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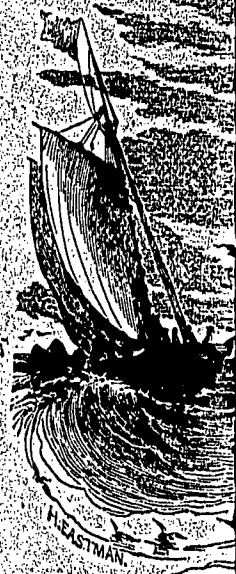
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	PAGE
THE FARALLONE ISLANDS.....	49
ILLUSTRATIONS.—South-East view of the Farallone Islands.—Is enchanted with the delightful prospect of a Sea view.—SEA LIONS, he thinks he will take a young Calf home, but its Parents raise objections.—Opposition is raised to cooking Beans on disputed Territory.—The Murre.—Murre's Egg, Full Size.—The Tufted Puffin.—West End view, looking East.—View from Big Rookery. View from North Landing, looking North.	
SEA SONG.....	57
HORNED TOAD.....	58
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Horned Toad, Full Size.—Eggs of Horned Toad, Full Size.	
A VOICE FROM THE STOMACH.....	59
ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR OF ARTS IN THE DIGGINGS.....	62
A SIGN.....	65
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.....	66
CHAPTER III.—Makes a Discovery.—CHAPTER IV.—Extends our Acquaintance.—CHAPTER V.—Casts a Glimmering Light.	
FRIENDSHIP.....	72
A FLOATING CITY.....	73
THE MAN WHO FOLLOWED HIS OWN FUNERAL.....	74
A KNOW NOTHING.....	78
A TRIP TO THE MINES AND THE BIG TREES.....	78
A TRAGIC CATASTROPHE.....	82
AN EARLY REMINISCENCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.....	83
MEN AS WE FIND THEM IN CALIFORNIA.....	84
SINGING BIRDS.....	87
MUSINGS IN A MAD HOUSE.....	87
MR. DOTTDOWN'S NOTES.—Give my Horse a peck of Oysters.....	90
EDITOR'S TABLE.....	92
Letters on Fashion.—Open ze Gates to ze Russian Minister.—Answers to Contributors and Correspondents.	
LITERARY NOTICES.....	95
Life of Geo. Washington, by Washington Irving.—Mexico and its Religion, Walker's Expedition to Nicaragua.	
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.....	95
Think well on it. Try again.	

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CALIFORNIA



THE FARALLO

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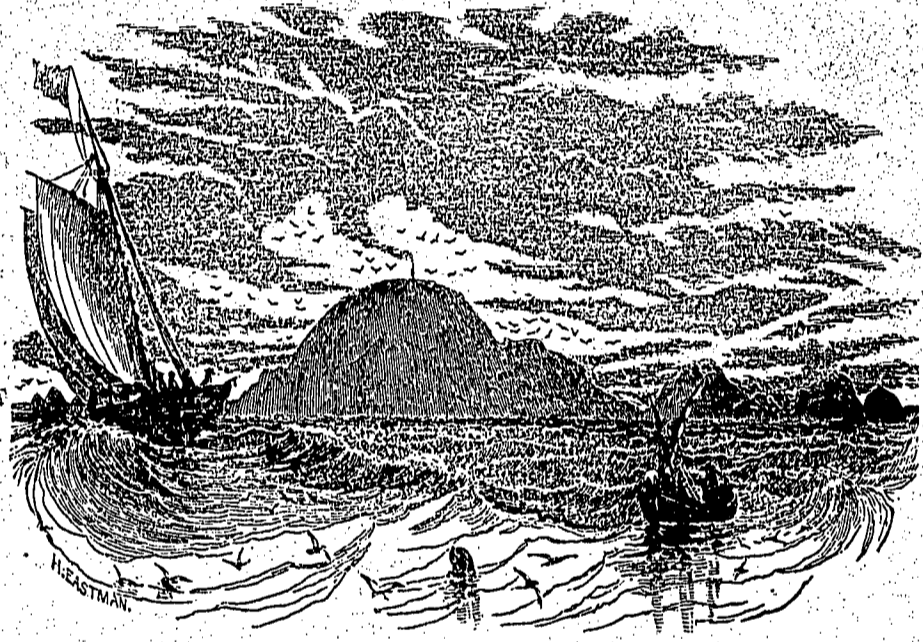
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	PAGE
.....	49
Farallone Islands.—Is enchanted	
A Lion, he thinks he will take	
ions.—Opposition is raised to	
re.—Murre's Egg, Full Size.—	
ast.—View from Big Rookery.	
.....	57
.....	58
Eggs of Horned Toad, Full Size.	
.....	59
IN THE DIGGINGS.....	62
.....	65
OKLEBERRY.....	66
VER IV. Extends our Acquain-	
t.	
.....	72
.....	73
GENERAL.....	74
.....	78
EES.....	78
.....	82
SAN FRANCISCO.....	83
A.....	84
.....	87
.....	87
a peck of Oysters.....	90
.....	92
Russian Minister.—Answers to	
.....	94
.....	95
ving.—Mexico and its Religion.	
.....	95



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF THE FARRALONE ISLANDS.

THE FARALLONE ISLANDS.

This is the name of a small group of rocky islands, lying in the Pacific Ocean, about twenty-seven miles west of the Golden Gate, and thirty-five miles from San Francisco. These islands have become of some importance, and of considerable interest, on account of the vast quantity of eggs that are there annually gathered, for the California market; these eggs having become an almost indispensable article of spring and summer consumption, to many persons.

By the courtesy of the Farallone Egg

Company, through their President, Captain Richardson, the schooner Louise, Captain Harlow, was placed at our service, for the purpose of visiting them; and, in company with a small party of friends, we were soon upon the deep green brine, plowing our way to these "Isles of the Ocean."

To the dwellers of an inland city, there is music in the ever restless waves, as they murmur and break upon the shore; but, to sail upon the broad heaving bosom of the ocean, gives an impression of profoundness and majesty that, by contrast, becomes a source of peaceful pleasure; as *change* be-

Wm. Hutchings, in the Clerk's Office of the Northern District of California.

111 WASHINGTON ST.

comes rest to the weary. There is a vastness, around, above, beneath you, as wave after wave, and swell after swell, lifts your tiny vessel upon its seething surface, as though it were a feather—a floating atom upon the broad expanse of waters. Then, to look into its shadowy depth, and feel the sublime language of the Psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships. There is that leviathan, whom Thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon Thee: that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. Thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled." "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof." "They mount up to the heavens; they

go down again to the depths. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Bright and beautiful slept the morning, as a light breeze, blowing gently from the mountains, filled our sails, and sped us on our way. Object after object became distant and less, as we left them far, far behind us.

"Yonder blows a whale!" cries one.

"Where?"

"Just off our larboard bow."

"Oh! I see it—but—"

"But! what's the matter?"

"Oh! I feel so seasick."

"Well, never mind that; look up, and don't think about it."

"Oh—I can't—I must—"

Reader, were you ever seasick? If your experience enables you to answer in the affirmative, you will sympathise somewhat with the poor subject of it. Yonder may be this beauty, and that wonder, but a



ARE ENCHANTED WITH THE DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT OFF THE BAR.

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SEA LIONS.

HE THINKS HE WILL TAKE A YOUNG CALF HOME, BUT ITS PARENTS RAISE OBJECTIONS.

"don't-careishness" comes over you, and if all the remarkable scenes in creation were just before you, "I don't care" is written upon the face, as you beseechingly seem to say: "Pray don't trouble me—*my hands are full.*" Whales, sea gulls, porpoises, and even the white, foamy spray, that is curling over Duxbury Reef, are alike unheeded.

"How are you now?" kindly asked our good natured Captain, of the one and the other.

"Ah! thank you; I am better."

"Here, take a cup of nice hot coffee."

"No; I thank you."

The mere mention of anything to eat or to drink is only the signal for a renewal of the sickness.

"Thank goodness! I feel better," says one, after a long spell of sickness and quiet.

"So do I," says another; and, just as the "Farallones" are in sight, fortunately, all are better.

Now the air is literally filled with birds—birds floating above us, and birds all around

us, like bees that are swarming;—we thought the whole group of islands must have been deserted, and that they had poured down in myriads, on purpose to intercept our landing, or "bluff us off;" but, as the dark weather beaten furrows, and the wave washed chasms, and the wind swept masses of rock, rose more defined and distinct before us, as we approached, we concluded that they must have abandoned the undertaking—for upon every peak sat a bird, and in every hollow a thousand; but, looking around us again, the number, apparently, had increased, rather than diminished; and, the more there seemed to be upon the islands, the greater the increase round about us—so that we concluded *our fears* to be entirely unfounded!

The anchor is dropped in a mass of floating foam, on the southeast, and sheltered side of the islands, and, in a small boat, we reach the shore; thankful, after this short voyage to feel our feet standing firmly on *terra firma.*

Looking at the wonders on every side, we were astonished that we had heard so little about them; and, that a group of islands like these, should lie within a few hours sail of San Francisco, yet not be the resort of nearly every seeker of pleasure, and every lover of the wonderful.

It is like one vast menagerie. Upon the rocks adjacent to the sea, repose in easy indifference, thousands—yes, thousands—of sea-lions (one species of the seal,) that weigh from two to five thousand pounds each. As these made the loudest noise, and to us were the most curious, we paid them the first visit. When we were within a few yards of them, the majority took to the water, while two or three of the oldest and largest remained upon the rock, "standing guard" over the young calves, that were either at play with each other, or asleep at their side. As we advanced, these masses of "blubber" moved slowly and clumsily towards us, with their mouths open, and showing two large tusks, that were standing out from their lower jaw, by which they gave us to understand that we had better not disturb the repose of the

juvenile "lions," nor approach too near; or, we might receive more harm than we intended, or wished. But the moment we threw at them a stone, they would scamper off and leave the young lions to the mercy of their enemies. We advanced and took hold of one, to try if the sight of their young being taken away would tempt them to come to the rescue; but, although they roared, and kept swimming close to the rock, they evidently thought their own safety of the most importance. One old warrior, whose head and front bore scars of many a hard fought battle—for they fight fearfully, among themselves—could not be driven from the field; and neither rocks nor shouting moved him in the least, except to meet the enemy, as he doubtless considered us.

All of these animals are very jealous of their particular rock, where, in the sun, they take their *siesta*; and, although we remained upon some of these spots for a considerable length of time, while their usual tenants were swimming in the sea, and perhaps had become somewhat uneasy, they were not allowed to land on the territory of another.



AN OBJECTION RAISED TO COOKING BEANS ON DISPUTED TERRITORY.

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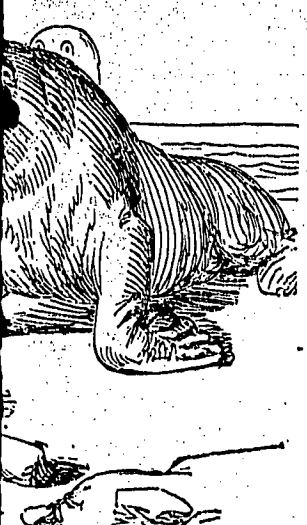
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DISPUTED TERRITORY.

Most of these young seals are of a dark mouse color, but the old ones are of a light and brightish brown about the head, and gradually become darker towards the extremities, and which are about the same color as the young calves. Most of the male and the young female seals leave these islands during the months of October or November—and generally all go at once—returning in April or May, the following spring; while the older females remain here nearly alone, throughout the winter—a rather ungallant proceeding on the part of the males.

There are several different kinds of seal that pay a short visit here, at different seasons of the year:

The Russians formerly visited these islands, for the purpose of obtaining oil, and skins, and several places can be yet seen where the skins were stretched and dried.



The Murre, or Foolish Guillemot.

The birds, which are by far the most numerous, and on account of their eggs, the most important, are the Murre, or Foolish Guillemot, which are found here in myriads,

surmounting every rocky peak, and occupying every small and partially level spot upon the islands. Here it lays its egg, upon the bare rock, and never leaves it, unless driven off, until it is hatched; the male taking its turn, at incubation, with the female—although the latter is most assiduous. One reason why this may be the case, perhaps, is from the fact that the Gull is watching every opportunity to steal its egg, and eat it. The "eggers" say that when they are on their way to any part of the island, the Gulls call to each other, and hover around until the Murre is disturbed by them, and, before they can pick up the egg, the Gull sweeps down upon it, and carries it off.

When the young are old enough to emigrate, the Murres take them away in the night, lest the Gulls should eat them; and, as soon as the young reach the water, they swim at once. Some idea may be formed of the number of these birds, by the Farallone Egg Company having, since 1850, brought to the San Francisco market between three and four millions of eggs.

On this coast these birds are numerous, in certain localities, from Panama to the Russian Possessions. On the Atlantic, they are found from Boston to the coast of Labrador; differing but very little in color, shape or size.

It is a clumsy bird, almost helpless on land, but is at home on the sea, and is an excellent swimmer and diver, and is very strong in the wings. Their eggs are unaccountably large, for the size of the bird, and "afford excellent food, being highly nutritive and palatable—whether boiled, roasted, poached, or in omelets." No two eggs are in color alike.

The bird of most varied and beautiful plumage, on the islands, is the Mormon cirrhatus, or Tufted Puffin; and, although they are rather numerous on this coast, they are very scarce elsewhere.

In addition to the Murre, Puffin and Gull, already mentioned, there are Pigeons, Hawks, Shag, Coots, &c., which visit here

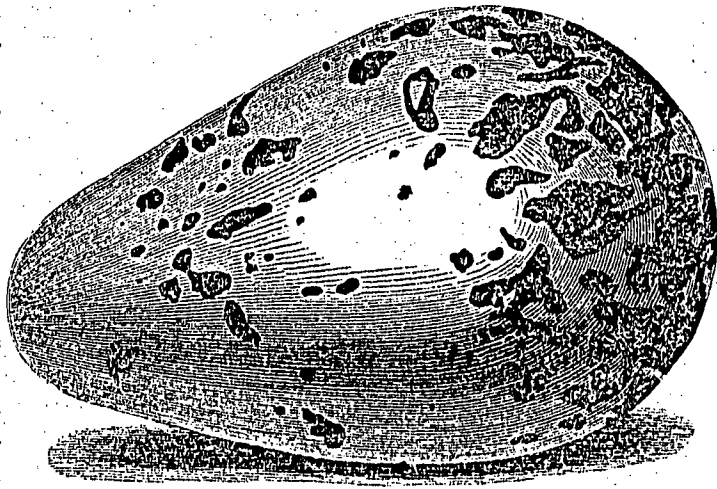
during the summer, but—with the exception of the *Gull* and *Shag*—do not remain through the winter. The *horned billed Guillemot* has been seen & caught here, but it is exceedingly rare.

Now, with the reader's permission, we will leave the birds and animals—at least if we can—and take a walk up to the lighthouse, at the top of the island, three hundred and fifty-seven feet above the sea. A good pathway has been made, so that we can ascend with ease. If you find that we have not left the birds, nor the birds left us, but that, at every step we take, we disturb some, and pass others, and that thou-



THE TUFTED PUFFIN.

sands are flying all around us, never mind—when we reach the top we shall forget them, at least for a few moments, to strain our eyes in looking towards the horizon, and seeking to catch a glimpse of some distant object. Yonder, some eight miles distant, are the "North Farallones," a very small



THE MURRE'S EGG—FULL SIZE.

group of rocks, and not exceeding three acres in extent—but, like this, they are covered with birds.

Now let us enter the lighthouse, and, under the guidance of Mr. Wines, the superintendent, we shall find our time well spent in looking at the best lighthouse on the Pacific coast. Everything is bright and clean, its machinery in beautiful order, and working as regular in its movements as a chronometer.

The wind blows fresh outside, and secretly you hope the lighthouse will not blow over before you get out. Here, too, you can see the shape of the island upon which you stand, mapped out upon the sea below.

Let us descend, wend our way to the "West End," and pass through the living masses of birds, that stand, like regiments of white breasted miniature soldiers, on every hand;—and it might be well to take the precautionary measure of closing our ears to the perpetual roaring, and loud moaning, of the *sea lions*, for their noise is almost deafening. A caravan of wild beasts is nothing, in noise, to these.

Let us be careful, too, in every step that we take, or we shall place our foot upon a nest of young *Gulls*, or break eggs by the dozen, for they are everywhere around us. We soon reach the side of the "Jordan," as a small inlet is called, and across which

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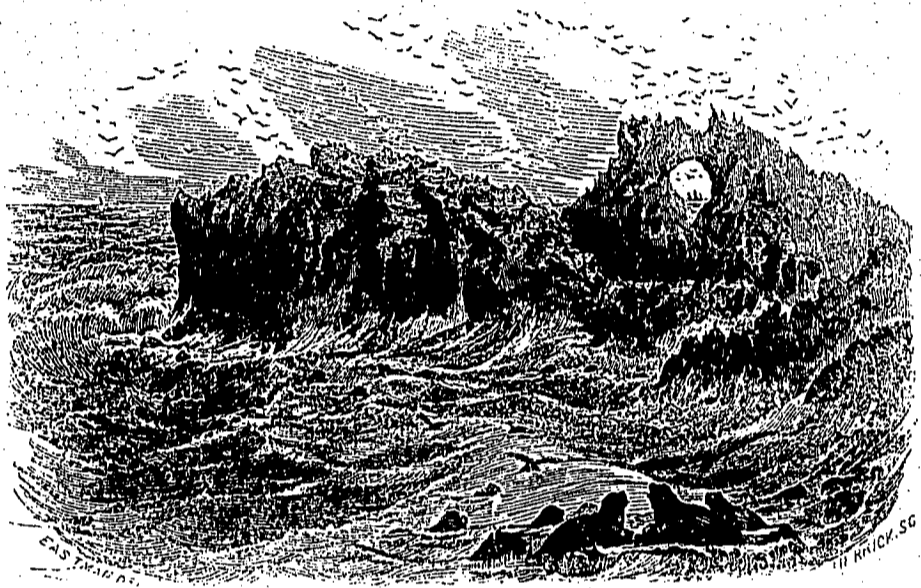
This is a wild and sharp pointed rocks against the sky, and sea lions. A heavy thundering hoarse notes break upon the low booming so while the white spray with a hissing splash then returns again while, swimming in the foam and rocks, water, are the heads. Let us watch them comes one noble le rises from the water slowly and clumsily which lie high and or are engaged lazily with their hind claws are very near them cerned, and innocent the old gentleman, position before us, has doubtless taught



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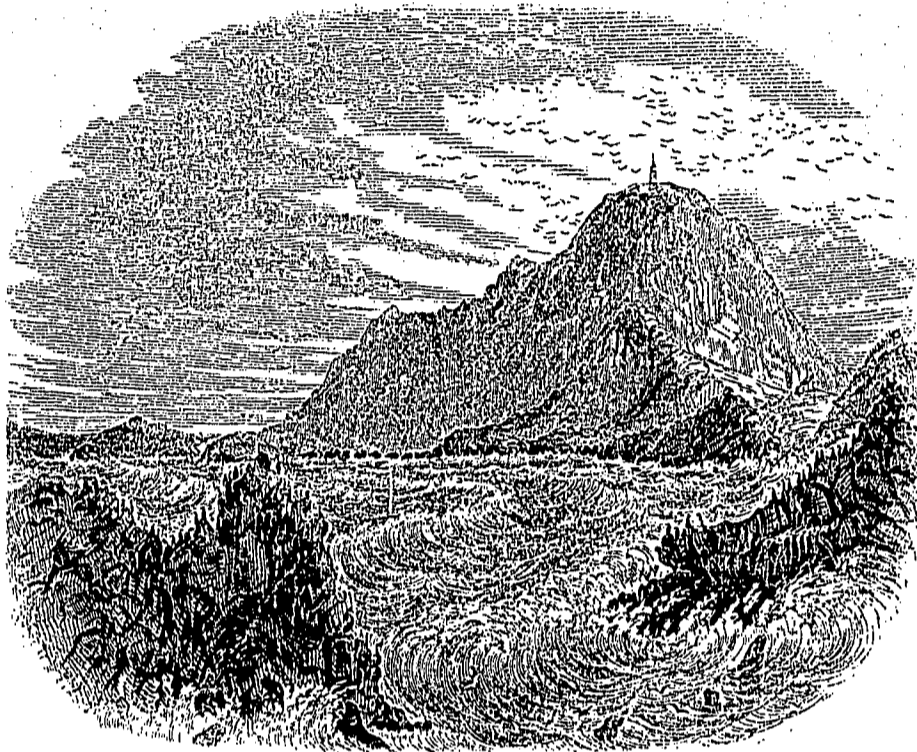
we can step at low tide, but which is thirty feet wide at high water. To cross it, however, a rope and pulley is your mode of conveyance; so hold tight by your hands, and you'll soon get across. Safely over, let us make our way for a glimpse of the *West End View, looking East.*



VIEW FROM WEST END, LOOKING EAST.

