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	PAGE.
THE QUICKSILVER MINE OF NEW ALMADEN.....	97
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Metal Yard and Entrance to the Mine. General View of the Works. Section of Smelting Furnace. Mexicans Weighing Quicksilver. The Chapel or Shrine of Senora de Guadalupe. <i>Mineros</i> at work in the Mine. <i>Tenataros</i> carrying the Ore from the Mine.	
THE GUADALUPE QUICKSILVER MINE.....	105
EPIGRAPH ON A PATRIOT SOLDIER.....	105
THE GRIZZLY BEAR.—Illustration.....	106
CALIFORNIA IN 1671.....	108
DR. DOT IT DOWN'S NOTES.—My Last Lottery.....	112
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY... ..	113
CHAPTER VI.—What will not oppression cause.—CHAPTER VII.—Mr. H. makes a compo. with his creditors.	
A SEA-RIOUS RHYME.....	119
CALIFORNIA A GREAT COUNTRY.....	120
"PASSING AWAY".....	121
A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.....	122
TO ELLA, in New York.....	127
WHICH IS THE RIGHT TRAIL.....	127
CAPITAL IN CALIFORNIA.....	130
THE DEAD... ..	132
INTELLIGENCE OF THE HORSE.....	132
REMARKABLE COIN.....	137
EDITOR'S TABLE.....	138
Waiting.—Answers to Contributors and Correspondents.—Pursuit of Love and Knowledge under difficulties.	
LITERARY NOTICES.....	140
India, the Pearl of Pearl River.—Life and Adventures of James P. Beckworth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians.—Vagabond Life in Mexico.	
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.....	141
Don't Cry Mamma.—Answer to Mary and her Flowers.—The Benicia Wreath.	
ILLUSTRATIONS OF A TRAVELING WEDDING PARTY..	144

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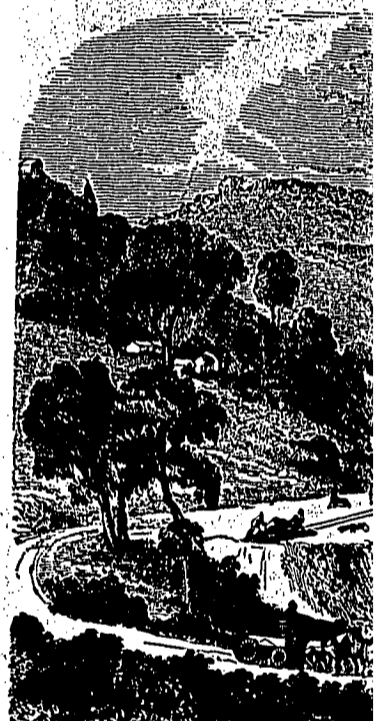
ERRATA.—Part of the edition, in Literary Notices, page 140, "Vagabond Life in Mexico," containing twelve lines, should follow the notice of "Pearl of Pearl River," and on page 141, the two first lines should be reversed.

WHITTON, TOWNE & CO., PRINTERS, 151 CLAY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

# HU CALIFORNIA

VOL. I.

SEP



METAL YARD

## THE QUICKSILVER MINE OF ALMADEN.

Sixty-five miles south of San Francisco, near the head of the bay and fertile valley of San Jose, an eastern spur of the coast range mountains, is the quicksilver mine of New Almaden.

With your permission, kind reader, we will enter the stage as it waits at the Plaza, and as the clock strikes start at once on our journey. I

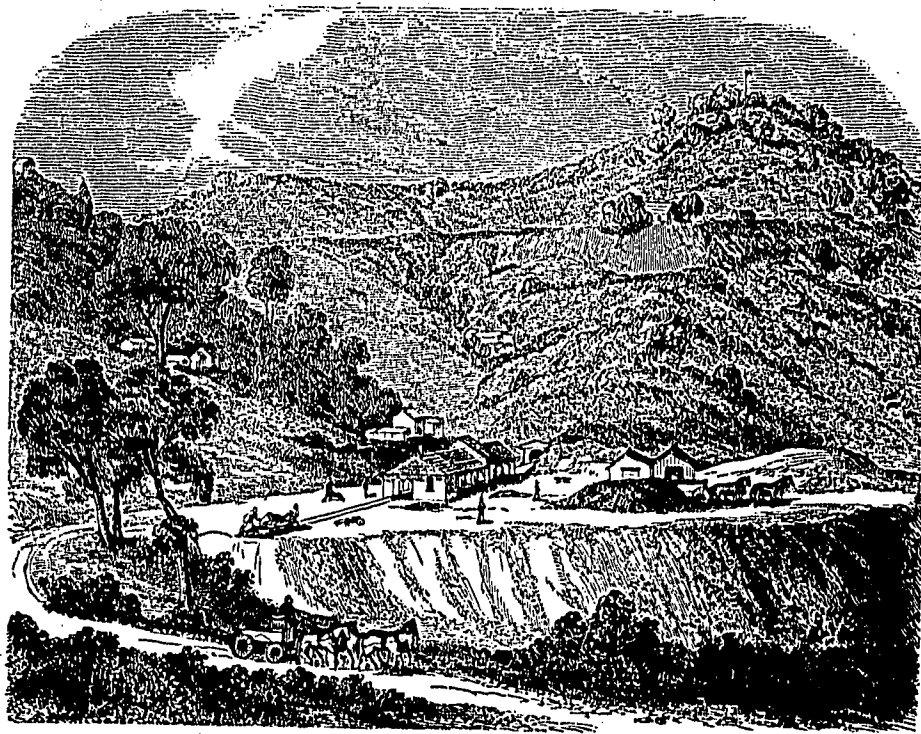
[SEPTEMBER, 1856.

# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

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NO. III.



METAL YARD AND ENTRANCE TO THE MINE.

## THE QUICKSILVER MINE OF NEW ALMADEN.

Sixty-five miles south of San Francisco, near the head of the beautiful and fertile valley of San Jose, and in an eastern spur of the coast range of mountains, is the quicksilver mine of New Almaden.

With your permission, kind reader, we will enter the stage as it waits on the Plaza, and as the clock strikes eight, start at once on our journey. Lucky

for us, it is a fine bright morning, as the fog has cleared off and left us, (on a dew-making excursion no doubt, up the country) and as we are to be fellow travellers—at least in imagination—and wish to enjoy ourselves; while the stage rattles over the pavement, and rumbles on the wood planking of the streets, let us say "good bye" to our cares, as we did to our friends, and leave them with the city—behind us.

	PAGE.
ALMADEN.....	97
ance to the Mine. Gen-	
ing Furnace. Mexicans	
rine of Senora de Guad-	
ataros carrying the Ore	
NE.....	105
.....	105
.....	106
.....	108
Lottery.....	112
HICKLEBERRY....	113
cause.—CHAPTER VII.—	
.....	119
.....	120
.....	121
.....	122
.....	127
.....	127
.....	130
.....	132
.....	132
.....	137
.....	138
Correspondents.—Pursuit	
.....	140
and Adventures of James	
Pioneer and Chief of the	
in Mexico.	
.....	141
ry and her Flowers.—The	
WEDDING PARTY... 144	

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

140, "Vagabond Life in Mexico," containing r," and on page 141, the two first lines should

CLAY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

How refreshing to the brow is the breeze, and grateful to the eye is the beautiful green of the gardens, as we pass them on our way. Even the hills in the distance now so barren and drear, are dotted with the dark green of the live oaks, and are beautiful by contrast.

