The Montrose Democrat.

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From Godey's Lady's Book.

SWEET MOTHER, DO NOT WEEP.

BY GEORGE P. [illegible]

The last brown leaf of autumn's tr[illegible]
 Hung trembling on the bough,
And sadly wailed the midnight air,
 In accents plaint and low;—
With quivering lip and falling tear
 A mother watched her child,
For well she knew that death was there,
 Though still the brave boy smiled!
 "Sweet mother, do not weep," he said—
 "Kiss [illegible] the tears away!
 Thus, thus support my weary head—
 But, mother, do not weep!"

Against his pale and fevered cheek,
 The mother pressed her own;—
His breath was faint, his pulse was weak—
 The work was nearly done!
Her tears, unbidden, still would flow,
 While gazing on her child—
She softly kissed his pallid brow,
 Again he faintly smiled!
 "Sweet mother, do not [illegible]!" he cried—
 "Bright angels whisper me away!
 No sorrow enters *there*," he sighed—
 "Then, mother, do not weep."

The night had passed, and morning's breath
 Swept coldly o'er the hills;
The loved one's eyes were sealed in death,
 The mother watched him still!
The withered leaf, which hung alone,
 Had fallen from the tree;
The faithful watcher's task was done—
 No more that smile [illegible]!
 Yet, gentle mother, do not weep!
 His spirit [illegible]
 Naught but his form is wrapped in sleep—
 Then mother, [illegible] no more!

ALICE GREENE:
OR
The Four Years Probation.

CHAPTER I.

The day was drawing to its close, but the summits of the Green Mountains were still bathed in the golden lights of a beautiful summer's sun. There were but few clouds upon the canopy of the sky, and those were sailing lazily upon the horizon, like snow-white fleeces, tinged with gold, floating upon a lake of blue.

The shadows of the high hills were already stretching far away over the earth, as a lady and gentleman might have been seen descending the steep side of a mountain they had climbed two hours before to enjoy the romance of the scenery and to breathe the exhilarating mountain air. Although the hill was rugged and steep, and covered with stunted trees, impenetrable thickets and occasional ledges of jutting rocks, the descent was rendered comparatively easy by a well-beaten path that wound diagonally along the mountain side. The two adventurers moved slowly, now conversing in a careless manner, and stopping occasionally to gaze at the scenery above and below them, or to examine some object of interest in their way.

The lady. She was young and tall, but her form was possessed of such beautiful proportions that she seemed scarcely to exceed the medium stature. Some would not have called her beautiful in feature, but, although there was a total absence of the sickly delicacy of look so frequently admired in city belles, there was still something in her countenance which could not fail to win all true lovers of simplicity and nature. A plump, rosy cheek, fair, ripe lips, an intellectual brow, the whiteness of which offered a beautiful contrast to the raven tresses that floated carelessly upon her cheeks and neck, sparkling black eyes, full of expression, dark beautifully arched eyebrows, and a forehead on which nineteen summers had scattered their sorrows lightly: such were the most striking features in the appearance of the lovable creature who trod the mountain path, leaning on the arm of her lover.

Her lover—for, as the reader will see, he merits that appellation—he was of a slight form and delicate constitution, but his eyes indicated great strength of mind and a spirit of enterprise and daring. In his slender frame, too, that one would have pronounced so void of strength, there were muscles of steel, as quick and active as those of the tiger. His features were handsome and pleasing, his bearing erect and noble; and his voice was deep, rich and musical.

Such was the outward appearance of Horatio Fullerton—winning, open and gay; but let us reflect—

"That one may smile, and smile and be a villain,"

—and beware of judging of his character by that which we see alone.

"To-day," said the young man, musingly, after they had walked on for some minutes in silence, "is the fourteenth of July. The fourteenth of July. By the way, Alice," he added, eagerly, "this is the day I have looked forward to with such impatience! The fourteenth of July—it was on the evening of that day, three years ago, that you promised me, dear girl, to give me your hand at the end of those three years, provided you did not hear from Maurice Carey during that time. I have reminded you of that promise often since, and endeavored to induce you to do away with those three years probation, and become mine, but you have held out admirably.—To-night, however, terminates the long season of delay, and as you can no longer doubt but that he you engaged yourself to is dead, you will not hesitate to give me your hand at once.