This is a wild and beautiful scene. The sharp pointed rocks are standing boldly out against the sky, and covered with birds and sea lions. A heavy surf is rolling in, with thundering hoarseness, and as the wild waters break upon the shore, they resemble the low booming sound of distant thunder; while the white spray curls over, and falls with a hissing splash upon the rocks, and then returns again to its native brine; while, swimming in the boiling sea, amid the foam and rocks, just peering above the water, are the heads of scores of sea lions. Let us watch them for a moment. Here comes one noble looking old fellow, who rises from the water, and works his way, slowly and clumsily, towards the young which lie high and dry, sleeping in the sun, or are engaged lazily scratching themselves with their hind claws; and, although we are very near them, they lie quite unconcerned, and innocent of danger. Not so the old gentleman, who has just taken his position before us, as sentry. Experience has doubtless taught him that such looking

animals as we are behave no better than we should do, and he knows it!
There are water-washed caves, and deep fissures, between the rocks, just at our right; and, in the distance, is a large arch, not less than sixty feet in height, its top and sides completely covered with birds. Through the arch you can see a ship which is just passing.
Now let us go to the "Big Rookery," lying on the northwest side of the island. This locality derives its name from the island here, forming a hollow, well protected from the winds; and being less abrupt than other places, is on that account a favorite resort of myriads of sea fowl, who make this their place of abode and where vast numbers of young are raised. If you walk amongst them, thousands immediately rise, and for a few moments darken the air as though a heavy cloud had just crossed and obscured the sun light upon your path. But few persons who have not seen them can realize the vast numbers that make this their home, and which are here, there



VIEW FROM THE BIG ROOKERY, LOOKING EAST.

and everywhere, flying, sitting and even swimming upon the boiling and white topped surge among the seals.

Here, as elsewhere, there are thousands of seals, some are suckling their calves, some are lazily sleeping in the sun, others are fishing, some are quarreling, others are disputing possession, and yonder, just before us, two large and fierce old fellows are engaged in direful combat with each other—now the long tusks of the one are moving upwards to try to make an entrance beneath the jaw of the other—now they are below—now there is a scattering among the swimming group that have merely been looking on to see the sport, for the largest has just come up amongst them, and they are afraid of him. Now appears his antagonist, his eyes rolling with maddened frenzy, they again meet,—now under, now over—fierce wages the war, hard goes the battle, but at last the owner of the head, already covered with scales, has conquered, and his discomfited enemy makes his way to the

nearest rock, and there lies panting and bleeding, but he may not rest here, for the owner of that claim is at home and has possession, and without any sympathy for his suffering and unfortunate brother, he orders him off, although "only a squatter," and he again takes to the sea in search of other quarters.

From this point we get an excellent view of the lighthouse, and the residence of the keepers. Everywhere there is beauty, wildness, sublimity. Let us not linger too long here, although weeks could be profitably spent in looking at the wonders around us, but let us take a hasty glance at the *View from the North Landing*.

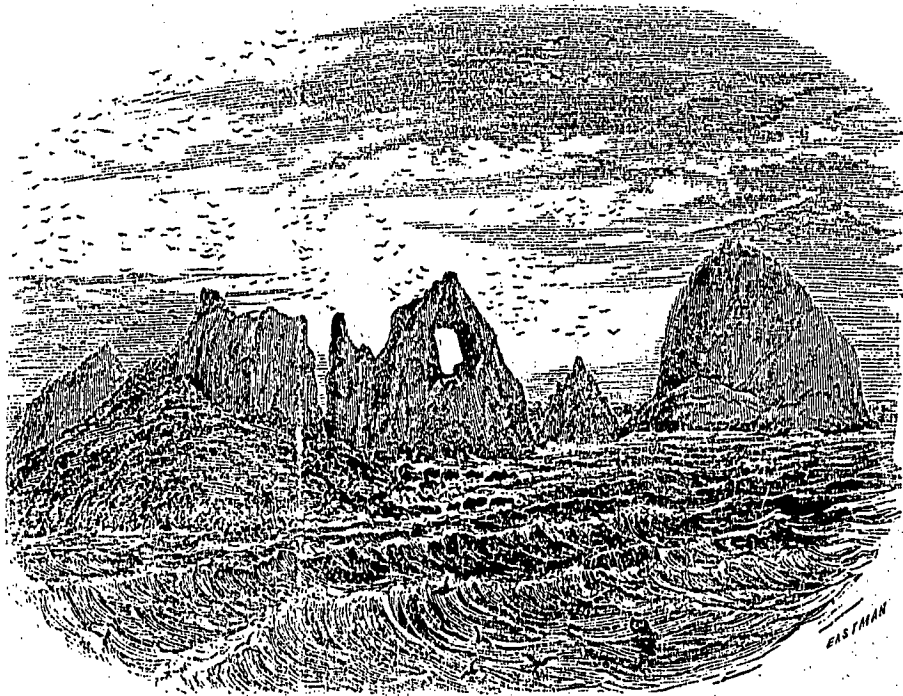
Here there is a fine estuary, where, with a little improvement, small schooners can enter at any season of the year; and where the oil and other supplies are landed, for the lighthouse. Like the other views, it is singular and wild—each eminence covered with birds, each sea-washed rock occupied by seals, and the air almost darkened by

the sea gulls, sward, like sw apparently diff

From this view of the M dim and shadow their dull peaks swelling wave shaped peak, and bold rugged this view has been "egggers."

Upon these fifty acres, there to relieve the change to the A few weeds are the only seen upon them it must be those who visit wild wonders, their trouble.

Some Italian our cook with aboard and mal



VIEW FROM THE NORTH LANDING, LOOKING NORTH.

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the sea gulls, skimming backward and forward, like swallows, and by the rapid and apparently difficult flight of the murrelets.

From this point we can get an excellent view of the *North Farallones*, that, in the dim and shadowy distance, are looming up their dull peaks just above the restless and swelling waves. From the sugar loaf shaped peak, and the singularly high arch, and bold rugged outlines of the other rocks, this view has become a favorite one with the "eggheads."

Upon these islands, of three hundred and fifty acres, there is not a single tree or shrub to relieve the eye, by contrast, or give change to the barrenness of the landscape. A few weeds and sprigs of wild mustard are the only signs of vegetable life to be seen upon them. To those who reside here, it must be monotonous and dull; but, to those who *visit* it, there is a variety of wild wonders, that amply repays them for their trouble.

Some Italian fishermen having supplied our cook with excellent fish, let us hasten aboard and make sail for home.

Before saying "good bye" to our kind entertainers, and again leaving them to the solitary loneliness of a "life near the sea," we will congratulate them upon their useful employment, and ask them to remember the comforting joy they must give to the tempest-tossed mariner, who sees, in the "light afar," the welcome sentinel, ever standing near the gate of entrance to the long wished and hoped for port, where, for a time, in enjoyment and rest, he can recover from the hardships, and forget the perils, of the sea.

On our left, and but a few yards from shore, is an isle, called *Seal Rock*, and where the sea lions have possession, and are waving their lubberly bodies to and fro, upon its very summit; and from whence the echoes of their low howling moans are heard across the sea, long after distance has hidden them from our sight.

After a pleasant run of five hours, without any seasickness, we were again walking the streets of San Francisco, abundantly satisfied that our trip was exceedingly pleasant and instructive.

SEA SONG.

BY MONADNOCK.

Like a thing of life
In joyous strife,
Our ship bounds light and free:—
As a sea gull springs
With snowy wings
In her course o'er the trackless sea.

Some love to dwell
In the quiet dell,
But the scene that delights my view,
Is a vessel proud,
With her canvass cloud,
As she sweeps the billows blue.

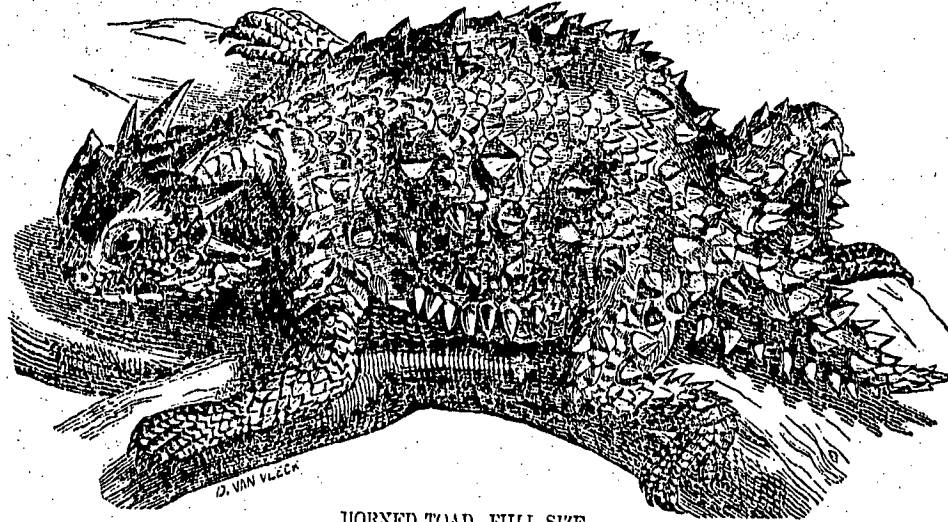
Some love to go
Where rivers flow
Through valleys green and fair;—

I love the frown
When night comes down
'Mid the lightning's lurid glare.

Some love a sky
Like a maiden's eye
When it beams in the starlight hour :
I love the waves
When the storm-king raves
And the white seas rise in power.

A home for me
On the trackless sea
In a vessel swift and free,
Where the whistling gale
In the swelling sail
Is raising its ocean gleo.

San Francisco, July 23, 1856.



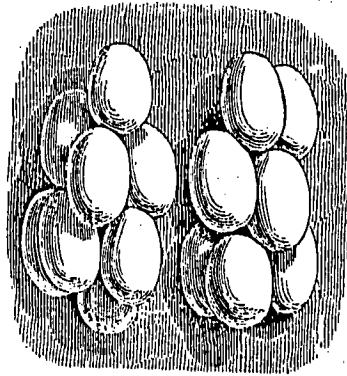
HORNED TOAD, FULL SIZE.

THE HORNED TOAD.

This singular little member of the lizard species is certainly a native Californian. Upon nearly every dry hill, or sandy plain, it is often found; and, although in some districts of this State, it has become somewhat rare, in others it is still common. There are several varieties and sizes of it, and all perfectly harmless. It lives chiefly on flies and small insects.

The writer had a pair of these picketed in front of his cabin for over three months; and, one morning, the male toad committed suicide! by hanging himself over a small twig, and the same day the female followed the example of the male. Upon a "post

mortem examination," fifteen eggs were discovered, in shape and size like those in the engraving below.



A VOI

"Yes should n that I n speak of submit— should b the way dumb to suppose I you are n you will.

"I hav me, and comes to give me that; and cause, I time after er—and much as take me to chew up lion; or, rubber ch mistaken.

"Now, and I am snigger a stomach— a miser, e bowels—y I shall pr With you, as you hav way you h

"Now, what you yes, verily make wha good, heal the mater and health the heart, e part of it,

"Now, me to be n

e frown
ght comes down
lightning's lurid glare.

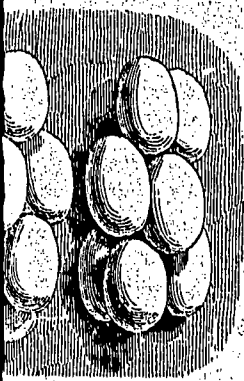
o a sky
aiden's eye
beams in the starlight hour:
e waves
e storm king raves
white seas rise in power.

for me
runkless sea
sel swift and free,
ho whistling gale
welling sail
g its ocean gloe.

o, July 23, 1856.



ation." fifteen eggs were dis-
pe and size like those in the
w.



A VOICE FROM THE STOMACH.

"Yes! a voice from the stomach. Why should n't I have a voice? Heaven knows that I need a voice, as loud as a fire-bell, to speak of abuses to which I am called to submit—and even then it is a question if I should be heard. But I *will* speak; for the way I am treated would make the dumb to speak, and that's myself. If you suppose I am going to stand it any longer, you are mistaken; and you'll find you are—you will.

"I have gently hinted that *this* don't suit me, and *that* don't please me; that *this* comes too late, and *that* too soon; that you give me too little of this, and too much of that; and, rather than complain without cause, I have worked off load after load, time after time, until I can bear it no longer—and I won't. I hate to complain, as much as you hate to hear me; but if you take me to be a sausage mill, and able to chew up anything—from a rat to a sea lion; or, from sheet iron beef steak to india rubber cheese—I say, again, that you are mistaken.

"Now, I want to unburden my mind—and I am going to do it—and you need n't snigger and cough, at the idea of me—a stomach—having a mind, any more than at a miser, or a politician, not having any bowels—you need n't. And what is more, I shall prove to you, before I have done with you, that I have at least as much *mind* as you have of *conscience*—judging from the way you have treated me, at any rate.

"Now, I want to ask you, in all candor, what you take me to be? A stomach—yes, verily, a stomach—to digest food—to make whatever you choose to give me into good, healthy blood, so that you may have the materials for building up a vigorous and healthy body, and which my neighbor, the heart, can receive, and circulate to every part of it, for that purpose.

"Now, let me ask why you—knowing me to be a stomach, and a *stomach* only—

will impose upon me the duties of the *teeth*?

"Would *you* like to do another's work, when it is quite as much as you want—and perhaps a little more—to do your own? No; I know you would n't. Then why do you seek to compel me? *You don't compel me?* But I know you do; at least, you leave me but one alternative—to digest whatever you like to give me, in whatever shape it comes, or pass it to my neighbor for him to work off; and, rather than do *that*, I have many times *cast up my accounts*, and *thrown up* the contract; and I want you to understand that, if we are your servants, we are not your slaves—or, at least, we ought not to be—and, as we are fellow-servants, we do not wish to be so mean as to shirk our part of the labor—to put it on the shoulders of the next beneath us—and it is *your* fault that the teeth do it, and *they* are not to blame.

"*You hav'n't time?* Shame on you! Have you time to live? time to suffer all the pains that we necessarily inflict upon you? You find time to loll about; time to pick your teeth; time to smoke cigars, or chew tobacco; in short, you find time to *do nothing*, yet everything you should n't.

"Then, again, do you suppose that I can make good blood out of anything? or everything? or nothing? *You don't suppose it?* One would think that you did suppose it, by the vast varieties of odds and ends you give me, but which, often, your dog would not eat! Do you think, for instance, that I need such hot and indigestible things as mustard, peppers, spices, pickles, and fifty other things, of the same kind? No, indeed; not if I am in a healthy condition—and, *if I am not* in a healthy condition, then so much the worse. It is true, when you have been misusing and abusing me, by making me a distillery of 'brandy punches,' 'gin slings,' 'rum toddies,' 'egg noggs,' 'sherry cobblers,' 'whisky punches,' and all that sort of thing, besides vast quantities of the 'raw material,' that, although I have often *thrown it in*

your teeth, I have sometimes tried to bear it, and work it off, and the consequence has been, the next morning I hav' n't felt like work, and then you tried to coax me into it, by giving me all such vile trash as I have mentioned."

"Now, I want to be a reasonable kind of stomach, and a good servant, and it may be possible, that, if you are willing to do what is right by *me*, I may do my best to serve *you*; and, as I do not want to be all the while grumbling, and giving you headaches, cholic, dyspepsia, and, in short, nearly every disease to which men are subject, but wish to lead a peaceable life, with you, as well as with my neighbors, let us have a good understanding together, and do what is mutually right, and for each other's welfare and prosperity.

"Very good!"

"We will premise, then, before going farther, that I am a good, healthy member of the body politic, and that you wish to keep me so. Is that right?"

"Very well."

"Let us, then, commence with the day. Of course you rise early."

"Not very."

"Well, then, you ought to do so; and as soon as you are out of bed give me a glass of good water."

"In about half an hour after that I suppose *you'll* want your breakfast, and I some work to do, as I don't believe in working with an empty stomach any more than you do, when I am well. You sit down then to breakfast, and give me something tender and nutritious as meat, and something light and wholesome as bread; and I suppose *you* would like a cup of coffee, but I don't need anything of that sort. Be sure to be very moderate. Do not, as the head of the firm, keep importing cargo, because there happens to be plenty, nor keep *stowing* it down as though the warehouse was made of India rubber; because if you do, I have no alternative but to put it in some place that does not belong to me, or unship it by

the way it came; neither of which is very pleasant either to yourself or to me.

"At dinner, also, be very moderate. Soup, if good, is not amiss, as I prefer this to cold water, for the reason that cold of any kind lowers my temperature, so that I cannot work willingly until I am warmed up again.

"Then, after soup, take something that I can do something with. Don't load me with all sorts of messes and mixtures, from all parts of the world, merely because you would appear of importance to those who may be on a visit to you. I am, in such a case, and at such a time, of much more importance to *you* than can possibly be your guest, and I wish you to remember that; and the moment I begin to be felt, let nothing tempt you to giving me more, for I have then as much as I know well what to do with.

"At supper—be most careful, for as the day draws to a close, I, as well as other members of the firm, am weary with my day's labor, and do not like to be taxed with additional work when I should be at rest; therefore, give me something very light to do, and something that does not want steam employed for its transit, that I may not torment you with horrid dreams, or tossing and unrefreshing sleep. What I have suffered from this cause no one can fully tell, for, will you believe it, even late at night, I have been obliged to bear piles of heavy and indigestible cake, that I could not dispose of in a morning, without fatiguing me with more labor than I ought to be called upon to perform all day. But that was not all: hard pork steaks are stuffed down, that will take, upon the best of healthy stomachs, at least five hours to digest, and, if weakly, will not digest at all. And then my next door neighbor lays the blame at my door. If all sorts of diseases arise, as they do, from my being abused, do you not think the "time" and attention well employed that is bestowed upon me?"

"Yea, verily it is; and when you arise next morning with a violent headache, and

a most uncomfortable languor, having no body, don't you put *you* any to blame you will overload me in all sorts of things, then remember *I shall serve you* if you don't expect it.

"The, again, your master—are doing, do you suppose they supply me, and the plies from me, as working man?"

"Certainly not."

"Yet you have eating much, when the hardest kind of for instance—and that of eating—the other habit—say that you ought you had. I must ways better, health working man they don't work. The plain, wholesome very heavy bread as he has finished eating all sorts of messes, is some him who labors in his labor very much.

BUT NOW A W

"Of course, a favorite with the from others. But the ladies, as we *They* cannot do we suppose that they and clear complexion pearl powder, to Yet the truth is, yond belief. She hath no stomach part; and often that I could do

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 rily it is; and when you arise
 ng with a violent headache, and

a mouth uncomfortable, with heaviness and
 languor having possession of your whole
 body, don't you put the blame on me, for
 you are to blame, and *you only*. For, if
 you will overload and overtask, and abuse
 me in all sorts of ways, by all kinds of
 things, then remember *that sooner or later*
I shall serve you out—perhaps in some way
 you don't expect me.

"Then, again, when you—my professed
 master—are doing comparatively nothing,
 do you suppose that I need just as much to
 supply me, and those who receive their sup-
 plies from me, as though you were a hard
 working man?"

"Certainly not."

"Yet you have acquired the habit of
 eating much, when, perhaps, you worked at
 the hardest kind of labor—such as mining,
 for instance—and follow the one habit—
 that of eating—after you have abolished
 the other habit—that of working. Now I
 say that you ought to be more consistant—
 you had. I must say, too, that I am al-
 ways better, healthier and stronger with a
 working man than I am with a man that
 don't work. The *worker* always has good,
 plain, wholesome food, (excepting some
 very heavy bread sometimes,) and as soon
 as he has finished his meal, he don't keep
 eating all sorts of foolish and indigestible
 messes, as some do. And, moreover, with
 him who labors I am always at home, for
his labors very much assist mine.

BUT NOW A WORD WITH THE LADIES.

