The "Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Montrose Democrat.

[illegible]

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THE LIFE CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen;
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.
And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the live-long night
And never runneth down.
O wondrous is the work of art,
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.
Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By pride and wealth possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.
When life's deep stream, mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat
It warns of passing tides.
When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.
When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love t'were broken.
Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

The following stanzas [illegible] of our exchanges [illegible] any of our patrons [illegible] cases, we insert them [illegible] excellent suggestion.

Pay the Printer.

[illegible]

Here comes winter, [illegible]
Storms of hail [illegible]
Pay the Printer, [illegible]
Let him warm [illegible]
Here comes winter [illegible]
Whirling [illegible]
Pay the Printer, Pay the Printer,
[illegible]
Pay the Printer, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Merry winter [illegible]
It will be [illegible]
Pay the Printer, Pay the Printer,
Do the thing [illegible]
Happy winter, happy [illegible]
[illegible]
To the Printer, to the Printer,
[illegible]
Ah! poor Printer [illegible]
[illegible]
In the [illegible]
But [illegible]

A Greek Funeral.

[illegible] eyed [illegible] from ea[illegible] as her face [illegible] rigid and [illegible] had never [illegible] gala, [illegible] day of [illegible] with her [illegible] bosom, all [illegible] placed [illegible] corn, [illegible] superstition [illegible] days and nights the [illegible] gers mournfully round its [illegible] the garment of its [illegible] pilgrim and a stranger on the earth it lived and loved, it sinned and suffered. As soon as the first symptoms of [illegible] that the curse of corruption is at work, they believe that the purer essence departs to purer realms. Before the grave was closed, whilst for the last time the radiance of the sunset cast a glow, like the mockery of life, over the marble face of the poor young girl her friends, as a last precaution, took measures to ascertain that she was actually dead and not in a swoon. The means they always take in such instances, to ascertain a fact which elsewhere would be insured by a doctor's certificate, is touching in the extreme; the person whom, whilst alive, it was known the deceased loved best, the mother, or it may be the young betrothed, who had hoped to place on her head the gay and bridal crown, instead of the green laurel garland of death, advances and calls her by name, repeating after it the word "ella" (come) several times, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty. If she is mute to his appeal, if she is deaf to the voice dearest to her on earth, then they no longer doubt that she is dead indeed; they cover up the grave, lift their eyes to heaven, where they believed her to be—for the Greeks do not hold to the doctrine of purgatory—and having made the sign of the cross, they depart in silence to their homes. But a year after, on the anniversary of the death, they return to the grave, and kneeling down, lay their lips to the sod, and whisper to the silent tenant that they love her still, and she is yet remembered and regretted.

The Rev. Dr. Fuller. says of marriage—"Deceive not thyself by ever expecting happiness in the marriage state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely to be free from all inconveniences.—Marriage is not like the hill of Olympus wholly clear without clouds.

The City Item's aunt Betsey tells a story of her near neighbor, who was meaner than parsley. "Why," she says, "whenever he happened to get hold of a half dollar, he would give it such a squeeze that the poor eagle would squeal outright, almost."

In the Senate of South Carolina, on the 14th inst., the bill giving the election of Presidential electors to the people was lost

From Godey's Lady's Book.

Adventures of Philip Lennox.

BY EDITH [illegible]

One pleasant summer afternoon, a boy might be seen sitting under the shade of some large chesnut trees with his eyes intently fixed on a book of fairy tales which he held in his hand, yet without seeming to enjoy their perusal, for there was a troubled expression in his face and when now and then he raised his eyes there was in them a wandering and fearful look, which was clearly not natural. An extensive orchard lay directly behind him through which another boy, a little younger than the one first mentioned was walking with a free, careless step and bold bearing, yet his face was overcast, and the loud, clear whistle, so familiar to his lips had subsided in a faint murmur. Instead of advancing his approach to his brother in his usual boisterous manner he came silently towards him and put his hand on his shoulder before he was aware of his approach.

"Why Phil," exclaimed the older boy, staring suddenly, and crimsoning to the forehead, "is that you? Why did you come so silently? you startled me."

"I did not think you were such a coward, Dan," replied Philip. "I was very busy thinking. The master is talking to father about me, because I have been so late to school for the last week, and father looks very angry, and talking very loud. He didn't see me when I came by; but I expect he'll give me a dreadful scolding when he does."

"And a good whipping [illegible]," said Daniel.