These words caused a shade of thought, bordering on sadness, to pass over the fair features of Alice Greene, and she turned away to avoid the ardent gaze of her lover.

"Yes," she replied at last, in low, hesitating tones, "this is indeed the fourteenth of July. When I was but fifteen I promised Maurice my hand, when that most unfortunate circumstances you cannot but remember, drove him from the country.—He had been gone a year—I was sixteen then, and you were twenty-one: you offered me your hand and I told you frankly that absence had not conquered my love for Maurice, and that I considered myself bound to him still. However, you had been kind to our family, I liked you well and yielding to your earnest solicitations I promised to be yours at the end of three years provided no news came of Maurice during that time. I have now given him up for dead—or if he lives," added Alice in a trembling tone, "I cannot hope that he remembers me, or will ever return. I will fulfil my promise to you, Horatio, for I know you love me—else you would not have been so constant to me for the last four years—and Maurice excepted (I have always told you so frankly,) I love you better than any other.

A smile of triumph played about the young man, as the young girl addressed him thus, and with a warm pressure he held her hand in his.

"You have been frank with me and I thank you," said he in loud, winning tones, "and now I beg of you to be open still and name the happy day when I shall call you mine!"

Alice embarrassed, hesitated. She wished to think about it before she gave her final consent to become Horatio's wife. A happy thought struck her—an excuse for postponing her decision until another time.

"You forget," said she gaily, "that it was late in the evening of the fourteenth day of July that I made you that promise; [illegible] the sun has just gone down! [illegible] the three years I gave Maurice to return in, are not expired into at least four hours!"

Horatio could not but smile at the ingenious evasion of his fair companion, but [illegible] to press her farther on the subject.

The sun as Alice had observed, had just disappeared in the west and only the loftiest summits of the Green Mountain were tinged with his golden light.

The two adventurers had sauntered leisurely along the mountain-path, unconscious that night was falling fast and that they were still at a distance from their respective homes. Presently the sunlight faded from the mountain-tops and the valley beneath them was wrapped in the dark veil of night. The barren hill-side put on a mantle of silent gloom, and a heavy mass of black clouds began to lower upon the [illegible], shutting out the stars.

Neither spoke as the two adventurers descended at a more rapid pace toward the valley. Suddenly Horatio broke the silence.

"Alice," said he, "we have lost our way. We should have taken [illegible] of the paths that led to the right, and which we passed [illegible] sure this path [illegible]."

Convinced of their error the two [illegible] along [illegible] which they had ascended in the afternoon. It was already night, and the rising clouds left but few [illegible] to light their way. There was [illegible] silence above, around and beneath them, broken only by the sound of [illegible] the rustling of leaves in the wind, and the noise of distant thunder.

The adventurers had indeed lost their way, and as night came on a pace they [illegible] regretted having tried the deceitful MOUNTAIN PATH.

CHAPTER II.

To the great relief of Horatio and his companion, as they were hesitating and on the point of turning back a second time, they saw a stranger before them in the path.

He had evidently been high up the mountain, where the air is cold, else he was about to ascend thither, for his tall athletic form was wrapped in a mantle which would ill become a man spending a summer's day in the valley. He was going the same way with Horatio and Alice, but his step was more deliberate and slow; they accordingly quickened their pace still more and overtook him.

Horatio hailed him to inquire the way. The stranger turned slowly about, and with an air of cold dignity, slightly inclined his head to Alice Greene, asking Horatio at the same time how he could serve him.

Horatio told his object in hailing him, and as the stranger listened, Alice had an opportunity of scanning him closely. Although it was nearly dark, she could plainly see that he was no common man, but probably an individual of birth and station.—Neither she nor Horatio recollected having seen him before, and the latter though at first, he was making inquiries of one who knew less of the locality than himself; but the stranger seemed quite familiar with the grounds and offered to conduct them into the right path.

'The way is rugged and dangerous,' he said to Horatio, and you have a lady to protect. Let me be your guide until you strike the path you are in search of."