"Of course, everybody wishes to be a
 favorite with the ladies, and I do not differ
 from others. But, I must be plain with
 the ladies, as well as with the gentlemen.
They cannot do without me, and one would
 suppose that they would prefer a fine, bright
 and clear complexion, (without the use of
 pearl powder,) to a sickly and sallow one.
 Yet the truth is, they abuse me almost be-
 yond belief. Shakspeare says: 'He that
 hath no stomach to this fight, let him de-
 part;' and often have I wished to Heaven
 that I could depart—I know it is con-

sidered unchristian, 'to wish to fly the com-
 pany of the fair;' but I could wish it, as
 the conflict is more than I—a stomach—
 can bear.

"First, I am squeezed up—I say nothing
 of other tenants—by buckram and whale-
 bone, and laced into a shape that no more
 fits my contour than my lady's hooped
 dress fits her cap or bonnet box. How
 the medical fraternity can connive at this
 monstrosity, and hypocritically go on pre-
 scribing internal remedies, for external
 mismanagement, I am at a loss to con-
 jecture. Then, how ladies can make such a
 wide mistake, I cannot divine; for, it is a
 fact that everybody knows—and I chal-
 lenge all the gallipots in the world to con-
 tradict it—that the natural development of
 my functions is more in accordance with
 the graceful curve of beauty, the less sud-
 den it may be.

"Look at the lovely 'Venus de Medicis,'
 and notice the exquisite pair of harmoniz-
 ing lines that bind the sphere of my exist-
 ence. And, I tell to you, that PARIS, a
 master in his art, and who was as hand-
 some a fellow as any auburn haired Adonis,
 and a judge of female beauty, declared that
 he would as soon marry an animated skele-
 ton, as one of these would-be beauties.

"Then a man cannot help supposing it pos-
 sible that the waspish figure, with which
 he may be waltzing, might, from some
 unlucky step, become two parts, and while
 he may be gracefully twirling the one half
 about the room, the other may be rolling
 on the floor!

"These foolish ladies, who look upon
 their Chinese sisters with compassion, at
 the unnatural practice of torturing their
 feet, in attempting to make them small,
 and by which they are condemned to 'tod-
 dle' all their lives, yet practice the same
 tortures upon the waist, by which they be-
 come unhealthy; and perpetuate the same
 to future generations.

Now, this follows from abusing me, and
 expecting me to work, without allowing me

my natural room to work in. Shame—ladies—shame!

"Then, again, only suppose a beautiful creature sitting down to dinner—does she not choose the most unwholesome of all viands, as if it were on purpose to annoy me? Instead of dining off only two courses, soup and flesh, the bill of fare must include soup, fish, flesh, fowl, pies, puddings, sweetmeats, nuts, and other fruits—and, to 'cap the climax,' forsooth, must take a dish of ice cream—and, sometimes, the majority of these are crowded upon me at night—late at night. Now, what can I, a simple stomach, do, under such a load?

"This is not all my sorrow. To these, are often added pickles, of the most acrid kind; and then, often, soda water, champagne, or other wines; and frequently, reasoning that that which is good for the gander ought to be good for the goose, they give me brandy—yes, and sometimes whiskey or other liquors. With such treatment, who can prosper?

"I know that I cannot but—I have done."

ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR OF ARTS IN THE DIGGINGS.

—Started from Oxford University, tired of Greek hexameters, and the everlasting 7 o'clock bell for prayers.

—Make arrangements for packing up. Carry the whole of the Bodleian Library to chase the blue devils, in case they should run up against me; said Bodleian, consisting of 150 volumes and upwards.

—Encumbered with hosts of presents from aunt's of useless forget-me-nots, white pocket handkerchiefs embroidered with learned ciphers, fit only to be used once at the court of crowned heads, and any quantity of fine linen. At Liverpool an unruly trunk took it into its head to part from its bottom, leaving me in the middle of a street to gather up the fragments, after affording foot-balls to the passers by.

—Slept a whole fortnight without intermission, and without once dreaming of the Bodleian or any thing else, and should have slept most probably till unshipped as dead cargo at Philadel'a, had not a fat and drunken old sea-captain, one night, broke

through the laths of his crib, and flattened me into a human pancake. Saw no charm, though wide awake, in the poetic description given by somebody, upon something about the wide and pathless ocean, believing that he had never made such an experience as fell to my lot.

—Just about to land at Philadelphia: the sun celebrating our entrance with all the force at his command, showering his warm favors on our devoted head, till what little brains were left from the somniferous influence of the lullaby of the sea were nigh being tile-baked. Remember kicking our five and twenty shilling Golgotha into the sea, determining never to adopt the "stove-pipe again.—Think the Americans the most eminently practical people in the world.

—Get shaved, having been scared out of our wits at the inhuman monster bear-like shape of ourself in a reflex of the side-mirror of a jeweller's store, made to show an endless duplicate of articles.

—Remember having been tripped up like a lamb, dumb before the shearer, and making a slight mistake, under the influence of a first essay of "cock-tails," of placing our head where our heels ought to be.

—Put up at the Girard House—no available accommodation—house being more than full. Remember being more than overcome, else why! take a fancy to lie sentinel before the door, causing every late comer to tumble over ourself, by way of diversion on entrance.

—Leave suddenly for New York, know but little about its whereabouts or wonders, being obviously unconscious all the time; careless of time, place, and circumstance. Remember splitting our skull half a dozen times by running, in our hurry for dinner, against a huge revolving cylinder, somewhere in the neighborhood of the engine. Unable to distinguish soup from tea, or tea from soup; breakfast from dinner or dinner from breakfast. Our brain being in a constant whirl of confusion from internal and external mismanagement of ourself.

—Somniferous influences again prevail, dream of college examinations, Indian skirmishes, brandy cock-tails, cold bishops, scollop'd oysters, lobster salads, gown and town rows, bowie knifing, proctor bonneting, Vauxhall ballooning, sea serpent, whale fishing, crystal palace, iceberg meeting, shipwreck, sea fight, police, smashing windows, breaking soda water, champagne, Gravesend shrimps, cider cellars, Barnum's show, Surrey Gardens fire works and a host of other incongruous subjects, with as much

ADVENTURES OF

classification as if put in the brain and stirred round.

—Awake again to recollect with three small to make themselves agreeable, hooping-cough, measles, are able to elicit; remember monotony, being some fight between two sailors, mouths—might as well to Endeavor to remember on board, if so, how many there whereabouts, and where safe, and who the boots.

—Have a faint idea of where, named after some Remember denying in to ever had anything to such fool, or Nelson's liver hit, liver cold, to no win, no anything, oranges.

—Laid with scarcely a cisco, which appears with fair, on an extending sign-boards, gongs, ing, flags flying; expect to see Harlequin and hear the "Walk up, gentlemen, now's your lion stuffed with straw fifty feet high." "The fin without any feet at Dwarf, not goes thro' squinting or finching, voluble showman.

—Suddenly recollect motto period of our trunks, one of which Bodleian Library; do not be a dream. Of steamer next day, same, threaten some about it.

—Go to my lodging containing half the came there, or who by a mystery for all time.

—Fid after a week sleeping and waking quite out of the pale son. Make up our ought to go to supply the whole Library—rifce."

—A other week out.

—Am amazed at classical education

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ravesend shrimps, cider cellars, Barnum's
ow, Surrey Gardens fire works and a host
other incongruous subjects, with as much

classification as if put into the mortar of
the brain and stirred round with a stick.

—Awake again to renewed life, to be en-
tertained with three small children's efforts
to make themselves agreeable, as far as
hooping-cough, measles and cutting teeth
are able to elicit; remember the agreeable
monotony, being somewhat relieved by a
fight between two sailors with pipes in their
mouths—might as well take the pipes out.
Endeavor to remember if our trunks came
on board, if so, how many we had—conjecture
their whereabouts, wondering if the Bod-
leian were safe, and who had the benefit of
the books.

—Have a faint idea of some rapids some-
where, named after some castle, somehow.
Remember denying in toto that Wellington
ever had anything to do with them—no
such fool, or Nelson either—nothing but
liver hot, liver cold, to be had—no beer,
no wine, no anything, but bananas and
oranges.

—Land with scarcely any life at San Fran-
cisco—which appears very much like Green-
wich Fair, on an extensive scale. Flaunt-
ing sign-boards, gongs booming, bells ring-
ing, flags flying; expecting every moment
to see Harlequin and Pantaloon, and to
hear the "Walk up, walk up, ladies and
gentlemen, now's your time to see the live
lion stuffed with straw." "The live giant
fifty feet high." "The celebrated Miss Bif-
fin without any feet at all." "The lilliputian
Dwarf wot goes thro' a ladies ring without
squinting or flinching," &c. &c. &c., of the
voluble showman.

—Suddenly recollect, at some rather re-
mote period of our journey, having some
trunks, one of which contained the whole
Bodleian Library; doubt whether it may
not be a dream. Call on board of the
steamer next day, find no tidings of the
same, threaten something to somebody
about it.

—Go to my lodgings, and find one trunk,
containing half the Bodleian, but how it
came there, or who brought it, must remain
a mystery for all time.

—Find after a week's sojourn, the bill for
sleeping and waking, eating and drinking,
quite out of the pale of all rhyme and rea-
son. Make up our mind that the Bodleian
ought to go to support the body, and sell
the whole Library—"at a tremendous sac-
rifice."

—Another week brings a clean sweep
out.

—Am amazed at the utter neglect of a
classical education among the miners.

Find that Latin distichs and Greek hexam-
eters not worth their salt; that the public
care no more for Xenophon and Cicero
than a pig for skittles.

—Begin to think we have driven our pigs
to a pretty market, and wish that the Pla-
za might open, that we like a Curtius,
might be selected to signalize and celebrate
ourself, and end our sorrows at one and
the same time at all events; it being a fine
opening for a young man under such cir-
cumstances.

—Find ourself at the Southern mines.
Waking up for the first time on Sunday
morning, expecting to hear the Chapel
bell, and find nothing but fiddling,
betting, horse-racing and drinking to be
the order of the day.

—Make our first dinner from a steak
cooked on a shovel—putting our first pud-
ding into a pot, and with it, our trust in
Providence, for what it might turn out.

—Steak rather dis-colored—pudding fair
—no want of the hatchet to dismember it.
So good, as to offer great encouragement to
the culinary art. Begin to doubt, that we
have all along mistaken our genius, and
calling; and wondering, why we had not
essayed our talents in this department, be-
ing assured, that a fortune would have long
ago rewarded our ability.

—At work eighteen months at mining; be-
gan with two dollars on the Cr. side of the
ledger, and finish with a balance of Dr.
By Board, \$7.

—Finding capital and stock in hand, suf-
ficient to justify the proceeding on our own
account, commence lonfer, resolving to
adopt a more independent tone than usual,
and instead of soliciting the patronage of
the public, determine that ourself shall pat-
ronize the public without solicitation.

—After eight and forty hours' experience
find that our circle of acquaintance is too
limited to ensure success, and arrive at the
conclusion that there are arts and myste-
ries in some professions, imperviously sealed
against interlopers and outsiders, and that
the nature of the beast is *sui generis*.

—Come to the head of a log and take
our seat there, as a loggerhead, for the ex-
press purpose of an interview with ourself,
to ascertain the state of our affairs, and to
devise means accordingly.

—The result is the following colloquy:
"James Green, you have no experience
in this business." "Granted." "You are
too big for it." "What has size to do with
it?" "A great deal. You want too much
to eat and drink for it. You can't even go

without a meal without making a fuss, and thinking you are going to die; whereas the followers of this profession are sometimes whole weeks without a skin full." "Granted." "You are too ignorant." "Granted." "You are not gentlemanly enough." "Hang it! that won't do!" "It must do, Sir. Half the loafers here are gentlemen." "Well, be it so. Granted. Any other argument?" "A thousand—incontrovertibles. Ergo, let there be a *nolle prosequi* issued against you for your future well doing."

—Stumble upon the editor of the *New Filibuster Enlightener*, in search of a coadjutor, who engages our services, upon \$30 promise per week; paid in advance, until such time as the merits of ourself, upon trial, and the durability of said *Filly* may promise.

—Have doubts whether a certain article may meet with the favor of a generous public and enlightened republic, and request the editor to peruse it, who declines. Insist that he shall give an opinion on it.

—After some double shuffling—(through some defect, perhaps, in his eyesight)—find out the extraordinary fact that he has never been able to read—only to write—and that the latter accomplishment is confined to only two words—his name.

—Cut the *Filly Light*, after a few cuts with a horse whip, having been mistaken for its learned projector, he having, without the consent of his partner, (ourself,) accused one of his patrons of committing an impossibility—that of robbing him of that which he never had, or in all probability never will have—the worth of a dozen numbers of the *F. E.*, for which he charged \$3 00.

—Commence cigar merchant—whole stock confined to one box of the very best quality, of the very best brand, of the very best flavor. Erect our own warehouse, wipe down our own counter, light one of our own very best cigars, take our seat, and wait to—wait upon our customers.

—Find our consumption out of all proportion to our customers. Suspect the head of the firm of being too lavish of his favors upon his best friend. Resolved to remonstrate upon his folly.

—Smoked out like a rat, out of our own premises. Arrive at the conclusion that the head of the firm has no head for business transactions, and that the sooner he relinquish the premises, or the premises relinquish him, the better.

—Fall in with a company prospecting, and agree to be one of their Co. They are

a Scotchman, Irishman and Welshman, whom we will designate by their well known patronymics: Sawney, Paddy and Tally; which, with self, consider as fair representatives of the talent, virtue, wealth and fame of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

—Think ourself this time in luck's way, and no mistake—making an extensive and agreeable acquaintance with the Long Tom, who appears not a bad fellow after all, if a good locality is selected for him to exercise his talents in.

—Half woke up with a stifling sensation of heat. Dream of being principal stoker to an engine of wondrously marvellous power, in a certain place remarkable for heat, under a most forbidding looking proprietor, dressed in black, with a remarkable length of tail behind him, and of ears of remarkable length, on either side of his remarkably frightful head. Roused up by the cry of "Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!"

—Disposed to make many philosophical remarks upon the subject of fire, during the hurly-burly it occasions—being never more cool in our life—accompanied with Greek quotations from some of the most learned—no matter—

—Alarmed at the sudden *non est inventus* of one of our Co., Paddy the Renowned. Find him, after a long search, at the back of our shanty, some hundred yards off, fast asleep, he having made a feather bed in a sand hole, and covered himself over with the door of said shanty, by way of blanket, to avoid the mosquitoes.

—Extraordinary and astounding discovery! The like never heard of—in the skies above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. But what that was, we will disclose, or not, in our next videlicet, if our readers will express their pleasure that it shall be known, by means of addressing some hundreds of letters to our office, soliciting the favor at our hands—otherwise, it will be forever lost to the world, and—you, dear reader. B. A.

A was meeting a very homely man, thus addressed him:

"My dear friend, you ought to take saffron."

"For what?" inquired the latter.

"To keep the ugliness out, for if it ever strikes in it will surely kill you."

VEXING.—To get up a charge of sneezing, and its refusing to go off.

OUR FLAG

It has been asserted, that the flag of the stars and stripes proudly from the dome of the United States; that lead our brave heroes to battle the mast-heads of our clip every sea; that floats over our public amusements, and politicians in every party gathering is manufactured brought from a foreign land through which it is sewed ported from Europe.

KINDNESS.

As stars upon the trail
In mimic glory shine
So words of kindness
Reflect the source divine
Oft can be kind, whoe'er
That breathest mortal air
And it shall brighten
And sweeten even our

IMPORTANCE OF PURE
two and a half minutes, all
tained in the human system
nearly three gallons, traversing
ery surface. Every one, though
an impure atmosphere, two
utes, had every particle of
upon by the vitiating air
has become less vital, less
pairing strictures, or of ob-
tious, and the longer such
the more impure does it
blood necessarily becomes

Instead of pills, or patent
put up in large quart bottles
vastly better to purify the
thing else. Pure air, pure
food, will ever keep the system
order.—*Water Cure Journal*

M. DuBois, the physician
Eugenie received one hundred
dollars as his fee for attention
on her couchment.

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A SIGN.

OUR FLAG.

It has been asserted, that our glorious flag of the stars and stripes that waves so proudly from the dome of the Capitol of the United States; that leads on and cheers our brave heroes to battle; that flies at the mast-heads of our clipper ships, upon every sea; that floats over the places of our public amusements, and is borne by politicians in every party gathering, and procession; is manufactured from materials brought from a foreign land—and even the thread by which it is sewed together is imported from Europe.

KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine:
O then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathe'st mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE AIR.—In about two and a half minutes, all the blood contained in the human system, amounting to nearly three gallons, traverses the respiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere, two and a half minutes, has every particle of his blood acted upon by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital, less capable of repairing strictures, or of carrying on functions; and the longer such air is respired, the more impure does it become, and the blood necessarily becomes more corrupt.

Instead of pills, or patent medical slops, put up in large quart bottles, pure air is vastly better to purify the blood than anything else. Pure air, pure water, and pure food, will ever keep the system in working order.—*Water Cure Journal*.

M. Dubois, the physician to the Empress Eugenie, received one hundred thousand dollars as his fee for attending her Majesty on her *accouchment*.

A SIGN.

During the summer of 1852, some new mining ground was discovered in Nevada County, when an enterprising individual became desirous of supplying his fellow miners with clothing for the outer, and food for the inner man, and to accomplish this great undertaking, he imported from below a few hickory shirts, two or three bags of potatoes, a box or two of crackers, a large stock of tobacco and segars, and a plentiful stock of bad whiskey; all these were carefully stowed away in a shanty of clapboards, piled up rather than built, and in dimensions about eight feet by twelve. Now "to let all the world and his wife know" for what purpose it was intended, he determined to "hang out his sign," and being an amateur artist, he wished to save a dollar and "try his hand" upon it himself. A sign, four feet in width and the entire length of the 'building'—painted apparently with a stick, was the result of his artistic labors, in the following characters:

**GROCEY SORE
BY J HALL CALL
AND SEE**

Which being translated, would read:

GROCERY STORE, BY J. HALL—CALL AND SEE.

The closing hours of each day should bear upon them some record, as they merge into eternity, the evidence of some kind word spoken, or some good action performed by every mortal.

"My good woman," said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you got the gospel here?"

"No, sir, we havn't, replied the old crone, but they've got it awfully down to New Orleans."

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICK-
ORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER III.

MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"The property, Mr. Dickleberry."—

"Hickleberry, if you please."

"I beg pardon—the property Mr. Hickleberry, consists of six houses in Broadway, New York, yielding on an average, the rental of \$10,000 or about £2,000 British, with an unencumbered plantation in which the late Mr. Kickleberry."

"Hickleberry, if you please, sir!"

"Hickle—Hickleberry. Thank you—I shall get it right in time—cultivated in the cotton-line himself, and about which we have as yet no positive information, as to its worth or annual produce, together with a large tract of land, he lately purchased in the county of Mariposa, California, about two hundred miles from San Francisco. This property, I would strongly advise some responsible agent to go out and look after, as it strikes me, it will produce a mine of wealth to you. Indeed, if it were mine, I would not hesitate to take the voyage out and look after it myself. It is in the neighborhood of one of the richest gold mining districts; and our corresponding agent in New York, writes us, that he is receiving applications from San Francisco, almost every mail, for the sale of some parts of the property; and whose urgency leads to the suspicion of the discovery of gold already upon it."

"I should say, Mr. Hickleberry, that your rent-roll, under the management of our legal firm, ought to bring you in at least, eight or ten thousand pounds per annum."

"God bless my soul, you don't say so Mr. Suit? Wife," said Hickleberry, elated, "What do you think of that ere?"

"What shall we do with it all, Mr. Hickleberry?" responded the wife.

"Why that matter, my dear madam, I think will require the least of our consideration. Of course the handing over to you and your heirs this great property, will be attended with some cost. We have already expended I may say, some hundreds in finding out, and tracing the right owner."

"In course, sir, it can't a be expected that this here great property can fall into our mouths out of a hole in the clouds like, without a deal of expense, and I hope gents you will pay yourselves well out of it."

"There's no doubt about that," thought Messrs. Nabb & Suit.

"Now there are some preliminaries to be gone thro' Mr. —."

Hickleberry, if you please, sir."

"Hickleberry, thank you. We want you to go down to Folkestone yourself immediately, and bring up the registers, of the birth of Jacob Hicaberry your brother, and your own also, together with any other information you may be able to collect. Here is a letter addressed to our agent there, who will assist you in these and other matters relating thereto.

"Yes gents," with all respect to your better judgment, that's easier said than done. "How am I to get down to Folkestone, without wings or money; I hav'nt a half-penny?"

"Bless me, I had forgotten to put this question to you, whether you might be in want of any petty cash in your present circumstances."

"That's just the ticket Mr. Suit, you've hit the right nail on the head."