[illegible] Philip. "I never [illegible] to whip me again—I am too [illegible] he would do it, I'll [illegible]

[illegible]

I was [illegible] lessons [illegible] why [illegible]

[illegible] Daniel [illegible] Jem Bi[illegible]

[illegible] replied Philip, "Jem [illegible] hard as large [illegible] to notice it [illegible] I did [illegible] will you, Daniel?"

Just at [illegible] voice of Mr. Lennox was [illegible]

[illegible] Philip [illegible]

[illegible] add a lie to [illegible]

[illegible] I must put a stop [illegible]

And [illegible] Mr. Lennox [illegible] the shoulders of his son, who had, at first attempted [illegible] from his father's accusations [illegible] Daniel stood [illegible] perfectly calm and [illegible] unmoved.

[illegible] would have told to an observer [illegible] When his father's anger had [illegible] had [illegible] his own room and remain there for the rest of the day, adding—

"And I don't know, sir that I shall permit you to come out for a week."

Philip did not obey him; but going into the woods at some little distance, and concealing himself among the undergrowth, he gave free vent to his repressed feelings. He sat there alone and almost motionless for more than an hour, with his face bowed down and concealed by his hands, while the hot tears fell like rain, and every now and then his frame would be almost convulsed by the violence of his sobs. At length, when he felt rather than saw that evening was closing around him, he controlled himself by a strong effort, and rose to go home.

As he emerged from his hiding place, and looked around him, to see if he had had any observers, his eye fell on the river winding in traquil majesty through the green hills and valleys, and a strong impulse seized him to end his life and troubles there; the thought that he had been beaten, and beaten for theft, seemed to him so disgraceful, that he was almost heart-broken by it. But he repressed that strong desire, and hastening home, slipped up to the chamber which he occupied together with his brother, and began to prepare for the execution of the plan upon which he had fixed.

He could hear, from his room, the voices of the different members of the household, and the contrast between their seeming cheerfulness and his sad and lonely feelings almost overcame him a second time; but he heard a step upon the stairs, and would not for the world have been seen by his brother weeping. The door opened, but he did not look around till he felt an arm thrown round his neck, and a warm kiss on his cheek, and heard the sweet voice of his little sister, Lucy, saying—

"Why did you make father so angry, Philip? He would not let me call you to supper; but, see, I have brought you a little pie Nancy baked for me."

"Thank you, darling," said Philip, turning round to kiss her. "I am not hungry at all; you must keep it for yourself. Did father know you came here?"

"No, he did not—he would be very angry if he did—but he sent me to bed, and I came here through the back passage. But I must go, for he may come up here. Good night—you must eat that pie. Don't cry," continued she observing that there were tears in his eyes. And she ran off to her own room, and soon was in as sweet a sleep as health and childhood could give.

In the mean time Philip went on with his occupation, which seemed to be that of arranging his little possessions; and while so engaged, hearing his brother come up, he jumped hastily into bed, half undressed and pretended to be in a sound sleep—Daniel was delighted at this; for he had expected a storm of reproaches, and so had delayed coming as long as he dared. In truth he had not at first intended that Philip should suffer for his fault; but the angry looks and words of his father had so terrified him that for the moment he had thought only of escape. He laid himself down as quietly as he could, by the side of his brother and though he remained perfectly still for fear of disturbing his apparently sound slumbers, it was a long time before his disturbed conscience would let him sleep. At length, to Philip's great relief, Daniel's slow regular breathing announced his deep sleep, and he rose slowly and cautiously from the bed, and collecting by the light of the moon, the few articles he had selected from the rest of his possessions, he tied them in a bundle, and passing with a stealthy step from the room stole along the passage till he stood by his sister Lucy's door. He hesitated a moment, [illegible]. Her slumbers were so peaceful and her countenance bore such an expression of childlike innocence, that he [illegible] while [illegible] At last with a sudden effort, he kissed her [illegible] which he knew she had often [illegible] he walked quickly but [illegible] the room, and was soon out of the house, and when the morning came it found him on the top of a stage, bound for Boston.

Five years passed quickly away bringing with them their usual changes, and the farm-house had not been exempt from the [illegible]. The gentle Lucy had passed away like a pleasant dream, employing her last breath in leaving a kind message for her long-absent but favorite brother; and Daniel now grown to man's estate, and considered by father and mother, who had apparently given up all hope of Philip's return, the future possessor of the small estate, was about to bring home a bride to take the place of the lost Lucy [illegible].