On, on we go, rolling over hills, traveling in the valley, passing farms and wayside houses; now watering horses here, then changing horses there, and dropping mail bags yonder, until we reach the flourishing old Mission of Santa Clara. Here, we long to linger, and as we look upon the orchards now laden with their fruit, we almost wish to bribe the coachman to wait while we buy, beg, or steal, those cherry-checked and luscious looking pears; or take a walk amid the shadows of the Old Mission church; but, the signal "all aboard," hurries us to our seats, and we soon enter an avenue of old willow and poplar trees, that extends from Santa Clara to San Jose, a distance of three miles, and which was planted by and for the convenience of the two Missions. On either side of this avenue at intervals, there are tasteful cottages, flourishing farms, nurseries, and gardens, which are well supplied with water from artesian wells.

Arriving in San Jose you find a neat and pleasant agricultural city, with all the temptations of fruit and flowers in great variety; and but for a partial failure of the crops this year from drouth, there would have been a brisk business activity observable in each department of business. One thing impressed us unfavorably here,

the large number (thirty-seven, we believe) of members of the legal profession, in so small a city, we thought of

AN OLD SAW.

An upper mill, and lower mill,  
Fell out about the water;  
To war they went, that is to law,  
Resolved to give no quarter.

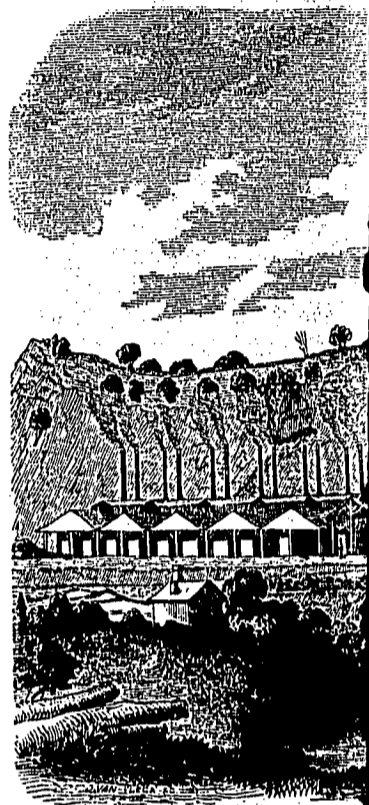
A lawyer was by each engaged,  
And hotly they contended;  
When fees grew scant, the war they waged  
They judged, twere better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,  
Were settled without pother;—  
One lawyer took the upper mill,  
The lower mill the other.

and it set us to ruminating. But, let us jump on the box of Baker's easy coach, and we shall forget all that, and have a very pleasant ride of fourteen miles upon a good road through an ever green grove of live oaks, and past the broad shading branches of the sycamore trees, and in a couple of hours find ourselves drinking heartily of the delicious waters of the fine cool soda spring at the romantic village of New Almaden. As we have passed through enough for one day, let us wait until morning before climbing the hill to examine the mines.

This mine has been known for ages by the Indians who worked it for the vermilion paint that it contained, with which they ornamented their persons, and on that account had become a valuable article of exchange with other Indians from the Gulf of California to the Columbia river. Its existence was also known among the early settlers of California, although none could estimate the character or value of the metal.

In 1845 a captain of cavalry in the



GENERAL

Mexican service, named Ca having met a tribe of Indian Bodega, and seeing their faces with vermilion, obtained from for a reward, the necessary info of its locality, when he visited having made many very int experiments, and determined the acter of the metal, he regis in accordance with the Mexi tom, about the close of that year.

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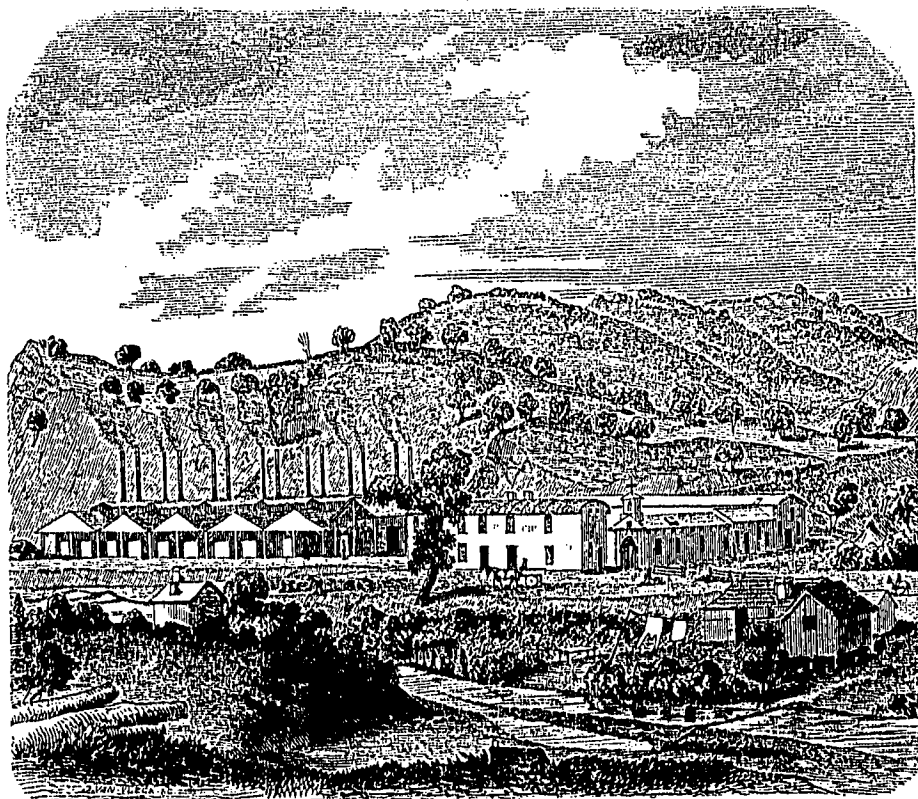
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Metal.

In 1845 a captain of cavalry in the

THE QUICKSILVER MINE OF NEW ALMADEN.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS.

Mexican service, named Castillero, having met a tribe of Indians near Bodega, and seeing their faces painted with vermilion, obtained from them for a reward, the necessary information of its locality, when he visited it, and having made many very interesting experiments, and determined the character of the metal, he registered it in accordance with the Mexican custom, about the close of that year.

A company was immediately formed and the mine divided into twenty-four shares, when the company immediately commenced working it on a small scale; but, being unable to carry it on for want of capital, in 1846 it was leased out to an English and Mexican company for the term of sixteen years; the original company to receive one-quarter of the gross products for that

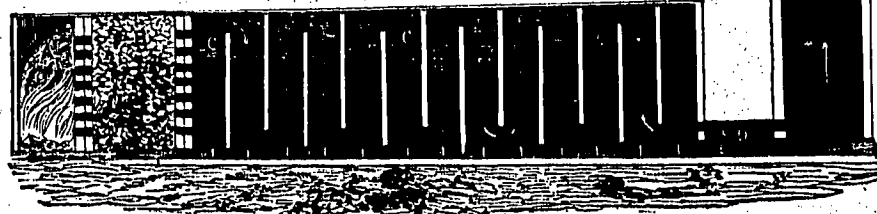
time. In March, 1847, the new company commenced operations on a large scale, but finding that to pay one-fourth of the proceeds, and yet bear all the expenses of working the mine, would incur a considerable loss, they eventually purchased out most of the original shareholders.

In June, 1850, this company had expended *three hundred and eighty-seven thousand eight hundred dollars* over and above all their receipts. During that year a new process of smelting the ore was introduced by a blacksmith named Baker, which succeeded so well that fourteen smelting furnaces have been erected by the company upon the same principle.