The stranger's offer was readily accepted, and the three once more proceeded on their way.

"If I mistake not," said the stranger, walking by the side of Alice, "you are the couple that passed along this path a short time ago."

"We lost our way, and are now retracing our steps," replied Horatio.

"Then I am not mistaken. Be not surprised when I tell you that I unintentionally overheard a portion of your conversation."

"Indeed—"

"Believe me, it was unintentional," pursued the stranger, as if endeavoring merely to introduce some subject of conversation. "It seems," he added, gaily, that you, sir, are soon to be made a happy man. Well, I wish you luck."

Horatio knew not at first whether to be offended with this freedom on the part of the stranger or not, but reflecting that the words were spoken in a frank, good-humored way, he concluded to take them in good part and carry out the jest.

"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," he said laughing.

"Right. I was going to make the same remark myself. Many a hopeful lover has been cut off from the possession of her he loved just at the moment when Fortune appeared to smile upon his hopes."

"You speak like one having experience," returned Horatio, gaily.

"Do I?" said the stranger. "Well, it is not wonderful. I once had a love affair which turned out as true-love affairs too often do. It was quite a romantic thing altogether but rather too tragical. I sometimes think it would make the foundation of an interesting tale.

"If it were not asking too much," said Alice, "I would request you to tell us your story; for being about to engage ourselves to each other," she added, archly, "as you have discovered, we may derive some instruction from your experience."

"If you would like to hear my story," returned the stranger, quickly "you shall. It may instruct you, but I tell it rather to amuse you as we make this tedious descent."

"Thank you; let me hear it."

The three moved more slowly down the mountain path, as the stranger related to them the history of his early love, the substance of which we give in his own words.

CHAPTER III.

"Some feel the influence of the tender passions at an earlier age than others, which is often owing to the difference of temperaments, but more frequently to circumstances alone. Many a school boy with a nature cold in comparison with my own, has been in love twenty times before he has passed his sixteenth year. Such, however, generally love lightly. But that was not the case with me. I was eighteen before I ever knew what it was to love, and then my whole heart went out to her who was the object of my passions. Oh! she was beautiful—I could gaze on her forever, and dream of the heavenly sweetness of her smile, the enchantment of her dewy lips! I believe I was never love-sick, for my passion was too energetic, too generous, too elevated to be so turned.

"Did my Mary return my attachment, do you ask? If she did, she was too coy to discover the fact to me. I pleaded in vain. She would not listen to me—she even declared her conviction that my passion was only feigned.

"Yet she could not hold out forever—Fortune smiled upon me, and circumstances betrayed the secret of my fair one's heart.

"It was a clear, cold moonlight night in the month of November. I had been to a party where Mary was present, and with wonderful tact I had managed affairs so as to go home with her alone. Our way lay along a frequented road, but it being as I said before, a beautiful night we resolved to shorten the distance and at the same time enjoy a romantic ramble by crossing an extensive field. All the way I had been tormenting her by vows of eternal love, and fervent entreaties that she would give me encouragement to hope. She either listened in silence or replied in a manner calculated to reduce me to despair. Once she appeared offended, and would not answer me at all, but a terrible circumstance caused her to forget her resentment.

"There were wolves in the neighborhood—"

"Wolves!" echoed Alice with a start.

"Yes—but as they had committed but few ravages of late, I did not give them a thought in crossing the field, until we heard a howl which was echoed by twenty others dismal and prolonged, and proceeding from various parts of the woods and fields about us.

"Mary clung to my arm in a paroxysm of terror. I too, was filled with alarm, but it was for her, not for myself. There was a house at no great distance, to which I might have run before the wolves could possibly overtake me, but Mary was so agitated that I had to support her in my arms; and to fly with her was impossible. Then for the first time did I learn that she loved me with a pure, strong, and disinterested affection, for, on seeing our danger, she urged me to escape without her, at the same time declaring her conviction that if I did not, we should both perish together.

"There is no necessity of your perishing," she cried—"but you will if you attempt to protect me. Leave me—for not even your life can serve me—fly—fly!