[illegible] Mr. Lennox and Daniel had each [illegible] conscience-stricken [illegible] short time, when [illegible] that Philip did not intend to return [illegible] But Mr. Lennox was too selfish and worldly, to sorrow long for any [illegible] and Daniel's feelings never had been very deep, so that they soon consoled themselves, and the mother and Lucy, in whose hearts the wanderer still lived, [illegible] each [illegible] they were [illegible] together. And when Lucy died the mother sorrowed with the deep and silent grief that [illegible] only [illegible] who have lost the one heart that [illegible] sympathized with theirs. Yet as she was gentle and unobtrusive neither [illegible] husband nor son noticed themselves much about it.

The summer sun was just throwing his last beams over the pleasant village, when the stage drove to the door of the tavern, and from it alighted a tall, well-formed man, whose every step and gesture showed strength and also the energy to use it—His gait showed that he had led a sailor's life, but he kept his face carefully concealed from the idle curiosity of the loungers in the bar-room, and requested to be shown immediately to his room. Late in the evening he came forth, and took the road, once so familiar to him, to the farm-house of Mr. Lennox. And when he saw its white walls gleaming in the still moonlight through the boughs of the over-shadowing elms he leaned against the fence and his powerful frame shook with the feelings he had so long repressed. He approached as near the house as he dared, and sheltering himself behind the large trunk of one of the trees, gazed through the open window on the group collected within the room.

His mother still sat in her accustomed chair, with the knitting he had always been used to see in her hand; but the look of quiet contentment had given place to an expression of anxious sorrow, and she looked much thinner and older than she had done when he, her wanderer, had left her. She was sitting so that the light fell on her face, so that he could see her distinctly; the other two were in the shade, and he could only see their fingers, but he knew them at once, and gazed long and earnestly into the dim shadow of the room to see if he could discern another and a dearer form; but his search proved unsatisfactory, and attributing her absence to some accident, he turned away, and employed nearly the whole night in rambling over the fields and meadows where he had sported in his childhood.

The next afternoon in the twilight, he was standing under the very tree, beneath whose shade he had last seen his brother, and where his father had inflicted the punishment which had driven him, a voluntary exile, from home, when he saw his brother pass. The recollection of it exasperated him almost as much as the [illegible] done, and, without a moment's [illegible] he sprang like an enraged tiger on [illegible] conscious brother, and before Daniel could collect his courage or his presence of mind, he was prostrate on the ground.

"Do you know me?" shouted Philip in his ear.

Daniel raised his eyes, and, blinded by fear, gazed a long time without reply.

"I am Philip"—[illegible] years I have been an outcast and a wanderer for your fault; and this moment, when I have you beneath my feet, is the first happy one I have known since I left this place."

And he grasped Daniel so violently that he cried out with the pain, and begged so humbly for his life that Philip released him with an exclamation of contempt.

"You at least are not changed. I left you a coward and I find you one. Your life! You did not thank me, a Cain did you? I have revenged myself sufficiently. And now tell me, I saw my mother last night, though she did not see me, but Lucy, where was she?"

"She is dead," answered Daniel, mildly.

Philip started as if he had been struck by a cannon-ball and then recovering himself by a strong effort, said slowly and with difficulty—

"I don't wish to see my father, so you must not say a word to him of our meeting. I intend to leave this place in the morning"—here a gleam of pleasure stole over Daniel's countenance)—"and I would like to see this evening with my mother. You must contrive some means to take my father out of the house, and keep him out all the evening. Can you do it?"

Daniel stood in too much awe of his brother to do anything but assent, and they parted.

Long and earnest was the conversation that night between Philip and his mother. He told her all; where he had left, and how he had met the captain of a whaling vessel, who had yielded to his earnest entreaties, and taken him on his voyage. And how, on account of his industry and energy he had at length been noticed by an eminent merchant in Boston, and was going out as supercargo for him to China in a short time. He sat with her till he heard his father's voice at the gate and then promising to come to see her again on his return from his long voyage, he embraced her and putting in his bosom Lucy's little Testament, with a long tress of her fair hair which she left for him, he departed.