The process of extracting the quicksilver from the cinnabar is very simple. The *ore chamber B* is filled with cin-

nabar, and covered securely up; a fire is then kindled in the furnace at A, from which, through a perforated wall of brick, the heat enters the ore chamber and permeates the mass of ore, from which arises the quicksilver, in the shape of vapor, and, passing through the perforated wall on the opposite side, enters the condensing chambers at C, rising to the top of one and falling to the bottom of the other, as indicated by the arrows, and as it passes through the condensing chambers—thirteen in number—it cools and becomes quicksilver. Should any vapor escape the last condensing chamber, it passes over a cistern of cold water at D, where from an enclosed pipe, water is scattered over a seive and falls upon and cools the vapor as it passes into the chimney or funnel chamber at E.

The quicksilver then runs to the lower end of each condensing chamber, thence through a small pipe into a trough that extends



SECTION OF THE SMELTING FURNACE.

from one end of the building to the other, where it enters a large circular caldron, from which it is weighed into flasks, in quantities of seventy-five pounds. To save time, one set of furnaces is generally cooling and being filled, while the other is burning.

Now, let us gradually ascend to the *patio* or yard in front of the mine, a visit to which has been so truthfully and beautifully described by Mrs. S. A. Downer, that we are tempted to introduce the reader to such good company.

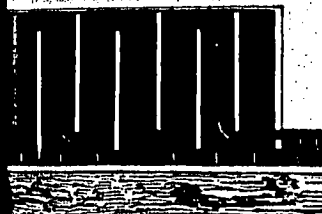
“At the right was a deep ravine, through which flowed a brook, supplied by springs in the mountains, and which, in places, was completely hid by tangled masses of wild-wood, among which we discerned willows along its edge, with oak, sycamore and buckeye. Although late in the summer, roses and convolvuli, with several varieties of floss, were in blossom; with sweet-brier,

honeysuckle, and various plants, many of which were unknown to us, not then in bloom, and which Nature, with prodigal hand, has strewn in bounteous profusion over every acre of the land. To the left of the mountain side, the wild gooseberry grows in abundance. The fruit is large and of good flavor, though of rough exterior. Wild oats, diversified with shrubs and live-oak, spread around us, till we reach the *patio*, nine hundred and forty feet above the base of the mountain. The road is something over a mile, although there are few persons who have traveled it on foot under a burning sun, but would be willing to make their affidavits it was near five.

“Let us pause and look around us. For a distance of many miles, nothing is seen but the tops of successive mountains; then appears the beautiful valley of San Juan, while the Coast Range is lost in distance. The *patio* is an area of more than an acre in extent; and still above us, but not directly

in view, is a Mexican posed of the families of the miners. and provisions are c mules, for retail a who may truly be hand to mouth. Th the resort of the a of this State, but f Columbia river, to (vermillion) found in which they used in their person. How known to them can probably a long ti worked into the mou sixty feet, with wha only be conjectured round stones, evide the brook, was found age with a number of the destruction of h been caused; undou a sudden caving in of burying the unskill in the midst of the It had been supposed time that the ore po tained the preciou but no regular assay till in '45; a gentle largely interested, p a retort, not doubting or at least silver, wo his efforts. Its real was made known by cious effects upon the the experimenter. instantly communic member of a wealth who with others pur ty, consisting of t under a Spanish ti owner. For some y done. The ore pro and rich, but requir vast amount of capit advantage; and, w more than her usu furnished in the mo accessories for the tion of her favors, to avail himself of h

is then kindled in the perforated wall of brick, and permeates the mass of mercury, in the shape of vapor, all on the opposite side, rising to the top of one and indicated by the arrows, rising chambers — thirteen chambers — thirteen chambers — thirteen quicksilver. Should any mercury, it passes over a cistern closed pipe, water is scattered to cool the vapor as it passes.



MELTING FURNACE.

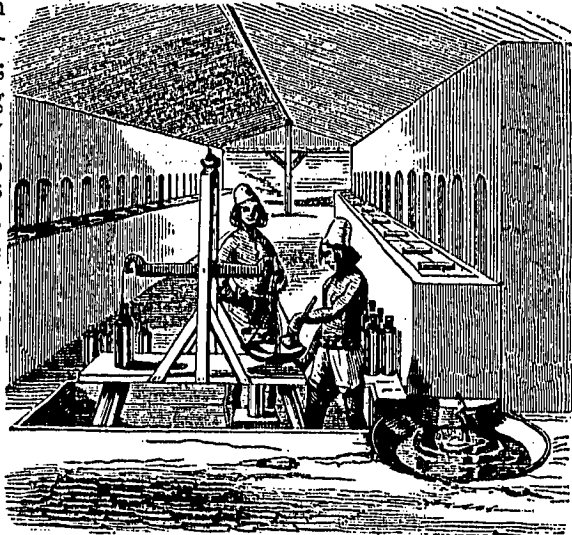
honeysuckle, and various plants, many of which were unknown to us, not then in bloom, and which Nature, with her prodigal hand, has strewn in bounteous profusion over every acre of the land. To the left of the mountain side, the wild gooseberry grows in abundance. The fruit is large and of good flavor, though of rough exterior. Wild oats, diversified with shrubs and live-oak, spread around us, till we reach the patio, nine hundred and forty feet above the base of the mountain. The road is something over a mile, although there are few persons who have traveled it on foot under a burning sun, but would be willing to make their affidavits it was near five.

“Let us pause and look around us. For a distance of many miles, nothing is seen but the tops of successive mountains; then appears the beautiful valley of San Juan, while the Coast Range is lost in distance. The patio is an area of more than an acre in extent; and still above us, but not directly

in view, is a Mexican settlement, composed of the families and lodging-cabins of the miners. There is a store, and provisions are carried up on pack-mules, for retail among the miners who may truly be said to live from hand to mouth. This point had been the resort of the aborigines not only of this State, but from as far as the Columbia river, to obtain the paint (vermillion) found in the cinnabar, and which they used in the decoration of their person. How long this had been known to them cannot be ascertained; probably a long time, for they had worked into the mountain some fifty or sixty feet, with what implements can only be conjectured. A quantity of round stones, evidently from the brook, was found in a passage with a number of skeletons; the destruction of life having been caused, undoubtedly, by a sudden caving in of the earth, burying the unskilled savages in the midst of their labors. It had been supposed for some time that the ore possibly contained the precious metals, but no regular assay was made till in '45; a gentleman now largely interested, procured a retort, not doubting that gold, or at least silver, would crown his efforts. Its real character was made known by its pernicious effects upon the system of the experimenter. The discovery was

the present company was formed. With untiring energy, guided by a liberal and enlightened policy, they proceeded with vigor, and at this time, the works being nearly completed, the extraction of the mercury proceeds without interruption.

“In 1850 a tunnel was commenced in the side of the mountain in a line with the patio, and which has already been carried to the distance of 1100 feet by ten feet wide, and ten feet high to the crown of the arch, which is strongly roofed with heavy timber throughout its whole length. Through this the rail-track passes; the car receiving the ore as it is brought on the backs of the carriers, (*tenateros*) from

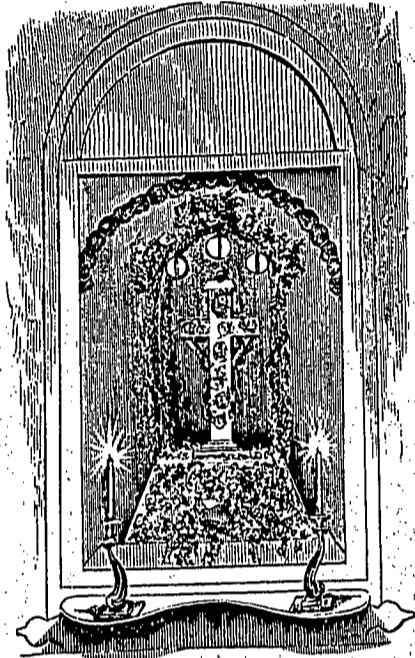


MEXICANS WEIGHING QUICKSILVER.