"How much will suit your present exigencies, Mr. H —?"

"Well, say a ten pun note. Eh, wife?"

"Ten pounds will do very well, Mr. Hickleberry, I should think."

"Suppose you take fifty pounds—Mr. Nabb, credit Mr. H — with fifty pounds, and if you want more, I beg you will do me the favor of asking for it.

Poor Hickleberry looked unutterable things at his wife, and she could not have exhibited more surprise, if signs of the world's end were at hand.

"The Lord be our guide," said Hickleberry, as he took his departure with his old friend the grocer and his wife from the door of Messrs. Suit & Nabb.

"Amen," responded the grocer. "Mr. Hickleberry," said the sapient man of plums, breaking the thoughtful silence of the trio. "I shall live to see you in Parliament."

"The Lord forbid," responded Hickle. "I would'nt have it on my conscience, friend Hobbs, for the world."

"Have what?"

"The mismanagement of this great nation. The mismanagement of the poor; the mismanagement of the rich; the mis-

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"The mismanagement of this great nation. The mismanagement of the poor; the mismanagement of the rich; the mis-

management of the guilty, and the mismanagement of the innocent."

"Why Mr. Hickleberry you are already coming out as a orator, I declare."

"Yes indeed, chimed in Mrs. Hick, you should a heard Mr. H. on the adultery of food, at St. Martin's Hall, did'nt he extonish the natives, I don't think. If you remember my dear, I wore my turbot and feather on that ere occasion, and got it dripping wet a comin' home.—I remember we had for supper pork chops and—"

"Never mind my dear that ere chapter on the dismal, friend Hobbs heard how the chimney cotched fire, and you and Adam cotched the water from the engines, scores of times. Let's to business. "Friend Hobbs can't you do the agreeable for once, and go down to Folkestone and take care of me on the journey, you know I'm no traveler?"

"My dear H—— you forget I am nailed as a witness on that house-breaking case."

"Then I 'spose I must go alone. If Adam had teeth enough, wif you could go? But that's quite now out of the question. Is'nt it Lord Byron as says that half of our whole life is spent in dressin' and undressin' ourselves?—I says, half of our whole miseries is gettin' teeth, and gettin' enough to use 'em arterwards."

Nothing eventful occurred to our hero on his journey down to Folkestone, but on his way back to the smoky metropolis, and just when he was shaking off that nervous fear which those unaccustomed to sudden steam-locomotion experience, an event happened, that for the time, entirely obliterated all the pleasures and objects of the journey.

He had taken his seat in a second-class carriage, opposite to a comely looking dame invested with an indescribable cloak-wrapper, shawl or roque-lauro, surmounted by a staring blue; bonnet, under which a face as round as a full-moon, with red cheeks to match, filled more than the space the said bonnet allowed.

"A cold day this, for travelling, sir?" she began addressing our traveler.

"Wery, but 'tis wholesome, I like the cold for my part, queer taste marm a'nt it?"

"Not at all, sir, I too like everything cold, but a cold heart."

"Ah! ah! a warm heart and a warm puss makes every thing wot's cold look warm."

This was the commencement of a conversation, that might have ended somewhat ominously, had there not been in existence such a being as Mr. Hickleberry, She

thought he was the most warm-hearted man she had ever met with, and he in thought responded, that she was the most pleasant woman as was. By-and-bye half a dozen movements at once, under the mysterious cloak, betrayed the presence of another traveller, who, waking up from a deep sleep sent forth a shrill cry, as if to make up for the void in some part of the colloquy."

"Oh! we've another companion I see marm?"

"Yes, he's just woke up. I 'spose we're at Croydon now, or thereabouts?"

"Bless your heart, no marm, not a quarter o' that yet."

"What a fategin time."

No compliment to me, thought Dickory.

"That's not the case with me marm, I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life; thanks to your very pleasant company."

"I'm obliged by the compliment, sir."

"Where are we now?" said she, addressing one of the officers.—

"Stop here five minutes to breakfast," answered that functionary, unlocking the doors of the cells of the locomotive prisoners.

"Do you get out here may I ask sir?"

"No.—I have taken breakfast at Folkestone," replied Hickleberry.

"May I trouble you then sir, to hold my babby a few minutes, while a take a cup of tea?"

"With all the pleasure in life, marm. What a fine little fellow, upon my word?"

The child open'd its eyes upon Poor Hickleberry and smiled.

Now, sir, if you please—Time's up. Where are you goin' you old spooney, with that ere child? Do you want the train to leave without you? Get in." "We're all a waitin'" said an officer, whistle in hand.

"I'm looking for the 'ooman that owns this here babby. The 'ooman in the sky blue."

"I wish you were in the skies blue," said the officer, shutting with a bang the carriage door upon Hickleberry.

"Well, this here's a pretty go," said he to himself, I'm blessed. Why I shall be taken up for kidnapping, I don't want no more kids, I've got quite enough to answer for.

"Here guard, Officer, Pleaseman—some on ye. Here's a delikit situation for a spect-ible man to be in. What'll my wife think? what'll Mister Hobbs think? what'll Mister Sint? what'll all the world think? Here young 'un, call out, mother for your life, squeak, squall, say something, will ye? Here officer! officer! I say."

What he did say, or would say, a twenty mile speed would have chopped off, leaving to the woods and wilds, to echo or not as the nymphs might please.

"Croydon—Croydon—Croydon" resounded through the long line of carriages, as the officers unlocked the doors. Hickleberry taking advantage of the opportunity sought to be relieved of his charge.

"Mr. Superintendent," said he addressing a man distinguished by the collar of his coat embroidered in silver. "Here's a rum customer you didn't, calculate on, any more than I, as a fellow passenger. This here poor little critter, was put into my hands to hold while its mother, in a sky blue bonnet, got out to take a cup of tea. What am I to do with it?"

The officer, with a smile on his countenance, replied—

"We are up to all these dodges old fellow, before to-day. Where did the woman get down, and what do you know about her?"

"I'm bless'd if I 'zactly know, I was half asleep and half awake at the time. I 'spose 'twas about Marden; she had on a sky-blue bonnet—a stout and hardy-looking woman."

"Well friend, from your description, I can take no steps to relieve you from your burden. You must go on to town, ask for the Superintendent there, and he will take you to the proper authorities, and if your story be true—"

"If sir? Do you doubt my word, sir? Give me the lie, sir? Do you know who I am, sir?"

"No." "But I should judge you likely to be the father of the child, and from your tame story you confirm my suspicion. So get in if you please, or the train will leave you and your child behind."

"I tell you man it is not my child, and sooner than be burdened with a charge that don't belong to me, I'll deposit it in this here basket, and leave you to post it in your current expenses, so take your change out o' that."

"At your peril, sir," said the other, waxing wrath. Here, the slamming of the doors gave warning for another start, when a huge goliath of a fellow, seeing at a glance what was the matter, suddenly jerked Hickleberry in, and before he had time to open his mouth by way of remonstrance, the basket with its live load was handed beside him, the door locked, the whistle sounded, and the train moved on at a spanking pace towards London.

Poor Hickleberry found himself boxed

up in the presence of four young city snobs a species of would-be-gentility, who never made it a practice to be out of sight of their property, but always wore all they were worth on their persons, which were usually adorned with a profusion of gilt chains, chrysal paste-diamond rings, massive hollow brooches and Tommy-Cox-Savory watches, jew'd and jewell'd in fifty holes, warranted to keep Greenwich as well as Brumagem time. Hickleberry's appearance amongst them was a great relief, and seeing the basket with so unusual a load handed in, one began singing,—

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell,
"If I had as much money as I could tell,
"I never would cry, young lambs to sell."

Hickleberry heard this, yet wax'd not wrath. The second began—

"I say Montague Villiers, (each wore a travelling name of sounding title.) "Did ye ever see a male wet-nuss in your life? Strike me funny, if that old gentleman won't be one afore the end of his journey, if he has but the ordinary luck of nusses in general."

Hickleberry yet turned a deaf ear to their impertinence, he was dumb-founded with the cares of his new responsibilities, and was conjuring up in his mind the jealous wrath of his wife; the bitter jokes of his friends, and the damage of his good character, should he not be able to rid him of the charge ere he reached home. One thing he had resolved upon—never again to speak, or hold converse, or even be civil to any fat woman on a journey with a baby in her arms, especially if she happened to wear a sky-blue bonnet.

Here our party whispered some coarse and low vulgarity, loud enough for Hickleberry's ear. His dander, it was evident to see was rising, yet he said nothing. *As with a rogue, so with impudence, give it rope enough, it will hang itself.*

"Will you oblige me, sir," said the third, "with the use of my property when you have done with it," (Hickleberry was sitting on the tail of the speaker's great coat.)

"I tell you what I'll oblige you with young fellows, if you don't know how to behave yerselves; that is with a good punch of the head each, and no mistake."

"No mistake?" replied the first whit, "Strike me vertical. I think you would find it a very great mistake. Paterfamilias."

"Sooner said than done, old bu-oy," joined in the third.

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched young man, altho' you may

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"Will you oblige me, sir," said the third, "by the use of my property when you are alone with it." (Hickleberry was sitting on the tail of the speaker's great coat.) "Tell you what I'll oblige you with my fellows, if you don't know how to take yourselves; that is with a good punch to the head each, and no mistake."

"No mistake?" replied the first, "I think you would do me vertical. I think you would do a very great mistake. Paterfamilias."

"The owner said than done, old bu-oy," joined the third.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched young man, altho' you may

be a good hand at hatching, judging by the contents of your trunk," said the first.

No sooner was the last word uttered, than Hickleberry planted with all his force what, in the pugilistic nomenclature, is called a "smasher," on the nose of the last speaker. The copious discharge of blood from that dignified feature of the face, became the signal for an indiscriminate game, in real earnest of fistickness; the blows resounded thick and strong, many being wasted on the panels of the four sides of the car, although there was plenty of room for the belligerents, they being the only occupants of the car. In the cowardly onslaught of the three against one, the basket with its contents upset, and the infant set up a yell which, blending harmoniously with the maddened strife, produced a chaos of sounds to be compared only to a certain place on a small scale—a miniature copy of the original.

In the meantime the three puppies were getting the worst of it; for Hickleberry, it appeared, had not all his life been hammering tin candlesticks for nothing. In fact, his blows were so scientifically administered, in the neighborhood of their vitalities, that he of the wet nurse profession, pulling down the window, had nothing to do for it but to shout "Par-leece! par-leece!" as loud as his lungs would admit of. But the train, advancing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, gave no opportunity of any one dancing attendance on their gentilities. Nothing was seen but the tall trees dancing by, in mockery, as it were, of their distress.

"Now, gents," said Hick, seating himself and taking up the poor babe, that had been nearly trampled to death in the scrimmage, "you've received a lesson in the art of politeness that'll last you all your lives, and a few days arter, and no mistake."

"Montague," said the owner of the disabled nose, "won't this be a fine case for our governor? I shall lay the damages at £50,000, and I'll get my friend Thessiger to conduct it." Here the nose bled profusely, and very opportunely; every drop of which, was carefully wiped on a clean shirt, drawn from the coat pocket of one of the trio, and which constituted the whole of his traveling gear.

"Yes; this harticle," said he, holding it out to display the coloring to advantage, "will serve as a hargument, by way of increased damages, that'll double you up my fine fellow."

"When you've done with him I'll take

him up. He's sprained my thumb and broke my watch. That's as good as a fifty pound note, and law expenses."

"And I," said the third, "will polish him off, when you've done with him, to the tune of assault and battery with malice prepense, with six months at Brixton, as a rogue and vagabond."

"Say that again," said Hickleberry, "and I'll cram your teeth down your throat."

"We shall have it all our way, Mortimer. Defendant will have no witnesses, and each of us has two. We'll let him know how to assault gentlemen of our position in the commercial world."

"Gentlemen!" said Hickleberry, "snobs in a comical world—perhaps swell-mob, for anything I knows to the contrary. Assault and battery; pshaw! pshaw! Salt and peppery—you are too much used to pummelling to complain on it. Bring your action, gents, I have had mine, and made you show heavy damages, and will again if I am so insulted."

"Swell-mob! Put that down in your tablets, Montague."

"Let me alone, Coningham; I know how to make up a case before to-day."

"Yes, swell-mob; I say it again, and here's a hevidence of it," said Dickory, seizing hold of the flashy chain of the tablet writer, and jerking out a pincushion to which it was appended, before that gentleman in the commercial world was aware of the proceeding.

Whether Hickleberry saw any evidence of this innocent substitute for a time piece in the scuffle, or whether it was dictated by mere suspicion, the effect of the movement was very observable. The owner of the valuable, blushed crimson, and his companions looked all sorts of unutterable things, as though it furnished every evidence of their assuming characters to which they were not entitled.

By this timely manœuvre, the trio were reduced to dead silence, and at the same time to a very respectable demeanor, insomuch so, that Dickory, dividing his compassion between them and his infant charge, asked them good humoredly to settle the matter in four stiff glasses of brandy and water, which he ordered at the next station, and they, upon mature consideration, taking into account the cold, unpromising day, and the hot, comfortable appearance of the liquid at the window of the carriage, thought proper to accept it as a condition of peace. Indeed, such an extraordinary change came over their vision that they treated

the whole as dream; and Dickory as their good old friend; and even went so far, after the glasses had been replenished, accompanied by a large plate of sandwiches—the brandy and water operating congenially—as to accept an invitation to Dickory's feast, that he intended to give to celebrate his good fortune.

What a pity it is that all differences cannot be compromised in like manner. Why cannot the judge in major offences fine the offending party in a series of good dinners, and by a happy gradation in the scale down to the least minor offence, in a glass of good grog, obliging both parties to be present. The probability is that if the enactments of that law were sound and practical, and strictly and stringently carried out, the parties would depart friends for life, instead of separating with still more resentfully unsatisfied feelings towards each other than before.

CHAPTER IV.

EXTENDS OUR ACQUAINTANCE.

We must now introduce our readers to Elmore Hall, the seat of Earl Elmore. Everything connected with this domain was on a princely scale of magnificence. Its time honored towers, its hoary headed oaks, had stood unscathed the pestilence of fire and sword, the scythe of time and the axe of the innovator, from the period of the conquest down to the present time. The present noble owner was celebrating at this time the anniversary of the birth of his grandson, the heir presumptive of the estate. Vast preparations had been made for the festivity, to which the neighboring nobility and gentry were invited, and open house was given to the husbandmen of all the surrounding villages and properties on the estate. This was an occasion of more than ordinary congratulation, for Earl Elmore's son, who had married almost without asking his family's sanction, to the daughter of an impoverished noble house, which by a strange fatality had been hostile for many generations, had been lately reconciled to his stern parent, who, forgetting the disappointment and chagrin such marriage had cost him, had suddenly turned round and received the renegades with open arms, and publicly acknowledged the little one of a year old, for his heir.

Happy day for the parents—so thought all, except themselves. Some hidden sorrow seemed to prey upon their spirits, too poig-

nant to be dissipated by any good fortune. "Clara, be cheerful. At least assume it, especially when in presence of my father, for my sake, if not for your own," said the heir.

"My dear lord, I will try, but these preparations remind me of a gross neglect of duty, and the perpetration of gross injustice. O, if you had but told the Earl that we were married at the time you asked his consent to marry, all had been well."

"You know not my father, or you would be convinced that it were the worst act of my life. He would then have cast me off forever, and the estate, over which he has all but the whole control, would have been lost to us. Leave me, pray leave me to manage the matter you are always harping upon, without interference. Be assured, I am as worthy of your confidence as of your love."

"You forget, Charles, that I am a mother, and that the feelings and sympathies of a mother increase the more they are opposed.—That horrid man that we should be associated with!"

"Clara, as you love me have done with this theme. It ill befits this occasion. See, my father is going to make a speech. Let us hasten to be among the audience." So saying, he took her arm in his, and hurried her across the lawn, where the rustics and others were assembling, to hear the Earl's address.

The noble Earl was one of those characters whose actions, good or evil, seemed to be the result of the mere caprice of the moment. He would send a rustic to a three months' duranco for killing a head of what tenant-farmers called vermin, and which aristocrats knew by the name of game, and supply his whole family for six months afterwards upon luxuries in food to which they were unaccustomed, and of which they scarcely knew the name. He would horse-whip a vagrant off his premises, and then send one of his footmen after him with a sovereign, to speed him on his journey. He would invite a host of friends to dinner, and then leave word that he was gone to town for something that he had forgotten. Had he not been the author of some very able pamphlets on statistics, and the utterer of the best speeches in the upper House, upon the most important subjects, there would have been a commission of lunacy out against him, long ago; but his actions will, in the course of this narrative, speak for themselves, and enable the reader to form his own opinion of him.

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Clara, as you love me have done with me. It ill befits this occasion. See, there is going to make a speech. Let us listen to be among the audience." So he took her arm in his, and hurried across the lawn, where the rustics and the nobles were assembling, to hear the Earl's address.

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After the Earl had delivered himself of his platitudes, and no end of responses and toasts had followed, the assemblage dispersed about the grounds, to enjoy the privilege so graciously and munificently bestowed; the Earl putting condescendingly the heads of little urchins, and chatting familiarly with feeble old widows, that lined the path to the mansion; Lord Lovell, his son, with his lady on his arm, the nurse and baby bringing up the rear.

As they were ascending the steps, a stranger, watching his opportunity, slipped into the hands of his lordship a little billet, which, as soon as he entered the house, he found occasion to read privately. It ran thus:

"I have matters of the utmost importance to yourself to communicate. I put up at the Stag's Arms, in the village, and shall be there till an hour after you have received this. I need not hint that you must come alone, and unarmed. Fail not at your peril. G. L. G."

The instant Lord Lovell read these words he recognized the hand, although he imagined the writer had been thousands of miles distant. Lost in conjecture what could have brought this man at such a time, to witness such a scene, he nevertheless resolved to obey the summons, but to disobey part of it, and to go armed to the teeth. He had suspected that he was in the hands of desperate characters, and ordinary prudence dictated the caution. So feigning an unsatisfactory excuse for his temporary absence, he set off alone, across the fields, and from that time never again returned to his noble family, nor to any of his numerous friends.

CHAPTER V.

CASTS A GLIMMERING LIGHT.

"Father's dead, Sir; you've come too late," said the child mentioned in our second chapter.

"Are you the same person who called at our place about your father's illness?" inquired one of the miners, (for both had set out on this errand, and were now unaccompanied by a doctor, who was to follow as soon as he could get a horse to carry him thither.)

"Yes, Sir."
"How is it, then, that you are in boy's clothes? I thought you were of the other sex."

"I did it to oblige my father. I call him so, but what he said while he was dying shows that he is not my father. I fear he has been a very bad man, for he said when he was dying that he was entrusted with me, to get rid of me, as I stood in the way of somebody—I forget the name now—but that he could not find it in his heart to do so, because I had been so obedient and kind to him, always."

"This is a queer story, Tom; what do you think of it?" said the other miner.

"I think it is the truth. Was it his wish that you should assume the dress of a girl?"

"Yes. I have suffered very much on this account, and often told him how much I disliked appearing in a false character. He told me that he could only be secure of his life by my adopting this disguise, and so I yielded to his wishes in the matter."

"Where did you get these clothes? These were never made in New York, nor England."

"He had kept them always packed up in his chest. He kept pointing to it for something he wanted before he died, but I could not make out what he wanted, for he was speechless."

"Is it locked?"

"Yes. I tried the lid, but not knowing where the key was kept, I could not unlock it to satisfy him."

"Where did he usually keep the key?"

"I never saw it, nor do I ever recollect seeing the chest open."

"Would you like that we should open it?"

"If you please. I see no harm in doing so. Indeed, I should like to see it opened; for I may find something that may tell me who I am, and who he is."

The boy, as we must now call him, soon brought in a miner's pickaxe, and after several fruitless attempts, the lid was severed from its hinges.

There was nothing discovered but a few old clothes, intermixed with books and newspapers, among which latter the Times newspapers were most conspicuous.

"Is there any other place where he might keep his traps, do you think?"

"None that I know of," said the disappointed youth.

"Had he no money when he died?—How did you live?"

"He always seemed to have money till lately. For the last month or so we have lived upon the money he got for the sale of a gold locket, with hair in it, set round with stones, that used to shine very much. I

knew this by a mere chance, as the man called upon me in his absence, and compared my face with that of the one in the locket, and said it was very much like me, and that's how I knew my father, that is, the whom I called father, sold it."

"Is that man in the neighborhood of our place?"