He fulfilled his duties on the voyage to the satisfaction of his employer and was about to set out, with a light heart and heavy purse to pay his promised visit to his mother, when he received the news of her death. The shock almost unsettled his mind, for he had always loved his mother devotedly, and his feelings were all deep and strong. The world seemed a wilderness to him, now that he had lost the last being who truly loved him and a feeling harder to bear than that of desolation stole over him as his conscience reproached him for the neglect with which he had treated her during his five years absence.

But the very pangs of his sufferings proved beneficial, in one respect to him for they drove him to relief in society which he never would have sought without such powerful influence. He was well received, for he was very finely [illegible] his manners were agreeable, his character stood very high, and he had shown so much shrewdness and energy that he was looked upon as already a man fated to be wealthy. He rose rapidly in his superiors [illegible] he part owner and at last the only owner of the vessel in which he had made so many voyages; and, at length, when he had numbered their twenty-eight years he was called and considered by all a rich man. The same year found him engaged to one of the loveliest girls in the city. She lived in one of the [illegible] country [illegible] Boston but passed all her winters in the city, where she reigned as an acknowledged belle. She was gentle and quiet, almost too quiet, and appeared the very spirit of amiability; and though she was said by some to be not a little of a coquette and not very intelligent, those who admired her charged all those accusations to the score of envy.

With a dazzlingly fair skin, auburn hair and rich, brown eyes, and a full, graceful figure, combined with a delicately flattering manner it was no marvel that she captivated the warm heart of Philip Lennox.

She had, at first, been averse to the proposed marriage; but they were poor, and her mother was very ambitious for her beautiful Elinor, and influenced very much in opposition to her own wishes by her mother she at last consented; and while the delighted Philip fancied that he owed his happiness to her sincere affection, she was bewailing to another, to whom she had long been secretly engaged, the sad fate that separated them. To please the mother, who could not bear the idea of parting with her daughter, he proposed to erect his future home in their village, and selecting the grove in which his hesitating avowal had been received with apparent joy, he proceeded to build with all possible haste; for the completion of the house was to see him rewarded with her hand.

There was but one week before the arrival of the much desired day, when he bade his Elinor—the only object on earth whom he really loved—farewell for a few days, as he was going to pass that time in Boston engaged in some important business. Elinor's very anxious mother had insisted on the house and some of the rest of the property being settled on her daughter, and that together with some other urgent business, had induced him to leave her at that time.

He returned sooner than he expected, and, of course, hurried directly to see Elinor, but she was not at home, and so he turned his steps towards his new house. He wandered through the beautifully furnished apartments, fancying the change that would soon be produced from their now oppressive stillness, by the presence of his fair bride. It was many, many years since he had felt so securely happy, and he rambled around the grounds so absorbed in his day-dreams of bliss, that he hardly knew where he was till he was aroused by voices, and found close by a bower formed of the wild grape and clematis, which he and Elenor had trained over some rustic seats. He gazed unconsciously through the thick leaves of the thick leaves of the clustering vines, and saw, to his great surprise, Elinor seated by a gentleman, for whom he was aware she had a very friendly regard, but as she had accounted for it by saying that they were very old acquaintances, and that he was engaged to a favorite cousin of hers, he had thought no more of it. But now his arm was thrown around her, and her head was on his shoulder. She had evidently been weeping and the first word Philip heard was,

"Elinor, how can I believe that you love me, when I see you ready to marry another?"

"Charles, it is very cruel in you to doubt what I have so often told you. Even if I did not marry Mr. Lennox, I could not marry you for years, perhaps never, for you are poor, and I could never be a poor man's wife. I am not fit for one, and I should only bring unhappiness and misery on my husband. I love you, you know that I do—I have never, I can never love any one as I do you."

Philip did not wait to hear more, but pushing aside with a strong grasp the interlacing vines, stood before the terrified pair. He uttered no word, but seizing the gentleman by the collar, hurled him roughly from his seat to the ground, where he lay stunned and motionless, and with one glance at Elinor, the fierce and scornful hatred of which seemed almost scathing, he left the bower, and ere nightfall had departed forever from the town where two hours before he had expected to end his life.

He traveled for more than a week with no purpose but to get as far as possible from that now hated spot; at length, weary and heart-sick, he stopped at an inn in a small town in the interior of Ohio. He wandered about the place several days without molestation, his haggard appearance and restless manners inducing the landlord to think him slightly deranged, but as he paid his bills punctually, he troubled himself no more about him. One night, after he had been missing for a day or two, he was found by the side of the road in a drenching rain, and being brought to the inn by some kind traveller, it was discovered that he was suffering under a severe attack of brain-fever. He recovered from it in time, but recovered a completely altered man. His vivacity and warmth of feeling seemed to have vanished entirely and were replaced by coldness, severity, and distrust.