instantly communicated to a brother, a member of a wealthy firm in Mexico, who with others purchased the property, consisting of two leagues, held under a Spanish title, of the original owner. For some years but little was done. The ore proved both abundant and rich, but required the outlay of a vast amount of capital to be worked to advantage; and, while Nature with more than her usual liberality had furnished in the mountain itself all the accessories for the successful prosecution of her favors, man was too timid to avail himself of her gifts. In 1850,

the depths below, or from the heights above. The track being free, we will now take a seat on the car, and enter the dark space. Not an object is visible, save the faint torch-light at the extreme end; and a chilling dampness seizes on the frame, so suddenly bereft of warmth and sunshine. This sensation does not continue as we descend into the subterranean caverns below; and now commence the wonders, as well as the dangers of the undertaking. By the light of a torch we pass through a damp passage of some length, a sudden turn bringing us into a sort of vestibule, where, in a niche at one side, is

placed a rude shrine of the tutelary saint, or protectress of the mine—*Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, before



BUTLER  
SHRINE OF SENORA DE GUADALUPE.

which lighted candles are kept constantly burning, and before entering upon the labors of the day or night each man visits this shrine in devotion. You descend a perpendicular ladder formed by notches cut into a solid log. You go down, perhaps twelve feet; you turn and pass a narrow corner, where a frightful gulf seems yawning to receive you. Carefully threading your way over the very narrowest of footholds, you turn into another passage black as night, to descend into a flight of steps formed in the side of the cave, tread over some loose stones, turn around, step over arches, down into another passage, that leads into many dark and intricate windings and descendings, or chambers supported but by a column of earth—now stepping this way, then that, twisting and turning, all tending down, down to where, through the darkness of midnight one can discern the faint glimmer, which shines like Shakspeare's "good deed in a naughty world," and

which it seems impossible one can ever reach. We were shown a map giving the subterranean topography of this mine; and truly, the crossings and re-crossings, the windings and intricacies of the labyrinthine passages could only be compared to the streets of a dense city, while nothing short of the clue, furnished Theseus by Ariadne, would insure the safe return into day, of the unfortunate pilgrim who should enter without a guide.

The miners have named the different passages after their saints, and run them off as readily as we do the streets of a city; and after exhausting the names of all the saints in the calendar, have commenced on different animals, one of which is not inaptly called *El elefante*. Some idea of the extent and number of these passages may be formed, when we state that sixty pounds of candles are used by the workmen in the twenty-four hours. Another turn brings us upon some men at work. One stands upon a single plank placed high above us in an arch, and he is drilling into the rock above him for the purpose of placing a charge of powder. It appears very dangerous, yet we are told that no lives have ever been lost, and no more serious accidents have occurred than the bruising of a hand or limb, from carelessness in blasting. How he can maintain his equilibrium is a mystery to us, while with every thrust of the drill his strong chest heaves, and he gives utterance to a sound something between a grunt and a groan, which is supposed by them to facilitate their labor. Some six or eight men working in one spot, each keeping up his agonizing sound, awaken a keen sympathy. Were it only a cheerful song, one could stand it; but in that dismal place, their wizzard-like forms and appearance, relieved but by the light of a single tallow candle stuck in the side of the rock, just sufficient to make "darkness visible," is like opening to us the shades of Tartarus; and the throes elicited from over-

THE  
wrought human. b  
sound like the ang  
infernal spirits, who

These men work  
set by night, anothe  
ing week about.  
average duration o  
who work under  
that it did not exce  
years, and the disc  
are mostly subject  
chest; showing con  
sential light and a  
are to animal, as we  
as vegetable lif  
With a sigh and  
shudder, we sto  
aside to allow anot  
er set of laborers  
pass. There th  
come; up, and  
from almost inter  
nable depths; ea  
one as he pass  
panting; puffing  
wheezing, like a  
pressure steambl  
as with straini  
nerve and quiver  
muscle, he stagge  
under the load, wh  
nearly bends h  
double. These  
the *tenateros*, ca  
ing the ore from  
in the cars; and  
burdened by no  
A shirt and tro  
without a shirt  
sandals fastened  
felt cap, or the  
completes their  
"The ore is p  
bag, (*talgó*) wi  
wide that passes  
the weight resti  
and spine. Tw  
rough ore are  
after flight, of  
now winding th  
threading the n  
again ascending



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 infernal spirits, who hope for no escape.

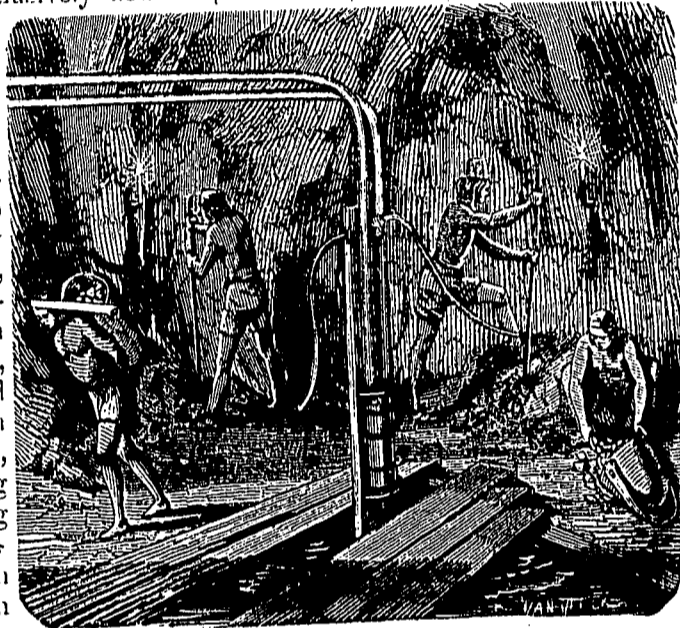
These men work in companies, one  
 set by night, another by day, alternat-  
 ing week about. We inquired the  
 average duration of life of the men  
 who work under ground, and found  
 that it did not exceed that of forty-five  
 years, and the diseases to which they  
 are mostly subject are those of the  
 chest; showing conclusively how es-  
 sential light and air

are to animal, as well  
 as vegetable life.  
 With a sigh and a  
 shudder, we step  
 aside to allow another  
 set of laborers to  
 pass. There they  
 come; up, and up,  
 from almost intermi-  
 nable depths; each  
 one as he passes,  
 panting, puffing and  
 wheezing, like a high  
 pressure steamboat,  
 as with straining  
 nerve and quivering  
 muscle, he stagger-  
 under the load, which  
 nearly bends him  
 double. These are  
 the *tenateros*, carry-

ing the ore from the mine to deposit it  
 in the cars; and like the miners they are  
 burdened by no superfluous clothing.  
 A shirt and trowsers, or, the trowsers  
 without a shirt; a pair of leathern  
 sandals fastened at the ankle, with a  
 felt cap, or the crown of an old hat,  
 completes their costume.

"The ore is placed in a flat leather  
 bag, (*talgó*) with a band two inches  
 wide that passes around the forehead,  
 the weight resting along the shoulders  
 and spine. Two hundred pounds of  
 rough ore are thus borne up, flight  
 after flight, of perpendicular steps;  
 now winding through deep caverns, or  
 threading the most tortuous passages;  
 again ascending over earth and loose

stones, and up places that have not  
 even an apology for steps, all the while  
 lost in Cimmerian darkness, but for a  
 torch borne aloft, which flings its sickly  
 rays over the dismal abyss, showing  
 that one unwary step would plunge  
 him beyond any possibility of human  
 aid or succor. Not always, however,  
 do they ascend; they sometimes come  
 from above; yet we should judge the  
 toil and danger to be nearly as great  
 in one case as in the other. Thirty



Atineros AT WORK IN THE MINE.