"I do not know. He said he would call again, and have some chat with Mr. Wiley about it, and said he would keep it for my sake, and never part with it."

"For your sake?"

"Yes; on account, I suppose, of the likeness."

"We will find him out and get him to part with it. 'Tis strange that there is no letter, or scrap of paper, to tell who or what he is, or anything about him."

"May I ask where you came from, and what brought you here?"

"Now he is dead I will keep it no longer a secret. The earliest remembrance I have of him was in a workhouse. I remember that soon after he left that he kept a sort of school, in a retired place, called High-bury. He never came out by day, and would never trust me out of his sight. He had but three pupils, as he was a man of not much education, and read and wrote very imperfectly."

"You appear to have a decent education."

The youth smiled, and then for a moment changed countenance. "My poor mother, that is, his wife, perhaps not my mother, taught me all I know. She was a woman who could read and write beautifully, quite

a different sort of being to him. However, he was very kind to me, although he was very cruel to his wife sometimes. He would always mind me, when I begged him not to beat her."

"Have you examined that chest, Tom? Sound the sides, bottom and top. It appears to me to be of more than ordinary thickness; don't it to you?"

"No," said the other, knocking it as he desired; "there's no hollow here—all substantial wood."

"Try the bottom; take out the things and try the bottom."

They did so, and the sound gave evidence that it was not composed of solid wood. After a few raps here and there, the axe alighted on a concealed spring, and the false bottom flew open and displayed before their wondering eyes the following articles:

A bundle of letters, a poignard, tarnished, especially the blade of it, by some liquid stain, an embroidered handkerchief, spotted and stained with stale blood, a complete suit of baby dress, yellow with age and neglect, a shoe, with a small yellow buckle affixed to it, on which was engraven a crest; a long rope at the end of which was a slip noose, the remains of a bottle of liquid, on which was written poison, and a revolver, loaded in four barrels. They were so disposed that when the false bottom was in its place none of the articles could be shaken, so as to betray any signs of their concealment whatever.

[To be Continued.]

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! 't is not when the fairy breeze fans the green ocean,
The safety and strength of the barque can be shown;
And 't is not in prosperity's hour—the devotion,
The fervor and truth of a FRIEND can be known.

No! the barque must be proved when the tempest is howling,
When dangers and mountain-waves close round her press,—
The FRIEND!—when the sky of adversity's scowling;—
For the touchstone of friendship's the hour of distress.

When prosperity's day-star beams pure and unclouded,
Ten thousand will mingle their shouts round the throne;
But oh! let its light but one moment be shrouded,
And the smiles of the faithless like shadows are gone.

S. B.

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A FLOATING CITY.

The "Mistress of the Seas," as the London papers name the monster steamship, now building of iron, near London, is in the shape of plates, securely rivetted together. Her dimensions, etc., are thus described:—She has a double side fore and aft, all the way up to within a few feet of the taffrail. She has also double decks. By this means great buoyancy and strength are imparted to the vessel, as the space between the decks and sides is filled with air. She is built in eight compartments, all air and water tight. Her registered tonnage is 23,000 tons, with capacity for coal in addition of from 12,000 to 14,000 tons. Her draft of water when loaded will be 28 feet, and when unloaded 18 feet. Her average speed is computed at 23 knots or miles per hour. She will be propelled by a gigantic screw, 23 feet in diameter, four paddles, and by sails. Her number of masts will be seven, three of which will be crossed with yards, and square-rigged, as in a line-of-battle ship, and the other masts will have fore and aft sails. Her number of boilers will be ten, five on each side, and each having ten furnaces. She will carry, in addition to a sufficient complement of small boats, no less than eight small screw-steamers, each 110 feet in length, placed four on each side of the vessel. These steamers, will land and embark both passengers and cargo. The passengers' berths are placed on both sides the entire length of the ship. The number of decks is four, and the height of the principal saloons, which are in the centre, is 15 feet. The number of passengers she will be able to carry is 600 first class, 1800 second class, and 10,000 troops with field equipments. Her length is 680 feet, her breadth of beam, 83 feet, depth from deck to keel, 58 feet, aggregate length of saloon, 400 feet. Her commander will be Captain Harrison, with a crew in all, including seamen, engineers, stokers, etc., of from 850 to 900 men, consequently, with all on board, she will comprise within herself a population of a large town, or even city, say

13,000 persons. Nearly 1000 men are employed in her construction. The contract price for her building is £320,000. There are then the expenses of her engines and the fittings, victualing, etc. The mere expense of launching her into the water, when completed, will be no less than £40,000, as hydraulic power will have to be used for the purpose, and the machinery employed of a peculiar construction. She will enter the water broadside on. Her deck is to be flush, except for cabin entrances and similar purposes, so that a promenade more than twice the length of the Great Britain's deck will be available for the passengers. The floor of the ship is perfectly flat, the keel being turned inward and rivetted to the inner ship's keel. These several skins are joined to each other by longitudinal webs or girders, formed of plate and angled iron. There are 17 of these webs on each side of the ship, which run the entire length, and are placed at such distances as to extend upward, at intervals of about three feet from the keel to the main deck, and again close up in length varying from 20 to 60 feet. The main deck is treated in the same manner for 20 feet on each side, and iron girders bind one side to the other, so that the entire vessel may be denominated a web of woven iron, the rivets forming the fastenings, and the webbed or honey-comb cells becoming an indissoluble structure. The compartments between the outer and inner skins will hold 3000 tons of water ballast. The web plates are of inch iron, and the outer and inner skins are of three-quarter inch iron. The vessel will have 20 ports on the lower deck, each five feet square, to receive railway wagons. She has also 60 ports on each side for ventilation, and an abundance of dead lights. The lower ports are 10 feet above the water when the ship is loaded.—*Halifax News.*

How great a luxury comes back to the giver of every kind word; and which altho' priceless to the one, costs nothing to the other. We may make a friend for life by one kind word.

a different sort of being to him. However, he was very kind to me, although he was very cruel to his wife sometimes. He would always mind me, when I begged him not to beat her."

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[To be Continued.]

the green ocean,
and can be shown;
devotion,
and be known.

the tempest is howling,
and close round her press,—
his scowling;—
hour of distress.

and unclouded,
around the throne;
shrouded,
and frowns are gone.

S. B.

THE MAN WHO FOLLOWED HIS
OWN FUNERAL.

For obvious reasons, I am not going to publish who I am, where it was, and where it happened; but confine myself only to the part of the narration, *how* it happened.

I was returning early one morning, from a liquor house in S * * * *, endeavoring, as I supposed, by the little light of consciousness within me, to wend my way towards my little cozy apartments in the—we will say—Niantic. After endeavoring, by sundry attempts, to maintain my perpendicular, and finding, as I imagine, the attempt about as futile, as to make a pair of compasses stand upon a steel plate, I gave up the attempt, and measured my length upon what appeared to me to be a sack of saw-dust girt round the waist, as I supposed, for the convenience of carriage. I had some idea of warmth derived from the same sack, and endeavored to adjust it, so as to derive the greatest possible comfort by way of pillow. I have a glimmering of a remembrance that it became animated, which, in no way surprised me, inasmuch as I had experienced before that the very lamp-posts in the street had entered into a conspiracy against me, to obstruct my passage, however or wherever I went. I have some other idea of an animated fight, occurring between me and that identical sack, that it rose up and accused me of something or other. I remember, or think I do, of having my nasal extremity elongated to a most inordinate degree, by that animated sack of shavings or saw-dust; that I, in return, thrust my hand, with something in it, slashing right and left, (between a convulsive waking and a heavy sleeping,) at that huge body, which danced around me uttering the strangest sounds that I ever heard: I remembered—blood,—or some other liquid that looked like it, flowed all around me, but whether discharged from my unnatural sized proboscis, or from any part of the sack in question, I was too much occupied in my brain to conjecture.

After a time, I remember distinctly enough that another sack, with a hat on, pommelled me most unmercifully; which I could not stand, although lying down at it. I remember that the thing I clutched, convulsively in my hand, did something, that soon silenced both these sacks; which afterwards fell upon me, so heavily, as to metamorphose them to my mind's satisfaction into paving-stone rammers. I was the more confirmed in this view of the case, because they fell to the earth, making the—"hur"—"hur"—which paviers are known to make, when they, by the heavy descent, of their paving-rammer, jerk the breath out of their body. After this, all was—chaos—confusion—ærial sediment—shreds and patches—daylight—midnight and lamp-light, all, as it were, stirred round with a stick—borrowed from Macbeth's witches, or with the broom on which Mother Goose rode.

Where am I—what's the meaning of all this—what business have I here—how am I, who am I, what am I, where am I—were the copious questions I incessantly poured out upon my phrenzied phrenological functions, but the mystery did not remain long unexplained.

You are brought here, said my jailor, for committing two of the most foulest, and most bloodiest murders on record; two inoffensive, harmless old critters, who wouldn't hurt a worm, have been butchered by you in cold blood.

"How? wa-wa-wa-what?" stammered I, amazed.

"Come that's a good 'un, to go for to think, to pretend, to spose, you don't know nothing about it. Your a nice article you are for a hinsam dodger. But you've got the right sort o' jailor to deal with this time. He's a sittin' now on a—case, and then you'll be on the hooks. There, don't look so innocent—babby-like, you old hoary-headed villian."

"Hoary-headed—what! had my fine Ross's head of hair, turned like that of a certain noble lady's, gray in one night?"

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"There get in with you; the sheriff's a
 comin' to you, and I'm only here to see you
 bound strong enough, so as to make it im-
 possible for you to 'scape through the key-
 hole."

So saying, the brute turned the massive
 key in the lock, and left me more dumb-
 founded than ever, in almost total darkness.
 In sitting down on the stone-bench, I found
 my hands very heavily ironed, they felt
 sticky and gummy, as of dry clotted blood.
 The thought flashed across my brain, like
 lightning, that I was in for murder. Now
 I shall know more surely, the key is turning
 in the lock; the door weighs by its weight
 open. The same brutal personage, with an
 elderly gentleman, with a compassionate
 countenance, the sight of which I caught
 just once, as he crossed the only slanting
 narrow sunbeam, that lighted up this mis-
 erable abode.

"Leave me," said the gentleman, "lock
 me in, and stay without till I call aloud for
 you." The fellow bowed and retired.

"H * * * do you know me?"

"I have not that pleasure, sir, says I."

"Do you remember you saved me from
 drowning once, while crossing the * * *
 river, on the plains?"

"Oh! I remember it well, you are T * * *
 of S * * *."

"Just so, you know of course what you
 are here for?"

"I have not the most remote idea, be-
 yond what the turn-key let fall in his short
 stay."

"It is for murdering an old woman and
 her husband: you were taken raving, like
 a frantic fiend, with a huge knife in your
 hand. You have also wounded several
 others, one an officer, a favorite in this city
 very dangerously, and he is not expected
 to live, and will leave behind him a wife
 and a large family."

"God of heaven how could I do all this,
 and be unconscious of one atom of an item
 in the transaction."

"It is so, and the proofs are so clear,
 that there's no escaping."

"What?"

"Hanging,—but now, I come to pay a
 debt of gratitude, you saved my life at the
 hazard of your own, I will save yours at the
 risk of mine, upon that I am determined—
 come what may."

"Dear T * * *, you have taken a load
 off my head, and a pressure off my poor
 brain of a ton weight."

"But the how," continued the Sheriff
 violently agitated.

"The jail is so closely guarded, above,
 below, around, and beyond, night and day,
 without intermission that I see no chance
 of escape whatever, and if you did escape
 the lives of two of my best friends—my
 own is pledged to you, and is of no conse-
 quence—would be forfeited, which I much
 regret. How could you, in the name of
 everything that's wonderful; you, above
 all others, noted at least, when I know you,
 for habitual temperance, so far shake off
 your own nature, and thus to implicate
 yourself."

"My dear T * * *, I know no more than
 you, all I remember is, that on that night,
 I indulged rather, I suppose I must have,
 too freely in drink, it must have been the
 liquid fire of hell itself to cause me to do
 such deeds."

"Well—I have a project suggested me
 by my friend, the Surgeon, that I think
 may save you. But hanged my dear fellow
 you must be."

"Hanged say you, hanged. Why that's
 an odd way of saving one's life."

"Listen, my friend has been taking some
 lessons of a French artist, engaged in the
 * * * hospital, for the purpose of imita-
 tions, with ease, the progress of certain skin
 diseases. He says he will procure you a
 collar, that shall be so adjusted as to allow
 of free respiration, while you are suspended
 by the neck. This will be covered over
 with a composition, so true to nature as
 not to be discerned by the naked eye, from
 the natural skin."

"But the weight, my dear Sir, the weight
 T * * * will strangle me as sure as fate, and

I shall only have the pain of a double death to undergo."

"Not at all, be patient and hear me out."

W * * * and I will visit you, in the middle of this very night; I will have a halter tied to the bar of that grate, and my friend W * * * has given me his word of honor, that he will hang one hour for your satisfaction and mine, or even longer, until our doubts as to its efficacy are removed."

"I breathed again, and the cold drops of sweat centering in one stream on my face, fell in big streams down my neck. While T * * * was explaining the matter, I felt all the sensations of strangulation, and only till he spoke of the Surgeon's offer, did I feel relieved."

"O that man! that Surgeon!! that concentration of all science!!! I could have worshipped the very dust from off his feet."

"Wonderful! wonderful! why W * * * you have been hanging, I declare, upwards of one hour and a quarter. Do you feel no sensation of pressure on the brain, no straining of the muscles of the neck, no elongation of—?"

"None whatever, you saw I took a glass of water with the greatest ease."

"Yes," and talked before and after it as usual. How extraordinary.

"Do you try Sheriff, the secrets worth knowing?"

"I will in two minutes."

The artistic springs and two connecting straps which I observed, passed under the arms were instantly released from the Surgeon's neck, and the Sheriff duly invested with the order of the halter, in less time than I can narrate it. The straps required to be placed first, and the collar when adjusted fell into the sockets left for them. Notwithstanding the proof of its safety which I had experienced, I really trembled for the man, and feared that his enthusiastic devotion in saving my life, might be the means of his losing his own, but before I could remonstrate, the Sheriff was tucked up and swung round and round, actually singing by way of bravado—

Here we go, up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down,
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round.

"I said, now dear friends let me try. In a few moments I was swinging in mid-air, enjoying in well-tryed security the effect of this amazing invention—but to make a long story short, the trial came. I pleaded the old meaningless 'not guilty.' Witnesses came and went, and, although the circumstances were but few to examine, yet it occupied nearly a whole week. In the meantime, the newspapers observed the culprit ate and drank, and appeared as unconcerned about the awful position in which he stood, as if he had been the merriest spectator in court. Only did the wretch, they observed, shed tears when the counsel drew the picture of the old man's life, thus closing by the hand of an assassin, but they were glad to record that the prisoner's family, overwhelmed with affliction, had provided for the family of the bereaved ones."

"Well, I—suffered—the aw—I was just about to add—ful penalty of the law, but owing to my never to be forgotten friends, I can add—dience as the right syllable. I suffered the audience to amuse themselves at my expense for upwards of an hour. I had previously imitated (after having taken lessons from the good Surgeon on spasmodic affection) sundry dying shrugs, contortions, heavings of the chest, twitchings of the legs, &c. &c., to perfection, and then was duly cut down, laid in my coffin, covered over and screwed down in the presence of the Sheriff and hangman; and when the crowd had dispersed, duly released from my confinement, and conveyed to the good Sheriff's house, where an apartment in a back attic had been provided for my reception with all the secrecy of a Know-Nothing, only the Sheriff's wife was privy to my existence. O what gratitude could equal mine, when all was over, to them, and the giver of all good for this marvellous deliverance. But there was one circumstance not a little amused me, while I was suspended, a dirty little vender of children's lollipops kept in crying out, "a bit an ounce bloody lollipop really felt in passed under touching his would have denouement. What in this very day may, I was r neral. For iff had turned treaties, wish their own fas even see it. heap upon h heartedness, It was rank a half-cove the coward trate; nev door-nail. and he kne preemptory, pleased, bu relative wh fication of of adding it to be bu Before d night—I of my inte glass—my shall take —oh! he —presto—zor. I a self—as f me—that usually v I never w habited i at my do squeeze he borro The d proucha

Here we go, up, up, up.
Here we go down, down, down.
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round.

I said, now dear friends let me be. In a few moments I was swinging in the air, flying in well-tryed security the effect of an amazing invention—but to make a long story short, the trial came. I pleaded the meaningless 'not guilty.' Witnesses came and went, and, although the circumstances were but few to examine, yet it occupied nearly a whole week. In the meantime the newspapers observed the culprit and drank, and appeared as unconcerned about the awful position in which he stood, as if he had been the merriest spectator in court. Only did the wretch, they observed, shed tears when the counsel drew a picture of the old man's life, thus clothed by the hand of an assassin, but they were glad to record that the prisoner's family overwhelmed with affliction, had professed for the family of the bereaved ones." Well, I—suffered—the law—I was just to add—ful penalty of the law, but to my never to be forgotten friends, add—dience as the right syllable. I led the audience to amuse themselves at my expense for upwards of an hour. I had previously imitated (after having taken notes from the good Surgeon on spasmodic affection) sundry dying shrugs, contortions, heavings of the chest, twittings of the lips, &c. &c., to perfection, and then I was duly cut down, laid in my coffin, covered over and screwed down in the presence of the Sheriff and hangman; and when the crowd had dispersed, duly released from my confinement, and conveyed to the good Sheriff's house, where an apartment in a back had been provided for my reception, I kept all the secrecy of a Know-Nothing, and the Sheriff's wife was privy to my existence. O what gratitude could equal mine when all was over, to them, and the thought of all good for this marvellous deliverance.

But there was one circumstance not to amuse me, while I was suspended, my little vender of children's lollipops

kept interrupting my meditation by crying out, "Here's your H * * * lollipops, a bit an ounce, a bit an ounce—H * * * bloody lollipops, by em up—by em up." I really felt inclined to kick the fellow, as he passed under the drop, my heels almost touching his head as he passed me, but this would have spoiled all. Now for the denouement.

What in the world possessed me—to this very day—I know not, but come what may, I was resolved to follow my own funeral. For my friends, although the Sheriff had turned a deaf ear to their earnest entreaties, wished to have the corpse dressed in their own fashion, but he would not let them even see it. And many an epithet did they heap upon him for his unaccountable hard-heartedness, it was adding misery to pain. It was rankling a wound, it was skinning a half-covered cicatrice—it was striking the coward's blow on those who were prostrate; nevertheless he was as deaf as a door-nail. The law knew no distinctions, and he knew no law why it should, he was preemptory, they might follow it if they pleased, but, to lay hands upon it—the first relative who dared, should have the mortification of knowing that he was the means of adding ignominy to disgrace, by causing it to be buried without ceremony.

Before dawn I arose, I had no sleep all night—I entrusted no one with the merit of my intention—I looked at myself in the glass—my black whiskers and moustache shall take their departure—the walnut dye—oh! here it is—now for a change—high—presto—there's the last stroke of the razor. I am another man—I know, not myself—as for any living creature recognizing me—that's impossible. Now the cap—I usually wore a hat—now the scody black—I never wore black, no one had ever seen me habited in black, and even my own brother at my dear father's funeral, was obliged to squeeze me into a farming man's coat that he borrowed.

The disguise—complete—unique—unapproachable—inimitable. I may with per-

fect safety sally forth,—the crowd collect. I open my little two-pane square, let myself down by a rope, alight in the middle of a pig-sty surrounded by four high sides—make my way out. Go up the little alley out into the street—fall in the ranks, recognize all my brother's household walking in deep affliction, saying to sorrow, "Thou art my brother; and to consolation, 'Be ye far from me.'" I select a stranger, who held up his head and appeared in the walking part of the procession, *pro forma*. After a time I broke the ice of silence.

"How's Mr. —?"

"I haven't heard this morning, he and the family was bad enough last night. Mrs. * * * has never been out of bed since her disappointment of not seeing the body."

Save me from my friends thought I.

"Odd! of the Sheriff wasn't it? some say he has ceded his orthority and deserves pul-ling up for 't. But 'tis a good job he's out of the way. He was always a cuss to his family I'm told."

The deuce he was thought I. "Why I always thought he was of good character."

"Then you thought wrong, I can tell you. There was never any woman ugly enough for him to let alone." H * * * thought I again, you'll know your own character if you live long enough.

"Why what has a woman to do in this affair?"

"Don't you know, didn't you see it stated in the papers that jealousy was the cause of the murder?"

"O, my stars!" what next thought I.