He left the village as soon as he was able and proceeded to Cincinnati, where he determined to remain, and employ all of his fortune which was left in some prosperous business. I said all that was left, for he had placed the deed making over the house and a large part of his property to Elinor in the hands of her mother, and would not reclaim it.

He fortunately found a gentleman who had heard of him, and was glad to secure his assistance, and for many years no miser could have labored more assiduously than did Philip Lennox for the acquisition of wealth notwithstanding that he neither had nor expected to have any one on whom to bestow it. He thought that he had steeled his heart against woman's charms, and fully determined never again to trust his happiness in such faithless keeping. But

"L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose;"

and at the expiration of a few years, Mr. Davis, for that was his partner's name, compassionating his lonely life, though he did not let Philip perceive that that was his reason but plead convenience to himself, persuaded him to take up his abode in his house.

Mr. Davis had several children of all ages and sizes, in whom Philip, notwithstanding his determination, could not but be interested. One of them particularly attracted him, a girl of twelve or thirteen, named Ellen. Her vivacity and sweetness of temper, her cheerfulness and intelligence, charmed him greatly; and living in the same house he could not but observe how faithfully she fulfilled all her home duties. And though a stranger might not have called her even pretty, to those who knew the loveliness of her character she appeared beautiful.

It was many years before he could resolve to give up his long cherished determination never to form any ties, and still longer to overcome his distrust of his own power to awaken any affection in the breast of one so much sought as Ellen, both on account of her own attractions and her father's wealth; yet, at last, all difficulties were overcome, and one of the brightest days of his existence was that on which, after having been married he found himself seated by the side of Ellen on a trip to Niagara.

Nor did years of wedded love lessen his affection; for twelve years after that event, on the anniversary of it, when Ellen stepped into the library after an early breakfast, to tell her husband that she and the children were ready for the excursion, which they had always been in the habit of taking on that day, she found him gazing on an old, worn, and discolored paper, which he opened as she approached, and taking out a long, glossy tress of richly colored auburn hair, said—

"I cut that from Elinor's head on the day she promised to be mine, and till now I have treasured it sacredly. I know not what prompted me to do so, if it were not at first the lingering affection I could not prevent myself from feeling. Latterly it has been preserved more from habit than anything else, but this morning it fell from its envelope, and as I looked at it I was surprised to find how all feeling, even of resentment, towards its former owner had vanished from my mind. You have made these last years so happy, dear Ellen, that I feel as I never felt before, in perfect charity with all the world."

Geographical Memoir

UPON

UPPER CALIFORNIA:

BY JOHN CHARLES FREMONT

(Continued.)

North of the Stanislaus for five days (from 16th to the 21st) the mean was 36 deg.6 at sunrise, 57 deg at 4 p. m., and 49 deg. at sunset. The dew point was 34 deg 9 at sunrise 47 deg 1 at 4 p. m., and 40 deg 9 at sunset, and the quantity of moisture in a cubic foot of air 2 671 grains, 2 983 grains, and 3 216 grains at the corresponding times. At sunrise of the 16th, on the To-wal-um-ne, the thermometer was at 43 deg, and at sunrise of the next morning, on the Stanislaus, at 35 deg.

The temperature was lowest on the night of the 17th. At sunrise of the morning following the thermometer was at 27 deg. and it was remarked that the frost affected several varieties of plants. On the 20th and 21st there were some showers of rain, the first since the end of February. These were preceded by southwesterly winds.

During December and the first part of January, which was still at the season of low waters, we were easily able to ford all the Joaquin tributaries. These begin to rise with the rains, and are kept up by the melting snows in the summer. At the end of January, the Joaquin required boating throughout the valley and the tributaries were forded with difficulty.

In the latter part of March, of a dry season (1846) we were obliged to boat the Stanislaus To-wal-um-ne and Aux-um-ne and the San Joaquin was no where fordable below the bend where it is joined by the slough of the Tulare lake. On the 14th of March 1846, we were obliged to boat the San Joaquin, the river being no where fordable below the junction of the slough, and the Indians guided us to some difficult fords of the large tributaries where we succeeded to cross with damage to our equipage. In July of the same year, we boated the San Joaquin below the Aux-um-ne, it being no where fordable below the bend.