"How little did she know my heart—how little had I known her's! She had never proved my love before, I had not dreamed that she regarded me with more than ordinary affection. Now we were convinced of each other's devotion: and could I desert her at such an hour? could I leave her to perish the moment I discovered that she loved me? No! I thought not of myself—it was her I must save, or have the happiness of dying by her side,—in her defence.

"How proudly did I clasp her in my arms, and with what ease did my love and fear for her enable me to bear her away. I ran for a short distance with incredible velocity, but my strength soon failed me, and I was obliged to put her down.

"It was a perilous, fearful moment!—The wolves were gaining on us fast; their howls, so distant at first, were near and terribly distinct. A shudder of horror ran through my frame—to think my beautiful, my adored Mary must be torn and mangled by the ravenous jaws of merciless wild beasts! I caught her up once more, carried to a pitch of frenzy by the thought staggering under the burden my exhausted limbs could scarce sustain, I hurried across the field. I was about to fall headlong to the ground in despair when a faint ray of hope shone in upon my soul, supplying me with unnatural strength.

"I saw a tree near at hand. 'Oh!' thought I, 'could I but reach that and lift my precious burden into the friendly branches! It were happiness for me were I to drop myself into the jaws of the gaunt and ravenous wolves!'

"I reached the foot of the tree bearing my burden. Just then the hideous yell of a starving pack of wolves close at hand, burst upon our ears, arousing Mary from the stupor into which she had fallen. How much depended upon our exertions at that moment! I saw, by the bright moonlight, half a dozen dark objects move swiftly, like shadows, over the summit and down the gray declivity of a hill scarce fifty rods distant. Quick as thought I lifted Mary into the air so high that with her small though muscular hands she could grasp the lower branches. 'Thank God!' I cried, 'you are safe!' 'Yes,' said she, 'but *you!* Oh! dear, dear Charles! climb up, or you are lost!'

"I laughed with joy and triumph! My life and strength had all returned—I felt my blood course wildly through my brains, thrilling the nerves of my whole frame with love and joy and pride. I had saved her—saved my Mary—the dear girl for whom I would have given my life!

"But I was not called upon to make the sacrifice. Scarcely had I seen her draw herself among the branches when as the foremost of the ravenous pack with open jaws rushed down upon me, with a bound I seized the lowest limb and with a quick and vigorous effort swung myself high above the ground.

"In a moment I was seated upon a heavy limb, holding my Mary to my heart to save her from falling, through her agitation into the hungry maws of the animals beneath us. Heavens! how I shuddered at the thought! My brain reeled with dizzy apprehension; I was on the point of dropping myself into the hideous jaws which I imagined reeking with the warm blood of her I loved!

"Heaven preserved her. I recovered my self-possession. With my left hand I clung to the main body of the tree; my right arm was twined about the lovely form of my terrified companion. Terrified, for although we had escaped, the thought of the danger we had escaped was dreadful, and to see the gaunt forms of the wolves beneath us was an awful spectacle! They were distinctly visible in the moonlight, their open, eager jaws and glaring eyes turned upwards and their hot, red tongues extended ready to lick our blood! A dozen very soon gathered around the tree, and as I cast my eyes about me, I could see the dim outlines of many more moving swiftly towards us over the fields. The [illegible] had given the alarm [illegible] and brought all the wolves in the neighborhood to the spot.

"The danger was not yet passed. The hungry animals seemed determined to devour us, and they appeared to hold a council of war, as they gathered in a hideous circle about the tree. My blood ran cold, and I felt the whole frame of my companion shivering with terror. The poor girl could not refrain from uttering a wild shriek of alarm, as a long, gaunt, powerful wolf bounded from the ring and sprang upward with the utmost exertion of his strength, I was surprised—struck with terror—at seeing him leap so high! Darting up the trunk and striking the bark with his sharp claws to facilitate his ascent, he bounded more than a dozen feet from the ground. Mary, I say, shrieked as his fiery eyes and gaping jaws shot up towards us, and had I not held her, she would have fallen with affright. His horrid teeth snapped together scarce eight inches below the limb on which we braced our feet!

