

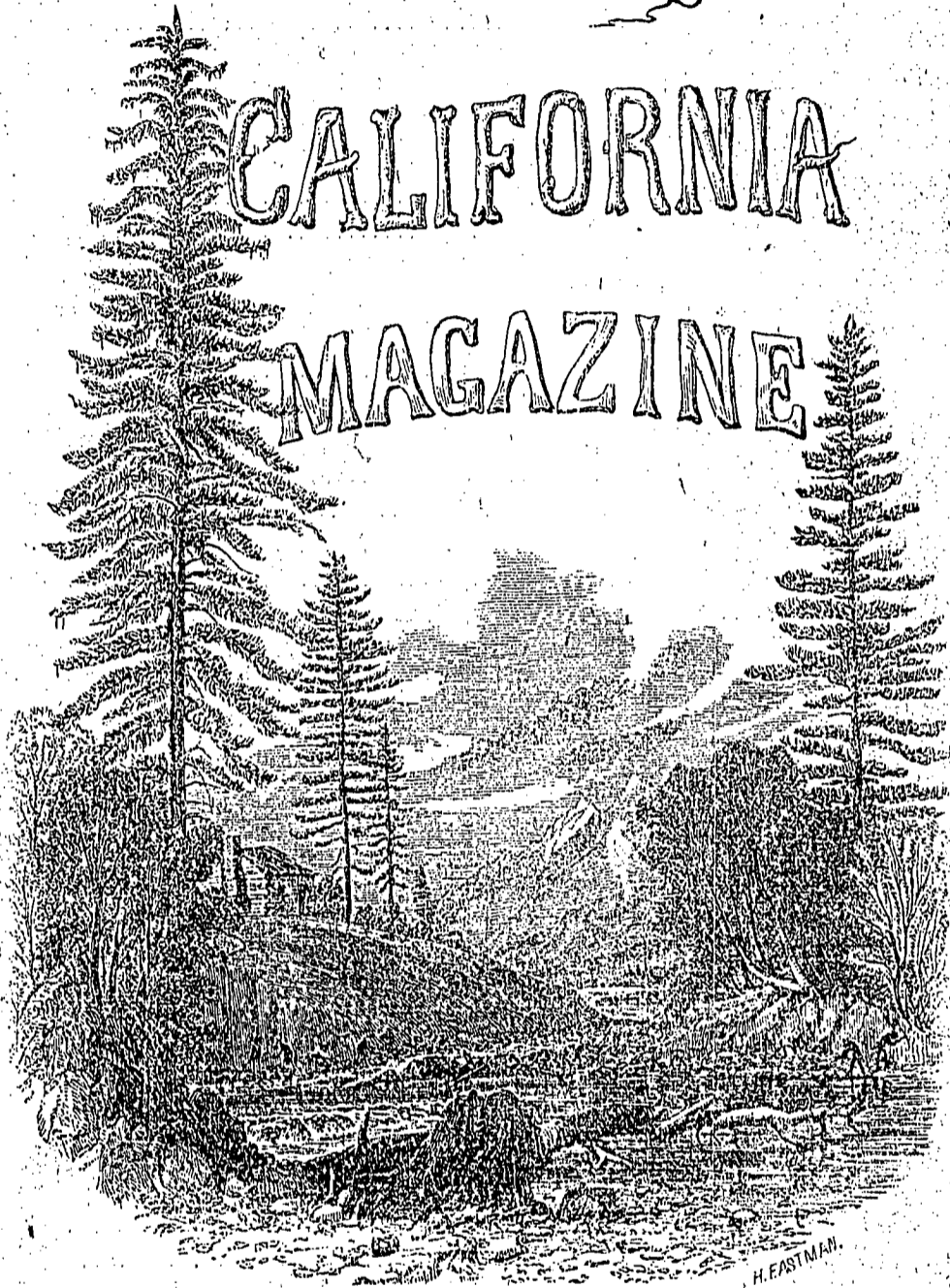
Published Monthly.

Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 1.-JULY, 1856.

PUBLISHED BY J. M. HUTCHINGS & CO.,
201 CLAY STREET, PLAZA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Postage two cents per number, if paid quarterly in advance.

	PAGE.
OUR INTRODUCTION	1
ILLUSTRATION.—Initial Letter K.—A California Quail and Squirrel.	
THE YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY, AND ITS WATER-FALLS	2
ILLUSTRATIONS.—General view of the Yo-Ham-i-te Valley, with the "Giant's Tower" on one side, and the "Cascade of the Rainbow" on the other.—The Yo-Ham-i-te Falls.—"The Twin Domes."—The Indian Lake.	
MAY, 1856, IN SAN FRANCISCO.....	8
THE CALIFORNIA SILK WORM.....	10
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Male Butterfly, Life Size.—Head of Female.—Eggs.—First, Second, Third and Fourth Stages of the Caterpillar.—Caterpillar, Full Size.—Inside Section of Cocoon and Chrysalis within it. Outside Section of Cocoon, on a Branch of the <i>Ceanothus</i> .	
THE CEANOOTHUS.....	13
THAT'S JUST MY LUCK.....	13
CONSTITUTION OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.....	17
DOG INTELLIGENCE.....	17
A MAGICAL DUET ON THE GUITAR.....	19
THAT BEATS NATURE.....	20
MINER'S WATER SONG.....	20
WATER.....	21
AN ADVENTURE ON THE ISTHMUS.....	21
THE POST OFFICE.—A SKETCH.....	22
WHAT IS A LETTER.....	24
IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.....	24
ADVENTURES OF DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.....	25
A STORY OF TEA-POTS.....	31
MEMORIES.—TO MY SISTER.....	32
WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.—A LEAF FROM LIFE.....	33
DOCTOR DOTITDOWN'S NOTES.—A HEDGE SCHOOL.....	36
ADDRESS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF SAN FRANCISCO.....	38
SPECIMENS WORTH SAVING.....	41
THE VIGILANCE CALL.....	42
THE REAL INVENTOR OF STEAM BOATS.....	43
OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.....	43
EDITOR'S TABLE.....	44
Social Chat with Contributors and Correspondents.—To our Juvenile Friends.	
A WEDDING TOUR.....	44
LITERARY NOTICES.....	46
Letters to the People, on Health and Happiness. <i>Plu-ri-bus-tah</i> .	
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.....	46
OUR LITTLE PET.....	47

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by James M. Hutchings, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for Northern California.

	PAGE.
California Quail and Squirrel.	1
WATER-FALLS	2
Ham-i-te Valley, with the "Giant's Rainbow" on the other.—The Yo- ne Indian Lake.	8
Size.—Head of Female.—Eggs.— of the Caterpillar.—Caterpillar, Full ysalis within it. Outside Section of	10
	13
	13
COMMITTEE.	17
	17
	19
	20
	20
	21
	21
	22
	24
	24
BERRY.	25
	31
	32
FROM LIFE.	33
HEDGE SCHOOL.	36
MITTEE OF SAN FRANCISCO.	38
	41
	42
GOATS.	43
	43
	44
Correspondents.—To our Juvenile	44
	46
Happiness. Plu-ri-bus-tah.	46
	47

660, by James M. Hutchings, in the Clerk's Office of the
t, for Northern California.

JOHN OFFICE, 111 WASHINGTON ST.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

No. I.—JULY, 1856.—VOL. I.

OUR INTRODUCTORY.



TO OUR READERS,
this is the first
of our greeting
and acquaint-
ance. We hope,
with your ap-
proval, to spend
many pleasant
hours in company with each other. It is our
hope, as it will be our aim, to make our
monthly visit to your fireside as welcome as
the cheerful countenance and social con-
verse of some dear old friend, who just drops
in, in a friendly way, to spend the evening.

We wish to picture California, and Cali-
fornia life: to portray its beautiful scenery
and curiosities; to speak of its mineral and
agricultural products; to tell of its wonder-
ful resources and commercial advantages;
and to give utterance to the inner life and
experience of its people, in their aspirations,
hopes, disappointments and successes—the
lights and shadows of daily life.

Whatever is noble, manly, useful, intel-
lectual, amusing and refining, we shall wel-
come to our columns.

It will ever be our pride and pleasure to

be on the side of virtue, morality, religion
and progress.

We shall admit nothing that is partizan
in politics or sectarian in religion; but,
claiming the right to please ourselves, we
shall accord to the reader the same privi-
lege.

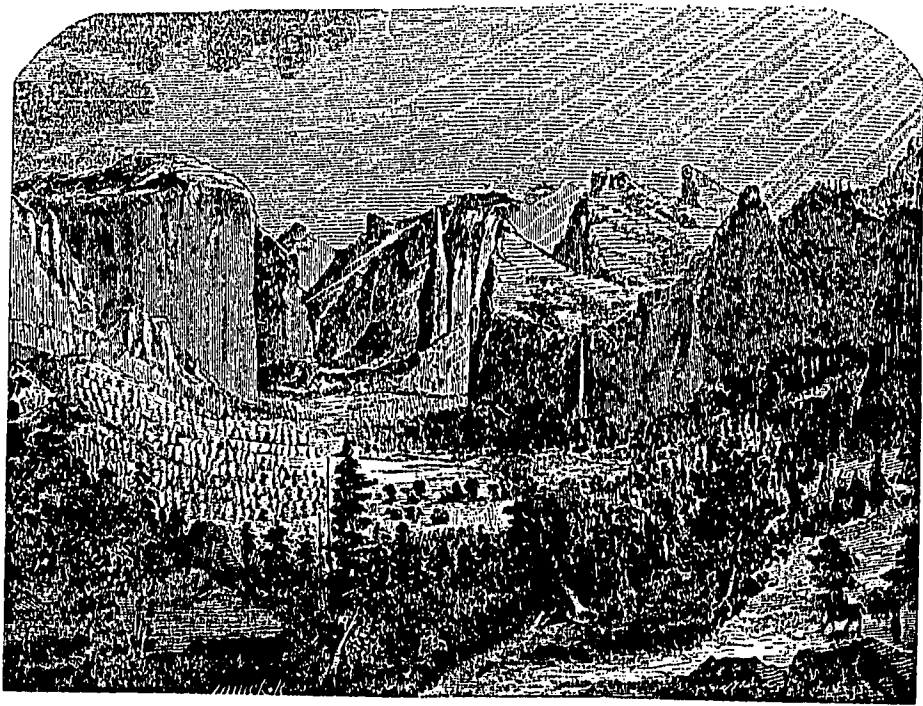
Whatever we believe to be for the per-
manent prosperity of California, we shall
fearlessly advocate, in any way that suits
us.

We have no expectation of pleasing every
one; nor, that perfection will be written
upon every page of its contents, for the sim-
ple reason that we are human; but we shall
do our best, continually, and those who do
not like the magazine are not required to
—buy it.

We have commenced its publication with
the hope of filling a void—humbly it may
be—in the wants of California, and the in-
telligent reader will see at a glance that the
costly manner in which it is gotten up, and
the price at which it is sold, the publishers
rely upon a wide circulation for their pecu-
niary reward; but they are confident that
altho' placed within the reach of those who
could only take one per month, that others
will be tempted to take a dozen.

Therefore, placing ourselves in the hands
of a generous public, we make our bow, and
introduce to your kindly notice the first
number of HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGA-
ZINE.

THE YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY.

There are but few lands that possess more of the beautiful and picturesque than California. Its towering and pine covered mountains; its wide-spread valleys, carpeted with flowers; its leaping waterfalls; its foaming cataracts; its rushing rivers; its placid lakes; its evergreen forests; its gently rolling hills, with shrubs and trees and flowers, make this a garden of loveliness, and a pride to her enterprising sons.

Whether one sits with religious veneration at the foot of Mount Shasta; or cools himself in the refreshing shade of the natural caves and bridges; or walks beneath the giant shadows of the mammoth trees of Calaveras; or stands in awe, looking upon the frowning and pine-covered heights of the Valley of the Yo-Ham-i-te—he feels that

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

and that the Californian's home may compare in picturesque magnificence with that of any other land.

Among the most remarkable may be classed the Yo-Ham-i-te Valley—surround-

ed as it is by lofty granite mountains, exceeding three thousand feet in height, of the most fantastic shapes; now in appearance like a vast projecting tower; now, standing boldly out like an immense chimney or column; then, like two giant domes; yonder, a water-fall of two thousand five hundred feet; and, as it rolls over the edge of the precipice, its quivering spray is gilded with the colors of the rain-bow, when the sun-light falls upon it.

From the perpendicular sides of that mountain a stunted pine is struggling to live, alone—a mere speck upon the landscape. Every craggy height is surrounded by shrubs or trees—and every spot has its contrast of color and appearance. Upon the mountain's summit is a dense forest of lofty pines—that by distance, look only as weeds or shrubs. In the valley, placidly glides the transparent stream; now impinging the mountain's base; now winding its serpent-like course up the fertile valley; its margin fringed with willows and flowers, that are

THE Y

ever blossoming, and grass that green.

On descending the mountain, (over the valley, the first object that attracts notice and invites your wanderer's attention, is "The Giant Tower," standing the left, an immense mountain of jet-black granite, and is three thousand or more feet in height, from the surface of the river, to its outer edge—and near the base, is a water-fall of nine hundred and twenty-eight feet, and named "The

of the Rainbow." Before you is spread the beautiful valley, nearly covered with trees, a bright river gleaming and glistening from among them.

About two miles above the "Tower," on the same side, is the Yo-Ham-i-te Falls—two thousand five hundred feet in height. The upper or main portion of this fall is one thousand five hundred feet—the second, or middle, is four hundred feet—the third, or lowest fall, is six hundred feet, and all of them perpendicular. This is the highest water-fall in the world.

Col. G. W. Whittier, in the spring of 1850, when in search of stock stolen by Indians from Arizona, Sonora, stood at the top of the falls, and on looking down into the deep abyss, the idea suggested to his mind was—“Is this the bottomless pit?”—and as the deep sea rolled its volumes over the edge of the precipice, he gazed with awe and admiration at the terrific cataract before him.

Advancing up the Valley, threading your way among the trees now standing beneath the shadow of the mountain; or now crossing the river; every few steps presents a change of scene, or some variety of aspect and beauty.



VALLEY.

lofty granite mountains, exceeding a thousand feet in height, of the most fantastic shapes; now in appearance resembling a projecting tower; now, standing like an immense chimney or spire; now, like two giant domes; yonder a water-fall of two thousand five hundred feet, as it rolls over the edge of a precipice, its quivering spray is gilded with the colors of the rainbow, when the sun is upon it.

On the perpendicular sides of that stupendous pine is struggling to live, here a speck upon the landscape, and every spot has its contrast of appearance. Upon the mountain-tops is a dense forest of lofty pines; by distance, look only as weeds. In the valley, placidly glides a gentle stream; now impinging the rocks at its base; now winding its serpentine course up the fertile valley; its margin is lined with willows and flowers, that are

THE YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY.

3.

ever blossoming, and grass that is ever green.

On descending the mountain, towards the valley, the first object that attracts your notice, and invites your wondering admiration, is "The Giant's Tower," standing on the left, an immense mountain of perpendicular granite, and is three thousand one hundred feet in height, from the surface of the river, to its outer edge—and nearly three thousand five hundred feet to the highest place upon it. On the right side of this view, is a water-fall, of nine hundred and twenty-eight feet, and named "The Cascade of the Rainbow."

Before you is spread the beautiful green valley, nearly covered with trees, with the bright river gleaming and glistening out from among them.

About two miles above the "Giant's Tower," on the same side, is the great Yo-Ham-i-te Falls—two thousand five hundred feet in height. The upper or main portion of this fall is one thousand five hundred feet—the second, or middle, is four hundred feet—and the third, or lowest fall, is six hundred feet, and all of them perpendicular. This is the highest water-fall in the world.

Col. G. W. Whitman, in the spring of 1850, when in search of stock stolen by Indians from around Sonora, stood at the top of these falls, and on looking down into the deep abyss, the idea suggested to his mind was,—“Is this the bottomless pit?”—and as the deep stream rolled its volumes over the edge of the precipice, he gazed with awe and admiration at the terrific chasm before him.

Advancing up the Valley, and threading your way among the trees; now standing beneath the shadowy mountain; or now crossing the river; every few steps presents a change of scene, or some variety of shade and beauty.

At the upper end of the valley stand the "Twin Domes"—two immense mountains, dome-shaped, and distinct from any of the surrounding ones. The one at the right of the engraving can be seen at a distance of forty miles, and is three thousand two hundred and fifty feet in height. Part of this dome has fallen away, and blocking up the course of the north branch of this stream, has formed a beautiful lake, and is called Indian Lake, being a favorite resort of the Indians, for ensnaring the speckled trout, of which there are vast numbers in its clear, deep waters.

About five miles above the lake, and on the same stream, there is another water-fall of three hundred feet, and which, owing to masses of rock, and bushes, is part of the way rather difficult of access.

About three miles from the head of the valley, on the middle and main branch of this river, there are two other water-falls,



THE YO-HAM-I-TE FALLS, HEIGHT 2,500 FEET.

the first of which is about four hundred feet. The other is reached with difficulty, but its hoarse roaring invites the attempt; and climbing a tree, you secure safe footing, and reach the top,—to witness another magnificent fall, of six hundred feet.

About twenty-five miles above this fall, is the lake spoken of below.

On the east fork, there is another waterfall of several hundred feet, the elevation of which has not as yet been ascertained.

The principal altitudes of the different objects of wonder and interest in this valley, were taken by Mr. G. K. Peterson, engineer of the Yo-Semity and Mariposa Water Company, and are doubtless very correct; and, although the stupendous height of these water-falls could scarcely be realized, they have, by actual measurement, exceeded the estimates given. They now stand forth as realities, which invite the spontaneous admiration of every lover of the sublime and beautiful, who may visit the deep solitude of this interesting and remarkable valley.

It is situated upon the middle fork of the river Merced, Mariposa county, about fifty miles from the town of Mariposa; and about the same distance from Countersville.

Until the past year this remarkable valley has been comparatively unknown, although Major James D. Savage visited it as early as 1848, and was perhaps the first white man that ever entered it.

It appears that Major S., while living with a tribe of Indians inhabiting the lower valleys of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers, accompanied them on an expedition to the Yo-Ham-i-te country for the purpose of making war with them. A large party met them near the summit of the mountain, now crossed by visitors on their way to the valley, where a desperate fight ensued, and the Major with his party, finding the Yo-Ham-i-tes too much for them, had to make a hasty retreat in the best way they could without the much prized trophies of Indian warfare—the Indian women—and which is

almost invariably the only cause of war among themselves, and with the whites.

Women are considered the most valuable property the Indian can possess; and, for the sole purpose of capturing this desirable property, they invade each other's territory, and make war, that the young men of the victorious party may take them home in triumph, to support their new and lazy husband.

Nothing in particular occurred from that time until the winter of 1850, as they seldom came down among the miners, except at night, to steal horses, mules and cattle; nor could they be induced to adopt our manners, dress, or customs, as did most of the other tribes. In that winter the Yo-Ham-i-tes declared war against the whites, and were joined by most of the surrounding tribes.

A volunteer battalion was soon raised for the protection of the mining settlements, and Major Savage was chosen commander. After a short but vigorous campaign, and by the influence of Major S., the Indians were induced to make treaties of peace, enter the Reservation, and learn the invigorating art of agriculture. Contrary to expectations, they were dissatisfied, and began committing depredations almost daily. From the intimate knowledge of Indian character, the Major was not long in tracing out the aggressors. He immediately fitted out an expedition; and, accompanied by Capt. John Boling's command, and a few friendly Indians, paid the Yo-Ham-i-tes another visit, in March, 1851. After swimming the South fork of the Merced and passing through snow from two to eight feet deep, and encountering all the hardships and privations incident to a winter campaign in the mountains of California, finally succeeded in reaching the Yo-Ham-i-te valley, where they found about six hundred of the Indians encamped; who would have fled, could they have ascended the almost perpendicular mountain walls that hedged them in on every side. There are narrow ledges of rock, that look very small

THE YO-HAM-I-TE



THE TWIX

from below, but, are nevertheless large enough for an Indian to walk upon, carefully, when not excited; but would be present destruction to himself and his valuable property—his wives—to attempt it in haste, as one slight slip would precipitate them thousands of feet below, and thus hasten their departure to the Spirit Land before they might desire to take such a journey.

Finding that they were caught, their discretion, taught them that "the better part of valor" would be to surrender with a good grace, which they did; when they were taken as prisoners to the Reservation farm on the Fresno river.

After a week's residence on the farm, they agreed to enter into a treaty of peace, on condition that they were allowed to return to their mountain home on a short visit, to gather up the remaining portion of their tribe, and the plunder they were so unceremoniously required to leave behind, which, appearing to be very reasonable, they were allowed to go for that purpose.

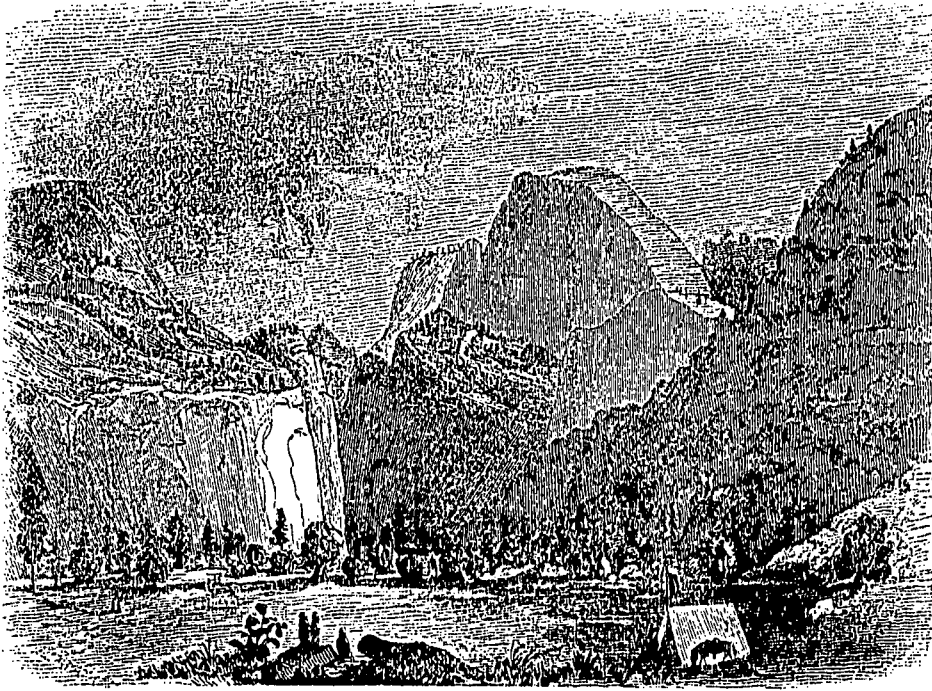
Soon after their departure, the whole country around the Reservation was thrown

almost invariably the only cause of war among themselves, and with the whites.

Women are considered the most valuable property the Indian can possess; and, for the sole purpose of capturing this desirable property, they invade each other's territory, and make war, that the young men of the victorious party may take them home in triumph, to support their new and lazy husband.

Nothing in particular occurred from that time until the winter of 1850, as they seldom came down among the miners, except at night, to steal horses, mules and cattle; nor could they be induced to adopt our manners, dress, or customs, as did most of the other tribes. In that winter the Yo-Ham-i-tes declared war against the whites, and were joined by most of the surrounding tribes.

A volunteer battalion was soon raised for the protection of the mining settlements, and Major Savage was chosen commander. After a short but vigorous campaign, and by the influence of Major S., the Indians were induced to make treaties of peace, enter the Reservation, and learn the invigorating art of agriculture. Contrary to expectations, they were dissatisfied, and began committing depredations almost daily. From the intimate knowledge of Indian character, the Major was not long in tracing out the aggressors. He immediately fitted out an expedition; and, accompanied by Capt. John Boling's command, and a few friendly Indians, paid the Yo-Ham-i-tes another visit, in March, 1851. After swimming the South fork of the Merced and passing through snow from two to eight feet deep, and encountering all the hardships and privations incident to a winter campaign in the mountains of California, finally succeeded in reaching the Yo-Ham-i-te valley, where they found about six hundred of the Indians encamped; who would have fled, could they have ascended the almost perpendicular mountain walls that hedged them in on every side. There are narrow ledges of rock, that look very small



THE TWIN DOMES.

from below, but, are nevertheless large enough for an Indian to walk upon, carefully, when not excited; but would be present destruction to himself and his valuable property—his wives—to attempt in haste, as one slight slip would precipitate them thousands of feet below, and thus hasten their departure to the Spirit Land before they might desire to take such a journey.

Finding that they were caught, their discretion, taught them that "the better part of valor" would be to surrender with a good grace, which they did; when they were taken as prisoners to the Reservation farm on the Fresno river.

After a week's residence on the farm, they agreed to enter into a treaty of peace, on condition that they were allowed to return to their mountain home on a short visit, to gather up the remaining portion of their tribe, and the plunder they were so unceremoniously required to leave behind, which, appearing to be very reasonable, they were allowed to go for that purpose.

Soon after their departure, the whole country around the Reservation was thrown

into a state of excitement by the constant reports of robberies and murders, committed by the Yo-Ham-i-tes. Major S. then fitted out another expedition against them, composed of about twenty volunteers, and about an equal number of friendly Indians, taken from the farm. This party reached the valley about the 15th of May, (1851,) and, after erecting their encampment, they sent out small scouting parties, in different directions. The Indians, however, having seen them, had moved *their* encampment to the shores of a beautiful lake, some thirty miles above, lying in a north-east direction from the valley, and near to the head-waters of the middle and main fork of the Merced.

The information was immediately taken to camp, by one of the small scouting parties that discovered them, and the whole command marched against them; and, by stratagem, surrounded the Indians, before they became aware of their presence. After killing a few, the whole party of Indians begged for mercy, and surrendered. They were again removed down to the farm, and

there kept as prisoners until the crops were all gathered in.

Their great chief, Je-ne-a-ch, was among the prisoners. He was a man of about sixty-five or seventy years of age; and, as he cast a lingering look upon the home of his childhood—perhaps for the last time—to spend his days among strangers—apparently his enemies—his rage knew no bounds; and drawing his manly form to its full height, his eyes seemed flashing with fire; and with his nostrils distended, and his chest heaving, through his interpreter he gave, in substance, the following address:—

“White men, you are a bad people. You have invaded my country. You have killed my people, and my own dear son, simply because we have stolen a few horses—a privilege granted to us by the Great Spirit—to steal all that we want, wherever we can find it. We steal that we may live—every tribe does it. I know very well that you all steal. You steal among yourselves, that you may be rich: we steal something to eat. You come and steal my country. You steal me and my people from my hunting-grounds. These were given to me and to my people exclusively, by the Great Spirit, that we might hunt and eat; and we have lived here undisturbed for many hundred moons. Yes: when these mountains, now so high, were but little hills, this was our country; and now you come and take us away, that we may look upon them no more. I am astonished at your impudence and presumption.”

“When we arrived at the spot,” writes Mr. John D. Hunt, late partner of Major Savage, and who accompanied the expedition,—“from whence we saw the valley for the last time, on our way home, his passion arose to its greatest height; and walking up to Capt. Boling, in a voice almost choked with rage, he begged that he might be shot, saying, ‘I had rather leave my ashes here, in the hunting-ground of my fathers, than to be a slave to the white man, who has ever been the mortal foe of

me and mine.’ Then, laying his hand upon his breast, he exclaimed, ‘Shoot me! kill me! murder me! and the echo of my voice shall be heard resounding among these mountains of my native home, for many years afterwards; and my spirit—which you cannot tame—instead of taking its flight to the spirit-land, shall linger around these old gray granite hills, and haunt you and your posterity, as long as there is one of you or your tribe remaining.’ Finding that his pleadings were of no avail, he bade the hunting-ground of his fathers an affecting adieu; and, in moody silence, marched on, with a heavy heart, to spend, as he supposed and felt, the remnant of his days among his and his people's enemies.

“We arrived in safety at the Reservation, where he, with the others, were kept as prisoners.

