after the lapse of years, I cannot look back upon that terrible finale, without feelings of the deepest humiliation and remorse.

Manfred Leighton was a brother of my aunt by marriage, and had been from boyhood quite intimate with our family, who regarded him almost as a relative. He was a young man of fine appearance and gentlemanly manners; and though not possessing extraordinary talent, was intelligent and agreeable.

I had long been aware of Manfred Leighton's regard for me; indeed, his every look, and act, while in my presence, betrayed the love he felt, but had never spoken; and while it gratified my pride, and strengthened the unworthy determination I had made to be a coquette, I could not bring my myself to trifle with him, because of the old friendship existing between our families. So, well knowing his feelings toward myself, and knowing that I could never reciprocate, I called him *friend*, never allowing him an opportunity to speak of a sentiment warmer than friendship.

Yet at times, in spite of the respect I really felt for him, and the regard I had for his sister, my aunt, the propensity for trifling with those who were weak enough to give me the advantage would extend itself to him, and sometimes, acting upon the impulse of the moment, I would assume a coldness and indifference which I could see wounded him deeply, hoping, as I knew he was, for a return of affection.

It was at such a time, after Manfred had been quite assiduous in his attentions, seemingly determined to know my feelings toward himself, and while I, deeming him altogether too persistent, had been decidedly rude and unkind, that the lesson came.

We had been out walking together one lovely moonlight evening, and as Manfred grew more tender in his manner towards me, I in proportion became proud, willful, and decided. He seemed grieved and hurt, yet determined to know all.

We were standing at the garden gate under the shadow of the acacia trees, now laden with their wealth of white blossoms, from which fell showers of snowy petals as the wind moved among the

branches. I shall never forget that scene. Even now I seem to inhale the perfume from the roses in that garden, and again I seem to see the moonlight as it gleamed through the leaves overhead and fell upon Manfred's face, revealing an expression I had never seen there before, as he caught my hand when I turned to go into the house, and held it so tightly that a cry of pain and anger escaped me.

"No, Mary, you cannot go yet," he said earnestly, yet calmly; "wait, and answer me now, and forever, the question I have to ask."

Then he told me in a few words what I knew before: how he loved me, and how my conduct had affected him. To-night the suspense must end; and he leaned back against the acacia tree awaiting my reply.

While he was speaking the demon arose within my heart and told me Manfred was impertinent thus to annoy me, and that to demand so imperatively an answer to his appeal was little short of insult; so, as the evil spirit prompted, I spoke, and throwing the roses Manfred had gathered for me that evening far out into the grass, I said, "*I will answer you, Manfred Leighton, and I wish for you to understand that from this hour your persecution of me is to cease. I have had quite enough of your insolence already. This is my answer.*"

I walked rapidly and angrily into the house, though not before catching the expression of Manfred's face as I spoke. It was terrible; and if I had yielded to the impulse I felt for an instant, I should have thrown myself on my knees before him, begging to be forgiven; but it was but for a second, and I became proud and angry as before.

In my own room I sat down at the open window and tried to persuade myself that I had acted right, but a reproving spirit seemed to look down from every star, and a reproving voice seemed to speak from the night-wind as it swept through the trees in the garden below.

But after a while the excitement passed away, and I retired to bed to dream of some new conquest, some new victory, away down the rosy future, in which I was to be heroine.

The morning sun brought no return of the previous night's unpleasantness, and I began to think Manfred Leighton a great sim-

pleton to act as he had done, and that I had treated his presumption as it should have been treated.

Whatever my faults were, I had always been in the practice of making a confidant of my mother, though I must confess that I did not act upon the advice I asked, unless it suited my wayward fancy to do so.

“Mother,” said I, looking up from my work as we sat together in the sitting-room that morning, “if Manfred Leighton were not Aunt Jane’s brother, I would flirt with him. I think he needs a lesson.” I then related the events of the previous evening, of course seeking to justify myself.

Mother looked at me a moment, and, with a severity of manner she did not often assume, merely repeated, “‘As ye sow, ye shall also reap.’ May your harvest, Mary, be less abundant than it now promises.”

I felt again something of the unquietness of conscience that had troubled me before, but I smothered it all, and replied, laughing—“Well, mother, I’ll flirt with Manfred, and we will see what harvest it brings.”

Just at that moment we heard a hurried step coming up the garden walk. The door was thrown open, and uncle came in, with a face white as marble, and said: “Harriet”—that was mother’s name—“come over right away; Manfred has just been brought in dead—found drowned—don’t stop a moment.”

Mother cast one look at me, and, without speaking, threw on her bonnet and hurried out with uncle.

I was left alone—alone with my terrible thoughts. What I suffered through that day, and through the weeks and months that followed, it is impossible to describe. The harvest had come sooner than I expected, and I was eating the bitter fruits.

I attended the funeral of Manfred Leighton; I saw the agony of an aged mother, as she wept over the lifeless remains of a beloved son; I heard the sobs from sister and friends as they mourned the untimely death of one so dear; I heard the minister speak affectionately of the many virtues of the deceased, and of the strange mystery of his death; I stood at the grave and heard the earth fall upon the coffin-lid, but I could not weep; I moved about as if I had sud-

denly been turned to stone, and my heart was as cold and hard as ice.

Oh! how I loathed and hated myself! How contemptible my past conduct appeared!

The circumstances attending the death of Manfred Leighton left no room to doubt that he destroyed himself, and people said the deed was committed under the influence of temporary insanity, as several members of the Leighton family had showed symptoms of the fatal disease before. It might have been so — God only knows how great a share I had in that terrible suicide, or how far I was guilty! And He also knows how bitterly I repented!

It was many months before the bitterness of remorse and self-condemnation passed from me. The lesson was severe, but sincere repentance, and a turning from the silly vanities which once so engrossed my mind, raised me to more exalted views of life, and I trust have proved of lasting benefit.

Now, when I hear a young girl gaily speaking of a "little innocent flirtation," I shudder to think of the time when I too thought it very harmless amusement, and of the terrible lesson which taught me truth and sincerity.



THE following reflection on the vicissitude of sublunary things has undoubtedly occurred to every one who has attended with care to the history of mankind, that however exalted the station of any individual may be, or however extensive and conspicuous his sphere of action, the duration of that sphere is extremely short; the revolution of a few years will put an end to all artificial distinctions, and place the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the victor and the vanquished, on the same level. It is obvious, therefore, that, as in a dramatic representation, it is of little consequence to the actor which of them appears in the character of the prince, or which in that of the peasant, since all will be equal as soon as the play is ended; so it is of little importance what part we are destined to perform in the drama of human life, provided that the part be necessary, and that it be acted well.

## ENTHUSIASM.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

WEBSTER defines enthusiasm to be, "heat of imagination; conceit of private revelation." Undoubtedly the imagination has much to do with the warmth with which we enlist in any cause, and that the idea of being called to the performance of a particular duty, is a great incentive to make the object of that conceit or revelation a life pursuit. Let us, however, at the present time, consider enthusiasm in a practical point of view, and examine how far it is in accordance with a symmetrical character, and how far the progress of the world is dependent upon its manifestation.

Every individual will readily admit that mere enthusiasm, or enthusiasm without corresponding intelligence, is a great evil. It then gives too much prominence to a single phase of character, or mode of thinking, or acting. It makes the fanatic in religion; the one-sided politician; the unsafe man in business, and produces unhealthy action of the mind, and deformities in everything to which it may be related. How far, then, is it safe to be caught up by this onward spirit that is sweeping by us in so many currents, and producing such world-wide impressions? As enthusiasm depends upon the imagination, what is the imagination? This is defined by Webster to be "the forming of ideas in the mind." How, then, can any pursuit in life be successfully prosecuted without some degree of enthusiasm? The temple that stood on Mount Moriah, gleaming in the sunshine like a mountain of snow, did not rise without the use of the imagination, even though the Divine plan had been furnished the builders. It first arose majestically in the mind, before the hammer knew where to fall or the worker in gold how to fashion his work. Then think of the amount of enthusiasm it required to quarry out the stone, and shape the timbers, and convey them by sea and land and prepare them for their holy uses. Enthusiasm presupposes the idea to exist in the mind, as the thing to be wrought out. The warmth of the picture as it there exists measures the enthusiasm that will be exerted, presupposing the individual to have a healthy mind and a vigorous body.

In this light, enthusiasm is a virtue — a gift to be coveted. In-

deed, with the warm and true hearted it is a necessity. Those who deery it, as a general rule exhibit a passivity of character really painful. They are noted for nothing. They eat and drink — using the labors of others — contributing but little to the sum of human happiness. Such persons build no rail-roads, no school-houses or churches, have no enterprise in business, and chill the very heart of those who come in contact with them. Nor is this all; it seems to be the peculiar province of some of those persons to be constantly underrating the ability, perhaps the motives, also, of those who may be engaged in the laudable pursuit of any work which they have made a speciality.

It must be conceded that no individual is capable of attending to everything that is up claiming human thought and action. Therefore each individual must consult his taste and conscience to know what work of life he should make a life-work — one peculiarly his. The blossom lies next the stem, the fruit next the blossom; so, every man's work lies nearest to him. Even in the dark he knows where he is, and his duty is revealed. If he has a pure and cultivated imagination, joined with strength of intellect and active habits, then he must engage heartily in the work before him, and this is enthusiasm. But imagination may be cold and unproductive as well as warm and prolific. The frost paints our windows with landscapes; the spring paints the earth with flowers and covers the trees with blossoms.

Enthusiasm is natural to the warm-hearted and generous. Childhood exhibits it in all its phases; in play, in study, even in sleep. Youth glories in it; and even the eyes of the aged flash with new light as they witness it in the stirring scenes of life, and as they recall the spring-time of their own existence. The world pays homage to it in its ten thousand schemes of beneficent toil and enterprise. Art typifies it in the majestic forms of genius. Humanity claims it in its Howards, and Florence Nightingales. Religion demands it in all matters where its authority extends. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength." There is no limit here. It is the royal love, and the time will never come when the sweet obligation it lays on the soul shall be removed. "Not slothful in business." There is no excuse for idleness.

Enthusiasm, however, must be guided. We must exercise our reason to ascertain its limits. There are times when we may be even vehement in our emotions and actions. Great sorrow is apt to call forth great grief. A great work, to be accomplished, must call forth corresponding exertion; but no one would think of exerting himself as much to pick up a feather as to remove a stone. Firemen usually run, not walk to a fire. A tiny sail answers a small boat to navigate a creek, but our noble ships that go forth to encounter the mighty waves, and winds, and currents of the ocean, carry sails even to the dizzy tops of their arrowy masts. Nature does much to determine the limits to which we may go, but the reason must be cultivated to understand the precise relations we sustain to the world, that we may ascertain the propelling power we are to exert; and heaven-eyed faith must walk by our side that we do not undertake to outstrip the design of Providence, or grow weary of waiting for the consummation of our hopes. Always "be sure you are right, then go ahead." Try your machinery, then let on the pressure. Try your rigging and sails, then let fly the mainsail, topsail and all. Proportion your enthusiasm to the work to be accomplished.

There is one thought that nerves the soul to duty, that we must not fail to mention. Our Divine Master said: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." The night of dissolving nature is only a few years in the distance — perhaps minutes. The present only is ours. The panorama of life is never repeated. An opportunity lost, is lost forever. The history of the world records only the lives of enthusiasts — the warm-hearted and the zealous. Why do the names of Luther, Howard, Washington, Franklin, and Joan of Arc, appear, but because it was revealed to them that they had a mission to perform and went about accomplishing it? Each one of us has his mission to perform. Though humble and unimposing may be the task assigned, yet it can not be altogether mean, when the crown of life is the reward, and Heaven the goal. "Be not unmindful, therefore, of the Heavenly vision," when thy duty is revealed, and go about with a fearless heart to thy work.

It may be remarked that true enthusiasm and speciality of purpose are consistent with the highest wisdom and the greatest tranquility of soul. What can exceed the velocity of the earth in its

circuit round the sun? and yet, not a pebble is disturbed, not a wavelet in the brook feels the motion. Let those whose blood cannot run warm and smooth in the crystalline channels that nature has bestowed live on, even in sweetness if they will, like the short-lived blossoms of our gardens; but long wave the noble oak, the graceful elm, the lofty cedar — the mighty monarchs of the living forests. If the warmth of the taper is blaze enough for the hand that holds it, do not extinguish the sun that imparts its life to constellation of worlds; nor the stars that cheer the nights of the untold millions who look to them as the source of light and beauty.

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### MY WIFE AND I.

BY C. A. WASHBURN.

My wife and I are a queer, odd sort of a couple as you would meet with in a day's travel. We take the world as happily as our rich neighbors, though we are not rich; in fact we are but one step above poverty. We live in an unpretending, queer-looking house, that has no style in its appearance, and stands on a street where none of the fashionable people are ever to be seen. My neighbors are all honest, respectable, working people, and our neighborhood is one of the most peaceable and quiet in this great city. My wife is considered rather handsome, by my friends, and I think so, too, and I have often wondered — but not so much as other people have — how she came to take up with me, for, of a verity, I am not like to have the fate of Narcissus. In her eyes, however, I believe I am a perfect Adonis, for I never return home but I find her eagerly on the watch for me, and her eyes never rest upon me but a happy smile lights up her countenance.

We have lived together now, my wife and I, thirteen years, come Christmas, and I do not believe there was ever a thought of cross purposes between us. She has been perfectly contented with her lot, and so have I, though it has been a humble one, and toil and care have mingled somewhat of bitterness in our common cup. During this time I believe I have enjoyed more real, unmingled happiness, than any other man in the world, and my wife protests that



her life has been one continual stream of calm pleasure. We are not able to go among the rich and proud, but that does not trouble either of us in the least, for we have many good friends moving in our own sphere, and among whom we can always feel welcome, easy, joyous, and free.

Our next door neighbors, the Bunterbacks, who are richer than we are and live in a better house, do not take the world half so easy as we do, nor live half so happily. They are troubled a great deal about the people that live on the next street in large, high, brick houses, and ride in fine carriages after fleet horses. But my wife and I are never troubled by anything of the kind. The Bunterbacks are all the while trying to work their way into this aristocratic society, and my wife and I laugh at them. We know they are not wanted there, and if they do crowd themselves in, they will be all the while anxious and uneasy lest they be overlooked or snubbed, and will very likely see slights and insults where they were not intended. They never succeed in working their way into one of these big houses, but that the next day Mistress Bunterback comes in to lay her complaints before my wife, and tell how she was overlooked and neglected by the "stuck up" people she had met there.

After she is gone and I return home, my wife, the dear, good creature, comes to me, and sometimes, with tears in her eyes, expresses her gratitude that both of us are contented with our lot, and have no envious desire to crowd ourselves in where we are not sure of a cordial welcome. It was only a few days ago that Mrs. Bunterback came in to express her indignation that her friend two squares off, whom she had known as a shop-girl in New York, but who had here married a very ignorant and very rich man, had given a grand party and not invited her. Though before this she had often prided herself on these rich friends, yet on this occasion she was very free in expressing her opinion of the "up starts," as she called them, and having in this way eased her mind, left.

When I returned from my daily avocations somewhat tired and peevish — for the day had gone ill with me — she came and sat down by me, and, taking my hand in her's, said:

"Do you know, my dear, that our good neighbor, Mrs. Bunterback, has been here to-day, and she was so very miserable it made my heart ache. Her old friend, Jenny Parks that was, Jenny

Ninkum that is, had a great party last night and did not invite her, and she felt so bad about it. Now, you know, my love, we never care to go among our rich acquaintances, even if we are invited. I know I don't, and you don't neither. For, were we to go, we know very well we should not be able to appear in so good style as our neighbors would. I have no diamonds, and they have; I have no rich silk or moire antique dresses, no point lace collars, no velvet cloak. All my dresses are plain and cheap, such as you can afford. I know they would be better if you had your way, and I know, if I were to attend one of those gay parties among the rich and fashionable, I should be marked out as being out of place, and people would ask who that poor woman was with a pretty face. You see the vain, dear thing, she must put that in, and they would most likely think I was some poor relation; some dependent, perhaps, invited from necessity, not choice. And then, if we were to visit our rich friends—for you know some of our warmest friends are very rich people—and did we attend their expensive entertainments, and could we appear as well as the best of them, how should we return the compliment? Surely I do not wish to go to my friends' parties, to eat their fine suppers, dance to their soft music without being able to reciprocate in kind. I am not a mendicant—I do not wish any one to patronize me, to get up entertainments for my benefit when I am not in a condition to answer back act for act, kind for kind. Now, I suppose that people who have money have a right to it—that they have a right to a sort of social exclusiveness—admitting only those that can respond, and who will feel that they are all on an easy equality. It must be but poor satisfaction to a person to be lifted into a position forced and unnatural. Those people who have much money have no more education or mind than those who have not. If these matters went according to wit or sense, or virtue, we might feel mortified to be left out. But when it is only money that makes the difference, and we see so many rich people that we heartily despise, I don't know as we have any reason to complain. We have very good friends in our rank of life, and we pass very happy hours with them, both when we visit them and when they come to us. But how should I feel in my plain calico, perked up at the dinner-table of my lady Toptouch, surrounded as she would be with grinning waiters and ladies sparkling with diamonds. I don't wish to go among such. Give me the friends I love."

My wife got quite eloquent as she went on ; so much so that she almost forgot that it was near the dinner hour. But at this point, recollecting herself, she flew away to the kitchen, leaving me to my reflections. It was not long before I heard the ting-a-ling of the bell, and hastening to the dining-room, I found there before me the best dinner that any man had that day in California, I warrant you.

It was prepared by her own hands. There was nothing about it extravagant. The courses were few, the variety small. But an improvement on anything was impossible. The mashed potatoes were white as snow and light as sponge. The steak was just done to a charm ; the pudding was light and delicate ; the coffee rich and golden. It had cost no more than it would to have brought on the meat half cooked, or overdone and cold, the pudding heavy and sodden, the coffee riley and flat. But the dear woman, how pretty she looked then ! her cheeks aglow and her eyes excited ; she knew I liked a good dinner, and it was the ambition, pride, and joy of her heart in all things to please me. The truth of the matter is, I suppose she loves me, and it is the great joy of her life to make me happy and glad. I should be a very churl not to be happy beyond expression with such a wife.

Sometimes we go to the theater, and we continue to stand the expense of the opera whenever there is one worth attending, even though we be poor. My wife can go, even though she has no opera-cloak, and so that she looks neat and pretty, as she always does, she cares very little whether she is in the fashion or no. We go and take the best seats we can get for our money, and we hear some queer things said, but they never trouble us. My wife said she one night overheard a fine lady, sparkling with jewels, ask her husband, who was fast chewing tobacco all the while, who that woman was near her with a plain straw bonnet on. And the man said "whar?" and the fine lady said "thar, them is the ones I mean, jest fornenst the ile." I noticed she was laughing till the tears ran down her cheeks, but she did not tell me till afterwards that it was at the absurdity of people who could not speak their mother tongue correctly, talking about vulgar people. She is a fine scholar, my wife is, and taught school for four years before I married her. She is a great reader, and understands politics as well, or better, than I do. I am very much attached to my wife.

We have several acquaintances in town that were once as poor as we are, that are rich now. Some of them are just as they used to be, but others think they must cut us, because our circumstances are no longer alike. When any of the latter pass us, refusing to see us, though they know we are close by, we only laugh within ourselves. They may think themselves happier than we are, because they are richer, but we know they are not, and I have known my wife to laugh herself to exhaustion at the delusion of some of her old acquaintances, when they thought they were wounding her feelings by slighting her. She had neither envy nor malice towards them, and except that she pitied them for having so mean spirits, I do not think their rudeness ever gave her a painful sensation. In fine, we are contented with our lot, my wife and I.

But she stands on the dim shores of the Hereafter, and I wander up and down its shadowy banks waiting for her to come unto me — but she cometh not.

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## BULL-HEADED PEOPLE.

BY ANTHRAX.

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PEOPLE who flare up are troublesome enough; but when their steam is blown off, you can do something with them. The bull-headed man takes awful setts. He has a thousand notions adverse to most of things, that dont strike any body else as objectionable. He goes along life's pathways as an old gardner, seeking for and seeing only the weeds, and taking no note of the flowers. He hates this and objects to that; but you never hear him liking any thing or any body, without ifing and buting his praise to so faint an edge as to amount to reprobation.

Generally, these omniverous aspersers are not flarey: their blood is cold and their heart leathery. But, now and then, we meet a flarey bull-head. He goes along, horns down, tearing the sod and kicking up his heels at everything and everybody. He bellows at every trifle that disturbs his morbid nerves. He falls out with every-

body. It is his delight to be disagreeable, and to scatter his empty words aloud, caring — not he — whom he offend.

Such a one is, sometimes, in his quieter moods, a pleasant fellow enough, but he is an ugly customer, in this regard, that you cannot rely upon him for a moment. If a fly alight upon him, it may sour his pleasantest humor and turn it to gall. In this world the happiest man is he who knows it is his duty, and feels it to be his pleasure, to give and take fairly with his fellows. Making money has its fascination! but then bears no comparison with doing good turns and making friends. The man who adds gold to his coffers, must, with the pleasure, take many a care that money is heir to. He has the envy of those below him, and the snares of all others surround him, who would like to effect a transfer from his pockets to theirs. But the man who deals in pleasant words; who is careful of his neighbor's feelings; whose habit it is to count at eve' the additions he has made to his list of friends — he it is that makes investments that pay, and that the Sheriff cannot take away. Every kind word fertilizes the heart! and it is a truth we cannot too much appreciate, that the man of hard heart and habitual unkindness, is not susceptible of much enjoyment from any source. His soured tastes spoil his meat, and he does not know much difference between a vacant pillar and a lovely recumbent. If we would make the most of the blessings of life, we must cultivate good nature; and you would be surprised to find, after the third experiment, how easy it is (and oh, how sweet!) to speak only good of everybody, and to everybody. When you have established this habit, you will be very near the angels; you will find that Heaven is upon the earth.

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Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor.  
Part with it as with money, sparingly; pay  
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;  
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.  
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big  
With holy hope of nobler *time to come*.

## M A I D E N H O O D .

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

Maiden, tripping through life's bowers,  
Plucking sweets from all its flowers,  
Sweetly have thy young days flown,  
Little care thou yet hast known!  
Childhood's light is resting now,  
In thy heart, upon thy brow;  
I would not detract one beam  
From thy girlhood's glory sheen;  
I could wish the purest joy,  
All unmarr'd by pain's alloy,  
Yet I'd have thee ponder well,  
Things which Time to thee may tell!

Thou must learn that we were born  
Not for sunshine, not for storm,  
Both must mingle in our path,  
Beams of light and clouds of wrath;  
Know'st thou not that tones more deep  
Soon thy spirit-harp may sweep?  
Love's soft voice may touch its strings,  
Joy and woe its presence brings!  
Oh, be careful of thy heart,  
Thou hast but with one to part!  
Keep thy young affections pure,  
Bas'd upon foundation sure!

And, another word to thee,  
While thy heart is young and free,  
Give it unto him who died  
With nail-pierc'd hands and bleeding side;  
Give it to his faithful trust,  
Till thy form shall sleep in dust;  
Then, victorious o'er the grave,  
It shall soar to Him who gave;  
And in His fair world is bliss  
We can never find in this.

Maiden, make that portion thine,  
That, when thou hast done with Time,  
Thou may'st be forever blest  
In that world of peace and rest!

## THE EARLIEST PIONEER OF ALL.

A DIGGER WOMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY W. WADSWORTH.

A TRUTHFUL, written biography of the living subject or the recent dead, is oftentimes not only exceedingly interesting in itself, but highly useful, as serving to rescue from oblivion much that would otherwise be known to the future only through the uncertain, because obscure, path of tradition.

The biography of the early California Pioneers, as monthly recorded in the pages of the HESPERIAN, we deem to be one of its most attractive features; but could that record go back to the time of the forming of the Missions, and bring up the history of the active spirits of those early days, how much that would interest the future historian of the Western coast might be garnered up and saved from the ever restless, onward roll of oblivion's wave!

But we propose to go even back of the old Mission Fathers, and make record of one who, though so long a resident of California that her descendants believe her to have been always here, yet whose own declarations prove her to have been truly a Pioneer from another land. And though but little of the history of early days can be known from her, on account of the depth of her illiteracy, yet enough is learned to prove, we think positively, that within the last two hundred years great natural phenomena have occurred in the country bordering upon the Columbia river, if not in California, that the world, except in her, knows nothing of.

In the summer of 1854 there appeared in the *Sacramento Daily Union* a notice of an ancient specimen of humanity, in the person of a Digger Indian woman, resident of the Clear Creek country in El Dorado county. Our curiosity was excited to see her, and if possible to learn something of her early life, as well as of the times in which she had lived, that possibly a record of something might be made that would interest the future historical antiquarian, for she belongs to antiquity.

On our way in search of her abode, we called on Dr. L. Bradley, in Diamond Springs, and from him obtained the precise locality of the little valley among the mountains, where this relic of an ancient

race yet lives, and also information where we could obtain an excellent interpreter, in the person of an Indian boy ten years of age, living with an American, and who could speak fluently both the American and Indian tongues.

A three hours' ride on horseback brought us to the home and lodge of the old and haggard squaw, for old indeed she was, and haggard in her looks beyond any thing our imagination had ever conceived of before. Her descendants believe her to be more than two hundred years old, counting their years by the annual return of the winter's snows upon the mountains; and we believe no one can look upon and judge from her appearance only, without believing her to be very nearly approaching that great age.

She was sleeping when we found her, for she sleeps most of the time; but on awaking and hearing the voice of our little boy interpreter, whom she had oft heard before, she became readily communicative, and to a degree quite unusual with the most of her people. For the last thirty-two years of her life she has been totally blind, and though in all the helplessness of blindness, and among a stranger generation of her people, the consequence of her great age, she is fed and petted as a child. A fact connected with the origin of her blindness, is the assertion of the few who knew her at the time of its occurrence, that sleeping for a single night only, with the big, round moon — not the sun — shining full in her face, she awoke to total blindness.

To describe her person would be to say, first, that she was entirely bald; and who ever saw a totally bald woman before? — not a single hair left upon her skinny head; whilst her forehead, instead of wrinkles, was composed of folds of loose skin overlapping each other at intervals of half an inch, and the lower one, in connection with her eyebrows, resting upon the upper part of her nose and nearly hiding, as with a curtain, her long-since sightless eyes. Her nose was of immense size, broad and deep, and the cartilage between the nostrils perforated for the suspension of ornaments, hung down so low, and the orifice so large, that in moving her hand across her face she would involuntarily thrust the entire of either finger completely through it.

But it was her mouth that gave her a most singularly grotesque appearance. Of her teeth in front, she had lost all but three upon



the upper jaw, and these three were together and upon one side, whilst upon the lower jaw she had also just three remaining, but those were on the opposite side to those in the upper jaw, and thus without teeth opposed to teeth, they had grown to be an inch in length; and as she had a habit of opening wide her mouth and drawing back her skinny lips, whilst speaking, she exhibited a combination of ivory and jaw so ludicrously arranged as to excite the risibles of the most sedate observer.

From her lower jaw and connecting with each ear, a curtain of skin hung down around, that from the end of her chin was an inch or more in length. Her ears, quite unlike any others we have ever seen among her race of the present day, had been perforated at top, and either from the weight of ornaments once worn, or because they had lost their stiffening from other cause, both ears had doubled down, so that what otherwise would have been the top, now reached below the bottom of the ear and overlapping her neck.

With very small arms that seemed made up of bone and sinews, rather than flesh or muscle, her chest was immensely broad and deep, and she seemed to inhale at every breath, more air than would suffice for any other three. From her shoulders, which were very broad, downward, she seemed an anomaly among female forms, exhibiting a true taper to her feet, which were really very small, and as she stood erect no one could view her but was ready to exclaim, how much like a wedge in her build. The strange, wild haggardness of her appearance, the effect, undoubtedly, of her great age and mode of living, the reminiscences of her childhood, youth and middle age, which she freely imparts, render her an object of more than ordinary interest; for she claims to have had five husbands, all long since dead; that she immigrated here from a country far to the north, where a great river, larger than any one she has since seen, ran towards the setting sun — the Columbia — and where fire and smoke streamed from the top of a snowy mountain, and where ashes fell like rain; — Mount St. Helens, Oregon, an active volcano in 1853, and doubtless at periods more or less remote prior to that time — and that once upon a time in her early youth, when the hills and the mountains were soaked with the winter's rains, that the whole earth under her feet rocked to and fro so that no one could stand; that the softened hills and mountains' sides, slid into and

filled up many rivers and valleys. She retained a vivid recollection of, and told of wars in which her father and her husbands and the men of their time were engaged; of seasons of great plenty and seasons of famine.

All this and much more that she claims to have been cotemporary with, and to have seen and known, her descendants deny she has any knowledge of, and in derision of her strange stories, she is known among all her people, from the Sierras to the lower valleys, as "the old lying mother," or mother of great lies. Not that she was ever the wife of the "father of lies," because all her husbands are long since dead, though really she looks old and ugly enough to have made an excellent match for him. But to those who would doubt her knowledge of the occurrences, so incomprehensible to her descendants of the present age, we would ask a single question: How is it possible that this totally illiterate, old Digger woman, could ever have conceived of occurrences such as she relates, of a burning mountain, showers of ashes, earthquakes and accompanying land slides, if she had never seen or witnessed them? We believe she did witness them, and that when she dies her descendants will know only by tradition, what to her were living, passing realities. She seems to have forgotten the events of a large portion of the latter years of her long life; but of the scenes of her youth, retains a vivid recollection. Of her relatives living, the nearest of kin to her, is her "heap, heap, heap pickaninny," or great, great, great granddaughter, and with the single exception of the subject of this sketch, this heap, heap, heap pickaninny, believed to be nearly or quite ninety years of age, though neither blind or bald, but with hair as white as the filthy habits of her living will admit of, is the oldest looking specimen of the human race we ever beheld. But the world probably will never again see in human form, the equal in age of "the old lying mother" of the Sierras, the earliest of the pioneers, a Digger woman of the olden time.

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Own I must, in this perverted age,  
Who most deserve, can't always most engage;  
So far is worth from making glory sure,  
It often hinders what it should procure.

## THE DICTATOR AT THE DESSERT;

WHAT HE THINKS AND SAYS.

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I HAVE passed that time of life when I can be lighted up by gas. Youth and beauty, diamonds and paint are generally bettered by it. It makes the ball more brilliant, helps the arch and the hue of the eyebrow — whether natural or burnt cork — gives spirit to the eye, standing often in place of the soul, and giving an appearance that a heart beats where its legitimate instincts and feeling would be sought in vain. But I am beyond all that. The crows have been too busy with my eyes — their tracks are too plentiful. The *pomade* of Old Time, that barber who pulls our locks too severely, has too much gray in it. Gas-light cannot hide the hue. I am beyond the beautifying effects of gas-light. But you, Miss, fresh from the pallet and pencil of nature, and you, Madame, fresh from — your dressing-case and judiciously applied pearl powder and rouge — you may have the benefit of the gas, so turn it on.

I thought Madame did not take this allusion very kindly, and she would have colored could the feeling of the soul excited by my remarks been filtered through the coating which covered her once youthful and fresh countenance. But it could not. And she would have shed tears of anger, perhaps, only that she knew that their journey would have been traceable through the tracks they would have made in the high-colored compounds which had supplanted the peach bloom and blush of youth. So the strong-minded quietly arose and retired.

I have noticed that woman, however much she may assert her right to masculine privileges, cannot bring herself to real indifference to female beauty. While she affects the Bloomer and the German ideas, she would yet be woman in her beauty and feminine attractions, and like Madame De Staël, if not beautiful, would be willing to barter all her renown, fame, or celebrity, to possess that first of female powers. Oh, Eve, Eve! Why should not your beauty have descended to all your daughters, as well as its accompanying vanity and ambition?

Spiritism? No: I do not believe in it at all, as understood by its disciples generally. That a power not well understood, which affects certain strange results, exists, I do believe. But I am far

from attributing what we do not as yet understand, to the workings of the spirits which have become unclayed. Not one of the asserted "communications" through "mediums" has ever yet shown an advance upon what the living subject knew ere he "shuffled off this mortal coil;" indeed they usually have fallen far below the average of the intellect and expression of the living subjects whose disembodied spirits are asserted to have spoken through "raps" and "telegraphs." Franklin is made to talk like a sophomore, and Newton like a younker who planted an apple-seed, instead of him who educed the laws of gravitation from the fact of having seen an apple fall from its parent limb. The world of spirits must be a very poor seminary, judging from the received discourses and dicta of its under graduates.

And do you not think that a not very flattering commentary upon the rules and regulations, the laws and programme of the world of spirits, which allows the invisible essences of Franklin and Newton, of Locke and Bacon, of Lavoisier and Humboldt, to be called up at the will of any bumpkin to knock his spiritual knuckles against the boards of a pine table? In that great country of indefiniteness to which so many have gone, is there no spirit of a Yankee to invent some more convenient and respectable telegraph? Has no Patent Office yet been established there? Where is Cadmus, and Champollion, and the Cherokee inventor of alphabets? Is there no Professor Morse, nor House there to mature signs and alphabets by which the living and the dead may communicate? Living men may sit down ten thousand miles apart and talk to each other, and understand as readily through the tick—tick tic—tick tick tic of the electro-magnetic apparatus, as if side by side, mind, soul, spirit, body, all engaged in conversation. Yet the wisest who live, and the souls of the wisest who have died, can only communicate between Heaven and Earth, between unearthed spirits and earth-clad intellects, through signals in which the hands of a common drummer have more proficiency and power than the souls of Napoleon and Wellington.

Is there no progress in that "undiscovered country?" Certainly not—else Adam might be willed up from his six thousand years of novitiate, and made to give the advantage of his long college course in the University of Death, to his descendants now in their preparatory studies.

“No battle yet.” That is the first item in every new report from Europe — the first announcement in every telegraphic dispatch. But just now every one was deprecating the threatened war,—its heinousness, the inadequate causes, the ambition of Napoleon, the tyranny of Austria, her rights — those of might alone;—Sardinian aggressive attitudes, horrors of battle-fields, these and a thousand other points have all been discussed, and “the last argument of Kings” generally condemned. It is so even now. But yet, already that great incarnated inconsistency, the “Public,” is dissatisfied, disappointed, almost disgusted, because there has been “no battle yet.” We read the pronouncements of the Emperors and Kings, their causes of complaint, their appeals to patriotism, to their country and to God. We peruse the accounts of soldiers by hundreds of thousands, leaving country, home, wives, children, to go and serve as food for starvation, as targets for rifle-bored cannon, as subjects for fame and fever, all under the influence of patriotic appeals. Bishops and Archbishops of Austria and France, all members of the same great church, the same great humanity, the same creed, pray to the same God, and as His interpreters, and vicars of His authority, pronounce the cause of their own countries just, and bestow the blessings of Heaven and the favor of Jehovah — so they assert — upon the respective belligerents. There is impiety and lying somewhere between them; and we know it. We admire the fine frenzy of the soldiery; think what fine fellows they are to leave, barter give all — home, love, hope, life, for the cause they espouse, the war we condemn — and yet we are all impatient because these fine fellows, the fathers, brothers, patriots of France, the fathers brothers, patriots of Austria, the fathers, brothers, patriots of Sardinia, have so long delayed our gratification of reading the accounts of how many of these fine fellows have been killed, how many they have killed; what sad havoc has been made in armies and towns and battlements. “No battle yet!” What niggardly rascality, not sooner to have given flavor to our coffee and zest to our appetites while we swim, in wrapper and slippers, through the morning papers, by furnishing materials for eulogies upon the great patrons of grave-diggers.

Is the nineteenth century after Christ any improvement in these respects upon the nineteenth before Him? Is our curiosity any less,

our humanity any greater? Are the ladies of the Courts of Paris, or Vienna, or Turin, or their imitators at Washington, a whit more merciful towards, or sympathizing with the soldiery there, who are expected to furnish bloody pabulum to their insatiate desire for something new, than were those who graced the Courts of Agamemnon, Ulysses, or Priam? Or are our men a whit better than the civilized barbarians who built the Wooden Horse, and those who waited with unappeased curiosity for reports of the contests on the plains of Troy? I say no. In spite of Sunday Schools and Tract Societies, in spite of white-cravated preachers, clergymen, and priests, progress, liberty and gammon, Eve and Adam, Cain and the devil are just as traceable in the human race, as when the first fire was kindled on the altar, and the first murder performed.

Napoleon, Francis Joseph, and Victor Immanuel, are but modern Cains, on a grander scale than the first son of Adam. I doubt if the fire from the altar of either of them would find a very perpendicular ascent towards heaven upon moral or religious grounds. But that matters not — the crowd — you and I — will be pretty certain to follow with admiration, him who proves victorious. Success sanctifies, triumph ennobles, victory crowns, power is god-like — so says the groundling world. What were the Hapsburgs after Marengo? What Napoleon on St. Helena? So much for war, patriotism, heroes and hero-worship.

I live upon the hill-side. Looking down from my modest crib I see the ever busy waters waving against the sand. Since the day they separated from the land they have done the same, just like the nations. I see the great ships with their white sails, and the great steamers with their white vapor, come and go, taking advantage of wind and tide, just like the heroes and patriots and demi-gods who have ridden the waves of human commotion and grown great through their trade.

Nearly fifty years ago the same salt, restless, mighty ocean spread just about so far beyond and below me. I was then but a waif thrown ashore upon the sea-beach of the world. The ceaseless whisplings of those great blue waters were my first teachers. I heard, listened, loved. They spake a language I understood ere long, but cannot interpret. Since then for years I have been far, far away, locked in by mountains, on the prairie, in the plain, in the forest,

among the hills, in country and in town — but the murmur of that grand old ocean has ever been in the ear of my memory. And now I hear the echoes again. I look down upon the white caps and blue robe of Neptune, look, listen, and meditate. “What are the wild waves saying?” A thousand, thousand things. Speaking of childhood and youth past upon their borders. Of manhood tossed upon their heaving bosom. Of the companions who sailed away, “away into the storm,” like Prospero and his adored, never to come back again to paternal halls, to wassail and to welcome. Over the wide ocean, skipping from billow to billow like the flying-fish, thoughts fly away from the waves which to-day break and murmur on the white beach beneath me, and dipping their wings in the billows of half a century, take me away from the gulls which scale above and the dolphins that swim below the waves of every-day life, away, away to the windward of present life, away to that equator of being where the latitude of life begins.

Age is approaching the Pole. I am getting near the fiftieth parallel, and must soon prepare the sealskin cap and furred gloves for a winter — when and where shall be its spring? I look back upon the calm latitudes I have passed, the tropics of youth, the dolphins — pretty girls — which danced and shined, and sported just ahead of and about me; the ghostly albatrosses — rivals — that hinted of cooler weather and higher latitudes; and the sharks whose fins I have seen above water, or their shining teeth below it all along the voyage. And then I think that the frost, and snow and ice which must come at last, will prove welcome for shutting all the rascals out.

The air comes chilly from the western seas,  
 Amid the leaning oaks that dot the shore  
 I hear them whisper sadly to the trees —  
 Oh, there's a wail, a sobbing in the breeze:  
 A requiem they bring the great deep o'er,  
 For those we love who come to us no more.

Months, months ago they passed that rocky height—  
 The gallant captain and his fearless crew—  
 Taut, squared and rounding was the canvas white;  
 Fair winds pressed on the bark, and hope as light  
 And joyous as the laughing sunbeams grew,  
 As ploughed her gliding keel the ocean blue.

There is no trace of her : the foams she cast,  
 The bubbles dancing her swift stem before,  
 Returned to water where her light keel past,  
 Are like her history ; the waters vast  
 Have swallowed all — the gallant hearts she bore,  
 To greet our longings will return no more.

Upon the cliffs that overlook the main,  
 With straining eye a woman pale and fair,  
 Waits in the mists to welcome back again  
 The absent who come not : the weeping rain,  
 The damps of evening trickle through her hair,  
 And downward settles darkness and despair.

So memory perched by life's still troubled strand,  
 Looks, waits, and watches Time's rough billows o'er,  
 In vain still wishing back the fairy band —  
 Youth, joy, and hope, pleasures and passions grand,  
 That passed life's Golden Gate long years before,  
 But which no wave nor wind can e'er restore.

Upon the cliffs of Age, above the tide  
 Eternity rolls to its rugged rim,  
 Poised by the line where life and death divide,  
 Amid the mists of doubt, and fear which hide  
 The sun, and stars, and heaven, in shadows grim,  
 The soul hangs trembling in the twilight dim.

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## A L I C E M O R T I M E R .

### A T A L E O F P R I D E .

BY G. T. SPROAT.

“ALICE!”

“Mr. Mortimer!”

“Did I hear right? Do you mean what you say?”

“I do. I have nothing to recall. If it does not please you —  
 well — I —”

“Alice!”

I went on.

“When you took me from my father's elegant home you taught me to believe that you was a man of fortune. I believed it. I would not have united myself to you had it been otherwise. I never



would have linked myself with a man who could not sustain me in a position worthy of my father's daughter."

Such a look as he gave!—I still went on as though prompted by some evil spirit.

"If you cannot support me in that position, all you have to do is to take me back again to him. His arms will be ever open to receive me, and I shall feel that I am at least safe from farther humiliation."

He arose and took his hat in his hand.

"All this you say coolly and deliberately?"

"I do. I was never cooler or more deliberate in my life. As I said before, I have nothing to recall—nothing!"

"It is well. It shall be as you have said. To-morrow morning, Madam, the carriage shall be in waiting to take you to your father.

He went out and closed the door.

"Coolly and deliberately!" What madness! Alice Mortimer; was there ever on earth a fool so stark, so wildly mad as you! What had you done?—Driven the only man who ever truly loved you from your heart and home forever!

I sat down. Did I feel remorse? no. It was at first all pride. I said, "I would not recall a single word of all that I had spoken. I am wronged—duped. He knows it, and he should have known better than to have driven me up to say what I did, with that sharp way of his. What has been done he has himself done, and now, as for the rest, let him look to it as best he may."

But I was wretched—very wretched. I took my light and went to my chamber—not to sleep. O, no! I might as well have slept on burning coals, as on a bed of down that night! I paced my chamber to and fro, through all its long, weary hours, till the dawning of the day.

The next morning a carriage stood at the door. The driver gave me a letter—it said that all things were ready to take me to my father. I looked. My trunks had all been packed, and were ready in the hall for conveyance. A placard was on the door—"Auction of household goods at 11 o'clock, this day. House and grounds to let."

I went to my chamber and put on my hat, and in a few minutes was seated in the carriage, which drove rapidly away.

Reader, I had been a petted, spoiled child. I had grown up with every whim indulged, and to gratify one of these I had married Mr. Mortimer. I will not say I did not love him — I did. But my pride, the great master passion of my soul, controlled and well nigh swallowed up all others. To it even my love to him must yield, and in an evil hour I had been led to say the things which I have just repeated, and which had driven him to leave me.

My father met me kindly, but with that cold reserve and dignity which made me know that he had learned all.

Once again at home in my father's house, I plunged into a whirlpool of dissipation. "I must be happy," I said to myself; "I will let the world see that I have nothing to regret. My pride shall bear me through all."

And was it so? No. I found that there were in my heart other emotions beside pride — emotions that would not lie down and sleep at my bidding; — they burned like hidden fires within.

I was wretched at times — unspeakably wretched — and would gladly have cast off all my gew-gaws with my painted mask of outward, seeming happiness, for a place again in the heart of him I had so wantonly abandoned.

One morning, after a night spent in the wildest excitement, I took up a paper, and read among the failures that of the large mercantile house with which my husband stood connected. The paper dropped from my hands, for it brought to my mind that hour when he had spoken to me of his failing fortunes, and of the necessity of retrenchment, and I had answered him with such words of pride, and so cruelly.

A few mornings after, I read of his declining health, and desolate condition, in the house of a friend. The writer spoke of him as being very low — hardly a possibility of his recovery — and concluded by saying how much society would suffer by the loss of such an one, and how calmly he endured his misfortunes.

I sat and read all through, and then the paper lay passive on my lap; and thoughts such as I cannot describe came crowding on my brain, till my heart seemed like a caldron, boiling over with its emotions.

I thought of the time when Edward Mortimer had so gently wooed

and won me, then a gay, young, thoughtless girl; how forbearing he had been to me in all my wild and wayward wanderings; how he had borne with me, with such long suffering, and patience, and all because he loved me out of his whole, great heart. Then I thought of how cruelly I had treated him—returning him only evil for all his good, and repaying him by neglect and desertion, and that, too, in the hour of need and suffering, when only a true woman is known, and when she shows herself worthy of the high name of wife. I thought of it all, as I tried to read that paper again, through hot, scalding tears. I rose and said, “I must go to him. He must not die without seeing me, and granting me forgiveness. I must go, and his last hours shall prove that I am not altogether unworthy of the man I forsook and perhaps ruined.”

The next morning I went to him. His room was the chamber of a small house in the suburbs of the city. It was a poor place, and my feet had never entered so lowly a home before. But my pride had gone. I could have entered a hovel of straw to have been with him.

He said as I entered, “This is too kind. I thought that you would come. I saw you here last night in my dreams. You seemed to be standing over me, and your face wore the same old, sweet smile of girlhood—only more chastened. I woke and said, “It is no delusion. She will be here to-day.”

I replied, “My dear husband, we meet never more to part. I have learned that it is worse than death to live without you, and without your presence even my father’s house was a dreary home to me. Can you forgive me all the past—all the pain I have given you—all my waywardness and folly?”

“I have nothing to forgive,” he replied, “and everything to be thankful for. You have come because you were sent. God had a lesson for you to learn. You have learned it, and now all will be well.”

From that hour I never left him. I was with him day and night. Our hearts were united. We had but one thought—we seemed as one soul.

But one morning, when all spoke encouragement, I felt that we must part. A voice, as though from Heaven, was ringing in my ears, “Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him!” I said,

“It is the voice of the messenger sent for my beloved. Even now his chariot is at the door!”

I went into my closet—I shut the door—*I drew near to God!* I prayed for my husband, for myself, so soon to be left alone in this great wilderness. I prayed for strength and patience to meet all—to endure all.

God passed by and spake with me, *face to face*. He said unto me, “Fear not. When thou passeth through the rivers, I will be with thee. Thou shalt lie down and sleep safely in the wilderness; no lion or ravenous beast shall be there. Thy home shall be on the mountains of Israel. There is no night there. There are the green pastures and the still waters. In the valley of the shadow of death thou shalt fear no evil. I will be with thee.”

From that audience-chamber of the Deity I only went out to gaze upon the lifeless clay of him who was more than life to me. Only an empty casket was there. The soul of Edward Mortimer was with God.

And since that hour how has it been with me? My way has been rough sometimes, the desert lonely—my strong helper gone, and my foes many.

But I have tried to run with patience the race set before me, and to keep mine eye on the promise, “To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, in the midst of the Paradise of God.

And I will give him to eat of the Hidden Manna.

I will give him the White Stone, with a new name written thereon, which no man knoweth but he who receiveth it.

I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God.

I will give him the Morning Star.”

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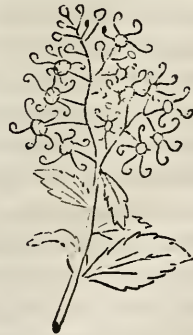
Zeno said, we have two ears and only one tongue, because we should hear much, and talk but little. How happy are those whose cultivated minds can, at all times, draw resources from themselves! To such, solitude is never irksome, and amusement charms with double zest. He who wants good sense is unfortunate in having learning; for he thereby has more ways of exposing himself.



OLD TIGER AND THE WOLF.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

MINNIE, dear, you must not talk very loud now — it frightens away the fairy angel visits. Take these wild lilacs \* and look carefully up in the blue, and tell me if your eyes can find the little fairy dippers they drink out of; perhaps you may see their servants holding them out of those blue caps to catch the tiny dew-drops. You may call to them softly, in low and loving tones, and if you are innocent and good, and your ideas and eyes a little dreamy, with some good poet's song in your soul, you can even see them by daylight. Great good fortune, we are told, is sure to follow after such a wonderful state of things.



But to our story. Once upon a time, in the year of our Lord 1849, when we first came to California, this portion of San Francisco was a wild, secluded spot; only a winding path ran along under this bluff, just a few feet to the right of where we are now sitting. It has since become a road, as you see, on which the omnibus goes to Fort Point.

\* *Ceanothus thyrsiflorus*.

This was then one of our favorite walks, and right here arched over our heads one of these beautiful *Lilacs*, or *Tea Trees*; behind us it was backed by a dense thicket, or *chapparal*, and the innumerable vine-creepers and ferns, higher than a man's head, made it a dark jungle. But here was the same little grassy swell of ground, and smiling sunny nook. And here *then*, as now, we were wont to rest ourselves. You must know we never walk far and fast, just like vulgar people, who think of nothing else but outwalking, and walking down, all creation! (and themselves, too, into ill-concealed misery.) Well, as we were saying, an old mother cow and her pirded pet calf—the prettiest calf in all the world, we have no doubt she thought;—so very careful was the old cow of her calf, that she determined to hide him—yes, *hide* him from her kind and clever old farmer friend who lived over yonder, at the Mission. After roaming and prospecting about long enough, she could find no place so nice and sly as this retreat. Here she lay down—and here contentedly chewed her cud—calfy all the time by her side. Now and then she would stop suddenly to lick calfy's face, whether it needed washing or not. The sun began to sink slowly down in golden glories behind the western hills; lo! lengthening shadows lay stretched along the dampening ground. Ye monsters of the mighty shades, spirit yourselves in haste across every path and plain ere the curtain of night drops upon the scene! Now the twinkling stars come forth, and the moon looks down at his face in the Bay. Serene and silent all—“How much neater and pleasanter to be here, where no one will jostle or harm my calfy.” Hark! she hears something. “That's not *our* dog's voice, but it may be some other strange breed of dogs? No—as it comes nearer—that is no *dog*; it's a wolf!” And up jumped the cow to her feet. You see that spur or point of the bluff yonder, dont you? Suddenly the wolf came round that—he was nearer than it seemed. Old mooly was a resolute body, at least when she had a calf to defend. The gaunt wolf, raving with hunger, gave an awful howl, and charged, with skinned teeth and bristling hate, at her. The silly calf was frightened, and off he bolted from his mother. Wolf knew his chance—he left the cow and sprang after the calf; seizing him by the flank, he tore it away. Poor calfy fell, but the cow was too close down upon him, in such precipitate fury, the wretch was

forced to fly for dear life. The ferocious wolf had already a taste of blood, which only the more enraged him, to be so suddenly robbed of his prey. Kill the cow or abandon the field? not he. Instantly wheeling to the left about, he seized the old cow by her throat, and cut it so with his sharp teeth that she bled until she fainted, and all was dim. \* \* \* "O, if we had been with our faithful dog!" groaned the dying cow. As the wolf returned towards the prostrate calf, it bleated a note of horrible despair. Old Tiger—who was out patrolling around for prowlers—heard this singular sound of distress and alarm, and ran to the brow of the bluff; there he could look directly down upon the bloody scene below—a single leap and he landed half way down the steep. A last ray of joy beamed in the dying cow's eyes as she saw old Tige's muscles strung like cords of steel for the conflict. Little did she think her dear calf had received his death wound—but so it was.

The terror-stricken wolf, surprised in the midst of a double murder, and fatigued with fear and recent struggles, seemed already doomed to instant death, so overwhelmed was he by Tige's onslaught and just rage. I am sorry to add—but truth compels me—the wolf rallied; and Tige being one of our short-haired breed of brindle dogs, was naturally ill-prepared to withstand the keen, cutting teeth of a wolf. The wolf had the advantage, and he cut and tore poor Tige most dreadfully. But then Tige was the strongest; and I can tell you, he wallowed the wolf wofully, and cracked and craunched every bone in his body. They rolled and tumbled, and broke down the bushes in their way, tore up the turf in their struggles, until each fell, fast seized in the other's mouth. Tige's motto, on his master's duty, was "*conquer or die*," and he did die conquering; he killed the wolf, but the wolf also killed him. There lay the dead dog, the wolf all torn and dead, the dead cow, and her dead calf. Some of my little friends who read this will remember going out there with us to see this wonderful sight. You needn't look behind you, Minnie, to see if any wolf is coming after you; there are no wolves about here now.

The farmer rose with the sun—went to the barn and all his morning round—no dog ran up to welcome him. "Bill! where is Tiger? Have you seen him this morning?"

"No," was the short but unsatisfactory answer.

“O, where does faithful *Tiger* roam?  
 The flower of all his race;  
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home—  
 A lion in the chase!”

The anxious farmer was not long in finding out where his dear old dog lay in his glory. Peace to his ashes! He died *game* in a *good cause*, as every old dog should. The world has built many of its most costly monuments to generals of far less disinterested merit than our hero.

Now, if you are all rested, we will go on.

“*Rested*, you say?—why, we were not tired at all.”

One would think so, from the way you scamper. Marie and me were not so fast; she cries out, “*Wait—wait for us!*” (Such floods of noisy glee were enough to drown the voice of Old Stentor himself—how much more my little Marie! So in despair she consoles herself.)

“Well, we have got the *lunch-baskets*—they will be glad enough to wait for us bye and bye. Don’t you think that will bring them back?”

“That is a pretty good check in their mouths; I shouldn’t wonder if it did.”

“They run right over the beautiful flowers and never notice them! The leaves and stems are not so very pretty; but just look at the charming orange blossoms!”

This plant furnishes a great abundance of seed for the dear little birds; the California Partridge, or Quail, is very fond of them. Here you see the old father and mother birds and their little chicks picking them up.—One chick is tired of walking about all the morning, so he is taking a ride on his mother’s back; perhaps he is playing, and feels funny, and likes to climb up very high.



THE QUAILS.

A plant of this family, with beautiful blue flowers, is an emblem of affection among our good, honest and industrious German people;

\* *Laphortyx Californicus*.





FORGET-ME-NOT.

they call it "*Forget-me-not.*"\* Let us notice this partridge plant carefully, so as not to forget it. The yellow flowers, you observe, are set close down upon one side of the stem, and the light gray hairs come out of little pimples, like the pin-feathers on old biddy's back. "Let me see! why, so they do;" and it branches and curls over just like Elly and my Heliotrope. "What is the name of it?" The Indians call it *Puccoon*; and we take their name and call it the *Hoary Puccoon*,† because the whitish hairs make it look gray. *Alkanet* is the English name. Your hair-oil is often colored a beautiful bright red with the root of this plant. The Indian name "*puccoon*" means red, or bloody. These savages rub it on their faces and skin to make themselves look bloody and frightful. They glory in blood and carnage as none but the veriest fiends or *savage soldiers* ever do! It is not so with the *brave general* or the *true soldier*. They may go to war, too, but they do not *love* war and fighting; even in battle, they love peace; they only go to war to defend their country. The true and noble soldier, although ever so brave in battle, when the battle is over, he is mild and merciful, kind and courteous to the fallen foe. "In battle he would fain be a lion, but a lamb when battle ends." When he hears the sound of the drum calling him away from slaughter, instantly his fury ceases, because, in his inward self, *in his heart*, he loves peace, and he loves his enemy. *Hatred* and *Revenge* have no place in the heart of any good and true man.

\* *Myosotis palustris*.

† *Lithospermum canescens*.

LUXURY.—Such is become our delicacy that we do not choose to eat any thing common, nor drink any weak liquor. We must have what is generally esteemed the best, and it must also be cooked in the best manner; but as to our minds, they may be disregarded or be indulged only with trifling objects. Man thus spends all upon a bare house, in which there is little or no furniture within to recommend it; he prefers the cabinet to the jewel, a lease of seven years to an inheritance.

## Editor's Table.

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"Thou shalt have fame! Oh, mockery! give the reed  
From storms a shelter, — give the drooping vine  
Something round which its tendrils may entwine,—  
Give the parch'd flower a rain-drop, and the meed  
Of love's kind words to woman!"

So sang one of earth's most gifted daughters, even while the myrtle wreath of enduring fame bound her fair brow. She who had received the plaudits of a nation, and before whose brilliant genius crowds of admiring worshipers bent down, looked into the temple of her own heart, and mournfully exclaimed, as she contemplated the ashes there,

"Worthless fame! that in his bosom wins not for my name  
The abiding place it asked!"

Woman's empire is not of earth; she reigns in the high and holy place of the affections. Home is her temple, and the faintest token of appreciation and affection from loved ones there is more grateful to her soul, more satisfying to her spirit, than the most enthusiastic plaudits of the world.

The gift of fame is not to woman the gift of happiness. Men find pleasure in the plaudits of an admiring world. Not so with woman; her finer organization requires something higher and holier, her heart yearns for something deeper and purer. She craves the meed of sympathy and affection, and without it fame to her is worthless mockery.

Trace the history of woman from the earliest record to the present day, and in every instance you will find her brow throbbing with anguish beneath the chaplet of fame. Look into the heart and see the altar there strown with the dead, cold ashes of buried hopes, and dead loves and unrequited affections. Behold Sappho, the beauty of whose poetical expression had won for her the title of the tenth muse, and before whose genius crowds bent in admiring worship, unable to endure the desertion and neglect of Phaon, despairingly flinging herself from the precipice of Leacate. Listen to the plaintive tone of sadness which pervades the writings of most of the female poets. Hear the honorable Mrs. Norton, whose brow is wreathed with undying laurels, in bitter agony exclaim —

——— "The laurel droops  
In mockery o'er my joyless brow;  
A conquered world before me stoops,  
And fame is mine — but where art *thou*?

Oh! for thy voice! thy happy voice,  
To breathe its laughing welcome now;  
Wealth, fame, and all that should rejoice,  
To me are vain — for where art *thou*?"

Listen to the touching tones of Mrs. Hemans, who, in the midst of all her literary triumphs, yields to her woman nature and murmurs mournfully —

“Farewell! If I could weep  
Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,  
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest!  
But that were happiness, and unto me  
Earth's gift is fame.”

Oh! what depth of feeling, what unsatisfied yearnings do those few words reveal; and how sad must have been the experience which caused the soul to dissolve, and, as it were, gush forth in liquid agony —

“Fame, fame! thou canst not be the stay  
Unto the drooping reed,  
The cool, fresh fountain in the day  
Of the soul's feverish need;  
Where must the lone one turn or flee?—  
Not unto thee — oh! not to thee!”

THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA. — Six years ago the Reverend Mr. Durant commenced this school, with but three scholars, and he has patiently persevered in his course, making headway under the most discouraging circumstances, until the school now numbers some eighty scholars, and is in a most flourishing condition. The recent annual examination of the preparatory department of this institution did much credit to both teachers and pupils, and must have been a source of satisfaction to all connected with the school. Many of the classes called forth our admiration, and are deserving of honorable mention. But our limited space forbids that we should notice all as we could wish to.

The salutatory was a poem, delivered by Frederick W. Clark, composed by his mother for the occasion. The lad did credit to himself as a speaker, while he seemed to catch in some degree the spirit of his gifted mother. The following is but a fragment of the poem, our limited space forbidding its being given entire:—

“Turn over the leaves — compare the now and then,  
Behold! the sword has yielded to the pen! —  
The savage principle, that “Might makes Right,”  
The Christian precept, Right alone, is Might! —  
Then, Governments were narrow in their plan —  
Now, they are based upon the rights of Man!  
Then, science had her martyrs, who sublime  
Our human nature for all coming time —  
Now, she is worshipped on the bended knee,  
For thro' her laws we learn of Deity.  
Religion then, could count its thousands slain  
To trample free born thought, thank God, in vain —  
None, now, are made to fear for conscience sake,  
Imprisonment, the torture, and the stake.

" Then, cumbrous chariots rolled in state along  
 On ponderous wheels, amid the ignorant throng,  
 Bearing stern rulers clad in " coats of mail,"—  
 But, now, the People's Coach, with its long trail  
 Of fire-lit clouds, takes up the quickened throng,  
 And fleetier than the wind, bears them along.  
 Then sluggish barges hugged a leeward shore,  
 Forced onward by the boatman's clumsy oar—  
 Now commerce spreads her wing on every sea,  
 And rides the storm-tossed billows gallantly.

" Then, human muscle toiled for meagre gain,  
 At the expense of life, and heart, and brain—  
 But, now, the human brain, — most wondrous grace, —  
 Supplies with ease, the weary muscle's place ;  
 And man redeemed, no more a servile clod—  
 A slave to labor— rises from the sod  
 To hold sublime companionship with God."

As some of those who particularly distinguished themselves in oratory we might mention Elijah Janes, John S. Torrence, Charles N. Howard, B. A. Leonard, W. A. Stewart, C. H. Lowe, T. D. Winn, Y'banez, Charles A. Garter, and Albert Lyle. The closing speech, "The relation of the Common School and University system of education," was written and delivered by Frank H. Howard. It was a brilliant effort, and the speaker acquitted himself in the most praiseworthy manner.

The history of this school shows what can be accomplished by patient perseverance and never-failing reliance upon an almighty power. The institution which but six years ago numbered but three scholars, now numbers some eighty pupils, who are all making fine progress. The school is designed as a preparatory to the college, which will be open for the freshmen class in about one year's time.

**FLORAL FAIR**—The first of the kind ever held at this season of the year on the Pacific coast, took place at Oakland on the 14th of June. With pride and pleasure we here received fresh evidence of the boundless resources of California. The fair was a decided success, and will do much for the cause of Flora and Pomona throughout the State.

IN our June number we forgot to mention that the portrait of Mr. Leese was from a photograph kindly furnished us by Mr. Wm. Shew.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.**—In every instance, where we can, we prefer to answer our correspondents by letter rather than through the columns of the *HESPERIAN*. We have many articles of merit on hand which will appear soon. We make it a rule never to publish an article where the author refuses to entrust us with his or her name.





*Geo. Tomlinson del.*

*From a Photograph by R.H. Vance*

PETER LASSEN.

*(Expressly for the Hesperian.)*



L. NAGEL, PR.

MICHEL & DRESEL, LITH.

*Largest Oriole.*

GENUS ICTERUS.

*Expressly for the HESPERIAN, from an original drawing by A. J. Grayson*





# THE HESPERIAN.

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No. 6.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

PETER LASSEN.

WE have long felt that whatever was to be recorded of the early settlers of California, should be done soon, for "passing away" is written on all things; and that band of noble pioneers is already sadly broken, and one by one they are taking leave of us and passing on to explore that new country that lies beyond the dark river; and to the great city "whose builder and maker is God."

Never have we been more fully impressed with the importance of prosecuting our work with diligence, than by the sudden and untimely death of PETER LASSEN. One moment he is well, prosecuting his business with all the energy and perseverance of his vigorous nature; the next, he lies in the cold embrace of death; cut down in the full strength of his manhood by the dastardly hand of the assassin. We had thought at this time to have given a rather extended biography of PETER LASSEN, but the difficulty of procuring all the reliable information needful, within the short space of time allotted to us, will prevent our doing so at present. But, in our "Biography of California Pioneers," which we have now in preparation, will be found carefully recorded everything of interest connected with his life and character, while a brief and imperfect sketch must serve our purpose for the present.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. F. H. Day, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

PETER LASSEN was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on the seventh of August, 1800. He was early in life apprenticed to learn the blacksmith's trade in his native city. At the age of twenty-seven, he had mastered his trade, and in two years afterwards he emigrated from Denmark to the United States, and took up his residence in Boston. After some months' residence in eastern cities, during which time he supported himself by working at his trade, he removed to the west, and took up his residence at Katesville, Charlton County, Mo. Here, for nine years, he carried on both the blacksmithing and farming business.

In the spring of 1839, he left Katesville, in company with some others, to cross the Rocky Mountains into Oregon. They fell in with a train belonging to the American Fur Company, and all traveled on together. It must be remembered that at this time there were no roads, and the compass was the only guide they had to direct them on their way. They arrived at the Dalles in October of the same year. From there they proceeded down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver, at that time a port of the Hudson Bay Company. From here they traveled on up the Willamette to what is now Oregon City. He now found his company reduced to seven men, and as they could not settle to their minds, they concluded to come through to California. As their force was too small to think of crossing the mountains and entering California by the overland route, they concluded to come by water, and were fortunate enough to find a vessel just then ready to sail. Upon this they embarked, and after twice narrowly escaping shipwreck, and consuming several weeks on their journey, they finally reached Fort Ross in safety. Here they obtained a pilot and set sail for Bodega, where they landed. At this place they had some difficulty with the Spaniards, and taking leave of them went to Capt. Sutter's camp — since known as Sutter's Fort — where they remained fifteen or twenty days, and then started for Yerba Buena — now known as San Francisco. From this place he went to San José, where he spent the winter working at his trade.

In the spring of 1841 he purchased some land and built a saw-mill near Santa Cruz, which was the first one ever built and put into successful operation in the country. After cutting several thousand feet of lumber, he accepted an offer from Capt. Graham for his

x Katesville Charlton County Missouri

mill and ranch, and sold out to that gentleman, who still resides upon the place.

We are indebted to the *Red Bluff Beacon* for the following short but interesting sketch of some of the more prominent features of PETER LASSEN'S truly eventful life :—

“In 1842 Governor Micheltorena made him a grant of land known as the Lassen grant, (now Gerke's,) on Deer Creek, in this county, where, in 1843, he removed with a band of cattle that he had earned by blacksmithing for Captain Sutter. In 1847, Uncle Peter crossed the Plains to Mo. with Commodore Stockton, and again returned in 1848, to this country, bringing with him several families, among whom was Wm. Myers, the pioneer of Red Bluff, and now a farmer in this neighborhood.

“In the spring of 1850, PETER LASSEN having disposed of one-half his ranch and stock to Palmer, took several teams of oxen and went to Sacramento City to purchase some provisions, and, while there, conceived the idea of selling his cattle, and buying a steamboat, which proved to him the most unfortunate speculation of his life. Mr. Palmer sold his interest in the concern to General Wilson, and while Peter, with his purchase, (the little steamer *Washington*,) was cordelling up the river with his Indians, other parties were taking away and selling his cattle. The steamboat project proved a failure, — his cattle were all gone,—the parties to whom he sold half his ranch and stock had paid him nothing, and he had incurred a debt that nothing short of the sale of his ranch would pay. He accordingly sold to Henry Gerke, of San Francisco, his remaining interest in the place, together with his claim against Wilson, which enabled him to pay up his debts, and remove with a few head of cattle to Indian Valley, in Plumas Co., and afterwards to Honey Lake, where he still resides, making an occasional visit to Red Bluff for provisions, and to his old ranch, where he is allowed to help himself to whatever pleases his fancy.”

PETER LASSEN came to his death on the 29th of April, 1859, at Black Rock Springs, in Utah Territory. While out in search of silver mines, he, with his companions, Clapper and Wyatt, were attacked by a party, at the time supposed to be Indians, but whom, we have every reason to believe, were whites dressed in disguise. They shot Clapper and Lassen, killing them instantly. Wyatt suc-

ceeded in catching Lassen's horse, which he mounted and made good his escape. He reached Honey Lake after traveling four days without food, and riding all the way bare-backed.

So perished one of our oldest and bravest pioneers. The news of his death was received with sorrow throughout the State, and many of the Masonic Lodges published tributes of respect to his memory. The following, which we take from the *Tehama Gazette*, shows the esteem in which he was held by that noble brotherhood:—

“TRIBUTE OF RESPECT. — At a meeting of the F. and A. M. of Honey Lake Valley, held at Susanville, this 22d day of May, A. L. 5859, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz.:—

“ *Whereas*, It has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to suddenly remove from our midst, on the 29th day of April, A. D. 1859, our worthy and beloved brother, PETER LASSEN. He obeyed the summons, and the door of destiny was opened unto him. We confidently believe that sudden as was his summons, he was prepared to meet it and take a seat in the presence of his Divine Grand Master, and be invested with the great mysteries of that ‘house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;’ therefore, be it

“ *Resolved*, That in the death of PETER LASSEN the community has suffered the loss of an enterprising citizen, a warm-hearted friend, a true and faithful brother, and one of the most ardent members of the Masonic Fraternity in the State of California.

“ *Resolved*, That we sincerely sympathize with the brethren of Western Star Lodge, No. 2, at Shasta, California, of which he was a member.

“ *Resolved*, That a copy of the above be furnished unto Western Star Lodge, No. 2, and to the Shasta papers, *Red Bluff Beacon*, and *Tehama Gazette*, for publication, with a request that other papers throughout the State will please copy.

“ ISAAC ROOP, *Chairman*.

“ A. M. VAUGHAN, *Secretary*.”

## THE LARGEST ORIOLE.

BY A. J. GRAYSON.

OF the beautiful birds known as "Orioles," we have in California but one variety, best known to naturalists as "Bollock's Oriole," and more commonly called "hang nest" from the peculiarity it has of suspending its nest from the hanging branches of a tree. It is very pretty, both in form and plumage.

Being migratory, it visits us early in spring, and disappears again about the first of September; the male preceding the female, who lingers with the young until they are better able to sustain the voyage to a more genial clime.

But, during my visit to the Pacific coast of Mexico, I found several varieties of these beautiful woodland songsters; none however, so gaudy in appearance as the one now before us. In passing through the forests of that country where the woods are alive with birds of every hue and note, it is sure to attract attention and win the admiration of the traveler by its gay plumage and sweet song, which it constantly utters throughout the day—"from early morn to dewy eve." Independent of its size (for a bird of this variety,) and its bright plumage, it is rendered still more conspicuous by the singularity of its nest, which is in itself a curiosity—formed like a pouch, and suspended from the extreme end of the branches of a mimosa or palm tree, at a considerable height from the the ground, and measuring from fifteen to twenty inches in length. The entrance, which is a very small aperture in the upper end of the nest, is just sufficiently large to admit the bird. The nest is so ingeniously woven together of long, slender, tough grass, or the fibers of the palm leaf, as to excite the wonder of the observer. It is indeed a wonder, and exhibits a remarkable degree of ingenuity displayed by nearly all the birds of this class. The nest is more frequently overhanging the road, or any bare space where it is sure to be observed by the passer, as it swings to and fro in the breeze. The eggs, generally five in number, are of a dull white, marked near the larger end with zig-zag black marks, somewhat resembling the scribbling of a bad pen.

The plumage of the female differs from that of the male, in being

of a duller yellow upon the breast, and the upper parts of a dull, brownish yellow, instead of black as in the male.

#### TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.

##### *Genus Icterus.*

*Male adult.*—Alar extension, fifteen and a quarter inches; length, from tip to tip, eleven and a half inches.

Form, robust; bill nearly straight, acuminate, rather thick at the base; tarsus and toes, stout and deeply scutillated; tarsus, posteriorly acuminate; nails, moderate, curved.

*Color.*—Bill, black, as also the throat and upper parts of the back and tail; head, breast and abdomen, bright yellow, tinged with orange red; toes and tarsus, grayish blue; iris, dark brown.

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### THEY LIVE AGAIN!

BY S. M. C.

---

'Tis not the ashes of the urn  
 To which our yearning spirits turn  
 When stones from sepulchres roll back,  
 And graves are rent about our track  
 By dear, familiar names — O, no!  
 Our God cheats not our loving so!  
 His unseen messengers attend  
 To whisper sweetly — the dear friend  
 Ye mourn, “is risen,” — gone before, —  
 Go, follow after, — weep no more!  
 Turning from the tomb's dark portal,  
 We behold the bright immortal.

*The spirit*, and the *form* sublime,  
 Survivors of all change, all time,  
 These to our love once more are given; —  
 As stars, lost in the light of Heaven,  
 Returning thro' the mystic deep,  
 Again their vigils o'er us keep;  
 At deep'ning eve, *THEY REILLUME*  
 Our darkened way, and smile upon the tomb.

## THE OLD BEECH TREE IN THE MEADOW.

BY DELTA.

*"Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi."*—VIRGIL. BUCCOLICS.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view:  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot that my infancy knew."—*Woodworth.*

BUT now in the meridian of life, "half way home," standing on the summit of the hill I have been so long and so eagerly climbing, and taking a retrospective survey of the ascending portion of my journey, I view no one of the many "loved spots which *my* infancy knew," with greater pleasure than the one surrounding the "Wide-spreading *Beech Tree*, and the cot that stood by it;" my childhood's "Sweet Home," "The cot where I was born." What darling sports, what happy hours, what halcyon days I passed in that dear old home, and beneath that old tree's leafy shade!

I see, in the dim past where I lived and learned, toiled and studied, hoped and feared, enjoyed and suffered, and loved, and grew up to manhood, many bright spots and beautiful scenes among the fading landscapes and receding hill-sides, which are distinctly marked on the map of memory, as refreshing oases in the desert of human life. In one of these I first opened my tiny eyes upon the beautiful green earth, the flowery fields, the waving forests, the smiling valleys, the leaping fountains and the towering heights of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. Here my young mind unfolded its feeble powers and began to look into the open volume of Nature; to soar up among the twinkling stars which looked down upon me with laughing, loving eyes; and to drink in the spirit of truth, and the poetry of life, and of Nature which flooded the vales and hills over which my young pilgrim feet were wandering.

But the beloved old cot, and the umbrageous Beech Tree standing on the bank of the little river, form the terminus, the *ne plus ultra* of my retrospective view. I can see nothing beyond; but a halo of holy light surrounds them, and all that is pleasing to the sight, grateful to faithful memory or near and dear to the heart, cluster around the sacred spot.

Beneath this favorite old tree, scores of school-fellows — brothers

and sisters and cousins — used to meet and chase the hours away with flying feet.

What sunny memories, what “fond recollections,” what holy joys! What treasures of early childish-thoughts, and laughing innocence, and dancing mirth, and whispered loves, and endearing words, and breathing hopes, and fruitful imaginations, and dreaming fancies, and soaring bubbles, and towering castles! What bright worlds of perfection and bliss; full of fair Edens with fragrant flowers, and birds of Paradise, ambrosial fruits and fountains of nectar; overhung with heavens ever serene, liquid with pure sunlight, or studded with stars all gems and gold! What untold treasures of all these bright and beautiful creations of the young soul, crowd upon my mind, and my vision, making strong the golden chain which binds the heart to that cherished old tree, and the rustic “Cot of my father.” Surely, as Wordsworth has beautifully said in his ode on Immortality,

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”

I can now, in reviewing the pleasures in which I participated under the thick foliage of the old Beech, realize the full force of the line in Spencer’s Fairy Queen: “And made a sunshine in a shady place.”—Certainly “a sunshine” in each loving heart, which no overhanging boughs, or darkling mists, or clouds, can wholly obscure.

When an hour’s respite was given me from the necessary labors of the garden or the corn-field, with what alacrity and bounding joy would I “lay down the shovel and the hoe,” and, book in hand, if alone, hie me away to the favorite retreat and pore over the bewitching pages of Alonzo and Melissa, Pilgrim’s Progress, the Children of the Abbey, the Scottish Chiefs, Robinson Crusoe, Thaddeus of Warsaw, or other “Treasures of Literature” of that day; for my young readers should know that “Peter Parley’s” pleasing and instructive stories had not then been given forth to the world, and that it was many years after these had so great an influence on the minds and hearts of the then *rising*, but now, *risen* generation, that their kind old friend “Peter Parley” was elbowed out of the field by the Abbots, whose juvenile Histories now constitute so great and so valuable a proportion of the literature for the youth of the present day. But to get back to my text. My retreat was so cosy and my reading so



entertaining that it was almost like parting with an eye-tooth to resign them, even when duty, or the dinner horn, or the call to the field summoned me away.

The old tree, however, was seldom alone. It was the favorite resort of other than human feet. The little lambs gamboled around and beneath it, while the whole flock of white sheep and black sheep sported around the gray old trunk, or reclined upon the soft, grassy couch under its protecting branches. The nimble black squirrels and gray squirrels occasionally visited it on their way from the neighboring woods to the adjoining corn-field; while the saucy little streaked "chip muck," sitting on the lowest limb, with its jaws distended with stolen corn, chattered defiance to the planters, in such terms that Dr. Woodpecker "called to see if he had the *mumps*; he would take his *bill* in *corn*." The "Old Crow" cawed from its loftiest branches, and rejoiced at the prospect of "Corn! corn! corn!" in the adjacent field; while a bevy of Blackbirds chimed in on the *chorus* as *tenores* and *altos* to the old Crow's basso, the Bluejay and the Magpie piping the *accompaniment*—the whole choir being led off by the melodious *sopranos* of the Lark, the Robin-red-breast, and the Mocking-bird.

From rosy morn to silver noon, and from noon till dusky eve when twilight's softest glow faded into ebon night, the Old Beech Tree was vocal with merry songs, and dancing glee, and laughing joy! If "the *groves* were God's first *temples*," surely this and similar isolated trees, away from the corrupting influences of the city,—for "God made the country and man made the town"—are the meeting-houses where the votaries of innocent sports and harmless love, — Nature's worshipers — pour forth their swelling notes of gladness and praise to the All-Father who delights in the gratuitous, the spontaneous, spiritual worship of His creatures!

I would not remember all the sights and sounds that have greeted my eyes and ears, some of which alas! are but too vividly impressed upon the retina and the tympanum, and too often grate with painful vibrations of the optic and auditory nerves of the soul. I would fain erase from the tablet of memory many of these which are not "fond recollections," and bury them far away from the blessed reminiscences of the Old Beech Tree; far away from the sunny scenes and refreshing shades of the journey of life, in the Egyptian night,

the Cimmerian darkness, the eternal shades of oblivion! But naught would I forget of the kind words and endearing tones, the maternal love and paternal blessing, the heart-felt joys and the heaven-ward aspirations which owe their rise and progress, and immortal existence in the soul, to that dear old cot, with its rustic porch fronting the Old Beech Tree in the meadow.

Many years have passed since the early "Sweet Home," and the beloved "*petula fagus*" were forsaken by my father's family forever. The dear father and the loving mother have long since fallen asleep till "Our Father in Heaven" shall awake them to the fruition of an eternal day in the Eden Home where stands "a house not made with hands," and where flourishes the "Tree of Life" on the banks of the "Beautiful River;" while life's fair morning has become high noon to the eight brothers and sisters who are scattered over many States — three of the little happy band, among whom is the writer, having wandered away to the beautiful "Hesperian" Land on the Pacific Coast.

*Sacramento, 1859.*

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"THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT AND THE DAY IS AT HAND."

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BY J. E. C. HADLEY.

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ANOTHER application than that made by the Apostle, of these words of holy writ, I think can with propriety be made in regard to our present theme: — The proper cultivation of the mind of woman. We hail with inexpressible pleasure the dawn of the glorious era when the night of ignorance, superstition, and tyranny, shall disappear. The day destined to drive far away the night which has so long enthralled, but vainly endeavored to extinguish that immortal principle — The mind of woman, is at hand. Then woman arise! Since thy Redeemer was made of woman, and since God designed thee to be the preserver and teacher of thy offspring through infancy and childhood, how important that thou should'st understand thy mission, and realize the responsibility of thy station — and that thou become truly qualified for the faithful discharge of those im-

portant duties which devolve upon *thee*, in all the relations of life. That thou mayest, by thy well-directed powers, impart such instruction, implant such principles, and set such examples as shall be salutary in their united influence, in elevating the minds of those God has given thee in charge, to their proper dignity, — to the highest standard of moral excellency.

And, by thy kind care, sympathy, and love, — which sweeten the cup of life, — render thy home the most desirable and attractive spot on earth to thy children. Truly *endearing* — a place where the affections of the heart will delight to cluster, and where reciprocal little kindnesses will lighten the burden of earthly care, rendering thy sky serene and beautiful, while we study to exhibit in our daily life, that which we wish to see exemplified in the life and conduct of our children. O, those beauteous buds of promise — let not the flower and the fruit be blighted for any lack on thy part, O, mother! Let not the tender scions of thy heart yearn for the sunshine of thy *love*. Let nothing dim the purity and luster of this heavenly, life-giving principle — bind closely to thy heart this treasure, — so shall the stern realities of life be softened and tempered by its genial influences, and its delicate and delicious fragrance, comfort and delight the soul. Most truly has it been said, that our life is made up of trifles. Be it even so, and truly has it been said too, that “It is but the littleness of a mind that perceives not a beauty and greatness even in trifles.” The vast ocean is composed of drops, and the lofty, towering mountain is made up of *atoms*. So, oft repeated kindnesses — little streams of *love* will make, and at length fill up, a reservoir of happiness. Says Boswell (the interesting biographer of Dr. Johnson), “As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop that makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses, there is at last one which makes the heart overflow.” I would here digress a moment from my theme, to say a word to the husband and the father, by adopting the sentiment of an accomplished writer, Miss Lucy Aiken — “The more faithfully he cherishes his wife, and educates his daughters, the happier and better will he be through life, and at his dying hour.” And we would add, let him not forget how much woman needs, “kindly tone, and word of cheer, in her daily toil and labor of love.” Therefore,

"Be gentle; for the noblest hearts  
 At times must have some grief:  
 And even in a pettish word,  
 May seek to find relief.  
 Be gentle, none are perfect here,  
 Thou 'rt dearer far than life, —  
 Then husband bear, and still forbear;  
 Be gentle to thy wife."

The tokens of love and regard which flow from the heart, will reach the heart, and produce a pleasure and satisfaction, which the pageantry, pomp, and luxury of a palace would fail to do. We were formed for, and are dependent upon, each other. Acting upon this principle, you will find your own hearts joyful, — mutual love and kindness diffuse their blessed influence around, — making a little heaven below. Then woman! let the aspirations of thy mind be worthy of thyself, and such as God will bless. Cast aside the mantle of mental twilight which obscures the nobler faculties of the soul, and "put on the whole armor of light." Let thy light shine, and thy pathway will become brighter and brighter. Shake off the shackles with which superfluous fashions and customs have enthralled thee, and rise to the dignity of the true woman, — and acquit thyself with honor in the sphere which thy Creator designed thee to fill, — and let the influence thrown around by thy example and teaching be happy and salutary, spreading far and wide, cheering, enlightening, elevating and beautifying the mind, that succeeding generations may rise up and call thee blessed. Again: Let no undue attention be given to things of trifling importance, which (to use the words of a gifted lady) "will cause intellectual barrenness, — clip the *wings* of the *soul*, that it can reach no flight beyond." And there are others who would address us in the same language, whose very names are like sun-gleams, and whose writings are replete, not with fabulous and absurd legends, or enthusiastic reveries, but with instruction and beauty, decking with lustrous gems, our literary galaxy; of whom are: Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Willard, Hannah Moore, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Dana, Anna Jamison, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Barbauld, the Carys, Sarah J. Hale, Harriet Newell, Emily C. Judson, first known to the public by her *nomme de plume* of "Fanny Forrester;" and there are numerous others of like noble mind — whose names are fondly remembered, — names written in

the Book of Life (we trust) above. Again: let us cultivate a love for reading; and devote a portion of our precious, fleeting time each day to useful reading; even though it be but a small portion, yet the information thereby gained, will be of vast importance to the *careful reader*, who can make

“The silent volume, thy waiting slave,  
Thy unbending teacher,”— and thy friend.  
“It will praise thy good without envy,  
And chide thy evil without malice.”

How great and grand a privilege, to have —

“The sayings of the good and wise,  
In ancient and modern books enrolled,”

and placed within our reach. We may well with pleasure exclaim with the poet of ancient times —

“O, blessed letters! that combine in one  
All ages past, and make one live in all:  
By you we do confer with those now gone,  
And the dead-living into council call.”

In a word, let us cultivate and nourish those gifts which a merciful Creator has kindly bestowed upon us: having our hearts open to the just appreciation of all that is beautiful, good, and lovely, above and around us. The great book of nature, which the Creator has laid open before us, filled with grandeur, beauties, sublimities, and mysterious truths, we may daily peruse and contemplate: a single glance at which is sufficient to make the writer exclaim, with the sweet singer of Israel, “O, Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all.” If we have a taste for the sublime, the beautiful and grand, we shall take pleasure in investigating, and learn to admire the wisdom, power, and goodness of the great Creator, displayed in every one of them. There is a majesty and greatness in all his works; even —

From the spear of grass, the tiny flower,  
And beauteous shrub, to the stately tree; from  
The pearly dew-drop, climbing from stem to petal,  
And soon exhaled,—the silvery sparkling rill,  
Softly murmuring through emerald meadows,  
And bright fields of waving, golden grain,  
Ripe from the harvests—through fresh pastures,

Sprinkled o'er with flocks and herds  
 Slowly straying here and there to crop  
 The herbage green ; or bending low beside the  
 Purling stream to slake their thirst.  
 Or if we list awhile to bold Niagara's  
 Dashing roar—or contemplate the bold Amazon,  
 The old Atlantic's heaving main, the  
 Wild Pacific's golden shore, or frozen zone,  
 The verdant mead, the flowery lawn, and valley green,  
 The grand old woods, where oft in childhood hour  
 We've loved to stray,—the terraced hill-side,  
 The towering, snow-capp'd Alps, or Appenines—  
 Old Ætna's rugged side, and upheaving, fiery cone.  
 The starry firmament, and worlds innumerable  
 In illimitable space, all—all proclaim the  
 Deity,—all speak his praise. Then let us join  
 This universal choir—to laud His name.