"But the danger was passed. Although every wolf in the hideous circle imitated the one just described, and exerted his utmost strength to reach us they all failed in the attempt; and at length, gathered into a ring once more, they set down beneath us, panting with their eager thirst for blood, and glaring at us with their fiery eyes.

"That was the happiest moment of my life! With death yawning beneath us, and imminent peril on every side, we swore to love each other always, and to make the happiness of one the happiness of both.

"We remained in the tree until daylight, when, as the gray dawn streaked over the hills, the wolves retired, one by one, to the forests and the mountains, and with my *betrothed* clinging to my arm, I hastened to relieve the minds of our anxious friends."

CHAPTER IV.

Alice Green and her lover had listened in silence to the stranger's story, never interrupting him except with occasional exclamations of surprise or interest.

Alice appeared to be highly excited by the narrative, for she trembled and leaned heavily on her companion's arm, and Horatio himself exhibited not a little emotion. The stranger paused after having described his escape with his companion from the wolves, when Horatio ventured to question him concerning the sequel to the adventure.

"Before you commenced," said he, "you spoke as having experienced an unhappy attachment: did your Mary prove false to you?"

"No—nor I to her," replied the stranger, abruptly. "But yet the attachment proved a most unfortunate one."

"Explain yourself."

"I will, and I doubt not but you will understand me. Shortly after the adventure I have related; a family of wealth and influence moved into the neighborhood in which I resided. The eldest son was near my own age—he was a youth of pleasing manners, bold and intelligent. We became intimate in a short time; he professing more than ordinary friendship for me and I feeling a warm attachment for him. At that time I was engaged as a clerk in a mercantile house in the town, with which this young man's father became connected. It was then my misfortunes began. A sum of money was extracted from the drawers of the counting house, and so adroitly did the villains manage, that suspicion fell upon me. True, circumstantial evidence was against me, but I was as innocent of the theft as a new-born babe. I was charged with it publicly; I was branded as a dishonest man! Yet I was not arrested. It was through the influence of my friend that I was allowed my freedom.

"But how could I bear the scorn of those who believed me guilty? I flew to Mary's side; I told her all my heart, and convinced her of my innocence. Adversity only made the flame of her affection burn surer and brighter. But her father! I do not blame him, for he believed me a thief—but it was hard to bear his scorn, and he banished me from his doors!

"I consulted with my friend. He advised me to go abroad, and remain until the circumstance was forgotten. I did so for I could not stay at home. I went abroad, determined that none—not even my friend or Mary—should know what became of me, for I would not have them united to me to learn my shame. However I kept up a secret correspondence with my father, who, I was sure, would do all in his power to prove my innocence and hasten my return. At length I received a letter from him, stating that a conscience stricken wretch had come to him and confessed his guilt. None but my father knew of this confession, but he secretly went to work to procure full proofs of the plot."

"The plot!" echoed Horatio, in a suppressed, agitated tone.

"Yes, the plot!" repeated the stranger fiercely,—"the villainous plot! Nay, start not, although you know now that I have discovered the depth of your villany, Horatio Fullerton! Ha! do you tremble before me? Well indeed you may, for I am Maurice Carey, and you the false and treacherous friend! Your victim, not for vengeance, stands before you!"

And as he spoke, the stranger threw aside his mantle, and with his hat removed from his high and noble brow stood fully revealed in the light of the newly-risen moon. Alice, who had recognized him long before, trembled more violently than ever; and Horatio, confounded at finding his villainy discovered shrunk from the indignant look of him he had wronged. Maurice's eyes flashed scornfully on the treacherous friend, but when they turned upon Alice, they melted in pity and love.

"Shrink not from me, dear Alice [illegible] be kind, for I blame you not. Ever since the night on which you confessed your love for me, with a pack of ravenous wolves surrounding you, you have proved faithful to me [illegible]. You know not what this villain had to do with my degradation, but behold him my friend and yours. It was to win you that he plotted to drive me away, but you resisted nobly, and have waited for me four tedious years. I thank you; and now that I am returned, and I am ready to prove by letters this villain wrote to Richard White, who has confessed and sworn before a magistrate that he took the money—ready to prove, I say, that he Horatio Fullerton, was in the conspiracy against me, I once more make you the offer of my heart and hand.