“The canker-worm of grief was busy at the old man's heart, and his fast-declining health, united to his constant entreaties, aroused the sympathies of the Commissioners; and he was allowed once more to go free, when he immediately returned to his favored valley, and joined the remnant of his tribe, that had been left behind.

“The poor old Indian soon found a grave, and his ashes were placed at the side of his fathers. Degraded in his own estimation, the shock was too much for him; and he died broken-hearted.”

Nothing in particular occurred after poor Je-ne-a-ch's death, until about the middle of May, 1852, when a party of miners, from Coarse Gold Gulch—a tributary of the Fresno—started for the upper Sierras, on a prospecting trip. They had scarcely entered the valley, when a large party of Indians, that had been lying in ambush, came suddenly upon them, and killed two of their number—one named Rose, the other Shurbon—and wounding a third, named Tudor.

As this was altogether unexpected, and being overpowered by numbers, they sought refuge in flight. The Indians hotly pursued them, when luckily, on ascending the moun-

THE YOHAMITE VALLEY

Thus, they came upon a large overhanging rock, from which they could receive protection, and see and fire upon their assailants. Nothing could have been more providential, nor any place better adapted for defense. Bravely did this little party struggle for their lives, and one by one did their assailants bite the dust, from the unerring aim of the rifle and revolver. Finding they were losing many of their number, and among them their best chief, without even wounding the defenders, they changed their plan of assault; and, climbing the mountain above, commenced rolling down huge rocks to try to drive them from their secure retreat; but in vain. When night was falling, and the black and heavily charged clouds began to roll among the mountain-tops, and before the darkness had set in, the Indians seemed disposed to postpone any further struggle until the morning. Under cover of the darkness, that brave little band crept stealthily out, and set their faces towards the settlements, where they arrived in safety, but nearly famished with hunger,



THE YOHAMITE VALLEY

and mine.' Then, laying his hand upon my breast, he exclaimed, 'Shoot me! kill me! murder me! and the echo of my voice shall be heard resounding among these mountains of my native home, for many years afterwards; and my spirit—which I cannot tame—instead of taking its flight to the spirit-land, shall linger around these old gray granite hills, and haunt you and your posterity, as long as there is one of you or your tribe remaining.' Finding that his pleadings were of no avail, he bade his hunting-ground of his fathers an adieu; and, in moody silence, marched with a heavy heart, to spend, as he supposed, and felt, the remnant of his days among his and his people's enemies.

We arrived in safety at the Reservation, where he, with the others, were kept prisoners.

The canker-worm of grief was busy at the old man's heart, and his fast-declining health, united to his constant entreaties, aroused the sympathies of the Commissioners; and he was allowed once more to go home, when he immediately returned to his beloved valley, and joined the remnant of the tribe, that had been left behind.

The poor old Indian soon found a grave, and his ashes were placed at the side of his fathers. Degraded in his own estimation, the shock was too much for him; and he died broken-hearted."

Nothing in particular occurred after the death of Je-ne-a-eh's death, until about the middle of May, 1852, when a party of miners, from Coarse Gold Gulch—a tributary of the Fresno—started for the upper Sierras, on a prospecting trip. They had scarcely entered the valley, when a large party of Indians, that had been lying in ambush, came suddenly upon them, and killed two of their number—one named Rose, the other Shurbon—and wounding a third, named Tudor.

As this was altogether unexpected, and being overpowered by numbers, they sought refuge in flight. The Indians hotly pursued them, when luckily, on ascending the moun-

THE YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY.

tains, they came upon a large overhanging rock, from which they could receive protection, and see and fire upon their assailants. Nothing could have been more providential, nor any place better adapted for defense.

Bravely did this little party struggle for their lives, and one by one did their savage assailants bite the dust, from the unerring aim of the rifle and revolver. Finding they were losing many of their number, and among them their best chief, without even wounding the defenders, they changed their plan of assault; and, climbing the mountain above, commenced rolling down huge rocks, to try to drive them from their secure retreat; but in vain. When night was advancing, black and heavily charged clouds began to roll among the mountain-tops; and before the darkness had set in, the Indians seemed disposed to postpone any further struggle until the morning. Under cover of the darkness, that brave little band crept stealthily out, and set their face towards the settlements, where they arrived in safety, but nearly famished with hunger,

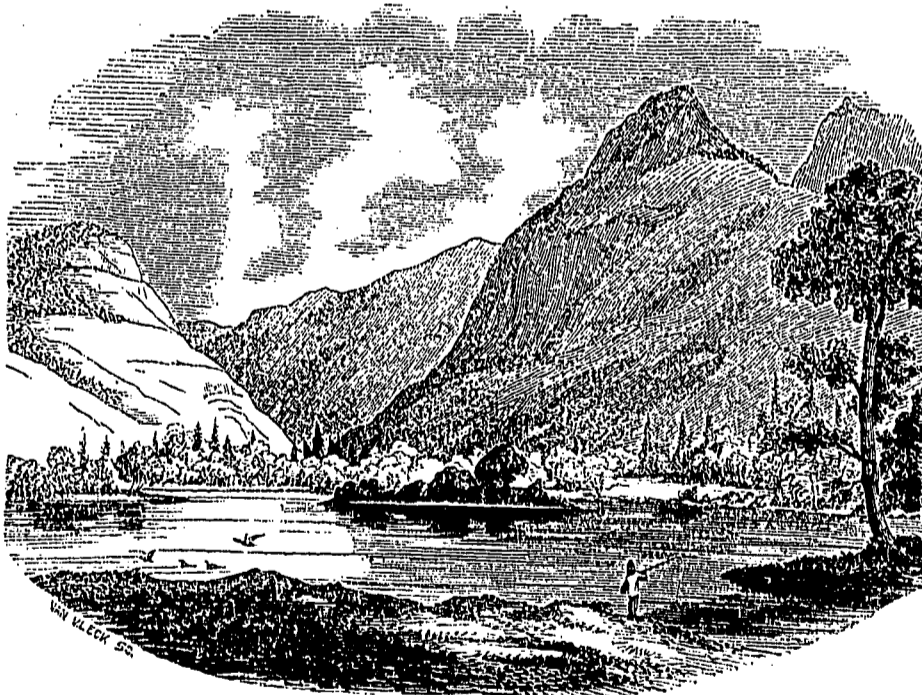
having been five days without any thing to eat.

Their tale was soon told, and every able miner in camp shouldered his rifle willingly; and a company of forty men were soon upon the way.

Arriving in the valley, they found the dead bodies of their companions, and gave them burial, the Indians meanwhile shouting taunts of defiance.

This being the season when the melting snows swell every mountain stream, the waters of the Merced river were very difficult to cross; and before the party could reach the opposite side, the Indians had escaped. After several ineffectual attempts, they abandoned, for the present, the pursuit, and returned to their homes.

About the middle of June, Lieut. Moore, with a company of United States infantry, left Fort Miller, on the San Joaquin; and, accompanied by Major Savage, in command of a company of volunteers, started for the scene of the recent murders, to establish a military post in the Yo-Ham-i-te valley, and chastise the Indians. The Yo-Ham-i-tes



THE INDIAN LAKE.

have always been the most hostile of any of the Indians in this section; and have always refused to treat with the Commissioners; but stampeded, and returned to their mountain fastnesses.

On the arrival of Lieut. Moore and Major Savage in the Yo-Ham-i-te valley, with their command, they found the Indians, under the redoubtable chief, 'Ptompkit,' had crossed the mountains, and were wandering about on the eastern side of the Sierras. They immediately started in pursuit. Discovering a new pass at the headwaters of the Merced, they named it Mono Pass, after the Indians of that name. Although several bands of Indians were seen wandering about, little or nothing was accomplished for their chastisement, and the command returned.

Fearing an attack from the whites, the Yo-Ham-i-tes remained as guests with the Monos; until the great depth of snow, which fell during the winter of 1852, prevented their return to their native valley. Early in the spring of 1853, they left their hospitable entertainers, the Monos; but, before doing so, appropriated a large amount of their property to their own use.

Whether this was in accordance with the teachings of their Great Spirit, we do not know; but the Monos, demurring to such an interpretation, thought their savage brethren had violated the rules of hospitality; and they immediately raised a large war party, and pursued their theiving guests, even into their own mountain fastnesses,—nearly exterminating the whole tribe. The few that remained, for protection, either mingled with the other tribes, or lived upon any thing they could get in the mining camps of their so-called enemies, the whites.

By the kindness of Mr. Hunt, on the Fresno, we were provided with Indian guides, which took us speedily into the valley; and when we arrived there, scarcely an Indian track could be seen. The trails were overgrown with grass, and nothing remained but the whitened bones of ani-

mals, and an old acorn-post or two, to tell of the once flourishing settlement, and numerous tribe of the Yo-Ham-i-tes.

This valley is about twelve miles in length, and from one to two miles in width, exceedingly fertile, well timbered, and abounding in game. Before many years shall have passed away, it will become famous as a place of resort; and, those who would see these water-falls in their majesty, should visit them when the melting snows of May swell every stream to its utmost capacity; where, in the calm solitude of mountain life, the excitements of business can be forgotten; and, in the unbroken stillness of this magnificent spot, shall, with deep reverence, commune with the sublime and beautiful, and feel with Moore—

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My censor's breath the mountain air,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.
There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity:

MAY, 1856, IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The one subject which has occupied the mind of the State during the past month, is the assassination of Mr. James King of Wm., Editor of the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*, and the occurrences consequent upon that event. Mr. King had risen to a prominent position in the eyes of all in the State. In a few brief months, he had gained more deep and powerful influence, in the sphere which his labors filled, than is often acquired by journals in the course of many years. His personal qualities, his strong repugnance to viciousness and dishonesty, his bravery, his magnanimity, his honor, his sympathy for the unfortunate, his love for the purity of domestic life and the beauty of childhood—all shone through his pages with a winning power. The principal immediate work which he set before himself, was to expose the official corruptions of public men. Never before, perhaps, has a city been subject to such plundering and robbery as this. Mr. King,

MAY, 1856, IN

with almost intuitive knowledge of men and their deeds, having the advantage of a long business experience in the city, boldly charged the men with their shameless conduct. Neither money could purchase silence, nor the threat of brute force complicate it. The opening of the war in earnest was, when parties who knew with whom they had to deal, came, the first week, to purchase an interest in Mr. King's paper. An interest in the paper might be bought, but the man was not for sale. All knew his course. He became, "A terror to evildoers and a praise to them that do well."

His assassination was plainly the result of a conspiracy. On Tuesday, the 14th of May, at evening, when he had started for his home, Mr. King was shot. The murderer, James P. Casey, was hurried to prison, as to an asylum. Villainous men could scarce conceal their glee. The news spread over the town that Mr. King was shot, a thousand homes were filled with horror. Crowds poured from every part of the city and gathered around the building in Montgomery street, in which he lay. It was a scene of mingled grief and indignation, such as we never before saw pervade an entire community. Executions against the murderer were heard on every side. It was only too well known that he was powerfully guarded by the police, who rejoiced in his deed, and doubtless were sworn, at whatever hazard, to protect him. It was this conviction which called for a new organization of the Vigilance Committee. The call was a spontaneous one from a people outraged to the last point of endurance, and insulted beyond measure in the course of officers, who ought to have trembled for their own safety. For three days the work of enrolment progressed, crowds pressing for admission. On Sabbath, 1500 armed men went to the murderer of Richardson. Resistance, people aroused, was idle. The prisoners were delivered up, and taken to the re-

imals, and an old acorn-post or two, to tell of the once flourishing settlement, and numerous tribe of the Yo-Ham-i-tes.

This valley is about twelve miles in length, and from one to two miles in width, exceedingly fertile, well timbered, and abounding in game. Before many years shall have passed away, it will become famous as a place of resort; and, those who would see these water-falls in their majesty, should visit them when the melting snows of May swell every stream to its utmost capacity; where, in the calm solitude of mountain life, the excitements of business can be forgotten; and, in the unbroken stillness of this magnificent spot, shall, with deep reverence, commune with the sublime and beautiful, and feel with Moore—

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My censor's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.
There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity:

MAY, 1856, IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The one subject which has occupied the mind of the State during the past month, is the assassination of Mr. James King of Wm., Editor of the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*, and the occurrences consequent upon that event. Mr. King had risen to a prominent position in the eyes of all in the State. In a few brief months, he had gained more deep and powerful influence, in the sphere which his labors filled, than is often acquired by journals in the course of many years. His personal qualities, his strong repugnance to viciousness and dishonesty, his bravery, his magnanimity, his honor, his sympathy for the unfortunate, his love for the purity of domestic life and the beauty of childhood—all shone through his pages with a winning power. The principal immediate work which he set before himself, was to expose the official corruptions of public men. Never before, perhaps, has a city been subject to such plundering and robbery as this. Mr. King,

with almost intuitive knowledge of men and their deeds, having the advantage of a long business experience in the city, boldly charged the men with their shameless conduct. Neither money could purchase his silence, nor the threat of brute force compel it. The opening of the war in earnest, was, when parties who knew with whom they had to deal, came, the first week, to purchase an interest in Mr. King's paper. An interest in the paper might be bought, but the *man* was not for sale. All know his course. He became, "A terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well."

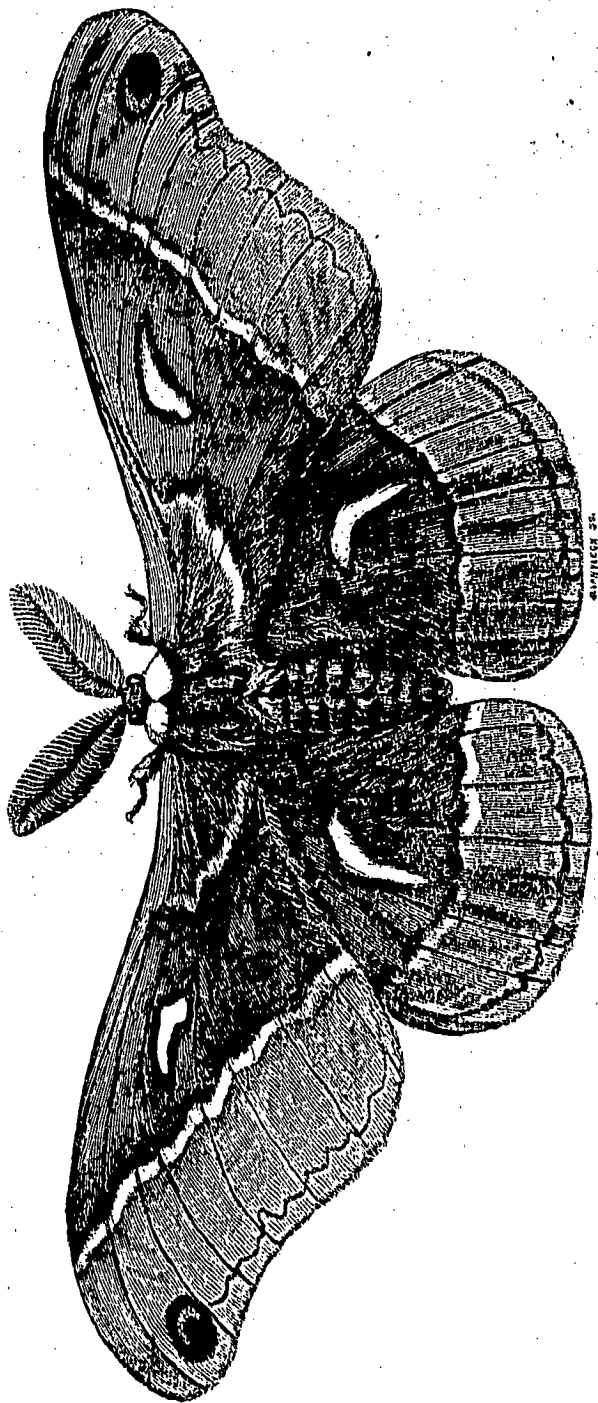
His assassination was plainly the result of a conspiracy. On Tuesday, the 14th of May, at evening, when he had started for his home, Mr. King was shot. The murderer, James P. Casey, was hurried to prison, as to an asylum. Villainous men could scarce conceal their glee. As the news spread over the town that Mr. King was shot, a thousand homes were filled with horror. Crowds poured from every part of the city and gathered around the building in Montgomery street, in which he lay. It was a scene of mingled grief and indignation, such as we never before saw pervade an entire community. Execrations against the murderer were heard on every side. It was only too well known that he was powerfully guarded by those who rejoiced in his deed, and doubtless were sworn, at whatever hazard, to protect him. It was this conviction which called for a new organization of the Vigilance Committee. The call was a spontaneous one, from a people outraged to the last point of endurance, and insulted beyond measure by the course of officers, who ought to have trembled for their own safety. For three days the work of enrolment progressed; crowds pressing for admission. On the Sabbath, 1500 armed men went to the jail and demanded Casey, and Cora also, the murderer of Richardson. Resistance, to a people aroused, was idle. The prisoners were delivered up, and taken to the rooms

of the Committee, where they received a long and patient trial.

After days of hope, and again of disappointment, Mr. King died, on Monday the 20th of May, at twenty minutes past 1 o'clock. Instantly, the bells were tolled. The flags of the city and harbor were placed at half-mast, the stores were all closed, and emblems of mourning draped the whole city. Such a spontaneous demonstration of woe is seen only when the great and the good have fallen. His funeral was attended on Thursday, by an immense concourse. About the same time, in another part of the city, in the midst of other thousands, Casey and Cora were launched into eternity.

It seems months ago—so many events have intervened. The Committee made other arrests. One man, through fear and remorse, committed suicide. Six others have been sent away from the State, and as many more have been ordered to leave. Influenced by evil advisers, the Governor of the State finally called for the militia to organize. His proclamation has been treated with contempt. The true men of the State will not arm to butcher their fellow-citizens, for the crime of rising *en masse* against leagued and entrenched corruption, such as perhaps never cursed any other city in the world. It has at times appeared that the few hundred under arms might be fool-hardy enough to attack our citizens; but the voice that has come from the mountains and the demonstrations here of almost unanimous support of the Committee; and the five thousand armed citizens, give them good warning of their fate, should they dashed one drop of blood. The Committee have published a declaration of their position and their intentions, which is worthy of being preserved as long as a self-governing people shall inhabit these shores; and which will ever be to the virtuous and good "like apples of gold, in pictures of silver," when the stirring events that have called them into being shall have passed away.

THE CALIFORNIA SILK WORM.—SATURNIA CEANOETHI.



THE CALIFORNIA SILK WORM.

For the discovery of a native silk worm in California, we are indebted to Dr. Leach, of this city, a German physician and naturalist, of high standing, both here and in Europe.

Experiments are now being made by several gentlemen to raise the caterpillar, and watch the development of the cocoon. The Society of Naturalists of California are also engaged in this interesting enterprise.

Some time ago we had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. E. Seyd, a gentleman who takes great interest in everything pertaining to the development of the resources of California, and who is now occupied in his experiments on the California silk worm, on quite an extensive scale. He has erected a glass house for their culture, in his garden, where from cocoons gathered from among the surrounding hills are numerous butterflies, and upward of ten thousand eggs, beside several hundred worms, now feeding upon the ceanothus bush, the shrub on which they feed.

This silk worm belongs to the class of Saturniæ, and is named by the discoverer Saturnia Ceanothus. The ceanothus is an evergreen bush, growing in great abundance on nearly every hillside in California, and is easily cultivated from the seed, although it is rather difficult to transplant and preserve its life. Being an evergreen, very bushy and full of leaves, it is often cultivated in gardens, and cut into all sorts of ornamental shapes, for shades or hedges.

On this plant the silk worm principally feeds, although it is also found upon the rhazis and several species of small oak.

The cocoon of this worm is very large, tough and durable. It is spun in August or September, but the butterflies do not make their appearance until March or April of the following year. These butterflies are of a large size, and of a beautiful design, as seen in the engraving—their principal color being of a reddish brown, with white, black, blue and yellow spots and lines.

THE CALIFORNIA SILK-WORM.

For the discovery of a native silkworm in California, we are indebted to Dr. H. Behr, of this city, a German physician and naturalist, of high standing, both here and in Europe.

Experiments are now being made by several gentlemen to raise the caterpillars, and watch the development of the cocoons. The Society of Naturalists of California, are also engaged in this interesting enterprise.

Some time ago we had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. E. Seyd, a gentleman who takes great interest in everything appertaining to the development of the vast resources of California, and who is now occupied in his experiments on the California silkworm, on quite an extensive scale. He has erected a glass house for their culture, in his garden, where from cocoons gathered from among the surrounding hills, are numerous butterflies, and upwards of ten thousand eggs, beside several hundred worms, now feeding upon the ceanothus bush, the shrub on which they feed.

This silkworm belongs to the class of the *Saturniæ*, and is named by the discoverer, *Saturnia-Ceanothus*. The ceanothus is an evergreen bush, growing in great abundance on nearly every hillside in California, and is easily cultivated from the seed, although it is rather difficult to transplant and preserve its life. Being an evergreen, very bushy and full of leaves, it is often cultivated in gardens, and cut into all sorts of ornamental shapes, for shades or hedges. On this plant the silkworm principally feeds; although it is also found upon the *rhaumus*, and several species of small oak.

The cocoon of this worm is very large, tough and durable. It is spun in August or September, but the butterflies do not make their appearance until March or April of the following year. These butterflies are large, and of a beautiful design, as can be seen in the engraving—their principal color being of a redish brown, with white, black, blue and yellow spots and lines.

As soon as the chrysalis leaves the cocoon and becomes a butterfly, it seeks its companion of the opposite sex, and they never leave each other until the male dies, which is generally about three or four days, and the female follows the example of the male shortly afterwards; leaving from two to three hundred eggs, in little clusters, similar to those shown in the engraving. These are the size of life, and although small, very much resemble the chicken egg in shape and in the hardness of its shell, and which are fastened by the female to branches of the shrub by a brown gum-like substance.



Head of Female.



Eggs.

In from three to five weeks the caterpillars come out, and are about one-eighth of an inch in length, having a black body with light yellow hairs upon it. A few hours after their birth they become altogether black, when they commence feeding. After a few days have elapsed they again begin to change, and show bright yellow spots upon the body.

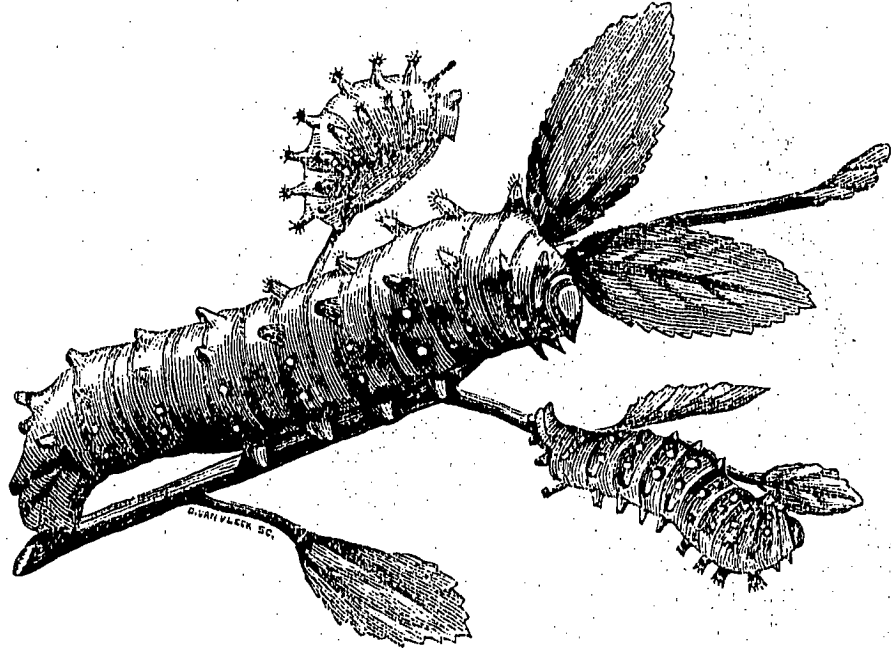
When about fourteen days old they change their skins entirely, and in color, become of a bright golden yellow, with black hair; by degrees this color again changes to a greenish yellow; and, after a few days, upon their again changing their skin, the color changes to a beautiful green, with red, black and white spots.

When the caterpillar is fully grown, they are from two to three inches long and about one and a half inches in circumference, and are very sluggish in their movements, and not very inviting in their appearance. They now begin to spin their cocoons, first the outside, and then the inside, which generally takes from three



CHRYSLIS, &c.

CHRYSLIS, &c.

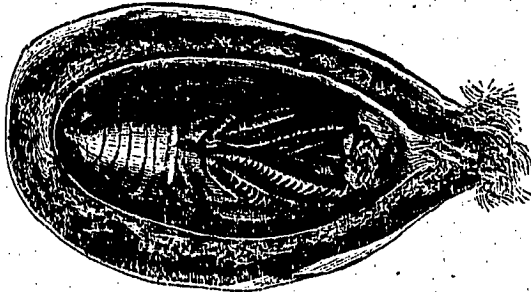


FULL GROWN CATERPILLAR.

to five days. The cocoons, though large and firm in its outside texture has but few loose threads upon its surface which is not the case with the silkworms of the Bombyx novi species. The cocoons, too, of the latter are spun differently to the Saturnia ceanothi, or California species, inasmuch as they are spun vertically, and the Saturnia horizontally. The threads in both terminating at the top, or small end of the cocoon, leaving a closely fitted and elastic aperture through which the butterfly escapes with demolishing or injuring then cocoon, while the Bombyx mori either knows its way out or by the aid of a fluid exuding from its mouth destroys the fibre at the top, and thereby leaves the cocoon useless.

The manner in which the Saturnia ceanothi spins its cocoon may in some measure retard the successful winding of the silk, although it is a mathematical truth that if the worm spins a continued thread one way, we ought to be able to wind it off the other.

Mr. S. has succeeded in winding off parts



Chrysalis in Cocoon.

of cocoons but they being old gummy and dry, cannot be considered as a fair test of what can be done when the cocoons are fresh and new.

Some species of the Saturnia—who all spin the same way—have recently been discovered in Asia; and are just like ours, and the French have not only been successfully spinning those cocoons, but give a glowing description of the beauty, strength and durability of the silk, also they are not as large as ours.

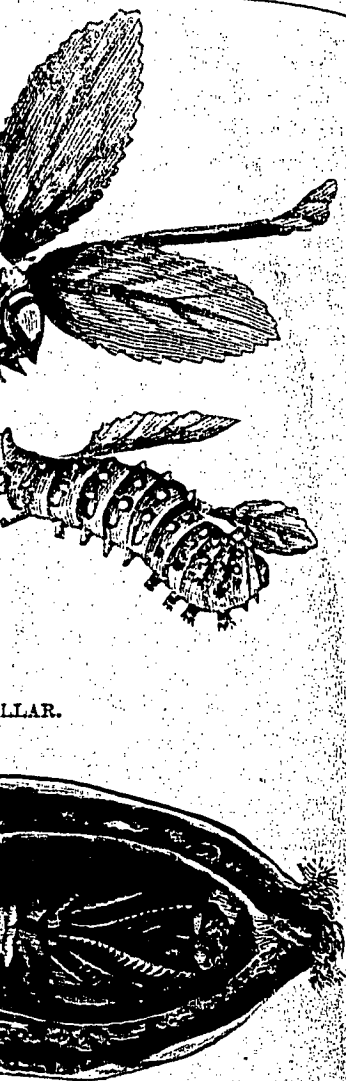
The cultivation of the silkworm in California, is a subject of importance to our young State, and we hope that those gentlemen now engaged in such interesting ex-

THAT'S JUST



Spun upon a branch of the Ceanothus.

... will, with the assistance of our
... population, be enabled to produce
... manufacture native silk of such a quality
... in such quantities, that it may become
... a source of profit, as it will be of pride,
... than the fair ladies of California rustle
... in that in the beautiful folds of na-
... California silk.