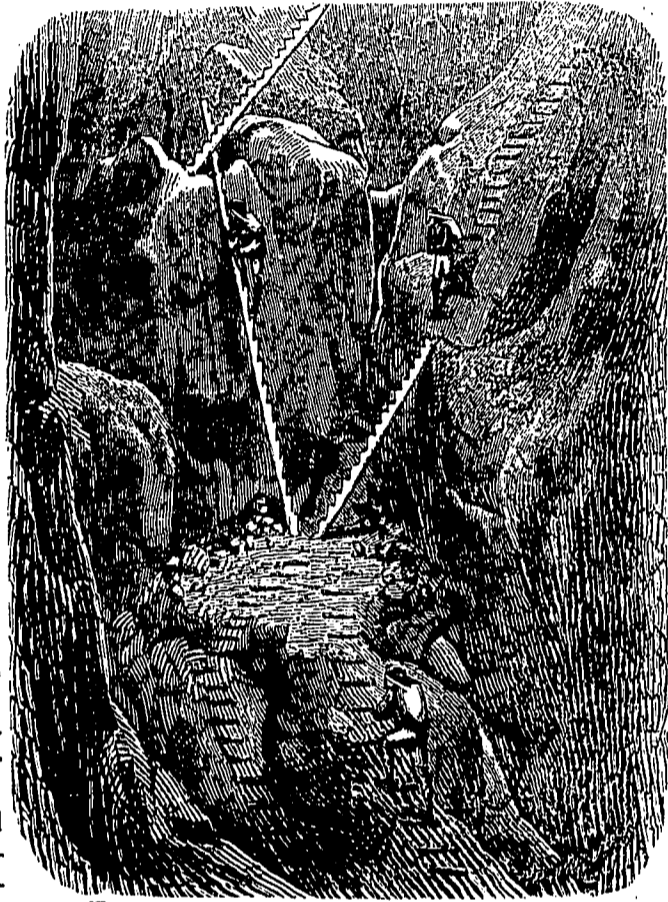
trips will these men make in one day,  
 from the lowest depths.

For once we were disposed to quar-  
 rel with the long, loose skirts, that not  
 only impeded our progress, but pre-  
 vented our attempt to ascend to the  
 summit, and enjoy from thence a pros-  
 pect of great beauty and extent. But  
 one woman, we believe, has ever ac-  
 complished this feat, which severely  
 tasks the strength of manhood.

We will now follow the *tenateros*, as  
 they load the car with the contents of  
 their sacks, and run after it into the  
 open air. There they go, with shouts  
 of laughter, and really, as one emerges  
 into the warm sunshine, the change is  
 most inspiring. They have reached

the end of the track, and throw off the great lumps of ore, without an effort, as if they were mere cabbages. What capacious chests, and how gaily they work! Such gleeful activity we never before beheld. The large lumps deposited, they now seize shovels and jumping on the cars, the small lumps mixed with earth are cleared off with the most astonishing celerity. Do but behold that fellow of Doric build, with brawny muscles, and who is a perfect *fac simile* of Hercules, as he stood engraved with his club, as we remember him in Bell or Tooke's Pantheon!

The ore deposited on the *putio*, another set of laborers engage in separating the large lumps and reducing them to the size of common paving stones, which are placed by themselves. The smaller pieces are put in a separate pile, while the earth (*tierra*) is sifted through coarse sieves for the purpose of being made into *alobes*. There is also a blacksmith's shop for making and repairing implements. The miner is not paid by the day, but receives pay for the ore he extracts. They usually work in parties of from two to ten; half the number work during the day, the other half by night, and in this manner serve as checks upon each other. Should a drone get into the number, complaint is made to the engineer, who has to settle such matters, which he generally does by placing him with a set nearer his capacity, or sometimes by a discharge. The price of the ore is settled by agreement for each



Tenateros CARRYING THE ORE FROM THE MINE.

week. Should the passage be more than commonly laborious, they do not earn much; or if, on the contrary, it proves to be easy and of great richness, the gain is theirs; it being not infrequent for them to make from thirty to forty dollars a week a piece, and seldom less than fifteen. In those parts of the mine where the ore is worthless, but still has to be extracted in order to reach that which will pay, or to promote ventilation, they are paid by the *vava*,\* at a stipulated price. They do nothing with getting the ore to the *putio*; this is done by the *tenateros* at the company's expense, as is also the separating, sifting, and weighing. Each party have their ore kept separate; it is weighed twice a week and an account taken. They select one of their

\* A *vava* is two feet nine inches.

party who receive it among his fellows.

The *tenateros* per diem; the two dollars and and bricklayers, carpenters are eight dollars a seem to be very such is their im- ter how much the not one *peso* be the month than t- ning. No provis- ness or age, whe- come it will, the to do but, like so- ger, lie down an- erence exclusiv- and it is a pity could not be e- popular among- between two and- but they are, pe- ticable people- as their fathers- believing in the- unto the day is-

#### THE GUADALUPE

Is the name of a silver mine, situated in a romantic valley at the extreme same range of mountains, and about 100 miles from it. This mine was discovered in 1847, but was not worked till 1850. It was formed and owned by the company, but, owing to the want of capital and supplies, all operations were suspended. The company was formed by charter, from the land, under the name of the *Clara Mining*



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party who receives the pay and divides it among his fellows.

The *tenateros* receive three dollars per diem; the sifters and weighers, two dollars and a half; blacksmiths and bricklayers, five and six; while carpenters are paid the city price of eight dollars a day. These wages seem to be very just and liberal, yet such is their improvidence that no matter how much they earn, the miners are not one *peso* better off at the end of the month than they were at its beginning. No provision being made for sickness or age, when that time comes, as come it will, there is nothing for them to do but, like some worn out old charger, lie down and die. This has reference exclusively to the Mexicans; and it is a pity that a Savings Bank could not be established, and made popular among them. They number between two and three hundred in all; but they are, perhaps, the most impracticable people in the world, going on as their fathers did before them, firmly believing in the axiom, that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

#### THE GUADALUPE QUICKSILVER MINE

Is the name of a newly opened quicksilver mine, situated in a beautiful and romantic valley on Guadalupe Creek, at the extreme western point of the same range of hills as that of New Almaden, and about four and a half miles from it. This mine was discovered in 1847, but was not attempted to be worked till 1850, when a company was formed and operations commenced; but, owing to the high price of labor and supplies, and the company running short of funds, after a few months were suspended. In 1855, a new company was formed and incorporated by charter, from the Legislature of Maryland, under the title of the "*Santa Clara Mining Association, of Balti-*

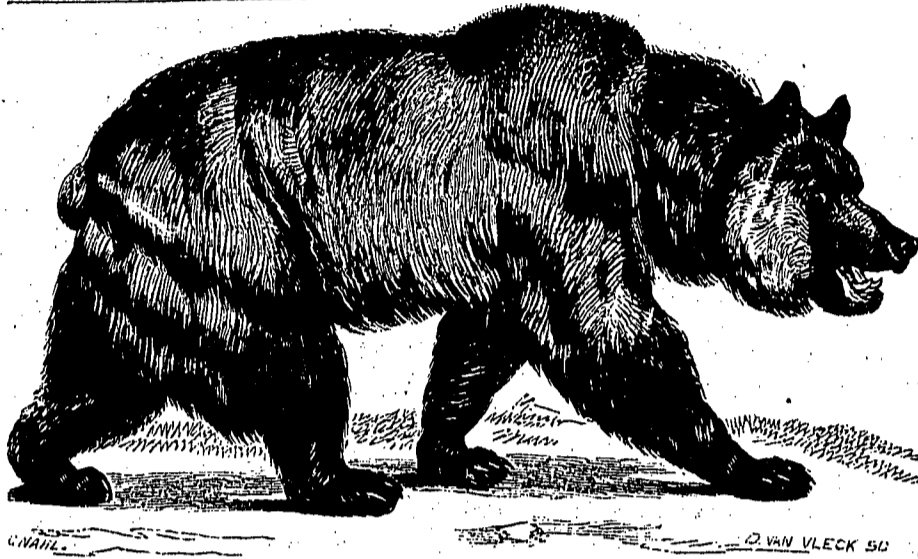
*more,*" with a sufficient working capital to open the mine, erect the necessary smelting works and carry them on. These being now nearly completed, the company expect, in a few weeks, to send their first samples of quicksilver to market; and, as large deposits of cinnabar have already been discovered, the prospects are peculiarly encouraging to the owners.