"What sort of a woman was this that he was so jealous of?"

"Why I'll tell you how it was. The one wot was murdered was an old man, and he married a wife young enough to be his own darter. This here feller, wot we are a fol-lorin' on, went to see her in his absence like, and he knew nuffin at all about her being a married woman. Then the old one comes home and finds 'em both drunk together, he begins to kuse this here one, and

he draws his bowyer upon him, and so that's how it all happened."

"O I did you know him?"

"Him! who?"

"The man we're following?"

"Know'd him—aye—brought him up almost from a child."

"I had never seen the liar before to my knowledge."

"He was the gallowsest young scamp as ever was. He used to stick pins by the hour in his younger sister on purpose to hear her cry."

"I never had a sister."

"And when his brother used to scold him, he would seize upon him like a tiger, and bite what part of him came first."

"I had got my fist up ready to strike the scoundrel—but—no—I forgot—I was—following—his—my—no—his—no my own—no—the Sheriff's substitute of stones, for my own funeral."

But what a void was in my heart, as with the mourners returning, I began to ponder upon the deed of blood, and the harrowing convictions, that I was cowardly seeking to avoid its penalty as a murderer;—what should I do; where should I go. I had escaped the gallows—but now a harder task was before me, how should I escape myself—the torturing retribution of conscience was pursuing me, and how shut my ear to the wailing of the bereaved, and the cry of the poor orphan my murderous hand had made desolate.

A kindly hand shook me, and a gentle voice whispered in my ear—"Breakfast is ready." Thank God; Oh how much, I cannot tell, for I had slept an hour longer than usual, and found, to my great joy, that it was—*only a Dream!*

A KNOW NOTHING.

Travelling last summer through the Southern mines, and coming as I supposed near Sonora, just as the shades of evening were fast closing in upon me, I felt anxious to know what distance I had to go to reach

my destination. I walked to the open door of a small house by the roadside, and enquired of a lady sitting in the room, if she could tell me how far it was to Sonora, she very pertly answered, *I don't know.* I asked her if she thought it was more than four miles, she replied, *I don't know.* I then asked her if she had a little water she would give me, she again said, *I don't know.* I suggested that I thought, the weather very warm, and the roads very dusty, she said again, *I don't know.* Just at this moment in came her husband, and having heard the conversation from the outside, he desired her not to reply in that manner; but she still persisted that she did not know, saying, *I don't know nothing, I don't mean to know nothing, for I am a Know Nothing and Know Nothings never should know nothing!!*

A TRIP TO THE MINES AND THE BIG TREES.

BY BESSIE.

Rest!—Recreation!—Welcome change, from the arduous duties of school room life, and the turmoil of the city, with its gay occupants and resounding streets. "God made the country, men made the town," and it needs no far-fetched theology, or wide stretch of the fancy to define the superiority of the one over the other. I was not two minutes in determining whether I would go with a gay party to San Francisco and Napa, or accept the invitation of my kind friends at Columbia to spend the two weeks' vacation with them.

Those who have never visited the mountains have little or no idea of their beauty and grandeur, or the amount of traveling and business, of various kinds, done in them. Villages of considerable growth are sprinkled along the steep green hills, with a background of lofty and rugged mountain peaks; and sometimes nestling quietly at the foot of a range of lofty hills, half concealed in a grove of immortal green, are clusters of mi-

ners' cottages and cabins, having a rural and town-like appearance. Cult for the imagination to more rough (—and picturesque rough—) yet more beautiful country that between Sacramento and Columbia. It combines the wildest scenes on hill, raising their gigantic enwreathed, as if in adoration of the called them forth! Here are deep gloomy caverns, seeming for beasts of prey—but, saw which now and then venture saw no wild animals, much. An adventure with a grizzly been the height, depth, length of my ambition—at a suit but none favored us with a

Columbia is by no means important and secluded mine supposed it to be, but a place—if a vast aggregation mortar, dust and sand, a tion, intellectual men, and by and a constant tide of vehicle movement are necessary to a city of two years' growth, period it has been nearly de. It now contains a goodly fire proof buildings, two or a theatre, public and private printing offices and many residences—and, by the way, are making inroads into the of the town, and working buildings. The people have adopted the custom at Placer their houses on stilts, and want a pan of gold! descend bring it up! Here I met home who just pelted me I was with them. Now their hospitality, their and the pains they took a pleasant one appreciated at the "bill of host" if "Bird's Hotel" which the most fastidious pleased. I feel much in

my destination. I walked to the open door of a small house by the roadside, and enquired of a lady sitting in the room, if she could tell me how far it was to Sonora, she very pertly answered, *I don't know*. I asked her if she thought it was more than four miles, she replied, *I don't know*. I then asked her if she had a little water she would give me, she again said, *I don't know*. I suggested that I thought the weather very warm, and the roads very dusty, she said again, *I don't know*. Just at this moment in came her husband, and having heard the conversation from the outside, he desired her not to reply in that manner; but she still persisted that she did not know, saying, *I don't know nothing, I don't mean to know nothing, for I am a Know Nothing and Know Nothings never should know nothing!!*

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ners' cottages and cabins, having quite a rural and town-like appearance. It is difficult for the imagination to conceive a more rough (—and picturesque because rough—) yet more beautiful country, than that between Sacramento and Columbia. It combines the wildest scenes. Hills piled on hills, raising their gigantic heads heavenward, as if in adoration of the Being who called them forth! Here and there are deep gloomy caverns, seemingly a fit lair for beasts of prey—but, save a rabbit, which now and then ventured abroad, we saw no wild animals, much to my regret. An adventure with a grizzly would have been the height, depth, length and breadth of my ambition—at a suitable distance! but none favored us with a "call!"

Columbia is by no means the little, unimportant and secluded mining town I had supposed it to be, but a pretty "smart place"—if a vast aggregation of brick and mortar, dust and sand, a crowded population, intellectual men, and beautiful women, and a constant tide of vehicular and human movement are necessary to make one.—It is a city of two years' growth, for within that period it has been nearly destroyed by fire. It now contains a goodly number of fine fire proof buildings, two or three churches, a theatre, public and private schools, two printing offices and many handsome private residences—and, by the way, the miners are making inroads into the business part of the town, and working underneath the buildings. The people will soon have to adopt the custom at Placerville—of setting their houses on stilts, and whenever they want a pan of gold! descend to the cellar and bring it up! Here I met old friends from home, who just petted me the whole time I was with them. Never shall I forget their hospitality, their kindly greetings, and the pains they took to make the stay a pleasant one appreciated. I was surprised at the "bill of fare" which mine host of "Bird's Hotel" laid before me, with which the most fastidious could not but be pleased. I feel much indebted to him and

his amiable lady for their kind attentions, during my stay at their pleasant and well kept house; and for the acquaintance of some whose friendship I shall ever esteem as among the choicest and most delightful of earth's blessings.

I had a very great anxiety to visit the mines, having never seen much of mining operations, and my friend, Miss H., having invited me to a morning stroll, we found our way to the "diggins" of a friend, who kindly assisted us in washing out a small fortune! and, now I have got it, there arises a great query in my mind what I shall do with it. Whether I shall invest it in bank or railroad stock, town lots at Granite, water lots on the levee, or get it made up into spoons or jewelry! I was quite as successful in one of my morning rambles at ——— last spring. I had a perfect passion for mining, and thought if I could but get the hundredth part of a grain, to send home to my friends, telling them that I dug it myself, I should be satisfied. Accordingly, I prevailed upon some young ladies to accompany me—assuring them if I struck a lead I would divide. We had the good fortune of falling in with a company of Hibernians and Chinese, of whom we craved the use of their pans. They politely offered them, together with their assistance; which latter we declined—saying it was only for the pleasure of getting a few grains ourselves that we came.—Having divested myself of bonnet, shawl and gloves, and rolled up my sleeves, I bend over my task with a fortune in prospect. Fifteen minutes of shaking and scraping, and twirling and tipping, and I wash down pretty near to the gold-bearing sand, on the bottom of the pan, and with eyes well strained in their sockets, and visions of future magnificence dancing through my head, I pour off the water, and what do you think I find?—not the first "color!" I am encouraged by my companions, who have taken possession of the rocker, and are enlivening their toil as happily as two young chatterboxes can, by building "air castles," and furnishing them

with the products of their cradles! I insist this time on filling my own pan, and, in passing around the "long tom," where the miners were at work, I step upon what I suppose to be "terra firma," but before I have time to think, I find myself two feet deep in a bed of quicksand, with a dozen voices shouting "don't go there!" and their manly owners springing to extricate me. Nothing disconcerted, (for I am assured it will all rub off when it gets dry,) I tug up another forty pounds of mud, and labor with the same success. A third—and lo! two bright specks, the size of a pin head, appear at the bottom of the pan.

I shout! rockers are deserted; picks and shovels are dropped, and a general "hilarification" succeeds. With much the same success I spend a couple of hours, when I am made painfully sensible of a dizziness in the head, and a weariness of the body generally, and I conclude that my fortune is to be made in some other way than mining. My companions' share, when they came to divide, far exceeded mine; but I have such an inherent antipathy to "rocking the cradle," that I could not be prevailed upon to try it, although they produce much the largest lumps!

A number of agreeable surprises, following each other in quick succession, made me feel quite as much at home among the good people of Columbia, as though we had been acquainted for years. Nothing could exceed their generous thoughtfulness in anticipating every comfort, or in the getting up of little excursions to places of interest and amusement. I shall not soon forget the pleasant drives, and delicious lunches eaten under the green trees, and that perilous ascent on horseback, where, three thousand feet above our starting point, we could count no less than six villages, slumbering in lovely and picturesque beauty at our feet; while far away to the eastward rose the snow-covered mountains of the Sierra Nevada, looming up with strange and magnificent grandeur!

Immortal beauty invests these mountains, surprising the soul with sublime thoughts, unrecognized before; and it is just as impossible for me to forget how they look, in their pure robes of green and white, as not to think of them with awe and admiration.

Our return was by a more circuitous and less rapid descent. About sundown we entered a little sylvan retreat, and town, situated in a graceful and mountain-bound valley, known as Sonora, where I actually fell in love. Yes—"in love at last!" I exclaimed, as we rode leisurely through its clean wide streets, and looked with delight upon its neat and tasteful appearance. We were there again on the Fourth of July, and witnessed a great array of clean shirts and cotton umbrellas—for it was raining like a second deluge. The streets are crowded with the hodge-podge of soaked humanity, for the most part convened under the insufficient shelter of dripping awnings and umbrellas, with here and there a noisy exception, who, extremely wet externally, but awfully dry within, goes cruising round, glorious as a lord, perfectly indifferent to the drenching torrents over head. The "Star Spangled Banner" flaps and shudders, and dashes off little jets of wet into the faces of the passers by, as though it would snap its fingers at the actors in the farce, accordingly. Here come the citizen soldiery! right down Main street—tramp, tramp, rub-a-dub, with their gallant commanders, who look as if they would prefer a dry suit and less glory! And here, too, come the firemen—I beg their pardon—I should have said watermen; for, in their present plight, they are strongly suggestive of the latter element. The Masonic fraternity, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance too, might, without a very extensive flight of imagination, be styled the "Cold Water Guards." But all parties seem determined upon a display, so the drumming and piping and marching gets on bravely, all seeming indifferent to the drenching torrents which are disgorging themselves over their fine uniforms! They are afterwards refreshed

intellectually by and temporally by too, I form pleasures, whom, in my day, ing sweet commu-

Among many which I visited me more than a tunnel, worked Co., the urbaneron. This was has averaged to and as high as been taken from the entrance, we sprink, from which extremely refresh-

My next visit The remembrance of those tower beams by mem-

"Let us go friend O., one the star light only thirty miles beautiful in O delighted, not pleasure. As arranged for following mor catables, and tles of drinka carriages, and too, in antic Our road pre of hills on l cliffs, and fo only broken which crosse vals, and no mantic cascades, so excitin the vints of such a varie an effect app At Abbey's mountain h sublime and

intellectually by a Fourth of July oration, and temporally by a grand barbecue. Here, too, I form pleasant acquaintances, with whom, in my day dreams, I am often holding sweet communion.

Among many other places of interest which I visited in Columbia, none pleased me more than an exploring expedition into a tunnel, worked by the N. Y. Tunneling Co., the urbane Dr. O. acting as my chaperon. This was commenced in 1854, and has averaged forty days work per week, and as high as eight ounces to the pan has been taken from it. One thousand feet from the entrance, and about the same from the surface, we came across a clear running spring, from which we drank, finding it extremely refreshing.

My next visit was to "Heslep's Falls." The remembrance of *that* ride, and a sight of those towering hills, are written in *sunbeams* by memory's loving hand.

"Let us go to the 'Big Tree,'" said my friend C., one evening, as we were enjoying the star light, upon the verandah; "it is only thirty miles, and the scenery the most beautiful in California." Of course I was delighted, nothing could afford me more pleasure. As if by magic, everything was arranged for the journey. By sunrise the following morning sundry boxes of delicious eatables, and very suspicious looking bottles of drinkables, find their way into the carriages, and everybody's spirits are a-tiptoe, in anticipation of coming pleasures. Our road presented an ever varying phase of hills on hills, vales, rocky cañons and cliffs, and for miles the solemn silence is only broken by the music of a clear stream, which crosses our path at irregular intervals, and now and then forms a most romantic cascade. The scenery is so beautiful, so exciting and sublime, lighted up by the tints of the morning, and displaying such a variety of shadowy depth, produced an effect approaching near to enchantment! At Abbey's Ferry, on the Stanislaus, the mountain heights are certainly the most sublime and wild my eyes ever rested on—

throwing all I had yet seen quite in the shade. They were of hard granite, towering two or three thousand feet above us, with almost perpendicular sides, forming darkened recesses, from which foams and tumbles the river; and at whose base is a single cottage, miles away from any other human habitation. Oh! it was a beautiful sight—sublime and awful! and I could have gazed the livelong day; and nothing could have reconciled me to leave it but the thought that all California is one vast scene of beauty, and wherever I go, there would be something new and wonderful. The new and fantastic shapes which Nature here puts on—bold, broken, abrupt, gloomy and sublime—while deep gorges, opening to the right and left, behind and before, were objects of thrilling wonder to me, and fraught with instruction. Our path from this was a pilgrim's progress, up the long, steep ascent, of the hill difficultly, winding around the mountain, a carriage-way just wide enough to pass. One mis-step, and we are lost! At noon we are entering the dense forest, where grow, in solemn gratitude, the master-pieces of Nature—the mammoth trees. We drove up to a neat and well furnished hotel, where, after making our toilet, we were cheered by a dinner that would have done credit to any hotel in Sacramento or San Francisco. Our dining room is in the immediate proximity of the "Big Stump"—ninety-six feet in circumference—which has been used for a ball room, and for a stage; though I wondered very much where the audience came from, as there is not a house within twelve miles of it. The body of this tree (three hundred feet long) lies in the rear of the house; over which is built a fine billiard room and bowling alley. It was cut down in 1852, and employed five men twenty-two days in boring it off, with pump-augurs, to fell it. Within an area of fifty acres ninety-two of these trees are found standing, and without doubt are the most stupendous vegetable productions on earth. They were discovered in 1852, by hunters, whose ac-

counts seemed fabulous, until confirmed by actual measurement. The Father of the Forest is one hundred and twelve feet in circumference, and its estimated height, when standing, four hundred and fifty feet. The Mother of the Forest is ninety feet in circumference and three hundred and twenty-seven feet high—the bark was taken off this tree, to send to the World's Fair, one hundred and twenty feet. The Three Graces, growing in beautiful proportions, the exact counterpart of each other, are three hundred feet high—circumference ninety feet. The Pioneer's Cabin is hollow at the stump, in which a small family might keep house comfortably, provided they were good natured, and were not disposed to room-in-ate much. I am quite amazed at their beauty, symmetry and grandeur, and walk round and round, scanning them from every point. I had heard the same thereof, read of it in newspapers, and listened to glowing oral pictures, but how widely different are my feelings, now that faith has turned to sight. To describe them would be like an attempt to paint a strain of awe-inspiring music, or to mimic the echo of a tiny silver bell!

My companions returned to the house and left me to dream awhile, under their dark and shadowy green branches—the rich mellow tints of departing day, and the soft twilight falling among the trembling leaves, makes the scene one of solemn beauty. It seems a very prototype of green and God-like Eden!

Next morning, before sunrise, I am again in the forest—curiosity and excitement keep me in motion, and I wander on, unmindful of distance, far into its gloomy depths. The ground is covered with a luxuriant growth of underbrush, among which are wild gooseberries, currants, strawberries, and thousands of little berries—what we at home called Scotch-caps—a kind of raspberry. Here I found several new varieties of flowers, not seen in the valleys; one a bright orange color, in shape something like a fuscia, only not so large; another of a pale blue, about the size of a half dime—

the prettiest of any I have seen in California. Two days glide away, before we are aware of their speedy flight, and we reluctantly quit the enchanted grounds. We pay our respects to our kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and are wending our way homeward.

Four days after, found me quietly pursuing my daily routine of duty, but my waking day-dreams have found me revisiting those lovely scenes—which will ever remain daguerreotyped upon my mind, as the most sublime of Nature's astonishing wonders.

A TRAGIC CATASTROPHE.

The night was dark and dreary,
The rain fell drizzling fast;
The watch-dog lone and weary,
Howl'd dirge-notes to the blast.

The winds bore sounds of wailing,
The church-bell midnight toll'd,
As deep shrieks of one ailing,
On gloomy darkness roll'd.

'Tis nearer and more near,
Oh! now 'tis at the door,—
"But good wife never fear,
" 'Tis some lorn stranger poor.

"Alas, in such a night
"Of horrors, who can bear
"To picture such a sight,
"As stranger wand'ring near."

"That wail—'tis from a babe—
"The infant shriek's renew'd;
"Perhaps some murderer's knife
"Is doing Deeds of Blood—

"Again, 'tis at the door,
"Wife be not so afraid!
"Hand me my pistol o'er,
"Take you my trusty blade."

Now terrors seize their minds,
Their hearts go pit-a-pat;
The door opes to the winds—
In stalks a—huge tom cat.

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CATASTROPHE.

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AN EARLY REMINISCENCE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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In '49 and '50 the streets of this city were entirely devoid of planks, and were not subjected to the scientific process of macadamization, so that pedestrians were taxed to the utmost of their ingenuity to navigate from one part of the city to another, to say nothing of the sand, into which you sank ankle deep at every step, in many parts of the city. The annoyance was so much the worse, by the navigator having to take soundings of mud and water, with an ordinary pair of boots, and then finding no bottom until the tops of the aforesaid boots had disappeared a long way beneath the mire. Sometimes the pedal extremities of some unlucky individual would become so firmly embedded in the sticky clay, that when he had the good fortune to reach the bottom, the exertion required to be extricated, would be so great as utterly to destroy his equilibrium, when down would come his full length to his entire dissatisfaction, and while the sufferer would give utterance to imprecations of wrath, and call down maledictions on the dirty state of the streets, the bystanders would often indulge in a hearty cachination at his expense. This would sometimes have the effect of riling his temper so much that the sufferer would commence a series of assaults of the soft material upon the cachinators, who, making hearty exchanges in turn, would almost smother him before he could relieve himself. The writer remembers such a circumstance, that happened during the month of January '50, near the Post Office, then located on the corner of Clay and Pike streets, a path had been made across Clay street, and through one or two vacant lots above the St. Francis Hotel, towards the Post Office, bounded on either side by a deep mud hole, where any person failing to step anywhere but just the precise place, would never fail to find himself pretty well muddled.

several hundred persons were awaiting anxiously and slowly marching in single file toward the seven inch square window of delivery, many expecting, and all hoping to get letters from different parts of the world. Towards evening, a colored gentleman (slightly inebriated) made his appearance, bearing on his back the carcass of a slaughtered deer, all skinned and nicely dressed, and was, perhaps, making for some hotel to sell it. In crossing on the narrow path, he made a false step, and in he went, just at the edge of the pool, and finding himself sinking deeper and deeper, he made sundry attempts to get out, but on lifting his foot he found that his boot, not fitting very tight, had stuck fast below, and his foot getting about half way out, the derangement of foot and boot, so much upset his perpendicular, that he came near falling full length. However, nothing daunted, he tried and tried again, but found the other boot following the example of the first, he very composedly for a time, let the force of gravitation have its own way. Meanwhile the shouts and laughs of the crowd at the Post Office, made the air resound again, until some philanthropic individual (a white man, and some said he was "light," but that must have been a malicious invention) remonstrated with the crowd, and told them they had better help the poor man out of his misfortunes than to laugh at them. A voice from the crowd then asked him why he did not help him out himself. This had the desired effect, so he proceeds to the darkey, lays hold of the collar of his coat giving him a jerk. This did not have the effect intended, as the force of the pull did not move the darkey an inch, but caused him to overbalance himself and he came, mingling mud, darkey, deer and himself in one almost indistinguishable chaos. After wallowing and floundering about often from bad to worse, by some good fortune they were all extricated. Still the laugh did not end here, for darkey, deer and benefactor, after gaining "terra firma" looked more like animated walking mud posts, than any

The mail steamer had just arrived, and

thing else; the man of color for once assuming an appearance of no color, and the man of no color looking like his brother of color, and the deer looking like the dead carcass of a man of all colors.