Chrysalis in Cocoon.
 ons but they being old gummy and
 cannot be considered as a fair test of
 can be done when the cocoons are
 ad new.

the species of the Saturnia—who all
 e same way—have recently been dis-
 in Asia; and are just like ours, and
 nch have not only been successfully
 g those cocoons, but give a glowing
 tion of the beauty, strength and de-
 y of the silk, also they are not as
 s ours.

cultivation of the silkworm in Cali-
 is a subject of importance to our
 State, and we hope that those gen-
 now engaged in such interesting ex-



ments, will, with the assistance of our
 Chinese population, be enabled to produce
 and manufacture native silk of such a quality
 and in such quantities, that it may become
 a source of profit, as it will be of pride,
 when the fair ladies of California rustle
 past us, clad in the beautiful folds of na-
 tive California silk.

CALIFORNIA SHRUBBERY.

THE CEANOTHUS.

It may not be generally known that there are no less than seventeen species of this most beautiful shrub known to botanists in California; twelve of these have been noticed and described, and five have yet to be. And although they grow most plentifully upon the coast, they extend from the foot hills to the height of six thousand feet above the sea, in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada.

The following list of the names and colors of this shrub, will no doubt be interesting to our readers:

Name.	Color.
CEANOTHUS, dentatus,	deep blue.
" rigidus,	do.
" papillosum,	do.
" cuneatus,	White.
" integerrimus,	Yellow-white.
" incana,	Lilac.
" oliganthus,	Pale blue.
" thrysoflorus,	do.
" divaricatus,	do.
" hirsutus,	Blue.
" verrucosus,	do.
" prostratus,	Pale lilac.
" sp., not named,	White.
" sp.	Blue.
" sp.	Bluish purple.
" sp.	White.
" sp.	Blue.

THAT'S JUST MY LUCK.

Seated on a pork barrel, in the store of a small mining town, one Saturday night just after the rainy season had fairly commenced, we noticed that miners came in with smiling countenances to see the first fruits of their labors for the season, and pay off the little debts that had been run up there. Miners make it a rule almost invariably to pay their store bills with the first gold dust taken out. They did so now; and as the little parcels, one by one, were cleared and weighed, their spirits soon grew lighter, and in pleasant chat they sat them down discussing topics of particular interest to themselves. "This claim looked as favorable as could be, and paid as well as it

did last year;" in *that* the blue dirt seemed to be running out, but was believed to be deeper about ten feet from the line of the Bung Hole claim, and that pays big." The bed-rock was "rising" in one, and "pitching" in another. "This company had a deep bank of dirt to clean off, and it wouldnt pay the color;" "that, had struck two dollars to the pan, and could get it almost any where upon the rock, and if it would only last, and they could get plenty of water, they'd make their piles in a very little while." Some "would like the chance of making a pile 'once again'—they would—but that wasn't their darn'd luck; they had a good claim once, and didnt know it; but as soon as they sold out "it paid like all sixty," and those fellows that bought it had made their piles and gone home. That was just their luck."

One young fellow called "Pike," had quietly taken his seat at a small table, covered with a blue blanket, and was busily shuffling an old pack of dirty cards, apparently for amusement, when a gentleman entered, "dressed within an inch of his life," and wearing what is generally called among miners a "stove pipe" hat. Advancing to the table at which sat our friend Pike, he gracefully bowed to him and requested his attention with—

"Mr. Pike, I want to speak to you."

"Well, what is it?"

"The ladies at Mr. Groggins' house, down on the creek, request the pleasure of your attendance with your violin, to play them a tune for a little dance."

"Can't come."

"Why?"

"Because I ka-ant. It's just my darn'd luck, to get an invitation and—*not-to-go!*"

Once upon a time—well, it was in '50—I heard of rich diggings, far away in the mountains, to which men had been seen to go at night, and leave in the night, and were taking out gold in pounds, when *we* could only dig it by ounces. That was the place to go. My cabin was sold, a mule was bought, and soon was packed with

pork and picks, blankets and coffee-pots, dried apples and buckskin, pans and frying-pans, beans and shovels, and off we started; but when we got there, all the claims were taken!—That was just my luck.

I was walking a pole that was lying across a race, when my feet slipped and in I went. The force of the current took me down, and just as I reached the wheel it hit me a click on the back of my head and soused me under, and when I came up on the other side I was pretty well "ducked," but wasn't drowned!—Now, that was just my luck.

One very hot day I was experimenting upon the theory, "can a man be his own pack mule," and had my blankets and part of a sack of flour at my back. The sweat rolled off freely without, and I believed that something moist within, would be welcome enough, and seeing a bright, clear spring, bubbling up just in the shadow of a sluice under which I had passed, I took off my pack and measured my length to have a good long "pull" at the sparkling water; but just as my lips touched the soul-cheering element, "bat" came the sluice, right square on my head, and gave a deep "casting" at once of my "human face divine!" in the clayey mud underneath me! Now, why could'nt that sluice have fallen some other time?—But, it was just my luck.

I was once caught in a snow-storm, on the Trinity mountains, and to improve the matter, lost my way and my reckoning, and at last "fetched up" at a town—I mus'nt tell its name—but on going to the best hotel it afforded, was informed that I could be "taken in and done for"—which I was, in a double sense.

"Landlord," said I, "let me have the best bed in your house. I don't care what the price is; but mind, I want the best."

"Very good, sir. What do you think of this?"

He had introduced me to a small room, just twelve feet six by nine feet—for I measured it—with my eye!—and, glancing around, I saw that this sort of "taking in"

CONSTITUTION OF THE

was more crowding than comforting, as there were only ten "bunks" fixed up at the sides of the room, like so many cheese-shelves.

"Is that where you wish to 'lay' me for the night?" I inquired.

"Well—yes—if that will suit you."

"But it don't suit me. Haven't you one room, with one, or not more than two beds in it, that I can have for to-night, by paying for it?"

"No, indeed, we have not, sir—but just step this way."

This time he led me into a room just eight feet square, with a stove-pipe passing through it.

"Now," said he, "you will find this very comfortable, and there are only six beds in this room!"

"Pretty well occupied," said I, "if they all have sleepers in them."

As this was "the best the market afforded," I turned in to one at the top, and was soon fast asleep. About a couple of hours afterwards, I was awoken by some one—a Frenchman—"punching" at me, and calling out—"Stranger! stranger!—your bunk is breaking at the side; you'll soon be through!"

"Wasn't that hard luck? But as I did not feel it breaking, and as I, moreover, felt that if I could not get much sleep, I might perhaps be allowed a joke, I replied—

"Well—let her break. I don't care,—if you don't!"

"Yes, sare; but you will fall on top o' me!"

"Very well. I guess that I can stand it, if you can!"

"Yes, sare; but me no wish you fall on me!"

"Do you suppose that I wish it? When you see me coming, just jump out of the way, if you please."

"Sacre—damn! zat is cool!"

"Not so cool as it would be for me to stand up all night waiting for the bunk to break."

"Yes, sare; but if your bunk break, you

pork and picks, blankets and coffee-pans, dried apples and buckskin, pans and frying-pans, beans and shovels, and off we started; but when we got there, all the claims were taken!—That was just my luck.

I was walking a pole that was laid across a race, when my feet slipped and I went. The force of the current took me down, and just as I reached the wheel it gave me a click on the back of my head, which drowsed me under, and when I came up on the other side I was pretty well "ducked," but wasn't drowned!—Now, that was just my luck.

One very hot day I was experimenting upon the theory, "can a man be his own pack mule," and had my blankets and pack of a sack of flour at my back. The sack rolled off freely without, and I believed that something moist within, would be of some use, and seeing a bright, clear spring, bubbling up just in the shadow of a sluice under which I had passed, I took off my pack and measured my length to get a good long "pull" at the sparkling water; but just as my lips touched the soul-cheering element, "bat" came the sluice, right square on my head, and gave a deep "cawing" at once of my "human face divine" in the clayey mud underneath me! Now why couldn't that sluice have fallen some other time?—But, it was just my luck.

I was once caught in a snow-storm on the Trinity mountains, and to improve the matter, lost my way and my reckoning, and at last "fetched up" at a town—I must tell its name—but on going to the best hotel it afforded, was informed that I could be "taken in and done for"—which I was, in a double sense.

"Landlord," said I, "let me have the best bed in your house. I don't care what the price is; but mind, I want the best."

"Very good, sir. What do you think of this?"

He had introduced me to a small room, just twelve feet six by nine feet—first I measured it—with my eye!—and, glancing around, I saw that this sort of "taking"

was more crowding than comforting, as there were only ten "bunks" fixed up at the sides of the room, like so many cheese-shelves.

"Is that where you wish to 'lay' me for the night?" I inquired.

"Well—yes—if that will suit you."

"But it don't suit me. Haven't you one room, with one, or not more than two beds in it, that I can have for to-night, by paying for it?"

"No, indeed, we have not, sir—but just step this way."

This time he led me into a room just eight feet square, with a stove-pipe passing through it.

"Now," said he, "you will find this very comfortable, and there are only six beds in this room!"

"Pretty well occupied," said I, "if they all have sleepers in them."

As this was "the best the market afforded," I turned in to one at the top, and was soon fast asleep. About a couple of hours afterwards, I was awoken by some one—a Frenchman—"punching" at me, and calling out—"Stranger! stranger!—your bunk is breaking at the side: you'll soon be through!"

Wasn't that hard luck? But as I did not feel it breaking, and as I, moreover, felt that if I could not get much sleep, I might perhaps be allowed a joke, I replied—"Well—let her break. I don't care,—if you don't!"

"Yes, sare; but you will fall on top o' me!"

"Very well. I guess that I can stand it, if you can!"

"Yes, sare; but me no wish you fall on me!"

"Do you suppose that I wish it? When you see me coming, just jump out of the way, if you please."

"Sacre—damn! zat is cool!"

"Not so cool as it would be for me to stand up all night waiting for the bunk to break."

"Yes, sare; but if your bunk break, you

will be sure to hurt me when you drop down."

"Well, never mind that. You will break my fall, and be much softer to fall on, than would be the floor!"

"Sacre—damn! zat is cool!"

"Well, now, you can save all the injury I might inflict upon you, by just jumping out, when you hear my bunk cracking; besides, if you only turn out, when I am turned out, I can just turn in to your bunk; for if this breaks, I shall want to get another, that I may have my sleep out by morning."

"Well, well—sacre—damn! zat is cool! but I no give you my bed."

"All right, then: when this breaks, I must hunt up another. Will you be kind enough to call me up again, when it does break. Good night!"

Now the little Frenchman must take a look up, and noticing a laugh upon my countenance, he began to chuckle; and putting his head beneath the blankets, the last sounds heard were—"Well, well, zat is cool! zat is cool!"

But as it didn't break—and as I slept soundly till morning,—why—

THAT WAS JUST MY LUCK!

CONSTITUTION

OF THE COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ADOPTED MAY 15TH, 1856.

WHEREAS, it has become apparent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society as it at present exists, or under the laws as now administered, and that by the association together of bad characters, our ballot boxes have been stolen, and others substituted or stuffed with votes that were never polled, and thereby our elections nullified—our dearest rights violated, and no other method left by which the will of the people can be manifested.

Therefore, the citizens whose names are

hereunto attached do unite themselves into an association for maintenance of the peace and good order of society—the prevention and punishment of crime—the preservation of our lives and property, and to insure that our ballot boxes shall hereafter express the actual and unforced will of the majority of our citizens; and we do bind ourselves each unto the other, by a solemn oath, to do and perform every just and lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly administered. But we are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary, assassin, ballot-box stuffer, or other disturber of the peace, shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice. And to secure the object of this association, we do hereby agree—

1. That the name and style of this association shall be the Committee of Vigilance, for the protection of the ballot-box, the lives, liberty and property of the citizens and residents of the city of San Francisco.

2. That there shall be rooms for the deliberations of the Committee, at which there shall be some one or more members of the Committee, appointed for that purpose, in constant attendance, at all hours of the day and night, to receive the report of any member of the association, or of any other person or persons whatsoever, of any act of violence done to the person or property of any citizen of San Francisco; and if, in the judgment of the member or members of the Committee present, it be such an act as justifies or demands the interference of this Committee, either in aiding in the execution of the laws, or the prompt and summary punishment of the offender, the Committee shall be at once assembled for the purpose of taking such action as a majority of them, when assembled, shall determine upon.

3. That it shall be the duty of any member or members of the Committee on duty at the Committee Rooms, whenever a general assemblage of the Committee is deemed necessary, to cause a call to be made in such a manner as shall be found advisable.

4. That whereas an Executive Committee has been chosen by the General Com-

mittee, it shall be the duty of the said Executive Committee to deliberate and act upon all important questions, and decide upon the measures necessary to carry out the objects for which this association was formed.

5. That whereas this Committee has been organized into sub-divisions, the Executive Committee shall have power to call; when they shall so determine, upon a Board of Delegates, to consist of three representatives from each Division, to confer with them upon matters of vital importance.

6. That all matters of details and government shall be embraced in a code of By-Laws.

7. That the action of this body shall be entirely and rigorously free from all consideration of, or participation in, the merits or demerits, or opinion or acts, of any and all sects, political parties, or sectional divisions in the community; and every class of orderly citizens of whatever sect, party or nativity, may become members of this body. No discussion of political, sectional or sectarian subjects shall be allowed in the Rooms of the Association.

8. That no person accused before this body shall be punished, until after fair and impartial trial and conviction.

9. That whenever the General Committee have assembled for deliberation, the decision of the majority upon any question that may be submitted to them by the Executive Committee, shall be binding upon the whole: Provided nevertheless, that when the delegates are deliberating upon the punishment to be awarded to any criminals, no vote inflicting the death penalty shall be binding, unless passed by two-thirds of those present and entitled to vote.

10. That all good citizens shall be eligible for admission to this body, under such regulations as may be prescribed by a Committee on Qualifications; and if any unworthy person gain admission, they shall on due proof be expelled: And believing ourselves to be executors of the will of the majority of our citizens, we pledge our sacred honor, to defend and sustain each other in carrying out the determined action of this Committee at the hazards of our lives and our fortunes.

A LATE Illinois paper contains the announcement of the marriage of R. W. Wolf to Mary L. Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them," after a while.

DOG INTELLIGENCE

The marvellous sagacity of the subject which engages all the eyes of the naturalist and rhapsody of the poor Indian, whose creed is, that

Transported to some genial sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company

is not singular in his belief. Its intelligence capacity is such as to settle at a question that sagacity must have success similar to human reasoning—

name and decide." Indeed, so close connection, and so small the line of demarcation between canine sagacity and human reason, that psychologists have

that where human reason ends and canine apparently begins. Many phenomena of the human mind do not to have in an especial degree. We often observed, after a hard day's

a faithful hound, in the midst of a sleep at his master's feet, before a fire, suddenly prick up his ears, start

light up his eyes, and send forth a look and howl—the effect of some Almost all the mental passions, too, such as fear, hope, joy, sorrow, anger, love, & are as strongly developed in some dogs, as are in some of the human species.

The following narratives, gathered from respectable authorities, exhibit the power in such a light as to render possible to refer its agency to any source—

One Davis, formerly a respectable farmer of Headcorn, in Kent, wished to change his horse at the neighboring for a more serviceable one. As a

protection against interruption, and a safeguard in his beastly sin of drunkenness, he took his trusty dog, a Newfoundland shepherd dog, with him. Coming home as

dead almost with intoxication, on a road, miles away from home on a horse, he fell to the ground as one His dog, after four hours' travel, jumped from the distance and time he left the and horse fair, was seen at the door of farm house, leading the horse with the

DOG INTELLIGENCE.

The marvellous sagacity of dogs is a subject which engages all the enthusiasm of the naturalist and rhapsody of the poet. The poor Indian, whose creed is, that—

“Transported to some genial sky,
“His faithful dog shall bear him company,”

is not singular in his belief. Its intellectual capacity is such as to settle at once the question that sagacity must have some process similar to human reasoning—“to examine and decide.” Indeed, so close is the connection, and so small the line of demarcation between canine sagacity and human reason, that psychologists have declared that where human reason ends animal sagacity apparently begins. Many of the phenomena of the human mind, dogs seem to have in an especial degree. We have often observed, after a hard day's hunting, a favorite hound, in the midst of a sound sleep at his master's feet, before a blazing fire, suddenly prick up his ears, start up, light up his eyes, and send forth a furious look and howl—the effect of some dream. Almost all the mental passions, too, such as fear, hope, joy, sorrow, anger, love, &c., are as strongly developed in some dogs, as they are in some of the human species.

The following narratives, gathered from respectable authorities, exhibit the thinking power in such a light as to render it impossible to refer its agency to any other source:—

One Davis, formerly a respectable grazier of Headcorn, in Kent, wished to exchange his horse at the neighboring fair, for a more servicable one. As a precaution against interruption, and a safeguard in his beastly sin of drunkenness, he took his trusty dog, a Newfoundland shepherd dog, with him. Coming home as usual, dead almost with intoxication, on a wrong road, miles away from home on a strange horse, he fell to the ground as one dead. His dog, after four hours' travel, judging from the distance and time he left the cattle and horse fair, was seen at the door of the farm house, leading the horse with the bridle

in his teeth, at three o'clock in the morning, when all around was as dark as Erebus. The farm superintendent, at once saw the dog's object in bringing the horse; and springing upon his back, and guided by the faithful animal running before, he arrived almost in a direct line, through hedge and ditch, to where the sot in a sound sleep lay, in the middle of a wood, and in the only pathway through it.

My friend Allen, also a farmer, who lived sometime in a Catholic family abroad, where that religion, in all its feasts and fasts, was most rigidly observed, declares that the house dog, also a Newfoundland, knew the Sabbath day as well as the inmates, and all their celebrated festivals; and assures me that this knowledge was not arrived at by any early preparations of the family, but from some unknown instinct in the animal. On Thursday, preceding Friday, he would invariably bury his superabundant meat in a favored hole, not having any predilection for fish, upon which only the family invariably lived on that day.

An officer in the Royal Navy, stationed at Plymouth, in Devonshire, purchased a remarkable dog from a costermonger, who had been once convicted of theft, and who had, it appeared, returned to ways of honest living. This dog would follow his new master into the little shops of the neighborhood, hear the orders given, and fetch them all the next day in a basket, and always returned with the right change. The instructions his master gave with regard to money matters were most amusing. “Bring back this in money,” he would say, holding up a piece of pencilled paper. A laughable incident respecting this creature once occurred while the officer was on parade. The dog had forgotten some sausages which had been written for, and on his master scolding him for his stupidity, he (as it was proved afterwards) made directly for the shop, and observing no one at hand, seized upon a long chain of them and scampered off with them trailing behind him, with curs of all sorts following at a respectful

mittee, it shall be the duty of the said Executive Committee to deliberate and act upon all important questions, and decide upon the measures necessary to carry on the objects for which this association was formed.
5. That whereas this Committee has been organized into sub-divisions, the Executive Committee shall have power to call; when they shall so determine, upon a Board of Delegates, to consist of three representatives from each Division, to confer with them upon matters of vital importance.
6. That all matters of details and government shall be embraced in a code of By-Laws.
7. That the action of this body shall be entirely and rigorously free from all consideration of, or participation in; the merits or demerits, or opinion or acts, of any and all sects, political parties, or sectional divisions in the community; and every class of orderly citizens of whatever sect, party or nativity, may become members of this body. No discussion of political, sectional or sectarian subjects shall be allowed in the Rooms of the Association.
8. That no person accused before this body shall be punished, until after fair and impartial trial and conviction.
9. That whenever the General Committee have assembled for deliberation, the decision of the majority upon any question that may be submitted to them by the Executive Committee, shall be binding upon the whole: Provided nevertheless, that when the delegates are deliberating upon the punishment to be awarded to any criminals, no vote inflicting the death penalty shall be binding, unless passed by two-thirds of those present and entitled to vote.
10. That all good citizens shall be eligible for admission to this body, under such regulations as may be prescribed by a Committee on Qualifications; and if any unworthy person gain admission, they shall on due proof be expelled: And believing ourselves to be executors of the will of the majority of our citizens, we pledge our sacred honor, to defend and sustain each other in carrying out the determined action of this Committee at the hazards of our lives and our fortunes.

A LATE Illinois paper contains the announcement of the marriage of R. W. Wolf to Mary L. Lamb. “The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them,” after a while.

distance; nor did he stop until he had made up to his master and laid them at his feet, to the infinite amusement of all on parade.

Another incident is worth relating. Mr. French's dog, a poodle, formerly the property of one of Astley's circus company, while in one of the provinces, had the misfortune, in his eagerness to lick the savory remnants of some soup, left in a tin pot to slip his head in, in such a manner that the animal, with all his efforts, could not extricate it. In vain he thumped and bumped upon every stone and post in his way, the pot still clung to his jaws. After several ineffectual attempts, accompanied by sundry expressive howls, another dog, a well known associate, was observed to coax him from the spot, pulling a part of the pot where he could get a hold of it towards the road; some bystanders followed the pair, and to their astonishment they saw the friendly dog leading his blind companion to the only tinman in the village. What is more remarkable, there was no sign whatever of this man's calling observable outside of his home; only the thump-a-tap-thump could signify his trade.

How many anecdotes have been authenticated of dogs starving themselves, after the death of their beloved master. The following affecting instance of canine sympathy occurred in a friend's family:—

Their dog, a Newfoundland of gigantic size, quite a pet with the youngest daughter, always used to bring the baby's red shoes for her to put on before she went out to take her accustomed walk. This the animal did without bidding—a strange proceeding, otherwise unaccountable, as he only received several pulls and mauls by the little one while her shoes were being put on. Sometime after, the baby died, and after the mournful ceremonies were gradually giving place to things of earth, the dog was observed to be missing—no one had seen him for upwards of a week. After several ineffectual searchings, he was at last discover-

ed in a lumber-room, where the child's cot had been removed by order of the physician, lying underneath in a state of great exhaustion, with the two red slippers between his paws, and which no one attempted to remove. The dog made this his sleeping-place to the day of his death, depositing the red slippers during the day where he might find them. And many proofs of the animal's sincerity of affection were given by sometimes withdrawing one or other of these mementoes, when the animal would become so restless as to make it observable to every one of the inmates of the house.

“During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic, and sent to Paris to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him; but on arriving in the capital was refused admission to the prison of his master. The distress was mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the society of his dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison.—Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighborhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter of the prison, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of his master on seeing his dog was not less. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailor fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour, he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews, the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master; looked at him again; again licked his hands; and whined his delight. After a few mornings, feeling assured of readmission, he departed at the call of the jailor. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal; and to the surpriso of

the court there also was the dog. It followed its master into the hall, and clung to him, as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle of so much affection would have moved the judges, and induced them to be merciful. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed, and acted in the spirit of maniacs or devils. Will it be credited?—the prisoner, accused only of being an aristocrat, was doomed to be guillotined; and in pronouncing sentence, the judge added, partly jest and partly in earnest, that his dog might go with him! The condemned man with his humble companion were conducted back to prison. What were the mental sufferings of the unhappy gentleman, it needless to inquire; the dog was happily unconscious of the approaching tragedy. Morning dawned; the hour of execution arrived; and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance, was led forth to the scaffold. One last caress was permitted; next minute the axe fell and severed the head of the poor gentleman from his body. His dog saw the blood-deed perpetrated, and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasion could induce him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered, but he would not eat. If his dog's heart could be broken, the heart of this one surely was. Day by day his frame became more attenuated, his eye more glassy. Occasionally he uttered low moans and sounds. They were the expiring efforts of nature. One morning he was found stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had kindly put an end to his sufferings. Who can describe the depth of agony that this faithful creature had endured? None. Alas, however, tell how France has been punished for the crimes of which the above is only one among many thousands. Alas, her punishment is not yet done!”

ed in a lumber-room, where the child's
had been removed by order of the phy-
cian, lying underneath in a state of
exhaustion, with the two red slippers
between his paws, and which no one attempt-
ed to remove. The dog made this his sleeping
place to the day of his death, depositing
the red slippers during the day where he
might find them. And many proofs of the
animal's sincerity of affection were given
by sometimes withdrawing one or other of
these mementoes, when the animal would
become so restless as to make it observable
to every one of the inmates of the house.

"During the Reign of Terror in France
a gentleman in one of the northern depart-
ments was accused of conspiring against the
republic, and sent to Paris to appear before
the revolutionary tribunal. His dog was
with him when he was seized, and was al-
lowed to accompany him; but on arriving
in the capital was refused admission to the
prison of his master. The distress was
mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the
loss of the society of his dog; the dog
pined to get admission to the prison.
Living only on scraps of food picked up in
the neighborhood, the poor dog spent most
of his time near the door of the prison,
which he made repeated attempts to gain
admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at
length melted the feelings of the porter of
the prison, and the dog was allowed to
enter. His joy at seeing his master was
unbounded; that of his master on seeing
his dog was not less. It was difficult to
separate them; but the jailor fearing for
himself, carried the dog out of the prison.
Every day, however, at a certain hour he
was allowed to repeat his visit. At these
interviews, the affectionate animal licked
the hands and face of his master; looked
him again; again licked his hands; and
whined his delight. After a few mornings
feeling assured of readmission, he departed
at the call of the jailor. The day came
when the unfortunate captive was taken be-
fore the tribunal; and to the surprise

the court there also was the dog. It had
followed its master into the hall, and clung
to him, as if to protect him from injury.
One would naturally imagine that the spec-
tacle of so much affection would have
moved the judges, and induced them to be
merciful. But this was a period in which
ordinary feelings were reversed, and men
acted in the spirit of maniacs or demons.
Will it be credited?—the prisoner, ac-
cused only of being an aristocrat, was
doomed to be guillotined; and in pronoun-
cing sentence, the judge added, partly in
jest and partly in earnest, that his dog
might go with him! The condemned man
with his humble companion were conduct-
ed back to prison. What were the mental
sufferings of the unhappy gentleman it is
needless to inquire; the dog was happily
unconscious of the approaching tragedy.
Morning dawned; the hour of execution
arrived; and the prisoner, with other vic-
tims of revolutionary vengeance, went
forth to the scaffold. One last caress was
permitted; next minute the axe fell and
severed the head of the poor gentleman
from his body. His dog saw the bloody
deed perpetrated, and was frantic with
grief. He followed the mangled corpse of
his master to the grave. No persuasions
could induce him to leave the spot. Night
and day he lay on the bare ground. Food
was offered, but he would not eat. If a
dog's heart could be broken, the heart of
this one surely was. Day by day his frame
became more attenuated, his eye more
glassy.

Occasionally he uttered low moaning
sounds. They were the expiring efforts
of nature. One morning he was found
stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had
kindly put an end to his sufferings. Who
can describe the depth of agony that this
faithful creature had endured? None. All
can, however, tell how France has been
punished for the crimes of which the above
is only one among many thousands. *And
her punishment is not yet done!"*

A MAGICAL DUET ON THE
GUITAR.

Bonnet, in his *Histoire de la Musique*,
gives the following extraordinary account of
a mathematician, mechanic, and musi-
cian, named Alix, who lived at Aix, in
Provence, about the middle of the seven-
teenth century. Alix, after many years'
study and labour, succeeded in constructing
an automaton figure, having the shape of a
human skeleton, which by means of a con-
cealed mechanism, played, or had the ap-
pearance of playing, on the guitar. The
artist, after having tuned in perfect unison
two guitars, placed one in the hands of the
skeleton, in the position proper for playing,
and on a calm summer evening, having
thrown open the window of his apartment,
he fixed the skeleton with the guitar in its
hands in a position where it could be seen
from the street. He, then taking the other
instrument, seated himself in an obscure
corner of the room, and commenced playing
a piece of music, the passages of which were
faithfully repeated or echoed by the guitar
held by the skeleton, at the same time that
the movement of its wooden fingers, as if
really executing the music, completed the
illusion. This strange musical feat drew
crowds around the house of the ill-fated
artist; this sentiment was soon changed in
the minds of the ignorant multitude into the
most superstitious dread. A rumor arose
that Alix was a sorcerer, and in league with
the devil. He was arrested by order of the
parliament of Provence, and sent before
their criminal court *La Chambre de la Tour-
nelle*, to be tried on the capital charge of
magic or witchcraft. In vain the ingenious
but unfortunate artist sought to convince
his judges, that the only means used to give
apparent vitality to the fingers of the skele-
ton were wheels, springs, pulleys, and other
equally unmagical contrivances, and that the
marvellous result produced was nothing
more criminal than the solution of a problem
in mechanics. His explanations and de-
monstrations were either not understood, or

failed of convincing his stupid and bigoted judges, and he was condemned as a sorcerer and magician. This iniquitous judgment was confirmed by the parliament of Provence, which sentenced him to be burned alive in the principal square of the city, together with the equally innocent automaton figure, the supposed accomplice in his magical practices. This infamous sentence was carried into execution in the year 1664, to the great satisfaction and edification of all the faithful and devout inhabitants of Aix.