Without omitting a farewell visit and a last drink at the soda springs, we leave this singular spot for San Jose; and the following morning, after passing the Old Mission and the flourishing farms along the valley, arrived in Oakland just in time to be too late for the ferry boat at noon; but patience being a virtue, as we could do nothing else for three long hours, we quietly cultivated it and reached San Francisco to — practice it.

#### EPITAPH ON A PATRIOT SOLDIER.

Light be the earth that lies on his breast,  
 Green be the sod that covers his grave,  
 Hallow'd the song bird, untouch'd in its nest,  
 In the ever-green laurels that over it wave.  
 Be honor'd the sword that he gallantly bore,  
 Immortal the spot where he gloriously fell,  
 Be chaunted his fame on ev'ry free shore,—  
 On Time's latest record his memory dwell.  
 Exalted his name in the land of his birth,  
 Envy'd his fate by the sons of the brave,  
 Wide his example shall spread round the earth,  
 Till it ceases to bear on its bosom a slave.  
 Peace everlasting dwell in his soul,  
 Be welcom'd its entrance to regions of bliss,  
 While patriot-heroes, his name here enrol,  
 The reward of the brave, there ever be his.  
 DELIA.

We open the hearts of others when  
 we open our own.



GRIZZLY BEAR.

## THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

This animal has ever been represented by the trappers and mountaineers of the American continent, as the most formidable and ferocious of wild beasts. His home is among the solitary fastnesses of the mountain, and whenever the footsteps of the hunter has invaded it, it has been at the peril of his life. Who has not heard of the hair-breadth escapes, the severe wounds, and often fatal results of such rencounters in the Rocky Mountains? And often, in the early history of mountain adventure in California, after the discovery of gold, has the pioneer miner, with rifle and pickaxe, his blankets and pan, encountered this stern tenant of the forest, while in search of the precious metal.

We remember very well that during the winter of 1849 a colored man was passing through the underbrush, in the vicinity of Mud Springs, (now Eldorado,) then a very sparsely populated mining district, when he came suddenly upon a large grizzly bear, which immediately raised upon and struck him,

tearing off his clothing and making a few gashes in his flesh with the blow. The man had presence of mind to draw his knife, and, fortunately, with one blow he stabbed his antagonist to the heart, when he immediately fell with a groan. The man concluded to run, and when he returned to the spot, with assistance, the bear was dead. It was eventually taken to camp, and sold at one dollar and a quarter per pound, and as it weighed, when dressed, some little over eleven hundred pounds, it netted him about thirteen hundred dollars. He has many times since confessed that "it was the best prospect that he ever got!"

If a grizzly bear is suddenly disturbed, he will immediately make an attack upon the cause, whether it be man or beast. An acquaintance of ours when descending a brushy hill near Bird's Valley, in the spring of 1850, unfortunately came suddenly upon one, when it attacked and tore him so fearfully that for several months his life was despaired of, and though living, he is very badly disfigured in person.

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It is not often that the bear will be the aggressor—never if it can conveniently make off—except it be a mother with her young cubs, when, without the slightest provocation, she will attack, and an unerring rifle or tree will be almost the only chance of deliverance.

The first of the kind that we saw was perfectly conclusive to a bargain in our own mind that, if he were not the aggressor we never would be. His immense bulk, his fierce cunning eyes, his huge paws, his wide mouth and large teeth, as he sat upon his haunches gathering the berries from the mansanita, reminded us of a preference for a tree or a much greater distance between us. The moment he saw us he pricked up his ears, while his eyes "snapped" again with brilliancy as he evidently measured the distance between us; and, after a short pause, he stealthily walked away—several times looking back—as if with indecision or suspicion.

When men go out purposely to hunt the bear, they generally go very well prepared, and conduct the expedition with the greatest possible coolness and caution; but, with all their prudence and experience, they too often pay dearly for their sport.

In 1850 a large grizzly was seen near a place called the "Main Top," on the divide between the north and middle forks of the American river, when a party of six experienced hunters was soon upon his track, and hearing the crackling of bushes they immediately divided off in different directions, so as to surround him. At length he was seen, though partly hidden by the heavy underbrush, and fired upon, and at the first shot was badly wounded.

This infuriated him, and he rushed quickly and suddenly out, and before the rifle could be re-loaded or the hunter (Mr. Wright) could escape, or others come to his assistance, he was tripped down, when the bear at one blow took out a piece of his skull, to the brain, broke his arm, and would have torn him to pieces but for the hasty advance of another of the party, (Mr. Bonnett,) who, with a large sized revolver, went up to him, and, at the risk of his own life, shot the grizzly through the heart, when he directly turned upon him, but before he could reach him another shot through the head laid him prostrate at his feet. Mr. W. was removed and well attended, and after several months of great suffering, eventually recovered.

A Mr. Drury and his party were out on a prospecting trip for gold; and what was then very unusual, they were not well provided with weapons, but Mr. D.—— concluded to have a shot at a bear that was near them, which he wounded, when he immediately took to a tree, and his companions ran off for rifles and men; but, while they were away, the bear actually gnawed the tree—a mere sapling—in two, and after biting him through the body severely, left him for dead; but, by timely assistance being afforded, he recovered, yet will be a cripple for life.

The many early adventures of this kind, by miners and others, as they explored the lonely forest paths of these beasts while prospecting for gold, gave great interest to the camp-fire at night; and as the smoke curled up among the branches of the giant pines, and the fire sparkled in the darkness, many were the weary hours that were cheated



AN VLECK '50

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of their dullness by the hair-elevating stories of sights and experiences with the grizzly bear.

Every rustling of the leaves, every crackling of the branches, every brushing of the bushes—yes, every sound that was strange, whether distant or near, gave the signal for watchfulness, and with the rifle clutched they waited to see if it *might not* be a *grizzly*.

This animal has gradually disappeared from the mining encampments, although in some of the more secluded he still steals down at night to relieve the miner of his beef, or feast upon his pork, yet the instances are now very rare. He has emigrated to the unfrequented and solitary mountain forests, where undisturbed he can sleep through the winter, and at early spring find the young clover and roots upon which he may feed at leisure, or look out for an occasional victim among the young and timid deer; and when summer opens to give its wild fruits for his sustenance, be content with what he can get.

These animals grow to an astonishing size, some having been killed in this State that weighed one thousand eight hundred pounds. Their average life is about fifteen or sixteen years. They generally have three at a birth, and are well and tenderly cared for by the mother.