But when we contemplate His revealed will, the book of His eternal truth, there we behold the fullest displays of all His harmonious attributes. May we adhere to its precepts, obey its commands; make it our beloved rule of duty, our standard of excellence, and the guide of our lives. And while we contemplate the beauties and truths of nature and of grace, may our souls be elevated above this terrestrial scene, and rise, as on eagles' wings, in holy adoration, gratitude and love, to the great Author of our being—the giver of all good,—who alone is worthy of our best affections, our greatest gratitude, and highest adoration—all are too little to praise Him worthily. As we are aware that our seasons of usefulness will ere long be past, let us endeavour to redeem the time that has been lost, by increasing diligence and faithfulness; and whatever our hands find to do—do it with our might, and to the best of our ability.

"Aye, be of good courage,  
 Faint not in the race,  
 Press onward and upward,  
 More speed to thy pace.  
 Press on—and thy sun  
 On the morrow shall rise,  
 And thy prize of high calling,  
 Shine bright in the skies."

Then may our hearts ever be open to the cry of sorrow, filled with sympathy for the afflicted and oppressed; open to recognise

with gratitude the mercies and blessings so profusely scattered along our pathway; and our tongues and hands ever ready to impart and perform that which will benefit those around us; that we be not "weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

"The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,  
The deeper draught shall they receive of heaven."

We may possess wealth, splendid abilities, and extensive learning; yet without this active and divine principle, which prompts to deeds of kindness and benevolence, to the fulfilling of the golden rule, and to praise our Creator, we are like "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." But if we do, in some degree, possess this treasure, may it grow up to maturity and flourish abundantly. No encomiums or illustrations can sufficiently display the excellency of this heavenly principle. In the proper exercise of it, human happiness is commenced on earth—and may we not add, will be perfected in heaven. Says an eminent divine, "It is the offspring of gratitude, the elevation of the soul—the antepast of heaven; its own reward in this world, and an introduction to the felicities of the next." Let us then ever pursue the path of duty, which alone is the path of safety; "keep on the ethereal, heavenward side of all things," and laying hold of this cheering promise, "that as thy day, thy strength shall be,"

"Press on! for it is Godlike to unloose  
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought,  
Bending a pinion upward to the sky,  
And in the very fetters of your flesh,  
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!  
Press on! for in the grave there is no work,  
And no device! Press on! while yet you may."

Finally—in the words of Lord Bacon,—May we all enjoy the pleasure of that most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves becoming better."—*The Home*.

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Riches without virtue are a fire-brand in the hand of a madman, given only as a conspicuous evidence of their trifling value, since they are often inherited by the most worthless of mankind.

## WATCHING ALONE.

BY L. C. H..

Lingering and sad, the day hath passed,  
The sunset-light hath flown;  
And crouching down by the cottage gate,  
I wait and watch alone.  
Night looks out with her starry eyes;  
Sweeter the moon ne'r shone;  
But shadows gather along the path —  
I am watching here alone.

A murmur comes from the sombre wood,  
Borne on the zephyr's moan;  
And a sigh is heaved by the weary heart,  
That waits by the gate alone.  
The night wind played with a dreamy song,  
Its plaintive and farewell tone;  
Then silence fell on the world and me,  
By the cottage gate alone.

The north-lights flame in the radiant sky,  
In the far-off polar zone;  
Their silvery splendor is pale and cold  
As the watcher here alone.  
Why dost thou tarry so long away  
From thy sheltered home-nest gone;  
Thy bird is pining so sadly here,  
By the cottage gate alone.

Come back, come back, thou wanderer,  
To thy fondly cherished one,  
Or this heart will break in prisoned grief,  
Waiting for thee alone.  
A cloud floats over the placid moon,  
Its shade on the green sward thrown;  
A dear voice singeth "my own sweet home"—  
I shall *watch* no longer ALONE.



## THE TWO GEORGES.

### A FOURTH OF JULY SKETCH.

BY CANTON.

BETWEEN the years of our Lord 1730 and 1740, two men were born on opposite sides of the Atlantic ocean, whose lives were destined to exert a commanding influence on the age in which they lived, as well as to control the fortunes of many succeeding generations.

One was by birth a plain peasant, the son of a Virginia farmer; the other an hereditary Prince, and the heir of an immense empire. It will be the main object of this sketch to trace the histories of these two individuals, so dissimilar in their origin, from birth to death, and show how it happened that one has left a name synonymous with tyranny, whilst the other will descend to the latest posterity, radiant with immortal glory, and renowned the world over as the friend of virtue, the guardian of liberty, and the benefactor of his race.

Go with me for one moment to the crowded and splendid metropolis of England. It is the evening of the 4th June, 1734. Some joyful event must have occurred, for the bells are ringing merrily, and the inhabitants are dressed in holiday attire. Nor is the circumstance of a private nature, for banners are every where displayed, the vast city is illuminated, and a thousand cannon are proclaiming it from their iron throats. The population seem frantic with joy, and rush tumultuously into each other's arms, in token of a national jubilee. Tens of thousands are hurrying along towards a splendid marble pile, situated on a commanding eminence, near the river Thames, whilst from the loftiest towers of St. James' Palace the national ensigns of St. George and the Red Cross are seen floating on the breeze. Within one of the most gorgeously furnished apartments of that royal abode, the wife of Frederic, Prince of Wales, and heir apparent to the British Empire, has just been delivered of a son. The scions of royalty crowd into the bed-chamber, and solemnly attest the event as one on which the destiny of a great empire is suspended. The corridors are thronged with dukes, and nobles, and soldiers, and courtiers; all anxious to bend the supple knee, and bow the willing neck, to power just cradled

into the world. A Royal Proclamation soon follows, commemorating the event, and commanding British subjects every where, who acknowledge the honor of Brunswick, to rejoice, and give thanks to God, for safely ushering into existence George William Frederic, heir presumptive of the united crowns of Great Britain and Ireland. Just twenty-two years afterwards that child ascended the throne of his ancestors as King George the Third.

Let us now turn our eyes to the Western Continent, and contemplate a scene of similar import, but under circumstances of a totally different character. It is the 22d February, 1732. The locality is a distant colony, the spot the verge of an immense, untrodden and unexplored wilderness, the habitation a log cabin, with its chinks filled in with clay, and its sloping roof patched over with clapboards. Snow covers the ground, and a chill wintery wind is drifting the flakes, and moaning through the forest. Two immense chimneys stand at either end of the house, and give promise of cheerful comfort and primitive hospitality within, totally in contrast with external nature. There are but four small rooms in the dwelling, in one of which Mary Ball, the wife of Augustine Washington, has just given birth to a son. No Dukes or Marquises or Earls are there to attest the humble event. There are no princes of the blood to wrap the infant in the insignia of royalty, and fold about his limbs the tapestried escutcheon of a kingdom. His first breath is not drawn in the centre of a mighty capitol, the air laden with perfume, and trembling to the tones of soft music and the "murmurs of low fountains." But the child is received from its mother's womb by hands imbrowned with honest labor, and laid upon a lowly couch, indicative only of a backwoodsman's home and an American's inheritance. He, too, is christened GEORGE, and forty-three years afterwards took command of the American forces assembled on the plains of old Cambridge.

But if their births were dissimilar, their rearing and education were still more unlike. From his earliest recollection the Prince heard only the language of flattery, moved about from palace to palace, just as caprice dictated, slept upon the cygnet's down, and grew up in indolence, self-will and vanity, a dictator from his cradle. The peasant boy, on the other hand, was taught from his infancy that labor was honorable, and hardships indispensable to vigorous

health. He early learned to sleep alone amid the dangers of a boundless wilderness, a stone for his pillow, and the naked sod his bed; whilst the voices of untamed nature around him sang his morning and his evening hymns. Truth, courage and constancy were early implanted in his mind by a mother's counsels, and the important lesson of life was taught by a father's example, that when existence ceases to be useful it ceases to be happy.

Early manhood ushered them both into active life; the one as king over extensive dominions, the other as a modest, careful, and honest district surveyor.

Having traced the two Georges to the threshold of their career, let us now proceed one step further, and take note of the first great public event in the lives of either.

For a long time preceding the year 1753 the French had laid claim to all the North American continent west of the Alleghany Mountains, stretching in an unbroken line from Canada to Louisiana. The English strenuously denied this right, and when the French commandant on the Ohio, in 1753, commenced erecting a fort near where the present city of Pittsburg stands, and proceeded to capture certain English traders, and expel them from the country, Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, deemed it necessary to dispatch an agent on a diplomatic visit to the French commandant, and demand by what authority he acted, by what title he claimed the country, and order him immediately to evacuate the territory.

George Washington, then only in his twenty-second year, was selected by the Governor for this important mission.

It is unnecessary to follow him, in all his perils, during his wintery march through the wilderness. The historian of his life has painted in imperishable colors his courage, his sagacity, his wonderful coolness in the midst of danger, and the success which crowned his undertaking. The memory loves to follow him through the trackless wilds of the forest, accompanied by only a single companion, and making his way through wintery snows, in the midst of hostile savages, and wild beasts, for more than five hundred miles, to the residence of the French commander. How often do we not shudder, as we behold the treacherous Indian guide, on his return, deliberately raising his rifle, and leveling it at that majestic form; thus endeavoring, by an act of treachery and cowardice, to deprive Vir-

ginia of her young hero ! And, oh ! with what fervent prayers do we not implore a kind Providence to watch over his desperate encounter with the floating ice, at midnight, in the swollen torrent of the Alleghany, and rescue him from the wave and the storm. Standing bareheaded on the frail raft, whilst in the act of dashing aside some floating ice that threatened to engulf him, the treacherous oar was broken in his hand, and he is precipitated many feet into the boiling current. Save ! oh, save him heaven ! for the destinies of millions yet unborn hang upon that noble arm !

Let us now recross the ocean. In the early part of the year 1764 a ministerial crisis occurs in England, and Lord Bute, the favorite of the British monarch, is driven from the administration of the government. The troubles with the American colonists have also just commenced to excite attention, and the young King grows angry, perplexed, and greatly irritated. A few days after this a rumor starts into circulation that the monarch is sick. His attendants look gloomy, his friends terrified, and even his physicians exhibit symptoms of doubt and danger. Yet he has no fever, and is daily observed walking with uncertain and agitated step along the corridors of the palace. His conduct becomes gradually more and more strange, until doubt gives place to certainty, and the royal medical staff report to a select committee of the House of Commons that the King is threatened with *insanity*. For six weeks the cloud obscures his mental faculties, depriving him of all interference with the administration of the government, and betokening a sad disaster in the future. His reason is finally restored, but frequent fits of passion, pride, and obstinacy indicate but too surely that the disease is seated, and a radical cure impossible.

Possessed now of the chief characteristics of George Washington and George Guelf, we are prepared to review briefly their conduct during the struggle that ensued between the two countries they respectively represented.

Let us now refer to the first act of disloyalty of Washington, the first indignant spurn his high-toned spirit evinced under the oppressions of a King.

Not long after his return from the West, Washington was offered the chief command of the forces about to be raised in Virginia, to expel the French ; but, with his usual modesty, he declined the ap-

pointment on account of his extreme youth, but consented to take the post of Lieutenant Colonel. Shortly afterwards, on the death of Col. Fry, he was promoted to the chief command, but through no solicitations of his own. Subsequently, when the war between France and England broke out in Europe, the principal seat of hostilities was transferred to America, and his Gracious Majesty George III. sent over a large body of troops, *under the command of favorite officers*. But this was not enough. An edict soon followed, denominated an "Order to settle the rank of the officers of His Majesty's forces serving in America." By one of the articles of this order, it was provided "that all officers commissioned by the King, should take precedence of those of the same grade commissioned by the governors of the respective colonies, although their commissions might be of junior date;" and it was further provided, that "when the troops served together, the provincial officers should enjoy no rank at all." This order was scarcely promulgated, — indeed, before the ink was dry, — ere the Governor of Virginia received a communication informing him that *George Washington was no longer a soldier*." Entreaties, exhortations, and threats were all lavished upon him in vain, and to those who, in their expostulations, spoke of the defenceless frontiers of his native State, he patriotically but nobly replied: "I will serve my country when I can do so without dishonor."

In contrast with this attitude of Washington, look at the conduct of George the Third respecting the colonies, after the passage of the stamp act. This act was no sooner proclaimed in America, than the most violent opposition was manifested, and combinations for the purpose of effectual resistance were rapidly organized from Massachusetts to Georgia. The leading English patriots, amongst whom were Burke and Barré, protested against the folly of forcing the colonies into rebellion, and the City of London presented a petition to the King, praying him to dismiss the Granville ministry, and repeal the obnoxious act. "It is with the utmost astonishment," replied the King, "that I find any of my subjects capable of encouraging the rebellious disposition that unhappily exists in some of my North American colonies. Having entire confidence in the wisdom of my Parliament, the great council of the realm, *I will steadily pursue those measures which they have recommended for the*

*support of the constitutional rights of Great Britain.*" He heeded not the memorable words of Burke, that afterwards became prophetic — "There are moments," exclaimed this great statesman, "critical moments in the fortunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity may yet be strong enough to complete your ruin." The Boston Port Bill passed, and the first blood was spilt at Lexington.

It is enough to say of the long and bloody war that followed, that George the Third, by his obstinacy contributed more than any other man in his dominion to prolong the struggle, and affix to it the stigma of cruelty, inhumanity, and vengeance. Whilst Washington was equally the soul of the conflict on the other side, and by his imperturbable justice, moderation, and firmness, did more than by his arms to convince England that her revolted colonists were invincible.

It is unnecessary to review in detail the old revolution. Let us pass to the social position of the two Georges in after life.

On the 2d August, 1786, as the King was alighting from his carriage at the gate of St. James, an attempt was made on his life by a woman named Margaret Nicholson, who, under pretence of presenting a petition, endeavored to stab him with a knife which was concealed in the paper. The weapon was an old one, and so rusty that, on striking the vest of the King, it bent double, and thus preserved his life. On the 29th October, 1795, whilst his majesty was proceeding to the House of Lords a ball passed through both windows of the carriage. On his return to St. James the mob threw stones into the carriage, several of which struck the King, and one lodged in the cuff of his coat. The state carriage was completely demolished by the mob. But it was on the 15th May, 1800, that George the Third made his narrowest escapes. In the morning of that day, whilst attending the field exercise of a battalion of guards, one of the soldiers loaded his piece with a bullet and discharged it at the King. The ball fortunately missed its aim, and lodged in the thigh of a gentleman who was standing in the rear. In the evening of the same day a more alarming circumstance occurred at Drury Lane Theater. At the moment when the King entered the royal box a man in the pit, on the right hand side of the orchestra, suddenly stood up and discharged a large horse pistol at him. The

hand of the would-be assassin was thrown up by a bystander, and the ball entered the box just above the head of the King.

Such were the public manifestations of affection for this royal tyrant. He was finally attacked by an enemy that could not be thwarted, and on the 20th December, 1810, he became a confirmed lunatic. In this dreadful condition he lingered until January, 1820, when he died—having been the most unpopular, unwise, and obstinate sovereign that ever disgraced the English throne. He was forgotten as soon as life left his body, and was hurriedly buried with that empty pomp which but too often attends a despot to the grave.

His whole career is well summed up by Allan Cunningham, his biographer, in few words. "Throughout his life he manifested a strong disposition to be his own minister, and occasionally placed the kingly prerogatives in perilous opposition to the resolutions of the nation's representatives. His interference with the deliberations of the upper house—as in the case of Fox's Indian bill—was equally ill-judged and dangerous. *The separation of America from the mother country, at the time it took place, was the result of the King's personal feelings and interference with the ministry.* The war with France was, in part at least, attributable to the views and wishes of the sovereign of England. His obstinate refusal to grant any concessions to his Catholic subjects, kept his cabinet perpetually hanging on the brink of dissolution and threatened the dismemberment of the kingdom. He has been often praised for firmness, but it was in too many instances the firmness of obstinacy—a dogged adherence to an opinion once pronounced, or a resolution once formed."

The mind, in passing from the unhonored grave of the Prince to the last resting place of the peasant boy, leaps from a kingdom of darkness to one of light.

Let us now return to the career of Washington. Throughout the revolutionary war he carried, like Atropos, in his hand the destinies of millions—he bore, like Atlas, on his shoulders the weight of a world. It is unnecessary to follow him throughout his subsequent career. Honored again and again by the people of the land he had redeemed from thralldom, he has taken his place in death by the side of the wisest and best of the world's benefactors. Assassins did not unglory him in life, nor has oblivion drawn her mantle over him in death. The names of his great battle fields have become nursery

words, and his principles have imbedded themselves forever in the national character. Every pulsation of our hearts beats true to his memory. His mementos are every where around and about us. Distant as we are from the green fields of his native Westmorland, the circle of his renown has spread far beyond our borders. In climes where the torch of science was never kindled, on shores still buried in primeval gloom, amongst barbarians where the face of liberty was never seen, the christian missionary of America, roused perhaps from his holy duties by the distant echo of the national salute, **THIS DAY**, thundering amidst the billows of every sea, or dazzled by the gleam of his country's banner, **THIS DAY** floating in every wind of heaven, pauses over his task as a christian, and whilst memory kindles in his bosom the fires of patriotism, pronounces in the ear of the enslaved pagan the venerated name of **WASHINGTON!**

Nor are the sons of the companions of Washington alone in doing justice to his memory. Our sisters, wives and mothers compete with us in discharging this debt of national gratitude. With a delicacy that none but **WOMAN** could exhibit, and with a devotion that none but a daughter could feel, they are now busy in executing the noble scheme of purchasing his tomb, in order for endless generations to stand sentinel over his remains. Take them! take them to your hearts, oh! ye daughters of America; enfold them closer to your bosom than your first born offspring; build around a mausoleum that neither time nor change can overthrow; for within them germinates the seeds of liberty for the benefit of millions yet unborn. Wherever tyranny shall lift its medusan head, wherever treason shall plot its hellish schemes, wherever disunion shall unfurl its tattered ensign, there, oh there sow them in the hearts of patriots and republicans! For from these pale ashes there shall spring as from the dragon's teeth, sown by Cadmus of old on the plains of Heber, vast armies of invincible heroes, sworn upon the altar and tomb at Mt. Vernon, **TO LIVE AS FREEMEN, OR AS SUCH TO DIE!**

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**PUNCTUALITY.** — Be punctual even in trifling matters, as in meeting a friend or returning a book; for failing in little things will cause you to fail in greater, and render you suspected.



## THE TRUE WIFE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Nay! nay! wrong me not, by thinking  
That I weep our treasures gone;  
That among our broken idols,  
Now I sit, unblessed, alone.  
Brighter gems are ours, beloved;  
Gems which waste not, nor decay;  
Jewels, which old Time, the spoiler,  
May not — cannot take away.

In our vine-clad cottage lowly,  
Many a voice of music rings;  
In our garden's bowery pathway,  
Many a blue-eyed violet springs.  
In our heart's deep, quiet chambers,  
Sunshine lingers all the day;  
These are treasures which the spoiler  
Cannot waste or take away.

By our hearthstone smiling faces,  
Beaming, send their light and glee;  
And our children's happy voices  
Ring their shout of melody.  
Oh! what monarch's regal treasures  
Glow like these — the pure and bright!  
With their smiles of glorious beauty,  
With their eyes of love and light.

We have learned how washed by weeping,  
God can give us clearer sight;\*  
We have learned how joy's bright roses  
Bud mid sorrow's darkest night.  
We have learned more earnest loving,  
By the chastener's dreadful rod;  
And when earth's frail reeds were broken,  
To repose the heart on God.

We have learned, in feeding others,  
How the soul herself is fed;

\* "God washes the eyes with tears, that they may behold the invisible land where tears can come no more."

Crumbs we cast upon the waters,  
 God returns us living bread.  
 For the cup so freely given,  
 See, the golden cup of kings!  
 Watching o'er a loving spirit,  
 Many an angel sits and sings.

We were poor with all our treasures,  
 We are rich with all our pain:  
 From the "eater comes the honey,"  
 And our greatest loss is gain.  
 Nay! nay! speak no more of weeping;  
 Rise, beloved! rejoice with me!  
 All is thine — thy heart's best treasures;  
 All is mine, with heaven and thee.

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A N N A L E E,  
 OR SOMETHING ATTEMPTED.

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BY S. C. H.

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ON a bright summer day in the month of June, sat Anna Lee, in pensive mood, gazing fixedly on the shifting, passing scene before her. She was seated at an open window, her arm resting on the sill, and partly supporting her head. It was a warm day, yet a light breeze swept refreshingly through the room, lifting lightly the curls that clustered round her brow. It was a fair scene on which her eye rested — a pleasant mingling of plain and upland in all their natural beauty, enhanced by the diligent hand of cultivation. Comfortable and beautiful homes dotted the scene here and there, showing a well peopled neighborhood. In the distance, the tall, swaying grass in emerald robes, was falling before the vigorous strokes of the mowers, and jocund laughter was borne on the breeze as they paused in their labor to whet their scythes with keener edge. Over all rested a cloudless sky of blue, smiling down o'er all the scene, giving a deeper, richer hue to the roses, geraniums and various flowers that rose to view through the open casement, in the garden beyond. Yet, though the scene was fair, the laugh of the mowers joyous, they

evidently attracted neither the eye nor ear of her who gazed so fixedly. There was so much abstraction in the eye and manner, as plainly indicated, that though the eye roamed over the surrounding prospect, it took in little of the passing picture, and that she was equally deaf to the sound of happy, contented labor, that rose and swelled on the summer air.

Anna Lee was as fair in form and feature as the view before her, but her face did not witness a quiet, happy spirit. At times, strong indications of petulance and discontent swept across her face, showing an unquiet heart. Six years had rolled by since Anna Lee became a wife. When married, her husband was in the enjoyment of vast wealth, but reverses of fortune had left him with but a moderate competency, and the old homestead, the loved home of his early years. When Mr. Lee found himself hopelessly involved from unfortunate speculations, he determined to close his commercial operations. If anything remained of the wreck of his fortune, to retire to his early country home. He willingly resigned his wealth, as he had been able to free himself from all indebtedness, and looked forward to the quiet of country life as a blessed relief from the oppressive mental anxiety that had preyed so heavily upon him. Having some experience of farm life in his early years, he was not wholly unprepared for the position to which he had turned his hopes. He came to his labor with a strong heart and willing hands, though there was a great drawback upon his happiness — that was, that his wife unwillingly yielded the routine of fashion and pleasure, and loathed the homely duties to which she was now condemned. She had naturally a kind and loving heart, though the whirl of fashionable life had developed many seeds of selfishness; led her to despise the many comforts yet in her possession, and to sigh for the renewal of her past grandeur. She was unwilling to open her mind to the conviction that happiness might be enjoyed even though not in the possession of great wealth.

Seldom was a day passed without repinings—"Visits could not be paid, for there were none to visit — as she could not possibly expect to find congeniality among farmers' wives." In fact, she was left rather to herself, as the neighbors that had called were deterred from the renewal of their visits by the chilling reception they had received, and the formal call in return. Mrs. Lee did not intend

unkindness, but having her feelings wholly wrapt in sighs over the past, and little interest or sympathy with those who now sought her acquaintance, she plainly betrayed her perfect indifference towards them, and did not imagine that beneath the plain exterior of many of her visitors, were souls that would act keenly responsive to the noblest demands of her nature; hearts that she might have warmly attached to herself if she had but manifested an appreciation of their efforts to cultivate an acquaintance, and admit her to the circle of their friendships.

“Walks could not be taken, as the country roads were so dusty and warm;—besides, walking was so tiresome she was not rested for days after attempting one. Apart from this, it was rather vulgar to be trudging round on foot. Riding was out of the question, as that could not be afforded, so there was no alternative but to remain at home.

“She was passionately fond of flowers, provided a gardener could attend to them, and cull the choicest hot-house plants for the delicate bouquet that must grace her table. As for donning bonnet and gloves and entering the garden herself, that was impossible. She was not strong enough for such masculine work. The exposure of her skin to the sun could not be endured, to say nothing of the effect of such labor on her hands.

“She never was brought up to work, therefore could not be expected to see after the house. The care of the children was also an impossibility, for they were so troublesome; she did not feel like it. There was nothing for her to do but to sit and mope, as she could not read all the time, her eyes grew weary.”

Some such were the thoughts that occupied Mrs. Lee's mind as thus she sat on this summer morn.

A few days previous to the scene just recorded, Mr. Lee had dispatched an invitation to an old aunt of his, to pay them a visit, trusting she might exert a healthful influence upon his wife, and help to restore happiness to her discontented heart. He hoped the more, as his wife had always entertained a sincere affection for aunt Mary, as she was called. Mr. Lee left his aunt in perfect ignorance of the feelings of his wife, as he trusted she would work the more effectually, as whatever she would propose would be the simple promptings of her own active nature — to be busy and happy. Knowing

also, her habits were just those needed to rouse his wife from her ennuied condition, he trusted the influence would not be lost.

“Why, if there isn’t Edward with Aunt Mary at the gate,” exclaimed Anna Lee, roused by the click of the opening gate, to raise her head in time to see them enter. A beam of pleasure lit her countenance, and with a bound she was in the garden to greet them. “You have stolen a march on me, aunty. I am so glad;” at the same time warmly embracing her. “Didn’t Edward tell you he sent for me to pay a visit?” “Not a bit of him.”

“I wanted to surprise her, Aunt, as I knew she would be impatient if she knew you were coming. But you must care for each other now, as I must off to the field to look after the mowers,”—turning to depart. A few steps taken and he quickly returned, saying,—“Anna, is it possible to put up a lunch for the men? They are working very hard and need it.”

Something of the old petulance replaced the late smile, and—“Oh! Edward, how can I do that? I don’t know what to get,” was the reply.

“Let me get my bonnet off, Anna, and I’ll soon help you out of that difficulty,” said Aunt Mary, without noticing her niece’s tone.

A look of relief stole over Mr. Lee’s face as he quietly took a seat on the porch to await their return.

“Now, Anna, the first thing we want,” said Aunt Mary, as Mrs. Lee led the way to the kitchen, “is a good sized basket and one or two towels.”

As they entered the kitchen Mrs. Lee addressed a middle aged woman who was standing over a large basket containing peas, which she was engaged in shelling. She had lived with Mrs. Lee from her first days of housekeeping, and had faithfully followed her change of fortune, taking with the change, more labor and less profit. To her was given the entire control and direction of the house, Mrs. Lee relying on her for the slightest thing.

“Jane,” said Mrs. Lee, “where’s the basket for the men’s lunch?”

Aunt Mary, without waiting for Jane to reply, exclaimed, “There it hangs, Anna,” at the same time crossing the room and reaching it down. “Now for a towel.”

“Find them in the buttery,” replied Jane.

Mrs. Lee turned to the buttery, followed by Aunt Mary. The

towel was carefully placed in the basket, and the next business was to fill it.

“What shall we do, Aunt?” interrogated Anna, in some dismay.

“Why, there’s some splendid boiled ham. I’ll slice it, while you cut and butter bread, to go with it. Then we’ll place a slice of bread and ham alternately.”

Anna went about her task slowly, as if it was rather unwelcome. As the last slice was placed in the basket, Aunt Mary espied a large cheese, and immediately proposed some of it as an addition.

“Jane,” called Mrs. Lee, waking to some interest, “spare some of these pies for the lunch?”

“Yes marm, that’s their destination.”

“How many?” “Three marm, will do.”

“Now, Aunt, some knives.”

“Oh! no, child, they have pocket knives. All we want is to cover the basket with a towel. There, that is all right,” suiting the words with the action; “now carry it out to Edward, while I take a run into the nursery.”

On joining the Aunt, Mrs. Lee found her seated with little Eva nestling in her lap, while her boy Harry was down close to her side, listening eagerly to the pleasant talk of the old lady.

“Where is Susan?” was Mrs. Lee’s inquiry as she entered.

“Sent her to aid Jane, for I know she must need her with all the work of the summer season on her hands.”

“I should think you would find it very warm, having the children hanging round.”

“Oh! no, Anna, these darlings don’t annoy me. We must give to them the same loving care bestowed on us. But it is cooler and more pleasant in the shady parts of the garden,—let us take them out for a while.”

“They have nothing to cover their heads except their best hats, and I don’t care to have them spoiled.”

“We can soon remedy that by making something for every day wear. You hunt up something for a sun-bonnet for Eva, and the straw hat with torn brim I saw in the hall, can be cut and bound for Harry.

“Oh, how good that will be, Aunt,” exclaimed the little boy, while Eva sprang in delight to kiss her mother.

There was a twinge of reproach in Anna's heart as she responded to her child's caress, and it flashed through her mind how thoughtless she had been of such a simple thing to please her children.

"I did not think you cared so much to run out, or I would have had you something made before this," said she.

In a few moments the ladies were seated at their employ, while the children kept a watchful eye on their proceedings.

"Aunt," remarked Mrs. Lee, "I must confess I don't know how to fashion a sun-bonnet."

"It is very easily learned, my child. Give me the stuff and I'll arrange it."

Quickly did the morning pass. The summons to dinner was a surprise to Anna Lee, that the moments passed so quickly.

"Time generally hangs so heavily, Aunt Mary, that I must thank you for a pleasant morning," remarked she, as they passed out to the dining-room.

"Not heavy, child, with so many things to employ you," replied the Aunt.

"Rather so, Aunt, but I did not know there was so much to do. The truth is, I have been moping considerable since we came out here, everything was so different."

Somewhat of surprise was shown in the old lady's countenance as her niece thus spoke, and a dawning of the true state of her mind was betrayed, yet she simply said: "Nothing like employment to disperse clouds, Anna dear, and it is folly to sigh over lost toys." "I have thought I couldn't help it. I must remember your pancea in the future.

That afternoon saw the children properly equipped for out-door play, and a glow of pleasure beamed in the mother's heart as she heard Harry exclaim to the girl Susan, as they ran off—"Hasn't mother fixed us up nicely."

"Anna," remarked Aunt Mary, some days after, as they rose from breakfast, "I havn't seen you in your garden yet; when do you attend to it?"

"I!" said Anna in surprise; "why, Aunt Mary, I don't attend to it, Edward does that." "He does," replied the old lady, musingly; "you lose considerable pleasure by that arrangement. Come, let us stroll out this morning and see how matters stand."

It was a calm, delightful morning, the sun not yet powerful enough to cause discomfort to the most sensitive. A sweet fragrance swept over them, as they wandered along the garden walks, and beheld the flowers yet sparkling with the morning dew.

"I believe," said Anna, breaking silence, "I should truly like the care of the flowers, if it was not such hard and filthy work. I do so hate to grub in the dirt."

"You are mistaken, Anna; it is neither hard nor filthy work. I have never found it so. As for the hard work, my mind has always been so pleasantly excited by the thought of the beauties and sweets of which I was laying the foundation, that any little fatigue was forgotten. I consider it a pleasant exercise, and particularly healthy, as we have so little employment in the pure, open air. As for the filthy work, there is little of that to trouble one, and a good pair of garden gloves is a sufficient protection against that evil."

"Ah! Aunt Mary," said Anna, laughingly, "you are determined I shan't have an excuse for neglecting the garden. I have one very good excuse, however, and the best reason yet,— I don't know how to garden."

"You can easily learn; I will help you while I remain, and Edward can give you a hint whenever it is needed. You can also procure a book on flower-gardening, which will aid you greatly. Whatever you cannot readily do, Edward will willingly take in hand."

"What promise is that you are making for me, Aunt?" said Mr. Lee, as they came upon him where he was engaged in weeding a piece of ground.

"Something you will be very happy to do; I have been persuading Anna to take charge of the flowers, promising your aid whenever necessity demands."

"You counted rightly, dear Aunt, if Anna can be persuaded to attend to it."

"I think I will try it, Edward," was the rejoinder of Anna Lee, rather soberly. Then giving her husband a loving glance, as she placed her hand on his shoulder, she continued, "I think if Aunt Mary staid with us long she would make a regular worker of me."

"Something better than a mere worker, I hope, darling."

"What, Edward?"



"A cheerful, contented woman, strengthening the hands and heart of her husband."

"I have utterly failed in that respect, Edward."

"Not an utter failure, my wife, when you are so bravely setting your face toward the right direction. But I have something for your consideration. Our neighbor, Mr. Burtis, has a neat buggy, which he is willing to sell for half price. I can purchase it with the money appropriated for the expense of Susan, if you can take charge of the children yourself. Whenever I can spare a horse from the farm work you can drive out. What say you?"

"Delightful to ride, but I would first have to learn to drive."

"Ah! our invaluable Aunt Mary will act as your tutor," said Mr. Lee, turning pleasantly to his Aunt.

"I think I haven't forgotten how, if Anna accedes to your proposal."

"I would willingly undertake the care of the children, but Jane needs assistance also. I fear I could not benefit her much."

The husband looked perplexed, and was silent.

"I know, Edward," continued Mrs. Lee, "you have been very anxious to please me, and cannot do it without some self-denial on my part, but I am so helpless."

"No reason you should continue so, niece," remarked Aunt Mary, good humoredly. "I think I can give you some help. Susan is in as great perplexity as yourself at this very moment. I overheard her tell Jane that her mother needed her at home, and had sent her word to that effect, but she did not like to tell you, for you fancied you couldn't manage without her. Here is an opportunity for you. Make a trial of the position before engaging another girl; I will help you to make the rough places smooth. If we don't succeed, you can easily procure help after failure."

"You dear, good Aunt, you was made to help poor miserable me. I give myself into your hands. Take me and make something of me." Then turning to her husband—"I think you can safely promise to buy the buggy, for I have made up my mind to succeed."

"You surely will, darling, with the spirit in which you engage to work."

"No more gossip over the matter, then, children," interrupted the Aunt; "let us to work, now."

Thus Anna Lee entered upon the sober duties she so lately detested. Trained in luxury and indolence, she had frittered her life away in her own selfish pleasures. When duty demanded exertion, she was not equal to the necessity, but tamely folded her hands in listless idleness. We have marked the beginning of better things, and may hope for her future success, which we will give on some future occasion.



### THE THREE SISTERS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Three lovely sisters dwelt together—  
 Hope, with the sunny eye;  
 Patience, with modest look and meek;  
 Courage, with brow that seemed to speak,—  
 “Be strong, and never die!”

In life's great field they toiled together,  
 Through the long summer's day;  
 Hope sung through all the morning hours,  
 And often stopped to gather flowers,  
 Laughing her life away.

But when the noontide sun grew hot,  
 Hope threw her flowers away;  
 Her voice of laughter rung no more,  
 Weary and sad was the smile she wore—  
 Hope was no longer gay.

Patience still toiled and struggled on,  
 Though weary and opprest;  
 But haggard, worn and pale she grew,  
 Her hands hung down, her smiles were few—  
 Poor Patience longed for rest.

“Sisters,” said Courage, “up! be strong!  
 Work on, nor be cast down!  
 Let us labor till our task be done!  
 Joy cometh with the setting sun—  
 The winners wear the crown!”

## THE DICTATOR AT THE DESSERT;

WHAT HE THINKS AND SAYS.

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The Editor *loquitur*.

War, war, nothing but war! Gaul and Sabine, Magyar and Slave, Scythian and Teuton; all breathe war and battle.

The Poet replied: Yes, they all seem bent to "toot" on to glory.

The Editor disliked this pun, and referred to Dr. Johnson as good authority. The Poet quoted Shakspeare.

The Editor produced Milton, and the Poet cited Hood, and so the discussion seemed to have commenced and progressed into the interminable.

But the Strong Minded cut it short by saying that, seriously, war was a good thing, for there were too many men in the world, and out of proportion to the other sex, which the census statistics proved, and she believed the surplus were made to be killed, just as the surplus blood of the system in certain diseases was fit only to follow the lancet.

Yes, madam, nations are but aggregated individuals, and the world is but aggregated nations.

The Poet said that nations at present seemed aggravated as well as aggregated.

This pun the Editor declared intolerable.

I continued: Aggregation does not radically change human nature. The same instincts prevail. Society may, to some extent, restrain their indulgence. Civilization may modify and refine human development, and this modification we are pleased to consider and call an improvement. But philosophy is at liberty to doubt. The Celts under Brian Borhome and his fellow-warriors, fought and cut and slashed to their hearts' content. They are now a little more civilized at home, but they enlist to go abroad every where to do the same thing. The wars of the Heptarchy have ceased, but Saxons find plentiful employment of the kind elsewhere. The forays and border wars of Pict and Scot are over. But Scot, and Celt, and Saxon follow the same profession in India, and in Caffir land,—in China, New Zealand, and the Crimea. The Gaul loves fighting as well as he did when invaded by Cæsar's legions; and whether in Algeria, Tahiti, New Caledonia, or Italy, he is the same.

The Zouave and the Turco are no better and no worse than the hosts of Hannibal; and the Scythian, whether led by Tamerlane, or Suwarrow, Peter or Menchikoff, are Scythians still,—Kalmuck or Cossack, it matters not. Haynau and Radetsky, on the score of humanity, rank with Gyulai and Hess; and Espinasse, St. Arnaud, Malakoff, and Forey, are, like their predecessors, brave, daring, and in battle pitiless, good agents of destruction, formidable butchers in the shambles of emperors and kings. As for the latter, Forey, if a recent print of him be correct, he was intended by nature for a butcher, and has been improved in that respect by education. With the forehead of a prize-fighter, the chin of a bull-dog, the jaws of a hyena, eyes of a snake, cheeks and face broad and sensual as those of Heliogabalus, and his indescribable mouth half way from the top of his forehead to his chin, form altogether one of the most unlovely specimens of killers I ever recollect to have seen. And then that little military cap, stuck on his bull-like skull, like a tin cup on the top of a tea-kettle, completes the picture like a crowning orange in a picturer's show-window. Gen. Forey may be something better than a butcher, but if so, his looks belie him, or his picture belies his looks. And why should not a life-time spent in killing and studying how to slay one's fellow-men, write the result upon the countenance, that chart of the thoughts, instincts, appetites, profession, *id est*, of the soul, which prints its rivers, lakes, mountains, and other characteristics upon the face as distinctly as geographical particulars are printed upon the map of Italy, which the present war has multiplied so much of late.

Dropping war, but continuing the last idea: have you not often remarked the strong facial resemblance existing so generally between a husband and wife who have long been together? Original likeness is not necessary. The same interests, the same objects, the same subjects of discourse, living alike, loving the same objects, moved by the same causes of excitement, agitated by the same passions, calmed by the same influences, their souls gradually assimilate and the features follow the moulding influences just as naturally and certainly as the buds, leaves, and flowers of nature follow the snows and rains of winter and the sunshine of spring. There is a very happy old couple which I meet almost daily in my rambles. I thought at first they were brother and sister—some Charles Lamb and

“Bridget,” so much they looked alike, and so happy they appeared in each other’s company. Then I thought them English people, so calm and quiet, so indicative also were their well-rounded figures, and full, rosy faces, of juicy roast beef and “arf and arf.” But inquiry led to the information that they were husband and wife, many years married, ever agreed and happy, and that instead of being English they are French. Formerly quite unlike in feature and expression, and even in complexion, agreement in all things, long association and unity of purpose have made them almost one identity in two forms. And even the complexions are much alike now, and Old Time himself has stricken away the distinctive colors of their hair, changing her once black locks and his brown, into venerable, homogeneous, silver gray. I have sometime had the thought while looking at that couple, that when the soul of the first one of them who dies shall appear at the entrance gate of Heaven, it might pass in as belonging to the other, unless the recording angel is an exceedingly careful book keeper. Nor would Heaven be much cheated by the transaction, for they are “two souls with but a single thought.”

The Poet doubted whether the expression was strictly correct as applied; for how could married people have a *single* thought?

The Editor was almost indignant at this — as he termed it — wretched pun, and went off in a tangent of declamation. He was in an ill humor on that occasion. He said his office had been made hideous by the presence of loafing fellows during his hours of labor. That he had been talked half to death by people who talked a great deal, but said nothing — that was worthy of being remembered. That he had been bored like a pile cut into splinters by the *terredo*, by loungers who occupied his time with exceeding small talk and who do not know how to stop when they get through. He said they were worse than the flies which buzz all day, for they grow num at night, whereas the bummors of his editorial room buzzed all day and hummed in his ears until and past midnight. That he was kept two or three hours each night from bed and sleep by these thoughtless or pitiless gadflies of the species *homo*.

Having thus disordered his intellect by destroying the line of consecutive thought, spoiled his equanimity, ruffled his temper, irritated and annoyed until his newspaper was left to make its appearance in the morning from the force of habit rather than from his

own labor, he said those very idlers who had thus consumed his time were the first to complain of the contents of his paper, and the last to pay their subscriptions.

My dear sir, your troubles are not singular. Each man finds himself taxed by some such annoyance. He who has work to do, and feels the importance and value of time, is pretty certain to have a swarm of human locusts flitting about him, who do all they can to nip his time, eat its green leaves, blight a minute here and destroy an hour there, and, as far as in them is, turn the pleasant pastures and fields of existence into blight and mildew. The time killer is everywhere. They were plenty in 1849, in the very midst of gold, idle, standing in other people's way, locusts living on time, nibbling up the moments and lives of those who labored.

The Poet said he had his own complaints to make. He had spent many hours and days in practicing his pursuit. He had written many thousand verses — never for emolument — but like Coleridge's, his verses, although comparatively very humble, had been "their own exceeding great reward," in the pleasure he had received in composing them. He had never called himself a poet, but he had been so termed. He had been for twenty years solicited by individuals, by societies, by corporations, to write verses for them. For twenty years he had not refused. He had written and read Fourth of July poems; he had written and read dedicatory poems for seminaries and cemeteries; for anniversary celebrations of firemen and ancient and honorable societies; had scribbled for ladies' albums and gentlemen's *vade mecums*; had written songs to our banner, viva verses for Mexican victories, paeans over the living and dirges for the dead. They had been praised, they had been abused. He had never sought the honor of their public display, he had never forced them upon the public, they had cost the public nothing, and he thought the public which asked and got them for nothing, and continued to ask them gratis, had very little right to complain of their quality. For his part he thought his verses in ability quite equal to the capacity of those for whom they were written, and certainly worth the price paid. But especially he complained of those newspapers which copied them for their readers' use — because the publisher thought they would be agreeable, but especially because they cost him nothing — and then in editorial comments attempt to depre-

ciate them in order to exhibit immense editorial ability and poetic taste. And he avowed his determination henceforth to make the public and individuals who sought and used his verses, to pay for them just as the results of any other thought and labor is paid for, whether it be in the making of a pair of boots, or in a plea at the bar to save a fellow from the gallows.

The Editor here hinted that after that determination became known, he would have no more applications for verses.

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A LEAF FROM THE PLAINS.

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BY W. WADSWORTH.

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WE sometimes like to gather and garner up, the rapidly paling leaves of memory. Here is one of them. The emigration to California, overland, in 1852, was immense, and attended with much of anxiety and suffering; disease and sickness sported with the trains, and death, all uninvited, was to many a camp, and to many a company, and on many a day, an unwelcome visitor. Hardly a company of ten that was not decimated, and many doubly so. Newly made graves, that during the first ten days upon the plains, possessed at least a passing, melancholy interest, sufficient at least to turn the steps of the passer-by, if only just to learn the name of the occupant, from the rudely cut record upon the head-board—if such board they had—at length became so numerous as hardly to attract a passing notice, unless in the immediate vicinity of our camping-grounds.

We had encamped upon the banks of a clear little streamlet, surrounded by a world of green grass. We were all joyous and happy; our animals, as yet, in excellent condition, our company all in good health, and we had not been long enough upon the plains to feel fatigue; our tents were pitched, horses quietly grazing around, and mirth and gaiety resounded throughout the camp.

More than one of us had observed a little strip of board, no wider than a man's hand, standing upright amid the green grass but a few

rods distant from our wagons. One of our company thinking it would make good kindlings for his camp-fire, went out to get it; but returned without it, saying nothing of why he left it; on being questioned for a reason, he silently pointed a finger toward it. Another went, and he too returned without it, and yet another, and as they returned, all seemed less joyous than before.

Our curiosity was excited, and we too, with a lady companion, went out to see it, and to discover if possible, the reason of its apparent sacredness. On nearing it we found ourselves approaching a lone little grave! The puny mound of earth was fresh, and the green grass around it had hardly recovered from its recent trampling, and newly cut as with a penknife, upon the little monument, were these words:—

OUR ONLY  
CHILD;  
LITTLE MARY,  
FOUR YEARS  
OLD.

But we had no way of ascertaining *whose* "little Mary," it was.

As the sun was yet up an hour or more, it was proposed that we move on if only for a mile or two, to other camping-ground; and immediately, without a question being asked, or reason given, it was unanimously approved and carried into effect; but the true and only reason was, the nearness to our camping-ground, of that lone, little grave and its frail monument.

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Sir John Mason, Privy Counsellor to Henry VIII., spoke as follows upon his death bed: "I have seen five princes and been privy counsellor to four. I have seen the most remarkable things abroad, and been present at most state transactions for thirty years. After all this experience I have learned this, that seriousness is most commendable; temperance the best physic; and a good conscience the best estate. Were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloyster; my privy counsellor's bustle for the retirement of a hermet; and the whole time which I have spent in the palace, for one hour's communion with God."





MORE ABOUT THE FLOWERS.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

“Ah!” says little Grace, “I have found the largest and prettiest flower of all. It is a beautiful blue *Iris* Lily! \* The leaves are so shiny! — dont touch them — see how gracefully the leaves droop over flatwise, and some stand straight up, and now and then they twist and turn and flash so grandly! They must be training and playing soldier.”



THE IRIS LILY.

“Well,” says Frank, “I should think they belonged to the *artillery*.”

“Why so, Frank?”

“Dont you see their swords.”

“What did you say the real name of it was?” asked Marie.

We call it *Iris* because it has all the colors of the rainbow; that is what the name means. We have a paler one, † very pretty and delicate, but the tube of the flower is not so long; another variety of this one has charming golden blossoms. ‡ The large coarse one is, however, the most common. || The *Iris* is the national emblem and favorite flower of the noble French people; they call it *Fleur de lis*. §

\* *Iris Macrosiphon.*

† *I. Douglasiana.*

‡ *I. tenax.*

|| *I. longipetala.*

§ *I. Florentina.*

The leaves are exactly like a two-edged sword. I wonder if that is the reason why the French people are so fond of war and glory. You may say what you will about the French, but the patriotic love of glory is a nobler sentiment than the love of *dollars*. For my part I admire the good mother out West, who was wont to pray every day that *her* children might be kept from the *love of money*.

The good Lord has told us to "consider the lilies how they grow," in order to help us to think of him. These Iris blades glittering in the sunbeams, we often conceit, are like truth combating error; and their flowers, radiant with rainbow hues, like the tri-colored flag of truth triumphant. If these flowers could talk they would tell you some wonderful stories; they were the pretty pets of the great Napoleon, and have seen some service.



THE POMPOUS PEA.

Well, well, if here is'nt the Pompous Pea! \* It almost always happens just so; right along side of some great man is sure to pop up some good-for-nothing little †bastard body, and cut a great swell.

This pompous pea reminds us of the fable of the toad and the ox.

As the fable tells the tale, your pompous toad was out walking one fine morning, and he happened to meet a big ox. Little as toady was, he even felt bigger than a great ox.

He had the impudence to tell the useful old ox that he didn't think he was of much account any how. The honest old ox stopped feeding an instant, and looked at the useless reptile with silent astonishment. The toad furthermore told the ox he was not so very *large* either. I can swell myself up as big as you if I am a mind to try. Now see here, said he; and he swelled, and strained and swelled until—he burst himself, he did. The silly puffer proved to be nothing but a toad after all, and a dead one at that—a lesson to all pretentious toadies.

When we see little boys and girls boasting, and putting on vain and arrogant airs, we say to ourselves, there goes another pompous pea.

Perhaps Mrs. Day will let me tell you a short story.

\* *Phaca Nuttallii*, or †bastard vetch and false vetch: "

When I was a boy, we had a bob-tailed dog, and we called him Pea for short, (his whole name was *Pero*,) — now dont laugh — that is the way the story begins. He was very pompous, as all bob-tailed dogs generally are. Now he thought he could walk a log as well as any dog, but he could'nt. “Why not?” Because, as I was going on to say, you see, he had no tail to balance him. Every time he tried to cross a stream on a log he would fall off, and down he'd go, splashing and strangling into the river. You must not suppose he was afraid of water, where the banks were not too high — not he, (to his credit be it spoken, he was a good swimmer;) but it makes some difference where you have to breathe and swallow a river and swim in it at the same time.

Pea was a young and foolish dog; never went to school, as the dogs in New York do, to be sure, but he had fine opportunities to learn for a country chap; but the mischief of it was, he thought he knew it all himself. So around he would go, impertinently sticking his nose into every thing — like some children we know. O, wonderful exciting times were those days! — building great houses and factories, &c. On one occasion we were blasting rocks — perhaps some of you never saw *blasting*. A deep hole is made into a great rock and powder put into it, a slow match is then set to it, and you run away until the powder goes off and bursts open the rock — dangerous work! Pea saw the match burning and hissing, and although we called him with all our might to come away — no, he must needs go up and see what it was, and smell of it first. Bang!! went the blast, and poor Pea was whirling in the air. After a while, when he came down again, he left that place in disgust. As our dog could not talk, we never learned whether he went up high enough to see stars, but presume he did; one thing I know, he never liked the smell of gunpowder afterwards. Even pointing a stick at him gun-wise would send him scampering home in a hurry, any day.

MORAL.— We have noticed all our lifetime that these *pompous peas* are apt to be blown sky high some time or other.

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Narrow-minded, sordid souls, encourage nothing, however meritorious and beneficial it may be to the public, if it counteract in the smallest degree their private interest.

## Editor's Table.

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WITH this number, closes the second volume of the *Hesperian*. There is ever a mournful feeling accompanying that solemn word, the *last*; no matter whether it be the last page of a volume or the last faint pulse-throb that completes a human life. Each awakes memories—it may be, regrets. We turn over the pages of the volume one by one, even as we turn over in memory the days and years that are past. Here is a page that is clear and pleasant to look upon—flashing with bright thought and beautiful imagery, like the sunny memories of childhood. But here close against it, is another, alas! in moments of haste and carelessness, marked and blurred; typographical errors have occurred, and here they are stamped—indelibly recorded forever—marring the beauty of the page. Just so, in moments of haste and passion, we have said and done things which have blurred a page in our life's history and left their dark impress upon our characters forever. We look back with regret, but the impress has been taken, the fatal word or deed has been recorded, and no power of ours can obliterate it now. And so we go on from leaf to leaf of the volume, from page to page of life. Perhaps on all we see something to admire, a little to rejoice over, and much, very much to regret; and so we go on to the last page of the volume, and even down to the last throb of life; and we say, as we sadly turn the leaves, "Were we going to make this volume over again, we would make it better; we would do so-and-so," and the mind suggests this and that improvement. Just so, when lying upon the couch of death, the departing soul looks back upon the pages of life's history and murmurs, "Were I to live life over again how differently would I live." Alas! regrets are vain; the volume, with all its imperfections and short comings, must appear before the tribunal of the public, and receive its severe, impartial criticism, even as the soul must appear before the eternal world, and be judged in the spirit, according "to the deeds done in the body."—Involuntarily ascends the prayer—"In Judgment remember mercy."

Men labor for pecuniary reward, and may be for the hope of fame. But woman, if true to her trust, must acknowledge higher and holier motives; must labor for nobler aims. What good has the *Hesperian* done? Has it spoken a word of comfort to the sorrowing and distressed? Has it encouraged the hopeless, imparted strength to one fainting heart, or been the minister of good to any? These are questions forever sounding in our ears, causing us to realize such a weight of responsibility as is at times almost overwhelming. But, with the weight, comes also the blessed assurance: "As thy day, so shall thy strength be,"—and sometimes incidents are permitted to reveal to us that our labor is not altogether in vain. One mother, whose sands of life were fast running out, as her little ones with their father gathered near to receive her last farewell, even when the death-dew was on her brow, and the shades of the dark valley closing thick about her, looked lovingly upon her three children, and whispered as she clasped for the last time her husband's hand,—“Always take the *Hesperian* for the children.”

How do pecuniary benefits and worldly aggrandizement sink into insignificance, and seem as nothing before the holy influence of such a scene, and *such* encouragement! What amount of wealth, or worldly honor could bring to us the satisfaction, or cause our heart to overflow with gratitude, as did that request from the lips of a dying mother? She is now a saint in heaven. But, month after month, as the *Hesperian* has gone forth from our hands, we have prayed that it might perform a mission of good to the motherless and the orphan, and long will the memory of that touching incident serve to strengthen and encourage us in our labor.

Although we do not look upon money as the *chief* good, we are not indifferent to its value or its important use, nor will we affect an indifference which, under existing circumstances, we cannot feel. As society is constituted at the present day there can be no great results brought about without money. It is one of the grand levers which moves the world. Without it the most philanthropic schemes must fail, and the most praiseworthy and energetic enterprise be brought to nothing.

It is for these reasons, and in view of these facts, that we so gratefully acknowledge the pecuniary success of the *Hesperian*. That it has had to struggle is indeed true; but that it has been enabled to pay its own way (one number never having been issued before the previous one was paid for) is also true; and now our prospects are most flattering. The sky, late so dark above our head, is now spanned by the "bow of promise," and radiant with the light of hope; and our strength is renewed unto us day by day, for we know that Californians have given the *Hesperian* a *permanent* place among them, and that it finds a loving welcome into many a home.

The success of the *Hesperian*, and the demands of an increasing business, have enabled us to leave the inconvenient quarters which so long served us as office, editorial room, and *home* — all combined — for a better location, and more ample accommodations, on Montgomery street, just opposite the Pavilion. Yes, we have been moving all our goods and chattels, and we trust that any of our readers who have ever moved will extend to us their indulgence for the shortcomings of this number of the *Hesperian*. It is said that there is music and poetry in every thing; but we failed to discover either in moving. There is no music to our ear in the sound of breaking china or crashing furniture; nor poetry in "motion," when it is the rough motion of a cart which contains all our household gods.

What a desolate feeling this moving engenders, as you see one article after another removed from the spot which has been hallowed by many associations. One by one the pictures are removed from the walls, the window hangings are gone, leaving an air of desolation; at last the carpet is removed from the floor, and the sound of your footstep is sadly echoed by the cold, bare boards. The lonely, barren house reminds you of some loved human form from which the "spirit has fled and gone." You throw your shawl about you, and with a feeling akin to desperation, enter the street. A little in advance of you, you see the cart containing your household treasures slowly wending its way along —

you realize that you are indeed a "pilgrim and stranger upon earth." You hurry on and enter the new home. Alas! for you if you have not the physical strength to remove mountains, or, in other words, heavy furniture, for the bedstead, bureau, kitchen cupboard, and cook stove have all been set in the parlor, while the sofa, with your best table and elegant pictures, are jammed into the kitchen with potato sacks and tin ware. Ah! now you need moral courage even more than physical strength, for without it you will be in danger of throwing yourself down, woman fashion, to have a real "good cry."

There are few things which serve to encourage us more than the great change which has taken place in public opinion since the commencement of the *Hesperian*. We cannot better illustrate what we mean than by giving a couple of short extracts from the *Los Angeles Star*, the first of which appeared in June, 1858.

"The fogs and unannealed winds of San Francisco are not conducive to editorial longevity. We hope, however, that the *Hesperian* may live and thrive even in that ungenial clime. Still it is hoping against hope, and without faith, to expect the tender plants of feminine literature to flourish in an atmosphere where the sturdy oak dwindles away to a bush, and stretches out all its dwarfish limbs towards the rising sun, as if hungering and thirsting after some little modicum of light and support."

We believe that in these remarks the *Star* gave expression to the opinion of perhaps two thirds of our community, so completely had public confidence in woman's efforts been destroyed.

Just one year afterwards, in the same paper, we find the following, and we give it with the more pleasure, as affording noble proof of the editor's willingness to be convinced of and correct an error.

"THE HESPERIAN. — To our readers we recommend this truly excellent periodical, as one worthy of their careful examination. The superior manner in which it is conducted should ensure the willing support of its readers both at home and abroad. Mrs. Day commenced her career editorial as we thought under rather unfavorable auspices; it was at a time when California confidence was not unbounded in editresses, one of the results of the short and *week* reign of the "Athenæum," but the untiring efforts and ability which this lady has shown to fill her position, has overcome every obstacle and gained her monthly messenger a cordial reception from its many readers.

"The first few pages of the magazine will be devoted to sketches of the early settlers of California, which will be found very interesting, and not only awaken many thrilling and pleasant reminiscences in the breasts of the surviving pioneers, but will afford a minute and correct history of this country in its early days, to the young generation. The reading matter is made up of choice original articles prepared with much literary taste.

"Mrs. D. has our warmest wishes for success in her undertaking."

To say that we are grateful for this change of sentiment would but feebly express our feelings; and we also take this opportunity of expressing to our good brothers of the press our grateful appreciation of their efforts continually put

forth in our behalf. Many of them, besides speaking kind words for the *Hesperian*, have given room in their columns for our entire prospectus, without any hope of reward save that which a good action always brings.

EXTRAVAGANCE. — We are fast becoming a very extravagant people; spending money in lavish profusion upon useless objects, with no higher motive than vain pomp and show, and exciting the admiration and envy of our neighbors. The influence of this great evil is felt every where, from the humblest cot to the princely palace, and, like a moral contagion, it is sweeping the length and breadth of the land. Expensive furniture, gay living, and fashionable clothing seem to be the end and aim of life. We are no longer satisfied with articles appropriate and becoming the wives and daughters of Americans; but we must attempt to imitate the magnificence of a court. Rich dresses of brocade and velvet, which in Europe would only sweep the rich tapestried floors of a palace, are here indelicately dragged through the mire and filth of Montgomery street. We find diamonds at the breakfast table, and extravagance and profusion, ill-timed and out of place every where, doing violence to good taste and ignoring propriety.

Women are sacrificing themselves to the inordinate love of dress and display, and men are doing no less with their *fast* ways and extravagant habits. Expensive clothing, cigars, liquors, and fast horses, are temptations which have led many on to ruin; and woman, whose influence should ever be felt for good, has failed to see the evils attending extravagance, because her own eyes have been blinded by the gaudy colors of fashionable gewgaws, and her mind perverted by their unwholesome influence. But she must awake to a sense of the evil, and let her moral influence be felt by fathers, husbands, and brothers, who are now rushing madly on to financial ruin — clothed in becoming attire, and wearing the dignity of the true woman, she will find here abundant scope for her highest and noblest powers. Young men will cease to complain that they “can not afford to marry, it is so expensive to keep a wife.” They will no longer feel that they are forever debarred the holy and peaceful enjoyments of domestic life, but will gladly come into the Eden of home, and frankly and gratefully acknowledge the holy influence of womanhood.

NOTICE. — The office of the *Hesperian* has been removed to Montgomery street, between Sutter and Post streets, opposite the Pavilion.

Subscribers failing to receive the *Hesperian* will confer a favor by leaving word at the office, as we have found it necessary to put new carriers upon the routes in the city.

The September number of the *Hesperian* commences a new volume, which will be embellished with superb illustrations of California flowers. Those who have not already subscribed are respectfully solicited to do so now.

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Portrait of Mrs. T. O. Larkin;  
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Portrait of Jacob P. Leese;  
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CAPTAIN JOHN PATY.

(Expressly for the *Hesperian*.) Neg. # 27,395 (4x5")

# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

No. 1.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

CAPT. JOHN PATY,

ONE of our most successful pioneer sailors, and who now stands at the head of Pacific Ocean Ship-Masters, was born in Plymouth, Mass., on the 22d day of February, in the year 1807. His grandfather, John Paty, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. His mother's name was Churchill. She was a direct descendant from A. Churchill, who landed at Plymouth from the Ship Mayflower, in 1620. His father, John Paty, died in 1814, leaving six children, the subject of this sketch being the eldest.

His first sea-voyage was made in 1821, in the Brig Gov. Winslow, from Boston to Amsterdam, and proved a hard one to a lad who had been reared in the lap of luxury, and whose previous years had been spent with a kind old grandfather, who, to use the captain's own words, "never gave me an unkind look," and a fond mother and sisters who indulged him in every thing. "But when I got on board ship with a hard old shell-back," said Capt. Paty, "I found the contrast very great, and my feelings were such, at times, as to induce me to commit almost any deed of violence for the sake of revenge. At other times I wished that I had never been born."

He was very fortunate in his promotions, and got command of a good vessel when but twenty-one years of age. He made one voy-

age to the Mediterranean, as far as Leghorn, touching at Gibraltar, Alicante, and Genoa. He afterwards run regularly to the West Indies for about three years. The owners reposed the utmost confidence in his integrity and judgment, never giving him any written orders, but simply the verbal instruction: "Act according to your own judgment."

In 1831 Capt. Paty married Miss Mary Ann Jefferson, of Salem, Mass., and removed to Plymouth, where they resided until the fall of 1833, at which time his younger brother, Henry, returned from the Sandwich Islands, and induced Capt. Paty to buy part of a vessel with him and make a voyage to the Islands. They accordingly bought the Brig "Avon," and took with them a younger brother, and also Capt. Paty's wife. On their way they passed through the Straits of Magellan, where they cast anchor and were near being taken by the Indians. They reached the Islands in June, 1834. Capt. W. S. Hinckley took charge of the little Brig Avon, of which he was part owner, and proceeded to California, while Capt. Paty remained in Honolulu and took charge of his store until November, when the Avon returned. About this time the Ship *Helvetia*, of New London, went ashore near the port of Honolulu, and Capt. Hinckley concluded to send the *Don Quixote*, of which he was also part owner, home with the cargo of oil from the wrecked vessel. Capt. Paty now sold to Capt. Hinckley his share of the Avon, and bought one fifth of the *Don Quixote*. In the month of December he took his wife on board and started with a full ship for New London, where they arrived on the first day of July, and after discharging their oil proceeded to Boston. He again left for the Sandwich Islands in 1835, this time, however, leaving his wife with her mother in Charlestown, as he did not expect to be from home more than a year. In this he experienced severe disappointment, as he was unable to return until the spring of 1839,—and this is the only year since 1837 of which he has not spent some portion in California. Now, 1859, a portion of nineteen years out of twenty he has spent on the coast of California.

On his arrival at Honolulu he sold out the bulk of his consignments, as well as his own goods, to Capt. Hinckley and Wm. French; but, owing to some delay in the payments of money due on the goods, he found it necessary, in order to protect his own interests,

to remain until the spring of 1837, at which time his brother Henry arrived in the Schooner Clarion, from Valparaiso, and Capt. Hinckley being in debt to him also, they concluded to proceed at once to California, where Capt. H. had promised to pay them. They took with them a few goods, and reached Monterey in May, 1837. Here his brother, Henry Paty,<sup>1</sup> sold his vessel to the government, to be delivered in four months, at Santa Barbara. Capt. Paty opened a store in a building owned by Mr. David Spence, where he sold goods until his brother's return.

About one year previous to this date, (1837), the Californians had displeased their Mexican rulers, and taken charge of government affairs and the Missions themselves. During Capt. Paty's stay in Monterey, the Mexican population retook the place, and took charge of the fort. Capt. Graham, who assisted in the revolution, being near by, marched his men—twenty-five or thirty—into Monterey. This kept the Mexicans confined to the fort two or three days,—they not daring to venture out, even for water. About the third day Capt. Graham, at daylight in the morning, marched his men on to the hill above the fort. The fort guns were pointed inland, and double charged with grape and cannister. Graham ordered his men to shoot the first man they saw having a match in his hand. About the time the battle was expected to commence, Mr. David Spence rushed into the fort and advised the Mexicans “to give it up,” which they did; and well it was for them that they surrendered, for, to use Capt. Paty's own words, “Graham would have lost some of his men, but the poor Mexicans would have been *annihilated*.” Capt. Paty was on the ground soon after the surrender, and describes the Mexicans as presenting a most pitiful sight. They had been short of water, but having plenty of *aguardiente*, they had made free use of it. Their faces were covered with dust, and the traces of water or tears from their red eyes represented innumerable dirty, crooked creeks, such as abound in California. It was rumored that some of the country people wanted to shoot or hang the prisoners; but through the intercession of Capt. Graham and Mr. Spence there was no blood shed.

In the fall, Capt. Paty, with the balance of his goods, went on board the Bark Kamamalu, Capt. Hinckley, and proceeded to Santa Barbara, where he found his brother just about delivering his schoo-

ner to the government. He went on shore and opened a store in a house belonging to Mr. Robert Elwell. "Here," says Capt. Paty, "was the first and only time in my life that I have been in want of food and unable to procure it without begging. There was no hotel in the place. I was a stranger, and could not even *buy* bread, as there was none for sale. I finally watched a Mr. James Burke, and when I saw the boy come to call him to dinner, I introduced myself and asked him to board me, as I had had but little to eat during the last two days. He very cordially offered me a place at his table, and I soon felt myself at home and happy in his family, where I have spent many pleasant days. Mrs. Burke I consider a superior woman—generous, kind-hearted, yet ever maintaining good discipline in her family. In fact, I found all the Santa Barbara people very kind—especially Capt. John Wilson, in whose family my wife and two children resided several months. Mr. Lewis T. Burton, A. B. Thompson, Isaac Sparks, James Scott, John Keys, Mr. Dana, and Capt. Thomas Robbins, are also all held in grateful remembrance."

Capt. Paty remained in Santa Barbara but a few weeks, when he started by land, in company with W. S. Hinckley and Don Pedro Carrillio, for Monterey, where they arrived in good time. He remained in Monterey about ten days, when he again returned to Santa Barbara by land, and soon after purchased from John C. Jones his half of the Bark Kamamalu, and took passage in the Ship "Rasselas," Capt. J. O. Carter, for Monterey, in order to take charge of the bark. On his arrival, however, he found Capt. Hinckley would not give up his command; consequently he gave up the bark, and took passage with Capt. Hinckley for San Francisco. They touched at Santa Cruz, where they lay three days, and finally arrived in San Francisco in December, 1837.

At this time the only buildings in San Francisco were an unfinished adobe on Dupont-street, belonging to Capt. Wm. Richardson, and a board shanty near it owned by Jacob P. Leese, called "Wind Whistle Lodge"—an old adobe shanty near Vallejo-street, and another near North Beach. The only boat landing at that time, at low water, was on a rocky point between Vallejo-street and Broadway. The Bark Kent, Capt. J. Steel, of Boston, the Ship Rasselas, and Bark Kamamalu, of Honolulu, were the only vessels in

port at the time of Capt. Paty's arrival. Jacob P. Leese (a short sketch of whose life appeared in the June number of the *Hesperian*) was the only American residing in the place, and Capt. Wm. Richardson the only Englishman. These two were the only foreign residents in 1837.

In January Capt. Paty returned to Monterey in the Ship *Rasselas*, with Capt. Carter, and staid at the house of Mr. T. O. Larkin until the arrival of his brother from Honolulu. He made several visits to Monterey when there was no hotel in the place, and speaks in the most appreciative terms of the hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants, particularly mentioning the late Thomas O. Larkin and family, Mr. James Watson, James Stokes, John R. B. Cooper, and Mr. D. Spence. After having resided at most places on the coast, he gives Monterey the preference in regard to climate.

After the arrival of his brother, they went together to San Francisco, and from thence Capt. Paty took the schooner to Santa Barbara, loaded her with hides, and sailed for Honolulu, where he was joined by his brother, and bought the Bark *Don Quixote* from the king of the Islands. Perhaps it should have been previously mentioned that on the return of Capt. Hinckley from San Francisco, in 1836, they had sold the Bark *Don Quixote* to the S. I. Government.

In the spring of 1838, Capt. Paty proceeded with her to Santa Barbara, and thence to the different ports on the coast, trading at each, more or less. He had a little room fitted up on board, with shelves, &c., from which he sold many goods at retail. In the fall of 1838 he again left the coast and returned to Honolulu, with about half a cargo of hides and a large quantity of tallow. Soon after his arrival, the ship *Oscar* went ashore near the harbor, with a quantity of oil on board. The oil was saved, and as it was to be shipped to the east, Capt. Paty determined to go home with the *Quixote*, and take his hides and some of the *Oscar's* oil. He left in January, 1839, his younger brother taking passage with him, and reached Boston in May of the same year. After having the vessel put in good order, they left again in September for Honolulu, taking their wives with them, and also a goodly number of passengers, among whom were Capt. Elihab Grimes, Mr. Thomas Cummins, T. D. Atherton, and Miss Mary Warren, the first wife of W. D. M.

Howard. They had a pleasant passage, and arrived at Honolulu in the spring of 1840. Soon after, they chartered the Bark Henry A. Pierce, and in March, 1840, left for Monterey, Mazatlan, and thence back to Honolulu. Mr. Farnham, the gentleman who published "Farnham's California," was passenger with them at this time. They expected to meet the ship *Aleiope*, at Monterey; but as she had not yet arrived they did not anchor, but let the bark lay "off and on." Capt. Paty took the boat and three or four passengers and started for the shore, but was met about half way by a boat containing an officer, who ordered him back to the bark. He however saw Don Antonio Osio, with whom he was acquainted, standing on the beach, and asked permission to speak to him, which was granted, and he permitted him to land. But he soon got orders from Gov. Alvarado to go on board his vessel, with all his passengers, by three o'clock, P. M., which he did, and put out to sea the same day. It appeared that they were alarmed at Capt. Paty's coming, as he did, with a number of passengers and no cargo; fearing that they were in league with some foreigners, whom they had arrested but a few days previous, on suspicion of a design to take possession of the country. After staying out two days, Capt. Paty returned and landed, but was ordered to leave again the same day. Mr. Farnham complained of being sick, and got permission to remain on shore. As soon, however, as the ship left, Mr. Farnham appeared as an advocate for the Americans who had been arrested. The governor was much displeased, and remarked that he thought Mr. T. remained on shore on account of being ill. Mr. Farnham replied that he was not sick on land. He was consequently ordered to go on board as soon as the bark should return, which she did in two days, and came to anchor. "When we were in the last time," says Capt. Paty, "they were shipping the prisoners on board a bark formerly the 'Roger Williams,' of Boston. I saw Capt. Isaac Graham, the man who had assisted them into authority, sitting in a boat alongside the bark, with heavy irons on." The prisoners suffered much from being confined in a very small place, and allowed but a short supply of water.

On his way to Mazatlan, Capt. Paty touched at Santa Barbara, and here found the bark which had taken the prisoners from Monterey, at anchor. The prisoners had been landed and imprisoned at



the mission. Many of them suffered much for want of water during their confinement in this place. They were eventually taken to Mexico, and cleared from the imputation of crime against the government. Capt. Graham recovered heavy damages, for his imprisonment and transportation to Mexico.)

It is rather remarkable that during twenty years of sea life, Capt. Paty was never shipwrecked and never under the necessity of living upon an allowance of either food or water, and never lost a man by sickness or in any other way. This is the more remarkable, when it is taken into consideration that for four years he was in the West India trade, and often laid alongside of vessels which had lost half their crew by sickness.

In January, 1841, Capt. Paty, in company with his brother, left Honolulu for Valparaiso, via Tahiti, where they arrived sometime in the month of August, and after remaining about a month, sailed again for Tahiti. They had six Sandwich Island natives on board, and when out about six days, one of them was taken sick with the small pox and died. This was the first man ever dying on board of a vessel in which Capt. Paty was, since his first going to sea, a period of twenty years. Three other natives were also taken sick, and died with the same disease.

The passage from Valparaiso to Tahiti proved a hard one for Capt. Paty, as most all on board were affected with a sympathetic disease. Capt. Paty and his brother were both quite sick, his brother became deranged, and in an unguarded moment took his own life, which was a severe trial to Capt. Paty, as he was a kind, affectionate brother, and a most energetic, enterprising man.

He reached Tahiti in May, where he lay in quarantine seventeen days, and had the ship well cleaned and fumigated. He then took other men to supply the place of his seamen lost, and with six or eight passengers, sailed for Honolulu. Nothing of the small pox appeared again on board. But it appears that the day after he left Tahiti, the disease broke out there, and several of the natives died with it.

He reached Honolulu in June, 1841, and immediately made up a voyage to California, and arrived in Monterey in August. Here he found Mr. Limantour, the man who has since made himself famous by laying claim to a large portion of the City of San Francisco.

Capt. Paty tells rather an amusing anecdote about him, which we will give as near as possible in his own words:—

“Limantour had a little brigantine called the ——, Blanco, Capt. It appears that he disagreed with Blanco, and discharged him at Monterey, and got a ranchero for a sailing or “paper captain,” and concluded to take the brig to San Francisco himself. He made a grand mistake, however. Report says that he run for Point Reyes, with fine, clear weather, with the Farralones bearing nearly south, when they ought to have been nearly west. When nearing the little harbor of Point Reyes, some one observed to him that there were breakers ahead. He replied: ‘Never mind; they told me I should have to pass through breakers to get into San Francisco,’—and continued on until he found his vessel aground on the bar. It is asserted that he got no anchor out in order to get his vessel off, but got his boat out and went round Point Reyes, looking for San Francisco. A few days afterwards a southeaster came on, and his vessel bilged. He had a cargo on board valued at \$65,000, of which he saved about three fourths, got it landed on the beach, and after remaining ten or twelve days, and not knowing where he was, was discovered by an Indian, who showed him the way to San Francisco. He came on board the Don Quixote, and desired me to go out with my vessel and take his cargo in, which I agreed to do. He informed me that his vessel was ashore near Bolinos Bay. The following day I got under way and proceeded to Bolinas Bay, but could not discover any signs of a wreck; and the wind coming in from the south-east, I was obliged to return to San Francisco. The day following I told him that I would go with him and ascertain where his vessel was wrecked. Accordingly we started the next day, on horseback, Capt. John Vioget in company with us, Limantour acting as pilot; but I found his organ of locality was as bad on shore as it was on the water—and I should like to see him point out the boundaries of the ground he claims without a map. In about three hours after starting we found ourselves in a dense swamp, and could proceed no farther, and finally concluded to return to the bark. ‘This was a road he had traveled over only two days before.’ The next morning we got Mr. Reed, of San Rafael, to pilot us. He ascertained that the vessel was ashore at Point Reyes; and after two days’ hard traveling we reached the place where the vessel was

wrecked—remained there one night, and were two days getting back to Saucelito. It rained, hailed, or snowed almost constantly during our four days' travel to the wreck and back. The weather continued stormy several days: finally I got under way and went out to the wreck—arriving there about 12 o'clock, noon. . We lay about two miles from the goods. I manned three boats, and Limantour two. The Rev. Mr. Elliot, chaplain of the U. S. Ship Vincennes, took charge of one boat, and at midnight we had all the merchandise, and nearly everything worth saving, on board; and the next morning at 8 o'clock we were at anchor off the port."

Capt. Paty continued to trade at the different ports on the coast until the spring of 1843, when he sold one half of the bark *Don Quixote* to James McKinley, John Temple, and H. D. Fitch, who all put their goods together and opened a store in the old adobe building in Dupont-street, near Clay—the house formerly belonging to Capt. Wm. Richardson. They also had a store on board ship, and traded at the different ports on the coast. In 1844 his wife and two children arrived at Monterey in the ship *Fuma*, Capt. G. H. Nye. In February, 1845, he bought out the interest of McKinley, Fitch, and Temple, in the *Don Quixote*. Soon after this the Mexican authorities and the Californians had a fight for the government of the country. The Californians were victorious, and agreed to send all the Mexican troops, with their general, Micheltorena, to Mexico. They accordingly chartered Capt. Paty's vessel, and employed him to convey the troops to Mexico, for which service they paid him the sum of eleven thousand dollars, themselves furnishing all things needful, except wood and water.

He took on board the general and about one hundred of his officers and troops at San Pedro, and thence proceeded to Monterey, where he took on board the general's wife and some more officers,—in all fifteen officers and seven ladies, with six or eight children.

After a pleasant passage he landed all in good health at San Blas. Returning from San Blas to California, he touched at Mazatlan, and took on board two sons of Mr. Wolfskill, and Mr. Wm. Smith. On his return from Mexico to Monterey he found Mr. John Parrott entering a valuable cargo of merchandise, and the government paid him three thousand dollars in cash and eight thousand in goods,

taken from Mr. Parrott on account of duty. This he considered a very fortunate circumstance, as the government was very poor at the time, and otherwise he might have waited some time before being able to obtain what was his due.

While in Monterey, in 1846, he found the government treating with a vessel which was laying there to take a passenger—Castellero—to Acapulco, and he finally made a bargain to take him, with his servant, on his vessel, for three thousand dollars. The bargain was made through Mr. T. O. Larkin, who acted as broker, and received from the government, for his services in the matter, six thousand dollars. Capt. Paty was promised by the California government at least one hundred tons of freight back, and all passengers except Castellero and servant. He reached Acapulco on the 14th of April, 1846, and two or three days afterwards Castellero left for the City of Mexico, and Capt. Paty agreed to wait twenty days at Acapulco for his return. He waited twenty-seven days, and then hearing indirectly that he would probably meet him at San Blas or Mazatlan, set sail for the former place.

During his stay at Acapulco, Mr. Hanson, Captain of the Port at that place, spent much of his time with Capt. Paty on board his vessel. One beautiful evening, about 8 o'clock, they were surprised by the ringing of the bells, a display of fireworks, and signs of great rejoicing on shore. Capt. Hanson in great haste went on shore to learn the cause of the excitement, and soon sent word to Capt. Paty that war was declared between Mexico and the United States. The armies had met, and the American forces were annihilated. This was probably the first skirmish before the battle of Palo Alto. "The next morning," says Capt. Paty, "when I met Capt. Hanson, he was full of praise of the Mexican troops, and seemed to be fully convinced that the *raw* Americans could not cope with the Mexican regular troops."

He arrived at San Blas in June, and was immediately boarded by two officers of H. B. M. Ship Collingwood, and from them learned the news of the battle of Palo Alto. After waiting two or three days, and hearing nothing from Castellero, he proceeded to Mazatlan, where he waited four or five days, and then, not having heard from Castellero, he returned to California.

On the third night after his arrival at San Pedro, the U. S. Ship

Congress arrived, and he had an early visit from some of her officers. Mr. T. O. Larkin, with an officer—Mr. Beal—went on board, and from them he learned the particulars of the taking of Monterey and Santa Barbara by the Mexicans. He had four light guns on board, which seemed to attract Mr. Beal's particular attention, and soon after he went on board the Congress, Capt. Paty received a note from Com. Stockton, making propositions for the purchase of the guns; but as he was under the Hawaiian flag, he declined furnishing either party with munitions of war. Com. Sloat replied that he could not be allowed to trade on the coast with an armed vessel; consequently Capt. Paty told his mate if he saw any one interfering with three of his guns not to molest them. He was afterwards paid for the guns.

It is rather remarkable that two of these guns were taken by the commander of a man-of-war in Acapulco, brought alongside of Capt. Paty's vessel at midnight, and sold to him just one month previous to their being used by Com. Stockton in taking possession of Los Angeles.

When Com. Stockton landed, he found a Californian or Mexican in charge of the house, who, after receiving the commodore and suite very politely, saddled his horse and bid the gentlemen good day. They asked him where he was going. He replied, "To the Pueblo." They then told him it would be a great pity for him to lose the opportunity of going on board a man-of-war, and gave him a very pressing invitation to go on board, assuring him that they would take good care of his horse and sword. He went, but on his return could find nothing of either his horse or sword, and finally discovered that he was a prisoner of war. A few days afterwards Com. Stockton marched to the Pueblo, with his guns mounted on ox-carts.

Capt. Paty commanded the first vessel of any size that ever went up the creek as far as Santa Clara. He has made many voyages to different ports in Europe and the West Indies, as well as to the United States and the islands of the Pacific. He is one of the oldest, as he has been one of the most successful shipmasters on the Pacific Coast. During all his seafaring experience—and he has made between eighty and a hundred trips from California to the Sandwich Islands—he has never lost either a vessel or a spar, ex-

cepting one foretopgallant-mast and yard; and but one seaman. He is now commander of the Frances Palmer, running regular trips between San Francisco and Honolulu, and is deservedly one of the most popular commanders on the Pacific Ocean. He is kind and affable in his disposition, and his frank and manly bearing denotes much of the generosity, nobleness, and courage of the true-hearted sailor.

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### LEOPARD LILY.

*Lilium pardalinum*.—KELLOGG.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

This splendid native lily is considered only a variety of the *L. Canadense*; but we think further comparative observations, made in the growing state, will prove it to be a different species. It certainly differs as distinctly from *L. Puberulum* as that does from the *L. Canadense*, (of which we have never entertained a doubt.) We have arrived at this conclusion from careful culture and attentive observations, for more than five years. We have specimens and drawings of both species. There is also a narrow-leafed variety, quite common in this vicinity—var. *augustifolium*.

*L. pardalinum* may be described as follows:—

*Leaves* lanceolate, acuminate recurved, 3 to 5-nerved, nerves glabrous, margins somewhat scabrous, (4 to 5 inches long, about an inch wide,) colored alike deep green above and below, obscurely veiny, remotely verticillate (9 to 12 in a whorl) scattered above and below. Lower leaves oblanceolate or spatulate, clothed with a mealy bloom.

*Flowers* on long peduncles ascending in graceful curves from an obtuse angle at the stem, recurved above, stiffly nodding; 1 to 3 flowers terminating the stem, lower whorls of 4 to 6 flowers; broadly bell-shaped petals strongly revolute, stamens and style equal, stigma not divided. The color of the flowers orange in the center, with dark brown or deep purple spots. The spots in this species larger and more sparsely distributed; the outer half of the petal painted bright red, with well-defined limits.

This is a remarkably hardy and most singularly prolific lily. The annual production of bulbs is as abundant as the common potatoe

(*solanum tuberosum*). When boiled or roasted they are rather too bitter to be palatable—but in this respect they do not differ from the native potatoe. By suitable washings they might serve for food, and perhaps, by careful culture, prove a useful addition to the agricultural resources of colder climates, especially in the damp and unproductive localities of northern latitudes.

It is well known that the Chinese among us make use of the scales of a species of lily which they import to a considerable extent. They are apparently very nutritive,—so far as we are able to decide from the few trials we have made,—having very much the flavor of the common garden bean.

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LINES—T o A N N I E B. F O L G E R.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

An Angel, one eve, on a mission of love,  
Came down on soft pinions to earth,  
And, thence to the bright ones assembled above,  
Bore tidings of sweet Annie's birth.

He traced, on his path from the Heavenly sphere,  
And back to its radiant portal,  
A circle of light enclosing thee, dear,  
And called it the circle immortal.

It linked thee to Earth, and it linked thee to Heaven,  
To man, and to Angel, and God!  
In stillness of soul, in the clear starry even,  
Thou'lt see where the bright spirits trod.

And oft on that shining, electrical ring,  
He came, at the close of the day,  
To fan thee to sleep with his rose-colored wing,  
And bear thee to dream-land away.

He traced on that circle, within and around,  
With sunbeams, in letters of gold,  
Three magical words by which thou art bound,  
And which human destiny mould.

And sang, as he wrote: "Fair circle of years  
That flow from the endless above,  
Guard dear little Annie from sorrowful tears,  
And ever surround her with love."

The Past, and the Present, and Future sublime,  
 He traced in that marvelous hour;  
 And smiled as he thought that a blossom of Time  
 Could claim Eternity's dower.

A point where thy shining electrical ring  
 Just glances on earth, and no more,  
 Is all of the PRESENT—a moment on wing—  
 A wave from the infinite shore.

The PAST, O! the Past is a shadow dear bought,  
 That flits near to charm, or to pain,  
 For it takes every form of action, or thought;  
 Man seeks to recall it in vain.

The far, far-off FUTURE, to which all aspire,  
 So full in its promise, and free,  
 Is a hope—a vast, unattained desire;—  
 God bless it, dear Annie, to thee.

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### ONE OF LIFE'S EPISODES.

BY FRANCESCA.

THE early part of my married life was spent at the South, and among my husband's friends I was introduced to a young couple who had been married some three years, whose cordiality and apparent sincerity greatly pleased me. The wife, Louise Vandorn, was extremely affectionate in manner, and—she was childless herself—took the greatest fancy to my little daughter, then some three months old, always making her some handsome present of lace or embroidery at each visit, and often carrying us both home with her to spend the day at her house, which was furnished with much taste, and with all the elegance their limited means would allow. In some things she seemed extravagant, for I noticed among her trinkets, which she was showing me one day, a beautiful diamond-spray which she wore in her hair, and she always wore a magnificent diamond ring, which, with the spray, must have cost at least a thousand dollars. She owned, also, in her own right, a very fine young mulatto girl, about eighteen years old, who obeyed every command with the



most scrupulous exactness, and trembled if her little mistress gave but one stamp of her tiny foot or one flash from her glittering eyes. They were a wee couple, George Vandorn and his wife, he far below the medium size, neatly and compactly made, and full of nervous passion; she—but I must describe her more minutely, as the subject of this “o’er true” tale.