MEN, AS WE FIND THEM IN CALIFORNIA.

Many wise and good men have doubted whether the discovery of gold in California would prove a substantial benefit to our country. It may differ widely from the anticipated results, in the commercial world, the nice calculations of old, keen and shrewd financiers. In a moral and religious view, it may be very far from what all good men wish; this, however, will depend entirely upon the working out of the great problem now in the course of solution.

That California is destined to exercise a commanding influence over the commercial, financial, and religious interests of our country, and the world, few will pretend to deny. Her position, her vast resources, her immense capabilities, all, render it morally certain that she is surely destined to act a principal part in the great drama of the world's history. The laws that have governed other nations, and that have been potent in shaping the destinies of men, will prove more powerful in their operation here, than many suppose.

If we regard California in her isolated position, anomalous though it may seem, as the great central point of trade, commerce, and the mechanic arts, the mind cannot realize the accumulation of the vast interests and influences gathering around it. The almost fabulous riches of her mines, the variety of her agricultural resources, and the concentration of so much intelligence and talent, from all lands; and the certainty that that talent may at any and all times be combined and brought into action, renders still more an object of solicitude, the destiny of this, the youngest in the glorious sisterhood of States.

California has within her domain, citizens

of nearly every land, as well as outlaws from all the nations of the earth. It is the gathering of the various races in our midst, and the almost inevitable collision between their respective creeds, that may cause the upheavings of the very foundations of all true faith in the hallowed institutions of religion. To the working out of this great problem we would call the serious attention of our readers. The commingling of so many creeds, the decided preference to so many rites, and the attachment to so many and such diverse forms of worship, all indicate that man is a religious being.

The powerful influences of Christianity should be brought directly to bear upon the solution of this subject. By far the largest portion of our present population have been religiously educated, and have come to our shores with aspirations after wealth and distinction, as well as moral excellence. In many cases, it is greatly to be feared that the all-absorbing thirst for gold has partially smothered many early convictions, or thrown them to the winds; and religious employments have been decided as simply foolish, and moral excellence ridiculed as worthy only of the weak and vulgar.

From the judicious precepts, from the virtuous examples, from the hallowed influences and from interests and hopes clustering around the family altar, many, very many have departed. Arriving in our sunny land, they seem to have swung loose from all former habits, from home memories, and from the vigorous principles and high toned sentiments of morality by early teachings planted in their hearts, and which threw a broad shield around their life and character, at their distant dwelling place. Fearlessly they have plunged into the whirling tide, sweeping before and around them, and are borne onward amidst the scattered fragments floating from the wrecks of human happiness, that close around them on their downward way.

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many hopes, and the representatives of so many families, should surely exhibit an upright and conscientious regard for the sympathy, interests and hopes of those who hold them as dear as their own souls. If their vigor of character, their talents, influence and perseverance could be combined, in behalf of virtue, California would soon become a model State, that would attract the admiration of the world.

Most men, whatever their theory or practice may now be, have moments of serious reflection. At such times, quicker than thought can blaze along the electric wires, does memory rush back to the scenes of youth, to childhood's home, and linger among the green spots, the sparkling and gushing waters, that are so refreshing in life's wide and arid wastes. The vacant chair still reserved for them, the deserted room, where, at the commencement of life's journey, the soothing tones of a mother's voice lulled them to quiet and peaceful slumbers—the aged parents bending under the weight of years, their locks whitened by the frosts and cares of many winters, with calm and holy resignation awaiting the hour of their departure; but waiting in hope of seeing the dear absent one once more at their side before they go hence—the brothers and sisters, with tearful eyes and swelling hearts, wondering where the distant wanderer roams now—if alive—or where his precious remains repose, if he has seen "the last of earth." All, all of these are grasped in a moment by the hand of an ever faithful memory, and impressed upon the heart with even more than their original vividness.

Parents, brothers, sisters, the playmates of childhood, the companions of youth—the hearth-stone, the garden, the little spot called his own, where with gleeful heart, he saw the laughing flowers springing up, from tiny seeds he had planted, the exultant joy with which he plucked the first blossom that peeped out from the green leaves, and presented it to his mother or sister, are ever remembered.

The restless movement of the tide of population flowing in upon us—the migratory habits of our people, have to a very great extent, proved a barrier to the gathering of christians in our cities or even in the country. Yet it is astonishing to see how quickly men sympathize with any moral or religious movement, and assist to build school-houses and churches, in nearly every little mountain town. Still a majority of our best clergymen, instead of preaching to suit the tastes and sympathies of Californians, inflict a long and very dry discourse upon their hearers. It is a very prevalent idea among our clergy, that the great mass of our citizens are among the most intelligent people in the world. In this they are right: probably no population on earth, can show so many well educated men, in proportion to their numbers, as California. They may not frequent the sanctuary; the Sabbath may be spent in the fields, in the cottage, or in the cabin, to them, there may be reasons perfectly satisfactory, why they should not go to the church. Even in the fields they may think and commune with beloved friends at home, and with their own hearts, for rather would they go forth alone, beneath the lofty dome of earth's wide temple, and there, amidst the gorgeous drapery of the universe, in imagination hover around scenes and persons, far, far away, and which are to the soul, like the soothing sounds of distant music—the bright links of memories chain, that binds them to the past—and the scenes, the day, and the affections, speak to man's better nature, and he goes forth a better man on the morrow, after these communings and aspirations.

Now we fully believe that by far the larger portion of our whole population is of this kind. It is the proper duty of the minister to speak to the hearts of the men who thus feel; and make them prove the power, of religion a delightful charm, and the sanctuary, the footstool of the King of Kings, to his spirit.

It is more than probable that the great want of success in the labors of the clergy,

is, that they do not address the man through his home feelings and sympathies. If they wish to interest men, they must bring up the memories that will carry them back to early days and the scenes of childhood and home, and this would be the strongest inducement for him to attend the sanctuary. How soothing, how sacred, how august and solemn are such hours to the exile from his fond and distant home.

Our clergy who can, and do interest the hearts of men, draw large crowds around them, which proves that we are not yet a God forsaken people—and that the thirst for gold, does not swallow up all other interests, or crowd out all other obligations. Let this religious element be brought out, and California will be as rich in the records of her moral triumphs, in the brilliant examples of her high-toned piety, as in her golden placers, her agricultural resources—and her floral beauty.

There is no shutting our eyes to the fact that the main reason why men do not enter the sacred precincts of the church, on the day of the christian's Sabbath, is because, as a whole, he is not interested. The dry theology of the eastern cities finds but few admirers in California. Many men who were students at the East, and loved the luxury of a good historical work, here have but little pleasure in such books,—why? The reason is apparent to every observer—the mind is filled with exciting business thoughts—money made, or money lost—a perpetual whirl of business cares, by day and by night, without the invigorating influences of a pleasant social circle, or a cheerful home. They work all day—but, when evening comes, with its lengthening shadows, and men leave their business, how few have the enchantments of home, and refining intellectual pleasures to chase away their business thoughts, and refresh the mind by peaceful and soothing influences, ready for the morrow. We do not, therefore, wonder that more than ordinary interest and talent is required to make men forget their business cares, and, on a Sabbath morning, when all is peace-

ful, to wend their way to the sanctuary and there receive from the minister's hands, the bread of eternal life.

We would suggest to some of our ministers, that to study human nature, and how they can the better attract and please men, would be a double good conferred, and a double advantage gained; and, whatever tends to make men interested, gives a power for good or evil to make them better, or to make them worse, and if the ministrations of the sanctuary are not interesting and inviting, men will generally go elsewhere.

We leave these thoughts with the thoughtful, and hope that our own California will yet be found among the most useful, and in acts the most pious of any of our sister States. B.

A GENTLEMAN on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by his children, "What makes the boat go on?" He gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words:

"You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole, and fastens on the jigmaree, and that connects with the crinkum-crankum; and then that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the what-d'ye-call-it, with his long poker; and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead!"

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.—The editor of the *Woonsocket Patriot* makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghae hen of his, that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick. "Her anxiety," says he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick-yard, that hen is not for sale."

BRUDDER JONSING, I congratulate you—Providence has really smiled upon you lately; as I see you married off three of your daughters the other day, smiled Brudder Sumpkins? Smiled did you say? Why he snickered right out.

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short years more, when he would come over to the dear old country and make her his wife—never more to part. She spends her sorrowful time in knitting him stockings, and reading this letter."

Here she broke out again in that plaintive key, belonging to the tune:

"O, when shall I my true love find?"

I turned from her and inquired who that grave old man, with a white beard, of some seventy winters, might be.

"Seventy," replied the matron, "he is barely forty years of age. He came out with a wife and three hearty children, and his wife's sister, a young woman of great promise, I am told, and he saw all of them thrown in the water, dead, with the starvation fever."

"What have not the owners of some of those ill-managed transports to answer for," thought I, "at the great day of judgment?"

"The great king of Madagascar!" cried, or rather shouted out a tall stout man, respectably dressed in black.

"Who is that gentlemanly looking man that has just uttered that exclamation?"

"He is a Mr. Bond—as we call him, to please him; but his real name is —. He came out here in very needy circumstances, and, through the most extraordinary success at the mines, became suddenly very rich. His ambition appears to be to purchase the Island of Madagascar, and he amuses himself in writing laws and regulations, by which he intends to govern his kingdom. His brother has placed him here, and has forwarded the most of his property to his family, in the States. Some of them are coming out to take him with them, but I question whether he will like the change; for he has the idea that he is in a ship, on its way to the island, and all of us are engaged to manage the colony and kingdom for him. It is quite amusing to hear what a grand personage I am to be when we arrive there. Well, Mr. Bond, busy at your affairs, I see."

"Yes, Mrs. ****. It is no work of a

day, I assure you. Have you seen the captain this morning?"

"No; but will in the course of the day, I dare say."

"Are his writings at all coherent, or consistent?" inquired I.

"No," said the matron; "there is here and there a sane idea, but the rest are the vainest and silliest of puerilities. However, poor fellow! he is very happy while thus engaged."

"Who is this blind child?"

"Poor little Emma—Emma Starling. Well, Emma, how are you this morning, my dear?"

"Very well, I thank you, Mrs. ****. Shall I see my mother to-day, do you think?"

"I can't say, my love. Poor child!" said the matron, turning to me; "she has asked the same question, a thousand times, and always finishes what she has to say with it. She is an orphan. She lost her father and mother on the Pacific side, and also saw them committed to the deep. She lost the sight of both her eyes, as the doctor said, through continual weeping, which brought on an inflammation, and by that means she lost her sight. A stranger, a young girl, about her own age, comes here every Saturday morning to see her, and bring her a bouquet of sweet smelling flowers. You see her last nosegay in the little glass jar, in the window. She is continually smelling them, and says they remind her 'so much of mother's farm in the country.'"

"Is her mind quite gone?"

"Utterly. She sits in the evening as still as death, without speaking a word, until she is led by the hand to bed. Poor child! every one pities her; and the gentleness and sweetness of her temper, under such a heavy affliction, consigning her, young as she is, to an endless night, is deserving of all the care of the most affectionate mother."

And I am sure she finds it here.

"Have you any very obstreperous persons here?"

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"But two. One a young man, and ano-
ther a very old one. The elder, I think,
must have been a very bad man, as he is
most violent at night, when alone. His
ravings are fearful. I have heard that he
has killed, in duels and other quarrels, a
dozen men. He has made fifty attempts
upon his own life. We have a man to look
after him; but no one can stand it long.
As many as twenty, I think, in a year, have
come and gone—and all say if they had to
stay longer, to hear and see his ravings,
they should go mad themselves. They say
that he was a man naturally of a hasty and
impetuous temper; that he used to boast
that he had never entered any place of wor-
ship but twice—once to be christened, and
once to be married. His temper broke his
poor wife's heart, and almost all his friends
appear to have left him."

"But what caused his madness?" I in-
quired.

"Why, one evening, not being more than
just fresh, as his only friend told me, he
reeled in, with a pipe in his mouth, to the
Rev. ****'s place of worship, and, instead
of finding food for his quizzical vein, the
home truths he heard there, of a retributive
hereafter, so wrought upon his imagination,
that he became at once an altered man;
and whether his sins were so great, or the
reverend gentleman's preaching so effective,
he had no spirit to do anything. He was
a cooper by trade, and was earning a great
deal of money, but he was at last obliged
to give it up. The idea that he was a
doomed man for eternity haunted him in-
cessantly, till it resulted in his being sent
here, to be looked after as a maniac."

"Has he any sane intervals?" I asked.

"No, I think not; indeed, his madness
becomes worse than ever every day."

"I should like to see him," said I; "not
from any idle motive of curiosity, but with
a desire of being able to do him some good.
I am accustomed to visit such unfortunates,
so you need not fear my seeing him."

"As you please, Sir," said the matron;
"here, Jones," (turning to one of the at-

tendants,) "show this gentleman to ward
No. 24."

"No. 24," replied the man, "is one of
our worst cases, Ma'am; the gentleman's
nervous system must be a little strong to
stand such a visit."

"O, never mind my nervous system, Mr.
Jones," I said; "I am proof against surprise
of all kinds, almost."

"Just so, Sir," said Mr. Jones, leading
the way, and shortly conducted me to his
apartment. Unlocking the door suddenly,
I entered, and never did such sounds from
human shape assail any one's ear as I then
witnessed.

"Take me from them for the love of — I
take me from them! see, they are pointing
to me from hell's tortures, as the wretch
who sent them unprepared out of this
world, with all their guilt upon their heads.
See! they are all together, and promise me
so many hells of torment! They are tear-
ing my side with red hot pincers! They
are pouring molten lead on my brain!
See!" said he, making a convulsive motion
with his arms, "they have torn out my
heart, and yet I am bid to live! I feel—
I feel the red hot, scalding blood, chasing
through my veins into a new heart! It
isn't mine, it's a murderer's heart! I'm
not a murderer. 'T was all fair play. Take
it from me! pluck it out! Murder! mur-
der!! murder!!!" screeched he.

"Poor wretch!" said I, turning to his
keeper; "would it not be advisable to give
him some sedative in these paroxysms?"

"Why, Sir, as long as the physic works
he is exhausted enough, but when its in-
fluence is over his rage returns with double
force, and his strength is more than a man's.
He bursts asunder the strongest jacket, al-
most. The other night he bit clean through
a pewter cup, and 't was as much as three
of us could do to hold him down while we
gave him his food."

"My head! my head!" shouted he; "bul-
lets, bullets are rolling in it! I come! I
come! spare, O! spare my torments!" ut-
tered he, in a grieving, subdued tone;

"see!" said he, in a hoarse voice, "look—look—they are heating now the cauldron, to plunge me in! Tell them I cannot suffer more. Be off—off—you damned spirits! Look—look at their eye-balls—set in fire—they grin, grin at me! O! in pity's sake, blow out my brains—stifle me—don't pray let them take me! Ah!" screamed he, "they've got me—cauldron hisses—hisses." Here he was writhing in anguish, and exhibiting all the appearances of the most acute bodily suffering. Then came a long, wild shriek, indicative of his mental and bodily suffering, in the boiling cauldron. Here tears, frequent and fast, chased down the furrows of his woe begone cheeks, and we waited, in breathless silence, the end of the outburst. But it was not to end here.

"O!" ejaculated he, in tones of the wildest despair; "would it were permitted me to undo the wrong I have done! to be once more a child, with this experience—what a holy life would I lead! I would never wrong a creature—no, not a single creature!"

"Poor soul!" said I to him, in soothing tones; "you are yet alive on earth."

"Who is that who talks to me of life on earth? I am not on earth! I am in hell! Hell—hell—hell before me!—hell behind me!—hell everywhere!"

"It is no use saying anything to him, Sir; the Rev. Mr. **** has been here several times, and can make nothing of him."

"I do not know, friend Jones, but that you are quite right," thought I, as I went on my way, musing with, I hope, a grateful heart for the many blessings left to me; above all that of a *sane mind*—the possession of which we are too apt to undervalue.

A YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning, when I went away?" asked a carpenter of a rather green lad, whom he had taken for an apprentice.

"All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad, promptly. "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

DR. DOTTEDOWN'S NOTES.

(CONTINUED.)

I find the following in my note-book, which may not be uninteresting to your readers; but you must not imagine that I have left Ireland,—no, I find descriptions and scenes there, innumerable, crowding my pages, each of which would fill a volume, and satisfy a month's craving for the wild and wonderful.

I remember, on that memorable day, the anniversary of your birth, my dear old friend Propertius, some half a century ago, I was traveling on my way to get a written deed executed by an inhabitant of that venerable old salt-watering place, Gosport. The roads were then execrable, and the accommodation of the inns worse, if possible. It snowed all the way during a hard gallop of my poor hack of a horse, of some five hours, I was as much fatigued as my poor brute, who, nevertheless, despite of all discouragement, showed a pluck that deserves an immortality of fame. In many places, I had to work my way through barriers of sleet and drifted snow, some seven feet high, and trample down and over, for aught I know, the humble habitats of many a villager. I remember once coming to a dead stand; my horse having heedlessly plunged on before I was aware of any danger. What the impediment was, whether a brick wall or a high bank, I had no means of judging. I remember I was well in for it, and desired to be as well out of it. So giving my poor beast a touch of the spur, and shutting my eyes to the consequences, the noble creature bore me up and down, and finally, after the space of five minutes, landed me high—but not very dry—on a plain of snow; where nothing but snow above, snow below, snow on the right hand, and snow on the left, snow everywhere, reflected on the darkness of the night. Not a star was to be seen through the thick falling flakes, and I had nothing to rely upon but the judgment and sagacity of my noble beast. Whether he snuffed anything out of such a chaos of

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gloom or not, I can't say, but his increased pace gave an assurance that deliverance in some shape was at hand. After a chilling hour or so, a light, at what appeared to be the foot of the hill, just peering above the snow, was hailed by both of us—I can answer for *both of us*—with supreme pleasure. A smart effort brought us up to the door of a little country inn. It was club night, and the sight of a roaring fire, reflecting its delicious colored flame "lighted up the naked walls;" and although the little room was crammed with villagers, each discussing his pot and pipe, I doubted not but a hearty welcome awaited me. But to my surprise they looked upon my entrance with much unconcern, and not one had the politeness to make way for the unhappy and benighted traveller. I plainly saw that a stratagem was wanted to secure even an ordinary share of the rites of hospitality, and I bethought me of my duty, in knowing better manners, to teach them. So calling out lustily, to make my voice heard above the din, I said,

"Hostler, put my horse in the stable, and give him a peck of oysters."

"What, sir, ice-ters sir? Did you say ice-ters sir?"

"Yes," I replied, "Oysters, I said oysters, I thought plain enough to be understood."

"What, shells and all, sir?"

"Yes! shells and all! He'll know what to do with them."

"Dash my wig if that arn't a pretty go, I've heard as how a horse can smoke a pipe, and drink a pot o' beer, as well as any man, and Tom Hodges says as how he seed one do it with his own eyes. What'll these Londoners do next?" cries a clod-hopper.

"Oysters!" cries another, "a horse open oysters? well that's a sight not to be seen every day." Off he walked, and at his trail every man followed. Even the landlord brought up the rear, leaving the stranger to help himself to whatever he chose, at the little bar at the end of the room.

While the hostler was speeding on his

way to the next village for the oysters, the whole neighborhood was crowding round the stable, waiting for the remarkable performance.

"He's been taught that at Ashley's Humphry 'There-a-ter, anybody may see," says another.

In the meantime, the traveller dries his clothes, and warms himself before the blazing fire, changes his linen, puts on his slippers, draws himself a jug of foaming ale, lights his pipe, takes the arm chair, places it in the center of the room, in front of the red blaze, and determines to make himself comfortable.

After half an hour, or so, in comes Litter-down the ostler, with something like *sell* written on his lumpy cheek.