Although very wild, many of these animals have been thoroughly tamed, so as to have nearly as strong an attachment for man as a dog. Mr. Adams, a gentleman who resided in the upper portion of Tuolumne County, had so thoroughly tamed a young grizzly that it followed him wherever he went, and would moan in disappoint-

ment and distress whenever he took his rifle down for a hunting excursion and showed any signs of leaving him behind. On one occasion, when engaged in his favorite occupation—that of hunting—he had wounded a grizzly, and being unable to escape from his vengeance, was about falling a victim—for the bear had wounded him badly in the head—his dog and the young tamed bear set upon him from behind, when he immediately turned to give them battle; in the meanwhile Mr. Adams had regained his feet, got possession of his rifle, and from a shelter behind a tree kept firing until the bear was killed, but not before his devoted animals were severely wounded. He now says, with pride and pleasure, "*that bear once saved my life.*"

#### CALIFORNIA IN 1671.

For the perusal of a most rare and interesting work, published in 1671, entitled *A History of America*, we are indebted to Dr. Rabe, who recently procured it in London, and which most probably is the only copy in this State. It is a volume of 675 pages, of imperial folio size, embellished with remarkably graphic illustrations, embracing, among many others, those of "Christofel Colonus," "Ferdinand Magellanus," "Athabaliba Ultimus Rex Peruanorum," and is peculiar for the quaint style of the typography, as well as the orthography, of 1671.

To the antiquarian, nothing can be more interesting than these reminiscences collected from over 160 authors, and snatched from the oblivion of the early records of those periods, after the authors, the actors in those scenes,

have long since been gathered to their final rest.

The whole work is written in a plain and forcible style, and pictures the early morality of some of their laws, manners and customs.

We think the title page given below will amuse our readers, and the description of California one hundred and eighty-five years ago, be as interesting as anything we can place before them.

TITLE PAGE:

AMERICA,

Being the latest and most accurate description of

THE NEW WORLD,

Containing the original of the Inhabitants, and the remarkable voyages thither—the conquest of the vast EMPIRES of MEXICO and PERU, and other large Provinces and Territories, with the several European PLANTATIONS in those parts. Also, their Cities, Fortresses, Towns, Temples, Mountains and Rivers. Their Habits, Customs, Manners and Religions. Their Plants, Beasts, Birds and Serpents; with an appendix containing, besides several other considerable additions, a brief survey of what hath been discovered of the *unknown South-Land* and the *Arctic Region*.

Collected from the most authentic authors, augmented with later observations, and adorn'd with maps and sculptures.

By JOHN OGILBY, Esq.

His Majesty's *Cosmographer*, *Geographic Printer*, and Master of the *Revels*, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

LONDON:

Printed by the author, and are to be had at his House in *White Fryers*.

M. DC. LXXI.

CALIFORNIA.

"We shall close up our discourse of these islands that lie north of the Equinoctial Line, with a discourse of California, specially so called, which was

by many thought and described to be a Peninsula or half island, by reason of the Bay which divides it from Quivian and New Gallacia towards the north, runneth much narrower than it doth southerly, which made them think that somewhere or other at the north it was join'd to the main land of America; But later Discoveries have found it to be a perfect island and altogether separate from the Continent; for about the year 1620 some adventurers, beating upon those Coasts Northward, accidentally and before they were aware, fell upon a straight, the waters whereof ran with such a Torrent and violent course, that they brought them into Mar Vermiglio, whether they would or no, and before they knew it, and by that means discovered that California was an island, and that the waters that were observed to fall so violently into that Sea towards the North, were not the Waters of any River emptying itself into the Bay from the main Land, as was formerly thought, but the Waters of the North West sea itself, violently breaking into the Bay and dividing it wholly from the continent. It lieth North and South, extending itself in a vast length, full twenty Degrees of Latitude, viz: from twenty-two to forty-two; but the breadth nothing answerable.

The most Northern Point of it is call'd Cape Blanche; that to the South, Cape St. Lucas, memorable for that rich and gallant Prize which Captain Cavendish, in the year 1587, being then in his voyage about the World, took from the Spaniards near to this Place. As for the Island it self, it is at present little, if at all inhabited by the Spaniards; whether it be that they want Men to furnish new Plantations, or that they find no matter of invitation and encouragement from the country, or perhaps that the access thither be not so easie: for 'tis reported to be wonderfully well peopled by the Natives, and that there were found onely upon the Coasts and along the Shore of Mar Vermiglio, twenty or twenty-

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three Nations, all of different Languages; though from the peculiar Narrations that have been made of the Voyages of several eminent Persons into these Parts, it appears that the Spaniards have taken great pains in the discovery thereof, and also from the several Spanish Names of Places, that they have had Plantations here formerly, however neglected at present.

The Country is abundantly well stored with Fish and Fowl, as appears partly by the Natives, who take a huge pride in making themselves gay with the Bones of the one, with which they load their Ears, and sometimes their Noses also; and with the Feathers of the other, which ordinary People wear only sticking about their Wastes; but Great Persons, and such as will be fine indeed, beset their Heads strangely with them, and have commonly one Bunch of them bigger than ordinary hanging down behind them like a Tail.

Having no knowledge of the true God, they worship what the Devil will have them, that is, the Sun, attributing to it only the increase of their Plants, healthful Seasons, and most of the other good things they enjoy, or are sensible of.

Their Government is said to be onely Oeconomical, each Father ordering the Affairs of his family apart, without subjection to any other Superior; yet so well manag'd, that they live in good Peace one with another; not without many good Laws and Customs, viz: That they allow but one Wife to one Man; That they punish Adultery with Death; That they suffer not maids to talk or converse with Men till they be Married; That Widows may not Marry till they have Mourn'd at least one half year for their Husbands deceased; and divers others of like nature, which perhaps, if the truth were known, do more properly belong to the Natives of Utopia, or New Atlantis, than to these of California.

The Places therein, as yet observed, are onely upon the Sea Coast.

1. The Capes of St. Clara and St. Lucas, the one at the South-East end of the Island, looking towards New Galicia, the other at the South-West, looking into the Sea, and towards Asia.

2. St. Cruce, so nam'd from its being first discover'd on Holy Rood Day, being a large and convenient Haven, not far from Cape St. Clara.

3. Cabo de las Playas, so call'd from a company of little bare Hillocks appearing from the Sea, and is more within the Bay.

4. Cabo Baxo, so term'd as lying towards the bottom of the Gulf.

5. St. Andrews, another convenient Haven upon an Island of the same Name.

6. St. Thomas, an Island at the Mouth of the Gulf or Bay, of about twenty-five Leagues in compass, rising Southerly with a high mountainous Point, under which is a convenient Road for Shipping, and twenty-five Fathoms of Water.

On the other side of the Island, towards the Main Sea, there is

1. St. Abad, a good Haven, and almost surrounded with a pleasant and fruitful Countrey.

2. Cape Trinidado, a noted Promontory.

3. Cape de Cedras, so call'd (together with a small Island named it) from the store of Cedars growing thereabouts.

4. Enganna.

5. Puebla de las Canoas, so nam'd from the abundance of those little Boats which the Americans generally use, and do call Canoos, whereof perhaps some store are made there.

6. Cabo de Galera, from its resemblance to a Rat.

It is believ'd there are many more Promontories and Bays on both sides of this Island, besides Rivers and Islets, yet not nam'd, and altogether unknown. Moreover Dr. Heylin hath well observ'd, that those above-mention'd are the Names onely Places and not of Towns and Villages, though doubtless there must needs have been

some sea by the Nations.

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together upon several Beds of Bull-Rushes. What their Towns were or whether they had any, is altogether unknown.

DR. DOT IT DOWN'S NOTES.

