

that the evil deeds of men are chiefly owing to temptations to which they are exposed; that these temptations will be removed as the organization of society improves; that the social system, instead of making every man's interest antagonistic to that of all his neighbors and requiring him to despoil them to the utmost of his power as the road to success in life, will be changed so as to establish a harmony instead of an antagonism between the interests of different citizens of the same commonwealth.

THE WAY THE DIGGER INDIANS BURY THEIR DEAD.

OUR cabin-home is located in a pleasant little valley, or cove, at the head of which is Kennebec Hill, on the banks of the Yuba, most beautifully shaded with ever-green pines and cedars, very tall and straight, with now and then an oak growing hither and thither, now casting its yellow leaves upon the ground.

On the morning of the fifth of November last, our quiet sleep was broken by a low and melancholy moaning, as of some one in distress, on the top of the mountain, at the foot of which stands our cabin. As soon as it was light enough to see our way, I and my partners started up to ascertain what was the cause of so distressing a cry. As we reached the summit of the mountain, large volumes of smoke were seen curling up among the trees; and, in front of a blazing fire, several female Indians, of the Digger tribe, with their faces covered, or nearly so, with pitch, presenting a singular and frightful spectacle, as the fire-light and smoke gave light and shadow to their hideous countenances. Their arms were elevated, and being waved to and fro; at the same time a fearful howl—now low, now loud—escaped from their lips, and tears rolled down their dark countenances. Presently, we ventured up to

them; but our approach in no way disturbed their devotions, or lessened their melancholy cries. On looking further around, I saw a portion of the dead body of a man laying upon, or rather in, a huge fire—kindled in a low pit, dug expressly for the purpose—and a large portion of the body was consumed.

Perhaps you are aware that the body of an Indian, before it is ready for burning, is bound closely together—the legs and arms being folded on the chest, and then forced into as small a compass as is possible to bind them. It is then placed upon a pile of wood, which is afterwards set on fire by his mother, wife, or some very near relative; then commenced the low moaning sound which we have described. Every one of those who dance or cry around the burning body, throw something or other into the fire, as an offering of respect to the departed. When the body is consumed they carefully collect the ashes, and after mixing a portion of them with a pitch, with which to cover their faces, go into mourning, they are buried.

We turned our footsteps away, with sad and melancholy hearts, and with our slow steps to our cabin-home in the broken silence.

We have since visited the place, and found a grave, dug and covered with sticks, upon the lonely mountain top. The tall pine trees ever singing a dirge, and the whispering voice of the falling leaves, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the spot. I wish to sleep on in peace! while thy kind relatives suppose thee to be resting in some far-off, but pleasant, country ground. May thy sleep be sweet and thy future happy! is the wish of D. W. H.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying to-morrow. Next week will be capable of taking care of itself as you are one is.

MIGNON.*

[From the German of GÖETHE.]

BY J. D. STRONG.

Knowest thou the land where the citron blows—
The mild, sunny land where the gold orange grows?
The soft winds breathe in the clear blue sky,
And the laurel and myrtle are sweet to the eye.
Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my protecting friend.

Knowest thou the house, with its pillars bright?
Its courts are all gleaming in golden light;
The marble statues stand and look at me,
And say, Poor thing, what have they done to thee!
Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my faithful friend!

Knowest thou the mount, in its cloudy spray?
The muleteer seeks in the mist his way,
The wild dragon hides in the mountain cave,
And the cliffs are seen in the clear blue wave,
Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my true, dear friend.

"MIGNON" is one of the most interesting characters in GÖETHE'S FAUST. In earlier years she was stolen from a noble family in Italy, by a company of strolchies, and taken, in their wanderings, to northern Europe; where, in her sixth year, a gentleman, observing her Italian features and seeing her shamefully abused by her captors, rescued her, and earnestly, but vainly, sought to learn her history, which seemed to have entirely forgotten. Early one morning, he found her playing on a lute and singing this song, in which glimpses of her former home flash in on her sad memory. In the German it is very beautiful and touching. J. D. S.

[Continued from page 269.]
MIGNS" OF '51.—CHAPTER III.

THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH
ONE WHO PLAYED "LOW."

As late, and the stage had gone;
On the trip to Sonora was made in
My, and knowing that by starting
Following morning—providing no ac-
Occurred to detain us—I would be
To meet the appointment with
and, I took it easy, and was not

sorry to have an opportunity of seeing
the town. I was recommended to a
small public house, located upon the
main street, and rather out of town,
which was known by the humble and
unpretending name of "The Cottage."
At this house I met with an agreeable
surprise, in the shape of an old acquaint-
ance. "Amos" was all the name I
ever knew for him; we had worked side
by side for many weeks, in the northern
mines, and at one time he was a member