"And as for you," added Maurice, turning fiercely upon Horatio, "my revenge shall be to show you up to the world in your true colors, tearing aside the veil of deceit you have managed to wear till now. Although you have caused me to suffer four years separation for her you would win by treachery, I disdain to punish you otherwise than by proclaiming the truth."

Although Maurice had spoken in a firm, dignified tone, his heart had not been free from softer emotions, than those of anger and indignation. His soul yearned towards Alice, for he knew that she loved him still: and instead of supporting her by the arm, as he had done since he first saw her sinking with agitation he clasped her form to his bosom and sustained her in his tender embrace.

Horatio was bold, but he could not face the man he had so foully wronged without trembling with conscious guilt. However, when he saw Alice in the arms of him she had never ceased to love, the demon seemed aroused within him, and revenge filled his heart.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, fiercely, grasping Maurice by the arm, "you are a liar! an infamous knave!"

"You know too well, I do not lie in *this*," returned Maurice, smiling scornfully, "and all shall know it soon. What! would you tempt me by insults? Beware!"

And as Horatio still held him by the arm he shook him off rudely, and pushed him from him with contempt. Horatio although of a slender frame, was quick and athletic, and bounded back at Maurice like a tiger. Alice did not faint, but hastened to disembarrass her *true lover* of her presence, and stood aside. Maurice received his rival with surprising coolness, as if conscious of his superiority. He was by far the heavier man, and his form seemed made for a union of activity and strength. Impetuous as was the assault of his fiery rival, he warded off his blows without moving from his position, and hurled him back as he would have done a child.

Horatio, more enraged than before, was on the point of returning to the charge, when Maurice drew a pistol and levelled the deadly weapon at his breast.

"Come no nearer, or you die!" he cried in a tone of terrible meaning: and his eye flashed with deep determination.

This was too much for a man, however brave, whose conscience condemned his courage. Horatio slunk away, but as he did so, it was with a threat of vengeance on his rival.

Maurice once more clasped the form of Alice in his arms. She was weeping.

"Why these tears?" he asked kindly. "Are you grieved that I am returned—that *he* must now be the outcast from honest society?"

"No, no!" sobbed Alice, laying her fair cheek upon his manly breast—"no my dear, dear Maurice!"

The young man, in a transport of delight snatched an eager, passionate kiss from her beautiful lips and strained her to his heart. He now knew why she wept, for those tears were tears of joy.

Maurice Carey conducted Alice to her father's house. Great was the surprise of the old man at beholding his daughter's old lover once more, but it was surpassed by his joy at learning that he had the proofs of his innocence in his possession.

Maurice explained the manner in which his false friend Fullerton had contrived the plot, and when the old man begged his pardon for ever having thought so meanly of him as to indulge a suspicion of his guilt, he told him that he needed no excuse other than the too keen anxiety of a father, and the astounding circumstantial evidence which the villains had managed to bring against him.

"It was enough to shake one's confidence in a brother," said Maurice.

"But not to destroy the trust of a true heart in the object of its affection!" whispered Alice.

The sequel of the evening adventure can be guessed. Horatio Fullerton, on finding his treachery discovered, and his hopes of winning Alice Greene destroyed, left the village in disguise, and never returned again to remind his old acquaintance of his villany.

Alice and her lover as if to make up for the pangs of absence they had endured, were at once united in the bands no mortal could sever and rendered themselves happier than the world could do, by devoting their ready cares to promote each other's happiness.

The two hearts that had remained unshaken in their love during the probation of four years, continued as faithful to the last as on the night which witnessed their betrothal, in the midst of peril, and in the view of death.

Geographical Memoir
UPON
UPPER CALIFORNIA;
BY JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.
(Continued.)