THAT BEATS NATURE!

I was busily engaged, tending my sluice, at White Rock, El Dorado Co., when a well built, sturdy looking man came towards me and made the following enquiry:

"Say, stranger, whar does that ar water come from what runs in that mersheen?"

"We get it from that ditch, above."

"I don't see nothin o' no ditch."

"Well, you just look in this direction. Don't you see yonder a dark line running past those tree stumps, and around those hills?"

"Wal, yes, I see that ar plain enough stranger."

"Well, then, that is the ditch, and that is where we get our water from, to work our claims."

"But, man, how does it come thar?"

"Oh! we dug a ditch in the ground for about three miles, and then turned the water into it from a cañon, and it runs around those hills, in the ditch, until it gets here."

"Wal, darn me now ef that ar don't beat Natur'—it doos, I swow."

MINER'S WATER SONG.

There is joy in the miner's camp to-night,
There is joy, and the miner's heart is light;
There is mirth and revelry, shouting and song,
For rain has been falling all the day long.

Hark, hark! how it pours, pit, pit, patter, pat,
What music to miners is equal to that?
It comes down in earnest, we've no need to pinch,
As it falls by the bucketful—not the short inch.

We'll have water plenty, and water to spare,
Enough for each miner to have his full share;
The sluice will be full, and the ditch overrun,
And the goal of our hopes will be speedily won.

Then fly round my boys, as we need not complain,
But don our best smiles tho' we work in the rain:—
Such bountiful blessings now drop from the skies,—
The water without seems to swim to our eyes.

To wash out our gold and pay all we owe,
Makes our hearts, like the ditches, with good overflow:—
Then hurrah, boys, hurrah! for such rainy weather,
May ourselves, wives, and sweethearts, hurrah altogether.

CARRIE D.

May 26th, 1856.

AN ADVENTURE UPON THE

WATER.

"The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which Beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every ten hundred tons of earth, which a landlord has in his estate, four hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowden and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through London streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breath contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent., and the other ninety per cent., of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, defused through five and a half pailsful of water.

In plants we find water thus mingled no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhales in 172 days about 100,000 grains of water."

AN ADVENTURE UPON THE ISTHMUS.

On the 29th of Nov. 1852, we left San Juan del Norte for Virgin Bay. During the whole day, we had heavy showers at intervals of about half an hour; such showers too, as can be seen nowhere except in the Tropics. The sun would shine out through the thick clouds occasionally, and glare upon us with terrible power. The night was rainy, but the full moon dispelled the gloom that would otherwise have fallen like a dark pall upon the five hundred passengers crowded upon the boat.

Not far from two o'clock in the morning,

we arrived and were obliged. Having been day, we rejected and the moon not then well of tropical w. In passing months before nearly in ruin by the boat's shone out in a sight of the festooned with that sunny el tree, cottage.

We said to nificant that light. The resting-place ashore, ready hill was very shrubby. With our presence some ten minutes until the bl the summit. To our distance deep moat luxuriant growth the rough commenced the some fifteen ed with one or two.

for it was li When near large bush we turned er a civil ed his mor he showed de los Ya Spanish keys at th.

Nothing less quite monkeys disturbed

and bigoted
s a sorcerer
s judgment
nt of Prov.
be burned
of the city
ent automa-
lice in his
mous sen-
in the year
and edifi-
devout in-
R.
my sluice,
, when a
came to-
enquiry:

"Say, stranger, whar does that ar water
come from what runs in that mersheen?"
"We get it from that ditch, above."
"I don't see nothin o' no ditch."
"Well, you just look in this direction.
Don't you see yonder a dark line running
past those tree stumps, and around those
hills?"
"Wal, yes, I see that ar plain enough
stranger."
"Well, then, that is the ditch, and that is
where we get our water from, to work our
claims."
"But, man, how does it come thar?"
"Oh! we dug a ditch in the ground for
about three miles, and then turned the wa-
ter into it from a cañon, and it runs around
those hills, in the ditch, until it gets here."
"Wal, darn me now ef that ar don't beat
Natur'—it doos, I swow."

ER'S WATER SONG.

the miner's camp to-night,
the miner's heart is light;
and revelry, shouting and song,
falling all the day long.
w it pours, pit, pit, patter, pat,
ners is equal to that?
n earnest, we've no need to pinch,
bucketful—not the short inch.
r plenty, and water to spare,
miner to have his full share;
full, and the ditch overrun,
r hopes will be speedily won.
my boys, as we need not complain,
miles tho' we work in the rain:—
blessings now drop from the skies,—
seems to swim to our eyes.
gold and pay all we owe,
like the ditches, with good overflow:—
s, hurrah! for such rainy weather,
es, and sweethearts, hurrah altogether.
CARRIE D.

WATER.

"The extent to which water mingles with
bodies apparently the most solid, is very
wonderful. The glittering opal, which
Beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint
and water. Of every ten hundred tons of
earth, which a landlord has in his estate,
four hundred are water. The snow-capped
summits of Snowden and Ben Nevis have
many million tons of water in a solidified
form. In every plaster of Paris statue
which an Italian carries through London
streets for sale, there is one pound of water
to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breath contains five grains of
water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The
potatoes and the turnips which are boiled
for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the
one, seventy-five per cent., and the other
ninety per cent. of water. If a man weigh-
ing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hy-
draulic press seven and a half stone of water
would run out, and only two and a half of
dry residue remain. A man is, chemically
speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and
nitrogen, defused through five and a half
pailsful of water.

In plants we find water thus mingled no
less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates
one and a quater pints of water a day and
a cabbage about the same quantity. A
wheat-plant exhales in 172 days about 100,
000 grains of water."

AN ADVENTURE UPON THE
ISTHIMUS.

One the 29th of Nov. 1852, we left San
Juan del Norte for Virgin Bay. During
the whole day, we had heavy showers at in-
tervals of about half an hour; such show-
ers too, as can be seen nowhere except
in the Tropics. The sun would shine out
through the thick clouds occasionally, and
glare upon us with terrible power. The
night was rainy, but the full moon dispelled
the gloom that would otherwise have fallen
like a dark pall upon the five hundred pas-
sengers crowded upon the boat.

Not far from two o'clock in the morning,

we arrived at Castillo Rapids, where we
were obliged to land, and take another boat.
Having been exposed to the rain all the
day, we rejoiced to see the clouds pass away
and the moon shining brightly. We were
not then well acquainted with the whims
of tropical weather.

In passing through the place some three
months before, we had noticed an old fort,
nearly in ruins, on the summit of a hill, near
by the boat's landing-place. As the moon
shone out in her queenly beauty, we caught
a sight of the old gray walls of the fort,
festooned with the gorgeous drapery that
that sunny clime twines so gracefully around
tree, cottage or tower.

We said to ourselves, how grandly mag-
nificent that old ruin must look by moon-
light. The thought had scarcely found a
resting-place in the mind before we were
ashore, ready to commence the ascent—the
hill was very steep, and covered with a low
shrubbery that soon interfered seriously
with our progress. After climbing up for
some ten minutes or more, tearing our hands
until the blood was trickling pretty freely,
the summit was gained, but not the fort.
To our dismay we found that there was a
deep moat around the outer walls. The
luxuriant growth of vegetation, had hidden
the rough points so nicely, that we com-
menced the descent fearlessly,—the bottom,
some fifteen feet from the surface, was reach-
ed with only a few scratches and a bruise
or two. Now the difficulty commenced;
for it was fifteen feet to the base of the fort.
When near the foot of the wall, grasping a
large bush to help in the ascent; somehow,
we turned a nice, and upon the whole, rath-
er a civil monkey, out of his bed, and spoil-
ed his morning nap. Though quite polite,
he showed his teeth and went off berating
de los Yankos, (for they surely must talk
Spanish!) for disturbing quiet, honest mon-
keys at that time of night.

Nothing daunted, though we must con-
fess quite disposed to be very civil to all
monkeys and other "varmints" that were
disturbed by our movements, we continued

to climb. When near the top, a stone was loosened from its place, and down we went to the bottom, rolling over rocks and bushes, one arm badly bruised, and many other contusions found upon the body. We thought a civil war had broken out in earnest—monkeys chattering, serpents hissing, and macaws screaming. We had heard of the boa-constrictor and expected every moment that his cold and slimy form might wind around us, when, oh horror of horrors, a dark cloud obscured the moon, and the rain in a moment came down in torrents.—The lightning leaped and flamed around us, the rattling and crashing thunder seemed enough to crush a world; between its terrific peals it appeared as though all the wild beasts and birds of the country were keeping the *Fourth of July* on a grand scale; each one going on "his own hook." The storm abated as all storms do; but our ardor to see the old ruin by moonlight had cooled off wonderfully. The great question now was, how to get up from the ditch.—One arm was nearly useless, the hand on the other badly cut and torn with thorns. After half an hour's toil, and many falls, the summit was gained, in good time to receive a second edition of the shower, "enlarged and greatly improved." After wandering about for sometime, often *crawling* under the tangled vines, we came suddenly upon some twelve armed men sitting under a thatched roof. In a moment four muskets were pointed at us,—this was worse than the storm. We could not understand their Spanish; and they *would* not understand our English. We told them plainly enough in good old Saxon, that we came up to see the fort by moonlight—"no sabe,"—*that is plain—the fort by moonlight—"no sabe Los Americanos."* Two others now came forward very fiercely, presented their muskets and cocked them. It began to look rather squally, for a moment; we held a *council of war*—alone,—it resulted in the full belief of the expediency of immediate diplomatic negotiations: so holding out our hand (the sound one, we said in the best Spanish

we could command: "Very well, all right, very good." The extended hand was grasped in a friendly manner, and at the same moment, with the other, we slapped another man upon the shoulder, and gave a hearty laugh; all now joined in uproarious glee, and we had quite a good old fashioned jollification together.

After staying with them some ten minutes, we *carelessly*, of course, inquired the way down to the Rio San Juan. They all arose and walked with us some fifteen paces and then pointed to the path leading to the river. Thanking them, and bidding them adieu, in ten minutes, we were on the boat; having been absent over three hours. Since that night, we have never been very anxious to visit old ruins in the tropics by moonlight. J. B.

THE POST OFFICE.

A SKETCH.

This is the goal of hope to many travelers from the sacred spot called home, and where so many meet, from every clime and country under heaven. It is the hallowed ground of wanderers, a cherished place, where men of every land repair, to learn good tidings of their absent friends.

Upon the arrival of the semi-monthly mail from the Eastern States, and long before the busy clerks have time sufficient to distribute letters to their proper places, may be seen lines of expectant faces gathering in the lobby, in Indian file, each new comer falling into line behind, and woe to that man, who, through ignorance or daring, attempts an advance of his proper turn.

Happy is he whose turn is nearest the window, for the line is often many hundred yards in length, and many, perchance are standing in a drenching rain.

What an anxious looking crowd, whose earnest countenances too plainly tell the doubts and fears within despite their efforts to the contrary. There are no aristocratic feelings among them; for "first come, first served," is true here.

THE POST OFFICE.

For the long watched little piece of steps he had so heard is withdrawn—the mail is ready for and watched with delivery. The first applicant seems to be a hardy blooming woman, so of the mountains, upon whose weather- him—no, oh no, it laden brow I think I can trace the word no letter. Heavy boxes—Ah! there are his letters—no small solitude of his own package; and his hand, though rough and may weep, or this sent child. firm to handle pick and shovel, trembles as Watch the fat he clasps the precious treasure—now he young gentleman is pulls he has more closely over his eyes, and ing from his dandy he must be a new of the latest fash- to follow him and in secret, watch the tears over hair that is the manly tears—of joy or of sorrow over his peculiar care that moisten those eyes, as he reads the lines his pecu- what we call Sha- are too sacred for the profane gaze of stran- to say nothing of ger eyes—so let us see on. The next one is pale and slim, see how late white kid- his nervous and almost transparent hands bespeak him as catch at the window frame; how his knees query for letters. tremble, and his weak and weary limbs al- cane with appar- the reply. "No- most refuse to bear him up. Ah! there- letter that impos- be too has letters, I heard his fervent "thank- made a initial e- God." wuldt be letterth- But look at that aged man, whose silvery Ethiquair." The- hair bespeaks the frosts of many winters. cided answer of One almost regrets to see so old a man in letters for you a to new a country. He reaches the window crowd around he and bears upon his mansanita cane, for he way there, "has needs its support just now: his voice is "oh my, what weak and so are his knees, as he asks the er know you're a- momentous question "What!—no letters man" as he con- —is there none for that poor old man—ah! There goes these words,—and no wonder—have nailed whose brawny be his aged form to the spot on which he stands. what labor is- Be careful stranger, jostle not in haste or the letter—be- needless against that venerable and disap- his lodgings, at- pointed fatherly old man. Have you no the world arou- sympathy for him as those convulsive twitch- world of love fr- es come and go upon his care-worn face? must read it. Yes, we know you have. Nature has come in his eye—the to relieve his agony, for the silent tear steals his face—no w- slowly down the furrows of his pallid cheek. the scenes and t- As the oak is bent and torn by the tempest joy of hearing f- without, so is he by the tempest within. ling little occa- No letters—mark his anguish—What! has- seems unmove- that child of his heart forgotten him? Has row given by- the dear distant daughter, whose tiny foot-

we could command: "Very well, all right, very good." The extended hand was grasped in a friendly manner, and at the same moment, with the other, we slapped another man upon the shoulder, and gave a hearty laugh; all now joined in uproarious glee, and we had quite a good old fashioned jollification together.

After staying with them some ten minutes, we carelessly, of course, inquired the way down to the Rio San Juan. They arose and walked with us some fifteen paces, and then pointed to the path leading to the river. Thanking them, and bidding them adieu, in ten minutes, we were on the boat, having been absent over three hours. Since that night, we have never been very anxious to visit old ruins in the tropics.

J. B.

THE POST OFFICE.

A SKETCH.

This is the goal of hope to many travelers from the sacred spot called home, and where so many meet, from every clime and country under heaven. It is the hallowed ground of wanderers, a cherished place, where men of every land repair, to hear good tidings of their absent friends.

Upon the arrival of the semi-monthly mail from the Eastern States, and long before the busy clerks have time sufficient to distribute letters to their proper places, may be seen lines of expectant faces gathered in the lobby, in Indian file, each new comer falling into line behind, and wooing the man, who, through ignorance or daring, attempts an advance of his proper turn.

Happy is he whose turn is nearest the window, for the line is often many hundred yards in length, and many, perchance, are standing in a drenching rain.

What an anxious looking crowd, whose earnest countenances too plainly tell of doubts and fears within despite their efforts to the contrary. There are no aristocratic feelings among them; for "first come, first served," is true here.

Now the long-watched little piece of board is withdrawn—the mail is ready for delivery.

The first applicant seems to be a hardy son of the mountains, upon whose weather-beaten brow I think I can trace the word *MIXER*. Ah! there are his letters—no small package; and his hand, though rough and firm to handle pick and shovel, trembles as he clasps the precious treasure—now he pulls his hat more closely over his eyes, and is lost in the crowd. How one's heart longs to follow him and in secret, watch the tears—the manly tears—of joy or of sorrow that moisten those eyes, as he reads the lines from his much loved home. His feelings are too sacred for the profane gaze of stranger eyes—so let us pass on.

The next one is pale and slim, see how his nervous and almost transparent hands catch at the window frame; how his knees tremble, and his weak and weary limbs almost refuse to bear him up. Ah! there—he too has letters, I heard his fervent "thank God."

But look at that aged man, whose silvery hair bespeaks the frosts of many winters. One almost regrets to see so old a man in so new a country. He reaches the window and leans upon his mansanita cane, for he needs its support just now; his voice is weak and so are his knees, as he asks the momentous question "What!—no letters?"—is there *none* for that poor old man—ah! those words,—and no wonder—have nailed his aged form to the spot on which he stands. Be careful stranger, jostle not in haste or rudeness against that venerable and disappointed fatherly old man. Have you no sympathy for him as those convulsive twitches come and go upon his care-worn face? Yes, we know you have. Nature has come to relieve his agony, for the silent tear steals slowly down the furrows of his pallid cheek. As the oak is bent and torn by the tempest without, so is he by the tempest within. No letters—mark his anguish—What! has that child of his heart forgotten him? Has the dear distant daughter, whose tiny foot-

steps he had so fondly guided in infancy, and watched with such parental pride to blooming womanhood—has *she* forsaken him—no, oh no, it cannot be; but, there is no letter. Heavy-hearted he retires to the solitude of his own room, where unseen, he may weep, or think of his beloved and absent child.

Watch the fate of that spicily looking young gentleman now at the window—judging from his dandyish air of self-possession, he must be a new importation. His hat is of the latest fashion, and is placed jauntily over hair that is soft, sleek and curly. His moustache and whiskers are the objects of his peculiar care; his coat and pants are what we call *Shanghai*, and those alone—to say nothing of his gold spectacles, immaculate white kids and perfumed handkerchief, bespeak him an exquisite. He lips an enquiry for letters, and twirls his gold-headed cane with apparent indifference, as he awaits the reply. "None, sir!"—"None—what no letter th? impothible thir, you mutht have made a mithtake—I aththure you there mutht be letterth for Richard Livingston, Ethquire." Then to hear the quiet and decided answer of the clerk, "There are no letters for you sir," while the impatient crowd around him call out "get out of the way there," "hustle that greenhorn off!"—"oh my, what whiskers," "does your mother know you're absent?" "what a nice young man" as he contemptuously takes his leave.

There goes a rough-looking stranger, whose brawny hand tells you that he knows what labor is—but he is carefully opening the letter—he cannot wait until he gets to his lodgings, and, forgetful or indifferent to the world around him, he looks at the little world of love from home, and in sight, and must read it. One moment a tear glistens in his eye—the next a smile has spread over his face—no wonder that he has forgotten the scenes and the crowd around him, in the joy of hearing from an absent wife and darling little ones. Who can contemplate such scenes unmoved? or who tell the joy or sorrow given by a single letter, or express the

heart-sickening disappointment as the ominous word NONE falls upon the ear.

We will not stop at the box department, where can be seen mercantile men of every country, tradesmen, and others eagerly elbowing their way to the boxes which belong to them respectively. But let us go to

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Here too, you see a long line of the stern or sex, who have come on the pleasing mission of seeking letters for their lady friends. There are many ladies too, who, anxious for the precious lines from dear ones far away, are making their way to the front—for they, by courtesy, take precedence of the gentlemen, and step fearlessly forward of every man in the ranks—but when they reach their own sex, are as careful of their turn as are the men.

Now a consequential looking specimen of manhood has reached the window, and although he has no doubt heard the slight cough at his elbow, he passes on and asks for letters—the clerk calls his attention to a lady just behind him, and with an "excuse me," he makes way for her in front. Look at her pale cheek and sable garments, and contrast her sorrowful countenance with that of the fair young girl that has just come up behind her—one speaks of buried hopes,—the other has mirth and love looking from her eyes, and her whole face has such an irresistible happiness and witchery in it that you can scarcely look at her without being affected by the merriment which seems to be a part of herself. They both have letters. The pleasant smile of gratitude of the one, and the laughing, sparkling, blushing gladness of the other, betray the contrast in their future prospects. Let us hope that the one gives comfort and consolation to the bereaved; inspiring her with renewed courage to tread alone the thorny path of duty: that the other precious letter, she so joyfully folds to her bosom, and which evidently is from the one beloved, may be as a fountain of living water ever gushing at her feet, and bringing perpetual

green to the landscape of her young and earnest love.

Oh what a place of contrasts is this.—At this spot congregate the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the aged and the young, the joyous and the sad, the hopeful and the determined—all wanderers from the land that gave them birth, all seeking to be rich—and, thank God, there are but few upon whose countenance there is not written, Hope for the future, and contentment for the present. Thus may it ever be with every dweller in this land of sunshine and of health, this land of gold and flowers, is ever the earnest prayer of CARRIE D.

"Lawyer Kirby, would you please to write me a letter to my friends?" "Certainly, Mr. Harris, with the greatest possible pleasure—where shall I address it?" "Ah, there's where I am at a loss—if I knew where to address it, I could write the letter!"

WHAT IS A LETTER?

A silent language, uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A tie to bind where circumstances part—
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart;
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash—the lightning of the brain,
And hear at once, along each precious link,
Affection's life-pulse in a drop of ink.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—As a proof of what a vast book the visible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Rosse's telescope, says that Lord Rosse has looked into space a distance so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, each year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

ADVENTURES OF DICKORY HICKLEBERRY

...adventures, and Misadventures, Scrapes, and...
...of Mr. Dickory Hicklesberry, ...
...of London; in his memo- ...
...from the Seven Diels, Lon- ...
...San Francisco, California; setting ...
...and what, he got ...

CHAPTER I.

...AND OTHER TROUBLES—FORTUNE'S ...
...TROLLS.
...mother says, the two and ...
...you charged her for mending her ...
...you wish you may get it? ...
...mother says, mother Barnes bor- ...
...mother Barnes used it, mother ...
...the hole in it, mother Barnes ...
...a handle of it, and mother Barnes ...
...mother Barnes, gal?" said ...
...Hickberry, "and where does she ...
...nowhere in our street, or ...
...replied the animated shock- ...
...just peeping above the counter, ...
...at the same time, a marvellous ...
...and newless and low cunning, from ...
...the small growth.
...and Dickory, after a short pause ...
...mother says you're ...
...ought to be ashamed of ...
...compliment to add to that ...
...Dickory.
...as I know you,—good mor- ...
...the girl, walking off.
...that Dickory was a little ...
...that morning, something unusu- ...
...his temper, and this episode ...
...and the sarse with it, ...
...able to his discomfort.
...I wonder," said he, snatch- ...
...a dirty, well-thumbed Weekly ...
...which he never dispatched spelling ...
...the end of every week;

indeed this luxury, added ...
porter and a pipe, for a ...
evening, at the "Dog and ...
position public to the " ...
where used to assemble the ...
to hear the same three ...
change the same three ...
pretty much the whole ...
notorious life.

"It never rains but ...
next, I wonder?" Here ...
or the "blue collar boy," ...
his friends, (the postmen ...
the trio aforesaid, made ...
throwing down three let- ...
"I deal you out a tray ...
low!" ejaculated he, "be- ...
ing?"

"O, very bad, surely ...
"the missus has been ...
the tooth-ache and ear- ...
is a caitin' his teeth, an ...
that all in-doors and out- ...
of it. I ha'nt had a ...
blessed night, but ha' ...
right, a reekin' o' one no ...
till I'm a most worn out ...

"Some of the awert ...
that functionary, blind ...
turning the corner abou ...
part of the last word ...
lamentable want of ...
nary troubles of life.

"Three on 'um this ...
and eyeing the letters ...
a fear of their conten ...
but it pours." Open ...

"Sir—I am desired ...
to apply to you for tw ...
amounting to the sum ...
gather with the costs ...
request you will settle ...
der to avoid unpleasa ...
Yrs. truly,

Opening the second ...
"On H. M. Serv ...
requested, on or before ...
to our office, the sum ...
teen shillings and sev ...
ings; amount of pres ...

The Life, Adventures, and Misadventures, Fortunes and Misfortunes, Scrapes, and Escapes, of Mr. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY, sometime Brass and Tin Candlestick Maker, in the city of London; in his memorable passage from the Seven Dials, London, to San Francisco, California; setting forth why, how, when, and what, he got there.

CHAPTER I.

DOMESTIC AND OTHER TROUBLES—FORTUNE'S PROLOGUES.

"PLEASE sir, mother says, the two and tuppence you charged her for mending her sarsapan, don't you wish you may get it? cos how, mother says, mother Barnes borrowed it, mother Barnes used it, mother Barnes made the hole in it, mother Barnes broke the handle off it, and mother Barnes must pay for it."

"Who's mother Barnes, gal?" said Dickory Hickleberrry, "and where does she live?"

"Dun-no, somewhere in our street, or sum'mer else," replied the animated shock-head of hair, just peeping above the counter, displaying at the same time, a marvellous stock of shrewdness and low cunning, from one of so small a growth.

"Oh!" said Dickory, after a short pause, "any thing else?"

"No, nuffin else, on'y mother says you're an old cheat, and ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Any other compliment to add to that 'un?" replied Dickory.

"No, no other, as I knows on,—good mornin'," said the girl, walking off.

It was manifest that Dickory was a little out of sorts that morning, something unusual had ruffled his temper, and this episode of the "sarsapan," and the sarse with it, added not a little to his discomfiture.

"What next, I wonder," said he, snatching hold of a dirty, well-thumbed *Weekly Dispatch*, which he never dispatched spelling and reading until the end of every week;

2*

indeed this luxury, added to half a pint of porter and a pipe, for about an hour every evening, at the "Dog and Whistle," an opposition public to the "Cat and Bagpipes," where used to assemble the same three wits, to hear the same three stories, and interchange the same three civilities, constituted pretty much the whole pleasure of his monotonous life.

"It never rains but it pours!" What next, I wonder?" Here the man of letters, or the "blue collar boy," as he was called by his friends, (the postmen), he being one of the trio aforesaid, made his appearance; and throwing down three letters—

"I deal you out a tray this time, old fellow!" ejaculated he, "how goes it this morning?"

"O, very bad, surely," rejoined Dickory, "the missus has been kept up all night with the tooth-ache and ear-ache, and little Adam is a cuttin' his teeth, and thinks it necessary that all in-doors and out-o'doors should know of it. I ha'nt had a wink o'sleep all this blessed night, but ha' been sittin' bolt upright, a rockin' o' one and consolin' o' t'other till I'm a most worn out."

"Some of the sweets of matrimony!" said that functionary, binding up his letters, and turning the corner abruptly, so as to cut off part of the last word, thereby showing a lamentable want of sympathy for the ordinary troubles of life.

"Three on 'um this time," mused Dickory, and eyeing the letters askant, and betraying a fear of their contents,— "It never rains but it pours." Opening one, he read thus:

"Sir—I am desired by my client, Mr.— to apply to you for two years' rent now due, amounting to the sum of £180, which, together with the costs of this application, I request you will settle by to-morrow, in order to avoid unpleasant consequences.

Y'rs, truly, JAMES SHORT, Att'y at Law."

Opening the second, thus:

"On H. M. Service—Sir,—You are requested, on or before the 17th inst. to pay into our office, the sum of eleven pounds, thirteen shillings and seven pence, three farthings; amount of poor rates due last March;

green to the landscape of her young earnest love. Oh what a place of contrasts is this! At this spot congregato the rich and poor, the high and the low, the aged the young, the joyous and the sad, the faithful and the determined—all wanderers in the land that gave them birth, all anxious to be rich—and, thank God, there are a few upon whose countenance there is written, Hope for the future, and contentment for the present. Thus may it ever be with every dweller in this land of sunshine and of health, this land of gold and diamonds is ever the earnest prayer of CAROLINE D. "Lawyer Kirby, would you please to write me a letter to my friends?" "Certainly," said Harris, with the greatest possible pleasure—where shall I address it?" "Ah! where I am at a loss—if I knew where to address it, I could write the letter!"

WHAT IS A LETTER?

A silent language, uttered to the eye, Which envious distance would in vain deny. A tie to bind where circumstances part— A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart. Formed to convey, like an electric chain, The mystic flash—the lightning of the brain. And bear at once, along each precious link, Affection's life-pulse in a drop of ink.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE—

A proof of what a vast book the heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over the pages of Lord Rosse's telescope, and how Lord Rosse has looked into space a distance so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000 solar years, each year containing 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the human mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing even of a hundred thousand years only, is a possibility, to say nothing of millions or hundreds of millions of years.

or to show cause there and then, why this amount should not be levied on your property to discharge the same, &c., &c."

The third ran thus :

"Dear Dick—If you could send us the two suffrins you promised, in part payment of your debt, we should be obliged, as me and my husbun is out of work, and have bin a most thro' the winter. So no more at present from your sister-in-law,

DEBORAH DO-LITTLE.