"He knows naw-in about ice-ters, sir" said he, "any more than I know about the Moon, and he won't touch 'em!"

"Well then said I, bring them to me, I think that I know what to do with them?"

Here a roar of laughter from the whole club chimed in with the landlord's merry chuckle, who welcomed the joke as the very best thing he had heard for many a day, and pledged me in a flowing cup, for my wit.

I never recollect having spent a happier night than this, with these honest rustics, and we parted the best friends imaginable.

Among the many chaste and poetical allegories which occur, scattered up and down in the Eastern literature, is the following:

"As the dark mould sends upward and out of its very heart the rare Persian rose, so does hope grow out of evil; and the darker the evil, the brighter the hope;—as from a richer and fouler soil comes the more vigorous and larger flower."

A MINER lately dug up a large lump of pure gold, near American Flat, weighing upwards of four pounds, and worth nearly eight hundred dollars. He was showing the "specimen" to his friends, amongst whom was a Hollander, who, after examining it with critical wonder exclaimed, "Mine Got! and you get *all that* out of *one hole*!!

Editor's Table.

In feelings, as well as words, we thank the many kind contributors who have placed such a variety of intellectual food upon our table, for the present month's consumption. We hope that the daintiest epicure of literature will find something with which he will be pleased; and, that those who prefer plain fare—as being the most wholesome—may “eat and be satisfied.”

“The best the market affords” we have placed before our reader; and we hope, as the number of contributors increases, to present, not only a greater variety, but, if possible, an improved quality of mental aliment. We think that no country contains more material, and certainly none more intelligence, than California, in proportion to its size and population; and, by degrees, we hope to see it cherished and cultivated.

Let every friend of literature send in something characteristic of our giant State—some generous and ennobling thought; some golden specimen of progress; some gem from the sea of mind; some gentle child of his own imagination; some life like and artistic pictures of men and scenes around us—whether of facts or figures.

Two lady well-wishers have sent us their views upon FASHION, for which we with pleasure find room in our “Table,” and allow them to speak for themselves:

DEAR SIR:—Emanations from a woman's pen may be lightly read, ridiculed, and condemned to death by criticism. It is not fashionable for women to be interested in anything beyond the last new opera, or the last “fashion plates.”

Fashion does not permit us to use a style of dress that would be at once cleanly, comfortable and becoming; but we *must* wear our dresses an inconvenient length, and wipe all the pools of tobacco spittle which gentlemen have cast upon paths frequented by us. Should we commit such an unpardonable indiscretion as to shorten our dresses but a few inches, we would be set down at once as advocates for “woman's rights.”

Fashion does not permit us to wear bonnets to protect our faces or screen our eyes,

but they must be worn uselessly, on the back of the head.

The new fashioned cape is another instrument of torture, designed to keep the head thrown unnaturally back, and the neck in a strained and unnatural position.

I will not mention the torture which fashion inflicts upon us by the tightening of certain cords about the waist, nor the suffering which we undergo by the great weight of clothing upon the hips. I will say nothing of permanent injury inflicted upon the constitution by these, I had almost said, *errors in dress*; but, I will say, that our patient suffering in the cause of fashion, and our great devotion to it, are worthy of a better cause. I may be considered irrational and unfashionable, but I cannot help it. I believe that a woman's mind would be better employed in studying the winning ways of love—how she can make her home most happy—and the anatomy and physiology of a healthy body, than the last fashion plate. There is a higher sphere for woman than merely keeping up a fashionable style of living, and of doll-like dressing. Many condemn our “fashionable follies,” as they are called.

The *Press* throws scorn and contempt upon our fashionable skirts, and other absurdities in dress, but it is equally fast to discourage and condemn a reformatory movement. Has one of our own sex, seeing the evil, and deploring it, resolved to emancipate herself from this “fashionable” slavery, and by her example, her writings, and her labors, untiring, tried to awaken her sisters to a sense of their great evil, but has had the anathemas of the press hurled against her, and the opprobrious title of a “woman's rights” woman?

I am no advocate for woman's rights, as that term is understood at the present day. I ask no public place for woman. *Home is her empire*, and her holy influences go forth from thence unseen, but not unfelt. I am an advocate for sufficient independence of character to enable us to wear such a style of dress as shall be healthy and agreeable to our own persons, without any regard whatever to the remarks of the press, or of the world about us. There is a work to be performed, and *we* must attend to it. If we look to the right hand or to the left, for aid, we shall meet with discouragement; but, if we begin the work with earnest determination, we shall have the approval of a good conscience—and the luxury of a com-

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fortable dress, besides much better health of
body, for our reward. Lucy.

We have wondered why it should be an
unclean necessity of fashion to sweep the
sidewalks with such expensive brooms as
ladies' satin dresses—and, to prevent par-
tial suffocation, have many times crossed to
the other side of the street, as the dust was
intolerable. Then, again, we cannot see
why a "pretty wee foot," and neatly turned
anele, should be hidden from the sight alto-
gether.

The following letter espouses the oppo-
site side of the question:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—*Dear Sir*—I've seen
your New California Magazine, and I want
to know how on airth you spect to please
the people of this country, with a maga-
zine that hant got no fashion plate in it.
The ladys in Calyformy are jist as fashion-
able as they be anywheres else; and you
neednt try to palm off on us a Magazine
without the fashions in it. Theres my darter
Huldy, Gudge Swindlem's wife, she
looked the book all through, and then, sed
she, "What a pity that editur hadnt
thought to put in some fashion plates, in-
sted of them orful picturs of the 'O how
mighty falls,' and nasty silk wurms." Now
I've always been a litterary woman, and
take a great interest in litterary people,
and my darter takes arter me. Shes been
a reglar prescriber for Godeys ladys book
ever since she married Gudge Swindlem,
and, though I say it, who shouldnt say it,
she was an orful smart gurl. When I
come to this country, a wider, I left her a
tenden baby, in Squire Simson's family.
They alays sed she was a rule smart gurl,
and a gurl that had an upward tendency.
Well, youl see how it was—arter a while I
sent for her to come out here to me, and
mercey me, how the gurl had grown. I
hardly knew her when she got here. She
declared shed never tend no more babys, till
she tended her own; but bimeby she got a
place in wun of the *first famly's*, as cham-
bermade, and wun day she cum homo and
sed to me, "Mother, I want you to let me
have three fine silk dresses, flonced all the
way up." Why, it skeered me—and I jist
sed, "I shant do no sich a thing. Why,
theyd cost a hundred dollars a peace."
"Never mind that," said she, "Ill pay you
back the money before long." Shed sich
a coaxin way, too, that I jist let hur hav em;

and you ort to hav seen hur when she got
wun of them dresses on, and hur new bun-
net, and hur silk velvet mantkiller. One
evening, as she went out of the door of the
house where she resided, thar was some
gentlemen on the steps, and before my darter
got across the street she heard some one
say, "What heavenly eys!" She stagered
forard, and would have fell, but Gudge
Swindlem caught hur in his arms, jist in
time to save her black silk velvet mantkil-
ler from the sand. Well, to make a long
story short, hed went and fell in luv with
my darter Huldy, at first sight, and jist
three weeks from that night they were mar-
ried. Shed jist had the new dresses five
weeks, and the Gudge has bought hur heaps
of fine clothes, and nice things for hur house.
She has a carrage, and a footman, and three
majesticks in the kitchen, all the while.
So you see she has nothin on airth to do,
but study the fashions and ride to the dress-
makers. I've jist giv you this little detaile
of our family history, to let you know as
how peeple of our rank and litterary tastes,
expect something more in a magazine than
storys about places weve never seen, nor
hearn tell on before, and discriptions of
nasty silk wurms, and sich things. Then
thars them peaces about Vigilants calls,
and so on. Gudge Swindlem says sich
things have a *very bad a fect* upon week
minds. Now you see, we cant tell by look-
in into your book how large we should be
round the waste, or how long in the skurt;
wether our bunnet should be larger than
burds nests or not. I hope your next book
will hav a cullered fashion plate in it—twill
be sich a intelectual treet to my darter and
her fashionable friends, and then you can put
us down as prescribers for your magazine,
as long as we liv. Yours forever,

Mrs. MARY METWITH,

Mather-in-law to Gudge Swindlem.

P. S. My darter has writ a beautiful
sonit to her baby, and if your book gets
to be *fashionable* and *poplar*, (as twill if you
put the fashions in it,) she will let you hav
it, to blemish your pages with.

Mrs. MARY METWITH.

We are very sorry, Mrs. Metwith, that
you don't approve of our Magazine, with-
out the fashions; and as you doubtless be-
long to a very large class of fashionable
ladies, we shall endeavor to meet your
wants, and those of your fashionable friends,
by consulting our artist concerning it.

Some idea may be formed of the prolific productiveness of the fruit trees of California from the following:—We saw the branch of a young pear tree from San Jose, measuring only three feet nine inches in length, and which had one hundred and seventy-three pears upon it, of good size and growth.

A gentleman who was an eye-witness has sent us the following characteristic morceau.

During the inauguration of Gen. Taylor, at Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1849, the police regulations, as usual, required that after the speech of the new President had commenced, the gates of the Capitol grounds should be closed, and no carriage of any kind allowed to pass, until the speech was finished, to prevent confusion.

The Ministers of all the Russias, M. Bodisco was very late, and, after the speech had begun drove up to the gate in great haste, the horses covered with foam,—when the coachman shouted to the guard—"open ze gates iv yow ples"—the guard shook his head and stood still:—the footman next called out "will you open ze gate for ze Russian Minister?" the guard again shook his head, without answering a word: next, the grand Minister put his head out of the carriage window, and called to the guard, "open ze gates to ze gran Minister of all the Russias, Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Bodisco, I am ze Minister."

There was a great crowd around the gates within and without, and all this fuss created quite a stir. The guard drew himself up, and in a firm and pleasant manner replied, "If you were a free-born American Citizen, of these United States of America, you could not pass these gates now, in a carriage."

The crowd came very near giving three cheers for the guard, but better manners prevailed; and M. Bodisco, stepped out of his elegant equipage, and entered the side gate, with the sovereign people; his carriage remaining outside until all the ceremonies were over.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Vigilantes.—Is thanked for his communication, but we cannot enter into the local matter, about which he writes.

Agnes.—We must decline your communication, as it is not sufficiently condensed. We are persuaded you can do much better by some of the beautiful thoughts you doubtless have expressed.

Old Tom.—Is too much like a liquor known by that name, to be acceptable.

C. P. T..—What do you think we care about such things—send it along.

Moonshine.—Your poetry is too much like the old proverb, and is nearly "all moon—!"

A Mother's Smile.—Is a theme that calls forth some of the sweetest of reminiscences, and the holiest of thoughts, and we should be sorry to see so good a subject sacrificed to such poor poetry;—we have seen much better in advertisements of boots and shoes. Declined.

Red Shirt.—Yours is a strange letter, and something like your signature. But why you should suppose that "store clothes" or "stove-pipes" make any difference in the "man," we don't know. We should be as silly as you seem to be, if it made any difference with us—besides, how should we know what the color, or the quality of your clothes is, if you were not to tell us? We've worked in muddy mining claims ourselves, and we don't entertain any such foolish notion. We think too that, however stiff your hand may be by grasping the pick, if you do not write with the tool mentioned, we could manage to read it.

Emigrant.—Shall be attended to.

W. Weekes.—Will take months of cultivated study before he can excel, even in telling anecdotes if those he has sent are any sample, much less in "making" poetry.

C..—Your "Reveries under a Pine Log" are not exactly suitable for our pages. Yet they contain many beautiful sentences, which, if illustrating any point, would be very acceptable to us. "Don't you give it up so, Mr. C," but try again.

Q in a Corner.—Must produce something a little better before we can find him one.

The Three Tailors are declined.

Skillet.—Your article reminded us of a story we heard about ten days ago, of a young gentleman who commenced inuring himself to hardship by making a pillow of a skillet. Your picco was nearly as hard—to read, and would be much harder to practice.

C. T. T.

Farewell

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C. T. T.—Your piece next month. *Farewell*.—To Farewell we beg to say "farewell"—as a poet.

C. A.—We cannot publish such sectarian nonsense. For ourselves we don't care one iota. If a man thinks he can serve God better by standing on his head, let him do it. "Who made you a judge?" or us either? It is the *motive* and not the *method* that we think is acceptable to God. Learn to be more charitable, C. A.

California Statistics.—We shall reserve for next month.

Chaps send us a few more such.

P. P., Nevada.—Don't fail to send us anything that is curious to California.

John Dor.—You cannot expect to write anything without being a little troubled at first; but never mind that; let "excelsior" be your motto, and your next attempt may be more successful.

Delia.—Yours is a beautiful sketch, but unfortunately came too late for this month.

A Trip across the Tules.—Was rather too pointless to be suitable. Why didn't you send us your name?

Literary Notices.

Life of George Washington, by WASHINGTON IRVING, in four volumes: Putnam, N. Y.

That which Washington was, as an patriot, Washington Irving is, as an author.

To attempt to cull the excellence of this work, or to point out the chief objects of interest in it, within the small space allotted to us this month, would be as futile and ridiculous as to endeavor to cram an elephant into a cigar box. It is impossible to skim over lightly a single page of this eventful history. Whether Washington be regarded as a son, a brother, a citizen, a soldier, a president, or a man, one cannot but be charmed with the manly and noble qualities of his nature, and the clear-sighted brilliancy of his genius. We would say, let every one who can spare the means add these volumes to his library, and trace, step by step, for himself, the progress of the man whose every action, thought and hope, were for his country, and that alone. What a wholesome and bitter reproof is this man's whole life, to the dishonorable and selfish motives of the politician of to-day—who, to drop dollars into his purse, would sell himself to wholesale speculation—considering the "stealings of office" as lawful plunder. So did not our noble Washington. Go thou, politician, and sit in sackcloth and ashes, mourning over thy baseness of soul, that peradventure the spirit of

the "Father of his Country" may visit and teach thee to love, honor and serve thy country—in preference to thyself.

Mexico and its Religion, by R. A. WILSON: Harper & Bro., N. Y.

Mr. Wilson has embodied his three years' experience in one of the most interesting countries in the world, in a comprehensive and descriptive volume, of 400 pages. His views are clear and unprejudiced, his style is terse and life-like, and one becomes interested so gradually, that to rise from its perusal, without reading to the end, is something like leaving a well-furnished table before your dinner is half finished. This book contains a vast amount of very useful information, concerning its history, curiosities and wonders, and of the manners and customs of its singular people. We can recommend it cordially to our readers.

Walker's Expedition to Nicaragua: Stringer & Townsend.

This is a hurriedly written book, of a hurriedly possessed country; giving a highly colored description of the *modus operandi* of its possession, by William Walker and his comrades; and containing the official correspondence with the United States Government, &c. &c. This book is very partial, and is doubtless intended to espouse the cause of the Filibuster President. It will repay perusal.

Juvenile Department.

THINK WELL ON IT.

"Mamma, mamma, my kitty is dead, quite dead," sobbed a little child of about eight summers. "She did not seem sick

this morning when I went to school, but now she is dead. Her eyes are all shut up, and her teeth are bit clear through her tongue. Oh! mamma was she hungry? If

she would only get alive again a little while—I would never, never, forget to feed her again."

"Did you forget to feed your kitty?" kindly enquired the mother. "Oh yes, mamma I did, Amy called for me to go to school, and I ran off in a hurry, without thinking of poor kitty. I left her to starve, and now she is dead, quite dead. Nurse says she is not better off like little brother—but *all dead*. Oh mamma, mamma."

Gently the loving mother lifted the little one upon her lap, wiped away the falling tears, and smoothed back the damp flaxen ringlets from her face. Then in low soothing tones she said:—"Do not cry my child, that will not bring kitty back, but listen to me, and I will tell you of the time when I was a little girl like you, I had a mother, a dear good mother, but she was always sick, so that she could not come to the nursery to see us, but nurse used to take me, and my little brother, to pay her a visit every day, that she was well enough to see us. She always told us to be very quiet—so I used to go on tiptoe to the bedside to get the kiss from her pale lips. Nurse always talked in whispers to us there—and even little brother tried to 'whisper' as he called it."

One day, when nurse took us to see mamma, the room was a little darker than usual, and mamma was too weak to talk to us. So nurse only let us kiss her, and said we might play with each other in the room a little while, if we would be very quiet. For a few moments I amused myself cutting paper; then little brother wanted the scissors, and I would not give them to him, which caused him to cry; so nurse was obliged to send me from the room. Well do I remember, as I crossed the room, the sorry look of my poor mother, and how her mild blue eyes followed me to the door; but I did not go near her for the usual good-by kiss. I was angry, and as I shut the door, I slammed it hard. I knew I was naughty at the time, but I would not be good. The next morning the house was dark and still

—all over it. Papa walked the hall in his dressing-gown and slippers. Everybody stepped softly, and spake in whispers. I tried to play as usual, but I was not happy. I longed for nurse to come, and take us to see mamma, that I might tell her I would never be a naughty girl again, and ask her to kiss me.

Pretty soon papa came and said he would take us to see mamma. He lifted little brother in his arms, while I walked softly beside him; but, oh, how dark and changed was mamma's room! She no longer lay in the bed where we had so often seen her. The bed had been taken away, and my mother dear lay on a board—a very hard board—with a white cloth over it. She did not open her eyes, nor speak to us. There she lay with her thin white hands folded across her bosom. She had a long white dress on, but her cheek was as white as the dress. I laid my hand on hers; it was as cold as ice. Mother was dead! The last time I saw her alive I passed by her in anger, and slammed the door. Now she was dead; she could not hear me tell her that I was sorry for being so naughty. Her lips were cold, and closed in death. She could not give me the kiss which yesterday I refused.

So it always is, my child; a duty neglected, or a wrong committed, may cause us pain for a whole lifetime. So we should be very careful to treat everybody and everything with kindness. Then if death takes them from us, we shall not have to suffer the pain of remorse for negligence and unkindness, as well as the pain of separation from those we so much love. So *think well on it.* CARRIE D.

We have not received any contributions from our young friends this month, that are quite good enough for a corner—but we hope they will not be discouraged. "Try, try again." Be determined to write some good little pieces, and, if you are puzzled at first, you will find the pleasant task become easier and plainer, as you persevere.

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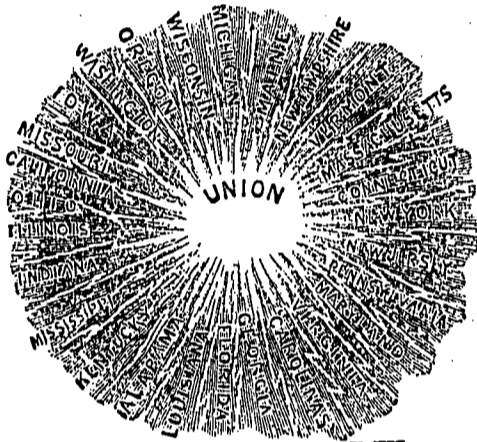
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NE.
walked the hall in his
slippers. Everybody
spoke in whispers. I
but I was not happy.
come, and take us to
ight tell her I would
girl again, and ask her
came and said he
mamma. He lifted
arms, while I walked
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ll as the pain of sep-
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CARRIE D.
ved any contributions
ls this month, that are
or a corner—but we
discouraged. "Try,
rmined to write some
l, if you are puzzled at
pleasant task become
you persevere.

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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, Penny, Citizen, Home Journal, Dutchman, Albion, Spirit of the Times, True American, Irish American, Celt, Truth Teller, Irish News, Freeman's Journal, Leslie's Pictorials, Police Gazette, Staats Zeitung, Democrat, Courier, Dea 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, Independant, 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 Picayune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Journal, Chicago, Ill.; Weekly Wisconsin, North Western Gazette, Galena; Free Press, Detroit; Free Trader, Natchos; 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 Farmer, 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, Wilmer & Smith's European Times, Freemason's Journal, London Dispatch, Bell's Life.

AUSTRALIA.

Empire, Sidney;

Argus, Melbourne.

Hong Kong Register,

CHINA.

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.

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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.

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

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SOUTH CAROLINA.
Savannah: Charleston Mercury and
Republican.

MISSOURI.
New Orleans Picayune.
St. Louis: Free Press, Detroit; Free Trader,
Mobile.

NEW YORK.
Democrat, Olympia; Statesman, Salem.
Alta California, Chronicle, California
Telegraph, Alameda County Express,

Argus, Melbourne.
North China Herald

PERIODICALS.
Knickerbocker Magazine, Graham's
Eclectic Magazine, Whig Review, United
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
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