

cept Green Mountain, that reared its huge head and thickly wooded sides high above his fellow peaks.

At last we turned our wearied eyes to the west, and looked down over rough mountains, along precipitous declivities and over vast stretches of dead, blackened and charred forests. Mountains and forests vanished, and before us we saw a white, cloud-like embankment, through which the sun had just sunk to rest. Long we looked in the sombre twilight at this misty, shadowy substance, as we were gazing on the far-off waves of the mighty Pacific.

From the wrapt contemplation of these objects of admiration we turned to the vulgar consideration of our sharpened appetites. The labor of overcoming the long ascent, and the stroll about the summit, had added keen edge to the hunger of every member of the party. Hasty preparations for camping for the night and for evening meal commenced. A little depression, several yards in extent, near a grove of mountain maple, where we could be sheltered from the night wind, was selected as a camping spot. Dry branches were collected, and soon a cheerful fire was blazing. Supper was hastily prepared and as quickly eaten. Our jaded horses were tethered amidst a profusion of rich grass and luxuriant mountain herbage, and left to browse at will during the night. Blankets were unrolled and spread at convenient intervals about the camp fire, for the air had grown chilly and damp, and a heavy mountain dew was descending. At nine o'clock we "turned in." Twenty minutes later we were locked in the soft, but strong, embrace of slumber, being thoroughly wearied with the labors and excitement of the eventful day.

Meanwhile the glorious harvest moon—now at her full—had risen from behind the Cascades and was sailing serenely through the cloudless heavens. Her silvery light flooded hill, valley and mountains, and lent to the sleeping landscape a weird, shadowy aspect. No sound disturbed the unruffled silence of our lonely mountain bivouac, save the gentle summer breeze that rustled through the foliage of the grove, and shook the leaves from grass and leaf, the occasional chirp of nocturnal insects, the croak of the tree frog, the shrill notes of the startled night bird sounding from amidst the leafy boughs of the woods, the dismal hoot as the

Moping owl doth to the moon complain,

the fierce scream of a cougar far down the mountain coming up from the deep recesses of the forest.

At daybreak our camp was astir. Before the sun had shed his familiar face over the distant crest of the Cascades we had prepared and dispatched breakfast. By nine o'clock the party was in the saddles and descending the rugged declivity of the mountain homeward bound.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

... using cabbages pull them up. Save the stalks and plant them in a trench, with roots deep and the stalks close together. In the spring they will throw out sprouts, furnishing an early supply of greens.

BURIED TREASURE OF THE MINES.

IT is a source of deep gratification to the old pioneers of the Pacific Coast to know that, however low the quotations on honesty may be at the present time, there was once a golden age when that quality ruled high in the market. All men were considered as honest, and were so treated. Men who refrained from cheating when an opportunity occurred were not, as now, considered phenomenally stupid. They were not lonesome, as the old miner in Marysville recently thought a youth must be who handed back to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent \$50 paid to him by mistake in cashing a draft. There was plenty of good company for such people then. Those were the palmy days of '49 and '50. The pioneer miners, the genuine Argonauts, were not thieves and blacklegs, but honest, self-reliant and enthusiastic gold hunters. They came to make their fortunes in the mines in a legitimate way. Especially may this be said of those who actually went into the mines, for the few land pirates who came with them remained chiefly in San Francisco, Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville, the four great supply centers, where their opportunities for plunder were greater.

Every Forty-niner remembers well the almost criminal carelessness with which gold dust was treated; how it was left standing around his cabin in an old oyster can or canvas bag, the cabin remaining untenanted for half a day at a time, with the door unsecured, or even ajar, as a standing invitation to every one to walk in and make himself comfortable. It was left with the proprietor of the hotel, as those shaky and canvas houses of entertainment were courteously called, or deposited with the merchant doing business in a similar structure, no receipt being taken for it and no estimate of its value made. It was then carelessly placed under the counter or on a shelf, the prey of any one who might feel disposed to steal; but nobody preyed. Wild and reckless as many of these men were, they were not thieves; they might gamble, drink and even fight with each other, but they abhorred a thief. If one, with an illy developed bump of respect for the property of others, should succumb to the constant temptations and rob a partner or plunder an unguarded cabin, his punishment was swift and sure. Such instances were rare, indeed, during the first two years of the mines; but after that there was a sudden and radical change. A swarm of gamblers, blacklegs, thieves, human vampires and exiles from justice, following in the wake of the genuine Argonauts, swarmed into the mines, and the result was a moral chaos. Not that all of the second installment of pioneers was of that class; far from it; but that the proportion was so much greater as to produce the effect described. Then it was that vigilance committees were formed; that lynch law became a terrible engine of retribution; that those "miners' meetings," which had been instituted for the purpose of dispensing justice in cases of disputed claims and all other complications requiring arbitration, became tribunals of a sterner and more tragic character. Their judgments were prompt and the execution of their