"So no more at present—God forbid there should be!"—muttered Dickory. "One trouble's enough at a time, in all conscience, but in this blessed country, there's one down, and another come on, afore you can breathe agin. One hundred and eighty pounds!—Whew!—Let me see!—But the lodgers 'll pay sixty of that; and forty for the 'prentis, when his indenters are signed, make a hundred; then there's eleven pounds odd for taxes. Bless the Queen, but cuss her taxes, says I. Well, Dickory, you've got into a precious mess this time, and the subject next for consideration of your getting in, must be of your getting out of it." Here a stamping noise over head was heard :—

"Can't you keep that there child quiet a moment, while I get a bit o' sleep?—What's the matter with him now?"—bawled his wife from up stairs.

"He's smashed his nose agin the bellows, and is now bellowing for the loss of them, and the pain on it. I can't keep him quiet, and what's more, I won't," and angrily he turned to his paper again and read :—

"Brutal assault upon a wife—six month's imprisonment with hard labor—Suicide by jumping off London bridge." Thus he read on until his heart reproached him for the harsh expression that he had just uttered to the partner of his joys and sorrows. Amidst all his vexations he was rarely heard to utter an unkind expression to her, and she knew that there must be something unusually annoying to irritate him thus, and was silent always upon such occasions. "Poor wretch! muttered he to himself, after having spelt through the last event,—“your troubles are over for one while. You'll have

no more taxes to pay:—no doubt you've paid all the debts you owe, by this last debt of natur." Tossing once more the paper from him, he seized his thumb-worn day-book ; and what a dreary account of debts was there arrayed before him. "I'm earning doubtful pence, while my expenses are certain pounds," said he. In a sort of dogged humor he tossed his book from him, and in a fit of desperation filled his pipe, thrust himself down upon his three-legged stool, leaned his back against the wall, raised his legs to the height of the counter, thereon deposited them, and gave himself up, (now he had silenced his wife, and the bellows, his child—who had cried himself to sleep) to a profound reverie. But this humor did not last long. His mind no doubt was soothed, but not satisfied with the pipe, so snatching once more the paper, his eye, after a time, alighted on a piece of information, that appeared to astound him. His stubble-like hair stood erect, his eyes opened wider and wider, and his mouth followed the example ; his face grew first pale, then red, then pale, alternately. His whole frame shook with wild emotion, the hand could scarcely hold the paper. At last he uttered, or rather shouted—"Why, what do I see! Yes 'tis, no it isn't! It can't be! Yes it can! Let me read again:—

"If the heir or next akin to Jacob Hickleberry will apply to Messrs. Smit & Nubb, No. 25 Furnivuls Inn, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage. The said Jacob Hickleberry, somewhere about the year 18—left London for New York, leaving behind him, in St. Martin's Workhouse, his two sons, Dickory and David; the elder, it is supposed, was drowned in the Puddington Canal, having run away from his master, a shoemaker, to whom he was bound apprentice. The other son, David, left about the same time, the workhouse aforesaid, and was never more heard of. Any party or parties in possession of information relative to the said family, are requested immediately to apply to our office, where he or they will be amply rewarded for their trouble."

"Hoorah! Hoorah!! Hoorah!!!—One! Two! Three!—Hip! Hip! Hoorah!! Hoo-

—Hi-tol-ol-ol-ol-ol-ol — Hi-tol-ol-ol-ol-ol-ol — God be praised! Here's my troubles," shouted poor Dickory, in the uncontrolled state of mind he leaped upon his counter, commenced dancing a fandango, kicking the pots and jars, candlesticks and chairs towards every point of the compass, bearing so unusual a noise, that her appearance in her robe-de-nuit with her head bound up, representing the appearance of an enormous Christ-mas tree, clothed and ready-bound to be put into the boiling festive pot.

"Dear Dickory!" said she, in the best mood, "what is the matter with you? Your many troubles have turned your poor head and driven you mad. Dickory, don't. You frighten me! I'm unkind again, indeed, I won't! Don't disturb me, Doll! I'll tell you all in a minute my flying out," with this utterance she still continued to kick and smash about, until he could lay his hands on, and break his vengeance upon a bush.

With all his daily and unceasing labors, from five o'clock in the morning till midnight, through many dreary years, scarcely afforded him an honest loaf of bread. Dickory's legs had had their full share of it, he wept, with tears in her eyes, of surveying the wholesale destruction of the house around her, meekly again she enquired, "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?—Nothing in the world, only that you're a gentleman and I'm a lady, that's all. Read the paper, Dick, pointing to the advertisement in the paper.

"Dear Dick! You know I can't read. I wish somebody would call me a doctor!"—"A what?"—said Dickory; "I don't know!"—"O! I had forgot your tooth-ache." "You shall have Sir Isaac Newton to it, and he shall extract your rotten polities your tooth, after the most approved fashion of chloriform; or in any other way you please, my duck!"

"Dear Dickory, paper?" enquired Dickory, in which greatest part pray read it!" Dickory, the graph, and the wife betrayed appeared to be time, and it was oxygen would lies. However to her relief, turns, and now Dickory, the fact "Now then, ther to my love, my heart so long give me. I am all your distress it, I have hoarsed farthings and been in' on it. Do not "Ostrich feathers shall have a drink if you like; but I'm tired as a horse, born, we shall holler, and rigors have cut our nothing but my gown, to appear at mas party. Kiss me, and have that head, that's a cry blessed three times "Dickory, believe me, magic; and so on. Now, what will you do?—What go first to our you know, has a whole two months never as'd us for last time I saw in and venter'd on my hand, the gentleman, and that's a

no more taxes to pay:—no doubt
 paid all the debts you owe, by this book
 of natur." Tossing once more the paper
 from him, he seized his thumb-worm
 book; and what a dreary account of
 was there arrayed before him. "I mean
 doubtful pence, while my expenses are a
 tain pounds," said he. In a sort of
 humor he tossed his book from him, and
 a fit of desperation filled his pipe, and
 himself down upon his three-legged stool,
 leaned his back against the wall, and
 legs to the height of the counter, and
 deposited them, and gave himself up to
 he had silenced his wife, and the fellow
 his child—who had cried himself to sleep
 to a profound reverie. But this
 not last long. His mind no doubt
 soothed, but not satisfied with the pipe,
 snatching once more the paper, his eye
 ter a time, alighted on a piece of
 tion, that appeared to astound him. His
 stubble-like hair stood erect, his eyes
 wider and wider, and his mouth followed
 example; his face grew first pale, then
 then pale, alternately. His whole frame
 shook with wild emotion, the hand
 scarcely hold the paper. At last he
 or rather shouted—"Why, what do I
 Yes 'tis, no it is'nt! It can't be! It
 can! Let me read again:—

"If the heir or next kin to
 Hickieberry will apply to Messrs
 Nabb, No. 25 Furnivals Inn, he will
 of something greatly to his advantage. It
 said Jacob Hickieberry, somewhere
 the year 18—left London for New York
 leaving behind him, in St. Martin's
 house, his two sons, Dickory and
 the elder, it is supposed, was drowned in
 Paddington Canal, having run ashore
 his master, a shoemaker, to whom he
 bound apprentice. The other son
 left about the same time, the wife
 aforesaid, and was never more heard
 Any party or parties in possession of
 mation relative to the said family, are
 requested immediately to apply to me
 where he or they will be amply
 for their trouble."

- Hoorah! Hoorah!! Hoorah!!
 Two! Three!—Hip! Hip! Hoorah!!

rah!!!—Pol-lol-di-rol-o-tol-de-rol—Hi-tol-
 der-rol-o-tol-de-ra—God be praised! Here's
 an end to all my troubles," shouted poor
 Dickory, and in the uncontrolled state of
 his phrenzy, he leaped upon his counter,
 and commenced dancing a fandango, kick-
 ing all the pots and jars, candlesticks and
 fire-shovels, towards every point of the com-
 pass. His wife, hearing so unusual a noise,
 made her appearance in her *robe-de-nuit*,
 with her *poor* head bound up, representing
 much the appearance of an enormous Christ-
 mas pudding, clothed and ready-bound to be
 tumbled into the boiling festive pot

"Dickory! dear Dickory!" said she, in
 the kindest mood, "what is the matter
 with you? Your many troubles have turn-
 ed your poor head and driven you mad.
 Don't Dickory, don't. You frighten me!
 I'll not be unkind again, indeed, I won't!"

"Don't disturb me, Doll! I'll tell you all.
 Let me have my fling out," with this utter-
 ance, he still continued to kick and smash
 every tin utensil he could lay his hands on,
 as if to wreak his vengeance upon a busi-
 ness, that, with all his daily and unceasing
 efforts, from five o'clock in the morning till
 dark at night, through many dreary years,
 had scarcely afforded him an honest loaf of
 bread.

When Dickory's legs had had their full
 fling out, the wife, with tears in her eyes,
 after surveying the wholesale destruction
 and confusion around her, meekly again
 opened the enquiry, "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?—Nothing in the
 world's the matter, only that you're a gen-
 tleman, and I'm a lady, that's all. Read
 that!" said Dick, pointing to the adver-
 tisement in the paper.

"Dear Dick! You know I can't read.
 Dear! dear!—I wish somebody would call
 in a doctor!"—"A what?"—said Dickory;
 "is Adam ill? O! I had forgot your tooth-
 ache, and ear-ache. You shall have Sir
 Peter Testie to it, and he shall extract your
 ear, and poultice your tooth, after the most
 approved fashion of chloriform; or in any
 other form you please, my duck!"

"Dear Dicky, but what about the news-
 paper?" enquired Dorothy, in utter amaze-
 ment, in which doubt and fear formed the
 greatest part of her excitement. "Do
 pray read it!"—

Dickory, thus solicited, read the para-
 graph, and if he showed much agitation,
 the wife betrayed much more; the news ap-
 peared to bereave her of her senses for a
 time, and it was doubtful whether the par-
 oxysm would end in hysterics, or hydrau-
 lies. However, the latter came abundantly
 to her relief, and crying and sobbing by
 turns, and now and then embracing her
 Dickory, the first words she uttered were—

"Now then, I can have the ostrich fea-
 ther to my lavender bonnet, that I have set
 my heart so long upon. Dear Hicky! for-
 give me. I am an ungrateful wife, for with
 all your distress for money, will you believe
 it, I have hoarded up nearly a pound by odd
 farthings and ha'-pence, without your know-
 in' on it. Do forgive me!"

"Ostrich feather, Mrs. Hickleberry! you
 shall have a dress made of porcupine quills,
 if you like; but don't forget now your sit-
 tivation as a lady, for as sure as you are
 born, we shall live to beat the Higginces
 holler, and right sorry they'll be that they
 have cut our acquaintance, because I had
 nothing but my old coat, and you your old
 gown, to appear in at their stuck-up Christ-
 mas party. Kiss me, Dolly, and then I'll
 go and have that infernal tooth out o' your
 head, that's deprived us of sleep for these
 blessed three nights."

"Dicky, believe me, it's all gone, like
 magic; and so is my face, my ear I mean.
 Now, what will you do Dicky?"

"Do!—What will I not do! Why, I'll
 go first to our dear old friend Hobbs, who,
 you know, has trusted us all along for a
 whole two months, with groceries, and
 never as'd us for a blessed penny. And the
 last time I saw him at the Dog and Whistle,
 and venter'd on the sore pint, he squeezed
 my hand, the good old fellow did, and said,
 Hickleberry, I know you to be an honest
 man, and that's as good as payment any day

in the week. I never lost a penny in my life by any honest critter, whatever might be appearances; and something tells me that you are sure to get out o' my debt all the time you keeps your courage up, and your tin hammer a goin'. Bless his heart, he shall go along with me, and arrange the business with the lawyer man. So do you get the chops ready for dinner, with the ostrich feather money, and we'll have sich a breakfast, and sing, *O be joyful*, for grace, in sich a style, as shall astonish the natives of Old Seven Dials."

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY IN THE MINES.—ANOTHER HERO.

"I wonder what they are doing at home to-day," said a rough-hewn, athletic son of the mountains to one of his cabin-mates. "How I should like to be there. To-day is my birth day. In my mind's eye I think I can see father as plain as if he were before me, just shaving himself in the little parlor, ready for church. Mother is stirring up the fire to air his shirt, which hangs before it on a chair. Sister Mary is just cutting off a mutton-chop and preparing it for breakfast. I can hear the kettle singing. Brother George has just come in from feeding the pigs and poultry, bringing in his hand a number of fresh laid eggs. I can almost hear him say, 'I wish Tom had some of these, as he proudly shows them to Mary; and she answers with a sigh—'Oh! what would I give if I could but see poor Tom sitting down in his old chair by mother's elbow there; I wonder what he is doing at this moment; if we could but just peep in at his cabin door.' Susan keeps bobbing in and out, with her fiery-red capstrings flying, as she passes rapidly backwards and forwards, to remind them that it is getting late for church; moreover, it is her Sunday out, and her sweetheart is waiting at the well-known stile, at the end of the long lane that leads to the church. 'Father,' says mother, with tears in her eyes, 'tis dear Tom's birth-day.' Father

stops stropping his razor suddenly, and with a trembling voice recollects that 'so it is.' Then follows a long pause. At last George interchanges the same thought—'I wonder what he is about at the diggings? 'Tis strange that we have not had a letter from him since last November!' 'Why, how can you expect it?' father says; 'letters don't fly through the air like pigeons, and you forget he can't write himself; God forgive me. Dear Tom—how we shall remember him in our prayers at church, on this, his birth-day.'"

"For mercy's sake, stop dwelling on that picture," cries one of his mates, "unless you wish me to go and hang myself. I have but you two friends, my dear fellows, in the wide world. My earliest recollections of home, such as it was, are misery itself. Born almost in a workhouse, the only faces that glare upon me at this moment, are the hard-hearted master, the surly matron, and the touch-me-not parson; where human creatures were looked upon, treated and fed like so many useless cattle; or, in a worse light, as incumbrances on the community. Your picture of home maddens me by its contrast to mine."

"Well, after all, to give the devil his due, the parish did that for you, though, which my parents could not do for me, with all their efforts—for it gave you a tolerable education. I wish I could say as much."

"Talking of parish schools, Who do you think I saw the day before yesterday?"

"Aye, I intended to ask you, for such a hang-dog expression I never saw before in any man. You were in close converse together I observed, and he turned away rather down in the mouth I thought."

"Well he may, for who in the name of the seven wonders do you think it was? And to find such a fellow *here*, of all the places in the world;—one of the laziest rascals in creation."

"I can't say."

"No less a person, I assure you, than the very overseer himself of St. Martin's workhouse, where I first drew conscious breath."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, indeed.—I knew the fellow, from his slouch, loafer walk, scowling, and suspecting look, was more grieved with any in my life. Many are the blows caused to be laid on my back by caprice; aye, the very recollection brings with it a shudder, and after those lashings, his ugly face comes in my dreams."

"What did he want with you?"

"What should he but a job, for him meant money; he had had the mines, and I was nigh giving up. I knew it all resulted from idle. I relieved his mind by giving a dollar piece, and after I had a shower of 'God bless ye my boy.' 'May ye have all the luck in the world.' 'May it be my turn some fine day like to ye,' &c., &c., &c. I turned round upon him, and fixing my eyes searchingly upon him said, 'I will give you a favor from you.'"

"What's that, my dear fellow? done, if in my power; you don't mind. I and my daughter have suffered from your generosity has set me up, and a man of me since more."

"Well, then, my favor is that I should ever be overseer of a workhouse again, don't set the example of the little helpless creatures, and let them happen to cast in your way."

"What can you mean?" said the man, changing color.

"You were overseer once of a workhouse, in London, were you not?"

"Yes; I can't deny it."

"Then ask yourself what I should have seen the fellow's face like he sneaked off like a whipped dog, once proud till between his legs."

"Is that child his daughter? the world could he bring that here for? O all the odd things what could induce the fellow to let a young creature like that to the

stops stropping his razor suddenly, and with a trembling voice recollects that 'so it is.' Then follows a long pause. At last George interchanges the same thought—'I wonder what he is about at the diggings?' 'Tis strange that we have not had a letter from him since last November! Why, how can you expect it?' father says; 'letters don't fly through the air like pigeons, and you forget he can't write himself; God forgive me. Dear Tom—how we shall remember him in our prayers at church, on this, his birth-day.'

"For mercy's sake, stop dwelling on that picture," cries one of his mates, "unless you wish me to go and hang myself. I have but you two friends, my dear fellows, in the wide world. My earliest recollections of home, such as it was, are misery itself. Born almost in a workhouse, the only faces that glare upon me at this moment, are the hard-hearted master, the surly matron, and the touch-me-not parson; where human creatures were looked upon, treated and fed like so many useless cattle; or, in a worse light, as incumbrances on the community. Your picture of home maddens me by its contrast to mine."

"Well, after all, to give the devil his due, the parish did that for you, though which my parents could not do for me, with all their efforts—for it gave you a tolerable education. I wish I could say as much."

"Talking of parish schools, who do you think I saw the day before yesterday?"

"Aye, I intended to ask you, for such a hang-dog expression I never saw before in any man. You were in close converse together I observed, and he turned away rather down in the mouth I thought."

"Well he may, for who in the name of the seven wonders do you think it was? And to find such a fellow here, of all the places in the world;—one of the bluziest scamps in creation."

"I can't say."

"No less a person, I assure you, than the very overseer himself of St. Martin's workhouse, where I first drew conscious breath."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, indeed.—I knew the fellow in a moment, from his slouch, loafer walk, his dark, scowling, and suspecting look, and I never was more gratified with any interview in my life. Many are the blows that fellow caused to be laid on my back from mere caprice; aye, the very recollection left behind brings with it a shudder, and for weeks after those thrashings, his ugly face haunted me in my dreams."

"What did he want with you now?"

"What should he but a job, for that with him meant money; he had had no luck in the mines, and was nigh giving up the ghost. I know it all resulted from idle loafing, but I relieved his mind by giving him a five dollar piece; and after I had heard his shower of "God bless ye my fine fellow," "May ye have all the luck in the world," "May it be my turn some fine day to do the like to ye," &c., &c., &c. I turned suddenly round upon him, and fixing my eyes searchingly upon him said, "I want but one favor from you."

"What's that, my dear fellow, consider it done, if in my power; you don't know how I and my daughter have suffered of late, and your generosity has set me up, and will make a man of me once more."

"Well, then, my favor is this:—If you should ever be overseer of a parish poorhouse again, don't set the example of bullying the little helpless creatures that Providence happens to cast in your way."

"What can you mean?" said he, suddenly changing color.

"You were overseer once of St. Martin's poorhouse, in London, were you not?"

"Yes; I can't deny it."

"Then ask yourself what I mean.—You should have seen the fellow's expression as he sneaked off like a whipped dog, with his once proud tail between his legs."

"Is that child his daughter?—What in the world could he bring that poor thing here for? Of all the odd things in life, what could induce the fellow to bring a young creature like that to the mines, with-

out being willing, by labor, to provide her a living?"

"I never saw her; is she like him? She must be a beauty if she is."

"As like as a spinning-jenny is to a jack-screw.—When I lived up at Red Dog diggings, she used often to borrow little matters, and I used to notice that while she stood answering my questions, she would turn her face in an opposite direction, with fear and trembling, as if she dreaded a beating from her father, if she answered them."

"How old is she, do you think?"

"Oh! she is quite young—not more than twelve or so. We never could get many words out of her, nor know where she came from, nor anything about her, and everybody, like myself, ceased asking at last, although there was something about the girl that would make stupidity itself inquisitive. They say his wife died here of the fever, and was buried before any other person knew anything about the matter."

"Ah! there's a dark mystery, as yet unexplained, you may depend upon it. That girl carries a secret with her, which she is long wishing to disclose to some one of her own sex."

"She looks it as plain as words can speak it. As I live, here she comes; you will now have an opportunity of judging of the truth of my remarks, and whether there be any cause for my suspicions."

"Can you tell me," said the child, upon coming up to us, "whether there is any doctor at hand, for my father is so ill I fear he will not live the night out.—I am frightened to be in the cabin alone with him, for he talks and acts so strangely as to make me think he is going mad."

"How far off does your father live?" kindly enquired the last speaker. "I think I can procure him a doctor, but not in less than a couple of hours, if then. Suppose you stay in our cabin, while I go and hunt up somebody who knows something about medicine."

"No; I am obliged to you. I must re-

turn immediately. Can I trust you, kind sir, to get us a doctor as soon as you can?" said the poor child, looking up in a confused manner to the one who had proffered his services.

"That you may, certainly, child; but point out to me first where you live, and my friend here will see you home, for the road is not safe for such young folks as you, at this time o' day."

"I live at Gopher Hill, about half a mile beyond the Red Rose Ranch, on the trail leading to Coarse Gold Gulch. I am not afraid, sir, to go back without any one, for you see I am provided with a companion and a friend,"—half disclosing at the same time a neat revolver, and pointing to a bluff and fierce dog, who had been reclining under a dwarf pine near the door-way, watching her every motion with the most intense anxiety.—"I thank you, sir, truly, for your kindness," added she; "I know you will not be gone long,—I shall be looking out for you. Come, Rawbones," said the child, "let's be off before 'tis quite dark."

"You decline, then, my services?" said the other man to the girl.

"I had rather go home alone, sir, as my father perhaps would'nt like it. I assure you, with Rawbones, and this loaded pistol, I shall be perfectly safe."

The dog seemed to understand and devour every word the child uttered, and rose to depart, wagging his stump of a tail as if impatient of delay. They appeared a queer couple. The one the gentlest of her sex, with a sweetness of face that a stoic could not pass without noticing and admiring. The other, one of the ugliest of all his ugly species. His head was nearly as big as his body, and as broad as long. His red mouth stretched almost from ear to ear; his jaws displaying immense power, and his formidable teeth sticking out from his under mandible, seemed to grow with the object of making himself felt in cases of emergency. Over these were surmounted a pair of round black staring wild eyes, that might cow and

appal the most ferocious of beasts, and the most courageous of men. Well might the child look upon the brute as a safeguard! however much she might esteem the pistol as a friend.

"There is something in the wind about that old villain," said the miner, as he prepared to fulfil his promise to the child. "There's something there, that's about to be divulged, depend upon it! Think I'd better bring a parson with me, as well as a doctor?"

"Do so," replied the other, "and in the event of your not being successful, you, my dear fellow, are quite capable of taking a confession and offering dying consolation—so don't forget."

A NEAPOLITAN nobleman fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto. At his death-bed, a confessor, who was a great admirer of Ariosto, desired him to acknowledge the superiority of that poet. "Father," answered the dying man, "to tell the truth, I never read either Dante or Ariosto."

BARNUM, in a letter to the Providence Journal, says: "I loved to make money, but not better than I loved to spend it. I gave \$20,000 per annum in charity for the last ten years, and, if I had not been a jackass, impulsive and *confiding*, I should not have been ruined."

A NOTE, of which the following is a verbatim copy, was recently sent to the shop of a druggist in the neighborhood of Barnsley: "Cer,—I hev a Bad Kowld and em Hill in my Bow Hills and Hev lost my Happy 'Tight."

MR. FERGUSON says there is no country in the world where wives are more worshiped than they are in France. He regrets to say, however, that all the adoration comes from somebody else's husband.

THE expense of one trip of an ocean steamship across the Atlantic, is over forty thousand dollars.

A STORY OF

FROM CHAMBERS.

When Corfu was ceded to the general division of spoils that were first sent out to land found a melancholy those little comforts and that John Bull and his how to dispense with.

every article of furniture most common utensils for a table, and such wretched hope at the door when they were out were often the laugh they got at the only consolation they

But of all the wants of souls, none fell so heavy as the want of tea-pots! an anomaly does not exist in three or four regiment of wretched Christians amongst them. But we say without a tea-pot, a silver one, a piece the owner had brought used on grand occasions it led!—and what a

It was certainly a great possession of the only the position was impossible like many other glories extreme, and many a one was induced to wish light under a bushel, herself to be eternally of the tea-pot. Besides all wants when Mrs. B— was obliged to when Mr. C— sent often told that Mrs. I carried it away. The culated amongst the unfortunate soldiers' consolation of hoping it; they had all heard the thing existed, but never so much as got

A STORY OF TEA-POTS.

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

When Corsica was ceded to Britain at the general division of spoils in 1815, the troops that were first sent out to garrison the island found a melancholy destitution of all those little comforts and conveniences of life that John Bull and his wife know so little how to dispense with. Miserable quarters, every article of furniture scarce and bad, the most common utensils for cookery unobtainable, and such wretched shops, that you left hope at the door when you step over the threshold. In short, the shifts to which they were put were often as ludicrous, that the laugh they got at their own expense was the only consolation they had in their misery. But, of all the wants that afflicted their souls, none fell so heavily on their spirits as the want of tea-pots! Probably such an anomaly does not exist; but here there were three or four regiments—several hundreds of wretched Christians—without a tea-pot amongst them. But we are wrong when we say without a tea-pot—there was one tea-pot, a silver one, a piece of family-plate that the owner had brought out with her to be used on grand occasions. But what a life it led!—and what a life its mistress led! It was certainly a grand thing to be the possessor of the only tea-pot on the island; the position was imposing; but the glory, like many other glories, was onerous in the extreme, and many a day poor Mrs. R— was induced to wish that she had hid her light under a bushel, rather than exposed herself to be eternally pestered for the loan of the tea-pot. Besides, it could not satisfy all wants; when Mrs. A— had it, Mrs. B— was obliged to go without it; and when Mrs. C— sent for it, she was too often told that Mrs. D—'s maid had just carried it away. Then of course it only circulated amongst the officers' families; the unfortunate soldiers' wives had not even the consolation of hoping to have a turn out of it; they had all heard of it—they knew that the thing existed, but that was all—they never so much as got a glimpse of it.

Such was the condition of the community when, one fine morning, a small trading vessel was seen to sail into the harbour. It was a country vessel, as appeared by the rigging; and as they seldom brought anything that was useful to the unfortunate exiles, there was not much to be hoped from it. However, as the smallest trifle would have been acceptable, as the beggars say, Colonel G— desired one of his sergeants to go down to the quay and inquire what they had on board. Picture to yourself, reader, what must have been the feelings of Sergeant L— on being informed by the captain that they were freighted with tea-pots!

'What have you got?' said he.

'Tea-pots?' said the captain.

'You'll have plenty of custom; then, my fine fellow,' said the sergeant, and away he flew to spread the news. 'It's the most providentialist thing,' he observed 'that ever happened;' and, indeed, so thought everybody.

The blessed intelligence ran like wild-fire. In ten minutes, every woman in the garrison, high and low, and every bachelor that wanted to make a comfortable cup of tea for himself, might be seen rushing across the esplanade towards the quay pell-mell, all hurried and anxious, pushing and driving, each afraid of being last, less the supply, being limited, should be exhausted before all wants were satisfied.

'Which is the ship?' cried a chorus of eager voices to Sergeant L—, who, flushed with conscious importance, headed the procession.

'This is her,' said he, as he stepped on to the deck of the little trader, accompanied by as many of his followers as could find footing, whilst the unfortunate candidates gathered to the side as close as they could, all with one voice vociferating: 'Tea-pots! tea-pots! shew us the tea-pots!'

'Tea-pots!' echoed the captain, nodding his head affirmatively.

'Where are the tea-pots? we all want tea-pots,' cried the English.

'Tea-pots!' said the captain, with a smile

most ferocious of beasts, and the rageous of men. Well might the upon the brute as a safeguard! much she might esteem the pistol

is something in the eye about villain," said the miner; he pre- fulfil his promise to a child. something there, that about to ed, depend upon it! "I think I'd bring a parson with me, as well or?"

"replied the other, "and in the your not being successful, you, my w, are quite capable of taking a and offering dying consolation— forget."