April 9.—At 10 o'clock the rain which commenced the previous evening had ceased, and the clouds clearing away, we loaded the river and continued our journey eastward toward the foot of the Sierra. The Sacramento bottoms here are broad and prettily wooded, with soil of a sandy character. Our way led through very handsome open woods principally of oaks, mingled with a considerable quantity of the oak-shaped pine. Interspersed among these were bouquets or thickets of *mansanito* and an abundant white flowering shrub now entirely covered with small blossoms. The bed of the valley here (Lower valley) is watered by many small streams, having fertile bottom lands with a good range of grass and acorns. In about six miles we crossed a creek 20 or 25 feet wide, and several miles farther descended into the broad bottoms of a swift stream about 20 yards wide, called Cow creek, so named as being the range of a small band of cattle, which ran off here from a party on their way to Oregon. They are entirely wild, and are hunted like other game. A large band of antelope was seen in the timber, and five or six deer came darting through the woods. An antelope and several deer were killed. There appear to be two species of these deer; that of the kind generally called black-tailed, one a larger species frequenting the prairies and lower grounds: the other, much smaller, and found in the mountains only. The mountains in the northeast were black with clouds when we reached the creek, and very soon a fierce hail storm burst down on us, scattering our animals and covering the ground an inch in depth with hailstones about the size of wild cherries. The face of the country appeared as whitened by a fall of snow and the weather became unpleasantly cold. The evening closed in with rain, and thunder rolling around the hills. Our elevation here was between 1,000 and 1,100 feet. At sunrise the next morning the thermometer was at 33 degrees. The surrounding mountains showed a continuous line of snow, and the high peaks looked wintry. Turning to the southward, we retraced our steps down the valley, and reached Mr. Lassen's, on Deer river, on the evening of the 11th. The Sacramento bottoms between Antelope, and Deer river were covered with oats, which had attained their full height, growing as in sown fields. The country here exhibited the maturity of spring. The California poppy was every where forming seed pods, and many plants were in flower and seed together.—Some varieties of clover were just beginning to bloom. By the middle of the month the seed vessels of the California poppy, which, from its characteristic abundance, is a prominent feature in the vegetation, had attained their full size; but the seeds of this and many other plants, although fully formed, were still green colored, and not entirely ripe. At this time I obtained from the San Joaquin valley seeds of the poppy, and other plants, black and fully ripe, while they still remained green in this part of the Sacramento—the effect of a warmer climate in the valley of the San Joaquin. The mean temperature for 14 days, from the 10th to the 24th of April was 48 degrees at sunrise, 58 degrees at 9 in the morning, 64 degrees at noon, 66 degrees at 2 in the afternoon, 69 degrees at 4, and 58 degrees at sunset. (latitude 40 degrees.) The thermometer ranged at sunrise from 38 degrees to 51 degrees, at 4 (which is the hottest of those hours of the day when the temperature was noted) from 53 degrees to 88 degrees, and at sunset from 49 degrees to 65 degrees. The dew point was 40.°3 at sunrise, 47.°3 at 9 in the morning, 46.°1 at noon, 49.°2 at 2 in the afternoon, 49.°2 at 4, and 46 degrees 6 at sunset; and the quantity of moisture in a cubic foot of air at corresponding times was 3 grs. 104, 3 grs 882, 3. grs. 807, 4 grs 211, 4 grs 217, 3. grs. 884, respectively. The winds fluctuated between northwest and southeast, the temperature depending more upon the state of the sky than the direction of winds—a clouded sky always lowering the termometer fifteen or twenty degrees in a short time. For the greater number of the days above given the sky was covered and the atmosphere frequently thick, with rain at intervals from the 19th to the 23d