Fancy a little figure, lithe and pliant as a panther, a pale, clear complexion, made paler and more transparent by contrast with her jet-black hair, a beautiful mouth and teeth, regular, well cast features, presided over by a pair of watchful eyes, which were green, gray, or black, according to the light from without or *within*, which illuminated them—delicate hands and feet, soft, velvety manners and unexceptionable toilet, and you have an idea of Louise Vandorn as I first saw her, before she had wrought ruin upon herself, and her passionate, but generous and unsuspecting husband. I could not be much at their house without perceiving the “skeleton at the board,” though she wrapped it never so closely in shawls and veils, and would fain persuade me that it was only a shadow, and no hideous mass of bones and corruption that sat amid the glittering silver at the table, and by the marble hearthstone of the parlor. Sometimes, indeed, when the light of the long summer day was fading, and she took her guitar to a low ottoman and sang “like a siren of old who lived under the sea,” the outlines of her figure would grow dim, and finally vanish from her husband’s eyes, as he sat entranced with the beautiful vision before him, who sang of love in such passionate strains, and whose burning eyes and glowing cheeks bore witness that the beatings of her heart gave pulse for pulse with the music. O, she *must* love him, and was even then recalling the days when he wooed and won her young heart to be his own forever and aye—he was unreasonable, he expected too much from the child he had married out of a convent-school, where, the pet of the Superior, she had grown up capricious and exacting, but so charmingly innocent and unsophisticated! Was there ever a more beautiful beast than the tiger? See how it turns its splendid spots to the sun, how meek and graceful its attitude, as it toys with its watchful keeper, and *remembers the red-hot iron which made it amiable*—but let the keeper’s vigilance for a moment relax, and a shriek of agony and the

sound of crunching bones tells the depth of love and the intense devotion it bears its master.

Such was the love of Louise for her husband. Poor and an orphan, without friends except the kind lady abbess of the convent where she was reared in seclusion, of a strong and voluptuous temperament, she had early learned to obtain her wishes by hypocrisy the most profound; and though the Sisters were aware of her true character, her protectress saw in her malicious tricks only the playfulness of a petted child, whose mistress was the more lenient because all her other treasures were garnered in Heaven. So when her nephew came to visit her, and was bewitched, like herself, with the beautiful tigress, she gave Louise to him to be the wife of his bosom, who purred softly and concealed her claws till she could escape into that great world in which she panted to make havoc. Insatiable in her love of pleasure, Louise went the rounds of dissipation in fashionable follies, and her indulgent husband sighed in vain for the domestic happiness of home. Unblest by children, a shadow gradually fell between them, and George Vandorn felt that he was pursuing an *ignus fatuus* that constantly eluded his grasp. He was unhappy, sometimes unreasonable — jealous of he knew not what, suspicious he knew not of whom. The tender, innocent Louise patted his cheek with her soft paws, smiled to display her glittering teeth, and twined her soft arms about his neck like a serpent before he crushes his intended victim. Well was it for the happiness of both that they had a kind and disinterested adviser in an old and tried friend who had known them since their marriage, and often allayed the instability of George by the magnetism of his calm presence. In the prime of life, tall, dark, and stately, Hubert Lallande was a constant guest at the house of Vandorn; and often, when the storm-fiend hovered over the home-circle, a look from his dark eyes upon Louise would lay the spirit of contradiction, and smiles and sunshine supersede the threatened tempest. At other times he would take George to a favorite saloon, and when he was fairly engaged at billiards, he would return to expostulate with Louise, as it seemed, for when her husband returned at midnight, even when inflamed with wine, she received his caresses with smiles. No word of reproach ever passed her glowing lips, and in her dreams she murmured soft words of endearment, and for whom but him?

We noticed at last, my husband and I, that Vandorn looked haggard, and that the lines of dissipation were deepening under his eyes, and his hand was unsteady, and finally heard, with much distress — for we esteemed the poor fellow — that he had got into a quarrel at the billiard-saloon, and had gone across the bay to fight a duel; but we could do nothing, and he would certainly have every care taken of him, for Hubert was his second, and would guard his life as *he had done his honor*.

My sick infant prevented my going down at once to comfort Louise. My husband called twice during the day, but was not admitted, Elise, the mulattress, saying her mistress was shut up in her chamber, and could see no one. The next day I left my babe for an hour, and went down. I found her in the greatest state of excitement. She was deadly pale, and her eyes fairly emitting green sparks from their distended pupils. She was pacing around the darkened chamber, every now and then tearing open the blinds to see if some messenger was not approaching; and as I entered, she seized me with her icy hands, and said hoarsely: "Have you heard from them?" Upon my replying in the negative, she resumed her walk, and reminded me of a beautiful leopard I had seen raging around its cage with bleeding feet. The boat should have been in an hour before; and just as I was about to leave her,—for my heart was ill at ease about my child,—I saw them both, George and Hubert, coming gaily and quite unhurt up the street. I pointed them out to her, when, throwing her hands above her head, she fell, without a word, senseless at my feet. George had seen her fall, and bounding up the stairs, was in the room in a moment and applying suitable remedies almost before I could lay her on the bed. At last, with a long, sighing moan, she opened her eyes and fixed them on him with such a look of loathing hate as made me shudder, and pushing him violently from her, rose to her feet as suddenly as she had fallen. The next instant, casting a rapid glance to the door where stood Lallande, calm and pale as usual, unless a slight frown might indicate emotion, she resumed her natural manner, and threw herself upon her husband's bosom with the most violent expressions of delight. After congratulating him upon his safety, I left George and his wife with a terrible suspicion at my heart, which I dared not tell even to my husband.

I saw nothing of them for a week, and then heard that all their plate had been stolen on the day of the duel,—the servants, in their alarm, having forgotten to lock the front door, which some one had entered and carried it all off—spoons, forks, ladles, baskets, and knives, all were gone—but that poor Vandorn, as a sort of thank-offering, partly for his escape, partly in gratitude for the evidence of affection so indisputable from his wife, had presented her with another set more expensive than the last, and added to it three beautiful silver salvers and a splendid tea set. But they seemed to be strangely beset, for not long after Vandorn was furiously dashed aside as he was entering his house a little earlier than usual from his club, by some person who rushed into the street and made his escape before George could recover entire his equilibrium or his presence of mind, and proceeding to his wife's room, found her standing with a pistol in her hand, which they usually kept in a clock-case standing on the mantle-piece, her eyes distended, and her face white and rigid as that of a young Pythoness.

She was reading, she said, sitting by the grate, where there was a little fire—it was early autumn, but the nights were chilly—when she heard, as she supposed, Elise, enter for something, though she had thought her in bed; when, just as she was turning to ascertain her errand, a man's hand was placed upon her shoulder, and another held a poniard to her breast, while a fierce voice hissed into her ear, "Be silent or you die!" With every nerve thrilling with horror, she yet turned her face towards the assassin, and saw a fierce and desperate countenance frowning upon her; but, seeing her speechless with terror, the robber went to a wardrobe where were her jewels and a considerable sum in gold, as well as her plate, which she now kept in her room for greater security, and taking a pillow-case, deliberately commenced filling it, still keeping his eyes glaring upon Louise. Once, for an instant, he removed them, and that instant was fatal to his purpose; for quick as lightning she threw open the clock-case, and seizing the pistol, her own, and always loaded and cocked, she pointed it at the ruffian and cried with a loud, exulting voice: "Now, villain, I have you!" The man, utterly taken by surprise by her coolness and the determination that flashed from her eyes, dropped the plate and fled, but not before she had discharged one barrel of her revolver at him, the ball from which unfortunately

only buried itself in the door, while he made good his escape as before related.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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DEATH AND THE ROSE-BUDS.

BY DELTA.

A child lies on the couch, asleep :  
 They say "Dear Ora's dead !"  
 And friends are gathering there to weep,  
 The last night's solemn watch to keep  
 Around her lonely little bed !

They speak in whispered tones — a breath,  
 As round the cot they stand ;  
 And, while she sleeps the sleep of death,  
 They wind around her brow a wreath,  
 And place some rose-buds in her hand.

They watch 'round Ora's bed all night,  
 Within that silent room,  
 And, when the rosy morn is bright,  
 They drape her in her robes of white,  
 All ready coffined for the tomb.

They bear her to her resting-place,  
 While mourners weep and moan ;  
 But see ! there's life in death's embrace !  
 A heavenly smile plays o'er her face ;  
*The buds are roses fully blown !*

\* \* \* \* \*

Sad, stricken ones ! their brightest gem  
 Is dimmed—*but for a time* :  
 Earth's fairest, dearest flower, to them,  
 Has fallen from the parent stem,  
 To bloom in Eden's genial clime.

When doubt and darkness o'er thee lower,  
 Yield not to their control ;  
 Death and the grave have no more power  
 To check the *spirit* than the *flower*,  
 If pure and childlike is the soul.

Sacramento, 1859.

## FACES VERSUS HEARTS.

BY L. C. H.

“What a lovely face! Look, Frank, isn't she splendid! such glorious eyes and hair.”

“Very beautiful,” answered Frank, leaning out of the window, and following with his eye the retreating form of the lady who had caused his friend, Ned Graham, to exhibit an unusual amount of admiration.

“Do you know who she is?”

“Why, yes, I know her name and that's about all; she is Mrs. Links, wife of Moses Links,—that rough, dark-looking man with her; who walks along with her arm in his, just like a Sheriff marching off a convict. I never see them together without thinking of a bear and a kitten.”

“I often wonder,” said Frank, “how such fine-looking women so often marry very inferior men. But, it's generally from some sordid motives; the old game of the world, *diamonds* played against *hearts*.”

“But there was no such motive in this case,” answered Ned; “for old Links — as some people call him, though he is not really old — is not wealthy, only in moderate circumstances; and so I suppose they are only a couple of links in the chain of evidence, which proves there's a special destiny, at least in matrimony, marked out for us; and it's no more use trying to evade or improve it, than to try to stop the North wind; though I don't believe in the old maxim, that all ‘matches are made in Heaven;’ every-day wisdom disproves that.” “But, my dear friend, you have tumbled into some unknown depth of reverie. Do tell a fellow what you are thinking of.” “Pegasus yoked with an ox,” was the curt reply. “Ha-ha-ha,” laughed Ned; “and sometimes Pegasus gets yoked with a donkey;” and he looked significantly down the street in the direction of the couple who had disappeared.

“Edward! how can you speak so,” exclaimed sister Marion, looking up from her sewing. “You are giving Frank a false impression of Mr. Links and his wife.”

“Now we've unconsciously given Marion a text for one of her

moral sermons," said Ned, throwing himself into an easy chair, and with a look of resignation fit for a martyr, he gravely advised Frank to sit down and hear him lectured; mischievously adding, "you may get one yourself, some time, from the same source."

"You deserve a lecture, and a pretty severe one, too," answered Marion, "for speaking so unjustly of a man whom you know to be intelligent, kind, and honorable; and who never shrinks from personal danger or self-denial when duty demands a service: indeed, he more fully comes up to the standard of the Good Samaritan, than any one I ever knew."

"O! I had forgotten that in your estimation he was quite a hero, because he saw fit to plunge into a pool of dirty water and fish out a ragged child that belongs to an old washerwoman, who would be much better off without it. Now if the mother had been a young and beautiful creature, like Mrs. Links, for instance, there would have been some sense in it; but you don't catch me spoiling a good suit of clothes, and getting half smothered with stagnant filth, merely to prevent an Irish wake."

These was silence for a moment, and then Marion said, very softly: "Ned, if I did not know how frequently your tongue runs away with your sentiments, raising a great cloud of dust, through which you are very imperfectly seen, I should be ashamed of my brother. Now the very circumstances which excite your disgust, are just what make the action look heroic in my eyes; and I do not doubt but that the poor woman's "God bless you!" sounded quite as grateful to Mr. Links, as the most polished and elaborate thanks, expressed by one more highly favored; and I should like to know how you will prove that the only child of a poor, hard-working woman, is not as dear and necessary to her happiness as it could be to a rich and handsome parent who enjoyed all the smiles of fortune. Besides, if you are such a firm believer in destiny, you cannot blame her for being born in Ireland, or because she is poor, old, and widowed." Marion paused. But Ned only said, "Go on with your logic." "Well, I wish to say a word about that bad habit you are getting, of judging from a mere glimpse of the external appearance; a superficial glance at a person's face does not reveal the lights, or shadows, which fall upon the undercurrents of thought and emotion. But you are wasting your pity upon Mrs. Links. I knew her inti-

mately when a maiden, and besides personal beauty, she possessed the much better gifts of rare judgment, and good sense: she could always appreciate a character of excellence, even if connected with an ugly feature, or ungainly form. Since her marriage, I have visited them often; and I do not know a pleasanter home than theirs; nor two more happy or congenial hearts. If all married people were as well *mated*, there would be far more domestic happiness, and fewer applicants for divorces. You seem to think it a sacrifice if a handsome woman marries a plain, ungraceful man, just as though beauty were a merit to the possessor, or the want of it a fault."

"What do you think of that?" said Ned, suddenly addressing Frank, who had drawn his chair up close to Marion's table, and was abstractedly making a great confusion of the contents of her work-box.

"I think Marion is right; and you ought to profit by her lecture." And then Frank leaned forward; his dark eyes filled with a passionate love-light, and the glow of heart-sunshine on his really fine face, as he half whispered something to Marion, of which, Ned only caught the words: 'sensible, dearest,' and 'little wife.' Whereupon he sprang from his seat with a tremendous bound, and snatching up his hat, said: "There, now I'm off—I never could appreciate lovers' unaccountable extacies—and strangely enough they never can tolerate me; so I shall bid you good-by till dinner."

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"With the Loved Departed we know that we shall meet again,—but for a dead and buried Affection, there is no Resurrection Morn!"

"Then those dear ones gone before thee,  
If thou'rt faithful thou shalt meet;  
Softer skies shall hover o'er thee,  
Fairer flowers shall bless thy feet."—GEO. W. CUTTER.

With the Loved Departed we know that we shall meet  
In brighter realms than ours,—in bonds of union sweet,  
But o'er the tomb of Affections, that alas! to us are dead,  
No such holy light is o'er the darkened future shed.  
Kindred to the Star the faithful Shepherds saw  
Arisen in the East, and gazed with wondering awe,  
For such a buried feeling nevermore is born  
That light of Love,—revealing the Resurrection Morn!—E. R. C.



## ON THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY C. A. WASHBURN.

WHEN people have nothing more to live for, why should they be afraid of death? I do not understand it. When life is but just begun, and before experience has made us tired of it, I can well appreciate why it should be dear, and why we should be loth to give it up. Then the hopes of future joys are bright, and many unalloyed pleasures are anticipated. Then we look forward to the future with fancy-colored expectation. In youth, we envy the greater freedom and capacity of those who are a few years in advance of us. At ten, we long to be twenty. At twenty we have tasted care and are beginning to feel anxious about our future, and think that at thirty a position in life will be established. We will not then be thinking who will be our life partner; we will not be devoured with jealousy; will not be "sighing like furnace with woeful ballad," but will be settled down with the one we love, and winning our way to wealth and fame. O, yes, the difficulties, struggles and anxieties of twenty, will be all past at thirty, and then we will be in the full enjoyment of life.

But thirty comes, and with it comes its own cares and disappointments. The love of twenty is not the love of thirty. The glow, the enthusiasm, the bright pictures, the Platonic attachment, to be lengthened into a perpetual honey-moon, have all passed and gone, and sober reality has come; and instead of that which was anticipated, the disappointment that embitters, and the sharp intellect that criticises, and encases its possessor in cynicism and disgust.

At this period, the observant and reflective mind can well decide the question whether this world which we inhabit has anything worth living for. If it has not, why then does any one wish to live?

I will suppose the case of one who has run the round of sensual pleasures, or rather of one who has been so far as to find that there is no real sensual pleasure to be found in the world — that what passes for pleasure of that kind is but the vaporings of excitement, to be distilled into repentance and pain. He looks forward to nothing different. In that direction in which he had hoped for a higher pleasure, a more spiritual and ethereal life, he has been cut off by

the fickleness and faithlessness of some one to whom he had, like a clinging barnacle, attached his heart. Beyond and in the future he sees nothing that he cares for; nothing worth striving for; nothing that he thinks worth attaining. Why, then, should he wish to live? Why be afraid of death? He looks back on the days that are gone, and asks himself if there has been more of sorrow than of joy; more of pleasure than of pain, in the year just passed. His answer, if he dares to listen to it, is no; and if he could foresee that each future year would be, like those which are gone, he would very likely say with Jonah, "It is better for me to die than to live."

It is not improbable that if one half of the people we meet with in our intercourse with the world were to be asked, if they would care to live over again the wants of the last five years, they would say unhesitatingly, no. If asked if they had any reason to suppose that the future would be any brighter than the past, they would say no. If then asked what they wanted to live for, they would say they did not, but they were afraid to die—they stood in awe of death.

Such dread of a natural termination of life that is admitted to be unhappy, is unreasonable, irreligious and weak. The same power will be above us then as now. Why, then, be afraid of death? It is unphilosophical and absurd. Reason says thus when it is not near at hand, and it is weak to fear it when it comes nearer. Why shall we dread to-morrow that which we think we could welcome to-day?

Thus I reason. It is true I might quake and tremble when I saw the grim monster before me, inevitable, fixed, inexorable; yet it seems to me that the man of clear conscience could, in the line of duty, meet him as indifferently, resolutely and conscientiously, as he could eat his dinner.

I leave quite out of view the religious aspect of the case. I come down to truth, reason and philosophy, and I ask why man should be afraid of death? This fear is, as I maintain, unreasonable, and as I believe, founded on false doctrine. We are taught, or at least the most of us are, from our childhood, that death is something very dreadful and solemn, and we are made to look forward to it as of all things to be feared and shunned.

Hence, the fear of it assumes the form of second nature. It seems to be an instinctive dread, whereas it is only the fear resulting from a false education.

I hold that it is an accusation against Divine mercy to assume that death is to be feared. It is irreligion that dictates it, or rather, it is that religion which believes in a god of anger, rather than the God of love. The joys and sorrows of this world we know, for we have experienced them, but of the world to come, we are to judge by revelation and analogy. I leave the former out of the question, and, judging by the latter, we have no reason to expect the world to come will be any worse than this. The same Being will rule over us, and the same eternal laws of right, and justice, and love, will prevail; and why should we fear to trust ourselves in "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

It is not that men regret to leave this world that they are afraid to enter another. The two influences are separate and distinct.

Could a man have entire faith that at the end of fifty, one hundred, or a thousand years, he could return to this earth again, and live out the balance of his days, how many would choose to take a centennial nap. But they think as they are going to another world, "to an undiscovered country," there must be something very dreadful about it. They seem to forget that the same God rules in the Heavens as in the earth, and they blaspheme him by their fears, for their fears say that His arm is shortened, that He cannot save.

The infidel may ask me how I know there is a future state, and he may say that it is the dread of a final putting out of the light of the spirit; the last of man's existence in any form or sphere that causes him to fear to "shuffle off this mortal coil." This cannot be so, for the reason that not one in ten thousand believes when he comes to die, that it is to be a death of the soul as well as of the body. The few who have believed otherwise, have arrived at their conclusion, only by the hardest kind of disputation. They have studied and reasoned themselves into a belief that the unlearned could never reach. So, the fear of death comes not from dread of annihilation. It comes from a lack of faith in God's power and goodness. It is an unreasonable belief. Death will in no wise separate us from the love of God. Yea, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come—nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

TO VIOLA.

BY RUTHVEN.

The learned Linnæus, with a thought "sublime  
And beautiful," kept a minute of the passing Time,  
And made his record of the fleeting hours  
With the opening and the close of Flowers.\*  
So may the future of thy life be told  
In silver blossoms,—rip'ning to a fruit of gold ;  
Thy cheek redolent with a beauteous bloom,  
Fanned by zephyrs laden with perfume  
Of the angel-incense-breathing flowers  
Before the shrines of the Beautiful in fairy bowers ;  
And as pales the radiant beaming of the Morning Star  
Before the roseate glances of Aurora's glowing car,  
Heralding the bright advent of the God of Day,  
When in the sunlight,—Morning's dewy spray,  
Flower and tree and Nature's em'rald mantle green,  
Like some fairy bride glitter in their sheen,  
Brighter far than spoils of Eastern Lands,  
Fairer in form than e'er wrought by earthly hands,  
Above a soft and azure arching sky,  
Mating with thine own the violet's modest eye,  
And that sweet, poetic symbol, "Forget-me-not,"  
No friends to forget thee,—none by thee forgot,  
No serpent's trail upon thy Eden's flowery path,  
No dark'ning cloud,—no whirlwind's sweeping wrath ;  
And when on thee evening's sombre shadows fall,  
And stars are sprinkled o'er the dying twilight's pall,  
And the bright planets in their orbits burn  
Like flames to crown the day's funeral urn,  
With spotless Lily on thy guileless breast,  
Penciled with last tintings from the glowing West.  
Sweet, in that hour, be thy undisturbed repose,—  
Thy canopy the Jessamine,—thy couch the damask Rose,  
Unruffled by the Sybarite's sleep-destroying crease,  
*At peace with all the world,—be all thy dreams of peace.*

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\* In his botanical garden Linnæus had arranged a floral clock, from which he accurately told the time by the opening and the close of flowers.

## THE DICTATOR AT THE DESSERT;

WHAT HE THINKS AND SAYS.

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I DOUBT if the medical profession, aside from what it has done in chemical discoveries and in anatomy, has been a blessing to the race. I go further. I believe that human life has in the mass been shortened by it, and that, generally, just as doctors increase in number and in practice, the average life of a people has diminished. That nature may be assisted at times by simple applications, is doubtless true. But the vile decoctions and concoctions, the mineral and vegetable poisons, which the medical faculty have discovered may be used without immediate fatal results, and which occasionally may be supposed to relieve a patient, have been prolific in evil consequences, in leaving in the system a fatal seed at some time to germinate into death, and thus to curtail what otherwise would have been a natural term of existence, I do believe.

I doubt if the healing art has really advanced one jot since the time of Galen or Hippocrates. Adam in the Garden was a better physician than any of his descendants have been, until his wife called in the original physician of all, who prescribed a dose of fruit. Of the effects of that bolus Moses has written, Christ has preached, and Milton sung. Of the results our courts and penitentiaries give ample examples. But a moral mortuary report were difficult to be made out. Physically, the consequences may be studied all around us in the diseases, some of them at least, which abound, although I think a very large portion which afflict humanity are the production of gentlemen of the healing art, whose art to a great degree consists in making diseases instead of curing those which really exist.

In their profession there is nothing certain. And what may most nearly approach certainty is invariably mystified by pretended knowledge, words which few outside of their own tribe understand, and fewer inside know how to explain, or are disposed to do so if they can. The fact is, the profession is ever on stilts. It prefers wooden legs to those which nature provided, had rather cut one off than save it; and in lack of such healthful use of knife and saw, lint and bandage, splint and ligature, mounts upon a pair of stilts and lumbers jerkingly along with a gait which never improves, above

and out of sympathy with the tribe jogging on below. The medical profession has no sympathy with the people, and can not have. It is outside and apart, walking around the casket which contains the soul, as the beast-tamer in a menagerie parades in front of his brutes, his pole and whip being replaced in their hands by castor oil or morphine, with which to stir up their animals, or soothe them. To cure a disease, they first break down the system upon which it feeds, so that both go together, or the system becomes too insignificant for feeding a fever. It may do for a lunch for rheumatism, or a feast for consumption, both too often the children of the M. D., their dam, mal-practice.

In the early days of this city, for instance, our physicians were few, our diseases few, and the scattering apostles of the scalpel had a hard time of it to live, albeit a few visits exhausted the patient's purse and left the undertaker his remedy with the town council. But like a cancer, having once a root-hold, having fairly broken out, sickness, diseases, and natural death from artificial causes multiplied close upon the heels of the multiplying "saw-bones." Now no more do you see them in seedy attire, on foot, waiting on street-corners for runaway dray-horses and the broken ribs sometimes left in their track; but sleek, well fed, portly fellows, with well-fed capon lined, florid faces bespeaking roast beef and rosy wine, each rolling through the streets above four wheels and a phaeton, with a "tiger" by his side, and his dashing chestnuts, roans, or grays striking fire with their hoofs from the cobble-stones, and filling the air with splinters from the planking. Why, Dr. Bourne, with his hot and cold baths and severe regimen, has been unable to stem the current of physical degeneracy created *secundem artem*. Even Wheeler's Gymnasium, which has saved, or lengthened ten lives for every one preserved by the whole faculty of the city, has not been able to offset fully the ills caused by bad nostrums injudiciously prescribed, instead of exercise, plain diet, and fresh air. Frank teaches how to increase muscle and bone, and gain an appetite, to the comparative few whose physician he is. But calomel and blue mass rot more bones than he can create, a thousand fold. Did you ever imagine a proper funeral procession for a dead doctor? Death on a white horse leading the van, as chief mourner. Dentists made rich by the dead man's practice, close at hand. Next the coffin-

maker, the nurse, and the apothecary. Proprietors of private hospitals, owners of cemeteries, patent limb manufacturers, the gravedigger with his rusting spade, and owners of hearses. There should be banners suitably inscribed—death's head and cross-bones; prescription hieroglyphics—*fl. sulph.* 5z.—*acet. plumb.* 1z.—*nux vom.* 7 dr.—*stryc. sulp. zi ad nauseum*. You may complete the procession to suit your fancy. Could fever, with its flushed face, lean and hacking consumption, rheumatism with its swelled joints, and bloated dropsy be adequately personified, they would act as pall-bearers with great propriety.

My friend the doctor was present. I thought to see him fire up at all this abuse, which was said as much in a spirit of banter as anything else, but to draw him out.

To my surprise he agreed with the proposition, but carried it to a still greater and more sweeping extent, by saying:—

“Why, sir, you might wipe out entirely all three of the learned professions, so called—not the medical alone—and the world would be all the happier for it. Their members are the barnacles of society, against whom no preparation by cunning workmen has yet been found to long prevail. You may copper society as the ship-builder does the hull he has constructed, to prevent the adherence of these moral *crustacea*. But they will continue to fasten on ere long, and grow and thrive in spite of you and your sheathing. Society is the ship, its model is that of the clipper, keen, sharp, its lines well drawn, floating like a swan on the sea of Time, its sails all filled with prosperous breezes, the voyage promisingly pleasant, the crew all healthy. But these medical barnacles get hold somehow, grow, accumulate, and from a well-appointed, swift clipper, your craft becomes a dull hulk upon the waters, drifting along through malarious latitudes, till provisions grow short, and scurvy seizes those on board. Yes, sir, sweep them all away, and in two generations health would be more general, life longer, death proportionately diminished.

“And what are your lawyers, men whose perceptions designate justice and the largest fee as identical, who would save a murderer through a quibble, and hang an innocent man to secure a contingent sum? Is a profession whose tendency is to make the worse appear the better reason, which esteems the trash of books a thousand

years old superior to the reason of the present age, which when it fails to win by law, attempts victory by appeals which blind or dethrone reason through the aroused passions and sympathies of a jury; men who live by the strifes of others, and whose interests are to cultivate dissensions in order to thrive — what can such a profession have in common with the public, and what can it add to the wealth or happiness of a people? Should we take the history of this City or State, legally considered, and make up an estimate of the worth of law to us, the conclusion would be that we were better off with the whole profession returned as *non inventus*.

“It may be dangerous to speak except in praise of the third of the learned professions. And yet truth and independence should have voice. I would say nothing against true religion, nor adverse to sincere faith, though a mistaken one, except to wish it changed to the true. Nor against true piety, and those good, simple-hearted, strong-souled teachers of it who do not weigh the world’s opinion, nor its gold, nor a good living, nor a call from a fashionable congregation, against the purity and simplicity of the gospel. But I am down on all falsehood in the pulpit. I abominate all fops, but especially the clerical fop. I despise the extreme fashionables of the holy desk. I see too many preaching who think more of a white neckcloth than a white conscience; who prefer a fine church to a commodious one; who had rather preach to a select, small, well-dressed audience, than to a large but promiscuous one; who seem to think their prayers have a surer ascent to Heaven if there be an elegant steeple above the vestibule, and their sermons more cogent if delivered from a rich pulpit; who christen their desire for a large salary a “call” from God, and who, ignoring the sins about them, “pitch into the Babylonians.” Affectation is pitiable everywhere, but in the clergyman, the priest, the preacher, it is execrable. Fashion in its extremes is bad enough anywhere. But when it rules congregation and pastor, it is unbearable. The rage now is not only for fine and elegant churches, costly and worldly, but fine and elegant worship, costly and worldly. Worldly because hollow and insincere; and costly to an extent that keeps thousands away from church services, not through coldness and indifference of heart, but inadequacy of purse. Who can, especially in this city, stand pew-rent, and contributions, assessments, and the costly dresses which



the religious *ton* has made necessary in places of worship, the fairs got up to raise funds, the taxations for high clerical salaries, the never-ending calls for organs, and velvet trimmings, silver candlesticks and costly chandaliers—who, unless in receipt of a large income, *can afford* to worship in churches at the present day? For your wife *must* wear a costly dress, or pious heads turn disdainfully away, and pious tongues—pious in the modern acceptation—will wag heavily in animadversions as soon as the benediction be said. And who have especially produced this condition of irreligious religion? I say, the clergy. Their worldliness has eaten up their piety. The people go to church to be fashionable, and the clergyman preaches for salary. Dollars are in his sermons, cents in his prayers, and the unction of the services varies whether in pulpit, or at the christening, or the funeral, just as the wealth and fashion of the audience, the parents and god-parents, or the family of the dead, vary. Sunday services are the confessional now, with the Protestants, where the cheat and the hypocrite formally cancel their sins to start afresh next morning. No wonder Beecher says: “A week filled with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.” And the majority of the clergy, the priests, the preachers, aid in continuing and increasing this falsehood of worship, after having produced it. I except a portion. They are like the Apostles and preachers of old, somewhat. But so often do I find the white neck cloth the chief of ministerial virtues, that I sometimes think we might brush away the whole profession, and by so doing increase the piety of the age.”

It must not be supposed that the Doctor was allowed to thus attack his own profession, although he said he had left it in disgust without many counter opinions having been given; or specially that he received unanimous support in his onslaught upon the clericals. But he was so pertinacious that the rest had to listen, and found it like rolling the “huge, round stone” of mythology up hill, to attempt combatting his opinions. So he was allowed to talk on. If you dislike his views, put them down as momentary freaks, not real opinions. But it must be confessed there is too much foundation for his conclusions.

Can any one explain to me the reason why people are usually disappointed with results, be they what they may? If a general battle be anticipated, curiosity is at work, and when the reports of killed and wounded reach us, we are disappointed that they were no greater in number. Montebello was something; so was Magenta, so Melagnano. But the world looked for a general, great, pitched battle of half a million of men. It occurred. Solferino was fought. "Only forty thousand slain?" queried the thought of thousands. The results did not equal expectation. Thousands wrote homilies upon the horrors of the war, and the wickedness of thus slaughtering men. But when the sudden news of peace reached them, seven eighths of all those who condemned the war as a great crime felt disappointed at the peace which ended the slaughters they had so deprecated.

Your friend receives or gives the lie direct. Of course a card for a hostile meeting follows. How earnestly you hope the seconds and friends of the parties may effect a compromise "satisfactory to all parties." It is done — and you are disappointed, regretful. Or, it has been found impossible. They meet. You wait the word, the report with the utmost anxiety. Neither hit? How disappointed you feel. Another shot. Blood this time. Your friend's arm has been broken. How sympathising are you and his other friends now, who five minutes ago could not bear the idea that neither should be hit. How heartily you go about to make him comfortable and to heal his wound. Should he be but scratched, you probably at heart are disappointed that the wound is so slight. Who can explain this seeming contradiction, this tyranny of curiosity over the heart, this thirst for something more startling, in opposition to what humanity and friendship, even, should seem to dictate?

If a man wishes to engage in a business which is sure of never running out, he may take his choice between furnishing the staff of life, the sword of death, coffin making, or preparing cosmetics. For while the race continues its individuals must eat. While men as now and heretofore resemble the tiger, wars will be fought. While people persist in dying, coffins will continue marketable. And while beauty shall be admired, and women are vain, they will paint. Coffins cannot long remain tenantless. No other dwellings have so sure and steady occupants, no furniture is less objected to, or surer

of sale. The four staple articles are bread, steel, coffins and rouge. They are king. You may do without cotton, and gold, and commerce, but not without them. You must eat, and fight, paint and—

“Dye,” said the editor, looking at the Doctor’s hair and whiskers.

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MY MOTHER.

BY DELTA.

The three sweetest words in the English language are Home, Mother, Heaven!

With what soul-stirring melody and music they fall upon every ear, and what a thrill of ecstatic joy they send to every loving heart!

Our first and most fondly cherished recollections are of the endearments of our childhood’s home, lighted by the sunny smiles and cheered by the kind words of our dear mother, as she plied her daily household duties, and by her gentleness and watchful care rendered our early home a little paradise below; for the good mother makes home a little heaven on earth.

“’Tis home where’er the heart is;” and home would not be *home* without a loving and true wife or mother. The home circle is her true sphere. Here she can to best advantage bestow her manifold labors and her exhaustless love. Here she occupies a field of useful labor and influence for good, as wide as the world and as long as all time. Here she is a Heaven appointed sovereign, the Home her throne; the Heart her kingdom, Love the scepter she wields, and Honor and reciprocated love the crown which adorns her head. No monarch of the Old World ever sent forth from the royal palace edicts and commands which have told upon the destiny of the world so powerfully as the gentle mandates and the love-inspired decrees of the mother for the guidance and keeping of her child.

My early home was embosomed among the green hills and dark forests of New Virginia, where the bountiful hand of a kind Provi-

dence scattered broad-cast throughout the land a rich variety of wild fruits in abundance: cherries, strawberries, blackberries, mulberries, whortleberries, fox-grapes, hickorynuts, walnuts, chestnuts, etc., etc.

How vividly memory calls up to my mind the many rambles I used to take in my boyish days, over hill and dale, along the rocky cliffs or by the rapid river, in search of a thousand little pleasures, and joyous sports, and delicious morsels, which rendered young life all happy and free — when every laugh was blithe and gay, every smile sunny like the heavens above us, and every heart as light and joyous as the sweet songs of the little birds about our paths.

My father was a farmer and wheel-wright; and it was to him a source of contentment and manly pride that he owned a comfortable home and a section of the “big round earth” *clear down to its center*. Between these two pursuits he and his two eldest sons, in the field and the work-shop, earned a good living, and bade “good bye” to all care and sorrow.

Often when the day’s work was early done, we would stop the plow and the lathe, and repairing to the neighboring streams, “drop a line” to our friends, Messrs. Chub, Trout and Pike; and we generally received the desired *answers*, which we “placed on file” and delivered to our dear mother. She “laid them on the table” the next morning; but all finally disposed of them to their *tastes*, taking them up one by one, *discussing* their merits and *digesting* their contents.

My mother, according to my father’s judgment, was a model housewife, frugal and industrious, faithful and genial as the light and warmth of the sun; and my own heart and lips can testify that she was one of the kindest and most affectionate of mothers. She instructed her daughters to keep house — to cook, to sew, to knit, to spin, to weave, and to cut and make their own apparel.

This was a duty which she fulfilled with matronly pride, and which they learned with pleasure, and certainly with profit.

It is the joy and the boast of their five sons and three daughters, *not* that we were descended from the “F. F. V.’s,” and could claim kindred with Pocahontas, but that we sprang from respectable parents in the middle walks of life — an honest yeomanry, Nature’s noblemen and noble-women — who taught their children the princi-

ples of truth and honesty — the law of right — and inculcated in their breasts benevolence to man and piety to God; and that with these salutary lessons, they brought them up to the most honorable, the most holy, the most sacred, the most God-like of all callings — *intelligent labor*.

But to return from this digression to my mother.

Her heart was a well-spring of the purest affections, and the tenderest love for her children. When clouds gathered darkling around our horizon, how gently but effectually would she speak peace to the coming storm; and when galling tears filled our little eyes and shut out from our circumscribed vision the golden sunlight of joy and hope, how magically would she brush them all away, and make our sky as clear and bright as the pure smiling heavens around and above us.

Others were sometimes unkind, were indifferent to our smiles or tears, our joy or grief; but a mother's love knew no waning, and the full tide of her affections knew no ebb.

When the long, cold winters came, how neatly and warmly did our mother clothe us with the fine flannels and thick woollens — the manufactures of her own skilful hand! The comfortable morning meal being dispatched by candle-light, carefully would our kind mother stow our luncheon in the little basket our father had taught me to make; and imprinting a kiss upon each ruddy cheek, she would hurry us off to the old log school-house two miles distant, through the woods and the snow, to receive lessons in spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic, from Mr. Joseph Thompson, the school-master. Sometimes we fared rather roughly under Mr. T's government, especially under his rod and ruler, for they not unfrequently followed the Italian style of penmanship:

For whips, like pens, were used in every town  
In style, with *light strokes up*, and *heavy down*,

and, although we never carried home any *complaints*, we did, occasionally, a "striped jacket," a kind of "coat of many colors," which the considerate master — rest his ashes in peace! — insisted on our wearing as *marks* of his esteem.

When the evening's duties were all attended to, our dear mother, after directing our young hearts to "Our Father," in gratitude and love for the blessings of home and life, kissed us all "Good night."

Her gentle hand was the last in its kind offices, smoothing our pillow and tucking closely around us the thick folds of the warm feather-beds, blankets and coverlets; and her sweet voice was the last we heard as we withdrew our senses from the external world and yielded ourselves to

“Tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

Many years have passed since I first knew a mother’s love, during which time fortune was not always propitious. Now and then a dark shadow fell across our sunny path, and the heavens, which before had been all genial sunshine and refreshing showers, were, for a time, overhung with thick darkness—darkness which was felt. The present then was not so happy as the recollections of the past in the halcyon days of childish innocence. *Then* all was merry sunshine; the blossoms of hope were opening all around, and every future year was fraught with the same laughing mirth and glee. *Now* the beautiful green earth is full of deserts and barren wastes, with only here and there an oasis with springing fountains, clear streams, green fields, and singing birds, and opening flowers, and tempting fruits.

We left our Virginia home, and settled in the beautiful “Prairie Land,” Illinois, so graphically described by the pen of Mrs. Farnham—leaving a dear little brother of three summers, asleep on the banks of the river where our youthful feet had so often walked in early days.

Since then, two sweet babes,—before they had felt the bitter blasts of the cold world—ere they had become weary and faint with the toils of life—ere they were conscious of the thorns and serpents which are concealed among the roses and beautiful gardens of the deceitful world—closed their eyes to sleep in our mother’s kind embrace, and they two now repose with her on the flowery banks of the river which glided by the door of our home in the West, to wake in the paradise of God on the banks of the river of life in heaven.

In 1844–5, I was away pursuing my education at Rock River Seminary. After an absence of two years, I returned in vacation to visit my parents. My mother was the dearest one, and her eye was the first to behold my return, and her arms first in my embrace. I plainly saw that she was not well—that care and sickness were brushing the roses from her cheeks and dimming the lustre of her eye—and my heart was sad. The next day was Sabbath, and at

her earnest request we all walked together three miles to church. It was my dear mother's last Sabbath on earth, for the next Sunday morning, at six o'clock, she left us to join the companionship of the blessed in the "Better Land." One year from that time my father followed her, when, I trust, the union which had been severed here, was restored in the spirit world; for such was their belief in life.

Our peace and joy in ceaseless rivers flow,  
 Our prayers, our labors, to one object tend;  
 To render earth a paradise below,  
 Where hearts and lives in perfect concord blend:  
 That when thro' Jordan's flood we're called to go,  
 And death our heartstrings for a while shall rend,  
 A holier union we shall blissful know,  
 Where love shall ne'er grow cold and unions never end.

The world is too often cruelly unkind and uncharitable to the poor unfortunates who are bereft of a parent's guardianship and love. Among the signal blessings of a kind Providence, one of the greatest is the fostering and directing care of good parents. In my expressions of gratitude to my heavenly Father for his precious gifts,—reason, the light of the sun and the lights of science, a free untrammelled faith, and health of body and mind to enjoy them,—I am not unmindful of the love and kindness bestowed upon me by my dear parents: the protection and useful instruction given me by my father, who now rests from his labors; and the free, spontaneous, gushing affection of a loving mother,

Whose words were genial as the vernal showers,  
 Whose life was fragrant as the summer flowers.

My heart has often bled at the recital of the sad story of poor orphans who in tender years have been deprived of the truest and best of all earthly friends — *a mother*; and who have been turned away from all the endearments of a parent's home to buffet alone the cold storms and bitter blasts of the uncharitable world; who, in the language of Richard Savage, the poet, have to say:

"No Mother's care  
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;  
 No Father's guardian hand my youth maintained,  
 Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained!"

## TRADITION OF THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

BY H. B. D.

It is well known that the Indians of California are not a poetic race. There is none of the romance or poetry among them which invests other tribes or nations with so much interest, and it is only by the merest chance that any thing of their faith or their early history can be obtained. I listened to the following from the lips of one of our most venerable pioneers, and give it as I heard it.

There was once a time when there were no human inhabitants in California, but there were two spirits, one evil, the other good. They made war one upon another, and the good one overcome the evil. At that time the entire face of the country was covered with water, except two islands, one of which was Mount Diablo, the other Reed's Peak. There was a coyote on the peak, the only living thing there. One day the coyote saw a feather floating on the water, and, as it reached the island, suddenly turned into an eagle, and spreading its broad pinions, flew upon the mountain. Coyote was much pleased with his new companion, and they lived in great harmony together, making occasional excursions to the other island, coyote swimming while the eagle flew. After some length of time they counseled together and concluded to make Indians; they did so, and as the Indians increased the waters decreased, until where the lake had been become dry land. At that time what is now known as the Golden Gate was an entire chain of mountains, so that you could go from one side to the other dryshod. There were at this time two outlets for the waters, one was Russian River, the other San Juan, at the Parkado. Some time afterwards a great earthquake severed the chain of mountains, and formed what is now known as the Golden Gate. Then the waters of the Great Ocean and the Bay were permitted to mingle. The rocky wall being rent asunder, it was not long before the "pale faces" found their way in, and, as the waters decreased at the coming of the Indians, so have the Indians decreased at the approach of the white man, until the warwhoop is heard no more, and the council fire is no more lighted; for the Indians, like shadows, have passed silently away from the land of the coyote and the eagle.





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## THE EMIGRANT'S CHILDREN AND THE WOLF.

A TRUE STORY.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

NOT many years ago, the State of Michigan was all a wilderness. Where are now houses and farms, was only one wild, unbroken forest. People from the older States moved into it, and cut down the forests, and planted gardens, and made for themselves pleasant homes.

Among them was a man by the name of Willis. He came with his wife and two little boys. Their names were George and James. Their father built them a house made of logs laid on the top of each other, such as you will see in pictures of new countries.

The boys used to go into the forest together and watch the squirrels that sat chirping among the trees; now running up and down the branches, now sitting on their haunches and holding a nut in their fore paws, which they nibbled with their sharp, long teeth.

There were many wolves farther in the forest, and they used to come sometimes at night, and howl near the house, and little Jemmy would cover his head with his blanket and quake with fear; but the old watch-dog, Fowler, who slept on a mat near the door, would lift his head and growl, as much as to say, "You had better take care how you come here!"

One day their father was in the field ploughing among the stumps, and breaking up the new land. Their mother had gone to gather some wood to make a fire. She had to go into the forest, and she took Fowler with her. But before she went, she locked the door on the outside, and told the children to be kind and play with each other while she was gone, and not meddle with the fire. "Oh, no! We will be good boys," said little George, as he seated himself near the hearth, and commenced whittling a stick; for he said, "I will make a little plough for Jemmy." Jemmy sat on the bed watching him. Presently they heard a noise at the door. At first they thought it was Fowler, scratching with his paws. Then came the knawing of sharp teeth, and a low snorting sound. "O! brother! a wolf! a wolf!" cried little Jemmy. George sprang on the bed beside his brother. "Oh! he will eat us all up!" cried Jemmy. "Be still," said George; "don't let him hear you. Let us make him think we are men, and so he will be afraid and go away."

Presently they heard a noise at the window. They looked, and there was the wolf looking right through at them. "You insolent fellow!" said George. "Oh! if Fowler were only here!—he would teach you better manners in a hurry. O! if I only had a hatchet, or a stick, to fight with!" But there was none in the house. George stood up on the bed, and doubled up his fist, and stamped and yelled at the wolf. But the wolf did not heed him, but kept tearing away at the window.

A thought struck George. "Get under the blanket, Jemmy," said he, "and let me cover you." Jemmy laid himself on the bed, and George rolled him in the blanket, leaving a little place for him to breathe. He next rolled himself in a blanket, and then drew a heavy quilt over them both. "There," said he, "he will have a job to get at us now. Come on Mr. Wolf, we are ready for you;" and George covered his head with the blanket.

Presently in came the window with a crash, and they felt the wolf as he sprang on the bed. He tore at the blanket with his paws,—he knawed them with his teeth. Little Jemmy screamed with terror.—How would you feel to be rolled in a blanket, and have a big, hungry wolf tearing at you with his teeth?

George kept still, although he expected every moment to feel the wolf's teeth.

Presently they heard a rushing sound, then a low, muffled growl. They did not feel the wolf any more, but there was struggling, and growling, and fierce fighting, under the bed.—“It is Fowler,” thought George; “he has come in at the window,—it is he that is fighting with the wolf.” He uncovered his head. “Give it to him, Fowler,” said he, “give it to him! Bite him hard.” “Ough! ough!” said Fowler. “Seize him by the throat! choke him, Fowler, choke him!” “Ough! ough!” said Fowler.

Then, in an instant, the door was thrown open.—“Oh, my children! where are you my children?” cried the frantic mother. “Here we are, mother!” cried both the boys at once, springing from the bed. “The wolf tried to get at us, but Fowler came, and he has him now under the bed. Look, mother, look!—here is the wolf on his back, and Fowler has him by the throat. “Yes, I have got him,” Fowler tried to say with a growl, as he shook his enemy as though he would have torn him piecemeal. In a moment more he let go his hold. The wolf was dead.

Little George and Jemmy are now old men. Their mother has long been dead, so has Fowler. But they often sit by the fire on a winter's evening, and tell their children, who huddle close around them, the story of Fowler and the wolf.



THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter being reprovèd for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: “How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold or pearls. These may be hung upon the neck of a woman, but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwells.”



The wise are only happy; virtuous dispositions rendering the mind peaceable. The wise man practices not virtue for future reward, because the practice is his reward at present.

## SUMMARY OF FASHION.

A decided change is about taking place in the style of dresses. The bodies are cut plain, with long pointed bodice. The plain, tight sleeve is again in vogue for promenade dress—though the Pagoda sleeve, with full muslin or lace undersleeve, is still the mode for dinners and small soirees. The tight sleeve has a cap, full trimmed, which gives an air of richness to the long sleeve which has no trimming.

Double skirts and two flounces no longer hold the sway which they have done, though even yet many of them are worn. Four, five, or any number of narrow flounces may be worn, and they sometimes even number ten. These are very beautiful if the dress is of a thin material, or even of a light quality of silk; but for heavier silks, three or four narrow flounces, reaching only to about the knee, are the most fashionable and most appropriate. Sometimes one deep flounce is surmounted by two or three narrow ones; sometimes the flounces are put on in a waved style around the skirt. In fact, the manner of trimming is left very much to the taste of the wearer, provided only that the narrow flounces preponderate.

Trimming on the front of the skirt in the apron style is becoming very general, and is composed chiefly of ruches, gathered bands, gimp, black lace, according to the taste of the person, and the occasions for which the dress is intended. If it has two skirts, a deep silk fringe of a color to match is put along the edge of the upper one.

As a general rule, bodies are cut high; except silk dresses for the theatre or evening parties, which are always made low. They are mostly trimmed with a fancy bertha of black net, or else a row of black or white lace in a shawl fold.

Flowers, lace and ribbons are more in demand than ever before.

The majority of straw bonnets are trimmed with black silk. It is not pleasing to the eye, but it is the fashion, and even something more—quite the rage. This conventional mourning is becoming almost the livery of our fashionable ladies. With these black ribbons, flowers are often blended. Sometimes there are two kinds of ribbons, one black, the other colored; they are blended together, and the curtain also presents the same mixture of colors. Shapes of bonnets remain small.

LATE PARIS MODES.—A Correspondent, writing from Paris, says:—"I see that many ladies are having their crape or China shawls dyed black, and trimmed with two rows (or even one) of lace, which makes them have quite the same effect as the garment that 'Dienlafait' and other of our noted shops are selling for three hundred francs. So if any of my readers have these shawls, let them be taken to the dyers immediately; for it is considered very *mauvais genre* to wear the shawl in its original color (white) at present. A sprinkling of jet beads with the embroidery gives a rich effect. In the absence of lace, deep fringe may be used, but the fringe of the shawl itself looks poor and thin after dyeing. The rage for gored skirts still continues, and many of the leaders of fashion are making their appearance (whenever the weather will allow them) *sans crinoline*.

## Home Department.

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**VEAL POT-PIE.**—Cut up some veal—the best part of the neck is preferable to any other—wash and season it with pepper and salt; line the sides of your pot with paste, put in the veal with some pieces of paste rolled out and cut in squares, cut up some pieces of butter rolled in flour and add to it, pour in as much water as will cover it, and lay a sheet of paste on the top, leaving an opening in the centre; put the lid on the pot and put it over a moderate fire, let it cook slowly till the meat is done; place the soft crust on a dish, then put the meat over it, and on the top lay the hard crust, with the brown side up. Serve the gravy in a boat. To have the crust of a pot-pie brown, set the pot on a few coals before the fire, and turn it frequently.

**POTATO SAUSAGE.**—Of cold veal finely chopped add the same quantity of cold mashed potato, and season with pepper and salt to the taste. Make it out in small cakes, flour them, and fry them a light brown. They may be fried in sausage gravy if you have any left. Cold potatoes left from dinner will answer for this dish.

**STEWED TOMATOES.**—If they are not very ripe, pour boiling water over them, and let them stand a few minutes, the skin will peel off very easily. Then cut them up, put them in a stew-pan without any water, and cook them till they are soft. If they prove too juicy, dip some of the water out and mash them fine. Season with butter, Cayenne pepper and salt. They may be thickened with bread crumbs or grated cracker, if preferred.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING.**—Pick and wash a table spoonful of tapioca, pour over it a pint of warm milk, and stand it near the fire for about one hour, but do not let it simmer. Then boil it until it forms a semi-transparent mucilage. Stand it aside to cool. Beat two eggs, stir them into the mucilage with as much sugar as will sweeten it, pour the mixture in a pan and bake it slowly. It may be eaten with sweet sauce. Arrow-root and sago can be made in the same manner, only the sago requires more soaking and boiling than the tapioca.

**CHARLOTTE DE RUSSE.**—Get a sponge cake which has been baked in a mould, and weighing about two pounds or little more. Place this in a deep China dish; mix together a pint of wine with half a pint of water, and sweeten it well with white sugar. Pour this over the cake which should have been baked the day before; let it stand until it has absorbed as much of the wine as it will take up; then make a custard according to the following directions: put over the fire three half pints of milk well sweetened and flavored with lemon or vanilla, and as soon as it is ready to boil, stir in very gradually, the yolks of six eggs, which should be well beaten. As soon the milk and eggs begin to bubble a little at the edges, take it off the fire. When the custard is lukewarm pour it round the cake in the dish, whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff dry froth sweeten them with powdered white sugar, and flavor with essence of lemon or lemon juice. Pile the whites on the tops of the cake and serve it immediately.

## Editor's Table.

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WOMANHOOD IN CALIFORNIA.—It is only when we are deprived of a blessing that we learn its value; and perhaps no circumstance ever occurred which has done more for the cause of womanhood than this:—that in the early settlement of California by Americans, they sadly felt the want of the soothing, elevating influence of womanhood. In their old homes, they had been so accustomed to the influence of woman, and her many ministrations of love and tenderness, that, in too many instances, they had learned to undervalue the one, and depreciate the other. They had prated of woman's sphere being confined to the narrow limits of her home; and under pretence of protecting the privilege of the franchise, they had usurped every place of emolument or profit, from the profession of medicine, to the milliner shop;—while woman, with the pleadings of her babes for bread ringing in her ears, and smiting on her heart, turned helplessly and hopelessly away—too deeply realizing all that Hood has so feelingly expressed in his "Song of the Shirt." But the "darkest hour of night precedes the dawn of day."

The discovery of gold in California, ushered in a new era in the history of the world's progress. Men left their employment and their homes, and set out for California. Whichever way they came, whether through the deep gorges of the Rocky Mountains, across the sandy plains, or on the bosom of the great waters, their spirits were brought in direct contact with the sublimity and grandeur of nature. They felt their souls expand beneath these elevating and inspiring influences, and gradually they developed to the full stature of man.

Having reached the land of promise, they went forth to no effeminate employment. The sturdy blows of the pick and shovel, the crumbling mountains, and the rending rocks, attest their manhood. But when the day's toil was over, and weary and worn, they returned to their lonely cabins, no loving eyes looked a welcome, and no womanly acts of kindness contributed to their comfort;—there, the unwashed dishes of the morning, the untidy room, and comfortless hearth, revealed the worth of woman's efforts as manifest even in the most trivial of her domestic duties. And, when the sturdy form of the strong man was bowed by sickness,—when weak and languishing, his spirit yearned for the sustaining, encouraging influence of woman's presence,—how, as within the loneliness of his sick chamber he communed with his own heart, did he invest her with a holier office and a more important mission. And when the long-looked-for newsboy arrived at the cabin door, with what eagerness he clutched the dear missive from home, while his tear-dimmed eye, his earnest gaze, and anxious attitude, proclaimed that woman's sphere is the UNIVERSAL WORLD, and her influence boundless as the ocean of humanity.

The rigorous discipline of the minds of men, in those early days, we find resulting in good,—as they come more in contact with the sublime expanse of nature, their minds were elevated, their souls expanded, and they became more assimilated to Nature's God;—day by day they put on more of the "Image in

which they were created,"—and in proportion as they ascended in the scale of being, did they become more capable of understanding and appreciating womanhood. Hence we find our first legislators legislating for the good of woman, and setting forth such a code of laws, as gave to the women of California, privileges enjoyed by no other State in the Union—nor, indeed, in any other portion of the known world. She is no longer among the goods and chattels of the "lords of creation," but is acknowledged an individual, having individual rights; and consequently, individual responsibilities. The rights of property are freely accorded her, and also the right to labor; but more, and greater,—the right to receive reward or remuneration for her labor.

Avenues of employment are thrown open with an unselfishness and generosity never before equalled, and she reaps such a golden harvest as was never accorded to woman's efforts before. The tear-dimmed eye of the widow is brightened by the light of hope; and the last cadence in the "Song of the Shirt," has been drowned by the musical voices of her well-fed, happy children, and is remembered only as an incubus of the night that is past.

Such was the estimation placed upon womanhood in the early days of California. Nations as well as individuals must either progress or retrograde; and it is well, sometimes, to stop and consider whether we are on the progressive or retrograde plan;—and as each individual is a type or representative of the age he lives in, and the progress of a State may be gauged by the progress of individuals, we must consider individual acts. And as womanhood always occupies a place in accordance with the intellectual elevation of mankind, let us inquire of her position to-day. Are the avenues of employment still open to her, and does she receive an adequate compensation for her labor? Alas! upon the very threshold of our inquiry, we are met with the astounding, incontrovertible fact, that as a nation, we are retrograding; as a people, we are descending in the scale of being; falling behind the age of light and reason in which we live. This lamentable truth is revealed to us by an individual act—by a resolution recently laid before the Board of Education, in the City of San Francisco, by Wm. Sherman;—an act to disqualify women as first assistant teachers in the grammar department of our Public Schools, and incorporating men in their stead. To their everlasting shame be it recorded, the Board adopted the resolution which emanated from a man full fifty years behind the age in which he lives—whose mind yet shadows forth the dark relics of barbarism. He should have lived four thousand year ago, when the "Gentoo" code was in force; for that was not more barbarous for that time and age, than is this act, for the time and age *we* live in,—nor is it looked upon with more horror and aversion, than his act will be—we will not say four thousand—but fifty years hence.

We need not enter into a discussion of the fitness of women as teachers of youth, so long as she possess the womanly attributes of delicate appreciation, sympathy, and the power to draw out, as it were, the best portion of a child's nature; making him feel the dignity and nobleness of humanity—the difference between right and wrong. So long as she can teach him that he has a

spirit nature which is near akin to the angels, and must ever hold in abeyance that lower portion which is of the earth, earthy; so long as she address herself to his higher faculties, and appeal to his moral nature—governing by the Eternal law of Love, rather than by brute force—so long will she stand forth unrivalled in her character as guide and teacher of youth.

Heretofore in our Public School system, has been beautifully exemplified that great law, the "*mutual dependence of the sexes.*" With the directing power of man as principal, has been combined the energy of the woman as assistant. With his intellectual, has been united her moral strength,—each has lent a helping hand to each,—and the result of their harmonious labor, is shown in the prosperous and flourishing condition of our Public Schools.

And now, after a space of eight years, in which woman has conscientiously and faithfully discharged her duty, as assistant teacher in the grammar department, receiving the approbation of the community, and the heart-felt gratitude of parents, she is suddenly (without being consulted in the matter,) deprived of her office; cut off from her means of subsistence. And for what?—To gratify the personal aims of one, who, by inflicting wrong and injustice upon womanhood, has proved himself wanting in that nobleness of soul, that generosity of nature, that sublimity of spirit, which are ever the attending attributes of perfected manhood.

But, the resolution has been adopted. The usurpation has begun. Already one young man has been installed in a position recently so nobly filled by a woman. This is a beginning which argues sadly for the future,—not alone for those who being deprived of the rights of labor, are deprived of their daily bread,—but for our youth over whom the guiding, refining influence of woman has been found mighty for good.

MOTHERS, you have a vital interest in this matter,—you are untrue to your womanhood and to your motherhood if you fail now to realize your moral duty to your children. Will you entrust your half grown daughters, just bursting into womanhood, with woman's receptive nature, and woman's susceptible heart, to the passionate teaching of one through whose veins is impetuously coursing the hot blood of youth? This is a subject, to which as mothers and guardians of youth, you are in duty bound to give your serious consideration. True, you are not allowed the privilege of the franchise,—you may not annul the decrees of the Board of Education,—but with matronly dignity you may show your disapprobation of their acts, and you can educate your children at home.

TEACHERS,—you who have spent time and money in acquiring knowledge to fit you for the responsible duty of guides and teachers of youth,—where is the dignity of your profession, that you so tamely submit to this wrong, and slink away into melancholy seclusion? Where is your womanly dignity, that you do not stand forth in one united sisterhood, and with one voice enter your mighty protest against this act of oppression, injustice and wrong, and its brave originator, Mr. President Sherman?

WORKING WOMEN—Do you fail to recognize in this act, the first attempt to deprive you of the rights of labor?—Yield but this point, and anon, another will



be required of you — until every department of female labor will be invaded, and every position of profit be filled by those of whom it may be truly said,— “naught of manhood remains save outward form,”—and you have but one choice before you — starvation or moral degradation.

In view of these facts, how can we feel otherwise than that California, our own beloved California, is on the retrograde plane. That she is failing to keep pace with the social progress and intellectual development of the nineteenth century. But, as in sickness, a knowledge of the disease is half the cure,—so, a people sensible of error are on their way to reform. And we have hope, and faith to believe, that there are yet noble minds among the sons of California, who will ere long arise, her true representatives, and stand forth in all the grandeur of exalted manhood,—brave champions of right and justice in the cause of woman.

**MEDICAL AND SURGICAL DISPENSARY.**—At length the people of California may congratulate themselves upon the establishment of a medical dispensary, of which they have long felt the need, and which, conducted as it is by men eminent in their profession, can not fail to be the means of carrying relief, health, and comfort to many a poor sufferer, who, far from friends and home, had otherwise pined sadly away, mid sickness and poverty. We can not better serve the cause of humanity than by giving publicity to such an establishment as the Medical and Surgical Dispensary of San Francisco, (Brenham Place,) where, at a price so moderate that it is within the reach of all, our suffering fellow-beings may find relief; where for one dollar can be obtained the best advice and the necessary medicine.

The projectors of this Institution, Drs. Whitney, Stout and Bowie, are all too well known as scientific and experienced physicians to require any praise from us, though we feel much inclined to say what we know, out of gratitude alone to one of these gentlemen. They are also too independent to fear or feel any open or covert act of hostility which may be leveled against them for thus endeavoring to supply that which is so much needed and has been so long imperatively called for.

**ALARMING.**—We regret to learn that the editor of the *Shasta Courier* was taken suddenly ill after devouring the contents of the last number of the *Hesperian*. In a tone of pathetic appeal he says: “Do not, Mrs. Day, publish any more ‘Leaves from the Plains,’ by W. Wadsworth. The touching manner in which the finding in the wide plains of the little grave of some emigrant’s lost ‘Mary’ is related, unfitted us for the performance of our dull work of paragraphic for some hours.”

An old lady sitting beside us as we read the appeal, lay down her knitting and lifting her glasses said, wonderingly: “Paragraphic! paragraphic! what on airth does the child mean?” “Oh, good gracious! now I have it!” she exclaimed, adjusting her “specks,” with evident satisfaction; “he means parogoric, and I reckon he better take a little, it ’ill help him wonderful.”

With this volume we commence the illustration of California flowers, which it will be perceived are drawn *botanically* correct. Perhaps no country in the

world offers a larger field in this department than California, whose fields are covered with perpetual verdure, and where flowers grow in rank luxuriance and endless variety—many of them as yet unknown to science. We shall try to illustrate as many *new* ones as possible, though not confining ourselves to those alone.

It will be perceived that we have added several new names to our already strong corps of contributors. We shall continue to make such additions, from time to time, as will keep up an ever increasing interest in our work, and make the pages of the *Hesperian* a receptacle of a fair share of the good things in California literature.

WE are under many obligation to our contributors, and while assuring them of our grateful appreciation of their efforts, we would earnestly urge them to send in their contributions early, as articles received after the tenth of the month will have to lay over until the following month. We have several good articles yet on hand, which will appear in their order.

WITH this number we commence a new volume, and respectfully solicit a renewal of subscription from those whose time expired with the last number.

THE MOTHER MOULDS THE MAN.—That it is the mother moulds the man, is a sentiment well illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer: “When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things, he informed me that, at their start, they fell into a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, their children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children. ‘And now,’ said he, ‘if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls, for when they become mothers, they educate their sons.’ This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened, when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity; is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying, nor in retirement.

The cook, the housemaid, and the washerwoman, are the pillars on which our domestic comfort rests. Without them nothing is possible in family or individual life. The well-cooked dinner, the clean shirt, the tidy room, are the landmarks of true civilization. Below them all is barbarism.

When men and women shall turn their thoughts to *human* chemistry—shall study the laws of their own being—comprehend the true objects of their earthly existence—they will cease to populate this earth with human beings which partake more largely of the snake and tiger elements than the angelic; a consummation most devoutly to be wished! Can the snake or tiger mix, in any shape, with the true Christian element? Never!





ZIBA BRANCH.

(Expressly for the Hesperian.)



LADY WASHINGTON LILY

*Lilium Washingtonianum* — Kellogg  
Drawn from Nature expressly for the "HESPERIAN."

L. Nagel Print



# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. III.

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No. 2.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

ZIBA BRANCH,

WAS born in the town of Scipio, Cayuga County, State of New York, in the year 1803. His grandfathers, on both sides, served in the Revolutionary War. His father died ere he was old enough to appreciate a father's care, and his mother being poor, the children were scattered among relatives to be reared and educated. At the age of eighteen Ziba abruptly left his relatives and removed to Buffalo, with the view of making his own living. After remaining here some time he went on Lake Erie and followed the business of sailing for about five years. He then went to St. Louis, where he fell in with a trading party commanded by Captain Savory, and started with them for Santa Fe. This was the largest party that had ever come through, being composed of one hundred and fifty men and eighty-two wagons. They made the journey in safety, and reached Santa Fe in July, 1830, without having had a single skirmish with the Indians, which circumstance was accounted for by the fact that Colonel Riley and his party, who had been sent out by Government, and who had but just preceded them, had some field-pieces along, and also the first ox teams that the Indians had ever seen. When the Indians attacked them, Col. Riley brought his field-pieces to bear upon them, of course doing much damage to their

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. F. H. Day, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

ranks; and now as Mr. Branch and his companions had ox teams along, they were afraid to attack them, as they too had "*shooting wagons*" with them.

In the fall of 1830, Mr. Branch joined a trapping party commanded by Mr. Wolfskill, for the purpose of trapping in the Tulare Valley. They made the journey from New Mexico towards Big Salt Lake, across the head waters of Red River, and struck a stream called "Pooneca," supposed to be Severe River, which they followed till it emptied into Little Salt Lake, near the California Mountains.

It being the month of November, the country was covered with snow, and they found it impossible to cross the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and consequently struck off south for Red River. They were nine days crossing, and had to break a path through the snow, which was two or three feet deep. They found but few beaver, and no game, and soon run entirely out of provisions. When they started from New Mexico they had four oxen; near Little Salt Lake they killed the last ox, and then had to subsist upon the flesh of their horses and mules, each man being put upon short allowance of the food, which, at best, was very poor.

They traveled along Red River till they reached the country of the Mohaves, a treacherous tribe of Indians, who, however, treated them kindly, and gave them bread which was made of pounded corn and baked in the ashes. They also had dried pumpkins, and some small white beans. The party tarried here two days and traded with the Indians such things as red cloth, knives, &c., for food. They were a little apprehensive of an attack by the Indians, but finally got off in safety and traveled on to San Bernardino, where they arrived in February, 1831. From thence they proceeded to Los Angeles, where the party disbanded. Messrs. Wolfskill, Yount, Burton, Cooper, Shields, and Branch remained in California; the rest returned to New Mexico. Of the party of twenty-one men there are but four alive at the present day.

After hunting about three years, Mr. Branch invested his funds in a grocery store at Santa Barbara, which he afterwards sold to A. B. Thompson. In 1835 he married and settled in San Louis Obispo, where, in 1837, he obtained a Spanish grant of land.

Mr. Branch, like many more of those early Pioneers, reached California with nothing but his gun by which to make his living.



This, however, proved, in his skillful hand, to be all the capital he needed, as with it he shot otter, the skins of which were very valuable, and always brought the ready cash. His history bears with it a moral; he set out in life poor, and by his own energy and activity he has become rich in this world's goods, and is now one of the wealthiest men in San Louis county.

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SONNET.

THE RISING AND THE SETTING SUN.

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BY S. M. CLARKE.

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Behold him, like a conqueror, proudly come,  
 In regal splendor o'er the Orient hills!  
 His golden chariot, draped in colors bright,  
 Born of the pristine rays of his own light,  
 With beauty, joy, and glory, Nature fills!  
 Glad is the song of bird, and insect's hum  
 In vale and grove — the fragrant flowers yield up  
 Ambrosial off'rings from each dewy cup —  
 O, jubilant is earth, and sea, and sky!  
 Our feeble pulses bound, and hearts are gay,  
 As thro' his grand triumphal arch on high,  
 Thro' myriad hosts he moves along his way,  
 A glorious show, a pageant of His love  
 Whose footstool is the earth, whose throne, the bright above!

Now, gaze again. He moves in state away,  
 Beneath an ample, gorgeous canopy  
 Of curtaining clouds, adown the steep of heaven; —  
 In kingly splendor to the queen of even,  
 With a pale crescent in the deepening sky,  
 He yields the sceptre of the glorious day.  
 Nature, in sable weeds, bemoans the hour —  
 Sad is the 'plaint of bird in vale and bower —  
 And tear-drops gather in the closing eye  
 Of every lovely and low-drooping flower:  
 But, to the human heart, weary, unblest,  
 How plainly, soothingly he seems to say,  
 While slowly fading from the distant West —  
 This earth, poor wanderer, is not thy home of rest.

## LADY WASHINGTON LILY.

*Lilium Washingtonianum*.—KELLOGG.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

So far as our means of reference will enable us to determine, this remarkable species of lily, from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, has not been described. The provisional name we have chosen is the common one by which it was first known to us some five years since. Nov. 11th, A. D. 1854, we presented a dried specimen of this plant, accompanied by a drawing, before the California Academy of Natural Sciences; but having been improperly pasted upon the paper and distorted, the exact natural form of the flower could not be satisfactorily determined; nor were the materials thought to be sufficient to warrant a written description.

Shortly after we obtained about fifty bulbs, which have been distributed. A few of these have been cultivated with much care, for the last four years, by Mr. H. G. Bloomer, botanical curator to the Academy. Our experience, thus far, would seem to indicate an unusual weakness and delicacy of growth; or very limited power of accommodation to artificial circumstances; many of the bulbs we know entirely failed, and none had gained sufficient strength to blossom until this of the present season, which we are happy to see so beautifully figured by the artist, Mr. D. D. Neal.

The virgin flowers at their first expansion are white, with scarcely a discernible blush of pink; this blush deepens in tone by age, finally turning to lilac purple as it fades. A few delicately shaded spots here and there make the throat.

These beautiful and fragrant flowers look frankly forward, or outward and upward. The general form and open countenance of the flower is somewhat similar to the *L. Catesbei*. In this respect it differs from the other species and varieties of California lilies. It has the fragrance of the Tuberose, but the odor is more delicate.

When this lily is better known, it will be highly prized and sought after. To those who may hereafter cultivate it, we would remark that it does not bear well the heat and glare of the sun, but, like most of our lilies, would fain flourish in retired and shady localities; too much heat and light dwarfs if it does not actually destroy them.

*Technical Description.*—Leaves small (i. e. about two inches long and half to three quarters wide) approximate, verticillate (in whorls of six to twelve) somewhat scattered above and below, oblanceolate, waved, three to six-nerved, nerves inconspicuous, very slightly scabrous on all parts except the mid-rib, which is smooth and shining. Stem erect, glabrous, three or four feet high, two or more flowered on peduncles four to five inches long. Flowers patent, open tubular-funnel form; petals recurved from the upper third of the somewhat narrow lanceolate lamina; finally becoming revolute claw linear-ungaiculate, (slender claw about one and three quarter inches long,) deeply channeled. The three outer divisions of the perianth quite distinct, neither ridged nor crested, lamina plain, parallel veins or striae regular.

It is worthy of remark that in all our specimens, native and cultivated, the three upper stamens are a little shorter, with the anthers erect or on a line with the filament, whilst the three lower longer filaments have transverse versatile anthers as usual. Is this a uniform feature? Style (green) slender, exsert, (half an inch or so longer than the stamens) stigmatose portion somewhat extending down the rounded angles, three-lobed. Capsule erect, triangular, somewhat turbinate, sparsely verrucose angles channeled, as seen in the marginal figure.



We have probably another species of white lily which has not yet attained sufficient strength to blossom.

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THOSE who think boldly, freely, and thoroughly; who stand upon their own legs, and see with their own eyes, have a firmness, and serenity of mind, which he who is dependent on others has not, neither can have; nor are they so liable to be imposed on; whereas others are subject to be driven about by the breath of the world, which is always blowing from every point of the compass.

[From the Sacramento Union.]

## THE OLD PIONEERS.

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ANOTHER name must be dropped from the roll of the pioneers of the Sacramento Valley. The ranks of our veterans are opened again by death. The little column moving forward to the celebration of "Admission Day" had only just closed up over the murdered body of Lassen, when another death shot has stricken down a file leader. Death has been busy among our pioneers this season. The relative proportion is greater than almost any other class of citizens in the scale of mortality for the year. One by one they fall, are buried, are forgotten. They pass away like the patriarch oaks from our valleys, like the stately sycamores from our river sides. They were the vanguard of American civilization on these shores, and nobly did they bear the brunt of the battle. They are the pickets of our race, whom death is now calling in. The echoes are still busy with the mournful notes of his bugle summoning the "Old Blacksmith Neal" to the silent camp of the Great Valley. It is a notable circumstance that, like the fellow voyager who last preceded him to his final quarters, Neal followed him in the employ of Sutter, and in the identical pursuit which Lassen was engaged in — that of blacksmith.

SAMUEL NEAL,—or SAM. NEAL, as he was best known,—came to California in the spring of 1844. He was one of Fremont's party which made that memorable crossing of the Sierra Nevada in the midst of the snows of that year. In none of the expeditions of that explorer were the hardships and sufferings greater than on this occasion. "The times were indeed severe," says Fremont in describing the progress of his party down the Sierra Nevada in the course of the American River, "when the reason of stout men began to fail them, and horses and mules perished from exhaustion." Neal was one of the survivors of this terrible journey, arriving at Sutter's Fort about the 10th of March, destitute and emaciated like the rest. What occurred here is told in Fremont's own language:—

"On the 22d, we made a preparatory move, and encamped near the settlement of Mr. Sinclair, on the left bank of the Rio de los Americanos. I had discharged five of the party: Neal the blacksmith (an excellent workman and an unmarried man, who had done

his duty faithfully, and had been of great service to me,) desired to remain, as strong inducements were offered here to mechanics. Although at considerable inconvenience to myself, his good conduct induced me to comply with his request, and I obtained for him, from Captain Sutter, a present compensation of two dollars and a half per diem, with a promise that it should be increased to five if he proved as good a workman as had been represented. He was more particularly an agricultural blacksmith. The other men were discharged with their own consent."

Like Lassen, who, we learn from his biographer in the *HESPERIAN Magazine*, had the year before Neal's arrival, "removed with a band of cattle that he had earned by blacksmithing for Captain Sutter," the subject of our sketch appears to have worked for Sutter at his trade until he had amassed enough in money or cattle with which to start for himself, when he left his employ and established himself on Butte Creek, in the character of a ranchero, having received a grant of four leagues of land from (it is believed) Governor Micheltorena, with whom he was associated in one of the early political revolutions in this country. Besides the aid which Neal rendered to Micheltorena, he was very prompt in responding to the call of his old commander, Fremont, when the latter was hard pressed by Castro, in the spring of 1846. Indeed, Neal is said to have been a moving spirit in the insurrection which followed the attempt to expel Fremont, and to have taken an active part in the war council of the Americans at the Buttes, as well as a share in the capture of Sonoma, which was the opening of the Bear Flag revolution. Whether he was present in person or not, or whether, as we have been informed, he was one of the party who, after the chase of De la Torre, crossed the bay in an open boat and spiked the guns at Fort Point, at the entrance of the harbor, we have not the means of verifying. It is certain that SAM. NEAL is recollected as a prominent actor in the scenes of that period. If our pioneer societies were subserving any useful purpose connected with the era which they profess so much to honor, they would have gathered, ere this, the material facts in the lives of the true pioneers of California for use by the biographer when called upon to record their decease.

Since the admission of California into the Union, Neal has been quietly engaged in pursuing his avocation of stock-raising. If it

should be asked what good he has done, what name left behind, we could point to his numerous bands of fine cattle and horses which were his pride. More than any other early settler engaged in raising stock in this country, Neal delighted in his improved breeds. Far and wide among the farmers of the upper valleys, his name is known for his choice pedigrees, until a "Neal horse" has become an almost unfailing characteristic of most of the first-rate stock throughout the northern part of the State. At the State Fairs, his fancy breeds have always attracted great attention. Very little time was bestowed by Neal on agricultural operations, nor was he much inclined to sell portions of his large estate to others for the purpose, or part with it on any terms. It was his usual complaint, in fact, that he had not land enough for his stock-raising operations. His house and grounds presented a sorry species of contrast with some of the highly cultivated and adorned farms in his vicinity. Neal died a bachelor, and up to the end of his days continued in the careless habits of the native Spanish cattle herders. His grant was all confirmed, though not entirely free from litigation. As he has no relatives in this country, his fortune will, doubtless, go abroad to find heirs. We are sorry in this sketch of his California history, not to be able to present more facts of the personal career and character of SAMUEL NEAL. He is known among those who have lived for years in his vicinity as a kind and obliging neighbor, and a strictly honest and conscientious man. He died on Friday evening, 19th inst., at his residence.

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COMPLAISANCE.—Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and causes every one in the company to be pleased. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence; it encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue which blends all orders of men in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is adapted to that equality in human nature which every one ought to allow so far as contributes to the order and economy of the world.

Poem delivered at the celebration of the ninth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union, before the Society of California Pioneers.

## CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

Bright land of summery days and golden peace,  
Of vine and flower and ever rich increase;  
Of veined hills and mountains treasure-stored,  
Where miser-gnomes in secret watch their hoard,  
And startle at the burglar pick and spade,  
That do their careful-hidden wealth invade.  
I would some better, worthier hand than mine  
Could yield thee now the tributes that are thine,  
And paint thee as a poet should, divine!

But, poor indeed would be the tongue and weak  
Which could not something of thy glories speak,  
And while for thee no gems of thought I bring  
From starry paths of lonely wandering,  
Where Genius went to stray, yet may my muse  
Have found such tribute as thou'lt not refuse,  
Some humbler flowers of modest mien and hue  
By silver streams in Fancy's fields that grew.

Than this the sun lights up no lovelier land,  
So wond'rous rich and beautiful and grand!  
From where Old Ocean 'gainst the rock-bound shore  
His billows rolls with never-ceasing roar,  
To where the far-off ghostly snow-realms shines,  
Or solemn music of the mountain pines  
Sounds through those dim and haunted solitudes  
As if the Thunder whispered to the woods;  
Or where the golden-sanded streams do stray  
And freshen nature in their gladdening way;  
Where 'er our footsteps tend, our visions roam,  
We find but Beauty's Eden, Grandeur's Home!

Yet not alone to Nature's bounteous hand  
Are due the glories of this magic land;  
For man hath taught its fertile soil to yield  
The yellow largess of the waving field,  
And give to generous toil as rich guerdon  
Of thousand fruits as toil hath ever won.  
In deed and truth not idle hath he been:

His busy work is all around us seen,  
 From North to South, and from East to West,  
 His forming, changing hand hath not seen rest.  
 The Arts and Labor spake, and lo! there rose  
 (As dream-like as the cloud-born city shows,  
 At morning in the East,) this grandest Queen  
 Of all the cities of the West. • With mien  
 Majestic as of right her look should be,  
 She sits like Tyre of old beside the sea ;  
 And, while the messengers of commerce wait,  
 She opens wide and free her Golden Gate.  
 From far to her the Nations laden come  
 With silks and wares and precious stones and gum,  
 And of their spoils she every land beguiles,  
 And Ocean yields them from his thousand isles.

Nor less the Genius of the Arts, with aid  
 Of Labor's rugged toil, hath been displayed  
 Where, winding through the arid plains and drear,  
 That freshen with the liquid presence near,  
 Or circling round the pine-clad mountain's side,  
 With crystal music in its rippling tide,  
 Or rolling joyous, in its volumed flow,  
 O'er yawning gulf and deep abyss below,  
 The sinuous flume far bears its precious stream,  
 And thousand hearts are gladdened in its gleam !  
 Nor less where, swift upon his path of fire,  
 The modern Merc'ry treads th' electric wire —  
 The living chord that vibrates through the hills,  
 Groans in the storms or in the breezes thrills ;  
 Threads plain and wilderness, and pierces far  
 To homes that nestle where the glaciers are.  
 Nor less again have Art and Labor wrought  
 To realize the bold, inventive Thought  
 That finds achievement in the tunneled hills,  
 The sunken shaft, the thunder of the mills,  
 The rivers leaping from their ancient bed  
 And plunging headlong in the course they're led,  
 The mountains crumbling to the level plain,  
 And forests prostrate 'neath the axe's reign.

And shall we view these miracles and more  
 Which mind and muscle never wrought before,  
 Without remembrance, in these latter years,  
 Of those brave men, those hardy pioneers,  
 Who led the way for Science, Art and Law,



Mid dangers their successors never saw,  
And countless hardships that they never knew?  
The famed and unfamed heroes, tried and true,  
Who crowded into months or days the deeds  
Of years, and of young empire sowed the seeds?  
Amid the mass there here and there appears  
Some reverend head, majestic as a seer's —  
Arising from the rest like snow-crowned peak,  
Around whose brow the whitening tempests break!  
These are the Pioneers of Pioneers,  
Those elder heroes in the fight, who, years  
And years ago, did drive the wild beast back  
To plant their homes where late he left his track.  
They're sinking, one by one, like pines that long  
Have braved, erect, the howling winters strong,  
To fall at last midst stillest peace profound,  
And wake the woods with wonder at the sound.  
Shall these old heroes be forgot? Not so,  
For, while they yet survive Time a downward flow,  
I see a rescuing hand stretched forth to save  
The good, the true, from dark Oblivion's grave.  
'Tis woman's hand that thus would snatch from night  
Those honored names far worthier of the light,  
And them transmit to shine on History's scroll  
When that gray sage his records shall unroll.\*  
And yet some, when the weeping muse laments,  
Have their unwrit but lasting monuments.  
Such is that peak which bears brave Lassen's name —  
A fit memorial of the grandest fame,  
For it shall stand while crowns and laurels fail,  
And Time strews men like leaves upon the gale.

Proud Land, to give such honored men their graves!  
Long as thy shore the broad Pacific laves,  
Or soars to Heaven Mount Shasta's brow of awe,  
(Like that "white throne" and vast th' Evangel saw)  
Shall thy most rare and golden name be crowned  
With all that glory gives, the world around!  
Still shall the Nations visit thee from far,  
(With Hesper deemed a not unequal star,)  
Still shalt thou, lavish, pour thy treasures forth,  
Enriching all from thy exhaustless worth;  
Still shall thy sons be brave, thy daughters fair,  
And Art and Science breathe thy purer air.

## THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

Translated from the French of Dufot de Maufras.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

It is not many years since the Missions were the chief centres of civilization and population in Upper California. Thirty thousand Indians, said to be "Christianized," were collected about them, engaged under the direction of forty Franciscan monks in cultivating the soil and learning a few words about the Catholic creed. These Missions were the State for a long time, and their history is the history of the country that we have selected for our homes. We cannot, then, look back with indifference upon the peculiar system of life which prevailed at these establishments, and of which nothing is now left save scanty records in a few books;—the monks and neophytes having been swept away by political and social revolutions and the flood of time. The best general account of the old Missions is that given by Dufot de Maufras in his *Exploration de l'Oregon, des Californies et de la Mer Vermeille*—Exploration of Oregon, the Californias, and the Gulf of California—in 1840, 41, and 42. This account differs in some important points from those given in any other work on California,—and having never been translated, seems worthy of a place in the HESPERIAN. Beechey, Forbes, and the Annals of San Francisco, represent the government of the Missions as having been harsh and often cruel to the Indians, and the religious instruction as being of an absurd and foolish character, while everything about the Missions appears in a rose-colored light to Maufras; and he mentions no abuses or defects save as charges which he does not hesitate to pronounce unqualifiedly false. He is unquestionably a very able and learned man, and had an excellent opportunity while on this coast to learn the state of the Missions, but I suspect him for having a little partiality for the Missions as against English authors and Mexican civilians, and for the Spanish Missionaries as against their Mexican associates. He mentions the "archives of the Mission of Carmel;" cannot information be collected in regard to the archives of all the old Missions? They must contain much matter of great importance for the history of the country; who can tell us what has become of them?

J. S. H.

The Mission buildings are made of adobes, and at the best Missions, as at San Luis Rey, were built about a square, measuring one hundred and fifty yards each way. The church, which is the main part of the structure, has a portico in front. The other buildings occupying the remainder of the square are but one story high, and their floors (of dirt or brick) are raised a little above the level of the earth outside. The court inside of the square is ornamented

with fountains and trees. The small buildings are occupied as lodging places for the monks, *mayor domos* (stewards,) and travelers, as workshops, schools and storehouses. The infirmaries for men and women are situated in the most quiet part of the Mission, where also the schools are kept. The young Indian girls dwell in a house called the monastery, (*monjeria*,) and they themselves are styled nuns, (*monjas*.) The monks are obliged to shut them up to protect them from the brutality of the Indian men. Placed under the care of trustworthy Indian matrons, they learn to weave wool, hemp and cotton, and they never leave the monastery until they are old enough to get married. The young Indian children go to the same school with the white children. A certain number of those Indian pupils who show the most intelligence, are taught to sing and play on the violin, flute, horn, violincello and other musical instruments. Others who excel as carpenters, blacksmiths and farmers, are appointed *alcaldes* or chiefs, with authority to direct the labors of the others.

Previous to the time when the civil power had been substituted for the paternal sway of the church, every Mission was under the charge of two monks, the elder of whom directed the interior administration and religious instruction, while the younger attended to the cultivation of the lands and the care of the cattle. The Franciscans studied some Indian tongues, but they were nevertheless often compelled to employ interpreters, so great is the variety of languages in Upper California,—an inexplicable phenomena observed, indeed, throughout all America. The monks, for the purpose of maintaining order and morality in the Missions, employed no more white men than was absolutely necessary, for they knew well their demoralizing influence; association with them always serving to develop, the passions for gambling and drinking, among the Indians, who are, unfortunately, too strongly inclined to such vices.

The reverend fathers encouraged the Indians to labor by often putting their hands to the work, and always giving the example. It is but a few years since Father Cavallero, the president of the Dominicans, (which order had control of the Missions in Lower California,) died with his hand upon the plow, in the midst of the neophytes of the Mission of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. Necessity rendered them industrious; and it is astonishing how, with so few resources, often without European laborers, assisted only by savages almost

devoid of intelligence, and often hostile, they have been able to cultivate large extents of land, and at the same time erect large houses and mills, build roads, bridges, and irrigating canals, and doing much mechanical labor. The timber used in constructing the Mission building was usually cut on steep mountains eight or ten leagues distant, and the Indians were taught to burn lime, cut stone, and mould bricks. Around the Mission square stand the workhouses, the cabins of the neophytes and the houses of the white colonists. In addition to the central establishment there are fifteen or twenty accessory farms and some branch chapels within a square of thirty or forty leagues. In front of the church is a guardhouse, occupied by four horse-soldiers and a sergeant, who serve to escort the monks, carry dispatches, and repel the attacks of the savage tribes which in early times occasionally assailed the Missions.