MOLITAN nobleman fought fourteen prove that Dante was a greater Ariosto. At his death-bed, a who was a great admirer of desired him to acknowledge the y of that poet. "Father," an- e dying man, "to tell the truth, I l either Dante or Ariosto."

er, in a letter to the Providence says: "I loved to make money, etter than I loved to spend it. I 000 per annum in charity for the years, and, if I had not been a mpulsive and *confiding*, I should been ruined."

e, of which the following is a ver- y, was recently sent to the shop ist in the neighborhood of Barns- er,—I hev a Bad Kowid and em y Bow Hills and Hew lost my ight."

erguson says there is no country rld where wives are more wor an they are in France. He re- ay, however, that all the adoration n somebody else's husband.

xpense of one trip of an ocean across the Atlantic, is over forty dollars.

and a bow and the crew repeated after him
'tea-pots!'

But by this time the extraordinary commotion had drawn to the shore, amongst other spectators of the scene, a certain Italian cook, who happening to have a smattering both of English and Romie, stepped forward to offer his services as interpreter.

'He says he's freighted with tea-pots,'

said Sergeant L——; 'do make him produce them.'

'What have you brought?' said the cook to the captain.

'Tea-pots!' replied the captain.

'Ah,' said the cook, turning to the anxious expectants, 'he says he bring *tipotas*—dat mean, in his language, *noting!*'

MEMORIES—TO MY SISTER.

BY MONADNOCK.

Do you remember, my sister,
Our home in the "Old Granite State,"
In the days ere our family circle,
Was ruthlessly broken by fate?

Do you remember in spring time,
The carpet of beautiful green,
That was spread out before the old farm-house,
While snow on the hill-tops was seen?

Do you remember our rambles,
After sweet-scented, modest May Flowers,
That nestled in green pasture hillocks,
And smiled in the warm April showers?

Do you remember the garden,
And apple trees branching and strong,
Where the beautiful red-breasted robins,
Built their nests singing all the day long?

Do you remember, dear sister,
The Bible that lay on the stand,
And how we all knelt down together
And prayed in a family band?

Do you remember, one evening,
How we knelt by our father's bedside,
How kindly and fondly he blessed us
Before he so peacefully died?

These remembrances haunt me, my sister,
In the vales of this far off gold land
And memory oft brings together
The loved ones and lost of our band.

San Francisco, May 30th, 1856.

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

BY ALICE.

We all know that the spring and summer are hailed with delight with pleasure, by the denizens of California.

Each succeeding month brings breezes, roses, slumbers, vigorous rural happiness, unequalled land. When SUMMER'S flower ended, the mountaineer—like a monster—moves away to close comfortable quarters, where his cabin-home, he can bid defiance to Winter King.

Those who are compelled to remain, are often situated in vast fields of impassable snow, forest-pines, covered to their tops with the frozen mantle of the storm, deep prison solitude, one feels kindly converse and companionship of kindred spirits, and pleasant changes with mankind. Yes, the majestic without—at other times beautiful and sublime—is looked upon with cold indifference, if not with dislike.

A little California adventure happened in the winter of 1856 in the Sierras, some twenty miles from the dividing ridge. All around, the slopes descended, now gently, now towards the Rio Sacramento, a beautiful valley lay nestling in its teeming thousands, at its summer months, like their myriads were wasting away; and autumn scattering foliage and lengthening followed in quick succession, trailing glories behind. Winter—was hurrying at our heels, but a scanty supply for its consumption. Unused to a mountain life, we ran short of the quantity that we consumed, and consequently we were prepared for it. Unskilled as

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

BY ALICE.

We all know that the spring-time and summer are hailed with delight, and passed with pleasure, by the denizens of the mountains of California.

Each succeeding month brings its balmy breezes, rosy slumbers, vigorous health, and rural happiness, unequalled in any other land. When SUMMER's flowery reign has ended, the mountaineer—like the grizzly monster—moves away to closer and more comfortable quarters, where within his cozy cabin-home, he can bid defiance to the Winter King.

Those who are compelled by circumstances to remain, are often surrounded by vast fields of impassable snow—towering forest-pines, covered to their summits with the frozen mantle of the storm. In this deep prison solitude, one feels the loss of kindly converse and companionship with kindred spirits, and pleasant thought-exchanges with mankind. Yes, even the awful majesty without—at other times so truly beautiful and sublime—is looked upon in cold indifference, if not with disgust.

A little California adventure of mine happened in the winter of 1850, high up in the Sierras, some twenty miles from the dividing ridge. All around, the mountain slopes descended, now gently, now abruptly towards the "Rio Sacramento," where that beautiful valley lay nestling warmly with its teeming thousands, at its base. The summer months, like their myriad flowers, were wasting away; and autumn, with its scattering foliage and lengthening shadows, followed in quick succession, leaving its trailing glories behind. Winter—stern winter—was hurrying at our heels, with but a scanty supply for its coming severity. Unused to a mountain life, we were ignorant of the quantity that would be consumed, and consequently we were but poorly prepared for it. Unskilled as my pen is in

description, I will nevertheless attempt to tell you how my home really looked.

It was a neat little canvas tent, sheltered by a wide-spread pine, which had undoubtedly withstood the pelting storms of centuries. Near to it was a craggy point of rocks, with its numerous sister pines skirting a little valley that opened before us. My tent, being only ten feet by eight, and a family in addition to myself being its occupants, we were compelled to do our cooking outside. This was done by the side of a roaring fire, made of dried wood, beside a log; a coffee-pot, dingy with smoke; a frying-pan, loose at the handle; a camp-kettle for bean-cooking, which sometimes were burnt and unsavory; but withal we thought ourselves lucky to have even thus some of the comforts of life. And this kind of supper was eaten—where do you think? In Nature's large drawing-room—not upon a mahogany table; but on a big flat stone, around which we sat, like so many tailors, to eat. Those never-to-be-forgotten days of beans and potatoes! They were considered a luxury, which was plainly to be seen by the eagerness manifested by all to get the greatest share. And when dried fruit was added to this feast, each one was blessed with the sight, and was often tempted to leave a spoonful, for manners' sake. We had our winter supply piled against the pine-tree that sheltered our tent. These supplies had been packed in over the mountains, only to be stolen by the wild savages, whose hideous yell is still ringing in the deep gorges and glens of the Sierras. They are a straggling remnant of the Pah-Utah tribe, who wander about with a *mahala* or two, in sparse settlements, for rummage and spoliation. They proved no friends to us, for they stole nearly all our winter store one night, as we lay dreaming in fancied security, and were off before the first streak of the next morning in their winter quarters, in the defiles of the mountains. Now, how were we, with starvation staring us in the face, to extricate ourselves from this dilemma, but to put the *apparahoos* on the

Sergeant L—; 'do make him produce
What have you brought?' said the cook
the captain.
'Tea-pots!' replied the captain.
'Ah,' said the cook, turning to the anxious
spectants, 'he says he bring *tipot*—dat
in, in his language, *noting!*'

Y SISTER.

sister,
"granite State,"
family circle,
y fate?

spring time,
green,
fore the old farm-house,
ps was seen?

rambles,
st May Flowers,
asture hillocks,
April showers?

garden,
g and strong,
l-breasted robins,
all the day long?

sister,
stand,
own together
nd?

evening,
er's bedside,
he blessed us
ed?

unt me, my sister,
gold land
together
our band.

mules, and make a "pilgrim's progress" to the nearest mining town, which lay distant about thirty miles, where we might replenish our larder? This thieving tribe has become nearly exterminated, and we consoled ourselves with a wish that their death-struggle might be a pang or two the longer for stealing our camp-kettles, pork and beans. Our train was at last seen wending its way down the mountain side. An hour or two soon found us beside our friends at home, with an adequate supply, beside a huge crackling fire, against a pine log, for special benefit, earnestly discussing the merits of a hearty supper, hastily prepared for themselves, not forgetting us. Winter, with its snowy blanket, already began to spread its covering on the distant hill-tops. My better half took warning by the yellow leaf of the willows, that hung upon the margin of the streamlets. The timid deer and antelope were seen scampering away, with the strong grizzly, out of the dominion of the winter tyrant, which went whirling, shrieking with its fitful blast, through the glen. He was to take the mules below for better grazing, and return in a few days to his sequestered home, before the trail was blockaded with snow; and when I saw him seated on his mule, ready for departure, snugly ensconced in his *serapa*, I felt a presentiment of coming calamities, that his encouraging tones could not dispel; for surely "coming events cast their shadows before," especially when the sun of comfort appears about to set. Mule after mule disappeared around the hill, until the last of him was seen, waving an adieu with his slouched hat. All now, that was dear to me, was gone: the merry jingle of bells in the train, and the loud, stentorious "Hip-ah! hip-ah!" that resounded through the forest of tall pines, fell upon my ear like a funeral dirge.

Our cabin was now nearly finished for my reception. The idea of once more having a home of my own, to shelter me from the inclemency of the season, en-

grossed my whole attention; therefore, I had no time for long despondency or sober reflection. The gray dawn of misty morning found me wending my way to my new home of coming suffering. The snow-flakes were falling slantingly upon the frozen ground, obscuring the light of the morning sun, struggling to pierce the misty clouds that beset the snowy horizon. A furniture moving-day is not of much importance to one who lives so far removed from fashionable life in a populous city. My cabin was not unlike "Uncle Tom's;" for it had a shake door, fastened with a peg, to keep out the bears, coyotes, and Indians. I had no trouble in arranging my furniture to my taste: it was not cumbersome nor extensive. It consisted of my little white-pine table, three or four upright stools, a fancy bedstead, with the posts (large sticks) driven in the ground; for we had no floor; and these poles were covered with riven shakes for a cord, which, covered with bushes, made a rude bed. My carpet was indeed of a curious pattern—not of bright, large flowers, clustering warmly together, with a green sprig now and then, to make the contrast more strikingly perceptible; but in its stead, it had the genuine gunny potato-sacks, and which, when sewed together, and the ground levelled down, made us quite comfortable. But the first night's lodging we took in our cabin, was any thing but agreeable; for it had no "chinking," and the crevices were spacious enough to have thrown a good sized calf through, provided he went feet first. I awoke the first morning, I remember, to find my bed with about two inches of snow for an outside counterpane, which had been drifted by the wind through these "chinks." But my noble, generous brother, and my own ingenious aid, soon affected a remedy. Taking boiling water, he thawed the ground, and made a mortar, which I handed to him, as he daubed it upon and over the crevices of the house. We began to feel quite grand in our snowy location, as we sat, at night fall,

beside a big fire, roasting
fire-place, and which re-
to our little household.

I was one morning
peasant reverie, by a
my fellow, stamping
feet, at the door, w-
u to a Christmas di-
a very estimable lad
distant. I felt surpris-
mis had rolled around
the invitation, and ar-
take of the luxuries, t-
pine slabs before us, a-
stuffed ducks and geese
apples, boiled beans, s-
a dessert of hot bisc-
despatched by the cu-
without ceremony, or
as every one knows, a-
in the mountains.
little valley were in a
her "bib and tucker"
young girl among ill-
considered a little d-
and she felt her impor-
quettish words and ge-
turned the heads of t-
man, who bent low to
murmur that fell fr-
This accounted for
shirts, as they called
er: their unshorn face
in fact, their manner
these I had ever seen
woman's angelic cha-
fluence is felt by the
ran away from simil-
once happy home.

But I must break
tell you that our litt-
was suddenly damp-
fer of our exiles, fro-
who, only the day be-
the heart, in a dispute
to some land, which
life. He was buried
the hill-side, by a fo-

sole attention; therefore, I long despondency or sober gray dawn of misty morn- ending my way to my new suffering. The snow-flakes fantingly upon the frozen light of the morning to pierce the misty clouds, snowy horizon. A furniture of much importance to far removed from fashion- ous city. My cabin was le Tom's;" for it had a shake ith a peg, to keep out the and Indians. I had no nging my furniture to my t cumbersome nor extensive. my little white-pine table, ight stools, a fancy bed- posts (large sticks) driven for we had no floor; and e covered with riven shakes ich, covered with bushes, d. My carpet was indeed tern—not of bright, large ng warmly together, with a and then, to make the con- kingly perceptible; but in the genuine gunny potato h, when sewed together, and elled down, made us quite But the first night's lodging e cabin, was any thing but t had no "chinking," and the pacious enough to have sized calf through, provided t. I awoke the first morn e, to find my bed with about snow for an outside counter d been drifted by the win "chinks." But my noble er, and my own ingenion ed a remedy. Taking boil- awed the ground, and mad, h I handed to him, as h and over the crevices of th gan to feel quite grand i tion, as we sat, at night fal-

beside a big fire, roaring in our huge cabin fire-place, and which reflected heat and light to our little household.

I was one morning startled from a pleasant reverie, by a good-natured looking fellow, stamping the snow from his feet, at the door, who came to invite us to a Christmas dinner, to be given by a very estimable lady, who lived a mile distant. I felt surprised to find that Christmas had rolled around so soon. I accepted the invitation, and arrived in time to partake of the luxuries, that were set on a few pine slabs before us, and which consisted of stuffed ducks and geese, a dish of real dried apples, boiled beans, some stale butter, and a dessert of hot biscuits—all which were despatched by the curious looking guests, without ceremony, or fastidious airs, which, as every one knows, are useless commodities in the mountains. All the ladies in the little valley were in attendance, each with her "bib and tucker" on. There was a young girl among the number, who was considered a little divine in those days; and she felt her importance, by the soft, co- quettish words and gestures, that no doubt turned the heads of the awe-struck gentlemen, who bent low to catch "the faintest murmur that fell from her parting lips." This accounted for their *boiled woollen shirts*, as they called them, looking cleaner; their unshorn faces looking brighter; in fact, their manners were changed from those I had ever seen before. So much for woman's angelic charms, whose genial influence is felt by the rough mountaineers, far away from similar attractions of his once happy home.

But I must break in upon my story, to tell you that our little party's cheerfulness was suddenly damped, by the return of a few of our exiles, from the funeral of one, who, only the day before, was shot through the heart, in a dispute about a claim he held to some land, which quarrel ended with his life. He was buried without ceremony, on the hill-side, by a few rough hands, as one

alone, uncared for, whose grave will never be watered by a tender mother's or sister's falling tears; and a few stones were piled upon him, as a safeguard from the wild beasts that wander about nightly for their prey. This revolting scene was soon forgotten by the group; and jest and jeer, joke and merry song—such is life—were passed around; and "all went as gleeful as a marriage bell."

The sun, next morning, had risen in splendor, and fell upon the sparkling snow, dazzling our eyes; but in the afternoon it became obscured by masses of falling snow, which precluded all hope of the absent one's return that night, from beyond the mountains; and while I was feasting abroad; I afterwards learned that the coyotes were feasting on my two chickens at home; which I had brought thither from the valley below. It snowed, without cessation, for three weeks; which entirely excluded us from the valley world below by an impenetrable barrier of huge snow-drifts, which lay in the mountain trail, at the depth of fifty feet. Day after day, would the sun rise behind purple clouds of snow, and set in misty vapors. In this way, weeks rolled on, and no letters came, nor tidings of my own dear absent husband, over whom, I often imagined, the wolves might be holding a dreadful carnival, in some snowy den. It was then that I felt a certain unconsciousness and loneliness of heart, such as I never felt before. How often did I invoke sleep, as the type of death, to still my heart's deep throbbings!

However, weeks came and went; our little store of provision was nearly exhausted. Time sped on meanwhile; I know not how; for I lost the reckoning of the day of the week. All days were alike, tumbled together in agonizing bewilderment. The tall pines swayed to and fro upon the hill, by the side of our rude cot, sounding like wild beasts eager for their prey. I thought of the freezing travellers of St. Bernard, in the frozen Alps, turning their glassy

eyes heavenward, when the film of death was shutting the loved ones from their view. Such might soon be our fate; for all our winter store had gone, but a few pounds of rice. I had not, for weeks, tasted a cup of coffee or tea, or any other civilized luxury. However, after hours and days of loneliness and bitter privation, spring, gentle, balmy spring, came again, chasing before it the ugly impediments of the traveller's path, making all nature look gay; and with it came the dear storm-stayed, long-wished for one, gladdening my heart with his wonted smiles, and my little home with all that I wished for to make life comfortable; for he had brought with him a train of mules, heavily laden,—not even forgetting the smallest item, which I had commissioned him to bring.

On looking back upon the scenes through which I had passed, I cannot help being reminded of the poet's lines:—

"Oh, heavens! 'tis a fearful thing,
"Beneath the tempest's beating wing,
"To struggle on like stricken'd deer,
"When swoops the monarch-bird of air:
"To breast the loud wind's illful spasm,
"To brave the cloud and shun the chasm,
"Like some poor pelted shallop's sail,
"Between the ocean and the gale."

Doctor Dittidowns in search of the Picturesque, Arabesque, Grotesque, and Burlesque.

A HEDGE SCHOOL.

On my way to Ballinonuck I stumbled upon an odd scene—an Irish hedge school. It was held behind an old dilapidated barn; of which, its side, and two untrimmed wild hedges, formed a triangle. Expecting something worthy of my note book, I stood behind the barn unseen and awaited the commencement of the dominie's scholastic exercises.

"Judy my darlint," said the professor, have ye brought the big bunch of turnips the mother of ye promised last week, ease how no turnips, no goggrify. Oeh, does

she think a man's brains are like the father's blessing to be had for the axin. Get along with ye and bring your quid pro quo. Blood and tunder Paddy O'Dooly, Is that the way you enter the house of larnin' jumping over the hedge in that way, so as to knock the master off his centre of gravity, as if he was no better nor a ninepin. Go round to the gate like a christian, and do your gentilities, and show the difference twixt a cow and a gintilman, as I taught ye's. Teddy Rourke, do you know ye spalpeen ye got a dangerous thing under your arum (arm) jis now; which same I tould you, before to-morrow, little was the use of it.

"Please Sir," 'tis my book.

"Book do ye call it? by the powers it requires no disarming, I tell it ye, to see 'tis a dangerous thing, for the holy Pope, the poet says—

"A little larning is a dangerous thing," and your book as ye call it has only two laves, and they are only the kivers of it. Molly O'Flaherty come and con the letters child; sure, some day if ye make sich rapid progress, ye'll startle the world as a man of letters. What's that thing that stands a top of the hill that leads the way like a straddling handpost and points to the Great T'emple of all the Sciences?"

"Dun'no."

"Dun'no"—what's dried grass what horses eat?"

"Wuts?"—(oats.)

"Wuts—no, hay. The next in order of succession"

"Dun'no."

"What's the little thing wot stings?"

The girl looking up grinning,—Your huckle switch.

"Oeh, and don't ye deserve it for your attempt." "No," that same is B. Bee.

The third—"Dun'no that?" What do I do with my eyes?

"You squints."

"Oh!" Well, if the master miss the mark with his eye the scholar shall see strait this time. Whack! Whack!! Tell the mith-

er when
never learn
D. E. F. t
Here Bid
mer into
as a ganin
alphabet.
sade wid
that ye kn
forards, a
oopside do
letter?—(

"Cock!

"Cock!

one hear t

(Loud lau

Vargin!

sich son's

there is o

some fine

next door

next—"V

hole in it

"O."

"The r

over. Fat

church of

brace of

"Can't

"Yew-

the next

for you,

my jewel.

sittiwate

your face

of he chal

"I."

"Oeh l

next?"

will the

whin 'tw

"L."

"'Tis j

it? The

nus?"

"Dun'

"Oeh

complish

"Dun'

er when ye gets to the home, that ye'll never learn your A. B. C. case as how, yer D. E. F. to my instruction, blazes take ye. Here Bidy take this ganius and hammer into her, if ye wish to be sillibrated as a ganius yersel, the first half-dozen of the alphabet. Billy O'Toole come up and prosade wid yer spellin'. Och, an ye know that ye know your alphabet backards, and forards, and sideways, and if so be aven, oopside doon too ye puzzler. What's that letter?—(Pause.) What lays eggs?

"Cock."

"Cock!—Cock lay eggs!" Did iver any one hear the like of that. Cock lay eggs. (Loud laughter by all the alumni.) Holy Vargin! Has your father's wife any more sich son's? By the soul of St. Patrick there is one consolation for ye. Ye'll be some fine morning, if not a Solomon, the next door to it, a Solon.—Prosade wid the next—"What's that round thing with a hole in it?"—

"O."

"The next—(long pause)—What grows over Father O'Grady's tomb in the big church of—no matter where?" Give us a brace of 'em an ye'll guess that same."

"Can't say."

"Yew—double yew—N. O. W." "What's the next thra legg'd thing?" "M"—good for you, N. has two legs remimber that my jewel. "What's next—the thing that's sittiwated in the right and left centre of your face, somewhere between the ragion of he chake and the forehead?"

"I."

"Och honey yer in luck this day. What's next?" "Dun'no?"—"Try again.—Where will the blaggard go that stole my pig, whin 'twas jist the dicky to pay the rint?"

"L."

"'Tis jist that same. Now for the foot of it? The word—not the pig I mane, ye ganius?"

"Dun'no."

"Och honey, put the steam up and ye'll accomplish it."

"Dun'no."

"Dun'no? What's wanting to the door that's locked when ye'd have it open in less than no time for the pratecs?"

"A Kick."

"Och murther ye've missed, when I made ye hit it as plain as a pick."

"A Kay ye ninny. Does't a Kay lock the door win 'tis shut and unlock 't win it's open?"

"Now my jewel, look out for the fine work, put 'em all tegither every mither's soul o' 'em, and tell me like a mou the sum tottle."

"M-I-L-K."

"Good for ye, patting his head, O but ye're destined some of these fine days to be the historian of Ballinomuck, and all nations will bow doon to ye like old Phari of old."

"Now dove-tail 'em all thegither and tell me, my son, the full amount of all the day's work?"

"Dun'no."

"Dun'no. Och! honey! whew! Stars and blankets yer wits are gone to look after one anither. —What does the mither put into her tay?"

"Mother puts rum, father does the whisky."

"Och faith, that's while the cow's gone to grass. Well, no bad substitute for that same."

"'Tis Milk my son. Milk, Now look out for the next comer; but I'll tell 't ye to save extraordinary exartion, and to same time in gettin over the ground?" The—

"The."

"Now by your grandfather's shillelah lock out for squalls, here comes a poser, but what's that rum customer ye'd be after takin' by the horns afore he'd make mince meat o' 'ye darlint?"

"Ball."

"Good for ye now prime boy. One more pull, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull althegither now. What's the bull's lawful wife called? Don't be after spakin' afore the thinkin', secin' and heerin'. For ye know that ould natur' the darlint, has

NE.

rains are like the fath-
had for the axin. Get
ing your quid pro quo.
addy O'Dooly, Is that
house of larnin' jump
in that way, so as to
his centre of gravity
ter nor a ninepin. Go
like a christian, and do
d show the difference
gentilman, as I taught
ke, do you know ye
dangerous thing unde
is now; which same
-morrow, litle was the

s my book.

it? by the powers it re-
nt, I tell it ye, to see
ng, for the holy Popo,

is a dangerous thing,"
e call it has only two
e only the kivers of it.
ome and con the letters
ay if ye make sich rapid
tle the world as a man
that thing that stands
at leads the way like a
and points to the Great
sciences?"

's dried grass what hor-

s.)

The next in order of

le thing wot stings?"

ng up grinning.—You

ye deserve it for you

that same is B. Bee.

n'no that?" What do

he master miss the mark

holar shall see strait this

hack!! Tell the mith-

gave ye two eyes, two ears, and a peck of brains to on'y one tongue. For that same raisin ye should see twice, hear twice, and think a peck o' things afore ye'll be af'ther spakin' at all, at all—barrin the guesses.

"Cow."

"Och honey, ye've made the bull's eye like a larned marksman, as ye are, and now ye're in the right direction for the Great T'imple of Fame. Tell me darlint—If a sack o' pratees cost as much as 'll fill up a pocket-hole, how many miles it's from Bal-linomuck to Christmas?"

"He! He! He!"

"Whisht, by St. Bridget ye're no fool, for the masther can't make ye one. My blessin' on you Billy O'Toole.—Saints presarve us, ye'll be gettin' ould Ireland out of debt, or be payin' off the thunderin' one of the Sister land afore the world's awake, when ye've left off the boy's brogues one of these fine days.

If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray, and others, that "An is an indefinite article."

BARE WINE.—A wine has been lately advertised under the name of **NAKED SHERRY.** If naked sherry is like naked truth, there can be no objection to its nudity. We dare say it is very good tippie; and one thing seems clear, which is, that if a wine is really naked, it must, at least, have some body.—*Punch.*

"You look like death on a pale horse," said a gentleman to a toper, who was pale and emaciated.

"I don't know anything about that," said the toper, "but I'm death on pale brandy."

"I FIND, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes and passing them off as your own! Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?"

"To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman will take a joke from a friend."

ADDRESS

Of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, June 9th, 1856.

TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA: The Committee of Vigilance, placed in the position they now occupy by the voice and countenance of the vast majority of their fellow-citizens, as executors of their will, desire to define the necessity which has forced this people into their present organization.

Great public emergencies demand prompt and vigorous remedies. The people—long suffering under an organized despotism, which has invaded their liberties, squandered their property, usurped their offices of trust and emolument, endangered their lives, prevented the expression of their will through the ballot-box, and corrupted the channels of justice,—have now arisen, in virtue of their inherent right and power. All political, religious, and sectional differences and issues, have given way to the paramount necessity of a thorough and fundamental reform and purification of the social and political body. The voice of a whole people has demanded union and organization, as the only means of making our laws effective, and regaining the rights of free speech, free vote, and public safety.

For years they have patiently waited and striven, in a peaceable manner, and in accordance with the forms of law, to reform the abuses which have made our city a by-word. Fraud and violence have foiled every effort; and the laws, to which the people looked for protection, while distorted and rendered effete in practice, so as to shield the vile, have been used as a powerful engine to fasten upon us tyranny and misrule.

As Republicans, we looked to the ballot-box as our safeguard and sure remedy. But so effectually and so long was its voice smothered, the votes deposited in it by freemen so entirely outnumbered by ballots thrust in through fraud, at midnight, or nullified by the false counts of judges and inspectors of elections, at noonday, that

many doubted if people were no

Organized political parties, of a similar creed from themselves, or others:

Have provided the necessary tools to the spectators, and judges:

Have employed the same means to prevent peaceable voting, in a lawful manner, and to prevent votes polled at

And have used lot-boxes, with prepared, that is, slide, spurious votes, previous to the election of genuine votes!

Of all this evidence, proofs. Felons and unconvicted have thus contorted, and have tunes, without work with her inheritance of and squandered are in ruins, and of an enormous and poverty to

The jury-box and our jury to the hundreds of have cemented with the bow only the free but the shuddering citizen.

To our shuddering of distant corrupt men shoulder-stricken scrupulous laid down with im-

NE.

RESS
Committee of San Fran
e 9th, 1856.

OF CALIFORNIA: Th
nce, placed in the po
opy by the voice and
vast majority of their
ecutors of their will
necessity which has
o their present organi

encies demand promp
s. The people—long
organized despotism
their liberties, squan
usurped their office
ont, endangered their
expression of their wil
x, and corrupted the
-have now arisen, in
ent right and power
s, and sectional differ
ve given way to the
of a thorough and fun
l purification of the
ody. The voice of
manded union and or
means of making ou
gaining the rights o
and public safety.
e patiently waited and
e manner, and in ac
ns of law, to reform
e made our city a by
violence have foiled
laws, to which the
action, while distortec
n practice, so as to
en used as a powerfu
s tyranny and misrule
looked to the ballot
d and sure remedy
so long was its voice
deposited in it by free
numbered by ballot
and, at midnight, of
counts of judges and
ns, at noonday, tha

ADDRESS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

39

many doubted whether the majority of the people were not utterly corrupt.

Organized gangs of hired men, of all political parties, or who assumed any particular creed from mercenary and corrupt motives, have parcelled out our offices among themselves; or sold them to the highest bidders:

Have provided themselves with convenient tools to obey their nod, as clerks, inspectors, and judges of election:

Have employed bullies and professional fighters to destroy tally-lists by force, and prevent peaceable citizens from ascertaining, in a lawful manner, the true number of votes polled at our elections:

And have used cunningly contrived ballot-boxes, with false sides and bottoms, so prepared, that, by means of a spring or slide, spurious tickets, concealed there previous to the election, could be mingled with genuine votes!