On the 25th May we returned to this place (Lassen's) from an excursion to the Upper Sacramento. The plants we had left in bloom were now generally in seed; & many, including the characteristic plants, perfectly ripe. The mean temperature of a few days ending May was 54 degrees .7 at sunrise 70 degrees 6 at noon, and 67 degrees 3 at sunset. Traveling south into the more open and wider part of the valley, where the bordering mountains are lower and showed less snow, the temperature increased rapidly. At *the buttes*—an isolated mountain ridge about six miles long and about 2,690 feet above the sea—the mornings were pleasantly cool for a few hours, but before ten the heat of the sun became very great, though usually tempered by a refreshing breeze. The heat was usually greatest about four in the afternoon. The mean temperature from May 27th to June 5th, was 64 degress at sunrise, 79 degrees at nine in the morning 86, degrees at noon, 90 deegrees at 2 in the afternoon, 91 degrees at 4 and 80 degrees at sunset, ranging from 53 degrees to 79 degrees at sunrise—from 85 degrees to 98 degrees at 4 in the afternoon and from 73 degrees to 89 degrees at sunset. The place of observation was at the eastern base of the *Buttes*, about 800 feet above the sea, latitude 39 , and one of the warmest situations in the Sacramento valley. At corresponding times the dew point was at 56 5, 62 4, 66 5, 68 degrees 2, 66. degrees 6, 66 degrees 9, and the quantity of moisture in a cubic foot of air 5 grs. 253, 6 grs 318, 7 grs. 191, 7 grs. 495, 7 grs. 164, and 7 grs 269, respectively. We felt the heat here more sensibly than at any other place where our journeying brought us in California. The hunters always left camp before daylight, and were in by nine o'clock, after which the sun grew hot.—Game was very fat and abundant; upwards of eighty deer, elk, and bear were killed in one morning. The range consisted of excellent grasses, wild oats in fields, red and other varieties of clover, some of which were now in mature seed and others beginning to flower. Oats were now drying in level places where exposed to the full influence of the sun, remaining green in moister places and on the hill slopes.

The mean temperature of the open valley between the Buttes and the American fork from the 8th to the 21st June, was 57 degrees at sunrise, 74 degrees at nine in the morning, 85 degrees at noon, 87 degrees at two in the afternoon, 88 degrees at 4, and 77 degrees at sunset; ranging at sunrise from 51 degrees to 61 degrees; at 4 from 81 degrees to 97 degrees, and at sunset from 71 degrees to 85 degrees. The dew point at corresponding times was 52 degrees 8, 58 degrees 8, 62 degrees 1, 66 degrees 8, 62 degrees 5, 60 degrees 7, and the quantity of moisture in a cubic foot of air being 1 685 grs, 5.707 grs 6.320 grs. 7 217 grs, 6 377 grs, 5 973 grs, respectively

Western slope of the Sierra Nevada.—The western flank of this Sierra belongs to the maritime region of California, and is capable of adding greatly to its value. It is a long, wide slope, timbered and grassy, with intervals of arable land, copiously watered with numerous and bold streams, and without the cold which its name and altitude might imply. In length it is the whole extent of the long valley at its base, five hundred miles. In breadth, it is from forty to seventy miles from the summit of the mountain to the termination of the foot hills in the edge of the valleys below, and almost the whole of it available for some useful purpose—timber, pasturage, some arable land, mills, quarries—and so situated as to be convenient for use, the wide slope of the mountain being of easy and practical descent. Timber holds the first place in the advantages of this slope, the whole being heavily wooded, first with oaks, which predominate to about half the elevation of the mountain; and then with pines, cypress, and cedars, the pines predominating; and hence, called the pine region, as that below is called the oak region, though mixed with other trees. The highest summits of the Sierra are naked, massive granite rock, covered with snow, in sheltered places all the year round. The oaks are several varieties of white & black oak, and evergreens, some of them resembling live oak. Of the white oak there are some new species, attained a handsome elevation, upon a stem six feet in diameter. Acorns of uncommon size, and not bad taste, used regularly for food by the Indians, abound on these trees, and will be of great value for stock. The cypress, pine, and cedar are between 100 and 250 feet high, and five to twelve feet in diameter, with clean solid stems. Grass abounds on almost all parts of the slope; except towards the highest summits, and is fresh and green all the year round, being neither killed by cold in the winter, nor dried by want of rain in the summer. The foot hills of the slope are sufficiently fertile and gentle to admit of good settlements; while valleys, coves, beaches, and meadows of arable land are found throughout. Many of the numerous streams, some of them amounting to considerable rivers, which flow down the mountain side, make handsome, fertile valleys. All these streams furnish good water power. The climate in the lower part of the slope is that of constant spring, while above, the cold is not in proportion to the elevation.—Such is the general view of the western slope of the great Sierra; but deeming that all general views should rest upon positive *data*, I add some notes taken from actual