In June, 1847, the Joaquin was no where fordable, being several hundred yards broad as high up as the *Aux-um-ne* river, even with its banks, and scattered in sloughs over all its lower bottoms. All the large tributaries the Aux-um-ne, To-wal-um-ne, Stanislaus, and Mo-kel-um-ne, required to be boated, and were pouring down a deep volume of water from the mountains, one to two hundred yards wide. The high waters came from the melting snows, which, during the past winter, had accumulated to a great depth in the mountains, and, at the end of June, lay in the approaches to the Bear river pass, on a breadth of ten or fifteen miles, and this below the level of 7,200 feet. In rainy seasons, when the rains begin with November and the snows lie on the mountains till July, this river is navigable for 8 months of the year—the length of time depending on the season.

The Cosumne was the last tributary of the San Joaquin, and the last river of its valley coming down from the Sierra Nevada. The *Rio de los Americanos* was the first tributary of the valley of the Sacramento, also coming down, like all the respectable tributaries of both rivers from the snowy summit and rainy sides of the great Sierra. The two valleys are *one*, only discriminated in description or reference by the name of the river which traverses the respective halves, as seen in the map. We entered the part of the valley which takes the name of its river, *Sacramento*, on the 21st day of March, going north, and continued our observations on that valley.

We remained several days on the Rio de los Americanos, to recruit our animals on the abundant range between the Sacramento and the hills. During this time the thermometer was at 35 deg. at sunrise 51 deg at [illegible] in the morning, 63 deg at noon, [illegible] deg at 2 in the afternoon, 61 deg at 4, and 53 deg at sunset; the dew point at corresponding times being 34 deg 0, 40 deg 9, 46 deg 6, 49 deg 4, 51 deg 6, 43 deg 7; and the quantity of moisture in a cubic foot of air being 2 519 grs., 1 235 grs., 3 808 grs., 1 164 grs., 1 484 grs., 3 160 grs.

We left the Rio de los Americanos on the 24th, ten miles above the mouth, traveling a little east of north, in the direction of the Bear river settlements, at the foot of the Emigrant Pass. The road led among oak timber, over ground slightly undulating, covered with grass intermingled with flowers. The thermometer at 1 was 76 deg, and at sunset 60 deg; the weather clear.

At sunrise of the 25th, the temperature was 36 deg., with an easterly wind and clear sky. In about thirty miles travel to the north, we reached the rancho of Mr. Keyser, on Bear river; an affluent to *Feather* river, the largest tributary of the Sacramento. The route lay over an undulating country—more so as our course brought us nearer the mountains—wooded with oaks and shrubbery in blossom, with small prairies intervening. Many plants were in flower, and among them the California poppy, unusually magnificent. It is the characteristic bloom of California at this season, and the Bear river bottoms near the hills, were covered with it. We crossed several small streams, and found the ground miry from the recent rains. The temperature at 4 in the afternoon was 70 deg., and at sunset 58 deg., with an easterly wind, and the nigth bright and clear.

The morning of the 25th was clear, and warmer than usual; the wind southeasterly, and the temperature 40 deg. We travelled across the valley plain, and in about 16 miles reached Feather river at 26 miles from its junction with the Sacramento, near the mouth of the *Yuva*, so called from a village of Indians who live on it. The river has high banks—20 or 30 feet—and was here 150 yards wide, a deep, navigable stream. The Indians aided us across the river with canoes and small rafts. Extending along the bank in front of the village, was a range of wicker cribs, about twelve feet high, partly filled with what is there the Indians' staff of life—acorns. A collection of huts, shaped like bee hives, with naked Indians sunning themselves on the tops, and these acorn cribs, are the prominent objects in an Indian village.

There is a fine farm, or rancho, on the Yuva, stocked with about 3,000 head of cattle, and cultivated principally in wheat, with some other grains and vegetables, which are carried, by means of the river, to a market at San Francisco. Mr. Cordua, a native of Germany, who is proprietor of the place, informed me that his average harvest of wheat was about twenty-five bushels to the acre, which he supposed would be about the product of the wheat lands in the Sacramento valley. The labor on this and other farms in the valley is performed by Indians.

The temperature here was 74 deg. at 2 in the afternoon, 71 deg at 4, and 69 deg. at sunset, with a northeasterly wind and clear sky.