Of all this we have the most irrefragable proofs. Felons from other lands and States, and unconvicted criminals equally as bad, have thus controlled public funds and property, and have often amassed sudden fortunes, without having done an honest day's work with head or hands. Thus the fair inheritance of our city has been embezzled and squandered; our streets and wharves are in ruins, and the miserable entailment of an enormous debt will bequeath sorrow and poverty to another generation.

The jury-box has been tampered with, and our jury trials have been made to shield the hundreds of murderers whose red hands have cemented this tyranny, and silenced with the bowie-knife and the pistol, not only the free voice of an indignant press, but the shuddering rebuke of the outraged citizen.

To our shame be it said, that the inhabitants of distant lands already know that corrupt men in office, as well as gamblers, shoulder-strikers, and other vile tools of unscrupulous leaders, beat, maim, and shoot down with impunity, as well peaceable and

unoffending citizens, as those earnest reformers who, at the known hazard of their lives, and with singleness of heart, have sought in a lawful manner to thwart schemes of public plunder, or to awaken investigation.

Embodied in the principles of republican government are the truths that the majority should rule; and when corrupt officials, who have fraudulently seized the reins of authority, designedly thwart the execution of the laws, and avert punishment from the notoriously guilty, the power they usurp reverts back to the people from whom it was wrested. Realizing these truths, and confident that they were carrying out the will of the vast majority of the citizens of this county, the Committee of Vigilance, under a solemn sense of the responsibility that rested upon them, have calmly and dispassionately weighed the evidence before them and decreed the death of some and banishment of others, who by their crimes and villanies had stained our fair land. With those that were banished, this comparatively moderate punishment was chosen, not because ignominious death was not deserved, but that the error, if any, might surely be upon the side of mercy to the criminal. There are others scarcely less guilty, against whom the same punishment has been decreed; but they have been allowed further time to arrange for their final departure; and with the hope that permission to depart voluntarily might induce repentance, and repentance amendment, they have been permitted to choose, within limits, their own time and method of going.

Thus far, and throughout their arduous duties, they have been, and will be guided by the most conscientious convictions of imperative duty; and they earnestly and prayerfully hope, that in endeavoring to mete out merciful justice to the guilty, their counsels may be so guided by that Power before whose tribunal we shall all stand, that in the vicissitudes of after life, amid

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

the calm reflections of old age, and in the clear view of dying conscience, there may be found nothing we would regret, or wish to change.

We have no friends to reward, no enemies to punish, no private ends to accomplish.

Our single, heart-felt aim is the public good—the purging from our community of those abandoned characters whose actions have been evil continually, and have finally forced upon us the efforts we are now making. We have no favoritism as a body; nor shall there be evinced, in any of our acts, either partiality for, or prejudice against, any race, sect, or party.

While thus far we have not discovered, on the part of our constituents, any indication of lack of confidence, and have no reason to doubt that the great majority of the inhabitants of the county endorse our acts, and desire us to continue the work of weeding irreclaimable characters from the community, we have, with deep regret, seen that some of the State authorities have felt it their duty to organize a force to resist us. It is not impossible for us to realize that not only those who have sought place principally with a view to public plunder, but also those gentlemen who, in accepting offices to which they were honestly elected, have sworn to support the laws of the State of California, find it difficult to reconcile their supposed duties with acquiescence in the acts of the Committee of Vigilance, since they do not reflect that, perhaps, more than three-fourths of the people of the entire State sympathize with and endorse our efforts; and as that all law emanates from the people, so that, when the laws thus enacted are not executed, the power returns to the people, and is theirs, whenever they may choose to exercise it. These gentlemen would not have hesitated to acknowledge this self-evident truth, had the people chosen to make their present movement a complete revolution, recalled all the power they had delegated, and re-issued it to new agents, under new forms.

Now, because the people have not seen fit to resume *all* the powers they have confided to executive or legislative officers, it certainly does not follow that they cannot, in the exercise of their inherent sovereign power, withdraw from corrupt and unfaithful servants the authority they have used to thwart the ends of justice.

Those officers, whose mistaken sense of duty leads them to array themselves against the determined action of the people, whose servants they have become, may be respected, while their error may be regretted; but none can envy the future reflections of that man who, whether in the heat of malignant passion, or with the vain hope of preserving by violence a position obtained through fraud and bribery, seeks, under the color of law, to enlist the outcasts of society, as a hireling soldiery in the service of the State, or urges criminals, by hopes of plunder, to continue, at the cost of civil war, the reign of ballot-box stuffers, saborners of witnesses, and tamperers with the jury-box.

The Committee of Vigilance believe that the people have entrusted to them the duty of gathering evidence, and, after due trial, expelling from the community those ruffians and assassins, who have so long outraged the peace and good order of society, violated the ballot-box, overridden law, and thwarted justice.

Beyond the duties incident to this, we do not desire to interfere with the details of government.

We have spared and shall spare no efforts to avoid bloodshed or civil war, but, undeterred by threats or opposing organizations, shall continue, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, this work of reform, to which we have pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Our labors have been arduous, our deliberations have been cautious, our determinations firm, our counsels prudent, our motives pure; and, while regretting the imperious necessity which called us into action, we are anxious that this necessity should

exist no lo
have been
nity shall
long endur
citizens an
of their
Vigilance
ng their
from who

[Publis

(Seal of
{Commit

SPECI

We can
owing be
Karl's S
of Heave
ness and

'It is d
ple man s
ruefully
heartless
feels the
nd know
others ar
hat hour
e a true
ere on ea

'It is d
sweet chi
heard aro
ittle patt
ut the t
he stairs
melody re
y the ch
Darkness
which he
y and th

'It is d
he scene
res pure
ften thr
hose of
nd sad
ing wi

exist no longer; and when our labors shall have been accomplished—when the community shall be freed from the evils it has so long endured—when we have insured to our citizens an honest and vigorous protection of their rights,—then the Committee of Vigilance will find great pleasure in resigning their power into the hands of the people, from whom it was received.

[Published by order of the Committee.]

33, Secretary.

{Seal of the
Committee.}

"SPECIMENS" WORTH SAVING.

We cannot refrain from clipping the following beautiful sentiment from 'Meister Karl's Sketch Book,' entitled 'The Night of Heaven,' it is so full of touching tenderness and feeling:

'It is dark when the honest and honorable man sees the results of long years swept cruelly away by the grasp of knavish, heartless adversity. It is dark when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather around, and knows that the hopes and happiness of others are fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be a true consolation, and assure him, even here on earth, gleams of light in heaven!

'It is dark, when the dear voice of that sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark, when the little pattering feet no more resound without the threshold, or ascend, step by step, the stairs. Dark, when some well-known melody recalls the strain once oft attuned by the childish voice, now hushed in death! Darkness, indeed; but only the gloom which heralds the day-spring of immortality and the infinite light of heaven!

'It is dark, when, in later life, we tread the scene of long-vanished pleasures—pleasures pure and innocent, whose memory has often thrilled our soul—whose voices, like those of some phantom-band, are ever sweet and sad; but never sadder than when chiming with the after-echo, 'We return no

more!' Ring as ye will, sweet voices, there are loftier joys awaiting in the golden Eden-Land, which lies beyond the sunset of life, and is gladdened by the light above, in heaven!

'It is dark, very dark, when the grim hand of sickness has passed fearfully over us with its deathly magnetic stroke, and left behind the life-enduring sorrows of blindness, decrepitude, or debility. It is dark, sadly dark, when we are neglected for the fair and comely, who abound in this gay and heartless world. Cheer up, thou poor sufferer; for there be those among the angels who love thee, and thou wilt yet shine fair as they, when touched by the light above, in heaven!

'It is dark in the heart of man all over this fair, green world. It is dark beneath the noon-day sky—dark in the sun-ray, the moon-beam,—the star-light. But for the true heart and trusting soul, who lives in the life of love and gentleness; there beameth ever, a light of joy from Heaven!

"I WONDER what has become of the snuff-box?" said Mrs. Johnson, "I have been looking for them all the evening, and can't find them high or low."

Nobody could give any information.

After a while the hired Dutchman getting sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots preparatory to going to bed.

"All dis day," said he, "I tink I got some little grable stones in my boots, I kess I kit 'em out now."

He turned up his boot and poured out the snuff-box.

"PA, I planted some potatoes in our garden, and what do you think came up?"

"Why, potatoes, of course."

"No, sir-ee, there came up a drove of hogs and eat them all."

LOST! A lawyer's conscience, somewhere between the court house and the post office; but as it was nearly worn threadbare, no great reward will be paid for it.

THE VIGILANCE CALL.

Away, away to duty, no longer linger now,
 Merchant leave the counting-room, Farmer leave the plow;
 Miner drop the heavy pick, Trader leave thy wares,
 Artizan, Mechanic, now, assume your country's cares;
 The Ballot-box is naught to thee, 'tis wrested from thy power,
 Thy fathers purchased it with blood, and left it as thy dower;
 But villains of the darkest dye, have wrested it from thee,
 And now stand up a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

Who fill thy posts of honor? are they honest men and free?
 Will they ever be found faithful to thy country or to thee?
 Are they men of sterling wisdom? elected by one voice?
 The best men in the nation? the people's only choice?
 Blush now to own the truth, and hang thy head with shame,
 Thy rulers have been rowdies—and disgraced to thee thy name,
 Loafers bribed by hireling gold—knaves of a foreign shore,
 Murderers, convicts, bullies—how I blush to name them o'er.

Freeman be up and doing, thy country calls for thee,
 No longer look discouraged, no longer bend the knee;
 Dare to assert thy rights—fight for them if ye must,
 And yield not till your life's blood is mingled with the dust;
 Upon the pine-clad mountain, deep in the fertile vale,
 Is heard the infant orphan's cry, the widow's bitter wail:
 And villains of the darkest dye would take thy life from thee,
 But rise up *now* a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

Then husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, *ALL* vigilant be now,
 For curs'd is he who would look back with hand upon the plow;
 The work of reformation has scarcely yet begun,
 Then shrink not back from duty, till faithfully 'tis done;
 The future of this golden west is now within thy hands,
 Wilt thou give it noble freedom? or succumb to knavish bands:
 Wives, mothers, sisters, daughters are pleading now for thee,
 So now stand up a freeman, or forever bend the knee.

Then away, away to duty, 'tis woman bids thee go,
 Though her soul is full of sadness—her heart with deepest woe;
 Oh! 'tis a fearful thing we know—we've thought it o'er and o'er,
 Yet, though we love *thee* dearly, we love *thy honor* more.
 Then come to us thou nobly brave, we'll gird thy armor on,
 And then go kneel in prayer, till the battle's lost or won:
 Yes, women will thy armor bring, and gird it on to thee,
 Then stand up *now*, a *freeman*, or forever bend the knee!

San Francisco, May, 1856.

CARRIE D.

THE REAL

From adv
 coming Stea
 he gives the
 steambot to
 erth Fulton.
 to sustain hi
 friends of Fi
 find justice w
 appears that
 made a succ
 bon at Phila
 aged nearly
 afterwards, w
 to obtain aid
 to further his
 ton, who was
 tery for blow
 pretending to
 Fitch, obtain
 steambot by
 water letters
 Fitch remain
 ing to get cap
 to prosecute
 out success.
 dreaming of
 Meantime, R
 York, and ob
 Livingston, b
 on the North
 one of Watt
 dere from E
 ty years after
 the practicabi
 Mississippi w
 Robert Fulto
 exclusive priv
 and Mississip
 were thus tie
 New York, it
 clusively pro
 not the invent
 John Fitch b
 moving in the
 Cincinnati Times.

THE REAL INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

From advance sheets of Lloyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory, we see that he gives the credit of the invention of the steamboat to John Fitch, and not to Robert Fulton. He produces good authority to sustain him in his assertions, and the friends of Fitch will no doubt be glad to find justice will be done in this work. It appears that John Fitch invented and made a successful trial trip with his steamboat at Philadelphia, in 1786, which averaged nearly eight miles an hour, and that afterwards, while he was in Paris, trying to obtain aid from the French government to further his objects, he met Robert Fulton, who was there with his submarine battery for blowing up ships; and Fulton, by pretending to take great interest in John Fitch, obtained plans and drawings of his steamboat by giving him some milk and water letters to various persons. Poor Fitch remained in Europe some time, trying to get capitalists to advance him funds to prosecute his great invention, but without success. They called him crazy, little dreaming of the prize they were losing. Meantime, Robert Fulton returned to New York, and obtaining funds from Chancellor Livingston, built the steamer "Clermont," on the North River, in 1806, using in her one of Watt's improved steam engines, ordered from England. This was fully twenty years after John Fitch had demonstrated the practicability of stemming the mighty Mississippi with the steamboat. In 1811, Robert Fulton and Livingston claimed the exclusive privilege of navigating the Ohio and Mississippi by steam. Several boats were thus tied up, but at the great trial in New York, it was satisfactorily and conclusively proved that Robert Fulton was not the inventor of the steamboat, but to John Fitch belonged the high honor of first moving in this wonderful discovery.—*Cincinnati Times*.



OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

The above interesting specimen of humanity was our next door neighbor in Forty-nine: we ought, perhaps, to say that he lived next door, but he never crowded life so much as to *live* anywhere—he merely staid there. His appearance generally reminded you of a pair of sugar tongs, with a jacket and hat upon them, his legs having monopolized three-fifths of the individual; moreover, he was capable of enduring a vast amount of ease, but his greatest enemy could never accuse him of being caught at work, for the conclusive reason that he did not like work well enough, even to lie down beside it; lest it might entrap him unawares to doing any. He was once invited to engage in it for exercise, but he gave the beautiful answer—"nary time, not as I noze on."

Having a desire to be rich—for that whispered of shady trees, on sunny days—like many others he resolved to try his luck at "monte," and to raise a stake he crept

CARRIE D.

stealthily to his father's pockets, on a prospecting trip, while he was asleep, and took the money; always leaving the industrious old man without any.

A neighbor residing in the adjoining cabin, after telling us the exploits of "that lazy

cuss," wound up his story with "of that ere boy b'long'd to me, I wouldn't like to kill the boy edactly, but darn me if I wouldn't trade him for a dog, and I'd kill the dog—sure!"

Editor's Table.

SOCIAL CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our social chat this month will be very short for two reasons; first, because we have but little to say, and next, because we have but few contributors; and they are our old acquaintances and friends—with whom we have spent many gossiping hours and hope to do again. We shall be happy, however, to increase the number, and hope that many will take an interest in our Magazine, and send us their sunny thoughts with which to brighten and enliven its pages.

We wish to make it as truly Californian as we can, in every feature. We hope that many of our old acquaintances in the mountains, will write us something racy, and terse, and good, and when they get off a good joke, to send it to us. When they have a good story, let them give ourselves and our readers the benefit of it. We shall allow the ladies to abuse the gentlemen, and give the gentlemen an opportunity to defend themselves, or get some lady friend to do it for them; and we—with their permission—will see fair-play. We wish to encourage intellectual sport, and to scatter good humor freely, and, with your assistance, kind reader, we hope to make our Magazine as welcome to all, as would be a ray of sunlight on a cloudy day.

We cordially invite contributions from ladies and gentlemen of literary taste and education, upon any and every subject interesting to Californians. And as we wish to present as great a variety as possible, we would suggest brevity—in their favors.

To our juvenile friends, we wish to say, that we shall reserve a little corner for their compositions, as we wish to encourage them to cultivate a taste for writing.

We have received the following, and insert it, by way of commencement:

TO MY FLOWERS.

You pretty little beauteous things,
I wonder if in Heaven,
Angels wear you on their wings,
Or but to us are given.

MARY.

We think that the thought is very pretty, Mary; and, that by-and-by you will do much better.

We would make a few suggestions to our young friends. Let your communications be short, and to the purpose. If you have but one thought, express it clearly, and then leave it—do not spin it out to make more of it, as that is a very bad habit—rather seek to add other thoughts to the one expressed.

From our friend Sacramento, we have received an interesting description of a "Wedding Tour," and we don't wonder that they enjoyed it:

"Imagine a party of four old bachelors—all professional men, [we should think so,—but why haven't you proposed, as well as professed?] leaving the lively sounds of city life at the Capitol, on a journey of eighty or one hundred miles to witness—what they have so long sought in vain—the marriage ceremony.

"You can and will appreciate our embarrassment, as you have had many years of experience, [don't expose us, Sac.!] in our way: but we believe you are not beyond redemption, as your praiseworthy un-

dertaking will, doubtless, be made doubly so by the soul-stirring of some of the bright stars of which we have heard: 'Kattie King,' 'Jennie,' 'Lily,' and a host of others, and Leap Year there is a faint [S.c.! Sac.!] that we may be upon; our modesty thus far has kept us from making any serious mention of the subject. On a six hour's ride on the banks of the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, we remained in the flourishing city of Sacramento for the night.

At early dawn, the following barouche was rattling down the streets, and on our way to the top of the mountain, the sun soon arose in unclouded splendor above the snow-capped Sierras. We continued our journey through a beautiful valley, the cheerful birds giving melody, life, and cheerfulness.

Among our party might be mentioned the Judicial, Musical, Medical and other departments: and as we all were merry laugh, and pleasant journey, we were on one of great pleasure.

We next find ourselves seated at B., about 10 miles from Sacramento, and the landlord and lady seemed most attentive, the table was loaded with chickens, eggs, pies, cakes, and of every kind. Our city came whirring. If such was to be the case everywhere, we only wish we would marry often.

We now began to throng among the craggy hills and not a varied scenery was presenting itself, until we arrived at the place of our destination, received with equal, if not more, attention by Mr. and Mrs. K., and the who were ready and waiting for us. The trying time was a while, we were to meet the bride and groom for the last time in a blessedness.

Now appeared the bride and groom, the former beautiful and the latter regretted they had not proposed, but it was now too late! O! 'procrastination, thou art my happiness! How often have I regretted by thee! [served you right.] We resolved to object to thee, 'all was vanity,'—we were a man a little longer in old Sacramento, it was not our fault. It is late.

is story with "of that ere
e, I wouldn't like to kill
out darn me if I wouldn't
g, and I'd kill the dig—

friends, we wish to say.
serve a little corner for
as we wish to encourage
a taste for writing.

ed the following, an in-
commencement :

MY FLOWERS.

the beautiful things,
in Heaven,
you on their wings,
are given.

MAY.

the thought is very pret-
at by-and-by you will do

ce a few suggestions to our
et your communication be
purpose. If you have not
ress it clearly, and then
spin it out to make more
very bad habit—rather
er thoughts to the one

l Sacramento, we have re-
esting description of a
" and we don't wonder

ty of four old bachelor—
en, [we should think so—
you proposed, as well as
g the lively sounds of city
on a journey of eighty or
s to witness—what they
ht in vain—the marriage

will appreciate our on-
ou have had many years
on't expose us, Sac.] in
believe you are not so
as your praiseworthy in

dertaking will, doubtless, bring you inti-
mately with the soul-stirring constellation—
some of the bright stars of which are known
as 'Kattie King,' 'Jennie,' 'Bessie,' 'Stel-
la' and a host of others, and this being
Leap Year there is a faint hope left us,
[Sac. ! Sac. !] that we may yet be smiled
upon; our modesty thus far having prevent-
ed us from making any serious demonstra-
tion. But to the subject. Our party, after
a six hour's ride on the banks and through
the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, ar-
rived in the flourishing city of M—, and
here we remained for the night.

"At early dawn, the following morning,
our barouche was rattling through the
streets, and on our way to the festive scene.
The sun soon arose in unclouded brilliancy
above the snow-capped Sierras, and we
continued our journey through a paradise
of beautiful flowers; the choral songs of
birds giving melody, life, and joy to the oc-
casion.

"Among our party might be classed the
Judicial, Musical, Medical and Legislative
departments: and as we all felt gay, the
merry laugh, and pleasant joke, made our
morning ride one of great pleasure and en-
joyment.

"We next find ourselves seated at break-
fast at B., about 10 miles from M—. The
landlord and lady seemed more than usually
attentive, the table was loaded down with
chickens, eggs, pies, cakes and sweetmeats
of every kind. Our city caterer was 'no-
whar.' If such was to be our reception
everywhere, we only wished our friends
would marry often.

"We now began to thread our way
among the craggy hills and deep cañons;
new and varied scenery was continually
presenting itself, until we arrived at B—ville,
the place of our destination, here we were
received with equal, if not more cordiality
by Mr. and Mrs. K., and the bridal party,
who were ready and waiting for our ar-
rival. The trying time was at hand; when
we were to meet the bridal pair, (two
couples) for the last time in a life of single
blessedness.

"Now appeared the brides and bride-
grooms, the former beautiful in appearance.
Many regretted they had not themselves
proposed, but it was now too late, all was
lost! O! 'procrastination, thief of time'
and happiness! How often have I been
ruined by thee! [served you right, eh!]
We resolved to object to the ceremonies,
'all was vanity,'—we were doomed to re-
main a little longer in old bachelorhood, but
it's not our fault. It is Leap Year and

we are ready and willing to receive pro-
posals [!!!]

"The two couples were united with the
one ceremony. They passed through it
bravely. Next came the salutations and
congratulations of the bridegrooms, and
kissing the brides. This latter was de-
clared to be the most interesting, touching,
and satisfactory portion of the whole cere-
mony. All was life and merriment until
the wedding-supper, which served to in-
crease the joy of the large company assem-
bled. Toasts went the rounds. The great
objects of attention were the bridal pairs.
[We do not doubt it.] They were dressed
in most tasteful array.

"We all seemed enchained to our seats by
some magnetic power, until "music arose
with its voluptuous swell," when, with one
unanimous bound, the spell was broken,
and the dance began.

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
"And all went merry as a marriage bell,
"On with the dance; let joy be unconfined,
"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
"To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!"—

was the sentiment beating in every heart.
Each separated, believing his cup of joy
had been filled; and many a confirmed old
bachelor resolved to reform this night, and
become a man.

"Now, dear Ed—, if you will give us an
introduction, through your columns, to
Bessie, Jennie, Katie, or any of those phi-
lanthropic spirits, who have so frequently,
through the press, thrown so many sun-
beams into the "social circle," you will
greatly oblige; and I will communicate
with you again, *poco mas*, upon my matri-
monial prospects. Adieu, SACRAMENTO."

[We should be happy to give you an in-
troduction through our columns, "Sacra-
mento," to the fair ladies named—with their
permission—but we regret to say, as yet,
we have not had that pleasure ourselves,
and as you are better looking than we are,
we might prefer the first chance—is that
right?]

CHEATAGE.—This is a new word, coined
to meet the exigencies of political parties.
"Cheatage" is considered one of the most
profitable perquisites of office, as well as the
main stay in political tactics. Politicians
cheat each other, cheat the people, and not
unfrequently cheat—themselves. But there
is one Old Fellow they can't cheat—he is sure
to get his own!

Literary Notices.

Letters to the People on Health and Happiness, by Miss BRECHER.

Allen & Spier have kindly placed upon our table this instructive little volume. To our readers, we can cordially recommend it as one of the most useful books of the present day. It is familiar, clear, and comprehensive. The lady has evidently entered upon her task with a desire to be useful to all—especially to her sex. There is nothing tedious in it; there is no false modesty about it, but its earnest teachings and commonsense facts speak home to the better judgment of all. If you would have health in preference to sickness, beauty to deformity, cheerfulness to melancholy, read and practice the contents of this little volume.

To the Noisy Carrier Co., we are indebted for a hearty laugh over *Plu-Ri-Bus-Tah, a Song that's by no Author—A Deed without a Name—Perpetrated by Q. K. PHILANDER DORSTICKS, P. B.*

We are tempted to give the following extracts:

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

I refuse to apologize.

When I began this work, I assumed the right to distort facts, to mutilate the records, to belie history, to outrage common sense, and to speak as I should please, about all dignitaries, persons, places, and events, without the slightest regard for truth or probability.

I have done it.

I intended to compose a story without plot, plan, or regard for the rules of grammar. I have done it.

I intended to write a poem in defiance of precedent, of prosody, and of the public.

I have done it.

I intended to upset all commonly received ideas of Chronology, and to transpose dates, periods, epochs and eras, to suit my own convenience.

I have done it.

I intended not only to make free with the heathen Gods, and to introduce some of them into our modern "Best Society," but also to invent a mythology of my own, and get up home-made deities to suit myself.

I have done it.

I intended to slaughter the American Eagle, cut the throat of the Goddess of Liberty, annihilate the Yankee nation, and break things generally; and I flatter myself that—I have done it.

If you are discontented with the story—if the beginning does not suit you—if the middle is not to your taste—if you are not pleased with the catastrophe—if you don't like my disposition of the characters—if you find fault with my imaginative facts—if you think the poetry is n't genuine—if, in fact, you are dissatisfied with the performance, you had better go to the door-keeper and get your money back, for, I repeat it, I refuse to apologize.

What are you going to do about it?

INTRODUCTION.

Don't you ask me, whence this burlesque;

Whence this captious fabrication,

With its huge attempt at satire,

With its effort to be funny,

With its pride in Yankee spirit,

With its love of Yankee firmness,

With its flings at Yankee fashions,

With its slaps at Yankee humbug,

With its hits at Yankee follies,

And its scoffs at Yankee bragging,

With its praise of all that's manly,

All that's honest, all that's noble,

With its bitter hate of meanness,

Hate of pride and affectation,

With its scorn of slavish fawning,

Scorn of snobs, and scorn of flunkies,

Scorn of all who cringe before the

Dirty but "almighty dollar?"

Don't you ask—for I shan't tell you,

Lest you, too, should be a Yankee

And should turn and sue for libel,

Claiming damage, God knows how much.

In the language of "Dr Great Author" we

advise:

"Ye, who love to laugh at nonsense,

Love the stilted lines of burlesque,

Want to read a song historic,

Want to read a song prophetic,

Want to read a mixed-up story

Full of facts and real transactions,

Which you know are true and life-like—

Also full of lies and fictions,

Full of characters of fancy

And imaginary people,

Buy this home-made Yankee fable;

Buy this song that's by no author."

AT THE NOISY CARRIER'S.

Juvenile

The following examine juvenile friends the necessity of correct spelling and

A sailor, being about his wife sent the following message to a young man: "A man goes to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

The corporation of Wales, deputed its learned a certain innkeeper to dinner for his mare and principal burglars (burglers) which, in due time, and mare would find plenty, and said burglars them a warm reception.

"When you resolve to do mind is to take a week and get him N*****, a notorious groom, and to his constable animal a victim to meaning the word "shoot."

Some Suffolk farmer turned up to George the who wrote back an advertisement that he would certain day, send them the good clods made out and accordingly provided pasture ground for his when the gift turned out null-box, they thought aggrieved, and his Majesty.

The late Duke of wrote to his friends: "I do not intend to shoot my tenants this year, on account of last year." I

Juvenile Department.

The following examples will show our juvenile friends the necessity of legible writing, correct spelling and punctuation:

A sailor, being about to start on a voyage, his wife sent the following note to the clergyman: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation;" whereas it should have been, "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

The corporation of a certain city, not far from the capital of the principality of Wales, deputed its learned clerk to write to a certain innkeeper to prepare a suitable dinner for his mare and twenty of the principal burglars (burghers) of the city. To which, in due time, answer came that said mare would find plenty of oats in the stable, and said burglars lots of pistols to give them a warm reception.

"When you reseve this the fust thing you do mind is to take the new colt I baut lass week and get him shot," wrote Lord N*****, a notorious bad speller, to his groom, and to his consternation he found a fine animal a victim to his fine spelling, meaning the word "shod" instead of "shot."

Some Suffolk farmers sent an enormous turnip to George the Fourth as a present, who wrote back an acknowledgment; and mentioned that he would, in return, on a certain day, send them an *equivalent*, which the good clods made out to be an *elephant*, and accordingly provided a large house and pasture ground for his mightiness; but when the gift turned out to be a small gold snuff-box, they thought themselves mightily aggrieved; and his Majesty no gentleman.

The late Duke of Grafton's gamekeeper wrote to his friends: "The Duke of Grafton does not intend to shoot himself nor any of his tenants this year, owing to the rainy season of last year." It should have been,

"does not intend to shoot, nor do any of his tenants, this year."

A learned blacksmith wrote on a notice-board, "Any parson cotched on my lot arter this nottis, I will giv him a duke in the hoss pond, for this road gose nowur, an if you can't read inquire at the blaksmith-forge."