The system of government was the same in all the Missions. The Indians were divided into squads of laborers. At sunrise the bell sounded the *angelus*, and everybody went to church. After mass came breakfast, and work followed. At eleven the workmen came in for dinner, and rested till two, and then worked again till evening *angelus*, an hour before sunset. After prayer and saying the rosary the Indians had supper, and then danced or played at some game. Their food consisted of as much beef and mutton as they could eat. They also had wheat and maize flour, with which they made dry bread, and gruels called *atole* and *pinole*; and each Indian received an *almud* [eight pounds] of beans or peas every week. They were dressed in a cotton shirt, and woolen trousers and blanket, the *alcaldes* and best workmen having clothes of woolen cloth. Each Indian woman received two *chemises*, a gown, and a blanket, every year.

When the hides, tallow, grain, wine and oil were profitably sold to foreign vessels, the monks distributed kerchiefs, clothing, tobacco, beads, and glass trinkets, and used the surplus for embellishing the churches, buying musical instruments, pictures, sacerdotal ornaments, &c. They always however were careful to preserve a part of their grain as a security against short crops and famine.

One remarkable fact about the establishment of these Missions is, that they cost no sacrifice to the government. When the first Missions were founded in Lower California, the viceroys gave some as-

sistance. Philip V., during the first year of his reign, granted \$13,000 to them; but in 1735, the Jesuits having received considerable donations, administered them so well that they not only paid the expenses of the Missions, but bought new lands.

The property of the Pious Fund [*Fondo Pio*] of California consists now of the haciendas of San Pedro, Torreon, Rincon, and Los Golondrinas, including several mines, work-houses, and immense herds of cattle, and more than five hundred square leagues of land in the State of Tamaulipas. This property was voluntarily given to the Society [of Jesuits for the purpose of founding missions] by the Marquis of Villa-Puente, Grand Chancellor of New Spain, and his wife, the Countess de las Torres, on the 7th June, 1735. The Society was further enriched by large legacies of property near San Luis Potosi, Guanajuato, and Guadalajara. The hacienda called the "Cienega del Pastor," near Guadalajara, notwithstanding its decayed state and mal-administration, pays \$48,000 annually. Besides these estates, the Pious Fund owns the hacienda of Chalco, and a large number of houses in cities, particularly in the City of Mexico.

In 1827 the government seized the sum of \$78,000 in specie lying in the mint at the capital, which money belonged to the Jesuits, having been obtained by the sale of the hacienda of Arroyo Zarco. The Pious Fund was further despoiled of large tracts of land by the Congress of Jalisco, and finally President Santa Anna sold the entire fund to Messrs. Baraio and Rubio Brothers.

Under the Spanish Government the annual revenues amounted to about \$50,000. Of this \$25,000 served to pay the expenses of the monks, fifteen Dominicans [in Lower California] \$600 each, and forty Franciscans [in Upper California] \$400 each; and the remaining \$25,000 was used to buy clothes, tools, and ornaments for the churches. The Spanish Government paid for all the supplies furnished by the Missions to the Presidios. The agent who received this payment, bought merchandise which he sent at his own expense to San Blas, and thence it was carried twice a year in ships without charge, to the various posts of California.

From 1811 to 1818, and from 1823 to 1831, the Missions in California did not receive any money from the Pious Fund, because of the political troubles agitating Spain and Mexico at those times.

By adding the sum of \$92,000 due to the Franciscans of Upper California, the \$78,000 taken out of the mint of Mexico, the \$272,000, value of supplies furnished by the Missions of Upper California to the Presidios, and the revenues of the Pious Fund for more than ten years — by adding all these together we arrive at a total of a million dollars, of which the Mexican Government has despoiled the Missionary Society, in contempt of the express intentions of the testators.\*

On the 25th May, 1832, the Mexican Congress passed a decree authorizing the executive authorities of the nation to farm out the haciendas of the Pious Fund for seven years, the rent to be paid into the national treasury. A second decree of Congress, under date of September 19, 1836, directed that the Pious Fund should be placed under the control of the new Bishop of California and his successors, so that those prelates might employ it for the development of the Missions, and for similar purposes, always respecting the will of the founders of the Fund.

On the 8th February, 1842, General Santa Anna, Provisional President, acting under his discretionary [absolute] powers, took away the administration of the Pious Fund from the Bishop of California, notwithstanding the protest of the latter, and conferred it, by a decree of the 21st of the same month, on General Valencia, chief of the army staff. The word "administration" has a very clear meaning to all who know the country. This was the last blow, previous to the final sale, struck at the system organized by the Jesuits. Let us add, nevertheless, that the few Franciscans still remaining in California continue to receive four hundred dollars annually, paid in merchandize charged at exorbitant prices.

So long as the monks had the complete temporal and spiritual control of the Missions, they drew up every year an exact report of the births, marriages and deaths of the Indians, of the quantity of land sown, grain harvested, and of the number of the cattle; but they did not keep a minute record of the manner in which the produce of their estates was used, for they were known to be devoted to the interest of their neophytes, whom they looked upon as their children and families. These reports, sent to the apostolical prefect,

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\* See the *Memoria* presented by Don Lucas Alaman, Minister of Foreign and Domestic Affairs, to the Mexican Congress in January, 1831.

were communicated to the governor of the department, who sent them to the Viceroy of Mexico and to the King of Spain, and later to the government of Mexico. A copy of these documents was also addressed to the Royal College of San Fernando, through which it was sent to the Commissioner of the Indias in Madrid, the superior of the Franciscans in America, who in his turn sent it to the General of the Order in Rome.

While the Mexican Government was taking possession of the Pious Fund, and depriving the monks of the temporal administration of the Mission property, its agents were industriously engaged in pillaging the Missions, and killing the cattle which formed their wealth. Already in 1822, at the unfortunate epoch of the separation from Spain, some partisans of the new government were heard to use the word "secularization."

Nevertheless the Spanish Missionaries resisted successfully until 1830, but in 1831 the reverend father president Sanchez, who had courageously opposed the invasion of the civil power, having died of grief, the majority of the monks, exposed to insult, determined to quit the country, and these men who had devoted thirty or forty years of their lives to enlighten and civilize the Indians, who had induced the redmen to abandon their wandering mode of life, who had created fine estates, and bred immense herds of cattle, who had administered immense sums of money amounting sometimes to a hundred thousand dollars,—these venerable monks were seen departing from a country, which they had enriched by their toil, and rendered fertile by their apostolic words, taking with them nothing save a coarse woolen dress.

It was a fundamental law of the Missions as established under the Spanish rule, that the produce of their labor and the soil itself belonged to the Indians; the monks were only its administrators and directors. The sacred principle, *Pater est tutor ad bona Indiorum* [the father is the guardian of the Indian's property] was strictly observed, and the prelates watched carefully to see that the missionaries took nothing more of the revenues than was necessary for their food and clothing. Besides, the Franciscans observe the vow of poverty and cannot possess any individual property.

In 1733 the number of Spanish Franciscans having been greatly reduced by the departure and death of a number, and the Royal

College of San Fernando in Mexico whence they had all come, not being able to replace them, the government requested assistance from the College of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe in the City of Zacatecas, which sent ten of its members to Upper California. It was not long before the Mexican clergy found themselves in opposition to the old Spanish monks, whose exemplary morality and austere conduct were in striking contrast with the loose conduct of the Creoles. To avoid discussion the two classes separated; the warmth of the south being more agreeable to the advanced age of the Spanish Franciscans, they took the Missions in that part of the department, while the Mexican monks took those of the north.

Previous to that time the Popes had by different bulls given Episcopal powers to the apostolic prefects.\* On the 27th April, 1840, Gregory XVI created the diocese of the Californias, and appointed as Bishop the Reverend Father Francisco Garcia Diego, a Mexican Franciscan who had been a missionary for sometime. San Diego was designated as his place of residence, as a central point between the two provinces. The Bishop did not arrive in California until January, 1842, and since the Mission of San Diego is very poor he will establish himself in the one which may offer the most resources to him. He has established himself provisionally at Santa Barbara.

The influence of the Bishop cannot be very efficacious; his advanced age and his Mexican education will not permit him to undertake any of those spiritual conquests or imposing structures which make the glory of the Spanish missionaries. The establishment of new missions, or the regeneration of the old ones, would require young and ardent men of pure morals, animated by great zeal, and ready to face every fatigue and every danger. It was not solely by religious proselytism that the old missionaries endeavored to attract the Indians, who seldom understood Spanish, while the monks could not always speak the Indian tongues. In the work of conversion, if religion was the end, material comfort was the means. The missionaries had solved the great problem of rendering labor attractive. They convinced the Indians collected at the Missions that they were safer against the attacks of hostile tribes, and that the light and varied labor on the Mission grounds would give a better and more

\* Bull of Leo X, 25th April, 1521; of Adrian VI, 9th May, 1522; of Clement XIV, 16th June, 1774: Archives of the Mission of Carmel.



agreeable support than the uncertain occupation of the chase and war.

At those seasons of the year when the agricultural labors were suspended, some of the neophytes returned to their tribes, and their tales about the comforts of life at the Missions induced their relatives to go to the neighboring establishments, where the monks received them kindly, and retained them by presents. Sometimes the monks undertook journeys of exploration among the savage tribes, and succeeded by persuasion and gifts in inducing the idolatrous Indians to follow them; but it is entirely false that they ever employed force to take Indians to the Missions.

It is truly deplorable to see foreign authors abuse the Spanish clergy after having been treated in the most hospitable manner. Captain Beechey and Mr. Forbes, full of the English rudeness, and imbued with the spirit of protestantism, have done their utmost to throw blame and ridicule on the labors of the missionaries.\* Their statements are contradicted in a striking manner by the facts.

Although the inferior intelligence of the Indians does not always enable them to comprehend the mysteries of religion, yet the monks succeeded in giving them an idea of its principal truths. They endeavored above all things to develop their moral instincts and to give them a taste for a life of industry. Their treatment of the natives was paternal; they "thoued" them, and they conducted themselves mutually as fathers and children. Whenever a monk met an Indian he saluted him with the words, "Love God my son," and the answer was, "Love God, father."—["*Amad a Dios, hijo!*" "*Amad a Dios, padre!*"] † Although it has happened that the Indians, in stigated by the sorcerers and diviners, whose power had been destroyed by the monks, have risen and massacred the monks, yet they consider them as beings almost supernatural; and it is especially since they have seen the Missions erected by their own hands, and the herds bred under their own care, destroyed and pillaged by agents of the Mexican Government and have themselves been compelled to submit to harsh treatment, that they look back with regret to the time when they were under the rule of those charitable men who blended kindness with justice—always befriended them in their wants and gave them consolation in their sorrows.

\*Beechey. Narrative of a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. Forbes. A history of Upper and Lower California

† Maufra says "*Amar a Dios.*"—To love God. This must be a mistake, I think.

## ONE OF LIFE'S EPISODES.

BY FRANCESCA.

[Concluded.]

SUMMER and autumn passed, and affairs remained nearly the same with Louise Vandorn and her husband, except, perhaps, that she grew fonder and more fawning, and he more passionate and more foolishly indulgent. The story of the robbery was repeated and even published in the papers of the day. Some were shocked at such a narrow escape, while others, who knew more of the family, smiled significantly and said, "Poor Vandorn!" Louise seemed to grow more and more attached to my baby every day, and a week seldom passed that she did not pay two or three short visits at my house, always lamenting that she had no precious little ones at home. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to me that she should be captivated with my darling, and I sincerely sympathised in her grief at her deprivation of children. One evening my sister, who frequently accompanied her to the cars in which she returned home, a distance of nearly three miles, mentioned that Mr. Lallande was often waiting in the market-place for her, and joined her as soon as my sister left. I thought it singular that he did not come to the house, and feared we had offended him; but when I mentioned it to my husband, he started, and inquired if this had happened frequently. In a moment, as it were, the truth flashed upon me, and a thousand unexplained signals and glances came back to my memory, making me faint and sick as I foresaw the end of all this. From that time my visits to Louise ceased, and my constrained manner when she came to my house excited the suspicions of her guilty spirit, and she avoided me as eagerly as she formerly sought my companionship.

Another sultry summer came, and, as usual, the Vandorns had their suite of rooms across the bay, where it was proposed that Louise should remain till the autumn, and her husband make his weekly visits. Hubert Lallande passed most of his time there also, and rumor after rumor reached me of the undisguised and guilty intimacy between the wife and the treacherous friend. Vandorn seemed both deaf and blind, for his temper, though passionate, was noble, and *he*

would rather have cut off his right hand than betray a friend.— When one dreadful Saturday, on going as usual to the hotel, he was told his wife was gone. Of course she must have returned to the city for some unforeseen reason, and he at once took the steamer back, and went to his house, not doubting to find her. She had not been there, and hurrying from house to house he made the whole circle of her friends without gaining the least intelligence. All but the poor husband had already guessed the destination,— he, still stone blind to the truth, begged the aid of Hubert to find the fugitive, and together they searched every street and hiding-place where, by some foul play, she might have been secreted. When this proved fruitless, poor Vandorn remembered that they had parted coldly after one of their frequent quarrels, and fancied she might have gone back to the convent, or even to Canada, which was her home in childhood,— so, hastily arranging his business he sat off in pursuit. At the end of two months he returned, having visited every city of any note in the Union, and was told that his wife had been back to the house, and, taking the linen, the plates and one servant, had again departed with Hubert. Then, indeed, his eyes were unsealed, and the whole extent of treachery to which he had been a victim was unveiled. Stunned, wounded to the death by such monstrous ingratitude and duplicity, he wandered about like a somnambulist, now and then rousing from his apathy to curse the race, and especially women, whom he denounced as vipers since the days of Eve. He came to consult my husband, who was a lawyer, about getting a divorce, and though I felt and expressed the sincerest sympathy for him, he scarcely noticed me, and turned from my little daughter with disgust as he remembered how often Louise had praised and petted her; his whole kind nature seemed turned to gall, and he became a little sarcastic misanthrope. Unable to bear the continued torture of his thoughts, he turned to the “mockers,” *wine*, for comfort, and deep and desperate orgies soon made him unfit for the society of those who would gladly have been his friends.

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Far up one of those magnificent streams which are tributary to the Mississippi on the west, on a vast and highly cultivated plantation, surrounded by hundreds of dependents, lived the mother of Lallande. Though many years a widow she was still stately and

beautiful, and almost regal in her manners and appointments. Of an old and noble French family, she retained the better part of nobility in a pure although haughty soul, which, looking from her lustrous eyes, pierced the heart like lightning, laying its depths bare before her. To such a mother Hubert dared to carry Louise, relying on her belief that she was his bride, and trusting even if the deception were discovered, to that fond indulgence he, her only child, had always received for his wildest follies. But dishonor had never before stained his name, and he dreamed not that scorn and loathing *could* gleam from those beautiful eyes which had looked love only to his before. Six months passed, and Hubert began to weary of his prize, and to long for the various excitements of a city life. Watchful and jealous, Louise saw it, and chafed and writhed with the knowledge; she had hoped that he would really marry her, but now she dared not mention it, and saw him depart on a plea of business, with a feeling something akin to the despair she had inflicted on her husband. A few days after his departure a letter arrived for him, which his mother, recognizing the hand of the family-attorney, opened, expecting some information upon business matters with which he was intrusted; this she obtained, and also the various rumors of his elopement with Louise, and an account of the desperation and ruin of Vandorn. Louise, who, with her usual playful fondness was sitting with a low stool at her feet, saw with terror her changing face, crouched down as she rose like an avenging Nemesis from her seat, and hid her face from those terrible eyes, now glowing with the deepest scorn. Not a word did Madame Lallande deign to speak till she reached the door of the apartment, when turning, she said in a suppressed voice, "Begone! miserable woman to the partner of your infamy, who from this moment is banished from my house and heart — and hope nothing from the faith of one who has not scrupled to insult his mother and bring dishonor on the sacred memory of his father."

Magnanimous in everything, Madame Lallande sent a servant to assist Louise in packing her wardrobe, and ordered the carriage to take her to the nearest town where she could obtain passage on a steamboat bound to the metropolis to which Hubert had gone. Even the grinning negroes put out their tongues at the wretched woman as she left the house, and she knew the coachman would fully

enlighten the people of the hotel where she proposed to wait for the boat; but she had no other resource, and she soon found her fears verified by being left entirely to the careless attentions of the servants, and feeling that the mistress of the hotel studiously avoided her. On the boat, too, the ladies drew away from her neighborhood, never addressed her for any purpose whatever, and affected not to hear her own observations; while the gentlemen scrupled not to talk to her in a free and insolent manner that made every drop of her fierce blood boil with passion. Once with Hubert this would cease, and she determined on a full revenge for the galling wounds her pride had received. Glowing with concentrated fury she hastened to a carriage the moment it was possible after the wharf was reached, when, standing at the door as if waiting to hand her in, stood Vandorn with purple countenance and blood-shot eyes, who, making a deep obeisance, expressed a wish that she had had a *very* pleasant journey,—and she drove away amidst a storm of coarse laughter, and rude jests from Vandorn and his companions which made her for the first time sensible of her true position.

Furious with rage and shame, Louise drove to the cottage of Lal-lande, which was beautiful enough and wicked enough for Eden itself, as none but fallen angels ever entered there. Long acquainted with the intricacy of its garden-paths, she ran silently and swiftly to the house, and disregarding the remonstrances of the sable house-keeper, rushed at once to Herbert's room, and for a moment stood petrified at the scene before her. In the soft glare produced by the rich folds of damask covering the windows, reclined Hubert, on a lounge of the same material, while at his side knelt the exquisite form of a beautiful quadroon-girl, her head resting upon his, and her jetty curls falling like a veil over them both. With one bound she reached the table, and seizing an open penknife that lay upon it, she threw herself upon Hubert and buried the sharp blade in his heart;—then, with the curses of a fiend upon her lips, she turned upon the horrified quadroon, and quick as lightning plunged the knife repeatedly in her bosom. In an instant two guilty souls were sent to their account, and the miserable perpetrator of the foul deed, driven to frenzy by her own mad passions, fell insensible upon the bodies of her victims, to wake the life-long tenant of a mad-house.

## THE MYSTERY.

BY AUCTOR.

THE night was for advanced, but the riddle of the infinite was still unsolved. Weariness oppressed my senses, while the restless, chafing mind searched through the perplexing problem of things material and things spiritual for the rest of a demonstrated faith; a rest nowhere given it in nature. The gaunt and staring forms of the quaint old furniture that did the office of indifferent comfort and good cheer, grew indistinct and shadowy; and like the thin ghosts of comfortable tables and chairs, waved back and forth before my swimming vision. The only living things were the old clock that ticked boisterously, as if time were the only thing of any account, and a rat behind the wainscoting, that gnawed, and gnawed, still louder, still nearer, but to no other end than to gnaw on hour after hour, night after night.

I read from an open volume: "Eternity hath neither a past nor future, but is an ever-abiding present. Yesterday and to-morrow are ideas of sense—the succession of events; the orderly progression from cause to effect are notions of the sensuous understanding; a gentle acclivity by which it ascends to the elevations from which the eternal present is spread out as a boundless prospect. When understanding shall have fulfilled its office to reason, and the clearer vision encompass all essences and virtues, being will have shaken off the bands and shackles of time and succession, as the artist forgets the rule of his art, in the sublime comprehension of its spirit. Then shall time, recollection and hope, all vanish; thought shall nevertheless endure, springing from an everlasting present."

Who can fathom this mystery? I exclaimed. How shall sense penetrate beyond that which is palpable? And how shall reason explore where sense cannot reach? Are yesterday and to-morrow the same thought,—the same substance? Are this moment and the next creatures of twin birth? The hour-hand of that steadfast, honest clock points to twelve; an hour ago it pointed to eleven. Is this a falsehood, and eleven and twelve but different expressions of an unchanging now? Four hours since I lighted that candle; it was then whole and straight; it now flickers in the socket a shapeless

wreck. Are *the what it was*, and *the what it is*, of that candle one and the same? Is it a straight and comely candle now?— was it a sickly ember then? Was it a candle when animated it shunned the harpoons among the icebergs? Will it be a candle to the end of time? Surely this is folly. A god on the summit of Olympus could see it no other than a wasted, worthless bit of candle-end.

I opened another volume that dealt of things substantial and palpable, at least that shall be so until the end of time — suns, moons, planets, rocks, rivers, trees, and such things, as to think of snakes, good workmen, schoolmasters, and housewives, and read: “The speed of light has been computed at about twelve millions of miles in a minute. Thus the light of the sun reaches the earth in about eight minutes, while from the most remote stars thousands of years elapse while it is passing to the earth.” Surely, I exclaimed, there are mysteries of the sense as impenetrable as those which defy the reason of man. The vastness of the finite is not less incomprehensible than Infinity itself. If it be true that light travels like any other slow-footed creature, with its stages and its distances, its travel worn years and centuries, and these truths are seen with the eye, and comprehended with the understanding, and are tracked through their intricate paths, by nimble-limbed figures, signs, and algebraic formula, then may not the light that shot from yonder candle through the open casement into the serene night, at the moment of lighting, have just reached some god not a great way off among the spheres, and may he not see it now the veritable, straight, comely candle it was four hours since? May there not be a god floating on the wings of the swan, or guiding the fury of Taurus, or careering with incredible swiftness through space, to whom every event that has transpired on earth, from the remotest part to the present, is visible, not in the order of creative progression, but of the eternal present?

The very solid structure of the globe, and the order of things earthborn, give no passive happiness to the soul of man, but lift to the comprehension of things eternal and spiritual. Reason and understanding are surely set to mock at each other, and thus to cheat the earnest soul of its birthright, truth and faith. That which reason declares to be true, sense declares to be impossible. That which sense hath fully compassed and weighed, reason strips of its sub-

stance, and turns forth to wail like ghosts in Erebus. Whither shall one turn in this labyrinth, where two confident guides point, one to the right and the other to the left? Yield to one and disregard the other, and you are lost, utterly lost, a wanderer in the dismal phantom land of vain philosophies and idealizings, or pushed footsore upon the harsh declivities of stony materialism. This is a mystery indeed, but does not one pole of the needle point southward, while the other marks the north? and yet the needle speaks with one voice and speaks truly. So may there not be an undiscovered language in which both reason and sense teach alike? Where are ye, ye Genii, whether evoked from flame, or from the commingling of potent draughts, or from the power of mystic lines and incantations, who look directly into the essence of things, and may speak of such high mysteries! I will commune with ye though ye be devils! Show me this mystery and I care not whence ye come. Oppressed with troubled thoughts, and unsatisfied yearnings, I leaned my head upon the open volume before me and dreamed. Dreamed. No! I burned with thoughts like the central fires. Starting upward I shot through the resisting air, that sparkled and burned like a path of fire behind me. A sense of stunning oppression overwhelmed me, until, escaping beyond the last surges of the atmospheric ocean, I emerged, upborne through a sea of electric ether. The subtle element vibrated with elastic pulsations, dilating every sense to god-like strength and clearness, and invigorating the spirit as the nectar of the gods would kindle in human veins.

Upward with thought's swiftness I sprung, until speed was left far behind. I now perceived that the earth lay an undiminished picture below; nor did orbit upon orbit, nor cycle upon cycle intervening, hide from my keen vision a line or shadow upon its surface. I gazed with wonder upon the scene. There lay the old continents as they were upheaved from the deep. There stretched the great oceans, outpoured from the windows of heaven, sullen and sublime, though the eye that gazed upon them beheld them through a vista of such worlds. There were the rugged Alps, embosoming the hardy Switzer, and hurling back to the pole the northern blasts lest they should chill the breath of sunny Italy. Veteran sentinels they stood, worthy to guard the land which Roman glory once encompassed; firm at their posts they stood, though they frowned upon the



soil they protected. Beyond, Sahara burned like beaten gold, with here and there a caravan, and the bleached vestige of such as had sunk beneath the Simoon. There lay heaped up within the polar circles the ice-realms, vast and desolate, where aurora waves her torch through the dark and dreary night. Hence my eye roamed over Europe, across the dead wastes of Asia to where the sharp lines of the Himalaya marked the furthest verge of the convex globe. I observed that while I saw the largest objects with a single comprehensive glance, no part, however minute, was lost to the sight; cities, hamlets and cultivated fields, castles and convents lurking in the fastnesses of the mountains, were vividly displayed below. There, too, were the nations buried with the deep concerns of life. Some were jostling through the crowded streets of cities with anxious, care-worn countenances; others tilled the ground and smiled on promised harvests. Here a group danced responsive to the flute and tamborine; there one gathered and wept around a newly heaped mound; a lordling gazed with delight only half sated over his broad patrimony; a toil-worn beggar lay dying beside his hedge. A wounded deer that had only cropt the verdure that God gave it, was chased by a pampered hound. Armies were marching; before them women and children fled with terror; after them bones whitened upon the seamed and scarred fields.

I wondered at the scene; but onward, quicker than the impulses of thought, I darted, and vast worlds, strangely peopled and full of wonders, rolled backward from my flight. I observed with awed surprise as I shot forward the scenes of the earth seemed to roll backward. Behold a mystery. Out of the sea rose a wrecked ship. The waves arose and dashed against its crushed timbers, and at each blow it became more firmly united. A fierce blast swept by, and the broken masts and shattered sails sprang upward from the bottom of the sea, and firm and uninjured breasted the storm like a proud combatant once overthrown, who rises from the earth to conquer. Meanwhile dead bodies floated upward from the abyss, and, waking to the agonies of death, grappled floating spars. Struggling they seemed to conquer death, and floated with the violence of the storm to the vessel, until a great wave caught them in its giant arms, and plunging them across the trembling vessel left them a horror-stricken crew upon the deck, while it crossed the deep like a

white-maned charger towards the horizon. No one of that rescued crew sprang forward to grasp his fellow's hand; but all were horror-stricken. Presently the sea became calm, and the mariners lay upon the deck, or lazily hung from the well-braced rigging, as if a blast had never upheaved the deep.

I beheld a plain covered with the habitations of a happy people. There were palaces and great edifices, adorned with curious sculpture, and interspersed among them were rural cottages and fields, and blooming gardens. Workmen were busily employed in taking down rich sculptured masses of the purest marble, vine-clad capitals and graceful shafts. These were wrought upon with pains-taking chisels, until they had grown to great shapeless masses of rock, and were borne to their native seats and wedded to the everlasting hills. Cottages and stately edifices one by one dissolved away, and were gathered to the earth or to the forest. Over their sites herds strayed and herdsmen wandered. A more wonderful change ensued: the fields became whitened with the bones of men and horses. Shattered arms and warlike instruments rose like silent ghosts from the earth. Beasts and fierce birds gathered upon the field, and the scattered bones, torn by them, moved together, and under beak and claw reunited into ghastly bodies, torn by violence, and blackened, and begrimed. At length vulture and hyena stealthily stole away from the death sown-field. While I gazed awe-stricken upon the horrid scene, armed men in wild confusion rushed upon the field and fought together; the dead rose up and fought with them. The confused masses congealed into great squadrons, and moved back and forth upon the field in the firm order of battle. Presently the combat ceased, and two great armies fell sternly back, and left the field in its primitive state with untrodden verdure. I now cast my eye along the Mississippi, and lo! the forests, the Indian, and the buffalo, marched from the West. The doom of the white man has come! I exclaimed, and the great Manitou has listened to the cry of his red children, and comes to revenge their wrongs, and to restore to them their hunting grounds. Onward they came, overleaping rivers, and driving before them the sturdy pioneers, beneath whose sharp axes and stalwart blows forests leaped upward in defiance. Upon the hillsides the hosts gathered, and pressed downward to the margin of the rivers. The white man with his arts and civi-

lization vanished before the marching forests, as the red man once stole vanquished away ; but now comes back in his conquering arms, though with the sorrow of a captive, rather than the proud joy of a conqueror. The valleys of the Ohio, Erie, Niagara, Ontario, and the St. Lawrence, are conquered back to nature. The white man has gone, his ships have stolen back across the Atlantic, and the council fires blaze again over a continent. Southward the Mexicans and the children of the Incas display their gorgeous rites from their stately temples, and the light of their sacred fires flashes upward among the spheres.

Upwards I vaulted, disdainful the lazy pace of the comets that toiled after me ; but my eye was fixed upon my world home, as one gazes from the ocean towards the receding shores of his native land. Strange alterations were wrought upon Europe. Forests there had conquered, and obliterated the outlines of States. A fierce horde gathered to the wilds and morasses that overspread Germany ; from the shores of the Mediterranean, and backward across the plains of Russia, they wandered towards the Orient. An empire rose from the ruins of European magnificence, outshining that from which it sprang. Legions armed with helmet, shield and javelin, and dragging in their train great engines, strove upon its borders, and moved back and forth upon colossal viaducts that radiated from the heart of Italy. Temples obliterated the ruins of cathedrals, and the statues of the ancient gods rose from the dust, and swayed the worship of millions.

There sat Vesuvius on its ancient bed by the seaside, brandishing a scourge of forked flame above the heedless nations. The earth shuddered while *Ætna* answered the threatening sign. At the foot of Vesuvius lay outspread a dusky robe, stretching far and wide over the land. Under that fatal pall what mysteries were entombed ? No seed of the vast life extinguished beneath its ashy folds put forth an animated germ ; blank annihilation was all that remained.

While I gazed, Vesuvius, seized with sudden rage, opened its fiery jaws and gnashed upon choking flames. The pall is stirred as if death had quicked beneath ; it rises from the dead and hangs solemnly in the mid air ; the monster clutches it with his fierce jaws, tearing and devouring it. Suddenly a thousand towers flush with the golden sunlight, and gleam radiantly where desolation just now

reigned. A stream of joyous life bursts forth like a mountain torrent, and flows in animated surges through the avenues of a princely city. Robes of purple and azure float hither and thither in festive joy and pride, and chariots and horsemen, and gleaming armor display the long buried glory of Pompeii.

Still farther to the eastward lay the blighted fields of Greece, encumbered with tottering ruins. Shapeless mounds rose in the valleys, and on the hillsides, covered by matted vines and moss that feeds on the death damps of hoary decay, from which fragments of finely wrought marble jutted forth and stood above the grave of Grecian art. As I receded upward, cleaving the pathway of great suns, I beheld the sites of a thousand temples; and lo! the earth that lay upon them teemed with an unnatural life. Columns rose out of the dust and stood together in clusters, like groves of palm trees laid bare by frosts and tempests. These budded and grew, and put forth flowers and leaves that interwove and bent gracefully down. Sculptured entablatures spread their white wings and brooded above these strange children of the dust, so lightly upborne that they seemed to float in the air. The rugged face of nature, instinct with the great spirit of art, grew into the harmony and order of thought; forms of beauty, full of language, unfolded everywhere, with no other forming hand or informing spirit than that which wrought invisibly in the shadows of the landscape. The plains, and valleys, and sloping hillsides glowed with thoughts of rural beauty. Terraced gardens, where the long prisoned mountain stream leaped into the bright sunshine and trickled away, mimicking the flashes of the sportive playfellows of its bosom, that shone like flakes of silver and gold, looked out upon far reaching prospects and sunny vistas, where lights and shadows mingled in intricate mazes. Athens, the mighty intellect of Greece, rose sublime beyond the height of historic glory, wrought out by the same magic instinct of life, and there stood sweeping in a majestic train down from the summit of the Acropolis, and grasping the sea with a white arm outstretched to the Piræus. All forms of beauty that have floated through the imaginations of men were grouped among her palaces and temples, like spell-bound dreamshapes.

I gazed with rapture on the scene. Just then an old man, standing at the foot of a statue of Mars, held a concourse of all condi-

tions of people of Athens in breathless silence; eloquence poured from his full eye, his broad and dark brow, and his impassioned and rapid gestures. Presently he ceased speaking, and the concourse dispersed, each one stealing away, silent and confused, as if guilty of his country's dishonor.

I would have checked my upward course to have lingered upon those scenes, but a resistless impulse caught me up to where a star that I had watched faintly flickering as if ready to dissolve into star dust, blazed like a tropical sun. And now I saw the temples, the palaces, the theatres, and the statues of Greece falling prostrate to the earth, and their fragments borne away and hid among the hills. Egypt rose from her catacombs, and the dusky prisoners of the sarcophagus walked forth, and busily overturned temples, pyramids and obelisks, obliterating the strange characters that once concealed a history, but now a prophesy. My eyes wandered still eastward with the flight of man, and I beheld dead Asia awake. Men of great stature, armed with weapons of subtle temper, rose from her soil, as if it had been sown with dragon's teeth. They contended together upon the plains, and chased the beasts of the forest upon milk-white chargers, more implacable and fierce than their prey. Foul deeds were done in the name of valor, deeds that offend the sight of heaven, so that their very record should be torn by the teeth of time. My blood thrilled with dread at the sight, even in the midst of the ethereal element that sparkled with electric fire, and shot delight through my invigorating substance. I looked upon the great oceans to avoid these bewildering scenes, and lo! they rose from their ancient beds, and called to each other in fury across the sinking continents. Down into the abyss went Alps and Himalaya, *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, struggling with fiery rage against the huge destruction. From the ice mountains of the North to the ice mountains of the South, one vast ocean rolled over the lost continents. Upward still I shot, so swiftly that thought could scarcely soar to the remotest orb ere it whirled headlong below. A more bewildering change fell upon the earth: darkness, shaken from clouds, and tempest, like the shadow of the fallen angel's wing, overspread ocean and continent like a pall fringed with silver light reflected from the polar snows. A single spot appeared amidst the general gloom radiant with light. There in the midst of foliage

that seemed squandered from the wealth of heaven, two beings of God-like aspect gazed upward in adoration, reflecting from their shining forms the purest light shot from the spheres. Then darkness, void and fearful, fell upon the scene and closed the awful record.

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I shudder when I recall the visions of that night; but all that I saw and heard in that wild flight has not been told. I now felt myself borne up and down, back and forth, through the spheres, now stooping almost to the atmospheric gulf that encircles the earth, now touching the ethereal horizon, now whirling in swift circles through the orbs. Everywhere in space where thought could go there was I gazing always upon the mysteries of earth's history. An awful vision was before me; all men who lived upon the earth I saw; and in every action whether of good or evil stood confessed, living eternally in their actions. The spheres that shot their light upon the earth were their eternal witnesses. In infancy, youth, old age and death, there they were. I gazed in horror when a voice sounded through the spheres, and uttered these words in awful tones: "Time is no more: Judgment is at hand."

I sprang from the table upon which I had slept, and trembled with awe. The old clock was just giving the last stroke for midnight. As I crept hastily to my bed I exclaimed, "I have found the clue:—motion is the key that unlocks eternity, and links spirit with matter, reason with understanding."

Surely the Egyptian philosopher discovered this clue for he has represented eternity by the form of a WINGED SPHERE.

*March, 1859.*

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## FAITH IN GOD AND WOMAN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul,  
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.

Lost I those gems,  
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path,  
I would go wandering back into my childhood,  
Searching for them with tears.—*Alexander Smith.*

Aye! climb on golden thrones to heaven!  
Dig from the dust the gems  
Of the old kings who slumber there—  
Their buried diadems.

Wear all the crowns of all the world!  
 Bid realms beneath thee bleed!  
 Then, get into the dust and weep,  
 For thou art poor indeed!—

Poor, poor, without that faith in God,  
 Which the old martyrs bore;  
 Who walked unharmed amid the flames,  
 And stilled the lion's roar.  
 While low and fearful rings a voice,  
 Long hushed beneath the sod—  
 "My son! call back—call back thy faith  
 In woman and in God!"

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THOUGHTS BY THE SEASIDE.

BY CHARLES KENDALL.

I OFTEN wander by the seashore. I was born on its very banks. Probably the very first sound which my ears ever heard were the mysterious utterings which came up from the pebbly beach, the dreamy sounds arising from ocean's deep, broad breast, the untranslated sentences spoken by its billowy tongues. I grew up by it. I sported in it; and upon it in all manner of craft, from the Indian's birch canoe to the oak ribbed ship, hours, days and years of my life have passed away. Wading in its foam, bathing in its bosom, skipping flat stones upon its surface, rowing, paddling, sculling, sailing, it has been my plaything, my comforter, my friend and companion. In sunshine and storm, amid its ripples and its mountain waves, when the gales blew high, and when the soft breezes scarce ruffled while kissing its placid surface; when it reflected the dark clouds or the smiling moon, and the stars below seemed bright as those above; by the steep banks where and when the shrubs and foliage found themselves daguerreotyped in its deep, clear blue; by the countless rocks and islands of that beautiful Bay far, far from here; in its straits and coves, its roadsteads and channels, in its deep and shallow, its rough, and smooth waters, its eddies and currents; in it when warmed by the breath of June, and over it while bound by the ice of winter; there have I been cultivating its friendship, enjoying its society, making it my companion, listening ever to its

wizard-like voices, excited by its turbulence, soothed by its whispering murmurs, never tired of its presence, never wearied from its society, dreaming, ever dreaming while it brought me messages from its far shores and hidden depths, roaming in its company, happy in its society. And when at last fate turned my face westward, and my journey inland, the voice of my old friend and companion followed. It came in echoes from the seashore of memory. Field and forest, prairie and mountain were no barrier. I hear it speak to me in the still watches of the night, in the multitude of day. It was distinct amid the turmoil of the city, in the hurry of the hunt, and "the dim aisles of the forest" were avenues for its messenger dispatches. For its sounds were imprinted in my ear as light paints pictures on the iodined plate, and its voice has gone with me through life as a lover carries upon his heart the miniature of his affianced. I hear its murmurs now. Each curling splash of its rippling song, each rush of its boisterous waves finds an answering echo in my ear, a welcome in my soul. I know why Byron loved the sea, and placed his small white hand upon its lion mane. And I live by the seaside once more. I live on its banks as I first lived near half a century ago, and many thousand miles away. It is the same—but I am changed. Yet I am unchanged in my love for this old and dear companion of my boyhood, except to love its presence all the more. I look down upon its blue waves as upon an old friend. I sit in my doorway and listen to its ceaseless song with boyish delight. I can pass the Cathedral door and hear the deep tones of the organ within with less emotion than those lisplings of the tiny wavelets, those louder melodies of the angry billows. I feel and appreciate its stops and its pauses, its cadences and its swells. Its anthems surpass the "Creation" and the "Requiem" of the great masters, as much as does its power that of the pipes through which their harmonies breathe—as much as does its Organist those who repeat their compositions. O, I remember when the continent spread out behind me from the Sierra Madre towards that grand old associate of my boyhood, youth, and manhood, and weary, dreary miles, leagues and degrees towards the setting sun still lay before me and separated from the rolling waves of the Pacific, how active was the memory, and how earnest the desire to gaze again upon the familiar face of that old friend. And how well I remember the day, and the hour, and the



place when and where the voice so well known, so quickly recognized, came up from the yet unseen ocean, over the hot and dry parched earth, through the forests of wild mustard and rustling willows and leaning oaks, speaking the same language, breathing the same story, teaching the same lessons as its talking waters had given so many years before, so many miles away. And I remember, too, as our worn horses slowly approached the shore, and the fogs lifted, and the glorious expanse of the fair Pacific spread out further and further before me, how the toils and privations of the land journey of months were forgotten in the joy and exultation of that moment of rapture. Did the prodigal son in the first embrace of his father, when he fell upon his neck and kissed him, think of the husks he had eaten, or the rags in which he was clad? I forgot the hunger and the thirst of my journey, the thrust of the prickly-pear, the puncture of the thorny mesquit, the canteen without water, the long-absent "pinola," and the longed-for bread, in the all-supplying joy furnished by one glance of old ocean's cheering face.

And so I again and often walk by the seaside and commune with my old companion. It is a volume of which I never tire. I read it again and again, and go back to its perusal with undiminished zest. It has no "finis." It was stereotyped by its Author. Its bindings vary, but its text is ever the same. It needs no new edition. You may read it forever, never exhausting its story, never tiring of its perusal. And "what are its wild waves saying?"

Who has not asked himself this question as he strolled along its sand, saw its waves follow each other up the beach, break into foam and eloquence, and flow back again in splintered waves and glittering bubbles? It must be answered according to each one's ruling passion, or current of thought and mental associations.

To your Shylocks it speaks of the richly-laden argosies which float upon its waves, consigned to him, or of the costly-freighted ships to whose decks and spars the barnacles cling, and around whose cordage the seaweeds twine and kelps spread their festoons.

To one they bring stories of far-off lands, of islands yet unknown and shores unexplored, and many an unculminated Columbus, and many a Krusenstern undeveloped as yet, there have heard the magic words which called them across the untraveled sea.

To another they have spoken like voices from the dear departed in words inspired, saying,

“Olivia, the lost Olivia, can never come back to thee.”

Others, yet again — but the tide is out, the waves now curl and eddy around the sunken rocks by the distant channel, the night is far spent, echoes of the ocean die away, and what more is to be said must come hereafter.

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### ITALY'S CLAIMS ON AMERICA.

BY EUGENE.

“‘What’s Italy?’ men ask;  
 And others answer, ‘Virgil, Cicero,  
 Catalus, Cæsar.’ And what more? to task  
 The memory closer.—‘Why, Boccaccio,  
 Dante, Petrarch,’—and if still the flask  
 Appears to yield its wine by drops too slow,—  
 ‘Angelo, Raffael, Pergolese,’—all  
 Whose strong hearts beat through stone, or charged, again,  
 Cloth threads with fire of souls electrical,  
 Or broke up heaven for music.”—*Mrs. Browning.*

Ethnologists have made us familiar with a number of remarkable races of beings in Africa, Oceanica, and other places, which they call men. Most of these races are deficient alike in external graces and mental capacity. Some of them are so hideous to contemplate, that we wonder at the temerity of our draughtsmen whose pencils have traced with so much exactness the lineaments of such unmitigated abortions. Shakspeare might have had good authority for his monster Caliban. The great dramatist had possibly spoken with some traveler who had met with the creatures which have of late been more definitely rendered by professors of Ethnology.

Yet there are no classes of mankind, however far removed from civilization,—African, Cooley, Aztec, Australian Aborigine or murderous Thug,—for whom the generous interest of the American public has not been successfully enlisted. We do not object to this, but we think the past affords grounds for supposing that our interest

may be invoked on behalf of a nation whose position makes it of more direct importance to the improvement of the world. To Italy are we indebted for much of that refinement which has made America what she is. The Italians have ever given proofs of great genius and aptitude in the practice of arts and sciences. Italy has furnished exemplars to the youth of every nation. The youth of America have eagerly availed themselves of the schools of Italy for nearly a half-century. Our principal Essayists and artists who seek to establish pure principles of taste in art, point out Italian productions as exemplars of all that is excellent. Florence, Rome, Bologna, and Venice, have been accepted as the chief schools where youth and genius may enrich the mind by the acquisition of definite and just ideas of the sublime and beautiful. The youth of our country have made their pilgrimage to those famous cities with all humility. What the flowery meadows are to bees, galleries of Italian pictures are to connoisseurs. Wealthy Americans empty their purses to fill their homes with specimens of the Italian pencil.

The name of Raphael is familiar to our ears as a household word. "Matchless" and "divine" are the words commonly employed by writers, to express the estimation in which Raphael is held. In his pictures we see how effectively the pencil may be employed to illustrate the lowliest teachings of the wise. By the same means the good are inspired in the contemplation of the just actions of good men who have gone before. In the intellectual features of the art of painting, the critic has ever acknowledged Raphael the consummate artist. He is surrounded in history of art by a host of other Italian artists whose achievements in painting, sculpture, and architecture, flourished in almost every city in Italy with whose works Americans are acquainted.

Printsellers are growing wealthy by a free choice of Italian designs, and thus the people have profited by an easy acquisition of copies of rare pictures, statues, and buildings. Engravers have and are realizing fortunes by engraving and publishing numbers of the best pictures of the Italian schools. What the engravers have done with the pictures of Italy, the capitalists are doing with the beautiful designs of the sculptors' and potters' arts—for Italy is as famous in the humbler walks of art—in her potters, goldsmiths, and glass-makers, as she is in her painters, sculptors, and architects.

Let traders and political economists, who attach importance only to every improvement in our manufactures, consider what we owe to Italy. Let them look at the execrable crockery and stucco-ware of our grandsires, and compare them with similar articles of the present day. As it is true so many valuable designs have been imported from Italy — as it is equally clear that the arts of design have been derived from thence—it is conclusive that Italy has claims on America for all these advantages.

Those who delight in the Italian Opera, who listen year after year to Italian strains, have also an interest in Italy. The voices of so many fair daughters of that land might well reach the heart of the musical devotee. True it is, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that many of the sweet voices of Italy's *prima donnas* are now made sad by remembrance of ill-fated parents and brothers. Does it not concern Americans, who are indebted to Italians for the discovery of the compass, of the galvanic battery, and to Columbus, the Genoese, for the discovery of America, whether Austrian, Frenchman, or Bourbon, causes Italy's sons to work in the chain-gang in Rome, pine in deep dungeons in Naples, or her daughters to be scourged in the streets of Venice!

Cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, Italy has long afforded a home for the stranger, in which her own sons have dwelt as aliens and strangers. The vicissitudes she has undergone have made her the native land of romance. Her history, during many centuries, down to her betrayal by England and Louis Napoleon, is but a recital of internal commotions and foreign aggressions; the stranger has been summoned to defend, and has remained to enslave; whilst the choice of a new master has been the only means of displacing him. Ten years ago, Lombardy, Venice and the Roman States protested in the name of outraged humanity against the misdoings of foreign despotisms, but their whole struggles were sadly quenched in the blood of their sons. On the other hand, the now terminated war, as far as France is concerned, affords an encouraging presage of the recovery of this gifted race from being made the prey of despotic neighbors and of their own intestine feuds. The exploits of Garibaldi's corps, and the chivalrous courage of Victor Emmanuel's army prove that Italians not only know how to fight, but appreciate the value and importance of national unity and independ-

ence. Not only have the most gallant warriors of the recent campaign been Italians, but they have fought avowedly and daringly for Italy, with the true spirit of freemen contending for national deliverance. The dead who have lain down their lives on the Sardinian side, have sanctified by their blood the idea of a liberated, united Italy. It has required many long years of Austrian tyranny to bring them to this pass, but the blood of the martyrs has developed to fruition the germs of liberty; and every lover of his species — every true American — every liberty-loving-land, should send them words of encouragement and of approval; — should declare fervently, nay sternly, that the Italian people were qualified for self-control, and are entitled to entire deliverance from foreign intervention and foreign dominion. We join fervently in the words of Mrs Browning:—

“Let us all  
 In America, or any other land  
 Refreshed once by the fountain—rise and fall  
 Of dreams of this fair south,—who understand  
 A little of the Tuscan musical  
 Vowels do round themselves, as if they plann'd  
 Eternities of separate sweetness,—we  
 Who loved Sorrent's vines in picture-book,  
 Or ere we loved truth's own divinity,—  
 Who loved, in brief, the classic hill and brook,  
 And Ovid's dreaming tales, and Petrarch's song,  
 Or ere we loved Love's self! — why, let us give  
 The blessing of our souls, and wish them strong  
 To bear it to the height where prayers arrive,  
 When faithful spirits pray against a wrong;  
 To this great cause of southern men, who strive  
 In God's name for Man's rights, and shall not fail!”

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It was a saying of Aristotle's, that virtue is necessary to the young, to the aged comfortable, to the poor servicable, to the rich an ornament, to the fortunate an honor; to the unfortunate a support; that she ennobles the slave, and exalts nobility. The first step towards virtue is to abstain from vice. No man has true sound sense, who is immoral.



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### ALICE MANN'S RIDE.

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"Oh! such a nice ride as I shall have," said little Alice Mann, as she stood before the window and watched the bits of scarlet fringing which the autumn was winding among the green branches.

She was a sweet child, with a small ripe mouth and red cheeks, much like some fair child-picture which you may meet in an old gallery of paintings.

"There goes Tom to the stable after Dick; I must be ready, for papa's in such a terrible hurry always; oh! it will be *so* nice," and the little girl clapped her hands in her rapturous monologue, "watching the sunshine as it dimples over the meadows, and the wind as it crows soft and lovingly among the trees; and I will look out for all the posies the frost hasn't stolen, and — oh! dear me, I shan't be ready, and then papa will say 'come, come Alice!' in that quick way I don't love to hear." And the little glad-hearted girl ran off for her bonnet and shawl.

"Here, papa, I am all ready."

What a glad, eager face was that which beamed out from the silk-en lining of its cottage bonnet.

"Ready! ready for what, Alice?" And the gentleman looked down with surprise on the little girl.

"Why, papa, don't you know you said this morning I might go to

Cold Springs with you, and so I just put on my things to be in time." There was a little tremor running through the eager tones, a shadow of doubt or fear dimming the light of the soft clear eyes.

"Goodness! so I did, Alice; but I'd forgotten all about it, and just now I asked Mr. Trumbull and his wife to go down with me; so there won't be room for you. Come, child, don't look so bad about it; you shall go some other time."

Poor little Alice! If her mother, who was lying that day under the brown autumn grass, had been there, it would not have been thus.

Poor little Alice! She tried very hard to choke back the tide of tears that surged up to her eyes and plashed down her cheeks, but she could not do this.

Now, Mr. Mann was by no means a hard-hearted man, and he loved the little daughter his dead wife had bequeathed him better than any body else in the world. Still he could sympathise very little with her child-nature, its affections, its joys and sorrows; and so he attempted to pour a little verbal balsam upon the wound his refusals had given her.

"Come, come, Alice," he said, "be a woman, and don't cry about such a little matter. You shall go with me some other time, and I'll bring you home a present. What shall it be?"

"Please, papa, if you'll let me put a stool in the carriage, it won't take up much room," pleaded the little one, without answering his query.

"Nonsense, Alice; I can't think think of such a thing. Mrs. Trumbull will have a band-box, and a variety of other women's concomitants, I dare say."

"There's the carriage; good bye, Alice; put a brave face on the matter, and dry up those tears before I get back."

And so he left her, as many another father has done before, and surely will do after him.

And Alice went to the window, and laid her little tearful face against the panes, and strained her eyes after the carriage, and then sinking down on the floor, she sobbed as though her heart were breaking.

There was no mother's soft hand to part away the shining curls from the flushed face, and to woo back, with words of kindly sympathy and future promise, the smile to the quivering lips and the light

to the little one's heart ; and so at last, weary with her sobbing, she wrapt her arms under her head and sank to sleep on the floor, and the Great Father who never smiles at our sorrows, sent his angels to comfort her, and they led her into a far country, the dream-land of childhood, where the sunbeams sparkled over green meadows, and the winds whispered among the branches sweeter stories than any she could have heard on her ride.

“I'll take that doll, the one with the pink dress and black curls. It'll just suit Alice, and make up for her disappointment about the ride ;” complaisantly soliloquised Alice's father, as the clerk wound the satin paper around the wax figure.

And Alice *was* happy when her father placed the pretty gift in her hands ; but if her mother had been there she would have had the ride and the doll, too.

Oh ! little children, do you ever thank God for the gentle, loving, thoughtful mother He has given you ?

V. F. T.

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#### LOVE US AT HOME.

Ah, yes ! we can bear the day's burden and heat,  
The dust and rude jostlings we find in the street,  
And censuring whispers that float till they meet  
The ears they were never intended to greet,  
If they love us sincerely at home.

We can bear by the crowd to be hurried along,  
Down trodden, supplanted, and oppressed by the strong ;  
We can bear even lasting and unprovoked wrong,  
If our hearts through it all can chant truly the song,  
Oh ! they love us most dearly at home.

We can bear a wild storm, be it snow, hail or rain ;  
Heavy losses, instead of the long looked for gain ;  
Upbraidings and shadows that creep round our name,  
And threaten its brightness to hide or to stain,  
If they love us sincerely at home.

Oh, love us at home ! For this treasure we plead,  
With all else, this withheld, we are poor, indeed !  
Take all, but leave this, and with voices agreed,  
We will sing with glad hearts, whatever our need,  
“ They still love us—they love us at home.”



## Editor's Table.

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SEATED at our chamber window overlooking the great City of the Plains, we try in vain to concentrate our thoughts, and prepare savory dishes for our table. The whole city is in a tumult of excitement. The streets are thronged with visitors, and the sound of music and rejoicing is heard in all directions. We are celebrating the feast of the ingathering at the State Agricultural Fair. Never before has such a gorgeous display of both natural productions and works of art been made by the people of this State; and it is not strange if an exultant feeling of pride creeps over us as we contemplate the wonderful proofs of the fertility of our soil which are so profusely spread before us. Verily California is the "Land of Promise"—the Eden which has so long been sought. Here on every side are evidences of the progressive intelligence of man,—machinery adapted to his various wants, from the fine and exquisite needlework of "Wheeler & Wilson's" to the great California Clipper that can reap thirty acres of grain in a day,—all speak of the march of mind, the improvement of the human faculties, and come to us as signs of promise of a great and glorious future.

The mind is lost in wonder as we contemplate the changes wrought during the past ten years. Who shall foretell the glory yet to be revealed, or trust his imagination to peer into the dim vista of fifty years hence, if the same improvement mark our course during that period which has marked it during the past ten years? With her golden mountains, her broad fields, and her schools and colleges of learning, surely "VENICE OF THE WEST" will not be deemed an inappropriate title for our adopted land.

Not the least of the benefits derived from these annual exhibitions is the meeting together of old friends, the interchange of sentiment, and the pleasant communion of kindred spirits. Occasionally we see one of the old pioneers<sup>t</sup> who, like some tall pine,

" long  
Has braved, erect, the howling winter strong."

Such an one is Mr. GEORGE C. YOUNT, of Napa, whom we observed gazing about with an air of mingled surprise and pleasure. What strange contrasts must be presented to his mind who has been for twenty-eight years a resident of this country. How, as he gazes about within that spacious and lofty building, must he contrast it with the log cabin he built in the fall of 1836; the first ever built in the State, and which also contained the *first* chimney from which, in California, ascended the blue smoke to heaven. Mr. YOUNT, looks venerable—the snows of sixty-four winters are resting on his head—yet his health is comparatively good, and we hope that he may yet honor and encourage by his presence many more of the exhibitions at our State Agricultural Fairs. Mr. YOUNT belongs to our veteran band of pioneers, and a biographical sketch of his life can be found in the March number of the HESPERIAN.

We recognize but two classes of individuals as pioneers. The first, those whom we designate by the title of the *Veteran Band of Pioneers*;—men who

set out for this country while yet but little was known of it; when the way before them was an untraveled wilderness, and no pathway served to guide them on their course, they led the van of civilization through the deep gorges of the Rocky Mountains and over the sandy plains,—themselves exploring the way, setting up the landmarks, and making the paths which others were to tread in comparative safety. The second, those who are contending against wrong, ignorance, and oppression; who are making discoveries in science and art, and improvements in the moral and physical condition of mankind; who are the advocates of Reform, and the Representatives of Progress; who are making their influence felt for good, and who, in time to come, shall be regarded as benefactors of their race.

Kind reader, know you none of this latter class of Pioneers?—none who are pioneering the way to science, and leading the van of intellectual and moral worth?—none who are pursuing their course 'mid discouragement and poverty, undaunted by the one and undismayed by the other—whose minds reach way beyond the gloom and darkness of the present, to the bright promise of the future? There are many such in California. You may find them exploring the deep caverns of the earth, analyzing the springs and streams, or by the dim gleam of the midnight lamp, searching for knowledge.

We had the pleasure the other evening of listening to a fine poem composed by Mr. Wm. H. RHODES, and by him pronounced before the State Agricultural Society at Sacramento, Sept. 15th. We wish we could give the article entire; but for the present we must content ourself with a short extract, the closing portion of the poem. The theme was

#### CALIFORNIA.

Go with me now, ye California band,  
 And gaze with wonder at your glorious land!  
 Ascend the summit of yon middle chain,  
 Where Mount Diablo rises from the plain,  
 And cast your eyes, with telescopic power,  
 O'er hill and forest, over field and flower;  
 Behold how free the hand of God hath rolled  
 A wave of wealth across your land of gold!  
 The mountains ooze it from their swelling breast,  
 The milk-white quartz displays it in her crest;  
 Each tiny brook that warbles to the sea  
 Harps on its strings a golden melody;  
 Whilst the young waves are cradled on the shore,  
 On spangling pillows stuffed with golden ore.  
 Look northward. See the Sacramento glide  
 Through valleys blooming like a royal bride,  
 And bearing onward to the ocean's shore,  
 A richer freight than ever Arno bore.

See, also, fanned by cool refreshing gales,  
 Fair Petaluma and her sister vales,  
 Whose fields and orchards ornament the plain,  
 And deluge earth with one vast sea of grain.  
 Whilst high above the bursting of the storm,  
 Mount Shasta lifts its heaven-ermined form,  
 And standing sentry o'er the land we love,  
 Points her blest sons to Paradise above!  
 Look southward. Santa Clara smiles afar,  
 As in the fields of heaven a radiant star;  
 Los Angeles is laughing through her vines,  
 Old Monterey sits moody 'midst his pines,  
 Whilst Bernardino's ever vernal down  
 Gleams like an emerald in a monarch's crown.  
 Look eastward. On the plains of San Joaquin,  
 Ten thousand herds in dense array are seen;  
 Afar in grandeur, leaning 'gainst the skies,  
 The cloud-kissed groves of Calaveras rise;  
 Whilst downward, from their dizzy home,  
 The thund'ring waves of Yo-Semite foam.  
 Look westward. Opening on an ocean great,  
 Behold the portals of the Golden Gate!  
 Pillar'd on granite, destined e'er to stand  
 The sleepless guardians of this golden land!  
 With rosy cheeks, fann'd by the fresh sea breeze,  
 The petted child of the Pacific seas.  
 See San Francisco smile! Majestic heir  
 Of all that's brave, or opulent, or fair;  
 Pride of our land, by every wave caress'd,  
 And hail'd by nations, VENICE OF THE WEST!  
 Where, then, is Eden? Ah! why should I tell  
 What every eye and bosom know so well?  
 Why name the land, all other lands have blest,  
 And traced for ages to the distant West?  
 Why seek in vain throughout th' historic page  
 For Eden's Garden and the Golden Age?  
 HERE! BROTHERS, HERE! NO FURTHER LET US ROAM—  
 HERE IS THE GARDEN! EDEN IS OUR HOME!

MODESTY is the crowning grace of woman; and in treating this subject, we are writing to our young lady friends, *alone*; so we will give all you of the sterner sex, leave of absence, while we talk to our young friends a little for their own good. Would that we could gather you all close around us, and taking each by the hand kindly, and warmly as we feel, assure you of the sincere interest we take in your welfare. This is why we venture, at this time, to speak to you

upon a subject of so much delicacy. Almost every time that we have occasion to attend a public gathering, we are pained and mortified to see young ladies whose dresses about the neck are far below the line which decency demands. It seems as if the innate sense of propriety, and the natural delicacy planted in every woman's breast, would be sufficient to guard her from committing any such disgusting and glaring impropriety. Fashion, we know, is exacting as it is arbitrary, but it becomes us to remember that fashions which may do very well for the hollow heartlessness of a French Court, are entirely unsuited to the true-hearted daughters of America. Remember, my dear young friends, that where there is no delicacy, there is no beauty; that where modesty is not, the greatest charm of the female, character is wanting. Be not deceived. There are those who will praise the plumpness of your figure, and the snowy whiteness of your complexion;—they are the human serpents, who would lure you from the Eden of innocence and purity. Their praise is the insidious poison which will destroy all the bright promise of your future. You can no more listen to it and be unharmed, than the bird can meet the eye of the serpent-charmer and escape its jaws. In adopting an immodest style of dress you are untrue to your womanhood and to the instincts of your higher nature. It is not sufficient that you avoid evil: you must also, as true women, avoid the *appearance* of evil. Clothe yourselves in becoming attire, and remember that no jewel or precious stone set around with gold, can at all compare with that crowning jewel of womanhood, native modesty.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—We are disappointed in not seeing more of our editorial brethren at the State Fair. We had hoped to make the personal acquaintance of many who “having not seen we yet know” through the medium of their journals. We have looked for them in vain; and now we have a proposition to make to every one of them. It is simply this: Let the next State Fair see every paper in our State represented. Come, brothers, *every one* of you, bringing a copy of your paper with you. If you can not come yourselves, send a copy to us, and we will see justice done it. Give your best specimens of printing, and let there be a lively, spirited contest for the premium offered on newspaper printing. Get up your specimens as nice as you please, and print them on silk or satin, if you like. Keep to the American colors—red, blue, and white—or take all the colors of the tinted rainbow,—we care not which,—but let *every paper* be represented. Let us have them suspended from the centre of the building; for is not the light and intelligence of the nineteenth century centered in the Press? Let us have them revolving; showing that they represent a progressive principle. We have other items, but have neither time nor space to give them now. We throw out these hints, hoping that they may receive your favorable consideration. It will be a glorious sight to see each paper so represented. Then the friendly contest for the premiums which we have no doubt the Society will make worthy of the contest.

Besides all this, there are numerous advantages to be gained. Friendly relations are established by personal acquaintance. We are encouraged and stimulated by the influence each has upon the other. The interchange of words

quicken the well-spring of thought within us. The miniature world before us presents abundant themes for contemplation and study. We gather information from all parts of the country, and return to our homes feeling that our time has not been *wasted*, and with the pleasurable satisfaction that we have done our duty in contributing our mite to the interest of one of the greatest institutions of our State.

CURIOS.—From our window we see a Chinese kite flying high in the air. From one point of view it presents the appearance of a huge centipede, its head wav- ing to and fro in the air, while its body writhes in all sorts of contortions: from another, it seems like two vast armies engaged in hostile conflict. Away, away up into the blue dome we gaze, watching the contest, until it seems as if the in- habitants of the upper spheres, forgetting their higher duties, had come forth to battle one with another. Verily, the Chinese have brought the art of kite-flying to great perfection.

DAVID C. BRODERICK.—Did we make our table a monthly record of current events, how should we, with our woman hand, venture to present you with the bloody record of the past month? Another of our fellow-mortals has fallen upon the bloody field of miscalled "honor." David C. Broderick is no more: he has gone to his last resting-place. To use the words of a cotemporary: "the people were the mourners, and they marched out in their simple majesty, clothed in civic garbs of sable hue, and their hearts in heavy throbbings beat the fune- ral march to the grave." For a little time our people are loud and fierce in their denunciations and demonstrations of disapprobation. But what does it amount to? They take no steps towards reform; they make no change for the better. With the day's excitement wanes their enthusiasm. So one bloody deed after another is permitted to take place; one victim after another is sacri- ficed; one man after another falls upon the garlanded altar, which is neverthe- less one of sacrifice. They hear the proposed duel talked of; they talk of it themselves; they calculate the chances of this man's shot and that: but no one ventures to interfere. No! their honor—rather, we should say, their want of moral courage—forbids. The law itself is powerless; and soon we are left to mourn, not alone another good man gone, but that low state of public morals which permits such things to be.

HOT WEATHER.—We hope our patrons and friends will extend their kindly in- dulgence to us this month, for Sacramento, where we are spending a portion of our time, and from whence we write, is blessed with (what seems to us) *fearful- ly hot weather*. It is too hot to read or write—so hot that one's thoughts, if they could have any, would be consumed within them. We want nothing to eat but icecreams, and nothing to drink but something good with ice in it. Our brain is dizzy with the excessive glare and heat, and we pant longingly for one whiff of San Francisco's cooling breeze. Nevertheless, the Sacramentans are a kind and hospitable people, and manage to give strangers and friends alike a warm reception.

INCIDENT.—A little girl stood in the window, gazing intently upon some plants there. A disappointed expression rested upon her face, and we inquired what she was looking for. "Oh!" she replied, "mamma said the other day, 'the voice of the flowers,' and I have been watching and looking ever since to find a mouth and a tongue, but I can't find any. How do they talk, then?" Poor child, thy question might trouble a wiser head than thine, and older ones than thou have had their faith shaken because, like thee, they could not see the voice that spake to them. True the flowers have no tongue with which to articulate words, nevertheless their very presence *speaks* of a heavenly father's love.

'Tis a great gift, this power of speaking your thoughts to the world, of touching the sympathetic cords which make human hearts vibrate, thrill and quiver beneath your magic influence; giving forth the very essence of poetry in a tear, and causing the inmost recesses of the soul to vibrate to the music of a sigh.

Oh! ye to whom is given this wondrous power, use it not lightly, but as a gift from God most high. Sweep gently the strings of the great heart-harp, that they give back the answering melody of high resolve, noble deeds, and useful purpose. So shall thy great talent be improved and the world be better for thy living.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS — MANY FRIENDS.—In our next we will give you our views with regard to the Bible in public schools. The reason we have not already done so was because we felt the subject was in abler hands, not as you seem to think, from a want of interest in the matter, nor an unwillingness to define our position in regard to a subject which has created of late so much attention. We intend at all times to be governed by our sense of RIGHT. We shall think, speak, and act independently, at all times and on all occasions, without regard to fear or favor from this party or that; and should the time ever come when we can no longer do so, we shall feel that our mission is ended, and resign our position as one for which we are wholly and entirely unfit.

YOUTH'S FRIEND.—Our children's department we consider the most important feature in our book. It requires more talent and a better understanding of nature and of the human heart to write for children than for grown people. Their minds are more plastic, take impressions more readily, and retain them forever, consequently we employ the ablest writers that we can obtain for that department, and frankly say to you (although we appreciate your kind offer) to write for children you must have *experience*.

KIND.—The editor of the *Tehama Gazette* says, "Mrs. Day is entitled to a place in the temple of Minerva." Now we had just as lief live there as any wheres particularly if we dont have to pay rent in *advance*. But we have "hearn tell" that there never yet was a house big enough for two women to live in together.

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## SKETCHES

OF THE

## EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

MR. ROBERT DUNCAN.

“The death of those distinguished by their station,  
But by their virtue more, awakes the mind  
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe—  
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,  
Left to the toil of life—and yet the best  
Are, by the playful children of this world  
At once forgot, as they had never been.”

To save from such forgetfulness, and rescue, as far as may be, from oblivion, the names and deeds of those who were the first to settle on the fertile shores of the Pacific, has been our chief aim in presenting you, from time to time, with those sketches. Could you, with us, inspect the ranks of that veteran band, and see how many places there are vacant, and realize how many have “fallen asleep,” bearing with them the information on certain subjects connected with the early settlement of this country which they alone possessed, you would realize, with us, that the work of the historian has been too long delayed, and consequently much valuable and interesting information has been forever lost.

Mr. ROBERT DUNCAN, though not one of the earliest settlers of the country, we yet consider entitled to a place among those who came before the discovery of gold. He has “fallen asleep,” and

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. F. H. Day, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

we find it difficult to gather more concerning him than, that he "lived and died."

He was born in Blair Gowrie, Perthshire, Scotland, in the year 1809. Leaving Scotland in 1842, he emigrated to New Zealand, and after a short space of time removed to California, where he arrived with his family — a wife and four children — in the summer of 1846. He was by trade a house-carpenter; and after his arrival in California, followed his business industriously up to the time of the discovery of gold — when he, with his little son, started for the mines, where he spent nine months, meeting with such good success that he returned to San Francisco with sufficient gold to satisfy his needs at the time, and make such improvements on the property he already possessed as he deemed advisable. Some time after he removed to Santa Clara, where, in 1857, he released his hold on earthly objects, and passed on to another and higher state of existence.

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D R. R O B E R T S E M P L E.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

ROBERT SEMPLE was the third son of John W. Semple, and was born Feb. 3rd, 1806, at a place called Mount Radiance — the family seat — in Cumberland County, Kentucky. John Semple, the grandfather of ROBERT, emigrated from Blackburn, in Scotland, to Virginia, about the year 1755, and married Elizabeth Walker. John Walker Semple, the eldest son, was born in King Wm. County, the 18th of Nov., 1761. He was elected a member of the Virginia Legislature about the year 1776. Married Lucy Robertson on the 23rd of March, 1797, and the same year removed to Lexington, Ky. He afterwards moved to Green County, thence to Cumberland; both of which counties he represented in the Legislature. ROBERT, his third son, was placed in the office of the *Western Argus*, at Frankfort, Ky., where he learned the printer's trade. He also studied dentistry. On the 18th of Nov., 1828, he married Miss S. C. Parish, by whom he had one son, (John Walker) born Sept 17th, 1830. John came to California in '49, and died Feb. 21st, '50.

Being of an adventurous disposition, Mr. SEMPLE traveled all over the United States. There was not a State that he did not visit.



Most of the time he was at work at dentistry, but he sometimes published a newspaper. In 1845 he met Mr. Hastings, in St. Louis, and concluded to cross the Plains with him, to California.

Dr. SEMPLE had designed to write a history concerning the early times in California; but the following brief outline which was found among his papers, after his death, is all that he has left upon the subject.

“I arrived in Sacramento Valley on the 22nd of December, 1845. Took an interest and made a crop on the farm at the foot of the mountains, then claimed by Wm. Johnson and S. Keyser.

“During the winter of '45-6, Gen. José Castro, then at the head of the military, issued several proclamations, the character of which was said to be, that all foreigners who were not naturalized citizens of Mexico, should leave the country. The people continued quiet, under the impression that there would never be sufficient unanimity in the Government to enforce such an order. Don Pio Pico was then the acting Governor, but had received his office by revolution, when Micheltoreno, who had been commissioned by the Supreme Government, was thrown out.

“Although the country seemed to be entirely quiet, yet there was a deep laid scheme going on through a certain Irish priest, who was generally supposed to have been an agent of Great Britain, to get possession of the territory of California. His plan was to get possession of all the unoccupied land from the Ciudad de Los Angeles to the Bay of San Francisco, for the purpose of settling thereon five thousand Catholics, to be brought from Scotland and other portions of Great Britain, avowedly to secure the country against the ‘rapacious Americanos,’ who, he said, were like ‘hungry wolves, swarming in and would abrogate their sweet religion.’ This scheme was broken up by a timely move on the part of the few Americans who were in the country at the time, under *promise* of assistance from Lt. Col. Fremont, who was then in the Sacramento Valley on an exploring expedition, with sixty men.

“Although a proclamation was read at Sonoma, ordering the Americans to leave the country forthwith, without arms, yet they seemed to pay little attention to it, and would probably have forgotten it in a few months, but Gen. Castro had resolved on another revolution, and commenced making preparations, but being unwill-

ing to apprise the Government of his design, attempted to cloak it under a crusade against the American settlers.

“About the 1st of June, 1846, Gen. Castro crossed the Bay of San Francisco and collected from the Mission of San Rafael and Gen. Vallejo’s ranch, about two hundred head of horses, and there being no means of crossing at the Straits of Carquines, he sent a Lt., Francisco de Arce, with the horses, to cross the Sacramento and San Joaquin. On his way he fell in with a Mr. Knights, an American who had married a Mexican woman, and was a naturalized citizen of California. Feeling safe in it, he imparted to Knights what he thought to be the designs of Gen. Castro; which was first to drive off all the Americans and Col. Fremont, and then to build a fort at the foot of the mountains to prevent further emigration from the United States. This news was carried to Col. Fremont’s camp in a few hours, and before daylight next morning the scattered *Yankees* for one hundred miles up and down the valley, armed and collected at Fremont’s camp — then at the Buttes, between the Feather River and the Sacramento — under the impression that the first attack would be made on him, and thus effectually weaken the Americans.

“This news was deemed sufficient to justify Col. Fremont in whatever steps he might choose to take, and therefore, a proposition was made to him to strike the first blow, which he declined, but said, ‘that if the settlers thought proper to do so, that Castro should not hurt them unless he hurt him also;’ upon which twelve of the rancheros mounted their horses in full chase for the Lieutenant and his party with Castro’s war horses, being the 9th of June. They traveled that day and night about sixty miles, and at daylight on the morning of the 10th, surprised ‘Lt. Franks’ in his camp, took eighteen prisoners and about two hundred horses. After some consultation the prisoners were released, with their arms and a choice horse each, with a message to Castro, that if he would come for the horses himself, *with force sufficient*, he might find them near the American Forks.

“The party reached Fremont’s camp the next morning, and remained until the morning of the 12th, when, with some recruits, they marched for the fortified town of Sonoma — then under command of Gen. Vallejo — a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles.

By traveling two nights they were enabled to reach Sonoma about daylight on the 14th. The General had no intimation of a move on the part of the Americans, and was, therefore, totally unprepared to receive them, and no alternative was left but to become a prisoner, without being able to offer the slightest resistance.

“The party at the taking of Sonoma, consisted of thirty three men. So far, they had neglected the important duty of making officers, and were following a pilot, (Mr. Merrick.) Seeing the great necessity for some sort of organization, the party were called together in Cuartel, when Wm. B. Ide was called to the chair, and R. SEMPLE appointed Secretary. Dr. SEMPLE explained the object of the meeting in an animated speech, in which he spoke at length of the necessity of organizing and acting together with an eye single to the advancement of the cause of independence. He urged the necessity of respecting private property, and proper and respectful treatment of the prisoners, their families, and the people of the country. But before any business could be done, one of the guard notified the meeting that vaqueros and others were dispatched in different directions and were supposed to be messengers. A guard of twenty men were left to keep possession of Sonoma, while the remainder prepared to conduct the prisoners, Gen. M. J. Vallejo, Capt. Salvador Vallejo, Col. Victor Prudon and J. P. Leese, to the Sacramento — then their head quarters.

“I cannot refrain from making a few remarks in this place, respecting the conduct of the successful party. The party was made of men from the four quarters of the earth, and of every variety of occupation, and had been so much scattered over the country, that but few were acquainted with each other; having succeeded in two important efforts without resistance, without officers, and many of them had scarcely any definite plan or object; yet, be it said to their great credit, that they touched no private property, except horses to ride and beef to sustain life, and for many days lived alone on broiled beef, without bread, and in many cases without salt. All possible respect was paid to the families who remained at Sonoma; a degree of moderation was practised by the ‘Bear Party’ which has never been experienced by any other people under similar circumstances.”

After the taking of Sonoma, the party hoisted a flag made of

about two yards of common white cotton cloth ; a stripe about four inches wide was stained red with poke berries ; under that was written in black letters, 'THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS,' and in the center was painted a grizzly bear, with a single star in front of him. From this flag, the party received the cognomen of the 'Bear Party,' the appellation by which they have ever since been known.

While the war was still going on, Dr. SEMPLE established the '*Californian*,' the first newspaper ever published in California. He commenced working at it in July, '49. Com. Stockton gave him the press ; it was an old concern taken by the Commodore from the Mexicans. The types were all in *one heap*, and as dirty and as rusty as they could well get. As there was no W in the Spanish alphabet, he had to get along as best he could without that important letter. Two Vs were sometimes used and sometimes two Us.

In May, 1847, Dr. SEMPLE laid off the City of Benicia, and soon after, T. O. Larkin became interested with him.

On the 28th of Nov., 1847, he married Miss Francis A. Cooper, and on the 22nd of Nov., his daughter, Mary Benicia Semple, was born. Mary is now living with her mother, sixteen miles west of Colusa.

When Gov. Riley issued his proclamation for a Convention, he was elected a delegate from the Sonoma District. He was elected President of the Convention.

He died on the 25th of October, 1854, from internal hurts received some time previous, by the falling of a house.

Dr. S. was six feet eight inches high, and there are many anecdotes arising from this. He was in —, at a 'big meeting' once, when the excitement ran high, and everybody (as they will do,) jumped up on the benches ; the preacher ordered them to get off the benches, which they all did, as the preacher thought, but *one man*. He again said, 'the gentlemen will please get down off the benches ;' still the *one man* would not 'get down.' At length he got vexed and exclaimed, pointing to the Dr. : 'the gentleman will please get down off the bench.' Everybody in the house was looking at the Dr., who had to do something in self-defence, so he stepped upon the bench and walked the whole length of it to the isle, and out of the door. This was a damper to the preacher, and after preaching he made ample apology.

## LENT'S SUMAC.

BY DR. JOHN A. VEATCH.

THIS elegant and interesting little tree is an inhabitant of Cerros, or Cedros, an island off the coast of the peninsula of California. It attains an elevation of twelve or fifteen feet, when full grown, with an upright trunk of exceedingly hard, compact, fine-grained wood, nearly as heavy as *lignum vitæ*. The branches, much distorted and subdivided, expand in a horizontal direction from near the summit, and the numerous twigs bear a profusion of leaves, of a yellowish green color in the old, but of a brighter green in the young trees. When in the bloom the numerous panicles of red flowers peep from every part of the tangled mass of leaves and twigs, and are succeeded by a crop of flattened berry-like seeds, even more attractive than the flowers. These seeds are covered with red glandular hairs that exude a spumaceous acid secretion, covering and enveloping each seed in a mass of white foam. The red hairs faintly seen through the snow-like covering, produce a gentle roseate blush of extreme delicacy and beauty. A friend compared them to ripe cherries enveloped in light snow-flakes.

The property of the frothy exudation is the most striking peculiarity of the tree. It is an intense acid, slightly aromatic, and imparts to water an agreeable sourness, equal to that of the lime. One or two seeds are sufficient for a pleasant glass of lemonade. I found it peculiarly refreshing as a beverage; it was used freely by myself and some others of my party during our sojourn on the island in the months of June, July and August last past. We observed no unpleasant effects from its use to form a drawback to its agreeable and attractive qualities.

The soil in which it grew was seemingly of the poorest imaginable description, consisting of coarse sand, gravel and clay, with scarcely a trace of vegetable matter. It grew mostly where the dry beds of mountain ravines widened into valley-like expansions as they approached the sea shore. Water could only reach the roots during the scanty rains occurring at distant periods, yet the tree presented almost uniformly a healthy and fresh look. It is to be hoped that it may flourish equally well on our own dry soils.

The fruit had just commenced to ripen when we landed on the

island, about the 10th of June, but did not fall from the trees for near two months afterwards.

The quantity of fruit produced by a single tree would probably yield from two to five gallons of acid. As the fruit ripens the foam concentrates into large drops, hanging pendant from the lower side, and the fall of an acid shower is produced by the slightest shaking of the branches.

To collect the acid we gathered the fruit before the spumaceous character of the exudation had disappeared. Placed in a vessel and gently stirred, the liquid acid was obtained in surprising quantity.

The tree is probably an evergreen, as are several of its congeners. It is well worthy of cultivation for its beauty alone, independent of its economic value. I am happy to state that the seeds have been placed in the hands of parties who can fully appreciate their value.

This *Rhus* has been named after Mr. Wm. M. Lent, of this City, to whose liberality and kindness I am much indebted, and by whose kind aid I was enabled to make an interesting collection of numerous objects of natural history. The engraving represents with remarkable accuracy the leaves and flowers, as well as the fruit when divested of its covering, which, to delineate accurately, would require a recent specimen. The artist should have before him the branch undetached from the tree.

TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION.—*Rhus Lentii*—KELLOGG.

Stem stoutly branched, leafy, the younger branches somewhat angled.

Leaves ovate, or subacute, (1 to 1½ inches long,) alternate, petioles about ½ to ¾ of an inch in length; quite entire, margins rounded corneous; veins imbedded in the thick coriaceous lamina. Leaves pale dull velvety glaucous hue, and minutely short pubescent above; densely white hoary villous beneath.

Flowers in terminal open compound panicles, peduncles and pedicels ½ to ¾ inch long, hoary, short hirsute; calyx segments 5, ovate, sub-acute, both surfaces hirsute, thick carinated, margins thinner, translucent, very villous. Petals 5, ovate, both surfaces short hoary hirsute—hairs longer towards the inner base of the short claw. Stamens 5 glabrous, inserted into the conspicuous crenated torus, or smooth, fleshy disk. Style 1, hirsute, stigma 3-parted, subcapitate, about equal. Fruit large, (about 1½ inches in breadth,) rhomboid, compressed, the drupe somewhat densely clothed with red acid hairs.

This species closely resembles *R. laurina* of Santa Barbara and its vicinity. Our specimens from that locality, however, have dentate varnished leaves, with very prominent veins, and of a different form—also crowded *axillary* and terminal panicles; flowers in *R. Lentii* larger, 3 or 4 times the size. Calyx bright

scarlet, quite ornamental; petals of a lighter tinge, about twice the length of the calyx. Flowers perfect.

This species of *Rhus* would be considered by some authors as a *Malosma*, or more properly *Lithraea* of Miers, an original Chilian genus.

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A WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA.

*Addressed to S\*\*\*\* H\*\*\*\**

BY CAXTON.

We bid you welcome, lady,  
 To our country's healthful shores,  
 To her hills of golden granite,  
 And her flower-enamel'd floors;  
 To her streams, whose waves flow amber.  
 As they sparkle to the sea;  
 Where the heart is always open,  
 And the hand is ever free!

Thrice welcome to our country,  
 The pride of all the earth!  
 No matter where the stranger  
 Claims the land that gave him birth;  
 Italian skies are ours,  
 And ours an Adrian Sea;  
 Here the heart is always open,  
 And the hand is ever free!

We welcome, here, the beautiful,  
 The manly and the brave;  
 No despot binds the freeman  
 In the fetters of a slave;  
 God is our only sovereign,  
 And our law is Liberty;  
 Here the heart is always open,  
 And the hand is ever free!

Oh! welcome be the exiled,  
 The sorrowing and poor!  
 The homeless here find refuge,  
 The sad an open door;  
 The orphan meets a parent,  
 And the soul-sick hither flee,  
 For the heart is always open,  
 And the hand is ever free!

## SOME NOTES ON THE RESOURCES, POPULATION AND INDUSTRY, OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

IN the same manner as during the last half century a great empire unsurpassedly rich in all the elements of civilization has been built up on the shores of the northern lakes of the American Union, so during the present half century will a similar empire be built up on the shores of Puget Sound. The seat of this new empire is but little known; and I propose now to contribute a little to the scanty common stock of knowledge in regard to its resources and present condition and prospects.\*

Washington Territory, as now legally constituted, has a shape somewhat like an L, one arm running westward to the Pacific, and the other southward to Utah; with Oregon in the corner between them. The northern boundary of Washington is the 49th parallel; the eastern the summit of the Rocky Mountains; the southern, Oregon and Utah; the western, Oregon and the Pacific. It is my purpose, however, to speak only of that part of the territory west of the Cascade Mountains, which run through it from north to south, about 125 miles from the coast, dividing it into two parts, very different from each other in soil, climate, vegetation, present condition, and future prospects. The Cascade Mountains cut off the rains of the coast from reaching the eastern division, which has a dry climate, few streams, very little timber, and a soil only a very small portion of which is fit for tillage; while the western division has a very wet climate, numerous water-courses, and a good soil, covered by a thick growth of very large trees, and a dense undergrowth of bushes, briars, and ferns.

Near the coast of the Pacific is a range of mountains, much broken, which may be considered portions of the coast range, that follows the sea coast from Santa Barbara, California, to the Straits of Fuca. Between the coast range and the Cascades, in Washington

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\* The material of the following article was collected during a visit to Washington Territory in August, 1858, and part of it was published about that time in letters addressed to the Daily Alta California and the New York Tribune. Such of it as may now appear in type for the second time is therefore not plagiarized.—J. S. H.



Territory, is a plain, varying in height from 200 to 800 feet above the level of the sea, from twenty to forty miles wide, and extending from the Columbia River to the 49th parallel. It is drained for a distance of thirty miles from the Columbia by its tributary, the Cowlitz; north of that, all the water flows into Puget Sound, save so much as is taken by the Chehalis River, which rises near the middle of the plain and runs west, in latitude  $47^{\circ}$ , to the Pacific, breaking through the coast mountains, and forming at its mouth a considerable bay, known as Gray's Harbor.

The most striking and important topographical feature of the territory is Puget Sound, which runs along the central line of the western division of the Territory, seventy-five miles southward from the Straits of Fuca, in latitude  $48^{\circ}$ , its length, however, being over a hundred miles if we follow its bends. Near the mouth of the sound an arm, known as Hood's Canal, breaks off and runs southwestward a distance of forty miles, then turns and runs eastward fifteen miles, to within two miles of one of the arms of Puget Sound. The lower part of what is now called "Puget Sound," in common usage is put down on the maps as "Admiralty Inlet;" but that name is never used in the country. Puget Sound is from one to three miles wide; Hood's Canal is from one to two miles wide, and both throughout their entire length have from forty feet to five hundred of depth. These great natural canals are full of deep, secure harbors, and not less than fifty could be found to accommodate the Leviathan, which can find only half a dozen harbors on our Atlantic coast and in Europe. It was of these Sounds that Commodore Wilkes, after having made a careful examination by order of the United States Government, and of whom we may presume, from his official position, that he spoke upon abundant information, and with regard to truth, wrote in the official report thus:—

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of these waters and their safety; not a shoal exists within the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Admiralty Inlet, Puget Sound, or Hood's Canal, that can in any way interrupt the navigation of a 74-gun ship. I venture nothing in saying there is no country in the world that possesses waters equal to these."

From the mouth of Puget Sound westward to the ocean is sixty miles by the Strait of Fuca, which is twelve miles wide. Northward from the mouth of the sound, extending nearly to latitude  $49^{\circ}$ , is an

archipelago, containing about fifty islands, the largest—Whidbey's Island—being thirty miles long by three wide. San Juan Island, about which so much has been said of late, is about twelve miles long by six wide—to speak in general terms—and has much good land.