At sunrise of the 27th the temperature was 42 deg., clear with a northeasterly wind. We travelled northwardly, up the right bank of the river, which was wooded with large white and evergreen oaks, interspersed with thickets of shrubbery in full bloom. We made a pleasant journey of twenty-seven miles, and encamped at the bend of the river, where it turns from the course across the valley to run southerly to its junction with the Sacramento. The thermometer at sunset was at 67 deg., sky partially clouded, with southerly wind.

The thermometer at sunrise on the 28th was at [illegible], with a northeasterly wind. The road was over an open plain, with a few small sloughs or creeks that do not reach the river. After travelling about fifteen miles we encamped on *Butte* creek, a beautiful stream of clear water about fifty yards wide, with a bold current running all the year. It has large fertile bottoms, wooded with open groves, and having a luxuriant growth of pea vine among the grass. The oaks here were getting into general bloom. Fine ranchos have been selected on both sides the stream, and stocked with cattle, some of which were now very fat. A rancho here is owned by Neal, who formerly belonged to my exploring party. There is a *rancheria* (Indian village) near [illegible], and some of the Indians gladly ran races for the head and offals of a fat cow which had been presented to them. They were entirely naked. The thermometer at 2 in the afternoon was at 70 deg. two hours later at 74 deg., and 65 deg. at sunset; the wind east, and sky clear only in the west.

The temperature at sunrise the next day was 50 deg., with cumuli in the south and west, which left a clear sky at 9, with a northwest wind, and temperature of 64 deg. We travelled 20 miles, and encamped on Pine creek, another fine stream, with bottoms of fertile land, wooded with groves of large and handsome oaks, some attaining to six feet in diameter, and forty to seventy feet in height. At 4 in the afternoon the thermometer showed 74 deg and 64 deg. at sunset; and the sky clear, except in the horizon.

Origin of the Prairies.

Respecting the origin of these immense fields we have no satisfactory knowledge. It is conjectured and I believe with a good degree of probability, that their surface was once covered with the waters of the lake; and that these having receded, they were left in their natural evenness of surface, to be enriched by the deposites of ages, and thus fitted for the most luxurious vegetation that the world ever saw. There is something imposingly grand in the idea that the waters of the great lakes once extended to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and that, dammed back by those mighty barriers, they were sent eastward, to be hurled over the precipice of our Niagara, and thence, through the St. Lawrence, to find enlargement in the ocean. What a world of waters rolled their tides over this quarter of the globe then; and what a cataract was Niagara! By what causes such a change has been wrought—whether it was by the gradual draining of the fountain which now send their diminished supplies to the beds of Western rivers, or by some mighty convulsion of nature—it is utterly useless to conjecture. But that the origin of the prairies is such as I have suggested, seems to be indicated by their structure, their soil, their productions, and the alluvial deposites which lie beneath their surface. Who can say by what mysterious process this garden of the world has been preparing for the occupation and enterprise of Anglo-American civilization, or enumerate the ages which have rolled away since they commenced? In vain does fancy grope among the unillumninated labyrinths of the past for something which shall satisfy the ever recurring inquiries of the curious of the thoughtful mind. He only who evolved order from the primal chaos can answer such inquiries; and in his own time, if He so choose, He will make the revelation.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

American Hurry.

We Americans are all in a hurry. Nothing can be done coolly by us. We are entirely on a rush—are born, married, live, die and buried—in a hurry. Everything goes on the fast, double action, high pressure principle. It is all steam—steam—steam. We bolt our meals in a twinkling—do all our business in a jerk—sleep as if on a wagon, and finally pass off the stage almost before we are known to have trodden it. It is a pity we cannot avoid this extreme of activity.

Cross a ferry; long before the boat arrives, two-thirds of the passengers are crowded at the head of the boat, ready to jump ashore, risking life and limb to save two seconds of time—a child is knocked overboard, a boy's foot smashed, or a young man in the first bloom crippled for life.—What matter? That man, now walking leisurely up the street, got ashore nearly half a minute earlier than he would have done, had he not run the same risk and caused, perhaps, the accident.

Get into an omnibus, and with one foot on the step and the other inside, the driver pulls the door to, whips up the horses, and you are pitched head first into a stout old gentleman's diaphram, or settle down into a sentimental lady's lap.

Now, what is the use of all this? Do we gain anything? No. Do we enjoy anything in this everlasting rush? No. Do we live longer, or die more happily? No.