OUR LITTLE PET.

One evening when seated by the cheerful fireside, and surrounded by the pleasant family of a friend, I noticed that more than ordinary attention was extended to a very intelligent blue-eyed girl of almost nine years, who still sat in the circle after the lesser juveniles had retired for the night. I could conceive that she was a favorite with both father and mother, and, what was rather singular, with all of the children—I cannot say that I approve of "favorites" in a family, as it too often brings discouragement and jealousy, between them: but she *was* a favorite, and I must admit that in this family the utmost loving gentleness, and harmony existed. Presently she retired for the night, and as soon as the door had closed, her father drew his chair closer to mine, and pointing to the door by which she had left us, in a low voice he thus began. "You noticed little Lela who has just given us her good-night kiss, and retired?"

"Yes." Here his eyes filled with tears and deep feeling almost prevented his utterance.

"She is our favorite," he continued—"our loving pet."—A few years ago, I had the misfortune to lose every dollar I possessed, for I had borrowed money at a high rate of interest and my creditor was an unrelenting, cold-hearted and immoveable man of iron—iron in the soul; a man without feeling, without sympathy; who could never have known the luxury of one kind act—or its remembrance would have pleaded for my family. The mortgage was foreclosed and I and mine became powerless, houseless,

slaughter the American
front of the Goddess
the Yankee nation, a
rally; and I flatter
done it.
contented with the story
does not suit you—if
your taste—if you are
catastrophe—if you do
on of the characters—if
h my imaginative facts—
poetry is n't genuine—
dissatisfied with the p
d better go to the do
your money back, for I
to apologize.
going to do about it?
roduction.
ne, whence this burlesque;
ptions fabrication,
attempt at satire,
to be funny,
in Yankee spirit,
of Yankee firmness,
at Yankee fashions,
at Yankee humbug,
at Yankee follies,
at Yankee bragging,
e of all that's manly,
st, all that's noble,
hate of meanness,
and affectation.
of slavish fawning,
and scorn of flunkies,
no cringe before the
mighty dollar?"
k—for I shan't tell you
should be a Yankee
n and sue for libel,
ee, God knows how much.
of "De Great Author" I've

to laugh at nonsense,
lines of burlesque,
song historic,
song prophetic,
mixed-up story
d real transactions,
w are true and life-like
and fictions,
ers of funny
people,
made Yankee fable;
hat's by no author"
THE NOISY CARRIER'S.

and hungry wanderers. By the kindness of an old acquaintance, I saw them sheltered in a very humble dwelling, and in the hope that I might save a little—if it were but a little, from the wreck of my fortunes, that I might give bread to the dear little ones that nightly gathered around my knee, I worked day and night—in vain. That credulous unrelenting hand took everything away.

"How I loved my family, and how I suffered, no heart can ever know—but, driven to despair—with shame I confess it—in a few months I became a wandering inebriate, but—"

Here he sobbed deeply, and the big tears rolled down his manly cheek, as he continued—

"But, on returning home about daylight one morning, after getting a little sobered by sleeping in a stable, I crept quietly within the house, and had scarcely set my foot, noiselessly, upon the stairs, when I heard a voice—her dear voice,—I listened—and that dear voice was nearly choked with sorrowful, and beseeching anguish as she prayed—'Oh Father, pity, oh! pity, my poor dear father—oh bring my dear, dear father back to us again, save my dear, dear father.'"

"I could hear no more, I sunk back almost involuntarily upon the floor, I sobbed aloud, and in a few moments her dear little arms were around my neck, I thought my heart would break, and for the first time since I said that beautiful prayer, 'Our Father' at my mother's knee, I knelt beside her little angel form, and the father and daughter were together pleading forgiveness at that Mercy Seat, where the prayers of the oppressed and penitent heart never ascend in vain."

"I cannot tell you all I felt in that hour of agony, but as soon as our humble morning meal—provided by the kindly sympathy of comparative strangers—was over, I resolved, though much ashamed, to unbosom my heart and seek the council and assistance of a friend."

"He heard my story in silence; what a burden of doubt was removed, when he took me warmly by the hand, and with deep feeling said:—'You are just the very man I want, to keep my books; for yesterday, my clerk commenced business on his own account, with a very intimate friend of his, and I am now without one; nothing could have been more opportune.'"

"From that day I became a new man, I devoted my whole attention to the interests of my employer; and by a kind Providence I have arisen step by step from a clerk to a business partner in the firm: and thank God we are doing a flourishing business; we are all happy together; and, I believe it almost impossible for any man to have his cup of joy so full to overflowing as is mine, and with such a pleasant family, and such a little angel in it, do you wonder that we make her 'our little pet.'"

If children would think how much joy they can give their friends by their gentle and loving thoughtfulness, there would be many more "little pets," and happy families than there are—"Don't you think so, children?"

Take the bright shell
From its home in the sea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

So take the fond heart
From its home and the hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

In every material action of your life consider well its probable result.

A woman's heart is a true place for a man's likeness; daguerrotype-like, an instant gives the impression, but an age of sorrow, and change, cannot efface it.—*Eliza Cook.*

A WESTERN editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

LEGAL,
MERCANTILE
AND
CUSTOM-HOUSE
BLANKS.

IMPORTED
PAPER, BLANK

STANDARD WORKS
Agriculture, Architecture, Anatomy,
Engineering, Geology, Gymnasiums, In-
tallurgy, Ollendorff's Works, Or-
Theology, Travels, Text Books.
LAW BOOKS.—Comp-
Daniels, Graham, Greenleaf, How-
Waterman, Wharton, Whittaker.
MEDICAL AND SUR-
hill, Cooper, Columbus, Dickson,
Meigs, Mackenzie, Quinn, Ricord.
MUSIC BOOKS.—Ann-
Singer, Dulemer, Christian Psalms
School Gems, &c.
SCHOOL BOOKS.—
Globes and Maps, Colonial and Ter-

FOREIGN
American Sunday School Union
for the above promptly attended to
148 CLAY STREET, bet

LOEW
CHEAP SEAT

SANSOME S

IMPORTED

FOREIGN &

WRITING, PRINTING

Blank Books, Playing Cards
Gold Pens, Straw and Binders
Publications.

MAGAZINE.

and my story in silence; what a doubt was removed, when he firmly by the hand, and with said:—'You are just the very to keep my books; for, yesterday commenced business, his t, with a very intimate friend of am now without one; nothing been more opportune.'"

That day I became a new man. I whole attention to the interests of my employer; and by a kind, successive step by step from a business partner in the firm, and we are doing a flourishing business all happy together; and it is almost impossible for any man to be so full of joy so full of overflowing as I with such a pleasant family, little angel in it, do you wonder I like her 'our little pet.'"

Men would think how much joy we give their friends by their gentle thoughtfulness, there would be "little pets," and happy families here are—"Don't you think so,

Take the bright shell
From its home in the sea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

To take the fond heart
From its home and the hearth,
I will sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

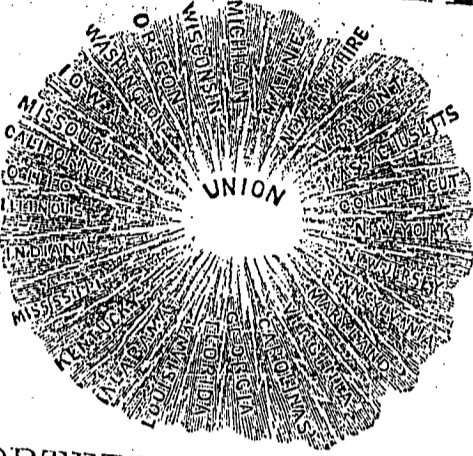
The material action of your life con-
siders probable result.

A man's heart is a true place for a
business; daguerrotype-like, it in-
terests the impression, but an age of
change, cannot efface it.—*Liliza*

Our editor wishes to know whether
the recently enacted against the
deadly weapons applies to Joe-
Barr pills in their pockets.

ALLEN & SPIER,

LÉGAL,
MERCANTILE
AND
CUSTOM-HOUSE
BLANKS.



SEAL,
LETTER
AND
EYELET
PRESSES.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
PAPER, BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Also constantly receiving New Editions of
STANDARD WORKS, in General and Miscellaneous Literature, including
Agriculture, Architecture, Anatomy, Biography, Chemistry, Classical Books, Dictionaries, Drawing, Engi-
neering, Geology, Gymnastics, History, Illustrated Works, Juveniles, Mathematics, Music, Mineralogy, Me-
tallurgy, Olendorf's Works, Oratory, Poetry, Prayer Books, Surveying, Scientific Works, Ship Building,
Theology, Travels, Text Books.
LAW BOOKS.—Comprising works of Adams, Archbold, Bouvier, Harbour, Angell, Chitty, Cowen,
Daniels, Graham, Greenleaf, Howard, Hilliard, Kent, Kerinan, Morrell, Phillips, Russell, Sanders, Taylor,
Waterman, Wharton, Whittaker, &c.
MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.—Works of Ansell, Bostwick, Booth, Beach, Buchan, Church-
hill, Cooper, Colambat, Dickson, Dunglison, Druitt, Griffith, Good, Gunn, Harris, Hunter, La Roche, Mott,
Meigs, Mackenzie, Quin, Ricord, Ramsbottom, Sharpey, Stanley, Velpeau, Wilson, Watson.
MUSIC BOOKS.—American Vocalist, Devotional Harmonist, New Carmina Sacra, Alpine Glee
Singer, Dulehmer, Christian Psalmist, Young Methodist, Singing Books for Boys' and Girls' Meetings, Sabbath
School Gems, &c.
SCHOOL BOOKS.—A complete series of all works, adapted for the use of Public Schools, &c.
Globes and Maps, Celestial and Terrestrial; Anatomical Charts, Chemical Apparatus, &c., for school use.
FOREIGN WORKS, in French, Spanish, &c.
American Sunday School Union Book, and other S. S. Publications, comprising Libraries, &c. Orders
for the above promptly attended to, on reasonable terms. **ALLEN & SPIER,**
148 CLAY STREET, between Montgomery and Sansome streets,SAN FRANCISCO.

LOEWY BROS. & BRIGHAM,
CHEAP STATIONERY AND BOOK HOUSE,
SANSOME STREET, CUSTOM-HOUSE BLOCK,
Second door from corner of Sacramento,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC STATIONERY
(OF EVERY DESCRIPTION)
WRITING, PRINTING, WRAPPING, DRAWING & COLORED
PAPERS,

Blank Books, Playing Cards, Inks, Twines, Musical Instruments, Pocket Cutlery
Gold Pens, Straw and Binders' Boards, School and Standard Books, Novels and Cheap
Publications.

**J. W. SULLIVAN'S
GREAT PACIFIC NEWS DEPOT,
WASHINGTON STREET, NEXT TO THE POST OFFICE.
SAN FRANCISCO.**

Annexed is a list of some of the Papers, always on hand.

MAINE.

Portland Advertiser, and Transcript.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston Traveller, New Bedford Mercury and Standard, Nantucket Enquirer, Lowell Journal and Vox Populi, City of Boston: Journal, Statesman, Atlas, Pilot, Museum, Waverly Magazine, Yankee Blade, Olive Branch, Flag of our Union, True Flag, American Union, Uncle Sam, Investigator, Yankee Privateer, Life Banner, Ballou's Pictorial.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence Journal, Commercial Examiner, Norwich; Weekly Times, Hartford; Columbian Register; New Haven.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

Utica Gazette, Rochester Republican, Albany Journal and Switch, Syracuse Standard and Chronicle, Buffalo Courier, Express, Patriot, and Journal. City of New York: Herald, Tribune, Times, Sun, True National Democrat, Courier and Enquirer, Journal of Commerce, Clipper, Pleasano, Citizen, Home Journal, Dutchman, Albion, Spirit of the Times, True American, Irish American, Celt, Truth Teller, Irish News, Freeman's Journal, Leslie's Pictorial, Police Gazette, Staats Zeitung, Democrat, Courier, Des Etats Unis, Sunday Atlas, Times, Mercury, Dispatch, Courier, Yankee Notions.

NEW JERSEY.

Sentinel, Newark.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittsburg Gazette, Journal and Dispatch, Philadelphia Ledger, Dollar Newspaper, Sun, Post, Courier, Home Gazette, Sunday Gazette, Sunday Dispatch, Independent, Harrisburg.

DELAWARE.

Blue Hen and Chickens, Wilmington.

OHIO.

Cincinnati Commercial, Ohio Statesman, Columbus; Cleveland Herald and Plaindealer.

KENTUCKY.

Louisville Journal and Courier.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans True Delta,

New Orleans Pleasano.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Journal, Chicago, Ill.; Weekly Wisconsin, North Western Gazette, Galena; Free Press, Detroit; Free Trader, Natches; Union, Nashville; Mississippian, Jackson; Advertiser, Mobile.

OREGON TERRITORY.

Portland Times and Oregonian, Argus, Oregon City; Pioneer and Democrat, Olympia; Statesman, Salem.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO: Wide West, Golden Era, Pacific, Advocate, Sun, Herald, Alta California, Chronicle, California Pioneer, El Echo du Pacifique, California Democrat, San Jose Telegraph, Alameda County Express, Oakland: Los Angeles Herald, San Diego.

UTAH TERRITORY.

Deseret News, Salt Lake.

FOREIGN.

Illustrated London News, London Times, London Punch, Diogenes, Dublin Nation, Wiltner & Smith's European Times, Freemason's Journal, London Dispatch, Bell's Life.

AUSTRALIA.

Empire, Sidney;

Argus, Melbourne.

CHINA.

Hong Kong Register,

Friend of China,

North China Herald

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Polynesian, Valparaiso Herald, El Comercio, Lima; Panama Star, Panama Herald, El Siglo Nueva, Mexico; Hubaruru, Bengal, Calcutta.

MAGAZINES, REVIEWS AND PERIODICALS.

Harper's Monthly Magazine, Putnam's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Books, Knickerbocker Magazine, Graham's Magazine, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, Arthur's Home Magazine, Eclectic Magazine, Whig Review, United States Review, Masonic Review, Art Journal, Magazine of Art, New York Journal, World of Fashion, Living Age, Frank Leslie's New York and Paris Fashions, Historical Educator, Popular Educator, Musical Repository, Cassel's Natural History, History of Painters of all Nations, Peoples Journal, New York Quarterly

ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.

Blackwoods, Magazine, Edinburgh Review, Westminster Review, London Review, Quarterly Review, North British Review, Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, Eliza Cook's Journal, Household Words, &c. &c.

J. W. SULLIVAN.

Washington street, next to the Post Office.

**NOISY
BOOK AND ST
87 Battery St., c
SAN I**

Newspapers, B

OF EVER

CHEAP P

By Mail and around the Horn, by Lev Murray, Ned Buntline, Grace Ag and a host of others.

BOU

Histories, Travels, Romances, Encyclo Architecture, &c., together with a Law and Medicine.

All the Modern Standard and Minor Dr

NEV

Newspapers from the Atlantic States commencing with the Halifax, (N with Papers from Bangor, August it is sufficient to say we have them villages of Boston, New York, Phi the Western country as far as I England and Ireland, a light spri war we would have a few from Rus

PE

Harper's, Godey's, Graham's, Putnam Leslie's Fashion Book, Knickerbo

ST

Blank Books, Full and Half Bound It Sheep, Tuck, Memorandums Nos. 1 Long Bar Books.

Faber's, Gutterick's, Brookman & Lang

Gillott's, Rhodes & Son's, Cornish's, L Brown's Gold Pens, and Gold Cas Cases.

POCKE

Rogers' Wostenholm's, Barnes', Sheffield proved Manufactories.

LETT

English and American. Platner & Sm Rue's, Monier, Goodwin's. Dean's.

NOT

A great variety, Ruled and Plain, with

All the different varieties. Lithographi Inkstands, Chessboards, Playing Boxes, Pen Racks, Newspaper Fil

VAN'S
NEWS DEPOT,
THE POST OFFICE.
SC.

script.
ES.
Inquirer, Lowell Journal and Vox Populi.
Waverly Magazine, Yankee Blade, Olive
and Sam, Investigator, Yankee Privateer,

D.
Times, Hartford; Columbian Register; New

EEK.
Syracuse Standard and Chronicle. Buffalo
York: Herald, Tribune, Times, Sun, True
America, Clipper, Pleasure, Citizen, Home
and Irish American, Celt, Truth Teller, Irish
Staats Zeitung, Democrat, Courier, Des
Yankee Notions.

lar Newspaper, Sun, Post, Courier, Home
and Tribune.

MARYLAND.
ore Sun and Clipper.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
on, Savannah: Charleston Mercury and
Courier.

MISSOURI.
his Republican.

Now Orleans Pleasure.

GA.
Galena; Free Press, Detroit; Free Trader,
and Mobile.

DRY.
Democrat, Olympia; Statesman, Salem.

erald, Alta California, Chronicle, California
Telegraph, Alameda County Express,

RY.
o.

ublin Nation, Wilmer & Smith's European

Argus, Melbourne.

North China Herald

IDS.
Panama Herald, El Siglo Nueva, Mexico:

PERIODICALS.
Books, Knickerbocker Magazine, Graham's
ine, Eclectic Magazine, Whig Review, United
New York Journal, World of Fashion, Living
Educator, Popular Educator, Musical Re-
lations, Peoples Journal, New York Quarterly

IONS.
London Review, Quarterly Review, North
Journal, Household Words, &c. &c.

J. W. SULLIVAN.
hington street, next to the Post Office.

NOISY CARRIER'S
BOOK AND STATIONERY CO.,
87 Battery St., corner of Long Wharf,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Newspapers, Books and Stationery

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

By Mail and around the Horn, by Lever, James, Dumas, Sue, George Sand, Cooper
Murray, Ned Buntline, Grace Aguilar, Osgood, Bradbury, Lamartine, Ingraham
and a host of others.

BOUND BOOKS.

Historics, Travels, Romances, Encyclopedias and Biographies, Works on Elocution,
Architecture, &c., together with a right smart chance of Poetry, Religion, School,
Law and Medicine.

PLAYS.

All the Modern Standard and Minor Drama. New Plays received by almost every Mail.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers from the Atlantic States, British Provinces, and the rest of Mankind,
commencing with the Halifax, (N. S.) Recorder, St. John's Observer, together
with Papers from Bangor, Augusta, Portland, &c.—but it is tedious to enumerate;
it is sufficient to say we have them from Halifax to Texas, not forgetting the little
villages of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and branching into
the Western country as far as Illinois and Missouri, together with those from
England and Ireland, a light sprinkling from France and Spain, and barring the
war we would have a few from Russia, Turkey, and perhaps from Farther India.

PERIODICALS.

Harper's, Godey's, Graham's, Putnam's, Magazine of Art, Yankee Notions, Frank
Leslie's Fashion Book, Knickerbocker, Peterson's, and New York Journal.

STATIONERY.

Blank Books, Full and Half Bound Russia and Imitation Russia, Full and Half Bound
Sheep, Tuck, Memorandums Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Time Books, Scrap Books, Quarters,
Long Bar Books.

PENCILS.

Faber's, Guttrick's, Brookman & Langdon's, Robinson's, &c.

PENS.

Gillott's, Rhodes & Son's, Cornish's, Lamport & Co.'s, Leman's Flat Spring, Albatas,
Brown's Gold Pens, and Gold Cases, Silver Plain Single and Double Extension
Cases.

POCKET CUTLERY.

Rogers' Wostenholm's, Barnes', Sheffield, and Needham's. Razors from the most im-
proved Manufactories.

LETTER PAPER.

English and American. Platner & Smith's Laid and Wove, Rhodes & Son's, De La
Rue's, Monier, Goodwin's, Dean's, O. & H., &c., &c.

NOTE PAPER.

A great variety, Ruled and Plain, with Envelopes to match.

SLATES.

All the different varieties. Lithographic Prints, Maps, Charts, Custom House Blanks,
Inkstands, Chessboards, Playing Cards, Letter Weights, Calendars, Bill Head
Boxes, Pen Racks, Newspaper Files, Letter Clips, &c., &c., &c.

**LANGTON'S
PIONEER EXPRESS,**



CONNECTING WITH RELIABLE EXPRESSES
TO ALL PARTS OF CALIFORNIA,
ATLANTIC STATES AND EUROPE.

OFFICE ON FIRST ST., MARYSVILLE.

Will dispatch DAILY EXPRESSES to the following places:

IN YUBA COUNTY.—MARYSVILLE; PARK'S BAR; OUSLEY'S BAR; ROSE'S BAR; TIM-
BUCTOO; GREENVILLE; OREGON HOUSE; FOSTER'S BAR; CAMPTONVILLE; RAIL ROAD HILL; GA-
LENA HILL; YOUNG'S GOLD HILL; SLATE RANGE; INDIAN VALLEY.

IN NEVADA COUNTY.—NEVADA CITY; WASHINGTON; ALPHA; MONTEZUMA; LITTLE
YORK; RED DOG; CHEROKEE; SAN JUAN; HUMBURG CITY; FRENCH CORRAL; SWEETLAND'S;
MOOR'S FLAT, (or Clinton); WOOSLEY'S FLAT; ORLEANS FLAT; EUREKA SOUTH; SNOW POINT.

IN SIERRA COUNTY.—DOWNVILLE; FOREST CITY; SMITH'S FLAT; MINNESOTA;
CHIP'S FLAT; EUREKA CITY; GOODYEAR'S BAR; SCALE'S DIGGINGS; BRANDY CITY; MORRISON'S;
CRAIG'S FLAT; INDEPENDENT HILL; MONTE CRISTO; POKER FLAT; COX'S BAR; NEBRASKA CITY;
NATIVE AMERICAN HILL.

TREASURE, PACKAGES and LETTERS transmitted to and from the above points with unrivaled dispatch
and security. GOLD DUST AND COIN forwarded to all parts of the United States and Europe, insured
or uninsured, at as low rates as can be done by any house with security. Our Treasure Express will always
be accompanied by a faithful messenger. NOTES, DRAFTS, BILLS, &c., collected or negotiated, and
all orders attended to promptly.

PURCHASES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, MADE; FORWARDING OF MERCHANDISE AND COMMISS-
SIONS, OF EVERY NATURE, ATTENDED TO INTELLIGENTLY AND WITH PROMPTITUDE.

LANGTON & CO., Proprietors.

EXPRESS BOOK STORE,

201 CLAY STREET,

PLAZA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. M. HUTCHINGS & CO.,

— DEALERS IN —

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, STATIONERY, DRAWING PAPER,
&c. &c.—OF ALL KINDS.

A LARGE VARIETY OF ILLUSTRATED CALIFORNIA LETTER SHEETS;
Including Likenesses of Mr. King.—Shooting of Mr. King; and Rescue of
Casey and Cora from Prison.—Hanging of Casey and Cora.
Methods of Mining, &c. &c. &c.

LARGE VIEWS OF THE YO-HAM-I-TE VALLEY.—THE GOLDEN GATE.
Stockton, Marysville, Placerville, Mokelumne Hill, Sonora, Columbia, &c. &c.
done up securely, on rollers, for mailing to any part of the world—wholesale and
Retail.

KUCHEL & DRESEL,

Draughtsmen and Lithographers,

No. 176 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STS.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

**SAN FR
BUSH ST.,**

IN CONSEQUENCE OF
School during the past
eligible premises, late
object and for the purp

The premises com
play ground; a gym
pupils, will shortly be

The house is adva
easiness of access from the
arrangements are such
a healthy residence.
food.

The teachers hav
in Europe, can consci
of a liberal education.
children to inexperie
and it will be their cor
correct morals, indust

The Pupils will

TERM

For Students abo
" Pupils above
" Pupils under

Day Scholars (on
subjects studied.

JOHN CHITTEND
Post Street; late
lege, London; and
School, London.

ALFRED SAMUEL
ARTHUR CHITTEND
of Design, Lond
SEÑOR F. HERRA

REV. J. AVERY
Institute.

JOHN CHITTEND

* Further particula
tion to any part of the cont
Booksellers. N. B.—Addre

SAN FRANCISCO COLLEGE,

BUSH ST., BETWEEN MASON AND TAYLOR STS.

IN CONSEQUENCE of many applications having been made at the Trinity Grammar School during the past twelve months for the accommodation of pupils with board, the eligible premises, lately the residence of the Rev. C. B. Wyatt, have been taken for the object and for the purpose of establishing a College in San Francisco.

The premises comprise a commodious School Room, with an extensive enclosed play ground; a gymnasium and other amusements for the health and recreation of the pupils, will shortly be added.

The house is advantageously situated on Bush street, which is entirely planked, and easy of access from the city. The dormitories are light and capacious; and the other arrangements are such as to recommend it for the purpose of studious retirement, and as a healthy residence. The table will be abundantly supplied with plain and wholesome food.

The teachers having had advantages of education at two of the best Universities in Europe, can conscientiously guarantee sound and useful instruction in all branches of a liberal education. Parents may therefore be assured that they are not trusting their children to inexperienced hands. The teachers will devote their whole time to the pupils, and it will be their constant aim to promote the utmost diligence in their studies, with correct morals, industrious habits, and gentlemanly demeanor.

The Pupils will re-commence their studies on Monday, the 16th of June.

TERMS, FOR BOARD AND EDUCATION:

For Students above 15 years.....	\$60 00 per month.
“ Pupils above 10 and under 15.....	50 00 “
“ Pupils under 10.....	40 00 “

THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE

Day Scholars (one month in advance) from \$15 to 7 50, according to age, and the subjects studied.

PRINCIPAL:

JOHN CHITTENDEN, formerly proprietor of the Trinity Grammar School, in Post Street; late Member of St. John's College, Cambridge, and University College, London; and for many years Head Master of the Finsbury Square High School, London.

ASSISTANT TEACHERS:

ALFRED SAMUEL LOWNDES, late of New College, Oxford, England.
 ARTHUR CHITTENDEN, Licentiate of the Somerset-House Government School of Design, London.
 SENOR F. HERRERA, Professor of Modern Languages.

LECTURERS

ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY.

REV. J. AVERY SHEPHERD, M. A., Principal of the San Francisco Female Institute.
 JOHN CHITTENDEN, Principal of the San Francisco College.

* * Further particulars are contained in the book of printed Rules, &c., which will be sent, on application to any part of the country; and which may also be had at the College, or at any of the San Francisco Booksellers. N. B.—Address through Wells, Fargo, & Co.

RESS,
 PRESSES
 IORNIA,
 PE.
 KYVILLE.
 owling places:
 BAR; ROSE'S BAR; TIM-
 RAIL ROAD HILL; GA-
 A; MONTEZUMA; LITTLE
 ORRAL; SWEETLAND'S;
 OUTH; SNOW POINT.
 PS FLAT; MINNESOTA;
 NDY CITY; MORRISON'S;
 BAR; NEBRASKA CITY;
 ls with unrivaled dispatch
 states and Europe. Insured.
 asure Express will always
 fected or negotiated, and
 AND COMMER-
 MITUDE.
 CO., Proprietors.
 FORE,
 T,
 AN FRANCISCO.
 WING PAPER,
 PPER SHEETS;
 and Rescue of
 and Corn.
 GOLDEN GATE.
 umbia, &c. &c.
 orld—wholesale and
 aphers,
 N FRANCISCO.

HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Price twenty-five Cents.—Three Dollars per annum.

Each number of the Magazine will contain FORTY-EIGHT PAGES of interesting Reading Matter, in double columns, with several

Illustrations of the Scenery, Incidents,

CURIOSITIES AND RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA,

Making a pleasant Monthly Visitor to the Cabin and the Parlor,
and an interesting monthly present to friends in the
Atlantic States.

POSTAGE, IF PRE-PAID QUARTERLY, 2 CENTS PER NUMBER.

The Agent will canvass this district for the purpose of receiving the name of every person who may wish to subscribe for the Magazine, and as soon as each number is issued, he will deliver it to the subscriber, and receive his pay for the same.

Persons desirous of subscribing, annually, can do so, by forwarding the amount of their subscription, and the address to which it should be sent, to the office of publication, addressed to

J. M. HUTCHINGS,

201 Clay street, Plaza San Francisco.

San Francisco, June, 1856.