The Columbia, the main river of Washington, serving as a southern boundary for that part of the territory west of the Cascades, empties into the Pacific in latitude  $46^{\circ} 14'$  north, after a course of nearly 2000 miles, more than 500 of which may be said to be navigable for steamboats; but not more than 175 miles of the river belong to that portion of Washington Territory west of the Cascade Mountains. The entrance is five miles wide, and continues to be of the same general width for a distance of eighteen miles from the ocean. This portion of the river is called Columbia Bay. Dense fogs prevail along the coast, particularly in the winter months, and interfere greatly with the commerce of the river.

The banks of the bay and of the river, for a distance of fifty miles from the ocean, are steep hills, rising from 300 to 600 feet high, coming to the water's edge, and covered with a dense growth of coniferous trees, mostly spruce within eighteen miles of the coast, and fir further inland. Probably none of the eminences seen from the river below the Willamette are more than 800 or 1000 feet high, except a few far distant snow peaks, and the ridges at their bases. Here and there are islands; some high and covered with timber; others low banks of sand, either bare or covered with rushes or brushes. The character of the scenery on the river is beautiful and picturesque throughout, but is not grand or sublime, except in the sight of the heaven-piercing and eternal snows of Mounts Hood, St. Helens, \*Rainier and Jefferson. The general width of the river is about a mile, sometimes widening to two miles, and occasionally contracting to less than half a mile. There are few great crooks in its course, but many little ones, so that the scenery changes every few minutes in navigating it. The constant features of the landscape are the hills, covered with evergreens, with the green undergrowth coming to the water's edge, now and then with a perpendicular pile of rock visible on the hill-side, occasional willows on the islands, and numerous "balm of Gilead" trees, (a species of cot-

\* Now written Rainier, but formerly spelled Regnier.

tonwood,) on the lowlands, which commence to show themselves forty or fifty miles from the ocean. Add to these a river of rich deep green water, a clear blue sky, numerous houses and several towns scattered along the bank, and a few steamboats, sailing vessels and canoes, and you have the element of some extremely pleasing scenery. If the fir and spruce of the Columbia were changed to the oak and maple, ash and hickory, which cover the richer hills of the Mississippi valley, the traveller would find much similarity between the scenery here and that of the Ohio, the *belle riviere* of what used to be "The West." The Columbia is indeed a most beautiful stream, and he who has not seen it does not know the glories of our Pacific coast.

The western division of Washington Territory has a very wet climate and receives an immense quantity of rain, which collects in numerous streams, most of which are large and rapid, but they are not well suited for navigation. The Cowlitz, the largest river rising west of the Cascades, has its head about 60 miles north of the Columbia in the snows of St. Helens, flows westward about 40 miles, and then turning south runs 30 miles to the Columbia, falling 517 feet in those 30 miles — a fall of 16 feet per mile. The Indians descend from the bend to the mouth of the river in two hours and a half—going 12 miles an hour with the help of paddling—but it costs them about a day and a half to get back again against the current. It is said that a steamer could run up the Cowlitz, but I think the navigation would not be profitable.

Next in size to the Cowlitz is the Chehalis or Gehalis\* (pronounced Ge-hay'lis) River, which empties into Gray's Harbor, in latitude 47°.

The Chehalis, at low water, has about sixty yards wide of water, three feet deep, running six miles an hour. It has a peculiar character in having a sluggish current interrupted by a number of short rapids. But for these rapids it would be well fitted for steamboat navigation, and perhaps may be used for that purpose, in despite of them. The land on the Chehalis is rich, and more settlers are now seeking homes in its valley for farming purposes than in any other portion of the territory.

\* Improperly called Chickeeles, by Wilkes. The source of his mistake is not known in the territory.

Although the Chehalis, with its tributaries come from the Cascades to the ocean, there is little except the map to indicate to the traveler, going from the Columbia to Puget Sound, that he is crossing the valley of a considerable stream. The river and its branches, where I saw them, flow in a high plain near the surface, with no high "divides" to separate their valleys from the slopes of the Columbia and Puget Sound.

The other noteworthy rivers are the Skaget, (Skadj'et) the Stocluckwamish, (Sto-luck-waw'mish) the Snohomish, the Dwamish, (Dwaw'mish) the Puyallup, (Poo-yal'up) the Nisqually, (Nis-quaw'ly) the Deschutes, (Des-shoot) and the Skokomish, all of which empty into Puget Sound, save the last, which flows into Hood's Canal. The Deschutes is the smallest, but industrially it is the most important, having its mouth at Olympia, the Capital of the territory, near which it is broken by Falls, and supplies the most valuable though not the largest water-power on the Pacific coast.

The ordinary height of the Cascade Mountains in Washington Territory, is 5,000 feet, or one mile, the ridge being very little below the snow limit. In the range, however, there are four peaks of volcanic origin, all covered with eternal snow. They are Mounts Baker, Rainier, St Helens and Adams. Wilkes says Rainier is 12,330 feet high, and St. Helens 9,550. Blodget, in his Climatology, says St. Helens is 12,800 feet high, and Baker 11,900. Mount Adams does not exceed 9,000 feet in height. All rise abruptly and solitary from the mass of lower mountains. These conical snow peaks, in their lonely grandeur, give a peculiar beauty and magnificence to the landscape. No description, no painting can do justice to the beauty of the scenery at sundown, when the sky is full of splendid clouds, tinted with some of the most beautiful colors of the rainbow, when the fir-covered mountains possess all the most delicate shades of blue and purple, and above them are seen the sun-tinged snows, which burn against the heavens like illuminated celestial palaces.

In July, '59, Dr. Craig and Lieut. Kautz, of Fort Steilacoom, ascended Mt. Rainier, in company with some soldiers from the garrison. The summit of the mountain is distant sixty miles from the Fort, in a direct line, and a hundred by the trails. They were absent just two weeks on the expedition. The mountain has three peaks in a line with one another, those outside being about two

miles apart. The party succeeded in reaching the top of one peak, but it was not the highest one.

They found the travelling very difficult, and the air very cold; and they suffered accordingly. Dr. Craig lost 20 pounds of flesh, and Lieut. Kautz 14; proof that they had exerted themselves greatly. They made the ascent on the southern side of the mountain, following up the main stream of Nisqually river, which comes out of a great glacier. This glacier is a mile wide and four or five long, probably half a mile deep, and lies in a ravine, the sides of which have been thrown up in great furrows by the gradual slipping down of the immense sea of frozen snow and ice. Lieut. K. confessed that when he saw the evidences of downward motion, its causes did not appear at all clear to him, notwithstanding his acquaintance with the glacial theory. The medial line of the glacier was about 100 feet higher than its sides.

Mts. Baker and St. Helens are both active volcanoes; the former smokes considerably, and occasionally shows a red light at night; St. Helens smokes a very little, the smoke in the daytime resembling a thin column of white steam.

There has been no eruption of Mount St. Helens since 1842, at which time it covered the country with ashes to the Dalles, distant 100 miles. Great streams of hardened lava are found in various places near Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams, and probably also near the other sister volcanic peaks.

Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Baker are the only active volcanoes in the American soil, unless Mt. Shasta, which sometimes smokes a little, but not enough for the smoke to be seen from the foot of the mountain, be added to them. Mts. Hood, Rainier, Jefferson and Adams, were, undoubtedly, volcanoes once, but they are now extinct. In a paper contributed by George Gibbs to the documents relating to the survey for a Northern Pacific Railroad, he says the Indians have a characteristic tale respecting Mts. Hood and St. Helens, that they were formerly man and wife, but they quarrelled, and threw fire at each other, and that St. Helens was the victor, since when, Mt. Hood has been afraid, while St. Helens, having a stout heart, still burns.

Washington Territory, as well as the other portions of our Pacific coast, has a mildness and equability of climate unknown in like

latitudes on the Atlantic side of the continent. Steilacoom has a summer cooler than that of Quebec, and a winter as warm as that of Norfolk; and while its average temperature for the year is about the same as that of New York, which is six degrees farther south, it has neither the bitter frost nor the burning heat of the latter place. The following figures take us at once into the middle of the subject, showing the average temperatures of each of the four seasons and of the entire year, in Steilacoom, New York, Norfolk and Quebec, and also the latitude of each place:

|                   | Spring. | Summer. | Autumn. | Winter. | Year. | Lat. |
|-------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|-------|------|
| Steilacoom,.....  | 49      | 62      | 51      | 39      | 50    | 47   |
| New York,.....    | 48      | 72      | 54      | 31      | 51    | 40   |
| Norfolk, Va. .... | 56      | 76      | 61      | 40      | 59    | 37   |
| Quebec, .....     | 40      | 69      | 45      | 12      | 41    | 46   |

Here we see that New York is 10 degrees warmer in summer, and 8 degrees colder in winter than Steilacoom; while Norfolk is 14 degrees warmer in summer, and only one degree warmer in winter; and Quebec is 7 degrees warmer in summer, and 27 colder in winter. The mornings, evenings, and nights of summer are always cool in Washington Territory, and the days are seldom uncomfortably hot. In winter, severe colds are rare. Ice has been formed five inches thick, on still fresh water near Steilacoom, but this has been a rarity. Puget Sound is never frozen over. Snow falls almost every winter to a depth of fifteen inches, but it usually disappears within a week, because the ground is seldom frozen, and the thermometer does not stay long below the thawing point.

The temperature of Steilacoom bears a great resemblance to that of London, as appears from the following table:—

|                   | January,.... | February,... | March, .... | April, ..... | May, ..... | June,..... | July,..... | August, ... | September, | October, ... | November, | December, | Year,..... |
|-------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|--------------|------------|------------|------------|-------------|------------|--------------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| Steilacoom, ..... | 38           | 40           | 42          | 48           | 55         | 60         | 64         | 63          | 57         | 52           | 45        | 39        | 50         |
| London, .....     | 37           | 40           | 42          | 46           | 53         | 58         | 62         | 62          | 57         | 00           | 44        | 40        | 49         |

The climate of the Territory is a very wet one; the amount of rain being nearly twenty-five per cent. greater than that of New York, and one hundred and twenty per cent. greater than that of San Francisco. The following figures show the fall of rain in inch-

es for each season and for the whole year, at New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco, as compared with Steilacoom:—

|                      | Spring. | Summer. | Autumn. | Winter. | Year. |
|----------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|-------|
| Steilacoom, .....    | 11      | 3       | 15      | 22      | 53    |
| San Francisco, ..... | 8       | 0       | 2       | 11      | 22    |
| New York, .....      | 11      | 11      | 9       | 10      | 43    |
| St. Louis, .....     | 12      | 14      | 8       | 6       | 41    |

Thus it appears that there is only one third as much rain at Steilacoom as at New York during the summer, twice as much during the winter, and 25 per cent. more in the entire course of the year.

The fall of rain immediately on the coast of the Pacific, at the mouth of the Columbia, and at Shoalwater Bay, is still greater by 50 per cent., than at Steilacoom, amounting to eighty-six inches in a year.

These remarks about the climate of the Territory are intended to apply only to its western division. East of the Cascade Mountains the climate is entirely different, being warmer in summer, colder in winter, and much drier all the time.

The greater portion of the soil of the Territory is poor. In the western division, there are, in round numbers, about 500 townships (each six miles square) of land, of which only ten townships, or 230,000 acres, are prairie land. There may be ninety townships of alder and vine maple land, the very richest soil, but needing to be cleared. The other 400 townships are covered with dense fir forests, which could not be cleared now for sixty dollars an acre, and which, if cleared, would not offer a good soil to the cultivator. The largest body of rich soil is in the vicinity of Seattle, but it is covered with heavy timber, and exposed to the depredations of hostile Indians. There is also a considerable amount of good land in the valleys of the Chchalis, the Cowlitz, Skokomish, and in the bottoms of all the streams east of Puget Sound. Near Olympia are extensive beds of muck, very valuable for manure.

The chief tree of the Territory is the yellow fir, which grows to be 275 feet high and six feet through, and is found in great abundance. It is the chief supply of the saw-mills. Its wood is strong and durable, but not fine grained, and the lumber made from it is only used for rough purposes. It is good for ship building, except that in bending, it is liable to break. The red fir is abundant, and is usually larger than the common run of the yellow fir; but it is not

of much value, because of the extreme roughness of its grain. White fir is abundant, and of little value. Spruce abounds near the coast. Its wood is not so good as that of the yellow fir. Red cedar of a large size is found on the river bottoms, and it is the chief material used in finishing houses in the Territory. Near the mouth of Puget Sound good white pine is found. Yellow fir lumber is worth \$15 per thousand in Olympia; clear cedar, \$25; white pine, \$30. Alder is a common tree, and grows on moist, rich soil; and the "alder land" is reckoned to be the best in the Territory. The vine maple is a peculiar tree or bush—which, it is hard to determine. It is a species of maple that grows about twenty feet high, with stems and boughs that intertwine with each other like vines. Oak is rare; the tree grows neither large, tall, nor straight; but its wood is very tough. Ash is found along the streams, and cottonwood or "Balm of Gilead," as it is called, is abundant in the bottoms of the Cowlitz, and the Columbia above the mouth of the Cowlitz. Fern and sorrel abound, and are two great obstacles in the way of the farmers, who are unable with their system of management to kill them out. The other plants of the territory are of not much importance to the farmer or mechanic, though they may be of interest to the botanist.

Washington Territory is far richer in harbors than any other country of equal size in the world. Besides Puget Sound and Hood's Canal, which are almost continuous harbors, with a length, including their various arms, of about 250 miles, there are excellent harbors in Bellingham Bay and at Semiahmoo in the Gulf of Georgia; along the shore of the Strait of Fuca are Port Discovery, Squin Bay, False Dungeness and Neah Bay; on the shore of the Pacific is Gray's Harbor, a large bay in latitude 47°, and twelve miles further south is Shoalwater Bay, another large bay, which was once the mouth of the Columbia, from which its southern point is now only three miles distant. These two bays will both prove valuable to commerce and to the oyster trade. Just inside of the entrance of the Columbia, on the north side, is Baker's Bay, beyond which there is no safe anchorage near the Washington side until we reach the narrow part of the river some twenty-five miles farther up.

Wagon roads are rare in the Territory. The chief roads are those from Olympia through Steilacoom to Seattle; from Olympia to the bend of the Cowlitz; from Olympia along the Chehalis River



to Gray's Harbor; and from Steilacoom through the Nahchess Pass to the Walla Walla. There are three passes in the Cascades: the Nahchess, Snoqualmie, and the Cowlitz Passes. The two last are crossed only by pack-trails, and the wagon-road opened through the first is very rarely used. There is no mail or regular communication across the mountains by either pass. All of them are about 5000 feet high, and supposed to be impassable in winter on account of the snows.

A steamer runs from Olympia to San Francisco with the mails twice a month. There is a small steamer, perhaps several, on Puget Sound, engaged in the local trade. There is a small steamer in Gray's Harbor and the Chehalis River, which it ascends a short distance. On the Columbia River there are a number of steamers.

There are about 5000 Americans and probably 10,000 Indians in the western part of Washington Territory. The bulk of both the white and red population is on the shores of Puget Sound. The chief towns are Olympia, the capital, at the head of Puget Sound; Steilacoom, about 30 miles down the Sound on the eastern bank; Seattle, about 40 miles further down on the same side; Port Townsend, at the mouth of the Sound on the west bank; Chehalis City, on Gray's Harbor, and Vancouver, on the Columbia, 120 miles from its mouth. Olympia casts about 150 votes, Vancouver 125, Steilacoom 75, Seattle 40, and Port Townsend 30. Whatcom, on Belingham Bay, and San Juan, on San Juan Island, are small places of mushroom growth; the first has relapsed into its original insignificance, and the latter will probably soon follow it. The settlers not dwelling in towns are mostly on the banks of Puget Sound and Hood's Canal, the road from Olympia to the bend of the Cowlitz River, the Cowlitz River, the Chehalis River, and Shoalwater Bay. The farmers and settlers in the southern part of the Territory are mostly Missourians and other western men who crossed the continent, while the lumbermen and people along Puget Sound are Yankees who came by water. The Indians are a peaceable people, who can never be dangerous in war or valuable in peace. They are destined to a speedy extinction. They are already poisoned by rum and disease, which seem manifestly destined to clear away all the uncivilized races from the face of the earth, so as to make room for those men who can and will work.

Washington Territory is not fitted to excel as an agricultural country; it may produce enough to feed its own population, but not much more. The climate is too cold for maize, peaches, melons, tomatoes, strawberries and grapes: but wheat, potatoes, cabbages, apples, plums and gooseberries, thrive in its soil. Next to farming, and perhaps even more important as branches of occupation and sources of wealth for the people of Washington, are lumbering and fishing, for both which the Territory has peculiar advantages.

Since 1850 the chief occupation of the American settlers on Puget Sound, and their main source of wealth, has been lumbering, and so it will continue to be for many years. The following is a list of the saw-mills now on the shores of the Sound, with the amount of lumber in feet which they can saw per day:—

|                                      |        |                                  |         |
|--------------------------------------|--------|----------------------------------|---------|
| Steam Mill at Teekalet,.....         | 40,000 | Steam Mill at Port Orchard,..... | 10,000  |
| Steam Mill at Port Madison,.....     | 35,000 | Steam Mill at Seattle,.....      | 6,000   |
| Steam Mill at Seebeck,.....          | 18,000 | Steam Mill at Miller's,.....     | 12,000  |
| Steam Mill at McDonough Island,..... | 18,000 | Eleven Water Mills,.....         | 52,000  |
| Steam Mill at Port Ludlow,.....      | 10,000 |                                  |         |
|                                      |        | Total 19 Mills,.....             | 231,000 |

The annual produce at that rate would be 60,000,000 feet, but it may be safely reduced to 40,000,000 feet, allowing for many days when the mills do not run. In 1857, indeed, the total amount of sawed lumber exported did not exceed 20,000,000 feet, but large quantities were used at home, and the production was considerably less than at present.

The following is a table of the kinds, destination, amount and value of the lumber exported in 1857, as they appear on the books of the Custom-House at Port Townsend:—

|                                   | Coastwise. | Foreign.  | Total value. |
|-----------------------------------|------------|-----------|--------------|
| Sawed lumber, rough, feet,.....   | 10,773,850 | 6,611,107 | \$260,774    |
| Sawed lumber, dressed, feet,..... | 906,856    | 932,515   | 55,181       |
| Lath, pieces,.....                | 694,900    | 33,400    | 3,691        |
| Pickets, pieces,.....             | 135,380    | 136,225   | 5,432        |
| Shingles, pieces,.....            | 158,500    | 96,250    | 1,273        |
| Sawed square timber, feet,.....   | .....      | 52,952    | 626          |
| Hewn timber, feet,.....           | 3,564      | .....     | 356          |
| Large spars, feet,.....           | 3,713      | 43,055    | 60,759       |
| Small spars, feet,.....           | 5,868      | 10,061    | 7,964        |
| Piles, feet,.....                 | 37,612     | .....     | 1,880        |
| Total,.....                       |            |           | \$394,783    |

The average price of the rough sawed lumber is \$15 per thousand, at the mill; of the dressed lumber, \$30; of the large spars, \$1 30 per running foot; of the small spars, 50 cents per running foot. Nearly all the lumber exported "coastwise" from Puget Sound comes to San Francisco. The sawed lumber exported to foreign

ports in 1857 went chiefly to the following places, with the value of the shipments respectively : Melbourne, \$10,604 ; Sydney, \$20,000 ; Valparaiso, \$7,300 ; Sandwich Islands, \$6,128 ; Hong Kong, \$4,644 ; and England, \$2,523. These figures do not include the spars, most of which go to England.

The large mills are built near the edge of the water, not on the main Sound, but on the inlets, where the tide does not cause much of a current. The logs are kept in the water, and when wanted for sawing are hauled up an inclined plane by the power of the mill. The lumbermen cut no trees at present save those within a quarter of a mile of the bank of their respective inlets—for each mill has an inlet of its own. Thus the Teekalet mill, the largest in the Territory, is situated at the mouth of the Port Gamble inlet, a body of water a mile wide and three long, and deep enough for the largest ship.

There is probably no place in the world where lumber can be obtained so easily, and in such abundance, as on the shores of Puget Sound. The timber (mostly yellow fir, a strong and durable but coarse wood) grows in dense forests. I reckon that three fourths of Washington Territory, west of the Cascades, has 200 valuable trees to the acre, the trees averaging two feet through and 175 feet high, 100 feet being good for lumber. On Puget Sound, the Gulf of Georgia, Hood's Canal, and Bellingham Bay, there are 800 miles of American coast line, and all along this coast for a distance of two miles from the water's edge, there is a strip several miles wide, from which timber can be conveniently obtained for sawing. The shores are in most places very steep, almost or quite perpendicular, and from 60 to 150 feet high.

After the tree is down, it is sawed into logs of the lengths wanted at the mill. A large number of logs having been cut at a place, a railway—or rather a poleway—is made by laying large poles or small trees on the ground longitudinally along the trail from the center of the logging-ground to the edge of the bank. The poles are placed usually three abreast, those outside being higher than the one in the middle, so that a large log will slip on them as in a trough. A team of four or five yoke of oxen is used to haul the logs to the poleway, and then the team is broken up, and each yoke of oxen takes a log down to the water's edge, where it is tumbled over. Be-

fore the log is started from the place where it fell, the end which is to go in front is "champered" off so as not to catch against the ground, and the tongue of a steel "dog" (an instrument shaped somewhat like a letter L) is driven into the log, the longer arm of the dog being attached to the chain by which the log is to be dragged.

The spar business is very different from that of getting ordinary logs for the mills. The common length of board logs is from 10 to 20 feet, but the spar logs, including all trunks of trees intended for masts or yards, are often 100 feet long; never less than 30, and sometimes four feet across the butt. Spars are usually cut very near the edge of the water, and are drawn to it by oxen, with the assistance of pulleys, one of which is made fast to a large tree. When in the water, the spars are made into a raft and taken to the nearest ship anchorage. The vessel which is to load them has a port-hole in her bow near the water's edge. The butt of the spar is brought close to the bow, and is raised by block and tackle, supported by a derrick over the bow, the tackle being fastened on the spar at some distance from the end, so that, as the log is hoisted, its end swings into the port-hole. It is there supported by a roller; the tackle is fastened further back, and again hoisted, until the rope swings perpendicularly, and so on; and at last the hold of the vessel is filled with spars. Sometimes they are hewn a little at the butt, but ordinarily they are shipped with all their bark on.

Spars are sold according to their length and their diameter at the "partners." The "partners" is the place where the mast appears above the deck of the vessel, and it is usually reckoned to be one-fifth of the length of the log measured from the butt. Spars under 18 inches through at the partners are sold at one cent an inch of diameter, multiplied by the length in feet. Thus, a spar 10 inches through and 50 feet long would cost \$5, delivered at the vessel. From 18 to 22 inches in diameter, the price is 30 cents per foot running measure; from 22 to 24 inches, 50 cents per running foot; from 24 to 28, 75 cents per running foot; from 28 to 31 inches, 87½ cents per running foot; from 31 to 36, \$1 25 per running foot; and so on increasing, some large spars costing \$150 and \$175 apiece.

While San Francisco was growing, from '50 to '54, and extending over the bay, a large business was done in exporting piles from Puget Sound, but the demand for this place having ceased, the exportation of piles has decreased greatly.

The best fishing ground on the Pacific coast of America, is undoubtedly in and about Puget Sound. The cod, halibut, herring, salmon, smelt and sturgeon, are abundant, and are easily caught, while a large market is ready to buy them at high prices.

The cod is the most important of the fishes on this as well as on the other side of the continent. Two kinds of codfish visit Puget Sound, and both are better than the cod of the east. One species, called the "regular" cod, resembles the Labrador cod; the other is like the cusk, and has a streak of fat running through the meat on each side of the backbone, giving a yellow and oldish look to the meat, when dried, but doing no harm to its taste or durability. This species is called Tooshcow by the Indians. The regular cod is not so large as in the east, nor more than half the size of the Bank cod, but is very abundant. Its meat has the same color and taste with its Atlantic relative. It is caught on this coast from September till April, while upon your side of the continent the cod fishery lasts from April till November. The Pacific cod are supposed to come in the Spring, moving southward from the coast along the Russian possessions in search of food. They enter the Straits of Fuca in dense schools, and thence penetrate to all the bays, sounds, and inlets connected with the Straits. Not much has been done in catching them, and the little that has been done, has been mostly with the net. In Port Madison, Seattle Bay and Puyallup Bay, there are flats with from six to ten fathoms depth of water, where a thousand cod can be taken at a haul with a fifty-fathom net. The climate of Washington Territory is too moist even in midsummer for drying codfish profitably, so pickling must be resorted to. A few pickled codfish from Puget Sound have come into the San Francisco market, and command a higher price than a similar article from Massachusetts. The Indians do not like cod, and seldom fish for them, except when employed by the whites. Sometimes they catch them in the Straits of Fuca and Hood's Canal with a hook and line, in water from twenty to thirty fathoms deep, using the same bait as is used on the banks Newfoundland, such as herring, clams, salmon, &c.

There is a bank fifteen or twenty miles off the mouth of the Straits of Fuca where cod might be caught to advantage, and perhaps there are other banks not yet known. The greater portion of the water communicating with the Straits of Fuca are too deep for cod fishing,

the fish staying near the bottom, and the depth of water being such that too much time would be required to haul the line up.

About 200 barrels of codfish have been put up yearly in Washington Territory since 1855, when the first attempt was made.

The salmon has hitherto been the most important fish on the coast, and as long as the fishing is done chiefly by the Indians will continue to be so. The fish-eating savages on the Sound depend on the salmon for most of their provisions. The salmon comes in schools, and is caught first at Cape Flattery, and afterward in all the interior waters and rivers of the Territory. Their season is from July to November. They are caught with seines, spears, and hooks. In rivers and off points where the ground is good for seining the nets are often used, and large "hauls" are made. The spears are resorted to in rivers; and along the banks of the sound, in water too deep for net or the spear, the hook has to do. The act of catching salmon with the hook is called "trailing," and requires great skill, so much that it is said no white man has ever learned it. The Indian baits his hook with boned herring or capelem, (a small fish which abounds in the Sound,) and allowing the line to trail out ten fathoms behind him he holds it in his right hand, while he paddles gently over the water, scarcely making a ripple. At every motion of his hand, as he moves it to manage the paddle, the bait follows its jerking motion, and the salmon is very apt to swallow hook and all before he suspects danger. But let a white man try it, and all his labor is vain. He may see the fish playing in the crystal water behind him, but they pay no attention to the bait as it drags about before them. The best trailing grounds are points where there are strong currents. The salmon caught in the Straits of Fuca and Puget Sound are excellent, the best in the world, perhaps, with the exception of those caught at the mouth of the Columbia. They are abundant in all the large rivers of our coast, but they lose their delicacy of taste as they remove from the ocean, and when caught, as they sometimes are, nearly a thousand miles from the sea, they are almost as insipid as if they had been boiled a week. The Indians dry and smoke salmon for their use during Winter and Spring. Several hundred barrels are pickled annually on Puget Sound by the whites, for exportation—most of them being purchased fresh from the savages.

The halibut is, after the cod and salmon, the most valuable of our fishes. Its average weight is 60 pounds—the largest weighing about 200. They are caught with a hook and line, from March till August, in the Straits of Fuca and off Cape Flattery—never in Puget Sound or Hood's Canal. Herring, salmon and clams are used as bait. The fresh halibut is a great delicacy, and the parts known as the "napes" and "fins," are also very good when pickled, All save the "napes" and "fins" is dried. The meat keeps well, both dried and pickled. The halibut is smaller, but more abundant, in the Pacific than in the Atlantic. The Indians at Cape Flattery, who dry many for their own use, catch from ten to thirty fish in four or five hours, averaging 1,200 pounds to a person in that time; and so much as they do not wish to keep they find a ready sale for at ten cents a pound at the fish-curing establishment of Strong and Webster, in Neah Bay, near the Cape. About 100 barrels of dried and pickled halibut were put up by that house in 1857. The halibut is abundant along the coast to the northward as far as Sitka.

Herring are found in Puget Sound and the adjacent waters, but they are neither so abundant, so large, so fat, nor so good as those caught in the Atlantic. They are taken only with the seine, and there are few places where that can be used to advantage. They might be caught at all seasons of the year, but they are most abundant from June to November, which is called the herring seasons. The herring of the North Pacific are too small to be taken with gill nets, as is done in the Atlantic.

A small fish called the "sardine," supposed by many to be a species of the herring, is abundant, but not much value is commonly attached to it.

Clams are so abundant in and about Puget Sound that perhaps a business might be made of "catching" them. Some of them are very large—their shells being eight inches across, and their meat weighing three pounds. This large species is called the Quohog. The best of the family is the small blue clam, which is very tender and has a delicate flavor, preferred by many to that of the Washington oyster. Then there is a white clam; not larger than half a dollar, but very good. These clams are found in all the tide-waters of Washington Territory in such plenty that no one need ever suffer

for food near them. Salt-water mussels are also plentiful, but rather tough for eating. The oyster is also found in abundance in all the tide-waters adjacent to the Straits of Fuca; but it is small, inferior in flavor to the Eastern oyster, and no business has been made of fishing for it.

There are extensive beds of tertiary coal along the shores of Bellingham Bay and east of the lower part of Puget Sound, and companies are now engaged in digging the coal and sending it to market; but it is far inferior in value to secondary coal which is now imported from England for steamers plying on the coast, though the Bellingham Bay article could be obtained at half price. For use at home in the territory, the coal is almost worthless, wood being so wonderfully abundant.

The settler in Washington Territory need have no trouble about land titles; nearly all the land is open to immigrants, who, if they choose to make homes in good faith, are fully protected by a generous pre-emption law. It is true the Hudson's Bay Company claims about 20,000 acres at Vancouver, and the Puget Sound Agricultural Company claims 161,000 acres at Nisqually and 8000 acres near the Cowlitz Landing, and there is some question about the titles to those tracts, which have been occupied to a greater or less extent by squatters; but these claims form a very small part of the territory in extent, as well as in value for commercial or industrial purposes. The settler therefore can easily find a home where there will be no one to dispute his title. In 1850 Congress passed an act called the "Donation Law," which provided that every resident in Oregon Territory (then including Washington) previous to Dec. 1st of that year, should be entitled to 320 acres for himself, and 320 for his wife, if married, provided that he should reside on the land continuously and cultivate it for four years; and if he should become a resident between Dec. 1st, 1850, and Dec. 1st, 1853, he should be entitled to 160 acres for himself and 160 for his wife. The latter period of Dec. 1st, 1853, was subsequently changed to Dec. 1st, 1855. This donation was no more than a fair reward for the dangers and toils of the first settlers. About 1,400 claims have been taken in Washington Territory under this Donation Law, and up to July 1858, some 800 of them had been "perfected"—that is, 800 claimants had remained upon their land and cultivated it, continuously,



complying with all the requirements of the law ; and the other 600 had abandoned their claims, or had not yet been on them for the full term of four years, necessary to render the title perfect. In all the perfected donation claims the title may be considered unquestionable, and the land may be purchased at reasonable prices.

On the north Washington has British Columbia, whose gold miners must go to Puget Sound for their fruit and grain ; east of the Cascades is a country rich in gold and grass ; to the southward is the valley of the Willamette, which now carries on its foreign trade through the Columbia, but would probably prefer to have its seaport at Olympia or Steilacoom if there were now, as there must be soon, a railroad across to the Sound. There is scarcely room for doubt in the minds of those who have seen our Pacific coast, that the people of the Eastern States will in a few years perceive the policy and necessity of making not only one but even two Pacific railroads, and if they do make a northern road it must terminate on the shore of Puget Sound. For everybody who has seen Washington Territory that is an indubitable fact. The British may make a road across the continent with a western terminus north of 49°, but the Puget Sound people will tap it, and draw all its substance to themselves. Trade running near Puget Sound, must run into it as water runs down hill ; for the Sound is a great trade channel draining and naturally commanding everything within two hundred miles of it in every direction, and any attempt of politicians, legislators or road-makers to build up a first-class seaport near it, and not on its banks, must prove futile.

I have thus spoken briefly of the territory, necessarily omitting the description and statement of much that I saw while traveling through it. In conclusion I must give my general impression, after having seen California and Oregon and the great States in the northern part of the Mississippi basin, and observed their development, that Washington is destined to grow rapidly to a great and permanent prosperity, and that there is no district of equal size in the United States where intelligent and industrious poor men have so many chances to live independently and comfortably, and to become wealthy soon with the growth of the country.

## L I N E S.—BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

Pearls sleep within the ocean,  
 Bright gems beneath the sea,  
 While the waters know no motion—  
 They are hid from me and thee.

When storms sweep o'er the ocean,  
 And waves in fury roar—  
 By the wild and fearful motion,  
 Gems are strewn upon the shore.

The human heart's an ocean,  
 Beneath whose depths profound  
 Richest gems of love and feeling  
 In vast numbers do abound.

But storms of grief and sorrow  
 Must stir the fountains there,  
 Ere the heart yield up its jewels  
 Of FAITH, and HOPE, and PRAYER.

## SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

“Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,  
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
 And told our marvelous childhood legend's store  
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,  
 How are they blotted from the things that be!”

MORE than half a century has passed slowly and silently away since the subjects of these sketches, like you and I, dear reader, were acting *their* part in the great “Drama of Existence.” Yes, more than half a centennial age has been added to the history of the human race since then; an age replete with marvels, before which the

fabulous records of traditional ages, which have so long challenged the wonder of the world, dwindle to childish insignificance.

As the mental eye glances backward through this grand perspective of years, how crowded with stirring events it appears!—with WARS and rumors of wars,—with REVOLUTIONS in Church and State, which have shaken thrones to their foundations and left them to fall to ruins in the political earthquakes which shall ere long upheave the bed-rock of ancient despotisms;—with SPECULATIONS which have passed over the business world with more fearful power than the withering blast of the Sirocco, swelling all the arteries of trade with a contagious fever, until financial crises have been reached which have desolated happy homes and swept thousands of princely merchants into oblivion;—with REFORMS, social reforms, and reform in the old conservative schools of law, medicine and divinity, which have given a mightier impetus to human progress and added nobler features to Christian civilization;—with INVENTIONS, the crowning glory of our day, the result of the union of the *knowledye* of the past with the *genius* of the present, which have imparted *life* to material nature and converted the subtle elements into friends and allies of man, redeeming him from the curse of unremitting toil for daily bread, and enabling him to fulfil the command of the Creator to our first parents to “subdue the earth and possess it”;—and with COLONIZATIONS, lastly, on the shores of the great Pacific, which have inaugurated a new era in civilization, and laid broad and deep the foundation of a mightier empire than ever yet has swayed the destinies of nations.

Verily, it is the advent of the “Golden Age!” Lo! the “Golden Gate” of earth’s mightiest sea opened upon a new El Dorado; the ear of the world caught the sonorous sound of rejoicing waves as they rushed through its lofty, granite pillars, and the people of every language and of every clime, came with a shout of triumph and were welcomed by the ocean and the land to vaster possessions than “Aladin’s Lamp,” or the “Philosopher’s Stone,” made possible to the imagination of the lovers of ancient romance.

And the shining ore of our mountains and streams, is the *least golden* of all the riches the munificent Father has provided for his children of the Western world, which he has destined to become the culminating point of Christian civilization. Glance at the indica-

tions. The commercial position of the country is unparalleled. And we have also, a fullness and ripeness of physical conditions such as no people have ever enjoyed, upon which to base a vigorous, intellectual and moral development, which have, likewise, for their growth the experience, knowledge and wisdom of all the past. Added to these advantages, we have a population composed of many of the most enterprising spirits of every land; *individualized* men and women of every form of civilization; thus combining the *widest diversities* of character, opinions and interests, which will eventuate in the *divinest unity*; because the strong barriers of *national prejudices* will thereby be broken and the common brotherhood of man receive a higher appreciation on a broader, grander level. The future amalgamation of these fine specimens of our race in dearer social relations, under such superior conditions for development, must result in nobler types of manhood than have ever blessed our humanity. The future historian, in recording our rapid growth and advancement, will write in confirmation of Biblical prophecy: "Lo! a nation *was* born in a day,"—was baptised in the waters of the peaceful Pacific while receiving the benediction of smiling Heaven, and progressed rapidly to a royal coronation,—the crowning enlightenment of the globe!

But I have wandered far from my subject and must pause to crave thy indulgence, dear reader, and to resume the train of thought it had awakened. In glancing backward through the corridor of Time, to catch a glimpse of those ancient country NEIGHBORS, I was entranced by the mighty spell of years and held captive to review their gigantic operations. The spell is past. Themes of world-wide interest grow dim and indistinct as my feet press once more, in imagination, the green sward which surrounds the residence of my dead, old grandmother. Come with me and view the charming village of E—, and its picturesque surroundings from her large English cottage which occupies the most commanding site in the vicinity. We will seat ourselves comfortably in one of the cushioned recesses of the antique parlor windows, and talk at leisure of the peculiarities of the NEIGHBORS, as we observe the dwellings which they once occupied, scattered, at intervals, along the hills and through the leafy valleys.

Before entering, let us observe and admire the spacious court-yard of venerable trees which shade and ornament the dwelling:

Here, centuries have chronicled their years,  
 Yet left their grand old forms still hale and strong,  
 And rich in waving boughs and emerald leaves.

Hark to their ceaseless murmur! Ah! they might tell us many a romantic tale of the days of yore, could we but comprehend their language. They might tell us, too, of the red man's loves and hates,—of his deep wrongs, and fearful retributions;—of how the children of the forest passed gloomily away from the graves of their fathers as pale-faced strangers took possession of their noble hunting-grounds. When the bleak, autumnal winds sweep through the scanty foliage of these lofty trees, they utter forth a wild, despairing wail, that thrills the soul with an indefinable sadness. Do their haughty, untamed spirits *still* haunt the scenes they loved, and tone the very air to lamentation, to rebuke the injustice of the aggressor?—or, have their dreams of far more beautiful and spacious hunting-grounds than earth's, been realized in the "green pastures" and beside the "living waters" of "the better land"? Not many miles distant from yonder hill-tops, which fringe with their tall pines the southern boundary of our view, there is a craggy promontory, connected with the legendary lore of the country, bearing the name of Hobomok, which has become a point of deep interest to the traveler. This promontory overhangs a broad stream near its confluence with the river K——, and at its base a whirlpool of rushing water sends up a defiant roar to the echoing cliffs above, as round and round it whirls in its eternal circle.

The careful Pilot, slowly passing by,  
 Points where the cliffs and fearful whirlpool lie,  
 Telling the traveler— Long years before,  
 When first the white man trod the western shore,  
 Great Hobomok, a haughty Indian Chiet,  
 Last of his tribe, filled with revenge and grief,  
 Stood on that height, that since has borne his name,  
 Pursued by foes. He thought, while on they came,  
 That those dark trees that climb the bending sky,  
 And all that met his roving, eagle eye,—  
 The forest, plains, and lofty mountains round,—  
 Were many moons the Indian's hunting ground,  
 And that his tribe were noble, brave, and true,  
 And ever, at his bidding, swiftly flew.  
 There he had, once, a shelter from the storm,

And loving eyes to bless his stalwart form :  
 "Where are they now ?" he cried ; " my warriors brave,—  
 My helpless one,—my aged father's grave ?"  
 More firmly yet, he grasped his well-strung bow,  
 Still nearer drew the swift-advancing foe—  
 Sterner became his frown ; its gathering gloom  
 Ruffled the feathers of his lofty plume—  
 Fiercer his dark eye flashed with deadly hate,  
 As there he stood above that wild " hell-gate,"  
 The sole avenger of his people's wrong,—  
 His own deep sorrows—and his arm grew strong ;—  
 He raised it thrice, and thrice an arrow sped,  
 And thrice a foe was numbered with the dead ;  
 Then flung his empty quiver on the strand,  
 And lifted high the bow in his right hand,  
 And with the other clasped his heaving breast,  
 As he would still, a moment, its unrest,  
 While he invoked the gods of streams and woods,  
 Of fearful tempests, and swift-rolling floods,  
 To *curse* the pale-face 'neath his sheltering tree,  
 On plain, and mountain, and the roaring sea,  
 Till all the red man's wrongs avenged should be.

Behind, the whirling flood threw up its spray ;  
 Before, were foes impatient for their prey ;  
 He turned on them a look of withering power  
 And fierce defiance, in that awful hour—  
 No hope remained, no *wish*, his life to save,  
 With one wild cry, he plunged beneath the wave.

The surging flood played with his sinewy form,  
 That erst had breasted many a wintry storm ;  
 A moment, only—he was seen no more  
 Upon that rude and ever-sounding shore.

And when his baffled foes approached the verge  
 Where rushing waters chimed the Indian's dirge,  
 They saw a feathered crest upon the wave—  
 All that was left to mark the chieftain's grave.

The story is a sad one ; but there are many far sadder connected with the " passing away " of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. Would to Heaven we had more humanity as a nation !—that our Christianity was one of *deeds* instead of words, mere WORDS. All undeveloped men and women are children, and their weakness and dependence should entitle them to the same consideration from maturer minds which is extended to infants. The savage Indian is a

child compared with the enlightened Caucasian ; and yet, the latter in his love of gain and conquest ; in his pride of race, and intellect, and knowledge, treats him, upon his own soil, like a beast of prey. May Heaven forgive the outrageous crime.

(to be continued.)

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## BY THE SEASIDE.

BY CHARLES KENDALL.

PLEASANT is any little nook by the seaside. When the morning is sunny and refreshing, the bay lying in its calm beauty, a mirror in which the skies, and the clouds, and the trees that overshadow the borders of the waters, look down and smile at their own reflected beauty as did Eve in the garden, I sit on a grassy bank and listen to the tiny ripple, or go off in a voyage of fancy to dreamland. If the approaching noon grow fervent, a few steps take me beneath overspreading boughs and vines, where between the green leaves I look out upon the pleasant face of my old friend, where Time has wrought no wrinkles to chronicle his passing. A well trod path winds along the bank close to my retreat, and there the gay roam for pleasure, the thoughtful for reverie, the sad to gather consolation from the voice of Nature, the poetic to enjoy her social converse, and the indolent to while away a weary hour. Here I can be alone with the works of beauty which the Great Architect has wrought out, or if free from the misanthropic mood which sometimes will hover like a fog-cloud over the most joyous spirit, a step or two brings me upon the footpath of the passer-by. Nature's companionship prepares those who love her to feel less repulsion for each other than in the crowded streets and the stifling saloons. And here I meet and form a transient acquaintance with various characters, as one sometimes does in a stagecoach, a steamboat, or a rail car. Here have occurred some of the most pleasant little episodes of my rural life. Here I sometimes meet with pleasant companions of an hour, and enjoy an insight of the heart of men seldom opened to others in the busy haunts of men. Suppose I classify the personages of my seaside acquaintances of an hour.

THE EDITOR.—It is 11 o'clock, A. M. Recently from his bed, just from his breakfast, only half relieved by a morning's sleep from the weariness of his night-long toil, he wanders along the sandy beach and slowly climbs the invigorating bank. Away from the daily files, the inkstand and the pen, he comes to breathe the fresh air and listen to the whispering waves. We sit down together and he tells me of his troubles and annoyances. Here is an article, says he, which I wrote for the *Independent Gazette*, as expressive of one of my annoyances. But the proprietors thought that I had better not publish it until the election was over, lest it might hit some of their patrons. For the *Independent* is not independent of its patrons' good will, and a subscriber lost, and an advertisement withheld are considerations not to be ignored in view of the obligation of pay day. Do you know, sir, that such a thing as independence in the conduct of a newspaper is not to be attained short of an unlimited fund at your banker's, or a decade of years at successful journalism. I may read it to you without fear that the carrier will bring back an unhealthy report of orders to "stop my paper."

#### AN EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

An editorial room is, or should be, no place for lounging, idling, bumming, chat, and disturbance. It has been called the "Sanctum," to indicate its proper state and character. But instead, judging from the condition of our own, it is anything but that. There is not a bummer, idler, small-talker, politician, wire-worker, pipelayer, log-roller, candidate for office, nor Micawber of our acquaintance, who does not make it his tavern, his camp, his resting-place, resort when all others fail, where he feels at liberty to bore and annoy us to the top of his bent. In season and out of season our time is thus wasted, stolen, sacrificed, and our proverbial good nature turned to gall and wormwood.

We can keep nothing in order. Our papers are taken, or cap-sized, thrown on the floor, tossed helter-skelter, inkstand removed, pens taken, spoiled, stolen or mislaid, ink spilled, books removed, and all other manner of thoughtlessness and impertinences perpetrated. One loafer puts his feet upon our table, another leans against our chair, another breathes his breath tainted with tobacco, strychnine whiskey, and rotten teeth full in our face. One puts his boots upon the very back of our chair, and thus spoils



our chirography as well as good temper. Another talks at us by the hour, nonsense that would run a clown out of a circus. Some crush and rattle papers until our nerves are jumping like a line of acrobats, and several vicegerents of Death, who never smile and scarcely speak, but who seem to be living premonitions of sorrow, sickness, death and future brimstone, glide in ghostlike, sit for hours like gloomy shadows on a frozen wall, and leave like a nightmare at cock-crowing. We have borne this for months. Have been detained twelve, fourteen, seventeen hours a day in and about the office of this paper to do the work which might have been better performed in six hours, had bummers, bores, and fools left us alone to attend to our duties. We have covered the walls of our "sanctum" with notices, printed and written, informing our annoyers that our room was no place for lounging, &c., &c., but all in vain. You might as well attempt to reach the heart of a rhinoceros through his skin by firing cork balls from a pop-gun, as to reach the common sense and decent propriety of such fellows by any gentlemanly notice. Lead alone would touch their brain, lead that would go home there, and find sympathy, fellowship, consanguinity and similarity.

It may all seem very well to him who is master of his time, and can go to bed when he likes, but who has an hour or two hanging heavy on his hands, to go and spend it in an editor's room, and annoy and bore that individual, destroy his line of thought, and fill him with fretfulness and disgust. But he should think that those two or three hours thus lost keep the knight of the quill so many hours later from his bed. And yet these thoughtless bummers who have thus spoiled the thoughts in the editor's mind by their baneful presence, are quite certain to find fault with the paper next morning, which they have made heavy and uninteresting by wasting the editor's time while they pestered him with their small talk, nonsense and foolish self-laudation. Will such bores never learn anything, never take a hint, unless a kick accompanies it? Why not go into the clergyman's study while he is preparing his sermon, or into his pulpit while he is preaching it, and absorb his attention and use up his time? Why not occupy the lawyer's office while he is drawing his answer, or brief, or plea? Why not lounge in the counting-room and distract the book-keeper? Why not go behind the broker's counter and annoy him, as you do the editor? With far more

propriety you might do it, for they can shut up shop when the afternoon hour, three, four, or five o'clock comes. But it is not so with the editor. He must work, work, work, until his paper is made up, and every hour of his time you thus steal from him, you steal from his pillow, from his rest. You are a murderer not only of your own time, but of his,—of his rest, his health, his comfort, and his life. For our own part, we have not an hour of life in this world to spare. We have occupation for all, and for each. We have something to do all the time, and we do not want idlers to cheat us and bring us too deeply in debt at the close of life, for time badly employed here. When we have an hour to spare, we desire to choose the manner of spending it. We do not feel like having it exhausted, or perverted by loafers who annoy us for an hour at a time in our editorial office. So hereafter be short with us; do your errand, talk as little as possible, and then leave. This is in earnest, and is written and published with an intention that it shall have effect. If your time hangs heavy on you, go to the Dashaways, or take a bath, or go take a walk, or go to the devil if you can't find any other occupation. But do not bore and bum us any more. We are tired of it, and mean to abate it if it should cost a pair of thick boots.

I requested the manuscript for the *Hesperian*, and the morning walk and the amenities of nature and the seaside had so modified the editor's wrath, that he kindly acceded.

One day another of the profession honored me with his confidence, and before we parted I secured from him the following views he entertained upon the subject discussed in an article which he had hastily penned to fill up a gapping column.

#### NO PREMIUMS FOR THE INTELLECT.

The public mind of California has within a few years been aroused to the importance of encouraging domestic productions, to a considerable extent. In Agriculture, Horticulture, stock-raising, and many branches of mechanical labor, efforts have been made to induce their development and success. State and County Agricultural Societies have been formed, and Fairs held, at which the progress of the State in the productions of her soil have proved very flattering and encouraging to our own people, and quite astonishing to strangers. With some of these societies and fairs the mechanical trades have been associated, and the inventions and handiwork

of that portion of our population have been creditable to their industry and intellects. But this mode of improvement and progress is partial. It reaches only a few of the many interests of the State. Cannot the miners conceive and inaugurate some method by which as a class they may become better acquainted with their true interests? They have held conventions and passed resolutions, but these have effected but little. It may be that their peculiar occupation is not susceptible of like advantages from any general organization and display. Yet the subject may be worthy of their consideration. That which we would particularly note, however, is the entire absence of all encouragement to the fine arts, literature, poetry, intellectual productions in any and every form which has not an eye to immediate pecuniary gain; which in fact is not emphatically utilitarian.

Our agricultural fairs offer premiums for the best fields of wheat. Who offers anything for an oration, although it might equal that of Demosthenes *De Corona*, or Webster's in reply to Hayne? A premium for string beans, but the poet who strings together lines that might vie with Anacreon, or Euripides, finds no golden crown of reward, no premium for his genius or art. The best "short horn" at the cattle show, brings his exhibitor a due meed of approbation; and a thorough-bred courser gallops off with ribbons in his mane and golden eagles jingling in the pockets of his happy owner. But who offers aught for the best address, the greatest play, the best written newspaper article, the most readable book, the most worthy creation of the poetic mind? Are cabbages and stallions, subsoil plows and threshing machines, and kindred articles alone worthy of encouragement? Must we continue to be essentially clodpoles, utilitarians, ignoring all efforts of the mind, except those, the immediate echoes to which, are the clinking of dollars? To increase the crop of turnips, to improve the qualities of shenangoes, manzel-wurtzels, rare-ripes and pippins, golden pumpkins and yellow squash; to make bulls weigh two tons, and bucks bear forty pound fleeces; to construct churns which shall diminish the labor of the dairymaid and double the quantity of yellow butter; to manufacture elegant furniture from our native timber, are all worthy of premiums, besides the cash price which they bring. But is this enough, is it all which the wants of our people require? Are there not in the nature of man quali-

ties of mind, thirsts of the soul, yearnings of the spirit, tastes of the cultivated intellect, necessities of the inner nature, appetites of the better portion of man which crave, and need, and deserve nutriment and gratification of a different character from those enumerated, and which the merely practical inventions and improvements cannot satisfy? We think so. For it cannot be that our race is so far degenerated from its ancient types as to be above or below that class of enjoyments so highly prized by the noble Greeks, and even by the less susceptible Romans. They not only instituted games for manly sports and the development of the physique, but the laurel crown, the bay and the myrtle, the public coronation, the endorsement of kingly approbation awaited the conqueror in trials of intellectual power. Demosthenes and Æschines threw their whole natures into their contest for the crown; and the poets of Rome and of later Italy, did not think the chaplet of victory in a tilt of the muses unworthy the struggles of their genius. Has the glitter of the almighty dollar so blinded our modern race that they can see nothing worthy of encouragement in the more ethereal productions of the mind? Eloquence and poetry usually produce but few or no dollars to those whose natures run in that direction. But should they not be encouraged nevertheless, as necessary to the world as beef, and vegetables, and mechanic arts?

To whom especially should be attributed this apparent want of appreciation of the productions not classed as of immediate utility? Perhaps to the public. But the public is not indifferent to them. For this is an age of books, when works in prose and verse, if of merit, readily find readers, appreciating and gratified. And yet they who do not write for money as their first impulse, must find, as did Coleridge, "their own exceeding great reward" in the producing of the children of their brains, not in the crowns of laurel which acknowledge their birth. We have dethroned Apollo as patron of the muses, and substituted Mammon. The fault here in California is chiefly with literary men themselves. They have done something individually to make their calling respectable and respected, but nothing as a collective body. They have no society, no mutual means of improvement. There is none of the *esprit du corps* among them, more antagonistic, if possible, than ever the medical fraternity; they allow envy and detraction, selfish enmities and invidious

criticisms to usurp the seats of brotherhood and sympathy. Is this to last? Is there not enough of broad humanity, and congeniality springing from kindred pursuits, among our *literateurs* to inaugurate a better state of things? We have no "Art Union" among our artists, no "Clubs" of our literary men, little of social life among them, nothing of sympathetic, united effort for their common good and the honorable advancement of their calling. At present, a laurel crown bestowed upon one of the number would drive half of the rest to suicide. Is this miserable state of feeling long to continue?

Yesterday as I sat upon a point putting out into the bay, I was joined by one not incapable of appreciating the ever fresh ocean, and who, with me, could hear great stories in its murmuring voices, and feel memory enticed away by its voice to the thousand histories begun and ended by its zesty shores, or in its heaving bosom.

Do you think, said he, that Shelley would have chosen a different death from that he died, could he have had his choice? For such a soul, what so fit a bearer from its sensitive casket to the great mysterious sea of life beyond this life, as that ocean he loved so well. And so we talked of Shelley and Byron and Falconer, and at last I read him the following lines.

BURYING OF SHELLEY'S BODY.—The very last verses written by Shelley were in the form of a little poem, welcoming Leigh Hunt to Italy. The volume of Keats' poetry which Shelley was reading at the time of the catastrophe, (Shelley's death by drowning) was lent to him by Leigh Hunt, who told him to keep it till he could give it to him again with his own hands. As the lender would receive it from no one else, it was thrown upon the funeral pyre, with the wine and frankincense, and fragrant spices, and consumed with the body.—*N. Y. Tribune*

Shelley is dead! and a mournful wail  
 Is borne like a spirit's sigh on the gale,  
 From true hearts that knew and loved so well  
 The great, high priest of the tuneful shell:  
 Whose spirit glowed with wondrous fire  
 Along the cords of his mystic lyre.  
 And great hearts bowed by the silent clay  
 Of the lovely soul that had passed away,  
 The purest spirit that ever was given  
 The salt sea waves at the gates of Heaven.  
 They raised on the sand his funeral pyre,  
 From his watery couch to his tomb of fire  
 In grief, and sorrow, and sadness, they bore

The loving heart that felt no more.  
 And over the wood of the sacred shrine  
 They poured rich offerings of wine,  
 And frankincense, and gum, and myrrh,  
 Anointed the dead and his sepulchre.  
 And the curling smoke, and the flashing flame  
 Wreathed round the holocaust of fame,  
 And bore away on their lifting wings  
 The cindered dust of the peer of kings.  
 But the thing most precious that crumbled there  
 To soar away on the floating air  
 With the ashes of the sere divine,  
 Was not the myrrh, nor the ruby wine!  
 But the kindred thoughts of the poet given  
 As Shelley's herald to Keats' in Heaven.

WOMEN AND THE PRESS.—With the growth of the press has grown the direct influence of educated women on the world's affairs. Mute in the senate and in the church, their opinions have found a voice in the sheets of ten thousand readers. First in the list of their achievements came [admirable] novels; not because fiction can be written without knowledge, but because it only requires that knowledge which they can most easily attain, the result of insight into humanity. As periodicals have waxed numerous, so has female authorship waxed strong. The magazines demanded short graphic papers, observation, wit and moderate learning—woman demanded work such as they could perform at home, and ready pay upon performance; the two wants met, and the female sex has become a very important element in the fourth estate.

BEAUTIFUL.—The Portugese give the very poetical name of Ajinhos (little angels) to young children, when they die; and considering that they are at once translated to heaven without the unpleasant passage through purgatory, instead of mourning for them, they rejoice, putting on their gayest attire; thus, at their funeral no one appears in black, the parents are congratulated instead of consoled with. How much more rational are they who thus meet death with smiles, than those who look upon him as the King of Terrors.

## TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

“You must trust in Providence.”

The words meet you at almost every turn in life. They are dropped into your ears by friends and neighbors whenever the way grows doubtful before you, or the sky overhead threatens a storm.

“Trust in Providence.”

One evening, after a long and weary march through the desert, as Mahomet was camping with his followers, he overheard one of them saying, “I will loose my camel and commit it to God.” Then Mahomet called to him and gave this admonition :

“Friend, *tie* thy camel, and commit it to God.”

We here see two ideas in regard to Providence : a superstitious and a rational idea. Two kinds of trust ; one blind, and the other co-operative. With most people, at the present day, when it comes to trusting in Providence they shut their eyes and let their hands hang down. So long as the way opens smoothly before them, and the sun shines with unclouded splendor, they trust in themselves alone ; human prudence is everything. But, when the night falls, they do not even look to the stars for guidance, but shut their eyes and move on stupidly and half despairingly, calling this a trust in Providence. As well might the storm-tossed mariner hope to pass safely a dangerous reef, by abandoning his helm as the night came down, and trusting in God for a safe deliverance from danger !

Primarily, all things of Providence, with man, regard his life to eternity ; and so, all natural events are overruled and adjusted by an infinite wisdom, and made to serve the higher, that is the spiritual. But man must work in these natural things of life, guided by his reason, and work always faithfully, according to his light and strength. So long as he does this, God can keep his natural affairs in that degree of order and cohesion that is consistent with his interior good. But if, in the common affairs of life, a man fails in prudence, economy, and a wise forethought, he must not call the misfortunes that come as the effect of a clearly apparent cause, “mysterious providences.” Nor, after misfortune, must he call that a Providence in his affairs which keeps him poor, if he do not again nerve himself for a new struggle, and bring into that struggle the wisdom in natural things which goes before success.

While human prudence is nothing as it stands alone, or acts merely

from selfish and worldly ends, it is through human prudence that God works with man in the affairs of his outer life, and keeps them in order and prosperity. And it is only because this human prudence grows blind through selfishness, and urges the man forward in ways leading the soul to destruction, that the Omniscient and merciful God sets it at naught by his wiser counsels.

Let, therefore, your trust in Providence be full of active intelligence, as well as hopeful confidence. Do, each day, faithfully and honestly, as regards your neighbor, the work that comes to your hands, using both skill and prudence, and you need not fall into concern as to the result. It will not come out just as you have planned it — human results never do — but it will come out in a different shape from what it would have done had you gone forward without prudence or reflection.

It is our eager selfishness that causes us to make so many errors in life. Self-love tends to blindness of the understanding. Cunning and over-reaching shrewdness may succeed in small matters for a time, but when a man seeks to walk forward, guided only by the lumen of selfishness, he will inevitably lose his way.

The Providence of God is intimate in all the circumstances of a man's life, even to the most minute, but always with reference to his spiritual good, for that is his highest good. It goes with him in his prosperity or adversity, ever reacting upon his states of life by means of external things, so as to lead him upwards, and make him capable of receiving and enjoying eternal riches. But as the hereditary quality of each man's life is different, the Providence of God arranges, as a consequence, all things that react upon his states of life, so that they affect him in a different way, and in nicely-adjusted accordance with what is peculiarly his own.

From all that we have said, it may be seen that men commit folly when they fold their hands idly, or move blindly forward in the affairs of life, trusting that all will come out right in the end. It cannot come out right, neither naturally nor spiritually. God has given us reason, and we must let it act vigorously in all worldly affairs. In so doing, we come into orderly mental states, and then God's Providence can act with us in the determination of results, so that they shall best serve our eternal interests.





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## THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

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“Get out of the way! Don’t you suppose that any body wants to see the pictures besides yourself? How do you think they can look at them through that great flopped hat of yours? Get out of the way, I say, or I’ll make you,” said a big boy to a little one, as they stood gazing at the pictures in the window of a store on Montgomery Street.

“*You* make me?” said the little boy, straightening up and doubling his fist; “I should like to see you about it. You look like making me get out of the way, you good-for-nothing, sneaking, mean puppy!”

“Ha! say that word again, and I’ll be into you,” said the big boy to the little one.

He *did* say it again, and at it they went, pell mell, rough and tumble, when a police officer came up and arrested them both.

I went along a little farther to another window where were books and pictures, and there, too, was gathered a crowd of boys gazing.

“Jemmy, will you be kind enough to move a little—a *very* little?” said another boy to his comrade, “so that I can see.”

“Move? that I will. Here, come right in here before me. I am tall and can look over your head, you know. There, now you can see, can't you?”

“Oh, yes! thank you, thank you, Jemmy.”

I went home and said, “I will write this story for you, children, and will call it the Power of Kindness.”

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### DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, “I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up;”  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss its fragrant smell;  
How many a weary child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drop  
Upon the grass should say,  
“What can a little dew-drop do?  
I'd better roll away;”  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveler on his way;  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake  
If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom too.  
It wants a loving spirit  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others by his love.

## Editor's Table.

WHEN last we spread our table for the monthly repast of our readers, it was amid the bustle and confusion of our Annual State Fair at Sacramento, where we had the honor of receiving the FIRST Premium (a piece of silver plate) for the Hesperian as the best specimen of book-printing. We appreciate and are grateful for the honor thus bestowed upon us. But we are looking forward hopefully to the time when literature shall be appreciated and intellectual labor be counted worthy of awards and encouragements, as well as physical labor. There is reward in California for those who labor with their hands. They who, by the force of muscular power, go down to the bowels of the earth, may dig up the shining ore—their efforts are appreciated and their success applauded. How is it with those

“ Who go down to the gulfs of the soul,  
Where the passion-fountains burn,  
Gathering the jewels far below  
From many a buried urn ” ?

Alas !

Like flower seeds, by the wild wind spread,  
So radiant thoughts are strewed—  
The soul whence those high gifts are shed  
May faint in solitude !

The cause of literature on the coast of the Pacific needs fostering, needs encouragement. 'Tis said a nation may be judged by its literature. Could we abide such a judgment to-day, and not fall immeasurably below the standard of other States ? Do we not feel a shrinking back, a reluctance to submit to such a judgment ? Would we not prefer to be judged by our mineral, rather than by our intellectual wealth ? Not but that we possess intellectual wealth, but the mines of the mind need working, need development, which they can never receive until we as a people learn to appreciate intellectual labor and set a value upon the brilliant thought, the coin of the student's brain, in some degree proportionate to the glittering sands which by muscular power are dragged from our mother earth. Who shall weigh a thought ? or who determine its value ? It may be it emanates

From a brain oppressed with care,  
Or from a heart where feeds despair.

It may be that, like the light of the morning, it is born of the night of bitterest trial and severest suffering. But as the light stops not to think of the darkness of which it was born, but goes forth to illuminate, warm, and gladden the earth, so the thought born of a quivering brain and an agonized heart, may go forth to illuminate the dark places of ignorance and sin,—may strengthen the feeble and encourage the despairing, comfort the sorrowing, renew the promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come. Could we learn the history of one such thought, could we trace its progress, or estimate the value of its influence upon the world, it might perhaps stimulate us to something like a

correct appreciation of the divine attributes of the human mind and the worth of the soul's most exalted sentiments. Man may heap gold from youth to age. What is the world the better for his labor? or what reward shall be his? Behold he passes away, and his name is forgotten upon the face of the earth. But he who has imparted to the world one ennobling truth is a public benefactor; he who has set afloat upon the surface of time one of those bright gems of thought which has served to purify, strengthen, and ennoble his fellow-creatures, and by the light of which they may behold the divine principle within them, has conferred a lasting good upon the world; a good which none can estimate, for it stops not with the present generation, but lives on, bearing with it its influence for good to succeeding generations.

THE BIBLE IN COMMON SCHOOLS.—It is perhaps well known that on the two vexed questions, "Religion" and "Politics," the *Hesperian* maintains neutral ground; and therefore, laying aside the religious character of the Bible as the inspired word of God, we proceed to give our reasons why it should be early placed in the hands of youth, and why it should be used as a text-book in our common schools. We send our children to school that their minds may be educated, that they may become familiar with the history of the world and of mankind. Where shall his study commence, if not with the bible? Laying aside the Bible as the book of our religion, it is the book of our learning. Stripped of its higher glories, it yet stands forth pre-eminent in its influence as the great educator and civilizer of man. From thence flow all the glad well springs of our intellectual and moral wealth. It is the founder of all moral and civil law. From its every page beams the light of inspired genius. It is a model of classic taste, and in beauty of diction it stands unrivaled.

The subject is too vast and too profound to be treated within the narrow limits of our "table." The vast extent of its history, its limitless knowledge, its eloquence, and its poetry, all commend it to our use as a text-book of instruction. No course of education can be said to be complete without a knowledge of the Bible. "As an English classic," says Halsey, "and a text-book of daily instruction, it ought to hold the same foremost place in our schools, which we know a part of it did hold as a Hebrew classic, and that by divine commandment, in all the schools of the Jews for thousands of years; and which, indeed it does still hold amongst the remnants of the chosen people throughout the world." Again, says the same author: "If ancient history ought to be studied at school, then ought the Bible to be studied, as containing the most ancient, most important, and most interesting history in the world. If the lives of illustrious men ought to be read, then ought this book to be read, with its biography of illustrious names, extending from Adam to Jesus Christ. If our youth may read at school the great masters of eloquence and poesy, then may they read the Bible there, as containing the sublimest strains of the one, and the most finished specimens of the other, which our race has ever produced. If the elements of all moral and mental science, the principles of virtue and political wisdom, may be taught at school, then may the Bible be taught, for it is the fountain whence all these have flowed."

If an education is to be obtained, it must be done in the season of youth, and if a knowledge of the Bible is to be obtained, it must be done in that spring-time of the mind when it is capable of receiving pure and lasting impressions. Let our youth, then, walk around about Jerusalem, mark well her bulwarks, and admire her beauty. Let them study the Bible. Let it be to them a book of reference by day and a book of meditation by night, until, as they advance step by step into that great storehouse of knowledge, and the light of wisdom, science and philosophy shine in upon and illuminate their minds, they shall exclaim with the Psalmist, "O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: Thy testimonies are wonderful."

"FRIENDS"—We have thus briefly, in accordance with your request, tried to impart to you some of our views with regard to the Bible in common schools. We have tried to lay aside for the time being its religious character, and treat it simply as an educator. We have blinded our eyes to the light of its Divine inspiration and its resplendent spiritual glories, and yet we are bewildered by the flood of light which envelops it as an historical record, as the foundation of all literary and scientific knowledge. We feel that the ground whereon we are treading is holy ground, and more than ever impressed with the grandeur and sublimity of the Bible, that "Book of Books." We commend to you and your children forever its careful study, for "the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

In preparing the biography of Dr. Semple, we have received valuable and efficient aid from Mr. W. S. Green, a nephew of Dr. Semple's, whose kindness and gentlemanly courtesy will ever be gratefully appreciated.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The essay on Lord Coke and Lord Bacon is rather long, but we think it well worthy of the space it will occupy, and will give it a place next month.

THE REMEDY.—We hear of some of our friends complaining that the *HESPERIAN* is too short, and does not contain enough reading to satisfy them. Ah! ha! good friends, that is just what we wanted to hear. We did not intend to *surfeit* you with good things all at once; and now for the evil of which you complain, we propose a remedy. Send us more subscribers; a few more would enable us to add another sixteen pages to the *HESPERIAN*. We have the matter to fill the extra pages, but the expense will be considerable, and in order to enable us to meet it, in addition to other improvements we have in view, our subscription list, large as it is, must be increased. Do not we pray you let the growth of the *Hesperian* be stunted. If each one of you will send us *one* new subscriber, and the money for the same, we will be enabled to enlarge and otherwise greatly improve the *Hesperian*.

ALL CAN DO SOMETHING.—Any one sending us a club of five subscribers and twenty dollars, shall receive the sixth copy free. Will not our lady friends in the interior, and indeed all over the State, consider this, and at once show their appreciation of the *Hesperian* by their efforts in its behalf?

THE MINERS.—Will they not also assist us by getting up clubs upon the same

terms as offered above? We have already received many a club from those hardy sons of toil, and many a letter of kindly congratulation, which prove to us how much our work is appreciated among them. One said in a letter recently received: "We could not do without the *Hesperian* in our cabin. It lures us home when the day's toil is done, and as we rest our weary limbs it recalls bright images of the home which once was ours, and seems as if by a spell to surround us once more with that halo of love which beamed so gently upon us in the old home of our boyhood's years. It calls vividly to mind the lessons learned at a mother's knee, and wakes again the memory of prayers heard from a father's lips. By the memories which it recalls we again revel in the luxury of young life, with its high hopes, its noble purposes, and daring aspirations."

GENERAL SCOTT.—Although it was upon the Sabbath day that General Scott reached the City of San Francisco, a public reception awaited him which in pomp and elegance has scarcely been surpassed at any time upon our coast. After the procession had passed through the principal streets of the city it halted before the Oriental Hotel, which place had very properly been selected as a home for the Veteran Chief.

Amid all the transition that have taken place here during the last half a dozen years, and notwithstanding the fact that so many new hotels have been built here during that time, the ORIENTAL has, during the whole time held its rank as a first class hotel, and has always the first class of custom. It has always kept up its good name for respectability and fashion, and has ever been the home of more or less genteel families. It always had a homelike and comfortable air about it, and to this day is a favorite house for families and individuals, both transient and permanent. Its present proprietor, Mr. S. Alstrom, has recently been at great expense in newly furnishing it, and the hotel is now as well kept and as prosperous as it was in its palmiest days. It is pre-eminently a house for comfort; the fare is excellent, the attention prompt, the society of the best.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents for whose acts we are responsible. Send your subscriptions by mail to Mrs. F. H. Day, Editor *Hesperian*, San Francisco. You can enclose the money in a letter, and it will come safe if you will only take the precaution to turn one corner of the letter over the coin and paste it so that it cannot slip about and wear the paper.

PROCRASTINATION.—It has truly been said that "procrastination is the thief of time." How many things we leave undone altogether, simply because we defer them from time to time, instead of improving the present moment. Could we so discipline ourselves as never to defer to another period that which could be performed at the present hour, how much more we should accomplish; and as we looked back from year to year, how much better satisfied we should feel. Instead of vain regrets, there would be joyful thankfulness.

Would that we could impress upon our young friends the importance of improving the present moment, and performing every duty as it presents itself—not deferring to another period, nor waiting for a more convenient season. The habits which you form in youth must go with you through life. See to it that they be not those which will cause you unceasing, unavailing regret.





W. D. M. HOWARD.

*( Expressly for the Hesperian. )*

*Photog<sup>o</sup> by R. H. Vance*





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L. Nagel Print

GOLDEN BLOOMERIA.

*Bloemeria Aurea* —Kellogg

Drawn from Nature Expressly for the HESPERIAN.



# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1859.

No. 4.

## SKETCHES

OF THE

## EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

WILLIAM D. M. HOWARD.

“So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the galley-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

REMARKABLE as are all the early settlers of California, for marked traits of individual character, the name and memory of WM. D. M. HOWARD stands among the foremost. Possessed of an enterprising, energetic spirit, sound judgment, and practical sagacity, together with manly honesty and frankness, he won for himself the devotion and admiration of all who knew him. His heart was kind and true, and the weak and humble found in him a friend, nor ever appealed in vain to the sense of right, and kindly, generous feeling which was such a beautiful trait of his character.

Mr. Howard was born in Boston in 18—, and first came to California in the year 1838. He was engaged as the agent of a commercial house in Boston in the hide trade, then almost the only traffic carried on in California. This business caused him to travel to and from the distant portions of the coast until 1846 or 1847, at which time he established himself permanently in San Francisco.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. F. H. Day, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

“At this time,” says the *Annals of San Francisco*, “he associated himself with Henry Mellus, Esq., (another old resident on the Pacific,) and with him purchased the establishment of the Hudson’s Bay Company in San Francisco, along with other property, and entered upon a commercial business, which was not then of much importance or of very great extent. The discovery of gold, however, gave an *impetus* to their operations, and ere long they became extensively engaged in great commercial speculations. In 1850, these gentlemen dissolved partnership, and Mr. Howard retired from the busy scenes of commerce.” His time, however, was not spent in inactivity. He devoted himself to the improvement of his property, and his name stands prominent among those whose liberality and enterprise have contributed to the advancement and progress of San Francisco. The early efforts to establish an Orphan Asylum found in him a warm sympathizer and a generous assistant. The school system and the fire department were also largely indebted to his benevolence; nor was the cause of religion neglected. The lot where the Howard Street Presbyterian Church now stands was donated by his hand. Heaven had prospered his business transactions, and wealth had flowed in upon him. But it found him singularly unassuming and unostentatious. Shunning display, and regarding himself only as a steward of the Lord Most High, whose duty it was to dispense with a liberal hand the goods committed to his care.

He died January 19th, 1856, of acute inflammation of the kidneys, and in his death California lost one of her most faithful, well-tried, and valuable citizens. From the *California Chronicle* of January 21st, 1856, we extract the following:—

“At a meeting of the Society of California Pioneers, held at their rooms, the 20th inst., pursuant to adjournment, the Committee appointed at the previous meeting, to take into consideration the untimely death of Capt. W. D. M. Howard, and to make the necessary arrangements for the Society to participate in paying the last sad tribute of respect to their late fellow member, the following preamble, resolutions, and obituary notice, were unanimously adopted, as expressive of the sentiments of the Society.

“*Whereas*, it has been the will of Almighty God, to remove from

our midst, Capt. W. D. M. Howard, the first President, and ever a zealous friend of the Society of California Pioneers ;

*“And whereas,* the Society feels deep grief for the loss it has sustained, and entertains the most heartfelt sympathy with the relatives of the deceased in this sad bereavement — therefore be it

*“Resolved,* That by this afflicting dispensation of Providence, the Society of California Pioneers has lost one of its most beloved members and one of its noblest benefactors, the community has lost one of its most esteemed and public-spirited citizens, and the family of the deceased a kind and affectionate friend in every relation of life.

*“Resolved,* That the members of the Society of California Pioneers will long cherish the memory of the deceased, endeared to them as he was by the many noble qualities which adorned his character ; and that they tender to his afflicted relatives their sincere sympathy and condolence.

*“Resolved,* That the Society will attend the obsequies of the deceased ; and as an additional mark of respect, that the members of the Society wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*“Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions, and of the following obituary notice, be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and published through the San Francisco press.

“**OBITUARY.**—Few men can pass away from the stage of life and leave their memory encircled with more well-earned honor and love than Capt. William Davis Merry Howard. His was a life of peace encircled with all the social virtues. The laurels of the Christian and of the high-toned gentleman are his, more precious and more difficult to win than those of the victor of the battle-field. The tears of an endeared community are shed for him, and notwithstanding the diversity of sentiment and opinion which prevails, there was this unanimity, that Capt. W. D. M. Howard had no enemy. In the calm and amiable dignity of his life he won each day some victory of friendship, and of some new friend obtained the lasting affection.

“Mr. Howard arrived in California from Boston in 1839, and after visiting various localities in the country, finally located himself in San Francisco in 1846. As agent, in the commencement of his career he acquitted himself with that honor which placed him in the highest position in his commercial business. His subsequent finan-

cial transactions gave him wealth;—and finally, in his retirement from active business to promote his health and enjoy the well-garnered harvest of his industry, he has moved through life with a heart as pure, and integrity unsullied, as when he first embarked on life's weary path, and the bloom of youth first mantled on his cheek.

“Among our social institutions the liberal and generous hand of Capt. Howard may everywhere be traced. The orphan, little heeding whence the sweet charity which sustains it may be derived, unconsciously in its morning and evening prayers blesses him. The church, when struggling for an existence, and forgotten in the hot pursuit of wealth, flourished, and raised its spire to Heaven through his encouraging aid. When conflagrations had spread desolation and poverty, both the means and the genial will were left to him to prevent the recurrence of such ruin, and our fire department well and fondly remembers the name of Howard.

“In the desperate efforts of worthless men to create war and anarchy in our city, the calm and unmoved dignity of Howard in presiding over the lovers of law and order gave those trying scenes an earnestness, stronger than the sword, which struck terror into evil hearts and dispersed their bands. Walk among the many tenants of his lands and listen to the music of their praise. No complaint of the oppressor's hand is heard, but the pleasant tones of grateful thanks issue from every lip. Gather around him at the social board the friends who enjoyed his intimacy, and will they not admit that his hospitality wore a grace which none can assume, and only the pure of heart can manifest.

“The politics of Capt. Howard took no decided form. His great idea was to promote the good of the whole nation, and whenever he could conduce to that object he was active in his country's cause.

“Although eminently disposed to lead a life of peace, when invited to assist in organizing the military of the State, Capt. Howard again appears, as benefactor rather than soldier, to approve by his presence, rather than lead in the strife of war; but the California Guard will grieve to know their ancient Captain is gone, and will shed for him a soldier's tear.

“Thus have we followed him through his sphere of life, and everywhere to find the manly gentleman, the noble citizen, the generous friend.

“The philanthropist in sentiment and act—had the field been larger, the greater would have been the guerdon of merit; but none worthier than him, on behalf of the institutions of our city, to bear the enviable name of Howard.

“S. R. HARRIS, *President.*

“T. O. LARKIN, A. B. STOUT, A. G. RANDALL, J. C. L. WADSWORTH, SAMUEL BRANNAN, *Committee.*

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## GOLDEN BLOOMERIA.

*Bloomeria aurea.*—KELLOGG.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

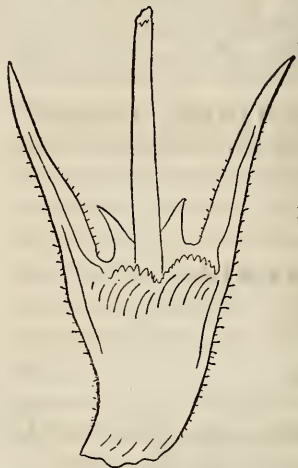
THIS newly-discovered and beautiful bulbous plant, which forms the floral illustration of the present number of the *Hesperian*, is a brilliant member of our charming group of liliaceous flowers, very closely akin to the Tulips and Asphodels; plants of mythological and poetical renown, and celebrated in song.

This bulb was brought from New Idria by Dr. J. A. Veatch a year or two since—a gentleman to whom the scientific and floral public owe a debt of lasting gratitude for the many useful and beautiful discoveries he has been the means of introducing into general notice.

Since the plant came into our hands, it has been carefully cultivated by Mr. H. G. Bloomer, the indefatigable Curator of Botany to the California Academy of Natural Sciences; whom we have delighted to honor by giving his name to the genus.

*Technical Description.*—Perianth deeply 6-parted, rotate, tube obsolete or none, petals equal, widely spreading from the base, or sub-revolute, linear-lanceolate, acute, 3-nerved, apex of the 3 outer divisions apiculate-beaked, persistent. Stamens 6, fertile, the 3 opposite the inner petals longest, filaments filiform, glabrous; each filament separately entering a nectariferous funnel-form tube attached to the lowermost bases of the petals, and together with the petal somewhat adnate to the base of the ovary; these staminal tubes are slightly incurved at their bases, margins recurve-expanding, outer margin crenulate or entire, inner 3-toothed; laterally

awned, obcompressed, pappillose throughout. (In general outline, each of these staminal nectariferous tubes may be said to resemble an awned acheneia of many compositis, as seen in the magnified marginal figure.)



Anthers (verditer blue) 2-celled, oblong, affixed below the middle, apex recurved, introrse, style scarcely longer than the stamens, simple, stigma sub-3-lobed, (capsules abortive and seeds undetermined.)

Solitary, radicle leaf, lamina fleshy, striate distinctly 3-nerved (the other two outer nerves somewhat obsolete) as long as the scape, (*i. e.* about 1 foot,)  $\frac{3}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch in width, scabrous along the margin, otherwise glabrous, somewhat narrowed and channeled towards the base. The scape and pedicels of the umbel scabriteous. Umbel 25 to 30-flowered, inflorescence successive, somewhat centripetal, (continuing in blossom a month or more.) Involucre membranaceous, the 3 exterior broad-acute, 5-nerved, subulate bracts interspersed, pedicles unequal, 1 to 3 inches in length.

This plant resembles the *calliproa lutea*, for which it is easily mistaken, especially in the bud, when marked by the strong green lines on the back of the petals. It is, however, every way more delicate.

The *Bloomeria* is a bulbous plant of remarkable beauty; its light, bright, golden blossoms in lasting succession render it an object well worthy the attention of florists.

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ALMS.—Many persons never give anything in charity except when solicited. The truly benevolent seek out those who are in need; for objects the most unfortunate and deserving, suffer in silence, hiding themselves in obscurity, fearing to ask assistance. It is not enough that we relieve misery; the act should be accompanied with a soothing word or gracious manner. The freedom and affability of a favor greatly enhances its value.—*Madame de Genlis.*



## LORD COKE AND LORD BACON.

BY DELTA.

I PROPOSE to give a brief sketch of the character and political history of two of the most gifted and celebrated men of the Elizabethan age of English literature—Sir Edward Coke and Sir Francis Bacon: the former a distinguished lawyer and judge; the latter Lord Keeper, Lord High Chancellor, and an eminent philosopher. They entered upon their high career together during the happy and glorious reign of England's greatest Queen, Elizabeth, cotemporary with Raleigh, Drake, Hooker, Spenser, Sydney, Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher and Shakspeare — "Men whom fame has eternized in her long and lasting scroll."

Coke, born in 1549, was twelve years Bacon's senior; but the latter so early displayed promise of his future talents that the Queen was accustomed to call him her "young lord keeper"—Sir Nicholas Bacon his father, being keeper of the Great Seal during the first twenty years of her reign; and while only sixteen years of age his masterly intellect was so unfolded that he began to dissent from the Aristotelian philosophy which had held almost undisputed supremacy for eighteen centuries. Having studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, three years, he left that university with a profound contempt for the course of study there pursued, framing in his own mind, even at this early age, his plans for remodeling and improving the Peripatetic philosophy then taught in most of the schools of Europe.

The course of study and the plan of life marked out by the youthful philosopher, were incompatible with the study of any of the learned professions—particulaly law. Indeed he had taken an aversion to it; but his father soon dying, and he looking to his relations, Burleigh and the Cecils, for patronage and protection only to be disappointed; he finally decided upon the legal profession for the pecuniary aid and the preferment it would afford him.

After visiting France, in company with Sir Amius Paulet, the Queen's Minister to that Court, and spending some time in Paris, he returned from the continent and studied law at Gray's Inn. So rapid was his progress that at the age of twenty-six he became a bencher of his Inn, and at twenty-eight one of the Queen's counselors.

Coke pursued his studies, also, at Trinity College, Cambridge; and, at the Inner Temple. He was very studious, and excluding himself almost wholly from society, he bent all his energies early and late to his work. He pleaded his first case at the age of twenty-seven, and as a reader of Lyon's Inn he soon acquired great reputation. When Coke quitted the university, Elizabeth was on the throne. His *alma mater* had conferred on him no degree. Neither literature nor science had any attractions for him. The law was suited to his tastes, and to it he resolved to devote his life. From three o'clock in the morning till nine at night the hard student was engaged in his study. Law, politics and money-making, he regarded as the only pursuits worthy of sensible men; and when tired nature sank into the arms of the "restorer," or when fancy by day led him into dream-land, "his dreams were all of fame, and of that only for the sterling recompense it affords."

In 1582, the better to accomplish his desires, he married a lady possessing great wealth, beauty and accomplishments. The vast fortune she brought him was far dearer to him than her noble virtues and finely cultivated mind. His increasing practice also yielded him great gain. Wealth flowed to him like a "vast river of un-failing source." Fortune continued propitious until he found himself in possession of manor upon manor. At the age of thirty-three his power and influence caused crowned heads and lords of the realm to evince uneasiness at his rapid rise and advancement.

In 1585 he was elected Recorder to Coventry; of Norwich the year following; and in 1592, of the City of London. The same year the Benchers chose him Reader in the Inner Temple; and by the influence of Lord Burleigh, the excellent Prime Minister, he was made Solicitor General to the Queen, by virtue of which office he was Speaker of the House of Commons. Even at this elevation his obsequiousness to his royal mistress was in keeping with his character through life. Says his biographer—"Nothing exceeds his abject servility while in the sunshine save his fixed malignity when dismissed to the shade."

We have thus briefly sketched the early history of these two dramatis personæ, who being now led upon the stage, are soon to act so strange and so "many parts" in the great drama of *vaulting ambition overleaping itself*.

When, in 1594, the office of Attorney General became vacant, the rivalry between Coke and Bacon began. Both desired and eagerly strove for the position. Bacon, now in his thirty-third year, although mature enough in intellect and legal science, was not considered mature enough in years, and Coke was the successful candidate. This contest planted deeply in each breast a feeling of bitter envy, of hatred to the other, which rankled there during their whole political career. Coke, the fortunate but ungenerous rival, being appointed to the office of Attorney General, left vacant that of Solicitor General which he had the privilege of filling; but to such an extent did he permit a mean political animosity to lead him that he declined Bacon for this office, giving it to Hobart. This was inexcusable in Coke, and Bacon, sharply feeling the insult, determined to have revenge. Coke had little or no generosity in his composition. Magnanimity was a trait of character to which he was a stranger. Charity never softened his obdurate heart; love seldom found a resting place in his bosom. He was arrogant and cruel alike to the unfortunate, innocent and guilty; and the reader of English history will find not unfrequent instances of his perversion of criminal law. Lord Campbell, his biographer, thinks "Coke made ample amends in after life for his evil and unscrupulous dealings;" but the world seems rather loth to agree with him. He also thinks him "above all suspicion of corruption as a judge," which is doubtful, to say the least, from historical evidence.

The trial of the "unfortunate and gallant Essex," affords a striking instance of the brutality of Coke, and of the ingratitude and perfidiousness of Bacon. The Earl of Essex had been one of Queen Elizabeth's most active and efficient officers — counselor, master of the ordinance, and Earl Marshal of England. He was gifted, brave, generous to a fault, and fondly beloved by the Queen and the English people. In the latter part of his life he was guilty of many errors; but his royal mistress, by her severity and inconstancy, her abuse and waning affection to him, had driven him to the greater portion of them. Essex had a few inveterate enemies — the Earl of Nottingham, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Cobham, and others — who were jealous of him on account of the relation he held to the Queen, and who desired to crush him without further delay.

He had faults, but Elizabeth and her advisers had greater ones, and were answerable for many of his. He was accused, brought before the privy council and examined, by order of the Queen. Hume says, "The Attorney General Coke opened the cause against him, and treated him with the cruelty and insolence which that great lawyer usually exercised against the unfortunate—and Bacon closed the charge with displaying the undutiful expressions contained in some letters written by the Earl. Essex had often done Bacon great favors. He was ever a true friend to him. Even while in difficulty himself after his unsuccessful attempt to quell the rebellion of Tyrone, in Ireland, he extended a helping hand to his friend Bacon.

The latter, who received no preferment in the law and little or no protection from his powerful and wealthy relations, Burleigh and Cecil, had repeatedly found in the noble Essex, "a friend in need," one who appreciated his great genius and used his best endeavors to procure for him — as we have seen — the office of Attorney General, and afterwards of Solicitor General; and failing in this, Essex made him a present of an estate worth near £200. In his final trial, after being committed to the Tower, Bacon could forget all the obligations under which such generosity had laid him—could lay aside the dignity of his office and the magnanimity of a friend, to appear against him a second time. "The public could ill excuse Bacon for appearing against so munificent a benefactor. He was none of the crown lawyers; so was not obliged by his office to assist in this trial: yet did he not scruple, in order to obtain the Queen's favor, to be active in depriving of life his friend and patron whose generosity he had often experienced." Well may the world look with some feeling of contempt upon all its greatness, and divines preach the depravity of human nature, when they can point to Bacon, the pride of humanity and the glory of the civilized world;" willing to be counsel, for the sake of Queen's favor, against his best friend and benefactor—Cook tyrannically abusing his authority to hurry him to the Tower, because he had befriended Bacon, his rival and enemy; and Bacon using every base means for her majesty's grace, who had loved and ought to have protected Essex, to bring that high, noble and chivalrous spirit to the scaffold! Essex had so repeatedly, by his fidelity to him under all circumstances in prosperity and adversity, laid Bacon under the most sacred obligations of friendship, that even the Earl's

bitterest enemies looked for a return from Bacon in this trying hour. The peers, and judges, and noble prelates were melted to tears. Even Cecil, his greatest antagonist, relented, and treated him with kindness and humanity. But Bacon's ingratitude and perfidy stopped not here. He was not content when Essex was tried before the privy council, with hurrying him to the Tower; nor in his final trial, with hastening his condemnation and sentence to the scaffold; but he had the meanness of soul to engage in drawing up a narrative of that day's proceedings, to satisfy the public of the justice and lenity (!) of the Queen's conduct towards Essex! To rob him of office, and position, and power, and even life itself, was not enough; he was willing to barter away his friend's fair fame—all for the royal favor.

After the noble-hearted, pure-minded, great-souled Essex was laid in his grave, Bacon wrote out "that day's proceedings" to brand his name with infamy. Elizabeth repented her harshness and unkindness towards her former favorite when it was too late; and she passed into another world with a heavy weight of grief and bitter remorse resting on her soul.

About this time Bacon was reduced to extreme poverty. The government had given him no office of honor or profit. Lord Burleigh, his uncle, had neglected him, fearing that he might become more powerful and influential than his son, Robert Cecil, and thus rise above him. To such extremity was he reduced that at one time he was arrested in the street for a debt of £300, to a goldsmith, and thrown into prison where he lay some time in a vile sponge-house in Coleman street.

He sought to better his condition by marriage, and paid his suit to a rich young widow — Lady Hatton — with what success we shall soon see.

The wife of Coke died in 1598,—16 years after marriage,— and left him with ten children; and the disconsolate husband, after carefully noting the virtues of his deceased wife in his pocket diary, — within four months married a second,— this same Lady Hatton, daughter of Thos. Cecil, and widow of the nephew of Lord Chancellor Hatton. Coke was then forty-nine years of age and she but twenty! and she disliked him from the marriage day ever afterwards. Bacon, her cousin, had sought her hand in vain, and here Coke outstripped him again — out of spite to his unsuccessful rival,

and for the sake of "filthy lucre," marrying the young, beautiful and wealthy widow, *privately*. But he caught a tartar that time. "The eccentric manners and violent temper of this woman, made her a disgrace and a torment to her connections." Fortunately for Bacon she rejected him, marrying his enemy — "that narrow-minded, bad-hearted pedant, Sir Edward Coke — and did her best to make him as miserable as he deserved to be." She not only disliked him, but she hated his dry pursuits, spurned his society and his name; and after giving birth to a daughter, peremptorily refused to live with him any longer.

Queen Elizabeth dying, James I., of England, (who had been James VI., of Scotland,) came to the throne in 1603. He continued Coke as Attorney General, and conferred on him the dignity of Knighthood.

The trial of the adventurous Raleigh was his first cause under the new Sovereign. Here, again, the great lawyer stifled justice and mercy, ignoring all clemency, and tyrannizing over the prisoner shamefully, — Coke the prosecuting attorney, — "Popham, the reformed highway robber," judge. Both did their utmost to prove him guilty. Raleigh, in his defence, laid down the law as Coke, one of England's most profound judges, knew how in after life to define it; but as he did not define it on that occasion.

Sycophancy, so long as it could minister to his love of gain, and power, and cater to his depraved appetite for wealth and glory, urged him on in his unclean work. When this availed him nothing — why, he would be a patriot; not from principle, but ambition, relentless hate — revenge. He soon had a cause just in his line. Next to the last object of his cruelty and malevolence, was Guy Faux and his accomplices in the famous Gunpowder Plot of Nov. 5, 1605. During the course of the trial, Sir Everard Digby, one of the culprits, confessed his guilt, and that he deserved the vilest death, but begged of Coke, while heaping insult and abuse upon their heads, some "mercy and moderation of justice." Coke dealt out to him the dose prescribed in Psalms CIX, 9—13. "*Let his wife be a widow, and his children vagabonds; let there be none to extend mercy unto him; let his posterity be destroyed, and in the next generation let his name be blotted out!*"

Knowing that he could not escape punishment, he implored only

forgiveness, saying that if their lordships forgave him, he could "go more cheerfully to the gallows." In the presence of the cruel Coke, the more noble lords answered—" *The Lord forgive you and we do.*"

In 1606, Coke, after the Gunpowder Plot had been disposed of, and after becoming as Lord Campbell expresses it, "fatigued if not satiated with amassing money at the bar," was made Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. The King's favor and prerogatives were as dear to him in this office as ever before.

Meantime, Bacon, that "sublimest yet meanest of men," whom Pope in one emphatic line pronounces

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,"

was deeply laying his plans for promotion, but he desired to build himself up on Coke's downfall; and to both of these works he applied all his subtle arts.

By Coke's last elevation to the Common Pleas, Bacon became Solicitor General, and Hobart passed from this to the higher office of Attorney General, which Coke had just vacated. They were both advancing, but Coke was still ahead in the race. Bacon carried his usual servility into this office. Than him a more obsequious spirit never held any office within the gift of royalty.

Coke, on the other hand, was growing rather bold and insolent to the King and Parliament. Some debates arising between him and the crown, on the constitutional law, in which the great lawyer came out first best, Bacon recommended his promotion to Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which was done accordingly, and Bacon and Hobart also were raised one step higher; the former to Attorney General, the latter to the Common Pleas. In all this, Bacon had been figuring for his own advancement and succeeded, which greatly embittered Coke's hate; for although he was going up to a higher and more honorable position, it was less lucrative, and at the same time his enemy was promoted. Coke aspired to the higher office of Lord High Chancellor; but Bacon's envenomed hatred and subtle intrigues not only defeated his object, but caused him, Nov. 16, 1616, to be dismissed from the King's Bench.

Coke, in early life, before he had reached so high a rank, practiced the most abject servility to the crown; but now, grown rich and powerful, he had become rather independent, and manifested towards the King and Parliament a rebellious spirit. Thus we have

seen that mercy and magnanimity are wanting in all the acts of his whole life.

As Coke fell, Bacon rose majestically upon his ruins. Coke never reached the Chancellorship; but Bacon, says Keightly, "who united the noblest genius with the meanest soul, who was the first philosopher and statesman, and at the same time one of the most servile flatterers of his age, was made on the death of Lord Ellesmere, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and afterwards Lord Chancellor, and thus obtained the summit of his ambition." While Coke was grieving over his loss and adding fuel to the flames of his wrath, Bacon was chuckling over his triumph. Coke, however, was not conquered, though "down in the fight." His enemy should not remain above him basking in the sunshine of the royal favor, and he degraded. He endeavored to regain the favor of the King, and the high position he had lost, by compelling his daughter to marry Sir John Villiers, eldest brother to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir John was poor, but that mattered not so long as his bride would bring him a vast fortune which surely would give her father favor with the Duke, who was rich and mighty, and whose influence might again raise him to high position and power. Why did he so particularly desire this elevation? That he might possess not only an equality in office with his enemy, but the superiority over him; and thus be able to prove his downfall and ruin. Bacon, alarmed at this deep laid scheme, tried to break off the engagement, but in vain. It was still fresh in his memory that he had been rejected by the mother many years previous, and Coke accepted. He used all his subtle arts and wiley schemes with mother and daughter to estrange them from Sir John and the Duke, his brother. A family rumpus ensued; the mother secretly stole away the daughter and concealed her; but the father pursued and brought her back by force. Bacon, by directing the Attorney General to take certain steps against Coke, brought down upon himself both the disapprobation of the King and the displeasure of Buckingham. Bacon's great wisdom and profound knowledge had been lulled to sleep, by the tide of prosperity which hurried him on to power. But he was now suddenly brought to his senses. He promptly sought reconciliation to the King by an humble apology. He had seemed for the time to forget the power and influence of Buckingham; but now



sensible of his error, and awake to his own interest, for two whole days he eagerly sought the Duke, sitting on a wooden box in an ante-chamber with a group of servants, with the Great Seal of England at his side, waiting admittance to the Duke's presence. When at length admitted, he threw himself at Buckingham's feet, which he kissed and vowed he would not leave him until he had received his forgiveness. But let us return to the marriage. Sir John and the Duke favored the match, for the lady possessed a princely fortune; and all opposition being foiled, the nuptials were celebrated at Hampton Court, in the presence of the King and Queen, and all the chief nobility of England. The daughter was young, and Sir John old enough to be her father; but he was only following the example of Coke, who at the age of forty-nine had married a fortune with a wife of twenty. Coke's ambitious schemes, however, were only partially successful. His fondest hopes were never realized, for he was restored only to the privy council, receiving no judicial appointment.

Coke, if he had any paternal love in his nature, must have felt deeply the wrong he had done his daughter, for she and John Villiers never passed a happy day together; and the unhappy wife, soon eloping with Sir John Howard, traveled abroad in men's attire, to conceal her guilt and to elude her pursuers; and died young, leaving a son who came not to the estate and honorable position of her husband on the ground of illegitimacy.

Coke's chagrin and mortification at defeat, were now developed into the most relentless hate. Bacon was his enemy and the chief object of his malevolence; and whatever honors or preferment he might receive, would avail him nothing so long as he saw Bacon sitting at the King's gate. Bacon rose to the office of Lord High Chancellor, still being Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, in the year 1619, with the title of Lord Verulam; and in 1620 he was created Viscount St. Albans; during which time Coke was dismissed from the sunshine of the royal favor, to mourn his misfortunes and to concoct new schemes in the shade.

The Parliament had elected him only a member for the borough of Liskeard, instead of giving him the office of Lord Treasurer, which he had expected. His indignation now rose to its highest pitch. The Puritans were gaining power in the House of Commons, and

Coke, a high churchman while it suited his interests, now headed their ranks, ready for deadly warfare against all opposition.

Bacon, having now reached the summit of his ambition, was in the zenith of his glory. He had risen to the highest office in the kingdom, next to the crown. He dreamed not of danger. He was ignorant of the dark and fearful cloud that was gathering over him ready to burst upon his head. He lived in great pomp and splendor. He had erected and fitted up at an expense of £10,000, a studio where to prosecute his literary and scientific pursuits sequestered from the world.

Having reached the loftiest pinnacle of earthly fame for the present, he was ambitious to leave something to hand down with imperishable fame to posterity. His immortal work, the *Novum Organum*, was now completed and would soon be published. His enemy knew this, and he also knew the celebrity it would gain for its author. This still more aggravated his antagonism. Bacon's habits of prodigality and want of economy, his easiness with his servants and the consequent expenditures all these things incurred, caused him to accept many valuable presents and bribes from parties having suits in chancery, to keep up his high style of living.

His essays, the "Advancement of Learning," his treatise on the "Wisdom of the Ancients," had already been published. Soon the *Novum Organum* was given to the world. "But at the very moment when the triumph of his genius was completed, his political downfall was near at hand."

Bacon's moral character was not of a high order. "His desires were set on things below:—wealth, precedent, titles, patronage, the mace, the seals, the coronet, large houses, fair gardens, rich manors, massy services of plate, gay hangings, curious cabinets;"—for these his almost angelic genius and his lofty soul could stoop to the dirtiest work and the meanest deeds.

The Parliament of 1620–1, undertook to correct sundry abuses of patents, and to investigate many charges of corruption in office. Monopolies were to be suppressed; courts of justice to be purged; wrongs to be redressed; the King's honor to be preserved, and the guilty to be punished. Sir Giles Mompession and Francis Michell were accused of certain offences against the commonwealth, and abuses of patents concerning gold and silver thread and lace. They

were tried, found guilty, and heavy sentence of degradation of the order of knighthood, imprisonment, fines &c., pronounced against them. Sir Henry Yelverton, Attorney General, for similar abuses of patents, and for insults to King James and the Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Admiral of England, was sentenced to pay a fine of 15,000 marks, (£10,000;) to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure; and to make such acknowledgements of his faults and such submission to his Majesty as the court should prescribe.

March 15, 1620, (Cobbett's Parliamentary History, from which I derive much of my information,) Sir Robert Philips, of the Committee appointed to inquire into the alleged corruptions of courts of justice, reported Lord Chancellor Bacon as accused of corruption and bribery—"a man excellently well endowed with all parts of nature and of art, of whom he would not speak much because he could not speak enough." The parties preferring the charge, were Christopher Aubrey and Edward Egerton, whose cases went against them, and who confessed to have given Bacon, while suits were pending, presents to the amount of several hundred pounds sterling. The Lord Bishop of Landaff (Dr. Field,) was implicated also in the same charge of corruption. So great was the effect of the shock upon the Lord Chancellor that he took to his bed, and when the King sent the Lord Admiral to ask his attendance at Parliament, he reported that "he found his lordship very sick and heavy." Soon afterwards the Lord Chancellor addressed a letter "To the Right Hon. his very good lords, the lords Spiritual and Temporal in the Upper House of Parliament assembled." The opening sentence runs thus: "My very good lords, I humbly pray your lordships all to make a favorable and good construction of my absence; it is no feigning nor fainting, but sickness both of my heart and my back, though joined with that comfort of mind that persuadeth me that I am not far from Heaven, whereof I feel the first fruits, &c.," April 24th. Bacon sent the "humble submission and supplication of the Lord Chancellor" to the Upper House, in which he said,—“After the clear submission and confession which I shall now make unto your lordships, I hope I may say and justify with Job: ‘I have not hid my sins as did Adam, nor concealed my faults in my bosom.’ This is the only justification which I will use. It rests, therefore, that without fig-

leaves I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge that I find matter sufficient and full, both to move me to desert my defence and to move your lordships to condemn and censure me." And in conclusion he said: "And therefore, my humble suit to your lordships is, that my penitent submission may be my sentence; the loss of my Seal my punishment; and that your lordships would recommend me to his Majesty's grace and pardon for all that is past."

But this did not satisfy their lordships. He knew he was guilty, and hoped by this general confession and submission to their grace and piety, to avoid further exposure of his crimes. A committee of the House was appointed to investigate the charges, and Coke willingly took the lead in the proceedings. This course displeased the King, who desired to shield him from disgrace and ruin; but Coke,—pedant, bigot and savage, as he was,—was not to be driven from his prey until he was left writhing under the agony of an eternal odium. Bacon was finally impeached, and Coke was appointed to conduct the trial. He was convicted of corruption as a judge, and of having, within the three or four years previous, received presents and bribes to the amount of nearly £100,000. The greater portion of the twenty three charges of bribery brought against him and proved, he confessed to in writing, adding, "My lords, it is my act; my hand and my heart: I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed!"

The King had advised him to plead guilty, which he willingly did to avoid the withering sarcasm and malignity of Coke, though it must be admitted that he acted more gentlemanly towards him on this, than many previous occasions.

Bacon was removed from office and his name branded with infamy and crime. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the royal pleasure; to be forever incapable of holding any office, place or employment in the commonwealth, and never to sit in Parliament, nor come within the verge of the court. The fine and imprisonment, however, were soon remitted, and a pension was even granted him. The case of Dr. Field, Lord Bishop of Landaff, was referred to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be admonished by his grace in the Convocation House before the bishops and clergy there.

Bacon survived his fall but five years, but although he has been

accused of occupying the most of this time with abject efforts to recover the favor of the court, the world is willing to forget or to pardon his faults, and to remember with pride and pleasure the transcendent greatness of his genius, the surpassing excellence of his literary and philosophic writings, and the lasting benefits he has conferred upon posterity by his immortal works.

The remaining portion of his life he devoted to study and retirement, often greatly embarrassed on account of his former habits of prodigality. Coke having seen his enemy — his victim — humbled and banished from court, never visited or troubled him afterwards. His hatred had not lost its venom, but his opposition was now directed towards those higher in authority; and the two never again met.

Coke was now more bitter than ever against the crown and the court. When King James moved a certain measure, Coke boldly moved his protestation against it, which was carried, and actually entered upon the journal. The King, tearing it out with his own hand, dissolved the Parliament, and sent Coke, for his insolence, to the Tower, where he remained until released by favor of Charles, Prince of Wales, who in 1625 ascended the throne as King Charles I.

Coke was, under the new King, brought into the political arena again. King James dying March 27, 1625, Charles' first Parliament was called the same year, and Coke returned first to Coventry and afterwards to Norfolk

Coke stood in his time among the first rank of profound judges and writers upon law. His works was justly considered law classics. He made many great speeches on memorable occasions, and carried many important resolutions which half a century afterwards formed the basis for the *Habeas Corpus Act*. He also fought against various abuses of royal prerogative under which the country groaned; formed the famous "Petition of Right," his greatest work; and declaring these abuses contrary to law, he carried measures which protected the people in all time to come from similar oppression.

King James in his time had met opposition on account of his abuse of prerogative, and he ended his reign of 22 years in a storm, dissolving his last parliament. Charles, following his father's example, fought against the principle contained in the Petition of Right; and not possessing the wisdom and skill to ward off the fatal blows

aimed at his prerogative, to defeat this effort of Coke's, dissolved two Parliaments. The petition succeeded, to the great joy of the people; and, in spite of Charles, he had to stamp it with the royal assent in 1628.

The next Parliament of 1629, was shorter, and still more violent than the two preceding ones. Coke was not present to mingle in the stormy debates. Ere the next Parliament was convened, he was called from the bar on earth to appear before the bar of God in another world. He died in the full possession of all his faculties, in 1634, at the advanced age of 82. Bacon died eight years previously, 1626, at the age of 65.

Both educated at the same university; studying the same profession; rivals during life for the same offices and preferment,—even rivals in love;—ambitious alike for distinction and the good graces of the Queen and Parliament. They eagerly sought wealth and honors; the former of which they scrupled not to gain by corruption, the latter by mean, servile obsequiousness and sycophancy—dearly paid for distinction and rank, partly with the price of virtue and principle, and attained to the lofty positions to which their fiery ambition goaded them, though neither found happiness when these hotly-contested prizes were won. In the ignoble race, Bacon was, perhaps, more unscrupulous than Coke; stooped to baser deeds to encompass his ambitious ends—and his fall was incomparably more fatal and ignominious—yet his nobler nature inciting him to a purer morality, a nobler revenge, and a higher law than courts and Parliaments could exhibit, he rose phenix-like from the ashes of his ruins to the first rank among the world's greatest moralists and philosophers. Both were gifted and mean. Both stood preëminent among the great statesmen of the age. Both teach posterity how much intellectual grandeur, with the most glaring moral turpitude; how much human wisdom, with the most abject baseness; how much political greatness and power, with the vilest sycophancy, are compatible in the same character.

“Bacon, with a genius little less than angelic, condescends to paltry crime and dies branded.” Coke, less social in his nature and less refined in his manners, neglecting all branches of literature except history and law, despised all the fine arts and sciences which Bacon loved; and turning his back upon the muses and his face

towards mammon, to gratify an ungodly ambition and an unholy revenge, crushes his rival, abuses his authority, insults the King, lives a tyrant and dies a patriot.

The hall of science was to him dreary and forbidding. Parnassus presented no enchantment or beauty to his vision. Poetry and painting found in him no admirer. Spencer and Shakspeare yielded him no delight. Music for his icy and unclassic soul had no charms. Upon the title page of the *Novum Organum*, presented him by Bacon, the author, he wrote :

“It deserves not to be read in schools,  
But to be freighted in the ships of fools.”

Shakspeare and Ben Johnson were vagrants, deserving the stocks more than the praise of sensible men. The classic authors of Greece and Rome he read, because they were a part of his course of study—Latin then being the court language of England—not because Homer afforded him any delight, or Virgil, or Horace, or Ovid, any entertainment. Music was to his ear horrible discords long-drawn out; painting was daubing; sculpture was a useless outlay of time and patience; polite literature was refined foolishness: history, law, politics and money-making, being in his estimation the only pursuits worthy of vigorous, sensible minds. As a prosecutor, Coke was severe, uncharitable, and often cruelly savage. As a judge, generally just, and above suspicion of corruption and bribery; though he not unfrequently perverted law to justify his conduct and to accomplish his ends. For a profound knowledge of the English law he stands unrivalled.

Bacon was social, affable, courteous in manners, even in temper, temperate in his pleasures, and bore his high position with meekness. He was not naturally avaricious, and though guilty of many errors for which he truly repented, was not a bad man. His faults were want of economy; prodigality; love of dress and splendor of living; obsequiousness and ingratitude; to which Macaulay adds, “coldness of heart and meanness of spirit.” He was incapable of exercising any strong affections; and though he cherished a spirit of rivalry, and a feeling of envy and revenge towards Coke, these traits cannot be said to be essential ingredients of his character. His love and hate were both lukewarm. He had but few very strong passions—the love of glory and fame being the predominant one.

He lacked a brave heart and a chivalrous spirit; could not make any great sacrifices even for his greatest friends and most munificent benefactors. He lacked a high moral tone, and a sublimity of soul commensurate with the greatness of his teachings and the loftiness of his genius. It must not be forgotten, however, that there are *vitæ temporis* as well as *vitæ hominis*, and Bacon's were, perhaps, as much the vices of the time as the vices of the man; and accordingly the defenders of his character have tried to excuse his acceptance of presents and bribes, by saying that it was the custom of all the high courts, during his and the preceding age, to receive them.

Coke possessed more legal, Bacon more natural science: Coke was the greater lawyer, Bacon the greater statesmen. Coke had talent, Bacon had genius: Coke was the greater pedant, Bacon the greater scholar: Coke the greater judge, Bacon the greater philosopher; and while the former, narrow-minded and bigoted, was engrossed with one pursuit, the latter united with his greater genius, greater versatility of talent and a taste for all branches of human learning. Coke was more studious, devoting more hours to his profession and business; while Bacon possessed a keener insight into things, and grasped all truths and all human science at a glance, Coke was firm and unyielding — nay, even obdurate and stubborn: Bacon was more mild and reasonable, but less stable, and thus gave way to temptation in an evil hour. Coke was a man of more vanity and pride: Bacon bore his honors with greater meekness. Coke was often violent, exercising a more envenomed hatred, and a more belligerent spirit: Bacon, on the other hand, possessed more temperance and finer sensibilities; exercised more mercy and humanity. Most men, I am persuaded, would rather have been Bacon than Coke. In reading and studying his imperishable works, we shall so admire the riches of his mind and the wisdom of his sayings, the truthfulness of his philosophy and the depth of his reasoning, as to readily forgive if not to forget the unfortunate errors of his life.

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CHARACTER.—Ask yourself of every one you are concerned with, what can I give him? What is he in want of? What is he capable of accepting? What would he accept of? If you can tell, you know at least three fourths of his character.



## THE LADY AND THE SHEPHERD.

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Gentle shepherd, rest thee here,  
Sound thy pipe of happy cheer ;—  
Pipe a song of happy glee,  
Here beneath the spreading tree.

From the city's dust I've come,  
From its strife and busy hum ;  
And I've watched thy coming long —  
Pipe me, then, a merry song !

Rest beneath the fragrant shade,  
While the sun is on the glade ;  
Sound thy notes, so rich and ripe —  
Gentle shepherd, where's thy pipe ?

“ Lady fair, no pipe have I,”  
Said the shepherd, with a sigh ;  
“ Phillis wouldn't let me smoke,  
So the useless thing I broke.”

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## SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

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BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

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BUT I have already detained you too long in the court-yard. *Entrer mon cher ami*, the friendly old cottage. This is the parlor. The room is spacious and lofty, and empty too, now, for it has been robbed of its paintings and decorations by unworthy descendants ; yet, it does not wear a gloomy, forsaken aspect ; the genial hearts which throbbed here seem to have left their impress upon its walls, and they extend a kindly greeting as we enter. This was my grandmother's favorite room. It looks out upon the warm South and West. She loved the sunlight, the dear old lady ! It was never too bright for her eyes, and she entertained through life a marked dislike for curtains and Venetian blinds. And this, too, was her favorite window. Here she sat in the affluence of her youth and beauty, the proud and happy wife of the husband of her choice,—here she sat in the glorious prime of womanhood, the loving, hopeful and devoted mother, surrounded by a noble family of sons and daughters ;

and here, too, she sat in her declining years, with her knitting and her Bible, while the bright dreams of her earlier days faded, one by one, and left her a lonely, childless widow.

In that broad bay that lies before us, flashing back the sunlight to heaven, two of her sons, the youngest born, found a watery grave. They were the delight of her eyes; the joy of her existence; the support of her feeble age. From this spot she looked out upon the treacherous waves that swept darkly above the beloved forms once fondly cradled in her bosom, and wept away her grief—and learned submission to the will of Heaven. How much she must have suffered to have grown so calm! Ah! how plainly I can still see her benevolent countenance beam lovingly and benignly upon me through the mists of years.

My grandfather I never saw, but was told, when a child, that he was a perfect gentleman of the old school; courtly and urbane in manners, and scrupulously neat in person; that he dressed in the fashionable costume of his day; that his plaited linen frills were of exquisite texture, and of the most faultless white; that “his tights fitted to a T;” that his silver knee and shoe buckles were always highly polished, and his hair nicely bound in a cue. Tradition farther says, that he “doted” on my grandmother, and believed her to be, not only the most lovely, but the most gifted of women, and that “he remained through life more of a lover than a husband.” Kind-hearted old gentleman! How much I have loved his genial, manly nature, and venerated him for this high appreciation of my grandmother. He sleeps in yonder enclosure where willows are waving above white marble monuments—one tells how well he lived and died.

There are many quaint devices and epitaphs in that old cemetery that well repay the toil of a ramble through its tangled avenues. Two marble slabs in the eastern corner, united above two adjoining graves, bear the following inscription:—“The sun set, and the moon followed after.” You may learn further from the tablet, that, sometime in the 17th century, a man and his wife died, both in one day, and were there entombed for immortality. One stone pays a tribute to faithful friendship, thus:—

“She was—words *is* wanting to say what—  
Think what a friend should be, she was that.”

Another records in the simple style of our early literature, the patient endurance of suffering—

“ Long and painful was her sore,  
Yet with patience it was bore,  
Until death called her away  
With her friends no more to stay.”

But we gain something more valuable than amusement in the reflections which naturally arise while deciphering the almost obliterated inscriptions upon those falling and half-buried monuments. We turn, involuntarily, back through the labyrinthine paths of the tomb, to another century, when the beloved were deposited in these narrow cells, with many prayers and tears, and left with sorrowful forebodings to the long, dark night of death, to a fearful slumber amid pestiferous ruins of mortality, until the mighty angel of the “Revelator” should proclaim upon the sea and upon the land that “there should be time no longer,” and the trump of the Archangel should summon them to final judgment. And we cannot fail to recognize with mingled emotions of terror for the past, and gratitude for the future, the changes, which time and a progressive Christianity have wrought. Truly, “the darkness is already past”—warning has come to the grave! The light of immortality has at length penetrated the clouds of error and superstition which gathered gloomily upon its portals, and beyond the “dark gulf,” and beyond the “valley of shadows,” we see once more the cherished objects of our affection radiant with the glory of a brighter world, yet, lingering upon its confines, and with undying love and tenderness, “looking back for us to come.”

No marvel that this should have been my grandmother's favorite window; the prospect is charming! Those lovely green isles, gleaming like emeralds embedded in pearls, rest lovingly upon the bosom of the bay, receiving the caresses of its sunny waves. And those verdant points of land which serrate its margin and stretch themselves far out into the deep, to mirror their lovely forms in its very heart, wear a look of infinite repose. But the *life* of the scene is its most powerful attraction. Water imparts a living beauty to landscape; its articulating waves quicken the sluggish flow of the blood, and stimulate to action. See the row-boats gliding toward every point of the compass. They have a peculiar fascination of their own to

heighten the interest of the prospect. Frail crafts are they, with priceless burdens, intrusted to the mercy of a wild, capricious element;—in striking contrast with the danger, rises the merry song of the light-hearted boatman, keeping time with the “measured stroke of the dripping oar.” How gallantly those noble vessels ride the billows! They appear to be almost conscious of, and animated with, a portion of the life they bear thus proudly away to distant lands. Ah! it is pleasant to think that the wealth of affection that our courageous mariners take with them from the home of their childhood, and of their riper years, is far more precious than their rich cargoes of merchandise; for it possesses talismanic power to lighten toil, to lessen the perils of the way, and to guard from temptation on foreign shores. Thus they daily pass from our sight with each ebbing tide that hurries onward to the ocean, bearing along a thousand tributary streams to swell the giant waves of that mighty world of water.

That settlement on the opposite side of the bay, with the tall spires of its churches rising from maple and chestnut groves toward heaven, is the picturesque town of W——. It was originally settled by English families of the higher classes; and the country seats which ornament its environs, with their fine parks and closely-shaven lawns, still mark a cultivation decidedly English. No changes of place and of civil and religious institutions could efface from the minds of their descendants the well-grafted lessons of veneration for the customs of the dear old father-land. But beyond these grounds the small farm-houses with their immense barns, innumerable outhouses, dense orchards, and sunny slopes with cattle grazing, present a picture of New England thrift and comfort peculiarly American. In no other part of the world are the tillers of the soil so blest, so prosperous, independent, and happy, as the farming population of our free States. No privileged class owns the land on which they labor, to oppress and starve them by unjust rent laws, and humiliate and degrade them by an assumption of superiority and lordship the God of Nature did not bestow. No! The strong muscle and the indomitable will of their fathers won from the wilderness the reluctant soil through which they drive the plough with a cheerful whistle, and a “thank god”—in their hearts,—“for the bounties of his providence.” Tree by tree, the monarchs of the

forest fell "beneath their sturdy stroke;" and their massive trunks were converted into dwellings, their branches into fuel, and their gnarled roots wrenched from the heart of the earth for torchlights and fences. Stone by stone the granite boulders from the hills and the smaller debris, were removed from their valleys and piled up into stone walls of inclosure and protection, to do service for centuries, and become lasting monuments of their patient, persevering industry.

Every New-Englander loves the *stone wall*. It is his peculiar birthright. He committed the whole singular mass to memory when he was a frolicsome boy, speeding over the fields to school, or chasing the lively squirrel from cranny to cranny home to its hiding-place of beech and hazlenuts. Every stone composing its structure has for him a peculiar interest of its own, from the heavy, moss-covered rock, half buried in the earth, to the lightest gray upon its top, that tilted upon his foot in climbing. And often in his riper years, when he is weary of the din and dust of the city and the toil of business, the old *stone wall* will rise before him, stretching away, away, through the flowery fields of his childhood, and by the side of the clear, pebbly brook, where, prone upon the earth, with his face in its tripping waves, he had often quenched his thirst in the noon-tide heat;—and the voice of Nature came back with a soothing, purifying influence, as in the olden time, reviving his aspirations for the good and the beautiful, until he sighs, involuntarily, as he reflects that his manhood has not reached the high endeavor of his youth; and as he turns once more to his routine of labor, he hums in tones subdued and sad: "I would I were a boy again." But we have wandered too far into the country, and must return to W——.

I have often heard my grandmother say that in her youth W——. was thought to be a seaport town of much importance; that ships of the heaviest burden could anchor at its wharves at all seasons of the tide; and that it enjoyed an extensive India and European trade. But the glory of its commerce has departed, and its merchants are now content to build their largest vessels for other ports more favored of fortune. Here, too, was established, when the town was in the zenith of its prosperity, an English boarding school for young ladies. The best families of adjacent towns and villages sent their daughters to this institution to receive a finishing touch in *orna*

*mental needlework and manners.* They were also initiated in the elementary principles of grammar and arithmetic. These branches were regarded as great accomplishments for young ladies, in those primitive times, as are the modern languages and fine arts in which they are instructed at the present day.

My sainted mother was one of the victims of this ancient seminary, which seemed particularly arranged for destroying every natural grace, and remodeling ladies after the old settled style of courtly elegance. I have frequently listened, when a child, with no slight degree of terror, to her description of the tortures she endured while under its severe discipline. No allowance was made for weakness of any kind; and the rigor of the law was enforced upon all indiscriminately. If Nature had done her work imperfectly, in any instance, that was not the teachers' fault, and they were not supposed to be accountable for any unfortunate result which might follow their system of training. Every young lady was supposed to be furnished with a strong, straight, reliable back; consequently there were no useless appendages to her seat to encourage habits of ease; and, through the long daily session of six hours, she was obliged to sit perfectly upright, independent of support.

But if any tired, aching head was inconsiderate enough to bend forward in its weariness, an ingenious "chin prop" of wooden material was at once introduced, by the ever-watchful inquisitor of manners, to keep the offending member in its proper position. If young, weak shoulders drooped from exhaustion, "shoulder braces," or straps, were immediately applied to bring them back to their exact angular relation to the body. And the lower part of each desk was provided with two narrow divisions in which the feet of the pupil were confined, to prevent her from falling into the inelegant habit of crossing one limb over the other, and shocking the propriety of those ancient dames. I appeal to the delicate, self-indulgent misses of *our* fashionable boarding-schools to know if they like the picture!

Such was a portion of the educational experience of the mothers of revolutionary memory. Physical weakness was ignored. They were not supposed to possess nerves; for bone and muscle were the great demand of the age—the unrelenting necessity of the pioneer condition. And when, at last, they emerged from the school-room,

they entered the parlor as unbending in form, and as formal in manners, as were the creeds and dogmas of their Puritan Fathers.

The early settlers of W—— fancied that our little village of E—— would in time become a kind of Brooklyn to a grand commercial city. And many of their most respectable citizens, whose business called them abroad, established their seats there, as it afforded their families greater retirement, ampler gardens and pleasure-grounds, and easy access to town. In addition to these advantages, the natural beauties of the place rendered E—— a point of much attraction. Viewed from the opposite shore, it rises gradually from the bay in ascending table lands for several miles, until it meets a chain of hills, dotted with groves of rich, silver-leaved maple and pine, that stretch far away to the north and south, bounding the lovely prospect. The undulating motion of the bay imparts a panorama-like effect to the whole sweep of hills and woodlands, and as you gaze admiringly upon its beauty, it appears “a most living landscape,” floating dreamily between the “blue above” and the deep blue wave.

But no view of this charming village from the opposite side of the bay, is at all comparable with that which you gain from her own bright hills, and from this very site the finest of all. Ah! if you have a soul for beauty, and beautiful influences, you should be here on a quiet Sabbath morning, while the church-bells of W—— are ringing out the hour of worship, and their tones come mellow and flute-like over the water, mingling with the music of the forest pines and the song of birds. Skiff after skiff may be seen shooting away from divergent points of land, until the bay is all alive with white, fluttering wings; now skimming lightly and gracefully over the waves, and now concealed a moment from view by those lovely green isles, but still onward, converging still to one common center—drawn to the place of prayer by the magic of those Sabbath bells.

[To be continued.]

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Not for herself was woman first create,  
Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate;  
Still from his birth his cradle-bed she tends,  
The first, the last, the faithfulest of friends.

## A SKETCH.

BY S. P. N.

ONE evening, during my stay in the far west, I strolled away to a graveyard not far distant from my home. It was in early spring-time, and the day had been one of those dreamy, listless ones so common to that season of the year. Such an one as wakens echoes in the heart that have slumbered through the long, bleak winter. A dark red glow overspread the western sky, while farther up, purple clouds were resting and slowly dissolving in the deep blue ether.

I soon reached my destination, and for a time wandered around among the graves. There were some costly monuments on which the sculptor's and the poet's art were united, and many monuments with naught but the long grass waving over them. I seated myself by one of these, and mused upon the deep mystery that is wrapped up in man—his life, with its dark, thorny ways, and its pleasant places, its alternate sunlight and shadow, and then death,—when the spirit is freed from its tenement, and the body returns to dust. I almost shuddered as I thought if this were all; if the soul, with its longings and aspirings, was to rest here forever, and the deep sleep of the grave would never be lifted from the meek dwellers there. Then a voice seemed to whisper the answer to that question: "If a man die shall he live again;" saying that death but severed the chains that bound the soul, but that it should never die. While thus musing, a voice replete with despairing earnestness fell upon my ear. Oh," it said, "will ever my soul's longing be realized? Will I ever reach the goal I so ardently wish? Will I ever be instrumental in bringing glory unto my Creator? Would that my sinews were strong as iron, that I might endure all things in his service. I have struggled long through poverty and adversity in gathering bright treasures from the mine of science, and oh, may I not falter, but still struggle onward until I reach the destined goal." I looked in the direction of the voice, and saw a young man kneeling by one of the monuments. His face was pale almost as the chiseled marble beside him, and every nerve seemed quivering with deep emotion. He bowed his head upon his hands a moment, and then walked slowly from the graveyard. Then I tried to paint his history. I painted the picture of a humble cottage in which the



germ of his life sprang into being, with pearly flowers and shining streamlets where he had spent his boyhood's hours listening to singing birds and the voice of rippling waters ; but the same longing desire that I had witnessed crept into his heart, and he longed for something higher. While gazing at the stars at night his mind had wandered far beyond them up to the Great Architect of all, and then a wild desire would steal over his heart, sending a fever through every vein. He had dreamed of towers and castles—but before the vision could assume a form it would vanish, leaving naught but the vague, unspeakable yearning. Then he had resolved to quench the burning thirst, and had labored long and wearily, till the light of the stars had paled before the red dawn of morning, gathering bright treasures from the "mine of science." He had stored his mind with the fruits of his industry, and now he was prepared to bring into realization his boyish dreams. Then I looked away out into that which is still veiled in obscurity, and tried to weave the destiny that there awaited him. I saw clouds and dark mists change to golden vapors before him ; and high up among all that is good, and pure, and noble, was his future place. I saw vice, and ignorance, and superstition flee from him, and wherever he went there was a bright light, like that which illumines the sky after a flashing meteor ; and how vain are the fabrics we build ; in but a few short weeks he was summoned away to stand in the presence of his God. The light of his life went out in pain and suffering, and the body was placed beneath that same grassy turf : but who shall say but that bright web may yet be for him, only strengthened to last forever ; but that which he so ardently sought here, but was too deep for the mind to comprehend until he should receive the crown of immortality, may be made clear by the Great Teacher of all.

MANCHESTER, IND.

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A good story is told of Mrs. Douglas, when asked recently regarding her politics. Her reply was—"I am an old line Whig, with pretty strong *Douglas proclivities*."

Never judge by appearances. A seedy coat may cover a heart in full bloom.

## BEAUTY vs. MIND.

BY ANNIE K. H. FADER.

The ether's soft, cerulean blue,  
 The violet trembling in the dew,  
 May blend in woman's eye ;  
 The rose upon her cheek be seen,  
 The flashing ruby's dazzling gleam  
 Her sparkling lips outvie ;

A syren voice she may possess,  
 And with her silvery accents bless  
 The upturned listener's ear ;  
 The eye of love in her may see  
 The graces of the matchless Three,  
 And think an angel near ;

And yet, with every outward grace,  
 With all the charms of form and face,  
 That mortals here may wear,  
 Without the higher charm of mind,  
 The peerless beauty you will find  
 As false as she is fair !

TRINITY CENTER.

## ACROSTIC.

BY E. A. F.

Memories of the happy hours  
 I've passed with those I love,  
 Retain their wonted place and power  
 In every land, where'er I rove ;  
 And never yet on life's rough way  
 My love for home hath worn away.

Climbing the blue vault, the queen of night  
 Leaves on yon seas her trail of light.  
 O'er all the skies the eyes of heaven  
 Unveil the splendor their Creator's given—  
 Trusting in him who guides their stated course,  
 My soul soars upward to creative source ;  
 And whispered prayers for loved ones far away  
 Now float aloft where angel zephyrs play.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY H. B. D.

“How is your mother, to night?”

The kind words of inquiry fell from the lips of an elegantly-dressed lady, who had just entered the apartment of sickness and poverty, and were addressed to a pale young girl, of about seventeen summers, who sat sewing by the dim light of a lamp. So softly had been her entrance to the room, that the reverie of the young girl remained unbroken until the sound of the visitor's voice aroused her.

“Thank you, ma'am,” she said, with a start, and a quick glance at the wretched bed which contained her invalid mother; “she is poorly, very poorly to-night. She seems more quiet now, but all day long she has called my father's name, and begged for him to come to her. Oh! tell me, dear lady,” she continued, in a voice of agony, while the hot tears chased each other in quick succession down her pale young cheeks, “will they not release my father? Indeed, indeed, I know he did not mean to steal; he has always been honest, and by his own labor paid for what we had. But this winter has been very hard on poor people—he could obtain no work—he sold every little thing he had to the grocer for food, and when he had no more to give him, he would not trust him for a loaf of bread. Father and I were well and strong, and we could stand it, but poor mother was sick, and day after day we had nothing to give her but herb tea, and she grew so weak, and looked so pale and thin, that it drove father to madness. He bent over and kissed her pale cheek, and said, ‘Mary, Mary, was it for this I married thee?’ he sobbed then, in meekness, like a woman. But he rose with clenched fist, and stamping on the floor, said, ‘Mary, you *shall* have bread, and I will obtain it or never see your face again.’ I tried to hold him, for something seemed to tell me that evil would come to him. But he rushed past me, out of the door, into the cold, stormy street. He was not gone long; and when he returned he rolled a barrel of flour upon the floor, and said to me: ‘Here Maggy, here is flour; make a cake, quick now, for your mother! I will see by what rule some roll in luxury, while mine starve; ha! ha! ha! I will.’

“I hastened, as he bid me, to make the cake. But I felt — I

knew, that something was wrong. I had never seen him act so strange before. There was such a wild glare in his eyes! I had only got the cake mixed, and was putting it into the spider to bake, when I heard the sound of loud voices, and heavy steps, coming through the hall. Then two coarse men entered the room, and one said, 'Yes, here's the duck, sure enough, setting on his nest; and here's the very barrel of flour, with my brand on it.' The other man walked up and taking father by the shoulder, said—'You are my prisoner.'

"For what?" replied my father; "I am no thief. I took bread for my family, to save them from starvation—only one barrel from among the thousands which are his, and every one of which he came by dishonestly, for he has no right to speculate in the *staff of life or the lives of the poor*. God be judge between him and me."

"Tut, tut, none of your cant," replied the officer, (for such I learned he was;) "you must go with me. I'll agree to see that you have bread and water both."

"It's more than I've had for the last two weeks," said father, sullenly, as he stooped to kiss mother. "Keep up spirits, wife; it will all be right yet," he said. But mother shrieked and cried for them to have mercy and leave father, but they hurried him away to prison.

"Have you heard from him to-day?" inquired the lady.

"No." The girl shook her head sadly. "Mother has been too ill for me to leave her to-day, and I could not carry him word that she must die."

"But perhaps she will not die, Maggy. While there's life there is hope, and I think she will yet recover."

"If father was only with her, and her mind easy, she might; but when she comes to herself she mourns for him continually."

The bed-clothes moved slightly, and Maggy was by the bedside in an instant.

"Give me some water," said the invalid.

It was proffered quickly, but not until a violent fit of coughing had taken place. Maggy arranged the pillows and proposed a little mutton broth which the good lady had sent in, when the lady herself came forward, and spoke kindly and encouragingly of her health.

"I never expect to be well," she replied, feebly; "but if I can only live to realize a dream I had just now, I shall die happy."

"What was it?" inquired the visitor.

"I dreamed that Jamie had come home, and that he was cleared entirely of the charge of theft, because our great need was proved to the court by an angel who was commissioned by our Saviour to plead his cause."

"He will be pardoned, I am sure, mother," said Maggy; "if they only knew how good and kind he is, they would never keep him shut up there in that dark hole. O! how I wish I were a woman grown;—no, not that; a *great, strong man*—would n't I teach them to let my father out, or pay the penalty in blood!"

"Maggy, Maggy!" said the mother, in a mild, reproving tone.

"O, mother, I can not help it!" said the poor girl, sinking upon her knees, where her helpless wrath was followed—as woman's wrath usually is—by a flood of tears.

"I have no doubt but that your dream was sent as an omen of good," said the kind-hearted lady; "but do you think you are strong enough to see him if he could come to you?"

"O, yes, yes! the sight of him always did me good."

"Then rest easy, for I have good news to tell you. Your husband's trial came off to-day, and I heard at three o'clock that he was likely to be acquitted."

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of the wife.

"God grant it!" fervently ejaculated Maggy.

"Now," said the kind neighbor, who had proved herself a friend in need, "I must bid you good night, as it is Christmas Eve, and the young folks have a little gathering at our house to-night;" and wishing that Christmas morn might dawn merrily upon them she departed, bearing with her the blessing of both mother and daughter.

Maggy now busied herself in examining the contents of a large basket which had been sent in by the same kind neighbor.

"O, mother!" she exclaimed, "here is just what we wanted. How could she know what we were in need of! Here is tea, and coffee, and sugar, and a nice chicken, which will be so nice for you, and"—but a paper neatly folded caught her eye, and she stopped to read its contents. It was the acquittal by the court of her fa-

ther from the charge of theft ; but ere she had time to communicate the glad tidings to her mother, the door opened, and her father entered, pale and haggard in appearance. A shriek of joy burst from the wife as she stretched her thin arms towards her husband, and a trembling, joyful greeting from Maggie. But we will not attempt to describe the meeting between those whose hearts had been so severely tried. Suffice it to say, that he owed his deliverance to the kind neighbor who, in seeking out subjects for her Christmas charities, had made herself acquainted with their misfortunes, and had easily induced her husband, who was a lawyer, to plead the case of the helpless man ; and though he had been guilty of the crime of theft, and was rightly answerable to the law for the same, he succeeded in obtaining for him the mercy of the court, and he was returned to his family, who were overjoyed at his presence. They did not realize, as he did, that his name was forever recorded upon the *criminal* calendar of his country. But this pang he chose rather to bear alone than to make his family participants with him. As the reunited family knelt that night around the family altar, how fervently the father uttered : “ *Lead us not into temptation !* ”

“ I wish you a Merry Christmas,” said the kind neighbor Stanly, next morning, as she again entered the apartment of the humble family.

“ God bless you, ministering angel, that you have been to me and mine,” said the sick woman.

“ You have saved me from ruin,” said the husband and father, taking her tiny white hand reverently between his huge coarse ones. “ Yes *you have saved me !* Never again will I doubt the justice and goodness of God ; nor fail to trust in Him who feeds the ravens when they cry, and who has said : ‘ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. ’ ”

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A loving husband at St. Louis, recently telegraphed to his wife as follows : “ What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby ! ” The answer came back—“ Buckwheat cakes and the measles. ”

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“ Pa,” said a little fellow the other day, “ was Job an editor ? ” “ Why Sammy ? ” “ Because the Bible says he had much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life. ”

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### CHRISTMAS; OR, THE GOOD FAIRY.

“O, DEAR! Christmas is coming in a fortnight, and I have got to think up presents for everybody!” said young Ellen Stuart, as she leaned languidly back in her chair. “Dear me, it’s so tedious! Every body has got every thing that can be thought of.”

“O, no,” said her confidential adviser, Miss Lester, in a soothing tone. “You have means of buying every thing you can fancy; and when every shop and store is glittering with all manner of splendors, you cannot surely be at a loss.”

“Well, now, just listen, To begin with, there’s mamma. What can I get for her? I have thought of ever so many things. She has three card cases, four gold thimbles, two or three gold chains, two writing desks of different patterns; and then as to rings, brooches, boxes, and all other things, I should think she might be sick of the sight of them. I am sure I am,” said she, languidly gazing on her white and jewelled fingers.

This view of the case seemed rather puzzling to the adviser, and there was silence for a few moments, when Ellen, yawning, resumed:

“And then there’s Cousins Jane and Mary; I suppose they will be coming down on me with a whole load of presents; and Mrs. B. will send me something—she did last year; and then there’s Cousins William and Tom—I must get them something; and I would like to do it well enough, if I only knew what to get.”

“Well,” said Eleanor’s aunt, who had been sitting quietly rattling her knitting needles during this speech, “it’s a pity that you had not such a subject to practice on as I was when I was a girl. Presents did not fly about in those days as they do now. I remember, when I was ten years old, my father gave me a most marvelously ugly sugar dog for a Christmas gift, and I was perfectly delighted with it, the very idea of a present was so new to us.”

“Dear aunt, how delighted I should be if I had any such fresh, unsophisticated body to get presents for! But to get and get for people that have more than they know what to do with now; to add pictures, books and gildings when the centre tables are loaded with

them now, and rings and jewels when they are a perfect drug! I wish myself that I were not sick, and sated, and tired with having everything in the world given me."

"Well, Eleanor," said her aunt, "if you really do want unsophisticated subjects to practice on, I can put you in the way of it. I can show you more than one family to whom you might seem to be a very good fairy, and where such gifts as you could give with all ease would seem like a magic dream."

"Why, that would really be worth while, aunt."

"Look over in that back alley," said her aunt. "You see those buildings?"

"That miserable row of shanties? Yes."

"Well, I have several acquaintances there who have never been tired of Christmas gifts, or gifts of any other kind. I assure you, you could make quite a sensation over there."

"Well, who is there? Let us know."

"Do you remember Owen, that used to make your shoes?"

"Yes, I remember something about him."

"Well, he has fallen into a consumption, and cannot work any more; and he, and his wife, and three little children live in one of the rooms."

"How do they get along?"

"His wife takes in sewing sometimes, and sometimes goes out washing. Poor Owen! I was over there yesterday; he looks thin and wasted, and his wife was saying that he was parched with constant fever, and had very little appetite. She had, with great self-denial, and by restricting herself almost of necessary food, got him two or three oranges; and the poor fellow seemed so eager after them!"

"Poor fellow!" said Eleanor, involuntarily.

"Now," said her aunt, "suppose Owen's wife should get up on Christmas morning and find at the door a couple of dozen of oranges, and some of those nice white grapes, such as you had at your party last week; don't you think it would make a sensation?"

"Why, yes, I think very likely it might; but who else, aunt? You spoke of a great many."

"Well, on the lower floor there is a neat little room, that is always kept perfectly trim and tidy; it belongs to a young couple



who have nothing beyond the husband's day wages to live on. They are, nevertheless, as cheerful and chipper as a couple of wrens ; and she is up and down half a dozen times a day, to help poor Mrs. Owen. She has a baby of her own, about five months old, and of course does all the cooking, washing, and ironing for herself and husband ; and yet, when Mrs. Owen goes out to wash, she takes her baby and keeps it whole days for her."

"I'm sure she deserves that the good fairies should smile on her," said Eleanor ; "one baby exhausts my stock of virtues very rapidly."

"But you ought to see her baby," said Aunt E.; "so plump, so rosy, and good-natured, and always clean as a lily. This baby is a sort of household shrine ; nothing is too sacred or too good for it ; and I believe the little thrifty woman feels only one temptation to be extravagant, and that is to get some ornaments to adorn this little divinity."

"Why, did she ever tell you so ?"

"No ; but one day, when I was coming down stairs, the door of their room was partly open, and I saw a pedler there with open box. John, the husband, was standing with a little purple cap on his hand, which he was regarding with mystified, admiring air, as if he didn't quite comprehend it, and trim little Mary gazing at it with longing eyes."

"I think we might get it," said John.

"O, no," said she, regretfully ; "yet I wish we could, it's so pretty!"

"Say no more, aunt. I see the good fairy must pop a cap into the window on Christmas morning. Indeed, it shall be done. How they will wonder where it came from, and talk about it for months to come!"

"Well, then," continued her aunt, "in the next street to ours there is a miserable building, that looks as if it were just going to topple over ; and away up in the third story, in a little room just under the eaves, live two poor, lonely old women. They are both nearly on to ninety. I was in there day before yesterday. One of them is constantly confined to her bed with rheumatism ; the other, weak and feeble, with failing sight and trembling hands, totters

about, her only helper; and they are entirely dependent on charity."

"Can't they do anything? Can't they knit?" said Eleanor.

"You are young and strong, Eleanor, and have quick eyes and nimble fingers; how long would it take you to knit a pair of stockings?"

"I?" said Eleanor. "What an idea. I never tried, but I think I could get a pair done in a week, perhaps."

"And if somebody gave you twenty-five cents for them, and out of this you had to get food, and pay room rent, and buy coal for your fire, and oil for your lamp——"

"Stop, aunt, for pity's sake!"

"Well, I will stop; but they can't; they must pay so much every month for that miserable shell they live in, or be turned into the street. The meal and flour that some kind person sends, goes off for them just as it does for others, and they must get more or starve; and coal is now scarce and high priced."

"O aunt, I'm quite convinced, I'm sure; don't run me down and annihilate me with all these terrible realities. What shall I do to play good fairy to these poor old women?"

"If you will give me full power, Eleanor, I will put up a basket to be sent to them that will give them something to remember all winter."

"O, certainly I will. Let me see if I can't think of something myself."

"Well, Eleanor, suppose then, some fifty or sixty years hence, *if* you were old, and your father, and mother, and aunts, and uncles, now so thick around you, lay cold and silent in so many graves—you have some how got away off to a strange city where you were never known—you live in a miserable garret, where snow blows at night through the cracks, and the fire is very apt to go out in the old cracked stove—you sit crouching over the dying embers the evening before Christmas—nobody to speak to you, nobody to care for you, except another poor old soul who lies moaning in the bed. Now, what would you like to have sent you?"

"O aunt, what a dismal picture!"

"And yet, Ella, all poor, forsaken old women are made of young girls, who expected it in their youth as little as you do, perhaps."

“Say no more aunt. I’ll buy—let me see—a comfortable warm shawl for each of these poor women; and I’ll send them—let me see—O, some tea—nothing goes down with old women like tea; and I’ll make John wheel some coal over to them; and, aunt, it would not be a bad thought to send them a new stove. I remember, the other day, when mamma was pricing stoves, I saw some such nice ones for two or three dollars.”

“For a new hand, Ella, you work up the idea very well,” said her aunt.

“But how much ought I to give, for any one case, to these women, say?”

“How much did you give last year for a single Christmas present?”

“Why, six or seven dollars for some; those elegant souvenirs were seven dollars; that ring I gave Mrs. B. was twenty.”

“And do you suppose Mrs. B. was any happier for it?”

“No, really, I don’t think she cared much about it; but I had to give her something, because she had sent me something the year before, and I did not want to send a paltry present to one in her circumstances.”

“Then, Ella, give the same to any poor, distressed, suffering creature who really needs it, and see in how many forms of good such a sum will appear. That one hard, cold, glittering ring that now cheers nobody, and means nothing, that you gave because you must, and she takes because she must, might, if broken up into smaller sums, send real warm and heartfelt gladness through many a cold and cheerless dwelling, through many an aching heart.”

“You are getting to be an orator, aunt; but don’t you approve of Christmas presents, among friends and equals?”

“Yes, indeed,” said her aunt, fondly stroking her head. “I have had some Christmas presents that did me a world of good—a little book mark, for instance, that a certain niece of mine worked for me, with wonderful secrecy, three years ago, when she was not a young lady with a purse full of money—that book mark was a true Christmas present; and my young couple across the way are plotting a profound surprise to each other on Christmas morning. John has contrived, by an hour of extra work every night, to lay by enough to get Mary a new calico dress; and she, poor soul, has bar-

gained away the only thing in the jewelry line she ever possessed, to be laid out on a new hat for him.

“I know, too, a washerwoman who has a poor, lame boy—a patient, gentle little fellow—who has lain quietly for weeks and months in his little crib, and his mother is going to give him a splendid Christmas present.”

“What is it, pray?”

“A whole orange! Don’t laugh. She will pay ten whole cents for it; for it shall be none of your common oranges, but a picked one of the very best going! She has put by the money, a cent at a time, for a whole month; and nobody knows which will be happiest in it, Willie or his mother. These are Christmas presents as I like to think of—gifts coming from love, and tending to produce love; these are the appropriate gifts of the day.”

“But don’t you think it’s right for those who *have* money to give expensive presents, supposing always, as you say, they are given from real affection?”

“Sometimes, undoubtedly. The Savior did not condemn her who broke an alabaster box of ointment—*very precious*—simply as a proof of love, even although the suggestion was made, ‘This might have been sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor.’ I have thought he would regard with sympathy the fond efforts which human love sometimes makes to express itself by gifts, the rarest and most costly. How I rejoiced with all my heart, when Charles Elton gave his poor mother that splendid Chinese shawl and gold watch! because I knew they came from the very fulness of his heart to a mother that he could not do too much for—a mother that has done and suffered every thing for him. In some such cases, when resources are ample, a costly gift seems to have a graceful appropriateness; but I cannot approve of it if it exhausts all the means of doing for the poor; it is better, then, to give a simple offering, and to do something for those who really need it.”

Eleanor looked thoughtful; her aunt laid down her knitting, and said, in a tone of gentle seriousness, “Whose birth does Christmas commemorate, Ella?”

“Our Savior’s, certainly, aunt.”

“Yes,” said her aunt. “And when, and how was he born? In a stable! laid in a manger; thus born, that in all ages he might be

known as the brother and friend of the poor. And surely, it seems but appropriate to commemorate his birthday by an especial remembrance of the lowly, the poor, the outcast and distressed; and if Christ should come back to our city on a Christmas day, where should we think it most appropriate to his character to find him? Would he be carrying splendid gifts to splendid dwellings, or would he be gliding about in the cheerless haunts of the desolate, the poor, the forsaken and the sorrowful?"

And here the conversation ended.

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"What sort of Christmas presents is Ella buying?" said Cousin Tom, as the waiter handed in a portentous-looking package, which had been just rung in at the door.

"Let's open it," said saucy Will. "Upon my word, two great gray blanket shawls! These must be for you and me, Tom! And what's this? A great bolt of cotton flannel and gray yarn stockings!"

The door bell rang again, and the waiter brought in another bulky parcel, and deposited it on the marble-topped centre table.

"What's here?" said Will, cutting the cord. "Whew! a perfect nest of packages! Oolong tea! oranges! grapes! white sugar! Bless me, Ella must be going to housekeeping!"

"Or going crazy!" said Tom; "and on my word," said he, looking out of the window, "there's a drayman ringing at our door, with a stove, with a teakettle set in the top of it!"

"Ella's cook stove, of course," said Will; and just at this moment the young lady entered, with her purse hanging gracefully over her hand.

"Now, boys, you are too bad!" she exclaimed, as each of the mischievous youngsters were gravely marching up and down, attired in a gray shawl.

"Didn't you get them for us? We thought you did," said both.

"Ella, I want some of that cotton flannel, to make me a pair of pantaloons," said Tom.

"I say Ella," said Will, "when are you going to housekeeping! Your cooking stove is standing down in the street; 'pon my word, John is loading some coal on the dray with it."

"Ella, isn't that going to be sent to my office?" said Tom; "do you know I do so languish for a new stove with a teakettle in the top, to heat a fellow's shaving water!"

Just then, another ring at the door, and the grinning waiter handed in a small brown paper parcel for Miss Ella. Tom made a dive at it, and staving off the brown paper, developed a jaunty little purple velvet cap, with silver tassels.

"My smoking cap, as I live!" said he; "only I shall have to wear it on my thumb, instead of my head—too small entirely," said he, shaking his head gravely.

"Come, you saucy boys," said Aunt E., entering briskly, "what are you teasing Ella for?"

"Why, do see these lot of things, aunt! What in the world is Ella going to do with them?"

"O, I know!"

"You know! Then I guess, aunt, it is some of your charitable works. You are going to make a juvenile Lady Bountiful of El, eh?"

Ella, who had colored to the roots of her hair at the *exposé* of her unfashionable Christmas preparations, now took heart, and bestowed a very gentle and salutary little cuff on the saucy head that still wore the purple cap, and then hastened to gather up her various purchases.

"Laugh away," said she, gayly; "and a good many others will laugh, too, over these things. I got them to make people laugh—people that are not in the habit of laughing!"

"Well, well, I see into it," said Will; "and I tell you I think right well of the idea, too. There are worlds of money wasted, at this time of the year, in getting things that nobody wants, and nobody cares for after they are got; and I am glad, for my part, that you are going to get up a variety in this line; in fact I should like to give you one of those stray leaves to help on," said he, dropping a ten dollar note into her paper. "I like to encourage girls to think of something besides breastpins and sugar candy."

But our story spins on too long. If any body wants to see the results of Ella's first attempts at *good fairyism*, they can call at the doors of two or three old buildings, on Christmas morning, and they shall hear all about it.—*May Flower*.

## Editor's Table.

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DECEMBER has again dawned upon us — the month hallowed above every other in the year by the advent of our Saviour upon earth. Born of a poor woman and cradled in a manger, his birth attracted not the attention of earth's great magnates. No couriers were dispatched to bear the tidings to the court of Herod. No telegraphic wires with lightning speed announced the tidings of a SAVIOUR born to a rejoicing world. No trumpets sounded; no notes of rejoicing were heard. There were no illuminations, no pomp nor display. Wrapped in his swaddling bands, his advent created no sensation save in his mother's breast and among the small circle of her friends. Only a few wise men, men whose spiritual perceptions were clear and whose strong faith enabled them to keep in view the promise of a Redeemer,—men who watched narrowly the signs of the times, and had at length discovered a new star in the heavens and recognized it as an emblem of Him whose divine wisdom and spiritual truth should shine in upon and enlighten the minds of men,—came to do him homage and brought to him gifts of spices and myrrh. In the sacred worship of the ancients, fragrant and sweet-smelling things were always applied, and the anointing oils were also heavily laden with perfume, because the things applied in worship, in that early time, derived their origin from things spiritual and celestial, and the ancients readily traced a correspondence between the fragrant odors of spices of various kinds, and the grateful and agreeable perception of truth to the interior faculties of the mind. How significant were such offerings to Him whose divine truth was to go forth like a sweet smelling savor to all the earth, preparing it for that second coming which should be in "pomp and great glory;" and how has the divine light emanating from him whose birth-place was the lowly manger, illuminated the earth, enlightened and christianized the world! Silent, but all-pervading as the fragrant aroma, has been the influence of those divine truths revealed to man by the Infinite Father, through his son.

For over eighteen hundred years have they been quietly but surely progressing upon earth, each year gaining new victories over the strongholds of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice; each year opening more and more the receptive faculties of the minds of men, and preparing them for the acceptance of higher truths, more rational and exalted views, until we of the nineteenth century stand amazed at the wonderful capacity of the mind of man. Never before has it been capable of such development. Never before has the world witnessed such progress in mechanics, in arts and sciences; never before has the mind of man been so emancipated (as it were) from the labor of earth. The human machine has grown out of use and given place to the inventions of genius, and the mind, liberated from the galling chains of earthly servitude, soars up to the investigation of greater truths and newer principles, and those who, like the wise men of the East, study the signs of the times, behold in this the dawning of a new and more glorious era in the world's great history, and many eyes are turned with watchful earnestness, waiting for the second coming of the Lord to the hearts of his people. The anniversary of the birth,

which at the time of its occurrence was unnoticed, save by a few lowly and intimate friends, has become the great day of the nation. It is ushered in by the chime of bells and the sound of rejoicing. All nations unite in commemorating the event which brought peace and good-will to men, and from the altar of many hearts arises the grateful incense of thanksgiving and praise.

“THE POOR YE HAVE WITH YOU ALWAY”—But at no season of the year are the contrasts between rich and poor so plainly and so painfully visible as during the season of the holidays. When the rich, clad in their gayest attire, flit about from store to store, appropriating every thing that is costly and elegant to themselves and their friends, and then hasten home to the well-spread board, bright lights and cheerful fires of the parlors and drawing-rooms; while the poor, in their thin, tattered garments, pinched by the cold and weak from want, stagger home to an empty board, fireless hearth, and a darkened room, too often to find sickness the result of privation, fastened upon some loved and loving one. The lights across the street gleam brightly, throwing deeper shadows about the walls and upon the floor of the wretched hut of poverty. One light from that brilliant mansion would give light to those who sit in darkness, and one hod-full of coal would warm their numbed and freezing limbs, and send the life-blood back tingling to their hearts, freighted with new hopes and brighter promise, arousing them to shake off despair and buckle on once again the armor of resolve.

Let all who are in the enjoyment of earthly blessings remember the poor, and bestow a little of their abundance upon the children of want. Let Christmas-time be a merry time to all, to poor as well as rich; for all are children of the Infinite Father, and they who have least of this world's goods may be rich in grace and virtue. “He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,” and “with what measure ye give it shall be meted to you again.” Set aside, at this time particularly, some portion of your abundance for the suffering, toiling ones, and as you look upon the homes which your benevolence has made comfortable, and the blessings of grateful, happy hearts falls upon your ear, you may learn that it is, indeed, “more blessed to give than to receive.”

PLUMED PARTRIDGE, OR MOUNTAIN QUAIL.—We are in receipt of a fine lithograph of the mountain quail, (*Oreortyx Pictus*) drawn from life and published by A. J. Grayson, with whose interesting contributions to the *Hesperian* on the subject of ornithology most of our readers are familiar. The lithograph is a very fine one, and was executed by Mr. Kuchel and printed by Mr. Nagel. The picture represents a family group, adult male and female, and several young ones, and forms a fine match plate to the Valley Quail. We understand that some of these fine plates are for sale at the well-known house of Jones, Wooll and Sutherland, Montgomery Street, and we hope that many of our readers will avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain a copy of this elegant engraving, which, when framed, forms a handsome ornament to the walls of a drawing-room.



IT MAY BE that with the departure of the steamer of the 20th of this month we shall bid adieu for a while to the scenes of California. We do not say we are "going home," for to us California is home. We look for no other, and ask for no better. For nearly eight years we have dwelt beneath its cloudless skies, and every year have learned to love it more and better. Here are centred our heart's affections, and we only leave now for a short season, to complete arrangements by which the *Hesperian* will be greatly benefited, and to transact business connected with its publication. We know that smiles and warm welcomes await us, mid the scenes of earlier days, and yet we find it hard to say adieu, even for a short time, to the land of our adoption and the friends of our later years. During our absence, which will be brief, we leave the *Hesperian* in the care of one every way competent to conduct it, and trust that the same favor which has hitherto been so liberally extended to it, will be continued during our absence. We would ask you one and all, friends, patrons, contributors and brothers of the press, to guard well the interests of the *Hesperian* during the short period of our absence, that when we return our heart may be glad, and we feel encouraged to lay before you the result of our labors abroad. In the meantime we shall (as far as our journeyings will permit) occupy, from time to time, a short space in the Editor's Table, where we will report you of our journeyings, and chat familiarly of matters and things as we find them in the eastern, middle, or southern States.

Again renewing our thanks for the favor ever extended to the *Hesperian*, we wish you, kind friends, ONE AND ALL, A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS," will be recognised by many, as the low-voiced, yet musical breathings of one who has been chastened and purified by affliction. They are evidence of the triumph of mind over physical suffering, for they are written a little at a time by one who has been long an invalid, and they float in upon us from that darkened chamber like memories of the olden time. There are many who in their daily orisons remember the gifted Mrs. S. M. Clark, and breath a prayer to the All Father for her restoration and health.

HOW TO DRESS WELL.—In a late number of Dickens' new serial, "All the Year Round," we find the following:—"As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other!"

We have often said the same thing in other words. Before our American women can dress perfectly, they must have the taste of the French, especially in color. One reason, why we see colors ill-arranged, in this country, is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's ward-

robe, and be unsuitable for all others. To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. Never buy an article, unless it is suitable to your age, habits, style, and to the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly laces with a common delaine, or cheap laces with expensive brocade.

What colors, we may be asked, go best together? Green with violet; cold with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach-color is perhaps one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers; in fact, all that furnishes the dress. The ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

NOTICE.—We have on hand, for sale, a few volumes of the *Hesperian* neatly bound. They make an elegant and valuable gift-book for the holidays, and can be obtained at our office, Montgomery Street, between Sutter and Post, upstairs; and at the periodical depot of Ullman & Co., corner of Washington and Sansome Streets.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Mr. GEO. H. BEACH, of the New England Orchard, Marysville, having failed to make proper remittances to this office, his authority has been recalled, and we will not be accountable for subscriptions paid to him.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We have many articles in our hands, the merits of which we have not yet been able to decide upon.

*A Reader*.—Your lines are musical and pretty, but we NEVER publish anonymous communications.

*Ella*.—The lines are very pretty, and you friend C. are not the first one who has been roused from despondency by the endearing ways and innocent prattle of a child. Who says children have no mission to fill on earth? We shall find room for "Ella" soon. Please excuse the delay.

*Rev. J. D. S.*.—By some accident, the beautiful gem you had the kindness to send was filed away in the letter in which it was sent. We design to be very particular, but in the multiplicity of business the article was overlooked. We trust that you will extend to us your charity. Accept our appreciation of the kind interest you manifest in our publication. We should be happy to receive other articles from your pen. "Found" will appear next number.





Lith. Britton & Co. S. F.

**FUMORALES OF THE COLORADO DESERT.**

*(Expressly for the Hispanian.)*

*From a Drawing by A. A. Wood*



D.D. Neal del

L. Nagel. Print.

HUMMING BIRD'S DINNER-HORN.

(*Pentstemon Cerrosiana* — Kellogg.)

Drawn from Nature Expressly for the HESPERIAN.



# THE HESPERIAN.

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## SALSSES, OR MUD VOLCANOES OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

BY JOHN A. VEATCH.

THE Salses, or "Mud Volcanoes" of the Colorado Desert, the most prominent of which is represented in the accompanying engraving, are in keeping with the other features of the Great Sahara of California. The fearful repulsiveness of this arid region is but too well remembered by those who were forced to traverse it in the early days of emigration to this State. Many lives were sacrificed by the rashness of parties attempting to pass it unprepared with a sufficient supply of water, or by the mishap of losing their mules from the restless and almost unmanageable condition of the animals while suffering from thirst. The one or two holes of brackish water were liable to be closed by the ever-drifting arenaceous waves, and the worn wayfarer, inexperienced in desert traveling, found no where to replenish his exhausted water-gourd, and too often sank down with the extremity of his suffering to rise no more. As if to mock his wretchedness, a deceitful mirage continually presented such exact representations of lakes and even running streams, that nothing short of chasing them and finding them to recede could bring conviction of the painful cheat. I have seen these airy lakes and rivers in other places, but never so perfect and so frequent as on the Colorado Desert. A portion of this waste forms a great basin, sunk much below the level of the sea. The most depressed portion is at a point about forty miles north of the line dividing Upper and Lower California, or, in other words, the United States and Mexican boundary line. The Rio Colorado lies on the eastern edge of this basin, and presents the phenomenon, common to rivers passing

through a plain and carrying a large amount of detritus, of its bed having an elevation greater than the adjacent country. It was to this fact that "New River" owed its origin — an arm of the Colorado which broke the sandy barrier of the river bank and flowed off towards the centre of the ancient lake — for such was the basin in former times. This New River suddenly made its appearance in the month of March, '49, and as it crossed the emigrant route from the mouth of the Gila, about midway of the Desert, its presence was hailed as a blessing and a miracle by the crowd of pilgrims to the gold-land. The stream long since disappeared, but not so its memory to those who drank of its waters. Wells are now provided at suitable points, and the harsh desert forms no insurmountable obstacle to the great overland mail; and the traveler is now whirled through its ninety-five miles of sand-drifts in Concord coaches without fear of perishing with thirst.

The turbid waters of the Colorado, descending through deep, unexplored and perhaps unexplorable cañons, is just such a stream as should border a desert. Had it been known to the ancient Greeks it would have been made one of their infernal rivers, and some fearful deity assigned it. Even the less imaginative Yumas have given it a conspicuous place in their mythology, and exceedingly appropriate in part, as they have placed their hell in the dark caverns of its cañons. Their Heaven is, however, in the same vicinity. Their belief is, as related to me by a Yuma chief, that some where up the Colorado a deep cañon widens out so as to enclose a verdant valley through which the river flows, and this forms the spirit-home of the *good* people of his tribe after death. It is their Heaven. The *wicked* are shut up in deep caverns that look into the happy valley, and are only permitted to see the blessed condition of those they can never join, condemned

—————"to dwell  
Full in the sight of paradise,  
Beholding heaven yet feeling hell."

I think had the more fiery notions of our old burning-lake theologians ever existed amongst the gentler Yumas, they would have consigned their wicked to the Salses I set out to describe.

The volcanic phenomena of Salses, fumorales or Mud Volcanoes that form so striking a feature over extensive districts in some parts



of Asia, and in New Zeland, are here repeated on a scale far less grand, certainly, but yet presenting no small degree of interest. I visited the Salse here described in July, 1857, and the engraving presents an idea of its appearance at that time.

The locality is near a salt lake that presents, during the dry season, an extensive sheet of salt several inches in thickness, resting on a bed of soft mud. It is about a thousand acres in extent, and is all that remains of the ancient lake, once spreading over an area of near one hundred miles in breadth and one hundred and fifty in length.

An account of the visit above named was published in the proceedings of the California Academy of Natural Sciences. As it chanced to be unusually mangled and mutilated in type — perhaps in part the fault of the unreadable manuscript — I take occasion to offer extracts, revised and corrected, from that publication.

After entering the desert, guided by an Indian captain named José Serano, we had made a halt at a watering place, about thirty miles distant from the “volcanoes,” on the morning of the 18th day of July, 1857, where we rested until late in the afternoon, on account of the terrific heat of the noonday sun. The following is from the notes above mentioned:—

“At 5½ o'clock P. M., started again, hoping to reach the volcanoes by midnight. To lighten the burden of the animals, all our provisions, blankets, and extra wearing apparel, were left behind, taking no weight save our arms and supply of water. Two black buttes, betwixt which our course lay, in a north-easterly direction, served us as guides. Within two miles, came to a small stream of water, rising in a ravine sunk about fifteen feet below the level of the plain. It ran toward the North a very little way, and was lost by evaporation and absorption. Beyond this, crossed a superficial clay ridge, strewn with pebbles and fragments of obsidian; near sundown, entered a sandy district, the horses sinking fetlock deep each step; after dark, the buttes being no longer visible, kept our course by the stars. By-and-by the atmosphere became hazy, and only occasional glimpses could be had of the stars. Wandering from our course, we got into loose, drifting sands, thrown by the winds into ridges and hillocks, through which the animals plunged and struggled, and finally we had to dismount and lead them. José

declared himself lost and refused to go any farther till morning. There being no means of securing the horses, in case of a halt, we continued to toil on, and fortunately got off the sand banks in a little while. Soon a few sage bushes were encountered, and, selecting the stoutest, the animals were fastened to await the coming of to-morrow. In attempting to make our beds, the burning temperature of the earth required the interposition of saddle-blankets and leathern covers of the saddles, and still it seemed like submitting our limbs to the process of baking. The restlessness of the horses kept us in constant fear lest they might break the insecure fastenings and leave us in a rather unenviable predicament. It is useless to say the night was not passed in refreshing slumbers, and the dawn was never more welcome.

"*July 19.* — At daylight it was found that we had wandered last night too far to the North, and had to turn to the South and East. The white clouds of steam, shooting upward from the Salse, soon became apparent at the distance of ten miles. At sunrise the steam-jets presented an imposing and singular appearance; the cones from which they issued were distinctly visible, and the dull roar of the subterranean tumult could occasionally be heard. The black buttes that served as land-marks yesterday lay on either hand—that to the left less distant. It had the appearance of a mass of lava heaped into a rough and fantastically irregular hill, crowned with sharp pinnacles and rude arches, as if the whole had been hardened suddenly while in a state of most violent agitation from boiling. The more distant one to the right seemed a black, compact mass, with a glittering, smooth surface common to the granite and gneissose rocks bordering the desert. If volcanic, the character was not so apparent as in that to the left.

"A little after 6 A. M., reached a point as near the Salses as was deemed prudent, on horseback. The ground had become soft and muddy, and the sulphurous scents and strange sounds frightened the horses. Giving them in charge of José Serano, we proceeded on foot about a quarter of a mile to the scene of action. The scene presenting itself is difficult of description. The accompanying engraving, from a drawing made by my son on the spot, gives some idea of the appearance, but the effect can only be known by one who has heard the wild rush of steam, the rude hubbub of the mud

explosions, and the dull murmur of the boiling cauldrons of slime. The space occupied by the Salses is a parallelogram, five hundred yards long and three hundred and fifty broad — a table of hardened bluish clay, a little elevated above the surrounding plain. The adjacent ground is low and muddy, and during the rains entirely covered with water. There is a gentle slope towards the North and East, the mud and water of the Salses running off slowly in that direction, where a lake of salt water exists in the rainy season, but presenting now a vast sheet of crystalline chloride of sodium. Into this lake the arm of the Colorado, known as New River, discharges itself. The lake, having no outlet, would probably soon regain its ancient area if the channel of New River afforded a regular and more generous supply of water.

“The steam-jets of the Salses issue from conical mounds of mud, varying from three to ten or twelve feet in height, the sides presenting various angles, some being sharp and slender cones, others dome-shaped mounds that seemed to have spread and flattened out with their own weight, upon the discontinuance of the action that formed them. Out of some of the cones the steam rushes in a continuous stream, with a roaring or whizzing sound, as the orifices vary in diameter or jets differ in velocity. In others the action is intermittent, and each recurring rush of steam is accompanied by a discharge of a shower of hot mud, masses of which are thrown sometimes to the height of a hundred feet. These discharges take place every few minutes from some of the mounds, while others seem to have been quiet for weeks or months. During our short stay we had specimens of the rapidity with which a sharp, conical mound could be built up and again tumbled down. In one place a stream of hot water was thrown up from fifteen to thirty feet, falling in a copious shower on every side, forming a circle within which one might stand without danger from the scalding drops, unless the wind chanced to drive them from their regular course. It issued from a superficial mound out of an opening about six inches in diameter; but the column of steam and water immediately upon issuing expanded to a much greater size. The orifice was lined with an incrustation of carbonate of lime, and around it, and particularly on the south-east side, stood a miniature grove of slender stalagmitic arborescent concretions of the same substance. They were from

half an inch to one inch and a half in diameter, and from four to eight inches in height. Many of them were branched and the tips colored red, contrasting beautifully with the marble-whiteness of the trunk, and resembling much a corral grove. Some were hollow, and delicate jets of steam issued from their summits, and this seemed to explain the mode of their formation. Some were not hollow throughout, being closed at the summit, but when detached from their base, a small orifice in the centre suffered hot steam to pass, and some degree of caution was required to remove them without scalded fingers. To approach the spot was a feat of some difficulty, surrounded as it was by a magic circle of hot rain. I retreated, scalded, from the only attempt I dared to make; but my son, more adventurous or more attracted by the beauty of the specimens, succeeded in bringing away several. The falling water ran off into a pool a foot deep, but what became of it was not apparent, as it had no seeming outlet. I brought away a bottle of it for examination. It was transparent, but had an intensely bitter and saline taste. This spot is represented a little to the right of the centre in the engraving. A little beyond, and on either hand, are two huge cauldron-like basins, sunk five or six feet below the general level, and near a hundred feet in diameter. Within these cauldrons a bluish argillaceous paste is continually boiling with a dull murmur, emitting copious sulphurous vapors, and huge bubbles, bursting, throw masses of mud to the height of several feet. These kettles sometimes boil over, and the matter runs off in a slimy stream toward the salt lake. This seems to have been the case recently, as we encountered the track of one of these streams, not yet dry, a mile from the Salses.

“The volcanic action was far more violent at some former period than at present, as is proved by the erupted butte, above named, as well as by fragments of pumice scattered over the plain.

“Our visit only lasted an hour and a quarter. The sun was already scorching hot, and our supply of water could not last, with the most rigid economy, more than three hours longer. The watering place left yesterday, was not less than thirty miles distant. A spring was marked by the U. S. Surveyors, only 4 or 5 miles to the north, but as no land-marks were known by which it might be found, it would have been rash to waste time in seeking it. The tempting objects in the vicinity, which would require many days for examin-

ation, could only be greeted with a farewell glance, and our horses' heads were turned towards the water. Leaving the sand hills that gave us so much trouble last night, to the right, our course lay south-west.

"We soon had reason to congratulate ourselves upon being clear of the drifting sands. The winds increasing as the day advanced, whirled the dust into a black cloud, through which José declared it would be impossible to travel. It would certainly have been exceedingly unpleasant, to say the least. The season of the rains was due—the Sonora rains prevailing here—and showers were observed at a great distance, but none approached us.

"For the first three or four miles, after leaving the Salses, the plain presented a smooth surface of sand and bluish clay—baked and fissured—strewn sparingly with volcanic cinders and obsidian fragments. Round holes marked the escape of gas when the ground was softened by water. Soon the plain became cut up with ravines three or four feet in depth, which José said were the arms of "New River," which branched out before entering the salt lake. The remains of a most luxuriant vegetation, now dead and dry, proved the place to be only a desert for want of water. The suddenness and rankness of grass and weed-growth when the New River broke away from the Colorado, some years since, and irrigated the desert, is remembered by many who witnessed the magic-like transition from barrenness to fertility. Our course led across an intervening sandy district—loose and drifting, but not deep—and fortunately no sand storm was gotten up for our benefit while passing it.

"It was now near noon; the wind blew a gale, but seemed only to add, by its scorching dryness, to the raging solar heat. Our water bottles were exhausted, and the distance betwixt us and the watering place was yet ten or twelve miles. Two hours deprivation of water is certainly no great inconvenience, under ordinary circumstances, but on the desert can only be appreciated by one who has felt it. About two o'clock, P. M., the green bushes and cheerful rippling water greeted us, and men and horses plunged in and blessed the fountain in the desert.

"The tired condition of the animals made it imprudent to leave our present position until they were somewhat recruited, so arrangements were made for a shelter from the sun. A black cloud that

had been slowly heaving up for some hours from the west, at last met the sun's track and brought its friendly shadow to our relief. After a refreshing nap of two hours, an attempt was made at getting up a breakfast — we had eaten nothing during the day — but all appetite was gone, and nothing craved but continued draughts of water. José, however, was a bright exception, and had certainly lost nothing of his gastronomic powers, but merrily devoured the meal prepared for the three.

“As night closed in, two or three black bats came from their hiding places, and a solitary goat-sucker flitted around in silence. No other animals appeared, save a lizard, whose movements were too quick for us to capture him, and three coleopterous insects, less agile than their neighbor, fell a sacrifice to the interests of science.

“On the morrow — Monday, the 20th — it was still thought imprudent to leave until evening, so as to make the most of the journey to San Felipe during the night and early the following day. The forenoon was therefore spent in collecting a few shells from the soil, one of which, the *Physa humerosa*, was still found inhabiting the water of the spring. Two species of fishes were observed, about an inch in length, one slender and of a whitish color, the other, broad in proportion to length, and dark colored, looking like a small perch. Our guide states that this secluded spot was his early home. He was born here, and the tribe he now rules over, here had their lodges, and lived in abundance on the maize, melons and frijoles that he described as growing with a luxuriousness unknown to any place away from the so called desert. A succession of rainless summers drove them away, and they have not since returned. They planted with the early rains, say in July or August.

“The water from the volcano has the specific gravity of 1.075, and holds in solution free boracic acid, with borates and a large quantity of chloride of sodium and other salts. These matters would indicate the true volcanic origin of these Salses. The evidences of former volcanic action in the neighborhood, and the testimony of the boracic acid, establish their true character. The acid and its compounds exists only in small quantities, but sufficient to be unequivocally determined. Similiar Salses exist some fifty or sixty miles further south. One made its appearance during the earthquake of November 29, 1852, a few miles below the line of the State. Two

others exist in the same district, as I was informed by a person who professed to have visited them. One is represented as a single jet of steam and water from an opening a yard in diameter, situated in a plain of hardened clay. The other consists of several pools of warm water, through which hot gas is continually escaping. Another is spoken of in the adjacent mountain, partaking of the true volcanic character, emitting fire and smoke. I hope some one may soon have occasion to examine these and other interesting localities, at a season when it will be practicable to pass a few days on the desert without danger of perishing with thirst.

“The real character of this desert has not been generally understood. In its present condition it is truly a desert. But only a portion, however, of its immense area is condemned to ir retrievable barrenness—viz: the part covered with drifting sands. The greater part, from the constituents of its soil, must be fertile in the extreme, and only wanting moisture to produce a wilderness of vegetation. This is proven in the case of New River, while it continued to flow. This arm of the Colorado might be made permanent, but a far more convenient supply could be furnished by artesian wells, or better still, by wind mills raising water from common wells, as is now so successfully practiced throughout the valley of San Jose. As stated before, there is every reason to believe water can be had anywhere at a depth not exceeding thirty or forty feet.

“As the great Southern Railway must pass through this district, it is interesting to know that the now dreaded desert can easily be changed into the happy homes of a thriving people. Repulsive as are the features of the country at present, the presence of a railway will convert it into the garden of the Pacific slope, and it is destined to become the cotton and sugar growing district for Arizona, Utah, California and Oregon.

Since writing the above I have had the pleasure of seeing a letter from Dr. Newbury, Geologist of the Colorado Exploring Expedition, being now fitted out by the U. S. Government, to Dr. W. O. Ayers, of San Francisco, from which I am kindly permitted to make an extract. Speaking of the desert, he says: “I find it not a bad country—having, most of it, a better soil than the mountain districts west of it. If water could be supplied regularly to the New River country it would be a perfect garden.”

## PENTSTEMON CERROSIANA.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

THE Pentstemon or Beard-tongue family are beautiful herbaceous annuals ; but in the mild climate of California often prove perennial at the base. A succession of shoots from the main stem or root, often prolongs their floral season into very late autumn.

At this season of the year they are the favorite resort of Humming Birds; hence the origin of the charming common name, "Humming Birds' Dinner-horn," which is applied to this and kindred gentian-like species, where the tube and border of the flower give it the general appearance of a tiny dinner-horn.

These brilliant scarlet nodding flowers often in long spikes, erect and trim, form very suitable border plants.

They are of quick and easy culture, both from seeds and cuttings. They flourish in light sandy soils, but also delight in loam and gravel. In this climate they require little or no care.

The species here figured,—as its provisional name indicates,—was brought from Cedros (or Cerros) Island, by Dr. J. A. VEATCH.

It is closely allied to *P. centranthi folium Benth.*, but differs widely in the leaves, especially from the specimens found in the vicinity of Sacramento City; it also differs from our drawing, and the figure in the Bot. Register, t. 1737. The seeds have been distributed, and we shall soon be able to determine how far the *habitat* of the plant has modified its form.

### TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION.—*Pentstemon Cerrosiana*—Kellogg.

Stem suffruticose, branching below, glabrous, glaucous, (yellowish.)

Leaves coriaceous, somewhat corrugate and bullate, glaucous above and below, quite entire, lanceolate and ovate-lanceolate, obscurely three nerved, apex recurve mucronate, lower leaves on decurrently thickened petioles (about 1 inch in length,) base clasping, (a connate ring encircling the stem,) decussate, densely crowded near the base; upper leaves sessile clasping, cordate-lanceolate.

Peduncles short, stout, mostly two flowered secund, bracts minute recurve lance-ovate.

Calyx divisions ovate-lanceolate acuminate stoutly indurate mucronate striate, three nerved.

Corolla tubular, somewhat obliquely ventricose downwards, slightly curved or ascending, border five notched, divisions rounded, sub-equal, very short, throat naked, contracted, (scarlet,) stamens glabrous throughout, (two or more stamens when not inserted into and thence decurrent along the tube,) attached to the lower margin of the tube, flattened at the base. Style sub-equal, persistent, simple, glabrous; fifth filament short, declined, glabrous, somewhat clavate.

Capsule conic, two celled, four valved, seeds black and angular.



## THE WIFE'S NEW YEAR.

BY FRANCESCA.

Night wears apace — the sobbing winds go by,  
Laden with tears and sighs of tempests past ;  
The clouds, high-piled along the wintry sky,  
Spread like a pall, all shadowy and vast,  
'Twixt Past and Present — in the shrieking blast  
I fancy cries of torture, moans of grief,  
Whisperings of dreadful deeds, of robberies,  
Which, taking form before my weary eyes,  
Now turn to horrid shapes, hideous beyond belief.

My hearth is lonely — though the ruddy blaze  
Cast o'er the room a summer's rosy glow,  
And books and pictures, in its softened rays,  
Pleasantly blending with the curtains' flow,  
Comfort, and peace, and luxury bestow —  
But thou art absent — thou whose life is twined  
So subtly with mine own in thought, in mind,  
That, without thee, no joy, no peace I know.

Beloved! feel ye not around your bed,  
Wrapt in ecstatic visions as you sleep,  
My spirit-wings soft-waving o'er your head  
As I my nightly vigil round ye keep ?  
I *know* my soul doth wander where thou art —  
I *feel* that I have seen thee, and caressed —  
Day-beams alone our eager spirits part,  
But night, sweet night, in which we are more blessed,  
Alternates with the day to give us peace and rest.

And now, my only one, my darling love,  
May all, that life can give of joy, be thine —  
May peace on earth, Heaven's pure bliss above,  
Here and hereafter round thy soul entwine —  
Long life be thine, and perfect, generous health —  
The love of friends, and power to make return, —  
Taste, vigorous and pure, with ample wealth  
To feed the classic fires while erst they burn,  
Until, to Him who gave, they all at last return.

Beloved! in the future of our years,  
When other ties have withered from thy heart,  
When joys are few, when dull our hopes and fears,  
And we are waiting sadly to depart,  
Then may *my love* still happiness impart —  
My care prove kinder as the lamp grows pale,  
And may we *go together* through the vale  
That leads to that fair land in which there are no tears !

## THE NECESSITY OF SELLING THE MINERAL LANDS OF CALIFORNIA.\*

BY JOHN S. HITTÉLL.

THE welfare of every civilized state requires a permanent population, a well regulated society, a steady business, and a secure investment of capital proportionate to the industrial ability and production of the people. These requisites are indispensable to all national prosperity. Their want, if long continued, must inevitably be followed by national ruin. They are wanting in a large portion of California.

In the moral and social, as well as in the physical world, cause and effect are inseparably connected; adequate means never fail in leading correspondent ends; prosperity or ruin comes not by mere chance, but is the necessary result of the adoption of good or evil counsel. The ill-regulated society and unsound condition of business in our State, are traceable mainly to the insecure tenure of our lands; and as a necessary means to attain social, commercial, and individual health, we must have perfect land titles.

Although there are insecure land titles in the farming as well as in the mining districts of the State, yet I propose to confine my remarks in this essay to the necessity of transferring the title of the mineral lands from the Government to individuals by sale or donation.

It is a necessary consequence of the want of secure land titles in the mining districts that the inhabitants should be unsettled. There is nothing to fix them in any one place, while many motives impel them to frequent removals; and the result is that a considerable portion of the mining population is truly nomadic † in character. Most of them have poor claims, or none at all, and they enact laws, or establish customs having the force of laws, that all claims shall be small, usually not more than one hundred feet square. These small claims are worked out in a month or two, or at most in a year or two, and then the miner must go. Perhaps he will find his next claim within ten miles, perhaps not within fifty. When he gets a claim he may not be able to work it out; he must not only occupy his claim, but he must work it. If he absent himself from it more than three days during the season in which it can be worked, for other cause than sickness, it becomes forfeit to whomsoever will seize it. In no case can he who mines in the river beds, banks, flats or gulches consider his claim a home for life; in one case out of a thousand it may employ him for ten years. Quartz and tunnel claims are more lasting, and many of them will not be exhausted in a lifetime; but the miners employed in these are a small portion of the total number.

The miner is not only not tied to his claim by ownership or the hope of long employment and lasting profit, but he is constantly tempted by other tracts

\* The material of this article is composed partly of material published in letters addressed to the *N. Y. Tribune* and the *Sacramento Union*.

† Webster is wrong in his definition of nomad; a people may be nomadic without leading "a pastoral life," which he makes an essential to nomadism.

which are open to him without price. He may consider himself owner of all the unoccupied land in the country. He can take and use any of it. No one has a better title than he. Every unoccupied gully, flat, hill-side, river bar, river bank, and quartz vein is persistently trying to seduce him. He can scarcely take a pleasure walk on a Sunday morning without seeing some place which invites him to come there and settle, to desert his old home and make a new one. And when there is nothing to protect him against such temptations save his belief in the superior mineral wealth of his first location, that belief may often be changed by a very brief examination of the new place. He has no title to the spot where he dwells, no substantial improvements, no property of any kind save such as he can carry on his back at one load.

The world never saw such a people of travelers as the Californians. There are now, at my estimate, about 300,000 white inhabitants in the State, and more than 225,000 have gone "home" during the last ten years, four fifths of them never to return. Not one fifth — probably not one tenth — of the miners of 1849 are now in the State, and it would be a difficult, and perhaps an impossible task, to find a Californian mining town, one twentieth of whose population has been permanent there since 1850.

In regard to the men leaving California, it must in fairness be stated that many of them are actuated by a desire to be with their families, and they see that it is much cheaper for them to go to New York than to have their families come to San Francisco; and there are cases where the families would make very great objection, even overlooking the cost of passage, against moving to a land so far from all their relatives. But, on the other hand, it must be considered also that all the men who leave the State do so, seeing and acknowledging before they go, that in climate, mineral resources, the profits of labor and trade, the enterprise, intelligence and generosity of the people, the independent spirit of the poor, the democratic spirit of the rich, and the frank friendliness of all, California is far superior to any other part of the American Union, while it has many advantages in other respects. Such an acknowledgment coming from men leaving a State with which many of the most interesting associations of their lives are connected, implies a great evil somewhere. Although some of them go "home" because they cannot bring their families to California, yet this is not the fact in one fourth of the cases; they go because they do not wish to live here, because they will not live here.

Another evil effect of the want of secure land titles, and the consequent unsettled character of the population, is the want of good houses and substantial improvements of all kinds. The dwellings throughout the mines are, as a class, mere hovels, even in the oldest and most thickly settled districts. In the towns it is necessary to have some substantial stores as a protection to the valuable goods kept in them; but with these exceptions, and a few fine residences, even nominal "cities" are collections of shanties, scattered about with little regard to order, and fitted up with little provision for comfort.

The wandering character of the population, and the want of permanent and comfortable homes, render the mines an unsuitable place of residence for families. There are a few women in the mines, and of these few a considerable

share are neither maids, wives, nor widows. The general proportion of adult men to adult women, throughout the mining districts, is probably not less than six to one, and to married women seven to one. The editor of the *Plaverville American* guessed, in December, 1857, that there were seven men to one woman in El Dorado, the oldest mining county in the State, the easiest of access from San Francisco and Sacramento, with a railway running from the latter city to its border. In a letter written from Empire Rancho, a mining village in Yuba county, twenty miles from Marysville, the writer said the entire population of the place was 300, with 160 voters and twenty families, or eight voters to one married woman. The *Jackson Sentinel* said, in February, 1858, that there were 400 inhabitants, including twenty families, in the town of Lancha Plana, in Amador county. According to the report of the County Assessor of Siskiyou county, for 1857, there were then in that county 6500 men and 700 women, or more than nine to one.

It sometimes happens that miners having wives in the Eastern States have them come to live in the mines; but in a considerable proportion of cases this arrangement is not a permanent one. Anxious as the inexperienced wife may have been to live with her husband, and willing as she might be to share his privations, the result has often been that she found life in the mines unsuited for herself and her children. I do not mean to deny that there are many good, virtuous and intelligent women living in the mines, and perhaps as well contented there as they would be in any other part of the world, but there are not enough of them.

If there were no other evil than this scarcity of women traceable to the present tenure of the mineral lands, that one fact would be enough to settle the question that the mines must be sold. The family is no less essential to the good order of society and the prosperity of the State than it is to the happiness of the individual. A community of American families must have permanent homes; they must own the land in fee simple; and there can not be a large community of families in the mining districts of California unless the land there be sold.

The scarcity of women is again the first link in a great chain of evils. Some men in the mining counties would like to marry, but cannot find wives to their choice. They must either travel thousands of miles to get a wife abroad, or take some awkward girl just entering her teens, without education or experience in society, and entirely incompetent to take charge of a kitchen or nursery. The scarcity of wives and married women converts many men into tempters, and they must cause much misery. And women, knowing that they are scarce and therefore in demand, are incited to calculate the chances and the profits of fidelity and chastity as compared with infidelity and infamy. Family quarrels often ensue, and the State has a sad notoriety for the frequency of its separations and divorces. A trustworthy gentleman informs me that, during a visit to a mining town in a remote part of the State about four years ago, he was informed that there were in the town 127 women, forty-nine of whom, though married, were living with men not their husbands. The case is certainly without a parallel in the State or elsewhere; but the condition of affairs in this respect has changed very much for the better since 1855.

The want of families and the comparative scarcity of intelligent and good women deprive the community of many of the most wholesome pleasures and ennobling influences which are found in other States. The man who has no wife or sweetheart to work for is improvident; and, unchecked by such public opinion as can reign only where well-regulated families are numerous and society permanent, he gives himself up to dissipation, feeling confident that none of his neighbors will cut his acquaintance on that account.

As the people are among strangers and do not expect to remain among them long, reputation loses its value, and public opinion its power; and thus forces of great influence in preserving the good order of society elsewhere have comparatively little influence in the mines.

The scarcity of families and the consequent unstable state of society makes servant girls shy of the country, and the few here demand enormous wages—five and six times greater than in New York. This may at first sight appear to be a fact of little importance, but it has really driven thousands of families from the State and prevented thousands of others from coming.

These various social evils chafe and foment one another, and the consequence is that the miners who have come to the State intending to remain only a few years are not likely to change their intention. It is of course the ambition of most men in the country to have homes of their own; to have wives and families, to be with them and to enjoy their society. Since they do not propose to become permanent citizens here, if married they do not bring their families with them, if unmarried they do not marry while here. The necessary effect of this state of affairs is that there is an exceeding anxiety to get away from the country as soon as possible. A feverish excitement prevails through the whole people. Speculation has risen to an unexampled height. The game is to make a fortune in a few months or to be bankrupt; and there are tens of thousands to play at it. Men complain that they cannot enjoy life in the mines; that life there is a mere brutal existence, and they become desperate in their anxiety to leave it, to go elsewhere, where peace and comfort, permanent homes and social order prevail; where numerous well-regulated families furnish agreeable company for the married, and where numerous accomplished young ladies furnish not less agreeable company to the unmarried. Most men in California do not live here to enjoy life, but to make money, so that they may enjoy life in some other country. Not that the people are parsimonious—far from it; but they are puffed up with extravagant expectations, or rather determinations. Unless they can earn very large wages, they will not work at all. The merchant will not be content with a regular business, paying ten times as much profit as he could make with a like capital in the Eastern States; he must go into wild speculations, and risk everything upon a remote chance of making a sudden fortune. The frequency of insolvencies, particularly in the towns, is inexplicable, at first, to a man who comes here without understanding the peculiar condition of our society; and the same man going through the mines will be astonished to see that the much-abused Chinese are the only class who are always industrious. The miner will often do nothing for weeks and months, running up long bills for “boarding,” while he waits for rain, or the completion of a ditch,

or for something else to turn up. He is too high-minded to accept small pay, and would rather be idle—at the risk of the boarding-house keeper and storekeeper. His idleness is frequently called “prospecting;” he travels about hunting for a place to work; and this prospecting may be said to employ nearly a fourth part of the mining population. The consequence is that a large portion of the miners are always moneyless, or provided with an exceedingly small amount of money. At other times, they fall upon rich deposits, and then try to make up in dissipation for past privations. And so the mining population comes to be an improvident one—unsteady, fond of gambling and other wild amusements. The fact is that there is not in the whole world such another reckless, thriftless, extravagant, improvident population as in the mining districts of California.

Another evil effect of our present system of land tenure in the mineral districts is to be found in the gradual lowering of the general character of the population in the mining counties. Most of the steady, prudent, economical men leave the State with more or less money, while the dissipated, thriftless fellows remain; the latter class increasing in numbers, the former decreasing every year. The only means of fixing and increasing the former class, and giving them the proper influence in our society, is to give them permanent homes; and this policy will at the same time drive away the wrecked specimens of humanity among us, and compel them to seek homes in the cimmerian darkness beyond our borders.

It is one of the great evils of the tenant at will system that there is little security for the investment of capital. Land should be the main stock of wealth and the main basis of credit, and by the increase of its value with increasing population should be one of the main sources of riches in every new country; but of this kind of property the mining districts are deprived by unwise policy. As it is now, it is almost impossible to induce the capitalists of San Francisco to invest money in, or loan money on, mining enterprises; they have learned by bitter experience that there is little safety for money invested in canals and quartz mills, where there is no title to the land save possession which might be lost by abandonment or forfeiture at any moment. The consequence is that the permanent improvements in the mines are rare in comparison with the number which there would be if the mineral lands were sold; and where money is borrowed to make such improvements, extravagant rates of interest are paid. As a result of the comparatively small amount of capital invested, and the lack of security for large investments of money in mining enterprises, there is little demand for labor, and the State is full of poor men anxious to get work, but unable to find any body to employ them. The immigrants to a new country are generally poor men; and, unless the state of business is such that they can confidently expect to obtain profitable employment on their first arrival, there is little encouragement for them to come. In regard to the certainty of success upon first arrival, California offers less encouragement to the immigrant than many of the States in the Mississippi Valley, and will not offer more until the tenure of lands in the mines shall be changed.

The present policy drives away the money produced in the State. Why do

we send \$50,000,000 of gold away every year? Simply because we cannot give good security for it. We have nothing to give as security. We offer to pay twice as much interest as any body else, and our offer would be gladly accepted, if there were a certainty that we would pay as we promise; but there is no certainty, no security. The \$35,000,000 shipped by California to New York last year, would have drawn \$7,000,000 yearly interest here, while it will draw only \$3,500,000 there; and the \$9,000,000 shipped to London would have drawn \$1,800,000 here, while it will draw only \$450,000 in England; but the owners of the \$49,000,000 prefer the \$3,950,000, with the New York and London security for capital and interest, rather than the promise of \$8,800,000, with the danger of losing both capital and interest in California. It is true there is a natural drain of specie from countries where labor is high to those where labor is low, because the latter import little and export much; and of course in this respect California must necessarily become tributary to China, the Atlantic States and Europe; but on the other hand our relations with the great centres of capital are so intimate that we can get all the money we want at Californian rates of interest if we will but give perfect security for it, and pay the interest without fail. It would be no light matter for us owe a hundred millions and pay California interest on it to European capitalists, but it would still be better than to do without the money, without the improvements which it would build up, without the population it would attract, and without the fixed wealth it would create.

Again, the present system exercises a most prejudicial effect upon the finances of the State, and bears very unequally upon the citizens. The farming districts, where the inhabitants own the land, pay heavy land taxes; whereas mining claims pay no taxes at all. The result is, that the taxation upon the men in the valleys is about three times as heavy as upon those in the mountains. The miners generally have no homes, and no fixed property, and can not be forced to pay taxes. Most of the mining counties are deeply in debt, and many are going deeper every year. The only way to equalize taxation is to sell the mineral lands and compel the miner to pay a tax upon his mine as well as the farmer on his farm.

The proposed sale of the mineral lands is opposed by two arguments: first, that it will lead to monopoly; and secondly, that gold mining in this State is so precarious that miners could not afford to have permanent residences and support families.

These two arguments are antagonistic to each other; both cannot be sound; at least one of them must be fallacious. The "monopoly" argument presupposes not only that the persons employed for wages to work the mines will earn enough to support themselves and families, but also that the monopolists will make a large profit, otherwise their monopoly would not last long. The "precarious" argument presupposes that only a small portion of the mining land will continue for any considerable time to pay a living profit; and that therefore there is little encouragement for capitalists to invest their money in mining land. The "monopoly" argument presupposes the investment of large amounts of capital—the very thing which the mines most need; the "precarious" argu-

ment presupposes that mining will be more profitable for a man who runs about than for one who stays at or near one place.

All the great social evils which I have mentioned as prevailing in California are traceable directly to the roving character of the people ; render the population permanent and you necessarily cure the evils. It is admitted that our mines will not be exhausted, and that the number of miners in the whole State, or in any one county of it, will decrease much, if at all, during the next fifty years. The very same mines which pay now will continue to pay for a century. It is entirely safe to predict that Siskiyou, Nevada, Shasta, Placer, El Dorado, Plumas, Sierra, Tuolumne, and Calaveras will be thriving mining counties in 1950. Now if the mining is to be continuous, why should not the miner be permanent ? There is no necessity that he should be a nomad ; on the contrary, his own pecuniary profit and the welfare of society require that he should have a fixed residence, and not until he gets that, can he be a valuable citizen.

But it is said the mining population cannot be permanent because mining is a "precarious" business. Well, I should like to know what business would not be "precarious" if conducted as mining has been in this State during the last ten years. Here are 100,000 men, mostly without homes, not staying in any one place more than four months at a time on an average, spending one day out of three in prospecting, refusing to work unless they can make big wages, running successively to Gold Lake, Gold Bluff, Kern river, Fraser river, and Mono Lake—how could any occupation be other than precarious managed in such a manner ? Of course mining can be made precarious, and these fellows who are always running about are the very ones to make it so. It will not be made more precarious by permanence. If the 5,000 miners of El Dorado, and the 4,000 miners of Tuolumne, will just stay where they are instead of changing places with each other three times every year, they will not lose any thing on the score of the precariousness of their business. I venture to assert that gold mining in California, conducted prudently, is not an uncertain business at all. A careful man can, with a certainty, earn more than he could as a farmer on the prairies of Illinois, where farming is one of the least precarious occupations in the world. The permanent citizen can afford to mine prudently ; the nomad comes here to make his "pile" in a few years ; he has no wife with whom to live joyously, and, as a matter of course, his mode of mining is precarious.

But it is said the capitalists will monopolize the mineral lands ; and yet there is not a week that the honest miners do not come to San Francisco to solicit capitalists to invest their capital in mining enterprises ; and when such an investment is made to assist a canal or quartz mill, all the miners in the vicinity are glad, and property rises in value. Why is there more danger of monopoly in mineral lands than in the agricultural lands ? Are the former more sacred than the latter ? Is it to be supposed that capitalists will buy up the mineral lands and then not work them, but let their money lie idle ? Certainly not ; capitalists would be in no hurry to invest largely at first in the mineral lands ; and if they should they would employ large numbers of laborers, to the great benefit of the whole country. And the same honest miners who have such an abhorrence of "monopoly," are not three-fourths of them determined to leave this land



of unmonopolized freedom to return to the Eastern States, where capital is king, and where there are no laws to prevent the rich men from monopolizing the whole country? The assertion that the sale of the mineral lands would offer dangerous advantages to capital, is as much as to say that the sale would be followed by the investment of capital, and a general rise in the value of property in the mines, and an increase in the amount of their production.

This "monopoly" argument has been used for years, and the miners have come to believe it without ever examining it or seeing its absurdity. Instead of capital driving poor men out of the mines, it would bring them in; it would create a demand for labor; and the ten thousand men who are now in the mines anxious to obtain permanent employment would then get what they have been seeking in vain during the last four years. If capitalists buy up mining lands, of course they will do it with the intention of digging for the gold, and to do that they must employ laborers. This kind of labor is not dishonorable; it is such labor as most of the mechanics in California, as well as elsewhere, are engaged in all their lives,—that is labor for a fixed salary. It is just such labor as is done now by a large portion of the quartz, and hydraulic, and tunnel miners, who consider themselves quite as independent, and their occupation as honorable as if they were cabinless and claimless surface diggers. The labor for fixed wages will not be unprofitable; on the contrary, it will remove all precariousness from the workman's mode of life, and will give him a good and certain income, with which he will always be able to live comfortably. It is not improbable that wages would rise after a sale of the mineral lands. Of course, every purchaser would wish to open his claims at once, and workers would be in demand. The great danger, if the mineral land were offered for sale, would be, not that too much capital, but that not enough would come into the mines. Just in proportion to the amount of land sold would be the amount of benefit done to the State. If none were sold, the present state of affairs would continue, and the greatest enemies of the sale could not say that any harm had been done; if a little were sold, the change would be but small; if much were sold, there would be a great increase in the value of mining property and in the demand for labor. The result of a well-managed sale, or donation system, would be that the present miners and not distant capitalists would come into possession of the richest places, and that every man in the State could, at a trifling cost, obtain a claim that would furnish him with profitable employment for many years. There are certain places in the mines where the claims are mostly in quartz veins or deep banks, which will require many years to work them out, and there the population is comparatively stable. Of these places, Grass Valley and North San Juan may be taken as examples. The traveler sees at once, on approaching them, that there are more comfortable homes, more families, and more peace and sobriety among the inhabitants, than in the majority of the mining towns. The difference is a very great and important one, and if it can be removed by elevating the other towns to the level of those two, the sooner the better.

The "monopoly" argument was used in Illinois against the sale of the mineral lands there, and prevailed for a time; the consequence was the population

was made up of vagrants, and the dwellings were all shanties, and society was no society at all. Finally the lands were sold, and the result was a great benefit to the people and the mining districts in every social and industrial respect.

It may be objected to the sale of the mineral lands, that "the wisdom of our ancestors" has determined that mines should always belong to the government, and be open to all persons willing to work them. The objection may be recognised a good one when that policy is proved to be wise by evidence and argument—not till then. The reason of the ancient policy was that most of the land was owned by ignorant and unenterprising people, chiefly nobles, who if they had owned the minerals, would have allowed the natural wealth of the land to remain undeveloped. But that state of affairs does not and never can exist in California. On the contrary, nobody can so safely be trusted to get all the gold out of a tract of land as the fee-simple owner of it.

Again, it may be objected that not one of the politicians and newspapers of the State is a declared advocate of the sale of the mineral lands. The objection may go for what it is worth.

The Federal Government has refused to sell the mineral lands to the State, and the Surveyor General has instructed his deputies not to "sectionize" the land in the mineral districts or within several miles of where any miners are at work. The truth is that a large part of the land in the mining region contains so little gold that it never can pay the miner, but is well suited for agricultural and horticultural purposes. Californians confidently expect that some of the finest fruits and wines of our State—and that is as much as to say of the whole world—will be produced in the mining counties within five years from the present time; and the government should pursue such a policy as will encourage the occupation and cultivation of all the land suitable for such purposes.

If the sale were once determined upon, undoubtedly difficulties would arise as to the manner of carrying it into execution, but these would be of little import as compared with the evils caused by the present system. The whole mineral district should be surveyed at once, and sold to persons who will live on, or work them, in lots varying in size, according to location and supposed mineral wealth, from 160 to 80, 40, 20, 10, 5, 2½, 1¼ acres. Perhaps it would be advisable to grant at first no lots where many miners may be at work within a small space. Large lots of ten, twenty and forty acres, now unoccupied and which would long remain unoccupied under the present system, would find abundant buyers when the government proposes to grant the fee simple.

The offer of the mineral lands of the State, comprising about 10,000,000 acres, for sale, would present one of the greatest opportunities in the world for large numbers to secure great and certain wealth at a small immediate outlay, and not only every man now in the country, but every one who has been here, would exert himself to the utmost to become the owner of a tract of land, the mines of which would probably clothe him and his sons and his sons' sons in wealth, and which, if it were barren in gold, would still keep him in comfort with its agricultural products. From the moment that it is known the mineral lands will be sold, California's regeneration will begin. Californians will then

determine to make this their permanent home; money will be saved; and at the time of sale, every man will seek to become owner of a tract of mining land, which shall enrich himself and his children. After the sale, titles being secure, comfortable houses will be built, wives will be sent for, mining will be conducted economically and steadily, claims will be worked which now will not pay, our population will increase, and so will the yield of our mines; the capital produced here will be retained, other capital will come from abroad to obtain secure investment on safe titles; poor men, coming from abroad, will always obtain employment, and thus can get a start; railroads and turnpikes will be made; land will rise in value; the State will obtain its revenue honorably by the taxation of capital; society will become permanent, and public opinion powerful; dissipation will diminish; and California, instead of being socially the worst, will become the best State in the Union.

The question of the sale of the mineral lands is then the question of the future of the State. The advocates of the measure may not succeed this year, or the next; but they will, they must succeed finally. The fight is between the permanent interest of California on one side, and on the other, the temporary interests of some roving miners, who care nothing for the State, save to get its gold and then leave it. As for all the unmarried Americans (whatever their occupation) who may come hither to spend a year or two—to carry away our gold if they are successful, or to remain with us as human wrecks if they fail—all these are no better for California than so many Chinamen; I call them "white Chinamen." They will not become permanent citizens; the yellow Chinamen cannot; so there is not much difference between them. If there is any legal, constitutional and just measure by which we can drive the white and the yellow Chinamen out of the country together, and obtain white, permanent Californians in their stead, I, for one, shall be heartily in favor of it. "California for permanent Californians," is the proper motto for every faithful citizen of this State. We must have a political war; the permanent Californians must conquer the rovers, and compel them to settle down or leave. The great question is not whether we shall produce much gold or little; it is whether we shall have social and industrial order or disorder, which is equivalent to the question of the permanency or vagrancy of the population. I am confident in the belief that the sale of the mineral lands would cause a considerable increase of our gold yield, but no matter how great a decrease might ensue, State policy requires that the sale should be made, in any case. The gold now dug does little benefit to California; it slips through like water through a sieve; and serves only to attract the vagrants who visit the State merely to despoil it. All the money under heaven will not pay for maintaining a system under which three-fourths of the people of a large district are vagrants, that is rovers, and where six sevenths are men.

I think it not unreasonable to assume that if the present system of mining titles be maintained, there will be very slow change for the better in the vagrancy of the miners and the inequality of the sexes during the next ten years; and I do not hesitate to say that, rather than the present state of affairs should continue, the State Government should take effective measures to put a sudden

end to all gold mining in the State, by declaring it a felony, and making it punishable by severe penalties, so that thereafter the people of California would turn their attention to such pursuits as farming, horticulture and stock-raising, wherein the temporary profit of the people would be identical with the lasting profit of the State.

California may be compared to a maiden who has been reared to love the paths of purity and peace, but who has been introduced of late into a corrupt society, and is now surrounded by men who wish to dishonor her—enjoy her for a short time, and after gratifying the base impulses of the moment, to have no further thought about her welfare, but to desert her forever, careless whether their desertion prove her ruin or not. From these men her virtuous soul turns with indignation and abhorrence. She welcomes no suitor save him who comes offering his whole heart in a life-long union, under solemn promise that she alone shall be loved and cherished by him.

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FOUND.

Translated from the German of Goethe,  
BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

I trod the wild wood,  
    Away alone,  
Nothing seeking,  
    But thoughts my own.

I saw a flow'ret,  
    In a shade near by,  
As a shining star,  
    As a brilliant eye.

I thought to pluck it,  
    When I heard it say,

“ Shall I, to wither,  
    Be broken away ? ”

With its root I took it  
    From where I roamed,  
To my garden bore it,  
    To my beautiful home.

I planted it there  
    Where the wind smites never,  
Now it branches daily,  
    And blooms forever !

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DEARER, YET DEARER.

Dear Laura, when you were a flirting young Miss,  
    And I was your dutiful swain,  
Your eyes could exalt to the summit of bliss,  
    Your frowns would o'erwhelm me with pain ;  
You were *dear* to me then ; but now you're my wife,  
    It is strange the fond tie should be nearer,  
For when I am paying your bills, on my life,  
    You seem to get *dearer* and *dearer*.

SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.  
NEIGHBOR KINDLY—THE PARSON.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

MORE than half a century ago the clergymen of New England occupied a position in the community which the present generation of the laity, with their isms and scisms, their divisions and subdivisions, their Churches North, and Churches South, would find it difficult to appreciate. Then they were permanent "institutions" of the country. They had a *life inheritance* in the parsonage, in the meeting-house and in the people. The churches were United-Stock-Companies in which they held vested rights, by virtue of their office. In truth, they were the churches, and included the people as the greater includes the less. They were living canons to be received as authority in doctrines and ethics. And they were regarded as genuine Apostolic Peters unto whom were committed the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Then, woe unto the unfortunate individual who ventured to differ from the ruling creed; for he was pronounced either a heretic or a lunatic, was enathematized by the church and shunned by the community.

A "come-outer" was not heard of in those days. Few had the moral courage to array themselves against the religious sentiment of the times, and endure the withering opprobrium of public opinion that would have followed such an act of hardihood. Martyrdom for conscience sake, by the stake, or the gibbet, would have been infinitely preferable to that slow kind of crucifying torture. The brand of *infidel*, which is set upon the modern come-outer, is a badge of honor compared with the ancient charge of heretic. The former term *now* signifies a little more than that the individual, thus marked, is in advance of the religious opinions of the age; while the latter term *then* indicated that he was "lost to reason and conscience,"—had "sold himself to Satan to work all manner of unrighteousness," and "was left to believe a lie that he might be damned;"—"unto whom was reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

And yet, our Protestant forefathers regarded themselves as men of enlightened understandings and liberal sentiments. And so they

were, compared with the leaders of the Church of Rome—a church which has stood for centuries in the moral world, like an Egyptian monument in the physical, defiant of change—a colossal rock against which the mighty waves of advancing enlightenment have beaten in vain, and hurried on, leaving it a stupendous record of a former civilization.

When we compare ourselves with our fathers, we are prone to boast of our larger freedom and liberality of opinions; but, other generations will rise and view us from a loftier intellectual and moral altitude, to whom we shall appear as dwarfs compared with their mental stature; and to whom our social and religious freedom, of which we are so proud, will seem little less than a slavish adherence to customs and creeds. Thus are the changes rung on human progress from age to age.

You may infer from the above prefatory remarks, that you are to be introduced to a clergyman much after the style of the Rev. Doctor, in “The Minister’s Wooing,” so finely delineated by the author; but such is not the case. The thoughts were induced by observing the contrast between the *now*, and *then*, rather than by the character of our parson; and they would find expression even though the beginning and ending of the chapter might appear, to some, as independent of each other as a youthful orator’s premises and conclusions. And *all* clergymen were not equally solemn and zealous even in those early times of severe manners, customs and creeds. Earnestness is the result of temperament and constitution of mind, more than of circumstances and education. It is not forced inward by outward pressure; but it is forced outward, from the depth of one’s nature, by strong inward conviction. It arises from the power to conceive a truth clearly in all its relations, to compare it with antagonistic principles, and thus heighten its importance by contrast, and to intensify its significance by continuity of thought which quickens and enlists the sympathy of every latent faculty of the mind.

And the same truth receives a variety of coloring from different elements of character in different individuals; hence arises its diversity of treatment and presentation by public speakers. Thus, a mountain that towers sublimely above the neighboring hills, is recognized by all observers as a mountain; but, seen from opposite points

of view, and from unequal elevations, and through the peculiar conditions of atmosphere, and the innumerable modifications of light and shade, it exhibits a variety of faces, and each traveler in sketching it presents some new or modified feature, dependent upon these various and changing conditions. All Christian nations believe in God the Creator and Universal Father, a being infinitely great, and wise, and good, harmonious in all His attributes; this to them is a truth, like the sun, outshining all other truths—a truth greater than the sun, including *all* of truth. And yet, each believer in Him worships a different Deity; for the reason that He is viewed by each through the peculiar medium of his own mental or moral vision, and thus naturally endowed with the qualities most prominent in himself. Consequently, we find one person more particularly impressed by the justice of God; another, by His power; and another, by His love.

The proud and defiant man who lifts *himself* high above his compeers, elevates, also, the God he worships so far above humanity that the natural and beautiful relation between the creature and the Creator, is lost,—and the reason and sentiments which He has given man, as guides to Him, are pained and shocked by the representation. The irascible and revengeful man bows to a “God of vengeance; of consuming fire.” The burthen of the timid and shrinking preacher, is—“Knowing the *terror* of the law we persuade men;” but the language of the man of a benevolent, affluent nature, with his heart kindling and his face glowing with human love and sympathy, will be—“The love of Christ constraineth us.”

Temperament, as I have before mentioned, and health, also, have much to do with *earnestness*, and the shading of any particular truth. “Retributive Justice,” and the “thunders of Sinai,” from the lips of a nervous dyspeptic, are far more effective in filling the heart of the sinner with awe and consternation, than when uttered by a healthy man of an opposite temperament, and of a cheerful, hopeful disposition.

I confess, for one, that I sympathize more with the genial, loving nature that would round off the sharp corners of individual prejudices, soften down the asperities of stern decrees, and make the ways of life and death pleasanter to the weary pilgrims of earth. I fancy a man more like *our Parson*, than the “Rev. Doctor” to

whom we have alluded—a man who takes some interest in the *practical* duties of life—who is not so wholly absorbed in the “plan of salvation,” and the “final judgment,” as to be entirely innocent of the proprieties of dress, like the latter good soul—a man who *knows* whether his linen is clean and whole, and his garments free from moths and dust—a man who believes that the external has something to do with the internal, that *clean hands* naturally accompany a *pure heart*, and who seeks so to attire himself that his dress shall exert a moral influence upon all who meet him. I fancy a man, indeed, whose *tastes* are a part of his religion, because they are regarded as faculties bestowed by the Creator to elevate him to a knowledge of the beautiful and perfect, and thus bring him into a nearer relation to their Author.

But I have not yet pointed out to you, dear reader, from our cosy nook in the cushioned recess of my grandmother's favorite window, the long-ago residence of Parson Kindly. He was one of the old lady's nearest neighbors.

Follow this pleasant, upland road leading toward the South, a short distance, and you will reach a point where two ways meet, one of which turns in an easterly direction over the coast-range of hills toward the “meeting-house,” and a forest of fir and pine trees; the other, westerly, down a succession of declivities, pursuing a winding course onward to the bay. That large *unfinished* building in the nearest bend of the road, was the old parsonage. The finger of Time has been busy with what might have been of comfort and beauty in its exterior, and its dilapidated barn, bowing beneath the weight of age. It has stood in its place for nearly one hundred years, teaching the same silent, monitory lesson to the successive generations which have arisen, passed that way, and hurried on, which it now teaches the modern traveler—that “he who began to build did not first sit down and count the cost.” It is also suggestive of the times when it was erected—of “good old colony times, when we lived under the King”—both in the style of its architecture, and its *pretentious* appearance. Then it was an *event* in a man's life to build a dwelling-house: it elevated him above the common herd, constituted him a freeholder, and entitled him to a vote in his borough; and he naturally felt ambitious to make a *show* of his new honors. Large families, too, were the prevailing fashion of



the times, and dwellings were erected with a view to posterity. Those whose means were ample finished the whole structure in the elaborate order of the day; while others, with more limited resources, sought to secure, first, the important condition of *size*, and complete a few apartments for immediate use, leaving the larger portions of each story immense "lumber rooms," to be partitioned off when their purses, or families, should render it either convenient or necessary.

The Parsonage is one of those large, square, wooden buildings which had been partially completed, of which there are so many in different parts of New England at the present time. The unfinished and unfurnished parts of it were converted into store-rooms, receptacles of neighborly gifts, which helped, wonderfully, to eke out the parson's salary; and from their massive beams blackened by time, many a goodly winter-squash and long string of dried fruit were suspended, forming convenient distances for the ingenious spider to weave its complicated web.

The inmates of this mansion were the good-natured parson, his wife, an amiable, inoffensive kind of a person, and an only daughter — two large gray cats and a Newfoundland dog! Our parson was not one of your Cassius order of men; no deep lines of thought or care, made inroads upon his well-rounded face and polished brow. For he was one of those who, even in that day, did not regard this earth simply as a "vale of tears," or a frightful battle-field of rebellious sinners, warring against the "eternal decrees" of the Omnipotent, and striving in their blind fury to dethrone the Infinite Father. The world was to him a beautiful home in which he found more to interest and amuse, than to annoy and distress. The faults or errors of the few, did not shake his faith in the integrity of the many; he believed that there was more of good than of evil in mankind, and on this belief rested the hope of the "final redemption of the world." The *endless punishment* of the wicked never weighed darkly upon his spirits; for, he said in his heart — God is merciful as well as just — and, *somehow*, it may not prove so terrible to them as we fear — and, beside, *our* misery will not secure *their* happiness, and it would be unwise to mourn all our days about unavoidable evil. In this manner he reasoned with himself and came to the conclusion that it would be best, after having spoken the truth

plainly, to leave the future of sinners with their Creator—"Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

And so our good parson relieved himself of the *consequences* of others' transgressions, and did not carry about with him that fearful weight of responsibility for the souls of his fellow men, which shroud so many of his profession in a kind of melancholy gloom, repellent alike to the young and to the old, and which operates as a barrier to the principles which they promulgate, rendering the sublime and beautiful truths of the Christian religion severe and unattractive, something the unregenerate feel they must believe, perforce, as a kind of a penance for having been born sinners.

Time deals gently with genial, loving natures; they grow to fuller proportions with the increase of years, and enjoy a green old age at threescore and ten. So it was with Parson Kindly. No man loved a good dinner better than he; and he liked it, too, moistened, generously, with good old Cogniac—the "Temperance Reform" is an outgrowth of the nineteenth century, and the "Maine Liquor Law" was not dreamed of at that period, as you are aware. The parson was also fond of smoking his clay pipe after his important meal was over. When the warm breath of summer fanned the cheek of Nature until her roses bloomed, he delighted to sit for hours in the open door of his mansion, smoking and contemplating her beauty with the quiet and happy expression of a favored lover; and when the winter blasts howled and shrieked through its vacant apartments, he would turn with an equally serene countenance, and a look which conveyed a sense of security and comfort, to his cosy "chimney corner," and there, upon an ancient settee, beside a blazing fire, wile away the hours of departing day.

It was his custom to sit at table with "pussy" on one shoulder and Dick near at hand, looking soberly and watchfully for his share of the viands. After all had eaten up to the point of full satisfaction, he would linger still at the social board, relating facetious anecdotes of the past, and of his college life and companions, "hair-brained youth," and of their hair-breadth escapes from superintendents and tutors; stroking pussy's back the while, and shaking all over with the most relishing, contagious laugh imaginable. Like all lovers of anecdote, he had his favorite stories that he would relate again and again, with increasing gusto, to the same individual.

Tradition says that there were two in particular that afforded him a world of amusement — listen, I will relate them.

“ On one occasion, when I was a Sophomore, some members of the Junior Class had determined upon enjoying a hot supper in their private apartments at the least possible expense ; and so one night they made a descent upon the poultry yard of a neighboring inn-keeper. The next day, missing a few chickens and two young gobblers, he came up to the college grounds on the keen scent for game, which, of course, was not to be found ; but he reported the robbery and gave them a good deal of annoyance, and they determined on retaliation. One ingenious fellow suggested the propriety of roasting the fowls they had captured, that very night, by a fire made of the inn-keeper's huge, creaking sign ; the idea took prodigiously — 'twas just the thing ; but owing to the difficulty of obtaining it, and the consequent delay, their appetite all the while growing sharper, the roasting commenced before it arrived ; it was there in season, however, to give the poultry a richer brown, and they soon appeased both their anger and their appetite. The dawn appeared just as the last splinters of the sign were disappearing, when the inn-keeper's footsteps were reported near their dormitory — what was to be done ? Again they drew upon the ready resources of their ingenious companion. He knelt before the hall door and commenced his morning devotions in a loud, solemn tone of voice, to prevent outside interruption, opening his eyes occasionally to observe the progress of the fire. As soon as all trace of the sign had disappeared, he finished his prayer with the following quotation : ‘ A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a *sign*, but there shall no sign be given it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas.’ The inn-keeper rushed in at the close, but he was received with a look of such innocent amazement that he doubted whether to leave or apologise for the intrusion.

“ There were a set of scape-graces in my class who were fond of playing at nine-pins, and of betting a little, occasionally, to keep up the interest of the game. Our college halls were converted into nine-pin alleys, where we would assemble, whenever the ‘ faculty ’ were absent, to indulge in the favorite pastime. Yet we were often detected, notwithstanding our vigilance, reprimanded severely, and the nine-pins taken from us. But we never failed to improve the

earliest opportunity of replacing them, though we rarely succeeded in getting more than two or three good rolls out of each new set, as they were always on the look-out for us. We were finally threatened with expulsion should we be again detected in the 'iniquitous' practice. Finding our game 'blocked,' we resolved, *en masse*, to be revenged on one or more of the 'common enemy,' as we termed our tutors. Two large iron balls were procured for the purpose, and heated to a white heat, while we made use of the genuine balls as a decoy for the Profs. An 'enemy' was soon reported, stealthily approaching. We rolled the heated balls from a dormitory at one end of the hall just as he appeared at the other, with a look of triumph. Pointing an index finger at the rolling balls, he exclaimed, while extending his hands at the same time to grasp them: 'Ah! young gentlemen — fairly caught!' We *remonstrated* — informed him that they were *intensely hot*. He was not to be so duped, he replied, seizing the burning balls — but they fell quickly, very quickly, back upon the floor, and he rubbed his hands together in a most animated, wrathful manner, my classmates coolly reminding him, the while, that he had been fairly warned."

There must have been a little spice of mischief in the old gentleman's nature, or he could not have related these stories *so relishingly*, I am sure.

A small vegetable garden, through which a narrow path, bordered with flowers, led to the principal entrance of the Parsonage, was the good man's favorite resort, affording him both exercise and amusement. There in the pleasant summer months he could always be seen, in the cool of the day, with hoe in hand, and Dick by his side wagging his tail with an air of perfect satisfaction. But the Parson never labored as though he believed that the soil would yield in proportion to his efforts; he would hum an air from Handel as he hoed, stopping at short intervals to stroke his favorite animal.

Dick, indeed, was his masters' inseparable companion, always accompanied him on his parochial visits, and was never known to be absent from church on a Sabbath morning. Although Dick was honored with attention wherever he went, he retained, through life, a modest, unpretending deportment, even toward the less favored of his own species, treating snarling little curs, that dodged him at every lane and alley, with the most dignified leniency. It is said that

he was never seen to walk up the aisles, enter a neighbor's pew, or create the least disturbance in the vicinity of the "meeting-house" on Sundays. Dick was an exemplary, good dog, and possessed, undoubtedly, a large bump of veneration. For he would sit the live-long day in the vestibule of the meeting-house, listening to the tone of the parson's voice with a solemn, impressive countenance that seemed to say—the remarks of my master are worthy of consideration. And Dick was never known to fall asleep during a lengthy discourse—for Parson Kindly preached long sermons, rising slowly to the height of his argument by accumulating units, fifthly, sixthly, seventy, according to the custom of his day—this was greatly to the animal's credit, for it is stated that a large part of the male portion of the congregation were in a profound slumber, long before the "application of the subject" was announced, or "the concluding remarks."

Poor "father Allswell!" How unwearingly and painfully didst thou strive to listen *worthily* to the word of life, standing for tedious hours, and supporting in thy shriveled hand, tremulous with age, a large, tin ear-trumpet to aid thy failing sense; but tired nature claimed, even of thy vigilance, her due, and when the feeble hand forgot its office, the long, loud twang upon the sounding pew-board, as the trumpet fell, roused many a less excusable slumberer, while it drew the attention of all to thy silver locks and attenuated form.

The female portion of the audience, aided by salts and aromatic spices, were more successful in warding off the soothing influence. Their comments, the following week, upon the dress and appearance of their neighbors, bore ample evidence in favor of the accomplishment of their object. But a stranger would have judged, as he regarded their Sunday faces, the peculiar solemnity of the deacon's wife's, and the unchangeable elevation of Widow Crowell's brow, that not one worldly thought *could* intrude to disturb their pious meditations; all appeared as though fully resolved not to be diverted by outward circumstances.

Parson Kindly seemed to be alike unmoved by the sleeping or waking of his hearers. He preached what he had written in the same somniferous monotone, pausing at each new step in his argument to say: "You see, my beloved brethren, the truth of the pro-

position from the very light of the subject," without once remarking that their eyes were closed, and they could *not* see ! He *might* have been sensitive, might have suffered from the apparent indifference of his congregation ; if it were so, his countenance gave no sign of what his spirit felt, always wearing the same complacent expression. But he was a philosopher, and treated lightly what would have been real evils to other men. At home and abroad, he was the cheerful and agreeable companion, the sympathizing neighbor and friend.

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BY THE SEASIDE.

BY CHARLES KENDALL.

ONE of the redeeming delights of our eastern and northern States, in point of climate, is the marked change which accompanies the demise of one and the birth of its succeeding season. Two, three, or four months of sleighing, wading through the drifts, slipping or skating on the ice, muffling up in fur caps, muffs, shawls, overcoats, fighting the chill north-easters, the gelid winds from the north-west, and a constant contest with Jack Frost, sometimes bringing from the conflict evidences of his intent of mayhem in his imprint upon the nose or ear ; all these happily change to the relieving pleasures of Spring, not as with us, so gradually as to leave us in doubt at what time Winter bowed to his smiling successor and retired ; but with such a marked change that there can be no mistake about it. After the "long cold spell," all of a sudden the sun seems to light up his fires anew, and pour upon the earth newly awakened energy, and the snow begins to melt, and the little snow fleas find life on the moist surface and float away in patches of diminutive and ephemeral life upon the flow of snow water just melted. And the knobs of frozen ground begin to show their heads above the snow surface, like sunken ledges when the ebb tide leaves them above it to dry themselves in the upper air, and the sled- and sleigh-runner cut through the yielding snow to the ground, and the friction tells Buck and Bright that the winter is passing away, and they must soon exchange the sled for the cart.

Then comes the sap from the thawed roots up towards the branches, and the sugar maple changes to a ligneous canal of flowing honey, its tubes full of delicious sweets, arteries pulsating with delicious life. Then the buds follow, and the blue-birds welcome the warmth of the sunny morn, and call labor and life to the fair presence of early Spring. In turn, when the flowers have been completed and the leaves finished, Summer comes in in full regalia of growing plants, hot noons, thunder clouds, and incipient fruits. Here too the change is marked and welcome. Summer comes in like a full dressed matron, with a wave of hand and a gracious sweep of dignified command seems to say: "By your leave," and the spinster Spring, no longer in her teens, quietly retires and is seen no more. But the new comer's reign is soon over. The wheat ripens and rolls its golden waves before the fresh, warm winds. Swelling larger and larger, the luscious fruits promise a not distant feast. Round, plump, and red-cheeked hang the apples from the burdened twigs. The corn in yellow obelisks within their whitening mantles of husks, hardens and grows ripe. The edible roots crowd each other in the earth's fruitful drills, and full-robed nature gives summer her warning. And now comes one habited in rich garments, mellow-tinted. Her handmaids are Pomona and Ceres. Orna-mented with festoons of leaves colored by nature's royal artist, Frost, she walks among the sheaves of wheat and stacks of corn, and the fallen foliage, sapless and crisp, rustles beneath her feet. How marked the change! How striking the contrast with the advent of Spring or Summer! Autumn has come, not like Spring in the midst of buds and early birds, not like Summer, glowing amid the warm fields, but sombre, quiet, half sad, like one conscious of having passed into the vale of years beyond life's meridian.

Suddenly, too, her reign is interrupted. See approach the spirit of the departing year, grim Winter with locks powdered with snow, with buskins tightly laced, and clad in furs from the chilly North. The warm breezes of Summer, the bracing winds of Autumn, changed and chilled, come from his nostrils in shivering gales. The rivers congeal at his approach to furnish him a gliding road, and the storm-spirit of the fierce North comes in his train, driving his team of tempests and the dust of his chariot wheels is the clouds that roll on in huge volumes in his rear. Autumn disappears amid the

snow-squalls and thick tempests, and the night-robe of Winter covers the drowsy earth.

As I sit in my quiet nook this morning, December 1st, 1859, I feel how different are the advent and departures of the seasons in California from those of the Fatherland. Here it is — Winter — and I scarce feel that Autumn has commenced, instead of having made her curtesy, ruled her domain the allotted time, and passed away. Only a few leaves have faded, only a few chill winds have come down from the North, bringing the feel of a chillier clime. The sun comes slantingly through the wild vines and the green leaves of the cyanothus. Only the ripening berries of our native laurel tell how the year is passing away, as day by day they put on a still deepening ruddy tinge preparatory to their being wrought into beautiful Christmas wreaths as substitutes for the holly and the haw of other lands and Christmases far away. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter have come, and all but the latter, gone, without any of the sudden changes to which allusion has been made as marking their approach and departure elsewhere. So gradually have they moved, that they seem to have been only the same personages with different moods gliding into each other. How far does this peculiarity of our state affect the lives of its inhabitants? Do not our lives pass thus onward glidingly, with so few changes of seasons to mark the onward march of the months, that we shall grow old ere aware, and the green foliage of life become sere, tinged by the frost of age, while yet we think youth is in the bud, and the springtime scarce opened? Ten years of my life have thus passed away as if the climate had given but one season, and all at once my winter is upon me. His snows are in my hair, lost friendships have come, like ice, upon my heart, and my future, like December's sky in the far-off lands, is dark with clouds. But I like the season, nevertheless. The too flattering hopes of spring will not be again entertained only to bring disappointment. The toil of the summer of life will not have to be again endured. The crops of life, such as they are, have been mostly gathered, and in the reflective winter of life I stop to think, and quiet myself for that deep sleep which awaits me not long hence in the still, long night of life's winter.

When I had reached this rather lugubrious state of reflections, I



saw my friend the editor coming along the beach, and his presence relieved me of that sometimes most disagreeable companion — my own company. He was in a more amiable mood than when a month ago he put into my hand his manuscript complaint of the bores of the sanctum. He now gloried in his profession. It is, says he, the most honorable and most influential of all. What power do you lawyers yield? Cross-questioning a witness in a police court. Reading a dull brief, filing an answer, or perhaps making an eloquent appeal to twelve men in the jury-box who have already decided against your client, and who do not believe in your sincerity, or who may do as has been before done, find a verdict for your client and recommend his counsel to the mercy of the court. Or your doctor who physics you with nauseous nostrums until his presence becomes hateful, and who subsequently presents an enormous bill that almost makes you wish he had let you die that you might have avoided its payment. Or your preacher, who speaks learnedly to a thousand or so hearers who are intently occupied in thought about the profits of the last week, or in plans for the business of that which is to come. The teacher in a country village is a great man, and measurably may give tone to its society and direction to its thought. But what are they all in their influence compared with the editor whose well-coined thought goes out each morning to ten or a hundred thousand readers, to be discussed with their coffee and muffins, to give sauce to the steak and add flavor to the boiled salmon. What would be the sermons of Beecher, or Starr King, or Cheever, did not the types take up the echoes of the pulpit and give them an airing outside of the church doors? What is Beecher's congregations who hear him, compared with Greeley's congregations who read him? Ay, the learned professions have ceased to trust alone to their respective tribunals, and come suppliants to the man of types and editorials. The doctor has to make learned reports of his cures, his uses of calomel and extract of belladonna, his reductions of compound fractures, his amputations and reproduction of joints.

And the lawyer's pleas must be reported and his verdicts recorded. The preacher's sermon, which is only heard within the pulpit's circle, dies like an echo, and he too must get a hearing through the politeness of the editor. And the statesman, too, would remain a

comparative nobody were not his vaporings taken up, improved by condensation, perhaps, and made public as well as respectable by the editor or his reporter. Yes, half the great men of the day have been made so by those who have re-made their speeches. And is not the editor a privileged character? On the free-list — and of course privileged to speak in favor of all who patronize him. And then to think how he can direct opinion, and frame it. Indeed, I can bear that many doubt, and talk of his being bought, and all that, for a score of years' experience has taught me how false all such accusations are. But there is one great drawback. All this glorious freedom to discuss and comment upon whatever transpires, is a delicious and intoxicating power. To hold up rascals to the light as an entomologist holds up a bug or reptile with a pair of tweezers between his microscope and the sun; to dig a new channel for the river of public thought; to initiate and inaugurate new ideas, and lead an army of minds at your will; to touch the heart of the generous in appeals for the deserving; to excite sympathy for the afflicted; to commend a good action and celebrate the hero of a noble deed; to fashion or modify the laws of a nation and improve its manners; to make the wicked and the tyrants tremble by denouncing a great wrong; to do this like a gentleman as well as an editor, which two characters ought never to be separate; all this I admire and glory in. But with a wife poorly clad and children crying for bread, the landlord presenting his bill for rent, and the doctor dunning for the settlement of his bill — this, which in this city particularly is the editor's chief reward, rather reduces the sum of editorial remunerations.

Here our poet friend, who had listened attentively, expressed his high appreciation of the editor's profession, but said he had, he thought, failed to present its merits as they deserved, as I had in attempting those traits of the seasons about which I had talked so ramblingly. And that we might all be even in this respect, falling so far in expression below the thought within us, he proposed to read an ordinary, or worse, ballad written by him many years before, but which had so dissatisfied him that it had laid up in ordinary ever since. He thought it might do to read once in lack of something else still worse:—

## B A L L A D .

Lafourche ; an evening hour ; a wooing breeze  
 Moves through the orange groves and myrtle flowers,  
 And mocking birds await 'mid leafy trees,  
 In silence twilight hours.

A sun-burnt man along the levee fast,  
 With hasty steps impatiently is rushing ;  
 He stops, salutes a carriage rolling past,  
 His face still deeper flushing.

For on the velvet cushion he descries  
 A fairy form, his glowing heart's ideal,  
 And recognizes by those night-like eyes,  
 His long loved, long sought real.

The constant friction of the wheels of Time,  
 Change, sickness, had not dimmed his recollection,  
 But still unchanged through every change of clime  
 Remained his firm affection.

From earnest effort on a distant soil,  
 Where he had grappled fortune like a true man,  
 He had returned from loneliness and toil,  
 To prove the truth of woman.

Like bird in flight he glides along the grounds,  
 With heart too full for words — full unto danger —  
 Divine with love he to her presence bounds —  
 She meets him as a stranger.

His heart was open : did she act a part ?  
 An icy nod for his most ardent greeting ?  
 Could she reward, if loving, his true heart  
 With such a chilling meeting ?

She might, perhaps, for coquetry and whim,  
 Rule in some loving hearts an evil hour,  
 And so she risked her happiness in him —  
 For what ? to show her power.

She, too, had confidants ! and their advice  
 Had turned her bosom's warm and heaving torrent,  
 Beneath the wintry and heart-chilling ice  
 Of jealous doubts abhorrent.

In warfare, council ; and in peace, debate ;  
 In danger allies ; friends where not ? and ever ?  
 If prosperous, kindred : but in love or hate,  
 A confidential ! never !

An icicle may quench the rushing flame,  
 A cup of water slake the cauldron quiet,  
 A motion make the warmest passion tame—  
 'Tis Fate's relentless fiat.

And so they met, so parted : his bright dreams  
 So wildly thrilling and so fondly cherished,  
 Like clouds rose-tipt by sunset's fading beams  
 In gloom and darkness perished.

Had he for this been roaming savage lands,  
 The ocean crossed—'mid toil and pain sojourning,  
 And slaved for years to bring from golden sands,  
 A fortune at returning ?

For this ! and pride his bosom steeled with ire :  
 For this ! and soon the hot and burning fever,  
 Rewarded with its pulse and brain of fire,  
 His trust in a deceiver.

For days and weeks the mind unconscious grown,  
 Through all the body's pain lived wildly over  
 In weary dreams, what it had truly known  
 When he had lived a rover.

Again the prairie and the wilderness,  
 Again the mountain, plain, and lazy ranches,  
 Now by the hearth of dear domestic bliss,  
 Now camping with Cammanches.

Now Fancy, fever-winged, his thoughts conveyed  
 To rich ravine, and gulch oft time beholden,  
 Where toiling men unlocked with pick and spade  
 Earth's treasures bright and golden.

Yet even on Imagination's tide,  
 Through every fancied grief, or joy elysian,  
 One fairy form still floated by his side,  
 A part of dream and vision.

But passed at length were fever, pain and trance,  
 Gone, too, all love for her his heart had chosen,  
 Beneath the memory of her icy glance  
 Forever chilled and frozen.

Oh, busy confidants ! your work is this,  
Your hope-destroying work—behold the token—  
One true heart filled with life-long bitterness,  
And one sad spirit broken.

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### THE POWER OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE orange that is too hard squeezed yields a bitter juice. Here and there, in the path of our observation, we see men and women who, having lived good and reputable lives, yield to some sudden and overwhelming temptation, and fall with a crash that startles our hearts with terror. Some man whom, through a life of strict integrity, we have regarded as a model of honor and honesty, suddenly stands before the world condemned as a defaulter, a swindler, a forger. Did it ever occur to you to stop for a moment, and think what a band of circumstances must have conspired against, and what temptations must have assailed him, even to lead him one step towards the resistance of conscience, the sacrifice of his peace of mind, the forfeiture of his good name, and the danger of the surrender of his personal freedom? Did you ever pause in your judgment, and attempt to measure the solitary, secret, hand-to-hand conflict with the devil by which he was at last disarmed, baffled, and ruined? Did you ever attempt to realize the fact, that if you had been in his place you might have fallen like him? Do you sit coldly above the fallen man, and, with the unthinking world, condemn him? Ah! pity him; pity him. Pray that you enter not into temptation, and, while you hold his sin in horror, remember that kinder circumstances and smaller temptations have probably saved you from his fate.

Some gentle girl, full of all sweet hopes and bright with innocent beauty, gives her heart to one who is unworthy of her. She yields him her faith to be betrayed, her love to be abused, her trust to be deceived. Enslaved by circumstances, shorn of will by the blind devotion of her passion, ensnared by the toils of one whom she believes incapable of wilful wrong, she wakes from her mad dream a ruined woman. What have you to say to her, or to say about her? God forgive you, if you, man or woman, can stand over the pros-

trate creature from whom hope has departed, and breathe into her ears words of condemnation and scorn! Why are you, woman, who read these words, better than she? Madame, Maiden, the straightest stick is crooked in the water. Condemn her sin if you will, hold it in abhorrence as you must; but when, with beseeching look, she comes into your presence, her self-righteous accusers around her, remember how the Christ that is in you impels you to delay judgment, and, while revolving the pitiful circumstances of her fall, to stoop humbly and write that judgment in the sand.

The track, upon which the train of human reformation runs, is laid in sympathy, and this sympathy can never be established so long as there exists in the heart of virtue the same feeling of hatred towards the sinner that is felt towards the sin. The world will accept and can have no Saviour who has not been tempted and been surrounded with circumstances that exhibited to him the measure of human weakness. A being must be tempted "in all points like as we are" before we can give him our hand to be led up higher. The soul that does not appreciate the power of temptation has no mission to the tempted. It is a law of the heart that it will not accept the ministry of natures that have no sympathy with it. Go the world over, and select those preachers who have the greatest power over men—power to move them in high directions, and power to attract them with strong and tender affections—and they will, without exception, be found to be those who betray hearts and experiences that show that they are sympathetic with the tempted. The exceedingly proper young men who graduate from the theological institutions, in white cravats and white complexions, are men who have little power in the world, as a general thing. The world knows at once that such men know nothing of its heart; but when it finds an earnest, Christian worker, who has passed through the fire, and exhibits the possession of what we are wont to call "human nature," it turns to him with the feeling that he has a right to teach it.

There are a great many brotherhoods in the world, but none so large as the brotherhood of temptation and untoward circumstance. A race of beings find themselves in the world without any act of their own, in circumstances not of their own choosing—some better, some worse—and all the subjects of temptation. The riddle of life is unsolved. The meaning of their relations to that which tends to

degrade them is not comprehended. Now the situation of this race is, to me, one of touching and profound interest. With a God over its head and a law in its heart that hold it to accountability, and with appetites and passions within, and circumstances and temptations without, urging, coaxing, driving it to transgression—what a spectacle is this for angels and for God! Yet here we all are, struggling, toiling, falling, rising, hoping, despairing. Now, if this great fact, of common subjection to evil influence do not give us a basis for a common sympathy, I do not know what other fact in God's world does. Doubtless the brotherhood of true Christianity is a purer tie than this, but it is less a human tie and more a divine. Doubtless the love proceeding out of a pure Christian spirit is a stronger motive of labor for the elevation of men than this sympathy, but uncoupled with it, it can accomplish but little. This brotherhood is first to be recognized; this sympathy is first to be felt, before a Christian purpose with relation to the race can be indulged with any practical effect for good.

I stand by my kind; and I thank God for the temptations that have brought me into sympathy with them, as I do for the love that urges me to efforts for their good. I hail the great brotherhood of trial and temptation in the name of humanity, and give them assurance that from the Divine Man, and some, at least, of his disciples, there goes out to them a flood of sympathy that would fain sweep them up to the firm footing of the rock of safety. I assure them that there are hearts that consider while they condemn, and pity where they may not praise—that there are those even among Christian men and women, who feel attracted toward them as they cannot feel attracted toward the self-righteous and uncharitable men and women who have named the name Ineffable, and claim a place upon the rolls of the redeemed. I can never fail to remember that whatever I possess of good, of light, of liberty, of love, has come to me mainly on the wings of circumstances, and that a greater portion of the evil, the ignorance, the bondage and the hate that I see all around me was borne to those who hold and exhibit them, by the same purveyors. I come not between God's law and man's accountability, but I take the great fact as I find it, that life, in the main, follows the line of its original lot, as a basis of sympathy on which I stand with one hand in the hand of all humanity, and the other pointing hopefully toward the stars.—*Gold Foil.*

THE WAY TO GROW OLD.—The natural idolatry exercised by the old for the young, though owing greatly to the unpleasant associations of age, has a deeper meaning in it than we have generally comprehended. God turns our heart toward the young that the influence of youth upon them may be a power conservative of their health, and preventive of the depressing influence of bodily age. It is a part of the beautiful ministry of children to preserve uninjured by the passage of time the souls of those with whom they are associated; and in the general rule of life the Good Father provides children for those who live to middle age, and when those are grown up, he gives them grand-children, so that they shall never be without this beneficent influence. Those who remain unmarried, or are not blest with children, grow old in feeling as they grow old in years, from the lack of this influence upon them, though there are exceptions to this rule—the exceptions illustrating the principle even better or more forcibly than the general rule itself. There are some among the childless old who are passionately fond of children, and I have never known such men and women who were not genial, sunny, and young in feeling. They seem instinctively to turn to children for that influence, whatever it may be, which will preserve their souls from the depressing power of age. I make the broad proposition that there is not an old man or woman living, at this moment in close sympathy with the hearts and minds of children and youth, who feels the influence upon his or her soul of a decaying body.

The springs of the soul's life abide in the affections. If these are properly fed, either by love of the young, or by love in its higher and stronger manifestations, they mount into perennial youth. Next above the love of the young—special or universal—comes conjugal love, as a conservator of the youthful feeling of the soul. Two married hearts that came together in early life, and have lived in the harmony and love which constitute real marriage, never grow old. The love they bear to one another is an immortal thing. It is as fond and tender as it was when they pledged their faith to each other at the altar. Such a love as this can rise from no other than an immortal fountain. The fires of passion may die, desire may burn out like a candle, yet chastened and purified, this love—a product of essential youth—becomes the conservator of youth.

—*Gold Foil.*





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### THE GRAINS OF SEED.

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A father had three sons, with whom he lived on a large island. He always provided for them and for their children, that they never suffered want. But when he felt his end drawing nigh, he called his sons, and said to them: "I must leave you now, for the hour of my departure is come; now you must provide for your own wants, as I have provided for you hitherto. You may no more remain together,—you must go forth to the east, to the west, and to the south; but each of you take these grains of seed, and keep them carefully. And when I shall be no more with you, choose a piece of ground, and plough the land, that it may be fit to receive sunshine and rain. When you have done this, sow the seeds and cover them with earth; then you will reap fruit in abundance for your sustenance and enjoyment. Watch and guard the field well, that the wild beasts may not enter and destroy it."

After the father had spoken thus, he died, and they buried him.

Then the sons separated, and went, as their father had commanded them, to different parts of the island, taking the seed with them.

When the eldest son arrived at the part allotted to him, he took the seed which his father had given him, and said: "Why should I do this wrong to the earth, and labor to pierce her breast with the

iron of the plough? The sun will not fail to warm, and the rain to moisten her, that she may bring forth fruit." Then he strewed the seed on the hard ground; but it did not grow, nor yield any fruit. So the eldest son was wroth, and forgot the gift of his father.

The second son went towards the south; when he arrived at the place where he should dwell, he saw that it was a very pleasant place, and he said in his heart: "Why should I take trouble to till the ground, so long as the land yields of itself provision in abundance?" And he threw the seed aside and left it. After he had consumed the fruits of the land, he sowed the seed of his father; but it grew not, for the worms had gnawed it, and he sowed nothing but the husks. Then he scorned the gift of his father and forgot it.

But the youngest son did as his father had commanded him. He chose the best ground, manured and dug it with great care, made a fence all round, and sowed the seed. Than the seed put forth blades, and grew and yielded fruit sixty-fold and an hundred-fold. Thus he did for several successive years, and his fields increased in number, and the harvests were more and more plentiful, and he and his children and grandchildren had abundance.

After some years, when the elder brothers were in want and poverty, and heard of the riches of their younger brother, they went to him, and saw the fields round about covered with rich ears and sheaves; and they heard the merry shouts of the reapers in the fields,—for it was the time of harvest.

Then the brothers were astonished, and said to each other: "We have done wrong in despising the gift of our father."—*Krumacher*.

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### THE LITTLE BENEFACTRESS.

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It was a cold and severe winter. The little Minna, the only daughter of charitable parents, collected the crumbs and small pieces of bread, and kept them carefully. Twice a day she went into the garden, scattering the crumbs; and the birds came and picked them up; but the little girl's hands trembled with cold in the bitter air.

The parents watched her, and were glad at the lovely sight, and said: "Why are you doing that, Minna?"

"All is covered with ice and snow," answered Minna; "the little creatures cannot find anything; they are poor now. Therefore I feed them, as the rich people help and assist the poor."

Then the father said: "But you cannot provide for them all."

Little Minna answered: "Do not all children in the world do as I do, even as all rich men take care of the poor?"

Then the father looked at the mother of the little maiden, and said: "O holy innocence!"—*Krumacher*.

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LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"Four things I am sure there will be in Heaven—music, flowers, pure air, and plenty of little children."—*McDonald Clarke*.

I bless ye, little children!  
 Your gladsome sports and plays,  
 Your lisping words, your sunny smiles,  
 And all your winning ways;  
 Your voice of music, ringing out  
 With wild and frolic glee,  
 In joyous laughter—O! 'tis sweet!  
 'Tis melody to me!

I bless ye, little children!  
 Where e'er with smiles ye wait;  
 Within the rich man's lordly home,  
 The lowly cottage gate.  
 Ye are the sunshine of our life,  
 And bleak this world would be,  
 With no sweet prattlers by our side,  
 No children on our knee.

I bless ye, little children!  
 Ye are the jewels rare,  
 The treasures earth could never buy,  
 With gems that monarchs wear.  
 To you the kingdom and the crown  
 Of Paradise are given;  
 "Come unto me," the Shepherd saith;  
 "I'll lead you safe to heaven."

## Editor's Table.

ANOTHER year has gone; another ripple-wave of Eternity has made its mark on the sands of Time, and the footsteps of events have left their tracks to be traced and pondered over by the future historian. Tracks of the proud and selfish, who, strong in human power, have made lasting marks of waste and barrenness. Tracks of the pure and humble—men of mind, who, in the unequal contest with the shrewd selfishness of the worldly-great, have been thrust aside to journey in by-ways, and whose footsteps were too obscure to be marked. Yet these are they who have scattered truth-germs—seeds too small, perhaps, for mortal sight, but destined to spring into fruit-bearing, and mark with green and gold, ever brighter with growing years, the pathway of the humble sower.

The holidays, with their effervescence and joy—hopeful and humanizing—rich in the memories of the old, reaching into the distant past, and gorgeous in the fancies of the young, looking into the unmeasurable future—have passed and left us, doubtless, happier and better. Happier, because the load of worldly business cares has been for a while cast from us, and the old have become in a degree again as little children in sharing their pure joys while ministering to their rational amusements. The poetry of the old man is again awakened in the tales of “when I was a boy,” and responded to by the boy’s glory of “When I get to be a man.”

We sit in our solitary sanctum, a shade of sadness mingling with the modicum of joy yet permitted us, and we dream over the past. The past, however, can not detain us: the field is too narrow; the sun has set upon it, and the twilight of memory will scarce allow us to see the shadow of its flowers;—and of its thorns we have had enough. So Hope takes Faith by the hand, and we go with the boy to his land of promise—“when he gets to be a man.” “Black Manhood comes,” but each successive period of his coming has whitened him, since the dawning of the first Christmas, and the whitening shall increase as the light-flood swells and the truth-flood flows to ebb no more. Who doubts the coming of the Millenium? Who doubts the certainty of ultimate human perfection on this earth? If he be a Christian, let him reflect upon the meaning of “Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on *earth* as it is done in Heaven.” Has he been taught to pray for the impossible and the unattainable? Would that prayer have been given him if the whole of its blessings were not to be bestowed upon man?

Speaking of moral perfection, it presupposes, of course, the full and perfect development of the physical man; and this reminds us of our California-born children—than whom more perfect specimens of undeveloped men and women never blessed the eyes of parents; and any one attending the late school examinations is doubtless satisfied that mental development is not behind the physical.

With the pleasing results of our school system and its practical working, there is at least one thing to be regretted, viz.: the discontinuance of the school for

Chinese children. Our first duty is certainly towards our own Caucasian offspring; but the Mongolians should either not be admitted amongst us, or should be elevated by means of educational privileges; a debased, and of course a debasing, non-progressive element should not be permitted as a social blot, without an effort to remove it.

YOUTH.—How beautiful is the spring time of life, when the faculties of the human soul are just bursting into blossom; how brilliant the eye; how rosy the cheek; how elastic the step; how vivacious the spirit.—'Tis a season of delicate beauty and radiant promise. But, alas, 'tis short and fleeting. Even while we gaze, it puts on the deeper coloring of meridian life, and as quickly passes on to the autumnal shade. The beauty of the spring time has waned and gone—the gorgeous beauty of the summer has departed—the rose on the cheek has faded, and the brilliancy of the complexion is lost. The step once so firm and elastic, is unsteady and faltering. The covering of the “vital spark” gives signs of decay. It is preparing to fulfil Nature's great law—“Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.” How is it with the immortal spirit within? Does it still retain the vigor and freshness of youth, improved and strengthened by the advantage of experience in more mature years? Does the beauty of the cultivated mind supply the place of the waning beauties of the flesh? Has the vivid brightness of the youthful eye given place to the steady beaming light of intelligence and love? While the body gives signs of dissolution and decay, does the spirit give tokens of a glorious emancipation?—Is it ready to part with the body as with a garment that is worn out? and prepared to put on the beautiful garments of righteousness and praise, and taking up the song of the ransomed, join in the great anthem of praise to our Creator God?

THE HESPERIAN FOR JANUARY appears without its usual colored plate; this will not occur again; ample arrangements have been made for superior illustrations hereafter.

THE PIONEERS.—The biographical sketches have been discontinued during Mrs. F. H. Day's absence at New York, where she has gone, as was mentioned in our last, on business connected with the *Hesperian*.

THE DASHAWAYS.—An institution, truly Californian, has sprung into giant proportions, like the armed birth from the head of Jupiter. Who will dare to calculate the immeasurable good that may spring from a happy thought, put into timely execution. Heaven bless and prosper the noble Dashaways! They have made many a joyous wife and happy home. Apropos of women and homes, we turn our thoughts to the mineral lands.

We invite the attention and serious consideration of our readers to Mr. Hittell's essay on “The Necessity of Selling the Mineral Lands,” published in this number of the *Hesperian*. It is our purpose to avoid, as far as possible, the discussion of all purely political questions in our magazine, but this essay is perhaps more social and moral in its character than political; and since it comes from a regular contributor, treats of questions of great import to the welfare of

California—questions which, as it appears to us, have not received the due amount of attention from the daily press,—and is plausible to say the least, we make room for it; to avoid a division of it, we print it in smaller type than we usually give to contributed articles. Not having studied the question of the sale of the mineral lands, especially in regard to its possible influence upon the mines, we are not at present prepared to give any editorial endorsement to the views advanced by Mr. Hittell; but we are inclined to think that if the women and homes—the two are inseparable—of the country, were alone consulted, the sale should be made at the earliest possible moment.

From gold, the transition to silver is easy and natural; this leads to the WASHOE SILVER MINES.—We ought to say, perhaps, silver and gold mines, for the two metals are found in combination in quantities sufficient to justify the title of either, or both,—just now the grand focus of attraction. How far the present excitement is justifiable remains for future investigation to determine. It is probable that an argentiferous belt extends the whole length of the Sierra Nevada, occupying its eastern, as do our auriferous fields its western slope. A similar condition prevails in the Urals, where gold is found on one side and platinum on the other. A grand field is doubtless presented for enterprise and scientific investigation. Like all excitements it will probably result in much misery and disappointment to the thoughtless and imprudent, while the prudent and cautious explorer will have a fair chance for success. Some fifty or sixty tons of ore, yielding from four to six thousand dollars per ton, reached San Francisco previous to the closing of the roads by snow.

From the gold of the *mine* we turn to the gold of the *mind*, and notice with pleasure the fifth edition of that literary gem, entitled

“GOLD FOIL, by Timothy Titcomb, author of *Letters to the Young*.” (Published in New York by Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street.) For sale in this city by Allen & Spier, Clay Street, below Montgomery. Its chaste purity of style and the importance of its subjects recommend it as an agreeable gift for the new year, to either old or young. Would we had more books like it. It should be in every library and occupy the centre-table of every family.

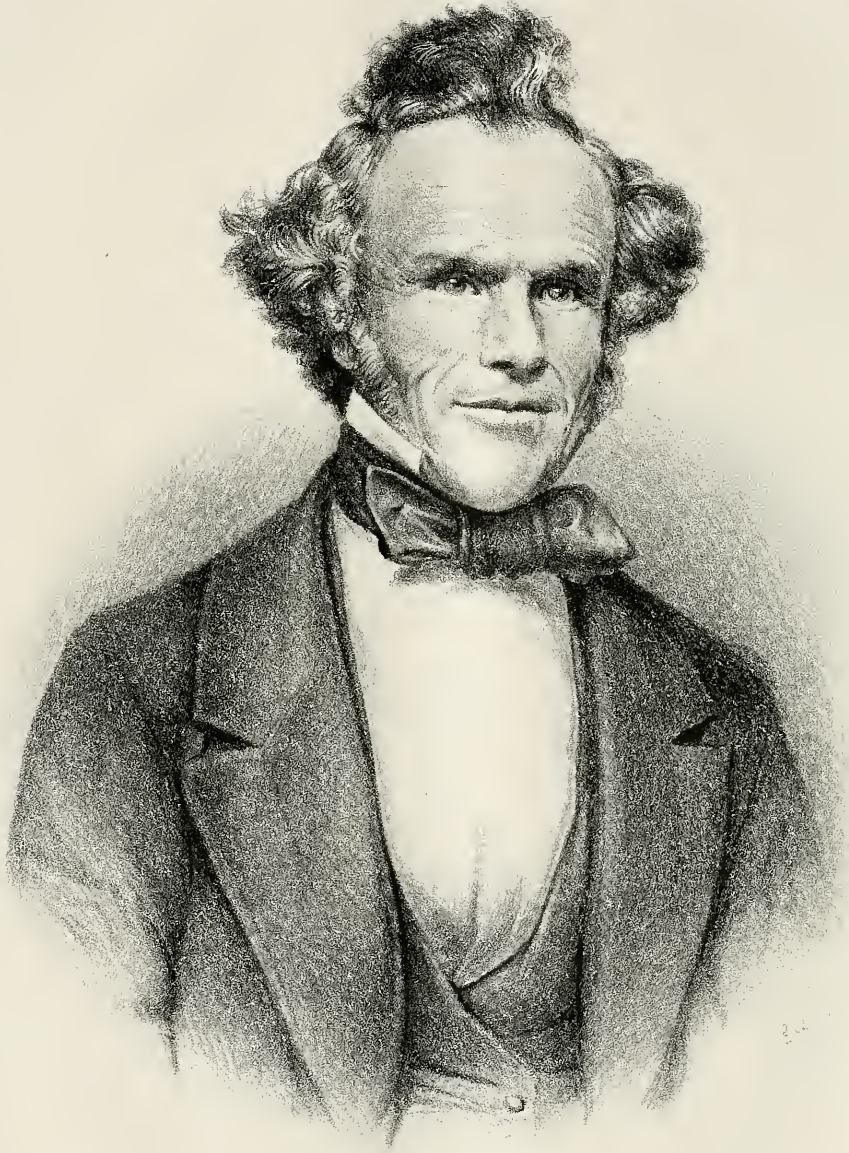
NOTICE.—We call the attention of our readers to the splendid list of premiums for 1860. It will be remembered our third volume commences with the March number.

NOTICE.—Letters for the *Hesperian* will continue, during Mrs. DAY's absence, to be directed as usual.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We have many gems on hand—prose and verse—that we have not had time to examine critically. It will be recollected that we have but recently taken our seat in the chair-editorial as the humble substitute of Mrs. DAY. We will try and do justice in next number.

We have appointed Mr. JOHN J. MURPHY sole agent for the *Hesperian* for Sacramento. Mr. Murphy is authorized to receive subscriptions for the same, and all persons leaving with him their address, accompanied with the subscription price, may rely on having their names duly honored at our office.





ROBERT DUNCAN.

*(Expressly for the Hesperian.)*

*Photog<sup>d</sup> by R.H. Vance.*





*D. D. Neal del*

*L. Nagel Print*

LENT'S SUMACH.

(*Rhus Lentii* — Kellogg)

*Drawn from Nature Expressly for the HESPERIAN*







From a Drawing by A. A. Peache.

**SOUTH BAY, CERROS ISLAND.**

*(Expressly for the Hispanian.)*

*Lith. Britton & Co. N. Y.*



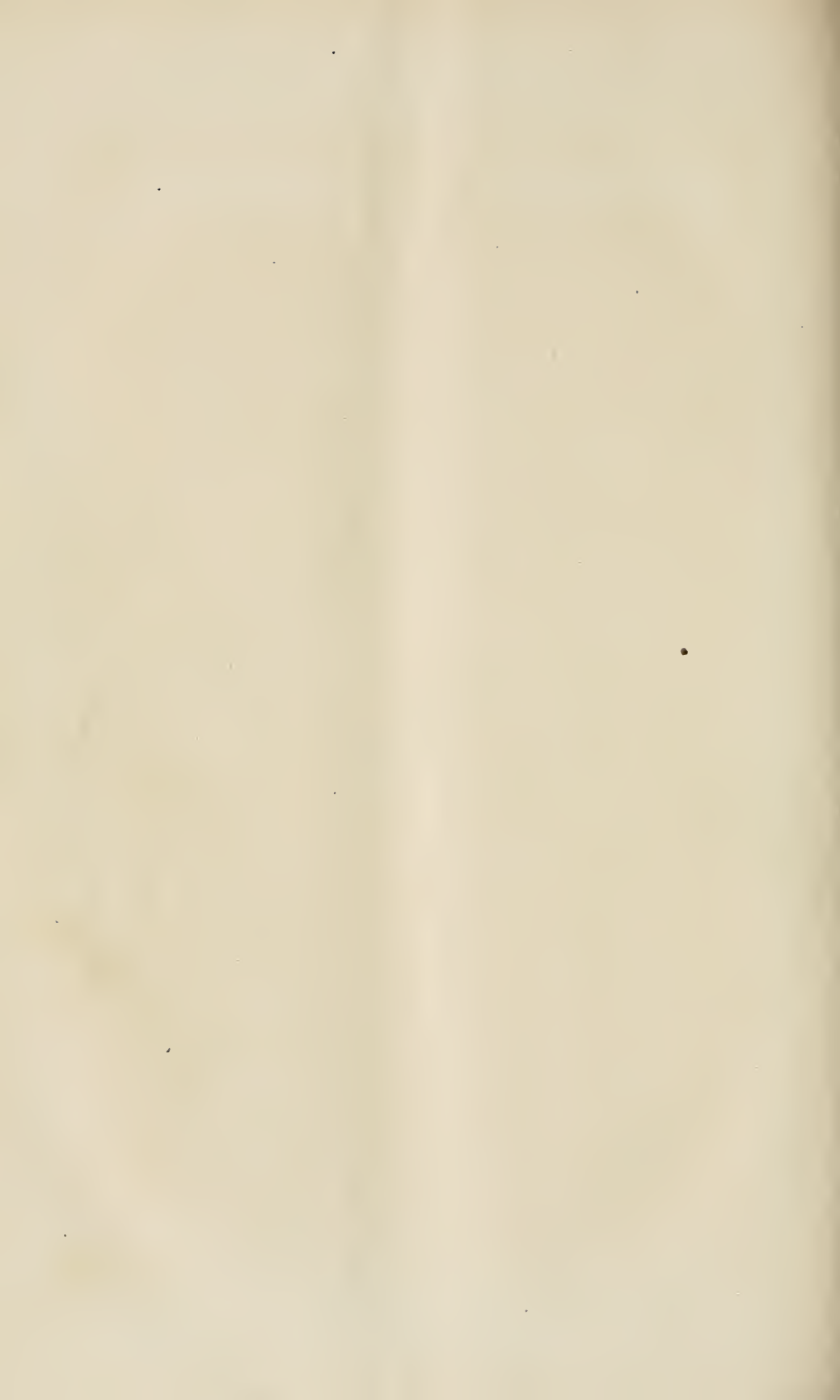
D. D. Neal del

L. Vogel Pinx

AMERICAN ROSE BAY.

(*Rhododendron Maximum.*)

Drawn from Nature Expressly for the HESPERIAN



# THE HESPERIAN.

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## ABOUT CERROS ISLAND.

BY JOHN A. VEATCH.

By reference to a map of the coast of the peninsula of Lower California, the Island of Cerros will be found forming a part of the south-western margin of the great bay of San Sebastian de Biscaino, and fronting the entrance to the newly discovered inland sea, known as "La Laguna," or "Ojo del Llebra." The public has as yet but meager information touching the coast of Peninsular California; and the very recent discovery of so important a feature as the above named hidden sea, a sheet of water of sufficient extent for an important whaling ground, proves the casual and imperfect nature of the examinations heretofore made. Up to the period of 1839 even the very important and extensive bay of Magdalena was hardly more than suspected to exist. Sir Edward Belcher, in the year above named, and Du Petit Thouars, about the same time, made surveys and published charts of the same, giving to the world the first authentic information with regard to it. The same lack of information touching the coast extends to the entire Peninsula. The sterile and uninviting aspect of the seemingly interminable succession of woodless peaks of sombre looking sandstone will be remembered by every one who has glided along the coast in the California steamers. The barrenness, however, is supposed to rest on the surface only—the repulsive exterior covering rich mines of useful and precious metals.

The probability, I might say certainty, of this region yielding at an early period to the inexorable law of "manifest destiny" has put the *Americanos* on the alert, and a sharp lookout is being instituted for ranches, city sites and gold mines. A year or two more will probably make us familiar both with its minutest geography and

its hidden resources. The torpid tranquility of the stupid, half-idiotic native is already being sadly disturbed by prying explorers, who, undeterred by bristling cacti and fearful rattlesnakes—the two prominent products of the land—are perseveringly “setting down their stakes” for future land claims. Those seeking to know the available resources of the interior are equally interested in examining for ports and embarcaderos. The result is the discovery of numerous bays, affording more or less shelter, rendering access comparatively easy to any desirable portion of the Peninsula. The coast has heretofore been visited mostly by small vessels, engaged in hunting sea-otters, collecting Abalone shells, and killing sea-elephants for the sake of their oil. The success of whale catching in the newly discovered “Laguna,” and the operations of the Mexican Guano Company on Elide Island, have latterly greatly increased the amount of shipping, and added much useful and interesting information of this coast.

The large bay of which Cerros, or Cedros Island forms the southwestern border, was named after Don Sebastian Viscaïno, who was sent by the Viceroy of Mexico, Don Gasper Zuniga, to survey the coast of Lower California, in the year 1602. This great bay is formed by the coast north of Point San Eugenio, receding to the east a degree or more. The island of Natividad, a barren sandstone formation, about three or four miles in length and three-fourths of a mile in width, lies west of Point Eugenio distant about ten miles. From the western extremity of Natividad, Cerros Island lies about twelve miles, in a north-westerly direction, extending in length about thirty miles due north, forming a kind of enclosure, so to speak, of the bay of S. Sebastian Viscaïno.

Cedros, or Cerros Island has long been known as one of the very few places affording fresh water on this dreary and thirsty coast. It is correctly placed on the old Spanish charts both as to position and outline, and from furnishing not only water and wood, but game as well, was probably pretty thoroughly examined. The remains of ancient and rudely constructed buildings observed on several parts of the island, may have been the temporary abodes of the early explorers who visited these coasts two hundred and fifty years ago. It is now uninhabited, and perhaps was never occupied save transiently. The length, as above stated, is about thirty and the aver-



age breadth about ten miles. The southern extremity expands out to a breadth of about eighteen miles. An indentation in the south-western part of this expanded extremity forms "South Bay," the appearance of which is correctly represented in the engraving. The sketch was taken from a point in-land, east of the bay, and looking towards the western promontory. The bay is formed by two rugged ridges of sandstone and serpentine, projecting into the sea each a distance of two leagues, and holding the bay, as it were, betwixt them. These ridges are processes from two of the three mountain ranges that form the island. They terminate in bold promontories that stand like the pillars of Hercules at the entrance of the bay; that on the west, forming the south-west extremity of the island, presents a striking appearance, looking much like a huge artificial pyramidal structure, whose foundation is laid in the depths of the ocean, with a flat summit elevated eight hundred feet above the sea-level. This remarkable eminence I have ventured to name "Mount Lent," in honor of Wm. M. Lent, Esq., of this city, under whose auspices this island was explored last summer. A sharp, serrated ridge, of less elevation, connects it with the peaked summits near the center of the island, that attract the attention of the passing mariner with their look of somber pensiveness and isolated solitude. The bay is a tranquil, cosy place for vessels, but open to the south-east gales. A few rocks, hidden in high water, render caution requisite. There is about seven fathoms of water close into shore.

There is no fresh water, and but little wood, near the shores of the bay, and consequently it is not so frequently visited as the eastern side of the island, where both of these essentials are found even at the water's edge. This eastern side presents, for a great portion of its length, a bold, precipitous front to the sea, in many places rising perpendicularly from the water to the height of several hundred feet. These walls have been formed by the action of the sea undermining and wearing away the base of the mountain, that rises to an elevation of three thousand six hundred feet within a distance of about four miles. This impracticable front is not continuous, but is broken in many places, forming convenient landing points; and for two leagues, towards the lower end of the island, the shore is low and gently shelving.

The island is formed by three nearly parallel mountain ridges, running diagonally across in a north-east and south-west direction. The ridge farthest south is the least elevated, and consists of a serpentine axes, flanked by shales, slates and fossiliferous sandstones of a late tertiary age. The second or middle ridge rises at the south-west extremity of the island, at Mount Lent, as before mentioned, and its three central peaks attain the greatest elevation of any on the island, save one on the third or northern range.

This middle ridge consists mostly of metamorphic shales and slates, with serpentine and hornblende rock. The third ridge is composed mostly of granite and basalt, presenting many interesting geological features. It consists mostly of a dark granite at the base of the mountain, greatly diked and seamed by a lighter colored and more recent granite, which finally overspreads the older rock, and forms the entire summits of some of the peaks.

The entire mass of the island is remarkable for the general diffusion of copper, in nearly all of its many shapes, in every formation, from the granite to the slates. There appears to be, however, an entire absence of any thing like regular metaliferous veins. Besides copper, masses of chromic iron are found in considerable quantity among the outbursts of serpentine.

The island presents a scanty but interesting flora. Two groves of pine trees — a few hundred acres in extent each — are found at an elevation of from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, on the north half of the island, on slopes looking to the north-west. Lumber suited for masts and spars might be obtained here. These groves are difficult of access, and are near the centre of the island, from four to six miles from the shore. Cedar trees, of a scrubby growth; the goat-nut; a dwarf oak; the strange and grotesque elephant tree; the *Rhus Lentii*, heretofore described in the pages of the HESPERIAN; and a species of Manzanita, found in the more elevated parts, constitute the most important feature in the botanical way, of practical value. A species of maguey, the aloe, or century plant; a tolerable representation of the cactus family, among which a gigantic *cereus* may be noted, constitute the more prominent portion of the remaining flora.

Of the fauna, deer and rabbits — the former in considerable abundance — are the principal native, and goats the only introduced an-

imals, unless we include the pestiferous rodents, rats and mice, which have here an undisturbed home. The deer presents marked peculiarities, and, if not a new species, is at least a well characterised variety, making the nearest approach to the black-tailed deer. A small species of rattlesnake, differing much in habit from the other members of its family, is found in rather uncomfortable abundance. Its peculiarities are its want of combative propensities, its rare use of its rattles, and its blowing like an adder, when molested. Several species of lizzards, some of bright hues, occur. Birds are not abundant, save those of the ocean. A few doves, wrens, crows, buzzards, fly-catchers, and perhaps two species of hawks, are found in the mountains. Insect life is not favored by appropriate natural conditions, and therefore not well represented. A splendid night-moth, which from its size is often mistaken for a bat, is occasionally seen in the evening. Two species of snails constitute the air-breathing molusks. One hundred and fourteen species of marine shells were collected on the shore in a few days.

The seal family is abundant around the shores, of which the sea-elephant is most important. Sea-otters were formerly abundant, but now scarce. Fish of many kinds abound.

Notwithstanding the natural productions of the island, the soil is of a sterile and harsh character, and probably totally unsuited for any agricultural purpose. The surface is broken and rough in the extreme, and a level spot is scarcely to be found, save toward the south end. This condition is the more to be regretted, as the climate is delightful, and would afford an enviable place of residence could agriculture or grazing be successfully conducted. Fresh water is abundant and of tolerable quality, and is found in almost every ravine at an elevation of six or eight hundred feet above the sea-level.

This island may some day become an important place of depot. The entire eastern side may be considered as a harbor. The surface of the bay of Viscaino is here as smooth as that of a lake, being sheltered from the winds and waves from the north and west by Cerros, and from those of the south by Natividad.

The chromic iron which exists at certain points, not inconvenient to the shore, in considerable quantities, might be worth attention as an article of export. The ore seems to be remarkably pure.

Sir E. Belcher speaks of the importance of Magdalena Bay as a point from which the coast of Mexico and California could be conveniently observed in case of a war. Cerros Island might grow into sudden importance for the same reason.

In a scientific point of view, the locality is important as showing a peculiar intermingling of types of the northern and southern flora and fauna.

The limits of this article will not permit a notice in detail of many facts gathered during a sojourn of several weeks on this interesting island the past summer. I may hereafter give something more extended on that subject.

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## RHODODENDRON MAXIMUM.

BY DR. KELLOGG.

THIS splendid evergreen tree is the most magnificent ornament of the mountain forests of America. The specimen from which the drawing was made, was brought to us from Fraser River, New Caledonia, in its beautiful blooming state, by Mrs. WM. SPEAR. We admire and appreciate with all our heart such an enterprise—one so peculiarly appropriate to the sex, and only wish there were many more who would imitate this intelligent lady's charming example. We know of others whose hearts and hands are with us in our efforts to cultivate a taste for the beautiful; and we assure them it will afford us great pleasure to make their names known in due time. May Heaven grant them all the fadeless kindred beauties of the soul in return.

This arborescent shrub is found from the British Possessions on the North, throughout the United States to the South; growing on high, barren, rocky soils, along the shady banks of mountain streams, and sometimes along the margins of cold, clear lakes, fed by living springs. Several attempts have been made to cultivate it in California—mostly by our foreign gardeners—but hitherto without success. Enamored as we all are by its native splendor, it really seems a pity it should exact from our hands so many conditions; to

comply with its caprice, would often be so incompatible with rural comfort, we are fain to leave it to adorn the wilderness and the solitary places of the land.

It is interesting to observe its many varieties, we therefore subjoin the

#### TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION.

Leaves elliptic-lance like, acute, recurve mucronate, tipped with a yellowish gland, wedge-formed base; convex and shagreen punctate above, margin revolute, whitish and beautifully net-veined beneath. Lamina of the leaf thick and leathery, not shining, but soft and lustrous green, six or seven inches long, one to two wide, on a smooth leaf stem one inch long. Flowers in a terminal clustered cone-like villous raceme, one to two inches long, flower stems smooth, calyx segments very short rounded. The flowers broad bell-shaped, thick liliaceous ribs ridging the base, lobes of the five-parted border often notched, waved, declinate stamens (ten) very unequal, five upper ones about half the length of the flower, three out of the lower five nearly equal the pistil. Stigma five-lobed, lower lobe beaked; capsule (embryo) villous.

Flower a delicate rose pink, throat spotted with brown above and along on the upper central lobe, also the upper half of the two lateral lobes — on their lower half, and the two lowerlip lobes none.

A tree of ten to thirty feet in height, one to two feet in diameter. Often merely shrubby.

This Mountain Laurel, as it is also named, is very destructive to animals that are urged by hunger to feed upon it. It has also the reputation of poisoning the honey of bees. Several tragic instances of this poisoning have come under our notice. In one instance, where several persons lost their lives by eating of the honey from the same bee-tree. These dangers are well understood by old bee hunters, and their rules are probably worthy of our attention. They never eat the recent honey from *uncaped cells*, alledging that this property is transient, or a volatile oil or essence that evaporates before the bee finally closes the cell. This rule is carefully observed in vicinities where poisonous vines and flowers are known to abound.

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OPINIONS. — Those who think boldly, freely, and thoroughly; who stand upon their own legs, and see with their own eyes, have a firmness and serenity of mind, which he who is dependent on others has not, neither can have; nor are they so liable to be imposed on, whereas others are subject to be driven about by the breath of the world, which is always blowing from every point of the compass.

## WHY DOST THOU LET IT BE ?

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

I see oppression stalk the earth,  
Uncheck'd, with cold and withering curse,  
I see the chance of truth and worth  
Grow daily, hourly, worse and worse ;  
O'er earth a cry of anguish rings,  
And quivers o'er the moaning sea,  
While to my lips the question springs,  
God! God! why dost thou let it be ?

Fair fields, and countless human souls,  
Are smitten by some tyrant's will,  
A flood of fearful carnage rolls,  
At their command, and then is still.  
They say they strive for right and truth ;  
They say they fight but to be free ;  
Oh! thou who canst make all things smooth,  
God! God! why dost thou let it be ?

And evils we call less than war,  
Brood down and rest upon us all ;  
Do they not leave as deep a scar?  
Do they not leave as black a pall ?  
When manhood does not stand erect,  
In that firm manhood proudly free ;  
When age nor sex can claim respect,  
God! God! why dost thou let it be ?

Millions are rolling in their wealth,  
With grasping hand that reach for more ;  
Millions are dying for the health  
Of love and light, that shun their door.  
No wonder human hearts despair  
To drain their cup of misery ;  
Oh! thou who se'st each thought lay bare,  
God! God! why dost thou let it be ?

The earth is bright, the sea is grand,  
The heavens are glorious above ;  
Why cannot bounty fill each hand,  
And every heart o'erflow with love ?  
Oh! impious questioner be still,  
There is a vast eternity,  
Where God will show His sovereign will,  
And why he letteth all things be !

## OUR TEA TABLE.

BY H. C. PAWLING.

SAD and melancholy indeed must have been the state and condition of the venerable great-grandmothers of our respected great grandfathers, who, when the gray shadows of evening closed around them, and "The curfew toll'd the knell of parting day," were cheered by no rattle of China tea-cups, and to whose ears the song of the hob-perched kettle was a strange, unheard-of sound.

All honor to the individual, or to the commercial corporation, by whom the Chinese-leaf was first brought to Europe. The Dutch and the English East India Companies put forth the fairest claims to the gratitude of European tea-drinkers, but to which of these rivals the merit really belongs, it is very difficult to determine. That there may be an end of all strife, then, let each claimant be duly canonized in its corporate capacity, and to all those who have realized the cheerfulness and the sunny radiance that enhalos a tea-table, when with shutters closely barred, and curtains snugly drawn, the bright fire lights up with sunny joyousness the faces of the family group,—let the well furnished tea-poy and the sonorous kettle be as domestic Lares.

To Lords Arlington and Ossory has been accorded by some the honor of introducing this wholesome beverage into our own country about the year 1666, but this is very evidently an error, for the fact that there is in existence a tea-pot that belonged to the renowned Oliver Cromwell is strong evidence that it was in use at an earlier date. Nevertheless, it is tolerably certain that as late as 1641 it was wholly unknown in England. In a singular treatise, entitled "A Treatise of Warm Beer," bearing date 1641, an endeavor is made to prove the great advantages derivable from warm beverages compared with cold, and a reference is made to tea, by quoting the Jesuit Maffle's account, in which he relates "that they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of a herb called Chia, hot." "Chia" is the Japanese form of the word Tea, and the Portuguese to this day call it "Cha," while we, from our more immediate intercourse with the Chinese, have adopted their form, after the word which is "*Theh*," and which is generally used by

the rest of Europe.\* It is probable then that some time between the years 1641 and 1657 this article was first introduced to our island.

A strange, dirty city was London at the period of which we are now writing, containing about half a million of inhabitants. Its houses were for the most part built of wood and plaster; and in the place of plate glass fronts, in which to expose merchandise, gloomy dark booths projected far into the streets, rendering the limited traffic of that day difficult and dangerous. The spacious warehouses and counting-houses of to-day were then the dwelling-houses of the wealthy old burghers, the walls decorated with carved work and frescoes, and the chambers echoing with the cheerful, ringing laugh of children. Chelsea was then a retired country village, with a thousand inhabitants, and populous Islington was a solitude. In Regent it was not an uncommon thing for sportsmen to shoot woodcocks, and at night an impenetrable darkness shrouded the entire city. A quaint old alley too was Change Alley in the year 1660; not then as now a scene of busy, driving hurry, where many a monetary speculation involving world-wide interests is daily transacted, and where may be met bold and reckless adventurers, who have risked their all upon the chance of a rise, in feverish excitement half hoping half fearing, impatiently waiting the result of their hazardous enterprise—but a quiet douce sort of an alley, unused to the incessant patter of human feet, and only now and then roused from silence by the footfall of some respectable, well-to-do old merchant, seeking support for the outer man in the clean, well-appointed refectory of honest old Thomas Garway, tobacconist, coffee man, &c. In a quiet corner of this alley Thomas had permanently established himself, and from this spot he had been the first to vend the new and marvellous beverage called Tea, and he—doubtless conscientiously—recommended it for the cure of all disorders. At the corners of the alley and on the posts of the refectory door are posted handbills advertising the public that the nectar of the celestials might be obtained fragrant and pure. Saith Thomas upon his bill—for perchance its perusal may cast some light upon the history of the leaf—“Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of

\* See Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.



its former dearness and scarceness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publickly sold the said tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants and others, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 5s. a pound."

For a lengthened period strange prejudices operated to impede the popular use of tea. In Germany, Hanneman considered tea dealers "immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives." In 1670 a Dutch writer says that it was much ridiculed in Holland, passing by the name of Hay-water. A writer in one of the early numbers of the Edinburgh Review says of this famous plant, that "its progress had been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had the courage to taste it, resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues."

It was probably after the year 1687 that tea became a popular beverage, for Henry Earl of Clarendon, in his diary, under that date makes the following entry: "Pere Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had tea, which he said was really as good as any he had drank in China." This circumstance would hardly have been thought deserving a place in the Earl's diary had tea-drinking been a common practice.

A few moments' glance at the tea districts of China would not be without interest, and since imagination conquers time and space, here we are in Canton, and hurrying through its densely thronged streets, with the incessant vociferations of the half-naked porters ringing in our ears. Let us take a north-easterly course, through a country intersected by mountain ranges, until we enter the province of Fokien, comprising that portion of the Empire lying at the south eastern extremity and immediately opposite to the island of Formo-

sa. Passing through lovely valleys, skirting lofty hills, or boldly breasting mountain declivities, new beauties momentarily meet the eye. From the hill-crest just gained, let us gaze o'er the vale beneath, and amid the luxuriant beauty, the eye is charmed with the deep ruddy blossoms of the *camellia japonica*, whose flowers, like delicate shell-work, are thrown out into strong relief by the deep shining green of its magnificent foliage. Across the valley the sides of the opposite hill display a floral garment of red, purple, and variegated azaleas, sparsing around a delicious fragrance. Here and there rises the fine leafy timber-tree, *Laurus Camphora*, and around its trunk, clematises, wild roses, and honeysuckles twine their tendrils. Yonder stream, gleaming in sunlight, reflects the images of the varied colored Hydrangeas that skirt its banks. Farther on in the landscape, forests of the yellow bamboo, with their straight stems and beautiful crests, gracefully wave to the passing breeze. The plains present rich plantations of mulberry,—and the distant mountains, stretching far away until they look in the hazy distance like blue vapor, yielding peach, and plum, and fairy oranges, contribute to render the scene strikingly lovely. But our way lies through yonder dense thicket. As we draw nearer and nearer, the delightful odor of the *Olla-Fragrans* steals upon the sense. Golden and silver pheasants start up on noisy wing at every step. From plant to plant, growing in floral loveliness around, gigantic butterflies, on gaudy painted wings, flutter incessantly. Upon the surface of every pool, moving to the gentle ripple of the wave, sits the naiad-loving lotus. Golden carp, basking in the slanting sun-ray that penetrates the leafy roof of the verdant forest, gleam like jewels beneath the crystal water, and antelopes with deep and dappled skins bound gaily through bush and brake, or idly stand mirrored in the stream. Night closes o'er us ere we emerge from the forest, and the first streak of day is painting heaven, when from the sombre glade we catch the first sight of the magnificent mountains that skirt the great tea district of the country. It is in the clear atmosphere of morn. See how the first rays of the rising sun break through the filmy vapor that crowns their summits—now painting the rugged peaks with rosy light, now shedding floods of glory like rivers of gold adown their eastern declivities. Our feelings rise into the sublime of admiration as onward we press to the

mountain pass through which we gain entrance into the province of Fokien, but the landscape has still lost nothing of its sublimity. High ranges of mountains tower on either hand : hills of all heights and peaks of the most fantastic forms meet the eye everywhere. The roads appear to have been the works of gigantic labor and persevering industry, and from them gazing down fearful precipices, or into lovely dells, many a gurgling stream fed by waterfalls from the mountain sides, gleams in the sunlight.

Such is a sketchy profile of the landscape in the principal tea districts of China. Treading his way among the mountain passes, the weary traveler at about every quarter of a mile finds established a tea shop, where he may refresh himself with the delicious beverage brewed upon its native mountains. The lower parts of these hills are covered with the tea shrub, which is planted with very great regularity, presenting in the formality of their arrangement a striking contrast to the wild, rugged and irregular features of the landscape; and on the crests of many of these hills are erected temples to Buddha, and the scenery and its associations when the moon sheds its pale light around in the solemn stillness of evening, when the sound of the distant gong, or the chime of the temple bell is the only sound that breaks upon the ear, is described by a modern traveler as surpassingly impressive.

The soil in which the tea shrub is cultivated consists of a brownish yellow, adhesive clay, which, upon minute examination, appears to consist of portions of the granitic rock of the mountains, and of vegetable matter; and the principal tea district of China lies between the twenty-fifth and thirty-first degree of north latitude.

From a distance a plantation of tea looks like a nursery of evergreens. They produce an abundance of single white flowers, blooming at the same time as do the camelias; the leaves are of a rich dark green; the seeds are gathered in the month of October, and are preserved through the winter months in sand and earth, and they are sown very thickly in the spring; after being kept in the nursery bed for about twelve months, having attained the height of from nine to twelve inches, they are planted out in rows at about four feet apart; here they are allowed to attain a strong and vigorous growth before any leaves are gathered, sometimes standing for two or three years before the leaves are plucked, and a plantation under

the most favorable circumstances is rarely profitably productive after ten or twelve seasons.

It is not customary in China for tea farmers to make black tea and green in the same districts; not however that both sorts cannot be produced from the same leaf, but probably that from a difference in the necessary manipulation required, it is convenient to limit the production of the distinct sorts to separate localities. The following plan, without going into minute details, will afford an idea of the plan adopted for the production of green tea. The leaves having been gathered, they are thrown into a large pan, under which is burning a slow charcoal fire, and these leaves are kept rapidly stirred about by the hands of the workman; having remained there for a few minutes, they are taken out and rolled, then shaken out thinly on bamboo trays that the redundant moisture may evaporate; they are again thrown into the pans and stirred briskly about by hand until perfectly twisted and dry; when removed from these pans the tea is of a dullish green color, but they become brighter by age. (See Fortune's Wanderings in China.) The two important features observable in the manufacture of green tea are, first, that immediately after the leaves are gathered they are roasted, and that after the process of rolling, they are dried off very quickly.

In the manufacture of black tea, it may be observed by way of marking the distinction, that after gathering, the leaves are allowed to lie for some considerable time spread out before they are roasted; in their green state they are then tossed about until they become soft, and are again left in heaps; they are then roasted for a few minutes and rolled, exposed for some hours to the atmosphere in a soft and humid state, and are then dried slowly over charcoal fires until the full black color is fairly developed. It will be observed that in the description that we have given of the manufacture of green teas, no mention of the use of any coloring matter has been made, for in truth the Chinese themselves never use artificially colored teas, and it is a matter of surprise to them that European merchants require such an adulterated article, and far more inexplicable still, that the spurious tea should command a higher market price than the genuine article.

Mr. Fortune, who spent much time in the tea districts, and was sufficiently enterprising to obtain much information concerning the

interior of China, makes the following statement:—"To 14 lbs of tea were applied 8 mace  $2\frac{1}{2}$  candareens of coloring matter, or rather more than an ounce. In every hundred pounds of green tea consumed in England and America, the consumers actually drink more than half a pound of Prussian blue and gypsum." No wonder that the celestials consider the natives of the West to be a set of barbarians.

The mountain passes of the rich and fertile district to which we have alluded, wear by no means a solitary, deserted appearance after the season for gathering the crop. Thousands of porters may be seen from the elevated summits, extending in single file for a lengthened distance, the more advanced like specks in the blue distance just surmounting the crest of yonder hill, while the rear is just entering the valley that leads up to the mountain's base—heavily laden, too, are these industrious coolies, some carrying single chests containing the finer sorts of tea, which by the help of two long bamboo rods are kept firmly fixed upon the shoulders, and to avoid accident and damage, are never suffered to touch the ground; others bearing two chests depending from either end of a long bamboo, carried in the manner of a yoke: these are the inferior sorts, and often arrive at their destination much damaged by the abrasion from the rocky projections of the mountain passes;—here and there, too, may be seen a merchant or a mandarin returning from the tea plantation, riding in conscious superiority on his mountain chair, borne by two servants and effectively screened from the weather by his gaudy para-pluit, all adding to the interest and picturesqueness of the scene.

We will close this notice of the tea plant with a quotation from a Chinese author's advice how best to make tea. "When ever tea is to be infused for use," says Ting-po, "take water from a running stream and boil it over a lively fire: when making the infusion do not boil the water too hastily; at first it will begin to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fishes' eyes, and lastly it boils up like pearls innumerable, springing and waving about—this is the way to boil the water."

Such is a brief outline of the history of a plant and beverage, the introduction of which into general use has worked a social revolution—fostered a disposition to domestic family enjoyment—

has abated the once fearful habit of post-prandial indulgence by offering the attractive and cheerful society of wives, mothers, sisters or daughters gathered around the social tea board, until "The Tea Table" has become emphatically the spot from which is derived a family's highest social and domestic enjoyment—and "Our Tea Table" has become an important national institution.

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ALL WILL BE PLAIN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

All will be plain in the coming years,  
Towards which we struggle through mist and tears,  
    In storm and night ;  
Groping, and lifting a tearful eye,  
Where beyond the clouds shines a clearer sky,  
    And heavens are bright.

Yes, all will be plain ; we then shall see  
Why God hath suffered all this to be,  
    Which now we feel ;  
While from our hearts goes the bitter cry,  
"Oh save us, Father, lest we die!—  
    Thou woundest to heal."

All will be plain ; we then shall know  
Why the rod of God lay on us so—  
    Our joys all died ;  
While the high and the haughty around us rolled,  
In kingly chariots of pomp and gold,  
    And robes of pride.

From out this tangled web are made  
Garments of beauty that never fade,  
    Woven in Time's loom ;  
Wrong will be righted, and Truth be crowned—  
To life's great problem the answer found,  
    In the years to come.

## SOME REMARKS ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.

BY JOHN S. HITTÉLL.

ABOUT ten years ago a new and important theory, partly scientific and partly religious in its character, was published to mankind. It now stands before us as a new religion called spiritualism or spiritism. It had its origin in the most enlightened part of the world; within a decade of years it has gained several million of believers, mostly intelligent people, some of them holding high positions in science, literature, and society; and it is still advancing. It presents many singular problems and puzzling facts to the psychologist and physicist. Its adherents have not formally adopted any statement of their creed, nor are they at all agreed upon it, but I believe the majority of them would consider their main doctrines to be fairly given in the following points:—

1. The human soul is immortal.
2. After the death of the animal body, the soul possesses the same consciousness, personality, will and other intellectual powers and impulses as during life.
3. The soul is not strictly immaterial, but is of an ethereal essence or substance, which has the form and likeness of its animal frame, and when seen is recognizable by that likeness.
4. Spirits or incarnate souls possess the power of locomotion.
5. Spirits can and do, under certain circumstances, make themselves perceptible to the sight, hearing and touch of men in normal life.
6. Spirits can and do, under certain circumstances, take possession of the bodies of men in animal life, (the latter called mediums, and usually in an abnormal or trance state when thus possessed) whose actions and words during the possession are governed by the said spirits.
7. The spirits are perceptible directly to the sight, hearing and touch of high mediums, and to low mediums and persons not mediums they show their presence by physical and psychical manifestations.
8. The physical manifestations, made by the immediate agency of spirits usually in the presence of a medium, consist in rapping on furniture, walls and floors, in tipping tables, lifting pieces of fur-

niture up from the floor, holding them in the air, throwing them about, playing on pianos, guitars and other musical instruments, &c.

9. The psychical manifestations made through a medium who is possessed by a spirit, consist in telling events occurring at a distance, describing places never seen or heard of by the medium, remembering faces once known by him but lost to his memory in the normal state, revealing facts unknown to him in the normal state, speaking languages unknown to him, reading the thoughts of those around him, seeing through opaque substances, foretelling the future, &c.

10. Manifestations are abundant in spiritual circles and may be seen by any one who industriously seeks to learn the truth in this matter.

11. These manifestations are not in anywise supernatural, but are strictly natural, and they appear strange to us only because we do not yet fully understand their laws.

12. The spirits like to be near, and often are near, to those persons whom they loved while in the body.

13. The spirits have much knowledge not directly attainable by men in normal life, and often communicate such knowledge to the living.

14. Their statements are not always true.

15. There is a personal Creator and Governor of the universe whose essence is similar to that of the excarnate human souls.

16. Spirits continue to learn and grow wiser and better.

17. They have a happy intercourse with the Deity and with one another.

18. Those are happiest who are best.

19. Jesus Christ was no more than a man.

20. The Hebrew prophets and Christian apostles had no higher inspiration than that possessed by the spirit mediums in this age.

21. There are no such personal devil and material hell as are believed in by Orthodox Catholics and Protestants.

22. The character of the Deity and the nature of existence in the spiritual world are not truly represented in the Bible.

Such are the main points of the creed of the spiritists as it has been explained in my presence by various persons prominent in their sect. The creed may be divided into two parts: first, that relating



to questions of fact, that is the genuineness and honesty of the manifestations; and secondly, inferences from those manifestations. These two parts of the creed are entirely distinct in their nature from each other, and the student who wishes to understand the question of spiritism, must examine each separately.

It is generally admitted, I believe, by scientific men, who have given any attention to the subject, that the turning of tables in spiritual circles is caused by an involuntary or unconscious exertion of the muscles of the persons sitting in the circles. There is no trickery in this. It is further admitted by a majority of persons (not spiritists,) in the most intelligent districts of the United States, that numerous other physical manifestations are made without any trickery on the part of persons on the circles, but entirely by some unexplained or supernatural agency. Many imagine that the devil is at the bottom of it; they admit the genuineness of the manifestations, but say they are made by the power of darkness, and that it is wicked for men to examine or meddle with the matter. Others say they are convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations, but they say there is no sufficient explanation of the cause, and they reject the influences of spirit agency. The persons who have witnessed the manifestations are not rare in the highest classes of our society. Unfortunately for the cause of truth, many scared by the abuse heaped upon spiritists, are unwilling to bear witness publicly to the facts, which they readily tell privately in confidence to friends. I have heard men as high in the public estimation as any in this State, relate wonders which they had seen and heard in spiritual circles: but their evidence has never been published, and probably never will be. I must confess that although it is said that I am a medium, and although I have sought opportunities to witness spiritual miracles, I have seen but one manifestation that puzzled me, and that one was Mr. S. B. Collins, when tied hand and foot securely by myself, and placed alone in a dark room where no one could have access to him, was untied (by the spirits, as he asserted,) in twenty-two minutes, after another person and myself had spent twenty minutes, in a good light, tying him with a bed cord fifty feet long, both ends of which were fastened together in the middle of his back, between his shoulders.

This exploit, however inexplicable, would have no influence upon

my reason, if performed by a professional juggler, and would have little as coming from a teacher of a new religion, if it came alone; but its genuineness is so indirectly corroborated by a multitude of other marvels, reported by men known to me personally and by reputation, that I confess myself completely puzzled. While it is plain that any one recorded manifestation might be done by trickery, yet when we consider all the reports together, and remember that most of the performers have no interest to practice deception, and evidently make a religion of their spirit theory, and persist in attesting its honesty and its truth, and agree generally with each other in their statements, we almost feel as though we must believe their reported manifestations generally, or discard all human testimony. The psychical manifestations are far more wonderful than the physical, and yet they include little more than such facts as have often been observed in catalepsy, mesmeric trance, spontaneous somnambulism, and od, facts investigated and reported with the greatest care by highly competent and trustworthy witnesses. If we acknowledge that somnambulists can foretell future events, and have a supernormal range of perception and clearness of memory, it appears but a small matter to admit that a table may be raised in mid air when no one is touching it, and under such circumstances that no known physical law will explain its elevation.

The leading spiritists, however, wish no one to admit anything without examination; all that they ask is inquiry, no matter how sceptical. Their fear is not investigation, but the refusal to investigate. And truly they are right, for the policy of the enemies of spiritism is now not to prove the falsehood of spiritism by investigation, but to deter people from inquiry by abuse. The first plea against inquiry is, that the devil is the author of the manifestations. That game of asserting that the devil is the father of facts which overthrow our theories, is, to use a bit of popular slang, "played out." It is an impudent assertion, incapable of proof, and evidently resorted to only because the party making it, cannot establish his theory with evidence convincing to reason. It is a base appeal to the credulous fears of the weak-minded and ignorant; a mean fostering of vile superstitions.

The next plea against investigation is, that belief in spiritualism makes people crazy. Instead, however, of that being a reason why

people should not investigate, it is a strong argument for the encouragement of inquiry. Insanity comes from mental excitement—of which the world has never yet had enough. To set people a thinking we must run the risk of losing a few by lunacy. Insanity is a measure of the intellectual activity of a people; while a great evil in itself, its frequency is a symptom of high enlightenment. It is a common and just remark that a blockhead never goes crazy; he has not the sense to serve as a foundation for insanity. Mental excitement is the beginning of the reign of reason, and the overthrow of all superstition, and in whatever form it deserves encouragement. The investigation of spiritism deserves encouragement; but it should be observed that the cultivation of the power of mediumship is dangerous to weak constitutions; and persons of delicate nervous organizations should not voluntarily enter the trance state frequently, or remain in it long. The perils of seeking these abnormal conditions are clearly stated by Reichenbach in his remarks on somnambulism. Persons in ordinary good health, however, who enter the trance state not more than once a week, and remain in it not more than an hour at a time, are in no danger of injury to their health. It may be observed here that the great effect notoriously wrought on delicate nervous organizations by acting as mediums, affords strong evidence of the honesty of the psychological manifestations.

Another plea against investigation is, that spiritism, even if true, can do no good. This is another of those impudent assumptions proclaimed at every street corner by those philosophical charlatans of whom the world is full. They believe that all truth which agrees with their theories is good, and of divine origin, and all truth inconsistent with their theories is of diabolic parentage and is productive of evil. The time for using this sort of argument is fast passing away: the world has arrived at years of discretion; it wants to know the truth in all questions of religion and science, and it is willing to believe the side which has the strongest evidence, no matter how the threats of perdition may be bandied about by little self-appointed dispensers of divine wrath.

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Albany in 1856, Dr. Robert Hare demanded permission to read an essay on Spiritism. They did not

dare to refuse him a hearing by saying his essay was worthless, but one of the members objected that the spirit manifestations were either natural and done by trickery, or else supernatural; and as the association was formed to investigate neither legerdemain nor supernatural occurrences, in either case spiritism was not a proper subject for consideration in their body. The association accepted this pretext, and Hare was not heard. Their determination was right, for Hare's essay probably contained neither valuable information nor entertainment; but the refusal ought to have been based on grounds which physicists could honestly defend. To suppose that the alleged physical spirit-manifestations, or any phenomena perceptible to the natural senses, are supernatural and beyond the scope of science, is a "philosophical infamy;" and the approval of such a doctrine by the American Association, even in what was understood by some to be a joke, did no credit to the country abroad. The other horn of the dilemma was quite as bad for the Association; for what nobler task can science demand than the opportunity of exposing the tricks on which a false religion—and necessarily pernicious if false—has been built?

In looking over the books advocating Spiritualism, we perceive at once that all the authors are utterly ignorant or regardless of the necessity of establishing a wide and solid foundation of facts, before building a superstructure of theory. Instead, however, of giving us any substantial basis, they hasten to leave all the phenomena in such a condition that there is much reason to doubt whether all the alleged manifestations are not mere hallucinations, and forthwith build an inverted pyramid of a theory which appears to people generally to have no stability. If there be anything true in Spiritism, it comes within the domain of science, and must be investigated and proved by scientific induction. Severe attention to the minute facts, close study in arranging them under their proper categories, and hard-headed thinking will carry the day, and here, as elsewhere on kindred soil, the wild, wordy declaimers will be sent to the place reserved for the windbags. Unfortunately for the cause of Spiritism, its chief prophets and apostles are grossly ignorant of physiology and other branches of physics, and therefore they are exceedingly unsafe guides. In theory they are utterly untrustworthy, and even their testimony as to matters of fact must be looked at with suspi-

cion, for a man does not know how to use his eyes in regard to scientific facts, until he has had some training in physics. The student desirous of learning something of Spiritism will learn more from conversation—if he know how to put questions—than from books; and after having become familiar with the minute circumstances of the common “manifestations,” and glanced over the spiritual gospels, it will be worth his while to read that part of Carpenter’s *Physiology* relating to the brain and mind; Briere de Boismont on *Hallucinations*, a large and learned work, in which the author tries to prove that men may imagine they see ghosts without being crazy; Wigan on the *Duality of the Mind*; Deleuze, Townshend, Gregory, Braid, Lang and Ennemoser on Mesmerism, and Reichenbach on Somnambulism. The latter author, alone of all those who have treated upon the abnormal states of the nervous system, has been an eminent investigator in other branches of physics, and has investigated this matter purely in its scientific character. It would perhaps be rash to accept his reported observations as true, or to regard his theory as correct, without further examination; but everybody must admit that his experiments were conceived and executed in obedience to the strictest rules of induction, and that we cannot hesitate to adopt his inferences, if we accept the wonderful list of alleged facts elicited in an inquiry which was continued with almost unexampled application and rigor during a decade of years. It is from such men that we must hope for light; but only those who know what light is can appreciate it, when it comes. A true theory is a mere superstition for him who receives it by shutting the eyes of his reason and opening the mouth of his credulity. In fine, Spiritism cannot be put down as a simple bit of humbuggery, but appears rather as a false theory based upon a new phase of abnormal psychology, probably very closely akin to spontaneous and mesmeric somnambulism,—a theory however which has brought new and important and now inexplicable facts, and a liberal tone of thought with it into the world, and is therefore entitled to the serious and respectful study of physicists, at least until its falsehood has been more clearly established than at present.

## PAPERS ON THE EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY J. F. BOWMAN.

No. I.—*The Latin Writers.*

ALTHOUGH it has been usual for writers on the subject of the Early English Literature to commence their researches with the Anglo Saxon monuments of the age of Alfred or Caedmon, or even with the old bardic compositions of Irish origin, which belong to the fifth and sixth centuries, yet nothing that can properly be designated as English Literature, existed until at least one hundred and fifty years after the Norman Conquest. In fact, it was not until the 13th century that the English language was formed, by the blending and fusion of the various elements which enter into its composition; and whatever of literature, whether in the Gallic, the Latin, the Saxon, or the Norman tongues, existed in Britain anterior to that period, is to be considered as among the sources, rather than as constituting a part of, English Literature. Pelagius, Celestius, Bede, and others, who wrote in Latin, Alfred and Caedmon, who wrote in Saxon, and the Norman-French *trouveurs* and *troubadours*, were only English writers, in so far as the mere circumstance that they lived and wrote upon English soil, can constitute them such; and the same may be said in reference to the Gaelic bards and annalists, though their language was that of the native Britons, and not like the others, an alien tongue.

But though it cannot properly be claimed that an English Literature existed before the English language was formed, yet those literary remains which have come down to us from the period anterior to the conquest, are not without a certain interest and importance in an antiquarian point of view, and in consequence of their influence in giving color and character to the language and literature which succeeded.

The Romans were doubtless the first to introduce anything resembling civilization into Britain; and soon after their power became established in the southern part of the island, there is reason to believe that the Latin language was very generally adopted by the inhabitants of the larger towns, and that the study of the Latin literature was introduced among the native youth. Agricola, as

Tacitus informs us, took measures at an early period of his administration, to have the sons of the chiefs indoctrinated in Roman learning and art, believing this to be one of the most effective means of perpetuating the dominion of the invaders. The admirable school-system, which prevailed throughout the empire, was probably extended to this, its latest acquisition, as it had already been, to Gaul. For the imperial edicts, still extant, prescribing numerous curious details in regard to the public schools (and such they seem, in the strictest sense, to have been) do not appear to be limited in their application, to Rome or Italy.

Accordingly, as the Romans first introduced letters into Britain, the earliest attempts of the inhabitants at regular literary production, of which we have any record, found expression in the Latin tongue. Of these British-Latin writers, the famous heretic Pelagius, who belongs to the early part of the fifth century, is one of the earliest and most noteworthy. He was probably an Irishman, and his real name was the Celtic one of Morgant, now generally written, Morgan. That by which he is more generally known, was adopted by him, probably when he became a Latin author; and from it is derived the adjective which for more than a thousand years after his death, figured so conspicuously in theological controversy. Whatever may be thought of the soundness of his doctrines, there can be no doubt of the vigor and acuteness of his intellect, and the boldness and independence of his character. Both his talents and general worth seem to have been universally conceded by his contemporaries, until he became suspected of the taint of heterodoxy. Some polemical writings attributed to him, still exist, and it is not difficult to identify the peculiar views which he promulgated. He denied most strenuously the doctrine of original sin, asserted the perfect freedom of the will, and is charged with having maintained even, that men could hope to be saved only by their own merits. These opinions, which he advocated and taught with great zeal, both orally and in his writings, drew down upon him the reprobation of his more orthodox brethren, who denounced him with that peculiar severity and bitterness, which seem then, as ever since, to have characterized all polemical discussion. Celestius, (probably also an assumed name) a disciple of Pelagius, and like him, too, an Irishman, is another Latin writer belonging to this early period. Several "epistles," attrib-

uted to him, and pronounced by the best authorities in these matters to be genuine, still exist. He shared to its full extent the Palagianism of his master, and was no less severely dealt with by the zealous champions of orthodoxy, who in the eloquence of their invective were occasionally somewhat coarser, though by no means more bitter, than accords with the modern tone of theological controversy. St. Jerome, whose Calvinistic doctrines (to use an anachronism) had been assailed by both these writers, does not scruple to call the disciple "a blockhead, swollen with Irish pottage," which expression has been explained by one of Jerome's commentators, as referring to the notions or teachings of the Irish heretic,—they being the "pottage" with which the pupil was "swollen." The eloquent polemic further characterizes Celestius as "a great corpulent snarling cur,—a Cerberus, who with his master Pluto (meaning Pelagius) ought to be knocked on the head, and so put to eternal silence."

But the rhetorical warfare waged against them by Jerome, was not the most formidable ordeal which the two heretical Britons had to undergo. The censures and condemnations of Councils and Synods followed, and after having long convulsed the theological world by the new "ism" which he had introduced, Morgan, or Pelagius, accompanied by the faithful Celestius, went to Jerusalem, which is the last that is known concerning them.

To the same period, belongs St. Patrick, of whose literary productions, nothing save his "Confessions" is extant. Jocelyn, an old chronicler, has preserved a curious account of the achievements and labors of this great Apostle of the Irish, including, of course, his extermination of the reptile tribes that infested the Green Isle. The real name of the Saint is said to have been the Celtic one of "Succath." "Patricius" (from which "Patrick") was an honorary designation bestowed upon him by the Pope. Although made to figure in all the accounts of the early literati of Britain, St. Patrick was evidently a man of action rather than of letters. From such meagre facts as have been preserved concerning him, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as a bold, enterprising, zealous, energetic man—a rude reforming hero, of the type of Luther. He wrote in Latin, for the imperfections of his style in which language, he apologizes, on the ground of his active pursuits, and long habit of using no other tongue than the Irish.



Gildas, another Latin writer, sometimes spoken of as "the earliest English historian," flourished a little later. He is said to have been educated in Ireland, which at that period seems to have been the seat of British learning, the schools established there being much resorted to by the English youth. Gildas first manifested his literary proclivities by divers poetical effusions in his native Gaelic. Having been converted to Christianity, he abandoned poetry, and from a Celtic bard became a Latin historian. Two of his historical works have been printed through the exertions of some of those zealous antiquarians and bibliologists, who esteem every thing valuable that is ancient. The London Historical Society, as late as 1838, was induced to incur the expense of a new edition of his "History of the Britons," and "Epistle to the Tyrants of Britain," the latter of which is as full of Celtic invective against the "Saxons," as the most fiery specimens of Irish eloquence which adorned the pages of the "Dublin Nation" during the "great agitation."

Nennius, a monk of Bangor, author of a "History of the Britons," which has also been preserved by antiquarian zeal, and a learned Irishman, who, having dropped his Celtic name, (as seems to have been the fashion of the time,) has come down to us under the title of St. Columbinus, may be referred to the same period. Columbinus is famous for his varied and extensive learning, and also for his missionary labors among the Gauls. His writings are said by those who have examined them (and most students of the literary history of this period are content to receive the opinion upon trust) to evince an extraordinary acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew languages, and in fact with the whole range of classical literature. If this estimate of Columbinus' acquirements is not exaggerated, it affords conclusive proof of the advanced state of learning in Ireland at the period in question, inasmuch as he received his entire education in that country, which he did not leave until he reached the age of fifty years. Among the works of this writer which are still preserved in some of the European libraries, are a number of Latin poems, respecting which, Moore says in his History of Ireland, that "They shine out in this twilight period of Latin Literature with no ordinary distinction." After laboring with much success as a missionary among the Gauls and Germans, Columbinus is said to have gone into northern Italy where he founded

a monastery, in which he died at the commencement of the seventh century.

Some recent writers on the literature of the Anglo Saxon period, have questioned the authenticity of the works generally attributed to Nennius and Gildas, and even undertaken to cast doubt upon the very existence of any such persons ; and Mr. Robert Chambers in his valuable and highly popular "Cyclopædia of English Literature," following the authority of Mr. Wright, author of the "Biographia Britannica Literaria," has pronounced Columbinus "the first *unquestionably real author of distinction*, in the list of British writers." But this attempt to transform Gildas, and the other names which are connected with the literary history of the fifth and sixth centuries, into myths, appears to us to have been unsuccessful. The discussion of the question in detail, however, would scarcely prove interesting to the general reader ; and the student who has sufficient curiosity on the subject to investigate it more particularly, may consult, in addition to Mr. Wright's book, above mentioned, a work entitled "Britannia After The Romans," attributed to the Hon. Algernon Herbert, and the articles, "Gildas," "Nennius," and "Sedelius," in Bayle's Dictionary. It is undoubtedly true that this portion of the Anglo Saxon annals is involved in great obscurity, and that there is much confusion and even actual contradiction in the accounts that have come down to us concerning Gildas and other writers of that period ; notwithstanding which, the better opinion and the weight of authority among the learned, seem to be in favor of the authenticity of the works generally attributed to them, and above mentioned.

So much for the most important names which figure in the British Literary History of the fifth and sixth centuries: the Latin writers, both Celtic and Anglo Saxon, who belong to a later age, including the venerable Bede, whose celebrated Ecclesiastical History is the principal original source from which Hume, Lingard, and others, have derived the materials for those portions of their respective works which treat of the early Anglo Saxon period, — these are reserved for another paper.

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A virtuous man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience ; he, as the planets, steers a course contrary to that of the world.

## ANALYSIS OF THE GYROSCOPE.

BY J. A. JENNINGS.

THE Gyroscope, or Mechanical Paradox, in its simplest form, is a cylindrical metallic bar, with a metallic wheel made to revolve upon it. The wheel is made with a hub or spool on which a cord may be wound,—then, holding the axis with one hand, and drawing the cord vigorously with the other, the wheel is made to spin like a top. While thus spinning, the apparatus seems to become endowed with a new power, which puts at defiance the law of gravitation.

*Experiment 1st.* While it is thus spinning, let the axis be suspended horizontally by a string near one end, so as to leave the preponderant weight on the side with the wheel. The entire machine will not only retain the horizontal position of its axis, but will commence a revolution about the point of suspension as a center, in the direction in which the lower half of the wheel is moving.

*Exp. 2d.* If the machine is adjusted so that the parts on the opposite sides of the string balance each other, the axis retains its horizontal position, but there is no horizontal revolution about the point of suspension.

*Exp. 3d.* If the adjustment is such that the preponderance is on the side of the string opposite the wheel, the axis still remains horizontal, but the revolution about the point of suspension is in an opposite direction.

*Exp. 4th.* Let the axis be elevated or depressed from a horizontal position, and it will retain its inclination while the wheel performs its circuit about the point of suspension, except that if the wheel be *above* it, it will slowly rise, and if *below*, it will slowly fall still farther from the horizontal plane.

*Exp. 5th.* If the horizontal revolution about the point of suspension be stopped by an opposing force, no matter how gently, the machine falls.

*Exp. 6th.* If the end of the axis opposite the point of suspension

be supported by the finger, and gently lowered, the horizontal revolution will not begin, but the machine will gradually fall, resting on the finger.

The Gyroscope is put up in other forms, suspended in a frame, or in concentric rings, &c., and in these forms it is capable of other experiments. But the six I have described involve the main principles of the machine. In these there is to be explained—

1st. The reason why the axis remains horizontal in opposition to gravity while the wheel is spinning.

2d. The reason why the axis, in that position, has a horizontal revolution about the point of suspension.

3d. The reason why the inclination of the axis increases when the wheel is raised or depressed from the horizontal plane.

4th. The reason of its fall, when the horizontal revolution of the machine is stopped.

5th. The reason of there being no horizontal revolution, when the end opposite the point of suspension rests on the finger, and its gradual fall as the finger is slowly lowered.

In the first case, the power by which the machine is kept up, is merely the momentum of the wheel. The machine may be moved, in any way that does not involve a change of direction in the axis, with no more effort than would move the same machine in a state of rest. But the moment an effort is made to change the direction of the axis, a vigorous resistance is felt. The wheel may be moved backward or forward into another plane, or laterally in the same plane, and the parts of the wheel are unchanged in their position relative to each other. But any change of direction in the axis produces a change in the relative position of all the parts of the wheel, and in the direction of this motion any such change is resisted by the whole momentum of the wheel. The force of gravity tends to pull down the wheel and thus change the direction of the axis, and it meets an effectual resistance from this momentum.

In relation to the second point, we observe that in *exp.* 1st, the wheel has a positive gravity, i. e., it pulls toward the earth with a force equal to a certain weight. Also, that the horizontal motion of the axis is in the same direction as the motion of the lower part of the wheel.

In *exp. 2d*, the wheel has no gravity, i. e., it does not pull either toward or from the earth. Gravity, in this case, does not affect either wheel or axle, and there is no horizontal motion.

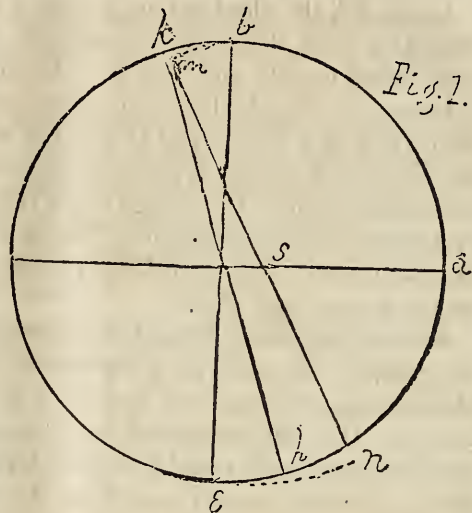
In *exp. 3d*, the wheel has a negative gravity, i. e., it pulls *from* the earth with a force equal to a certain weight. This reversal in the direction of gravity is attended by a reversal in the direction of horizontal motion. The change in the relation of gravity, attended by a constant and corresponding change in horizontal motion, indicates an overwhelming probability that the two phenomena are connected as cause and effect.

Here it is necessary to mark the distinction of *absolute* and *relative* gravity. The different parts of the wheel are in equilibrium about the axis, and therefore, in relation to each other, they have no gravity. It is all transferred to the axis, and the parts of the wheel move as freely round it as though there was no law of gravitation. One side exactly neutralizes the other. But all this is relative to the center of the wheel alone.

The point of suspension on the axis is another center precisely analagous, though the parts of the machine may not be in equilibrium. It is the varied relation of equilibrium about this center, that produces the varied horizontal revolution in the axis. This will be evident, from an analysis of the effects of gravity in relation to the center of suspension on some part of the wheel in the various stages of a revolution.

In *Exp. 1st* the entire wheel presses downward in relation to the center of suspension. While it is revolving, the pressure downward tends to accelerate the motion of the descending parts, and retard the motion of the ascending. Two points, at opposite ends of a horizontal diameter of the revolving wheel, have an equal momentum, the average momentum of the whole. Above those points, the wheel has a momentum less than the average; below, it is greater. The half wheel on one side of those points is moving to the right, the half on the other side is moving to the left. A part of the wheel, starting from the point of average momentum on the ascending side, is retarded through the first quarter of a revolution, but accelerated; so as to regain the average in the second. In the third quarter, the momentum is still increasing, and in the fourth it is again diminished to the average with which the revolution began.

Let  $a, b, d, e$ , Fig. 1, be the revolving wheel. In the parts  $a, b, d$ , the momentum is less than the average, and in  $d, e, a$ , it is greater. Any part of the upper half, as  $b, d$ , in performing a certain part of its revolution  $b k$  does not go to  $k$ , as it would with average momentum, but falls short to  $m$ . The opposite part,  $e$ , in the same time moves, not



over  $e h$ , but over  $e n$ , by virtue of its greater than average momentum. As the parts of the wheel are fixed in relation to each other, between the diminished momentum above, and the increased momentum below, the axis is forced along the line of average, from  $c$  to  $s$ , the line separating the parts of the wheel moving to the left from those moving to the right.

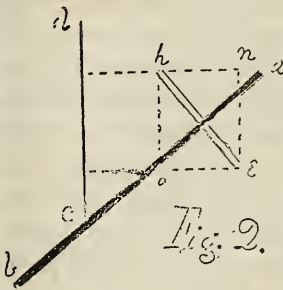
In *Exp. 2d*, the parts of the machine are in equilibrium about the center of suspension. There is nothing left, in relation to that point, on which the accelerating force of gravity can act. Hence there is no increased momentum in any part of the wheel, and no horizontal revolution of the axis.

In *Exp. 3d*, the action of gravity upon the wheel, in relation to the center of suspension, is reversed. The greatest momentum in this case is in the upper half of the wheel, and the horizontal movement of the axis is necessarily in the same direction as that momentum.

In *Exp. 4th*, in which the axis is inclined at an angle with the horizon, the movement of horizontal revolution is the same as that analyzed in *Exp. 1st*. This movement of the *inclined* axis is, in all cases, increased or diminished by another cause. One side of the wheel is nearer than the other, to a vertical line passing through the point of suspension, and hence, in the revolution of the axis, it de-

scribes a smaller circle than the other. From this cause, the two sides of the wheel have unequal momenta. But, as the same parts are affected in the same manner by gravity, the separate effects of the two causes are not separately perceived. When the preponderance from the center of suspension is on the side with the wheel, and it is raised above a horizontal plane, this cause increases the rate of revolution in the axis, and is added to the movement by gravity. But when it is depressed below, the rate of revolution in the axis is diminished by this cause, and its effect is subtracted from the movement of gravity.

While the machine revolves in this position, the inclination of the axis gradually increases. The cause of this change of inclination is still another, and entirely distinct. Let  $a, b$ , Fig. 2, be the axis of the Gyroscope,  $h, e$ , the wheel, and  $c, d$ , the vertical line of suspension. In a revolution of the wheel about the axis, one half of it is approaching the line of suspension, and the other half is leaving it. The amount of this movement to and from the line of suspension in the rim of the wheel, is measured by  $n, h$ , and  $o, e$ , the difference of the radii of the circles described by the highest and lowest parts of the wheel. The momentum of the motion towards the line of suspension is checked at  $h$ , and tends to draw the axis towards the line of suspension. The momentum from the line of suspension is checked at  $e$ , and tends to draw the other end of the axis from the line of suspension. But, as it is fixed at  $c$ , it only operates to raise the axis, in the same way as the momentum expended at  $h$ .



In *exp. 5th*, the machine falls when the horizontal revolution is checked, because the check violently disturbs the momentum of the whole wheel. Suppose the axis of  $a, b, d, e$ , fig. 1, be stopped at  $c$ . The part  $b$  is then forced to move  $k$ , instead of  $m$ , its natural course, and  $e$  is in the same way forced to  $h$ , instead of going its natural course to  $n$ . A similar shock affects every particle of matter in the wheel. The momentum reacts in some other direction, and in the disturbance of the force which has kept the wheel up, gravity instantly draws it down.

In *exp. 6th*, there are really two points of suspension, and be-

tween them the wheel has no relative gravity. It is in the situation of the wheel in *Exp. 2d*, deprived of weight by being balanced on one point. If the finger be slowly lowered, there is a slight accelerating force, but not enough to overcome the friction, and cause the axis to slide off the finger. In case the end of the axis is without support, the accelerating force is sufficient to cause a body to fall sixteen feet in a second. When the finger is slowly lowered, it permits a body to fall perhaps a fourth of an inch in the same time. But even this tendency to horizontal revolution is stopped, by the friction of the axis on the finger. This disturbance in the momentum causes the machine to yield to gravity, and gradually descend, for the same reason as in *Exp. 5th*.

There are two experiments which I have never seen, nor do I know that they have been tried. The result of their trial will furnish a test of the correctness of the principles of the foregoing explanations.

While the wheel is in rapid motion, if the axis be gently pushed along in its horizontal revolution, it will *rise*, if the preponderance is on the same side of the point of suspension as the wheel, and *fall*, if the preponderance is on the opposite side. In this case the pushing force must accelerate and retard different parts of the wheel, like gravity, but at right angles with it in direction, and the resulting analogue of the horizontal revolution must be in a vertical plane. Also, if the machine be hung in equilibrium, and the pushing be in the direction of the movement in the lower half, the wheel must *rise*; but if pushed in the opposite direction, it must *fall*.

Let the machine be made with a wheel of iron, and a hole in the axis, at the point where it would be suspended in equilibrium. Let the machine be placed on a secondary axis, fixed in a horizontal position, and passing through this hole. The wheel may then be spun rapidly, and there will be no revolution of the axis. But let a magnet be brought in a line with the fixed axis, near enough to affect the wheel, and the prime axis will instantly begin to revolve in a vertical plane. It may be noticed, however, that the magnetic center of attraction is but a few inches distant, while that by gravity is 4000 miles. This would make a difference in the position of the line of average momentum, and in the proportions of the parts into which it divides the wheel. Still, the momentum of the half wheel nearest the magnet will be greatest, and that must produce the vertical revolution of the axis.



WAIFS FROM THE GERMAN.

TRANSLATED BY J. F. BOWMAN.

THE CALM.

Deepest silence all around us  
O'er the waste of waters reigns,  
And becalmed the listless sailor  
Views the far-spread glassy plains.  
Not a breath in all the heavens ;—  
Death-like silence awes the soul ;  
As by spells entranced, the billows  
Hushed and fixed, forget to roll !

THE WAVE'S COMPLAINT.

Murmuring low, a restless billow  
To his fellows doth complain,—  
Ah, how brief our vain existence,  
Tossing on the sleepless main !  
But the wave that follows after,  
To the murmurer replies,—  
Brief our life, and brief our sorrow,  
Happiest he who earliest dies !

DISENCHANTED.

Die for her ! Yes, a thousand deaths  
By gibbet or rack, or flaming pile—  
A thousand deaths,—I had dared them all  
To win from her but a single smile !

Yea, life and soul for her I had given,—  
One touch of her lips would have paid me well ;  
At the beck of her hand,—from the gates of Heaven  
I had plunged below, to the nethermost hell !

Yet *he*, whose dull wit and sluggish brain,  
Had moved so oft my pity or mirth,—  
She stooped to this groveling, soulless clown,—  
*He* lured my divinity down to earth.

So a curse I say on all dreaming fools,  
Who clothe a woman with traits divine,  
Who worship a phantom the mind creates,  
'Till the vision fades like this dream of mine !

'Till the vision fades and the glory dies  
Which the poet's fancy alone has wrought,  
And disenchanted he sees at last  
He has worshipped his own embodied thought.

## THE SINS OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

"You have daily to do with the Devil, and pretend to be frightened at a mouse."

"Don't measure other people's corn by your own bushel."

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THERE is little in the conduct and condition of men that is not the subject of a false valuation; and I can imagine nothing, save larger hearts and more plentiful brains, that would be of so much use to the world as a catalogue of sins, arranged upon an intelligible scale, so that their comparative enormity might be settled at a glance. Such a catalogue might serve a good purpose, generally, perhaps, by pointing out the real sinners of the world, and thus bringing the materials of society to their true level; but its chief benefits would inure to those who are in the habit of over-estimating their own virtues, under-estimating their own vices, attaching fictitious importance to the sins of others, and clothing in the crimson of crime acts and practices as harmless and sinless as the prattle of children, as well as those who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to."

There are men, for instance, who attach a peculiar merit to the entertainment of a certain set of theological opinions—who entertain those opinions very decidedly, and maintain them wonderfully well, while they make dissent an absolute sin, and regard dissenters with pity and contempt. There are men who judge their neighbors with great uncharitableness; who drive hard bargains; who gamble in stocks; who are self-righteous and censorious; who fail in tenderness towards God's poor; who never pay what they ought to pay for the support of the religious institutions to which they are attached, yet who would consider a social dance in their own parlor a terrible sin, and a game of whist a high crime that should call down the judgment of Heaven. There are men who stalk about the world gloomy, and stiff, and severe—self-righteous embodiments of the mischievous heresy that the religion of peace and good-will to all mankind—the religion of love, and hope, and joy—the religion that bathes the universal human soul in the light of parental love, and opens to mankind the gates of immortality—is a religion of terror—men guilty of misrepresenting Christ to the world, and doing incalcula-

ble damage to his cause, yet who find it in them to rebuke the careless laughter that bubbles up from a maiden's heart that God has filled with life and gladness.

The fallacious estimate of the respective qualities and magnitudes of sins has not only blinded the reason and befooled the conscience of the world, but it has spoiled its language by parallel processes of exaggeration and emasculation. Little words, that legitimately represent little things, have become monstrous words, representing monstrous things. Great sins have pleasant words attached to them, which serve as masks by which they find their way into good society without suspicion. Individual notions—no bigger than a man's hand, at first—have spread themselves into overshadowing ecclesiastical dogmas. Phrases have been invested by the schools with illegitimate meanings and deceptive sanctity. The age is an age of words, and is ruled by words rather than things; and there is hardly one of them that has not shrunk from its original garments, or outgrown them. Men are saved by words, and damned by words. Religion rides the nominal, and casuistry the technical; and the unfortunate wight who does not get out of the way will be crushed by words, or run through by a fatal phrase.

The religious newspapers of the day are full of quarrels about words—quarrels instituted in the name of the Prince of Peace, and carried on for the Prince of Darkness—quarrels over non-essential matters of opinion—quarrels growing out of rivalries of sects—quarrels fed by the fire of human passion—quarrels maintained by the pride of opinion and by the ambition for intellectual mastery—quarrels whose only tendency is to disgust the world with the religion in whose behalf they are professedly instituted, and to fret, and wound, and divide the followers of Jesus Christ. Yet these same religious papers will deplore the personal collision of two drunken congressmen in the streets of Washington as a sad commentary on the degeneracy of the age, and moralize solemnly over a dog-fight. They can lash each other with little mercy—they can call each other names, abuse each other's motives, misconstrue each other's language, criminate and recriminate, but faint quite away with seeing a cart horse over-whipped, or a race-horse over-tasked. They have daily to do with the devil, and pretend to be frightened at a mouse.—*Gold Foil.*

## LINES TO A LADY.—BY H. E. H.

*Accompanying a white Rose-bud, presented to her in April.*

Upon the pillow of thy throbbing breast,  
 April would seek its June ;  
 There, for a moment, dwell, supremely blest,  
 And perish soon.

Or with the raven of thy silken hair,  
 'Twould blend its snowy shade ;  
 An instant live, embower'd in beauty there,  
 Then shrink and fade.

## FAREWELL SONG.

BY E. A. F.

My cheek now feels the favoring breeze  
 That soon will waft me o'er the sea,  
 Yet lingering still, I fear to breathe  
 A sad farewell to love and thee.

Yon hills in sunset glory bathed,  
 My eyes may never more behold,  
 For fate with iron hand has waved  
 Me onward to the land of gold.

And tyrant-like the tearful eye  
 Unveils the anguish of my heart,  
 Which, heaving with the rising sigh,  
 Seems breaking as I thus depart.

One fond embrace, one kiss of love,  
 Farewell ! I break the silken chain,  
 Where'er my truant feet may rove  
 My heart with thee shall still remain.

PASSIONS.—Writers who maintain that the passions are useful, or who pretend to say there are *unconquerable* passions, are unworthy the name of moralists. Such common-place opinions are dangerous as well as false and contemptible, tending to overturn the foundation of morality.—*De Genlis*.

The passions are the gales of life ; and it is our part to take care they do not rise into a tempest.—*De la Fite*.



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## THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY RUTH RENTON.

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THE rays of a November sun fell aslant the shroud of snow that had so quietly covered the velvety green, stretched before the low stone school-house of Clinton Valley. The pretty little clock standing in the corner, hung round with evergreens, chimed the hour of four, and then a group of boys and girls came out, with happy faces, as if glad to get into the cold, bracing air, after the few hours' confinement. You would have known some question of importance agitated them, by the eagerness of their faces, and the way they gathered in groups of three and four, finally drawing together, and with a unanimous shout declaring it to be "a capital idea." Mr. Eastman was their loved and respected teacher. He had stood beside the same well-worn desk, summer and winter, for many years; and now that the silver was creeping through his dark hair, and he saw his older scholars taking different paths than the beaten one leading to the school-house, he grew tenderer towards the younger ones, always planning something for their encouragement and amusement. To-night he had spoken of their near approach to Christmas, and proposed having a "Christmas Tree," where each scholar should hang a "gift" for their parents, of their *own* work; and to the one who hung the neatest and most ingenious present, a handsome Bible

would be awarded. This was what threw the sparkle in their eyes and the flush of pleasure and expectation in their countenances, and this was what was declared "a capital idea."

"What will you give your mother, Margaret Heath?" asked a haughty-looking girl, turning to a pale child with a strangely luminous eye, who till then had stood silent and unnoticed. There was a deeper shadow gathered on the young face, a little quiver in the sweet voice, as she lowly answered: "I don't know."

"O, I forgot your mother was a poor dressmaker," and she turned with a look of disdain to go away, when a vehement "There, take that,—and that,—and that," whirled mid a shower of snow-balls at her, till, screaming with terror, she was out of reach.

"O, Jack, what made you do that?" and the girl looked up in his face, with white lips, as she stayed his arm.

"What made me do it, little saint? Didn't she turn up her pug-nose at you? Haven't I done right, boys?"

"Yes! yes!" echoed the boyish voices, as their caps went up in the air, with a loud cheer for Jack Farrington. He was a strange-looking object to be the leader of a score of tidy dressed boys, with his rimless hat, worn pantaloons, boots immensely large, and old fashioned coat, whose skirts just swept the ground. Yet there he stood, looking brave and manly, with a glow of enthusiasm on his face. You could not forget it if you saw it once; there was something so bold and defiant about it, something half tender, half comical, which fascinated, and, more than all, a look of real nobility and power within.

He had no mother, and his father was a drunkard. Thus it was, homeless and alone, he wandered the streets, sleeping where night overtook him, eating when he was hungry, and could get any thing, and noted for being "on hand" whenever there was any "fun or fuss." In the former he was always a keen participater; in the latter a helper; and many a "God bless you" has found its way through the dried up lips of old, feeble market women, for his timely aid, to which he always responded a hearty "amen." Tonight he happened among the group just time enough to hear the question of Belle Stephens, and thus avenged his particular favorite, Maggie Heath.

The school house was at last deserted, while merry, dancing feet

tripped lightly over the snow, to the bright fire-side of home. Plumed birds fluttered their wings to half warbled songs, in many youthful hearts, till dreams closed down the lids, and the angels—the dear angels of God—watched over them, rejoiced over them, yet sighed as they looked down the path of their lives, and saw how the ambition awakened to-day would reach the future, and scorch their souls. There were angels drooping their white wings round a humble bed, where a little grieved face was pressed against the pillow. The eyes were not closed, and the lips kept moaning the words: “Mother, *mother*—I have no gift for you.”

The hours of night wore away, and the morn broke in, to find those large eyes still watching. The face was paler than the day before, and the small hand trembled as she looped away the curtain from the window, to watch the morning light. Slowly, slowly, it crept over the hills, and rested on the valley: gleamings of sunlight followed, striking the spire, the leafless trees, the grand old hills, and then fell in a broad sheet of glory over the fields of snow. O, it was beautiful! Maggie Heath felt it in her soul, as she stood with her hands tightly clasped, her cheeks flushed, and her whole artistic nature drinking in its purity, its loveliness.

“God has painted this picture for me. I will copy it. O, help me, father; sainted father, help your little child!” and the sunshine struck suddenly down into the fair hair, wreathing chains amid its silky waves, and seemed to write plainly on the opposite wall: “Take courage, Maggie Heath.” Mrs. Heath, having been over-tasked by work for a few days, had not yet risen, but lay with closed eyes, listening to the hushed footsteps. Very dainty were the movements of the “household fairy.” O, very delicious to the fond, tired mother, were the rippling notes of song which fell as she flitted to and fro; while the old friendly tea-kettle tried to add something, and so struck up a sort of tune all its own, which materially gave a finish to the scene.

When she arose, the breakfast was all ready and waiting,—but she started back as she caught sight of Maggie’s face; such a glow had not been there for a long time. It seemed as if her dear, dead George, her noble husband, looked through that face into hers; and a sudden rush of joy swept over her, as she thought her child might possess his glorious gift. It had brought them nothing but sorrow

and poverty, for George Heath lay down to rest in early manhood; but it was sanctified to her forever, because *he* loved it, and was an artist. Mr. Heath had often given Maggie lessons in sketching and coloring, and as often expressed a wonder at her taste and originality; but through the long year Maggie had never looked into the sacred room where he had toiled, dreamed, and wasted away. Now she must visit it secretly, and had already fixed her plan, in her own mind, of leaving school each day, immediately after recitations, and gain access to the room unobserved, by means of a side-stair.

“What makes you so spry, this morning, Maggie? Here I’ve been running to catch you, till there is n’t a bit of breath left in my body,” and the boy gave a quick bound over the fence, his long coat after him, in such a flourishing style, that the smile on the girl’s face broke from her lips in a low, mellow laugh.

“I say, what makes you so chirpy, this morning?”

“I suppose I’m happy, Jack. You see, last night I almost prayed that I might be put under the snow to sleep, because I was so sad that I had no Christmas gift for mother; but this morning God threw a picture from Heaven down over the earth, and I’m going to paint it. O, it will be a glorious picture, if it looks as I dream it will.” “I know it. O, Maggie!” and the boy sat wearily down in the snow; the ever-bright look of wild Jack Farrington, covered by sadness so deep, that Maggie, forgetting her own pure joy, knelt down beside him, and with trembling earnestness in her voice, said: “What is it, Jack? what is the matter?” “I’m tired, and want to die.” “You! do you want to die?”

“No, but you see I want to be somebody, and something. I have no mother to tell me to be a good boy, and nobody cares whether I make a *man* or not.” “Yes, I care, *dear Jack*,” and the true, gushing tears came up to her eyes, and rained over her face. “You’re an angel, Maggie. I don’t know how they look, and don’t care. I *know* you’re one, and I’ll be a *good man* for you.” This was said with a look of thrilling earnestness—in a tone which spoke of the immortal nature, rousing, living, pluming her wings for a struggle with life and its temptations. O, boy! boy! how often you will look back, in the coming years, to that spot, where the sun lay on the drifts of snow, and think how the blessed spirits of the Lord “rejoiced with exceeding joy.” How often will those ten-



der tones plead with you, when the tempter is near, to stand fast! The boy had risen, and unconsciously they stood with clasped hands, face to face. "I'm going home, Maggie." "I know it," was the only answer, and in it lay the sadness, the loneliness which filled her heart. "You will be a *great* man, sometime, Jack, but you must not forget me." "No, no, Maggie; you know I don't know anything about being good, nor praying, nor God; but you do, and I wish you would sometimes say over a few words for me." "Yes, Jack, I will pray for you. Will you pray, too?" "Yes, I'll say over your name every night and morning. My prayer will be, 'Maggie Heath, Maggie Heath,' " and with the name fell a tear—a kiss on the white, small hand, and the homeless, motherless, brave boy, was gone.

The warm sunlight crept through the leafless boughs of the old maple tree, which swayed its long arms up and down before the window, as if mourning its green, and song, and then lay in golden flecks on the child-figure, the easel, the picture, with its soft blue sky, and floating, fleecy clouds. There was a look of more than joy, even exultation, lying on her face, as she stepped back a few feet to regard her work. Many a patient hour had she toiled, using the same brushes, colors, and canvas *he* had prepared before going on his long, silent journey, to the pale "city out of sight," and many an hour more would pass before the swift little hands could rest—before her Heaven-picture would be embodied there, and her lips say, "It is done." Tint, tint, tint! How it grew in its strange beauty every day, just as Spring and Summer weave their bright, glowing arms together, and leave the rich, golden Autumn burning on the hill-sides.

"To-morrow night it will be done! O, won't mother be glad!" And the flashing eyes, erect form, and brow of lofty genius opened the gate of the beyond, just enough for you to look in a little way, and see trees waving, birds warbling—praise—homage. But would it end there? Echo knows! Through all this time, Maggie had never once thought the "prize" would be hers; and now, as it went through her mind that she must carry her beloved picture to the school-house to be gazed at, and her mother must receive it there, half the pleasure seemed gone, for she wanted to give it as a secret gift; she wanted to drink in all the surprise and joy of the first

sight ; and she felt she could bear anything better than the scornful look of Belle Stephens—the bold, heartless girl of fortune, who was sure of bearing away the reward.

The books were all packed away in order, and each bright face turned towards the teacher, to hear his directions for the next day's festival.

“All the gifts are in but one, and that is yours,” he said, turning to Maggie. “It is here, sir,” she timidly said, raising the cover of her desk and drawing out something covered with newspapers. Belle Stephens laughed out, and a few more rude girls joined her ; but the master gave them a sad, searching look, bent a quick, tender glance on Maggie's flushed, tearful face, and then laid it quietly in the desk again.

The school-room was large and commodious, and the invited commenced gathering at an early hour to witness the presentation of gifts — among whom were Maggie and her pale, lady-like mother. Mr. Eastman observing their entrance, beckoned them to a comfortable seat where they could see all that was passing, without being observed.

The tree stood in the center, bending 'neath its weight of beauty — but Maggie could see her picture nowhere with the gifts. “It is despised !” she murmured, and though she tried bravely to keep down the sobs, they would swell up, while the quick tears ran down the poor, pale cheeks, out of which the roses fled that had nestled there for so many days. Mrs. Heath did not notice Maggie's emotion ; she was watching the happy faces of fathers, mothers and friends as they came in, till the room could hold no more. She did wonder once or twice what Maggie had made for her, for she well knew her child had no money.

Mr. Eastman had a full, rich voice, and a pleasant way of doing things, so that when the crowd became still he commenced in a humorous way of taking off the gifts, descanting upon their various merits, and handing them to their fortunate owners. Dainty, curious presents of all kinds were there, that feminine ingenuity alone could conceive of — while the boys had their share of wonderful inventions, which showed much skill, and deserved much credit. The last article on the tree was an elegant wrapper of fine material, and

very beautifully made by Belle Stephens; and the particular comments it received made her doubly sure the coveted "prize" was hers.

"I have still another gift which I could not well hang on the tree," said the master, approaching his desk. All eyes were turned again towards him — all hearts were expectant as he drew forth a picture of *their own loved valley*. It seemed as if the spectators had hushed their breath, so still grew the room, as Mr. Eastman, with a proud look, swung it high up in the clear light, so that all might see. Then there was a unanimous voice, of "beautiful! — beautiful!" "It was painted by a child twelve years old, Maggie Heath. What do you think of it, friends?" "Glorious — Glorious!" burst forth again. "Bring her out, bring her out! let us see Maggie Heath," was the enthusiastic call; and Mr. Eastman tenderly lifted the fragile girl into the group. The light, pink hood fell back, revealing *such a face*. Oh, then it was radiant! not with vain triumph, but thanksgiving and praise.

"Maggie Heath, I give you this Bible; you have been a faithful scholar, a loving daughter, and richly deserve it; — God bless you; God guide your young feet." Mr. Eastman could say no more; but warm hearts pressed up to Mrs. Heath, who had sat like one in a dream, pressing her hands over her heart to keep down the rapturous mother's joy, and gave her warm congratulations.

Belle Stephens was charmed at first, then sank back on her seat, muttering in disappointment, and turned away in angry tears.

Eight summers had come and gone, flinging roses in the garden, and whitening with blossoms the little apple-orchard behind the cottage. Honey-suckles trained over the porch, and bent gracefully in at the open window, as if to see the pleasant face and hear the musical voice of a young lady, who sat near a shaded lamp reading that strangely beautiful poem of Longfellow's, — "The old Clock on the Stairs," —

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask with throbs of pain,  
"Ah! when shall they all meet again  
As in the days long since gone by?"  
The ancient time-piece makes reply,  
"Forever — never!  
Never — forever!"

She laid down the book, often repeating that verse, rose and went to the window, where she stood silently thinking and watching the night; for though Maggie Heath loved books, she loved and communed with Nature more. This was why her paintings had received such notice—she was a true sketcher of God's works.

But to-night Maggie's face is a little sad; to be sure, the beautiful days since her childhood had glided smilingly into each other, bringing her *fame*, competence, joy—but, is this *all* a woman's heart needs? Is there no other crown she craves? All, all her years glided before her, with their prayers and struggles, and with them rose a form clad in strange garments; but with words on his lips, which, though they fell years ago, have seemed brave, beautiful words ever since. Oh, Maggie Heath, doesn't something tell you he is coming, coming? Doth flowers and leaves fold the sweet secret back in their dewy breasts? Did He ever prove faithless whose words are joy, and faith, and love? God help thee, Maggie, in the great joy which even in thy sadness overshadows thee.

"Maggie, say it over once more, *that you love me*," pleaded the rich, low voice of *one* who had drawn the golden curls down on his manly breast—and she did say it with her sweet, solemn voice—while the apple-blossoms fell in snowy wreaths over the bowed head.

Mr. Farington, the renowned mechanist, had come back at last—a *man*—such a one as woman loves to honor—such a one as Maggie Heath had prayed he might be;—such a one as she could walk with all through the coming years—even through the silent valley,—up—up—Home.

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NATURE—A taste for rural scenes seems born with us; and, after seeking in vain for pleasure among the works of art, we are forced to come back, and find that the highest enjoyment is placed in the lovely simplicity of Nature.

## Editor's Table.

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THE present number closes the third volume of the HESPERIAN. We can not refrain from expressing our heart-warm gratitude to the public for the liberal patronage extended, increasingly, from the beginning to the present day. The augury drawn from the past awakens a cheerful hope for the future. It seems but yesterday since the first sheet of the semi-monthly HESPERIAN was extended, not without misgivings, to woo the breath of popular favor. The enterprise, commenced without means and without influence, has grown into self-sustaining strength and proportions. Our gratitude is equally due to our talented contributors, to whom, individually and collectively, we present our warmest thanks.

The fourth volume commences with the March number. The kind appreciation of former efforts gives us renewed strength, and we hope to present new and attractive features to the incoming numbers. The illustrations and descriptions of rare and valuable botanical productions of the Pacific slope will be continued, together with other illustrations drawn from sources purely Californian. It is intended, in truth, to make the fourth volume still more attractive, and more worthy of its enlightened patrons.

THE MINERAL LANDS AGAIN.—HISTORY OF THE PROJECT OF SELLING THE SAME.—Mr. Hittell sends the following note:—

By a carelessly written sentence in the article on "The Necessity of Selling the Mineral Lands," published in the January number of the HESPERIAN, I expressed the idea that not one of the newspapers or politicians of the State is in favor of the proposed sale. In justice to several of those editors and politicians, I must give a brief sketch of the project of selling the mineral lands. The sale was first advocated in 1850, by Dr. L. C. Gunn, editor of the *Sonora Herald*, which paper remained faithful to the measure until its death, in 1859. Its last editor, Mr. O'Sullivan, was as earnest an advocate of the sale as Dr. Gunn. President Fillmore commended the proposed sale to Congress in one of his messages,—that of 1850 I think. In 1853, Major J. R. Snyder, now assistant treasurer of the United States in San Francisco, then a member of the State Senate from this county, introduced a resolution calling for a committee to examine the question, and report upon the propriety of selling the mineral lands. The resolution was voted down; the mining members were not even willing to have the question discussed or to hear any reports upon it, and several of the interior papers abused Major Snyder roundly for his meddling in a matter which they declared was none of his business. At that time the *Alta California*, by its editor, E. C. Kemble, and its mining correspondent, C. A. Washburn, the latter writing over the signature of "Peter Pilgrim," was warmly in favor of the proposed sale. From the beginning of 1854, little was said of the project until I took it up in 1858; advocating it in letters addressed to the *N. Y. Tribune* and the *Sacramento Union*. In the Legislature of 1859, Frank M. Pixley, Assemblyman from San Francisco, and a prominent politician and orator, in

roduced a memorial in favor of the sale, and made an able speech for it. The legislature rejected the memorial. While the matter was before the Legislature several of the newspapers in the mining districts showed that they were not hostile to the matter, but, so far as I know, they did not declare themselves clearly in favor of it. Since the publication of the January number of the HESPERIAN, the Columbia *Courier* has spoken for the sale, and that is now, I believe, the only newspaper in the State openly in favor of the sale.

THE TRUE MISSION OF THE MECHANIC is to build deep and firm the foundation on which to erect the great superstructure of exalted humanity. He is a builder in more than one sense. There is a deep typical meaning in his occupation and labors, and there is not a blow he strikes but is emblematic of the irrepressible conflict between truth and error, between stagnation and progress. He is the worker of a rich mine, of which he may become a joint proprietor, or he may remain the mere laborious drudge, as he invests the capital of intellect, or falls into the ranks of mere physical agencies. He is free to choose his position. In this age of mind-facilities no man has an excuse for ignorance;—in this age of fraternities and brotherhoods no man can justly complain of the want of social recognition by a host pursuing the same path of progress, and cheering with cries of “onward!” in every branch of human knowledge. The mechanic is the greatest missionary on earth. His arts are essential to that civilization upon which the first germ of Christianity can be planted, and doubly essential to its progressive growth thereafter.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Mrs. S. M. Clarke’s continuation of “Sketches of my Grandmother’s Neighbors” came to hand too late for the present number.

The names of new and talented writers will be observed. We thank them, and invite a continuation of their much valued favors. We expect still to hear regularly from our old correspondents. Where is “Charles Kendall?”

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We would remind those of our friends whose subscription closes with the present number—being the close of the year—that their subscriptions should be renewed if they desire the HESPERIAN to be still sent them. It is a rule that can not be deviated from; to send Magazines only during the term of subscription.

OUR PREMIUMS.—We again call attention to the attractive premium list. Our lady readers can not fail to be interested. What can combine elegant taste and extreme utility more completely than a “Wheeler & Wilson” and a “Tucker’s jeweled Timekeeper.”

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS.—Our next number will be embellished with a magnificent Fashion-Plate. The scientific department will be enriched with one or more important plants, besides that belonging to our regular botanical illustration.

SEVERAL ARTICLES crowded out of the present number will appear in due time.