MY LAST LOTTERY

It was in November, of the year 1843, as near as I can recollect, that my last lottery, as I call it, was opened. I was sitting with my dear wife of blessed memory, in my little parlor on Canal street, that overlooked the traffic on the Hudson river, one cold, dismal evening, reviewing the affairs of the past day, and cogitating in my mind how I could raise a little money to pay off a debt for which I had become partly responsible to oblige a friend, when my attention was attracted to an extraordinary appearance in the fireplace, between the red hot coals. "My dear," said I, "do you see anything remarkable in the fire just now?—here, where I sit." "Yes, I do," said she. "What, a figure? Yes," she replied, "a two,—*Yes*—*and a four*—*exactly*—*and a seven*, and I think something like a five. The very number! How extraordinary! I have seen this myself, before I called your attention." I stirred the fire; still some of the numbers were visible; at least, I fancied so; although they had vanished from my wife's observation. I went to bed, and the next morning, at breakfast, I told my wife how I had dreamed more than once of purchasing a ticket that came up a prize bought by this very number. Said she, "Dear Hus, (she used to call me hus.—short for husband. Bless her heart; be her name ever revered) dear Hus, I have dreamed the very same thing; nay, more, I dreamt it twice. So have I, if not thrice: and more than that, said she; I thought you had bought Hopkins' little cottage at Brooklyn, and his little pony, and his beautiful harness, and I was so happy driving you out in it.

"Say no more," said I, "I go this

very morning to the lottery ticket office

I got to the office in good time, and with breathless anxiety enquired if 2475 had been sold. No, the whole of it was at my service. I paid down with joy the price of it, and flew home to my wife—although pressing business awaited me at my office—and placed it in her hands, received a rapturous kiss from her dear, dear lips, and for once, in my life, was happy.

Well, the day, the important day, big with the fate of Cato (myself) and of Rome, (Rose-tree Cottage) at last arrived. I looked over the prize numbers, mine certainly was not there. I looked again with the same result. I then, to make surety doubly sure, examined the blanks, and sure enough mine stood among them as plain as black types could express anything. A few days afterwards, the girl had just raked out the cinders of the fire, and was black-leading the stove.

"Before lighting the fire I saw—yes, I saw to my utter astonishment these very numbers on the back of the stove; the founder's number for his stoves, I suppose. I could have smashed his head with the candlestick I held in my hand.

"My dear," said my wife, when I came home in the evening, "what was the matter with you this morning? Amelia says that she never saw you so agitated before. Her nose is swollen as big as a turnip raddish, and the girl threatens to leave, and take I don't know what, against you; she says you hurled the silver plated candlestick with all your might against her, and for what, she don't know."

"Sweet one," said I, "tell her this story of our last lottery, and if that don't make the swelling go down, I will go down on my knees to her, for dawdle as she is, it is enough to make the stones in the street laugh."

My sweet one laughed as heartily as myself at the oddity of the thing when she heard of it, and saw the self same figures in the stove, and thus ended my first and last lottery.

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## THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

## CHAPTER VI.

## WHAT WILL NOT OPPRESSION MAKE?

Who that has been to London has not seen or heard of Wapping; the concentration of all the human scum of the great city.

In Mud Alley, the last house as you approach the docks, on the right hand side, is a low public, called The Crooked Billet. It was originally called Crooked Bill, but for an unpleasant notoriety its former possessor, a cripple, obtained, it was then altered, with a view of still retaining its usual customers—thieves and burglars of the most desperate character—and yet, to gain credit for an alteration for the better of its character. It would long ago have been divested of its license, had it not been found a convenient house of call for the Thames bargemen and laborers, as its landlord, one of the bench, duly set forth to his brother legal-licensers on licensing day.

In a parlor under ground, hollowed out at a depth, underneath the bed of the river, sat four worthies, known by the slang names of the Smasher, Crasher, Slasher, and Haberdasher. The first was a well-known counterfeit coiner; the second, a glaze-star burglar, that is, one who enters premises by noiselessly withdrawing a pane of glass by a peculiar process, sufficient to admit a juvenile thief; the third had been a prize fighter, whose age precluded him from again entering that arena; the fourth's occupation was unknown, but from the circumstance of his always wearing a glove on the right hand, which did not appear to be disabled, obtained for him that cognomination. It was believed by the fraternity, that he wore it to disguise a letter V, he having been branded on the continent as a (voleur) thief.

"Is the old man, called Robert,

B

here, Skitter?" enquired Smasher of the landlord, as he entered to bring beer and pipes for five,—

"Yes, he came in after you."

"What did he say?"

"The horse has gone lame, and will be blind."

"All right," said Smasher; "turn the screw and let him come down."

A large iron knob in the wall was turned, the entrance door slid back, displaying a small flight of steps.

"Come on," the landlord shouted. The door opened on the foot of the stairs, and soon entered the man Robert. The landlord returned, the door closed, and the five were in conclave.

By an ingenious arrangement this door was so contrived as to form the entrance to two apartments; one, the landlord's side room, or rather closet, where he transacted all his money matters. When this knob was turned, the whole closet slid on one side, and disappeared altogether behind the wainscot, disclosing the flight of stairs that led to this apartment, thus serving the purpose of a door also, to this lower room.

"Bagged your game, Mr. Robert?" says Smasher.

"Yes," replied Robert, "I've poached to some purpose this time. You'll soon hear of it I doubt not, in the Hue and Cry. The government will offer its hundreds, perhaps thousands, and you, who have eked me on to this, will be the first to take the blood-money and betray me."

"If I do, may"—here an oath too awful to be written by human pen, was ejaculated. One and all echoed the same.

"You have got into the wrong hands to be so treated. Bad as we are, we are not so desperately mean as to cut the throat of him who supplies us with bread. No, no; have a little faith, neighbor," continued Smasher; "I'd cut that tongue out that dare betray you, though a pistol were at my head at the moment."

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"The old scoundrel, the Earl shall know now, what it is to have a son. I had a son once. Ah! such a noble boy!"—here he dashed aside a tear from his eye—"and by that villain I lost house and home, wife and son, at one fell swoop. I had the happiest home that ever fell to the lot of mortal. A wife who dearly loved me, a son whom we loved as our own souls; she was all that a wife should be, he was more than a son can be. My boy! my poor boy! My wife! my broken-hearted wife! Father, wife, son, home, all ruined." Here his emotions were too great to be stifled. He covered his face with his two hands and sobbed convulsively, in silence, for some minutes.

"I'll tell you how it was," continued he, "my lad was a member of an amateur flower-club; he had the prettiest pinks and pansies, and auriculas, that you ever saw. He gained the best prize at our last flower show, and bought us both, and himself, a new rig-out of Sunday clothes with the money.

"This old Earl was a neighbor of ours, d—him; and his rabbits, and hares, and partridges, and what not, were continually intruding into our garden; and one morning, in spite of all my boy's vigilance and nailing up boards, he found all his best flowers eaten up by these vermin. I was out at the time, or I might have restrained him. He made no ado, but coolly went up stairs for his gun and shot several hares and rabbits, as many as three or four, perhaps, that had got into our place and couldn't get out again. The noise brought the whole posse of lazy game-keepers. They saw my son with the gun in his hand, throwing the vermin, one after another, over the park paling. That evening he was handcuffed like a felon, put into the jail amongst the vile, and in the following County Assizes was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond. I called upon his lordship, and the parson was with me, but it was all in vain; his

good character went for nothing. My wife fell ill seeing him not in his usual place, night after night, cheering us with his many joking stories. I could not keep her courage up. He hanged himself at last, hearing of his mother's grief—she survived the disaster only a day, and left me, alone, in my cottage, all through the endless lengthened and dark nights, to bewail my bitter lot. The Earl sent for me after their death, to come to him, expressing his sorrow at what had happened. He had something to offer me to misplace what I had lost. "Tell him," said I to the liveried lick-spittle he sent, "I have something to offer him," and after that he may take my life as he has that of my wife and son.

"This was construed into a threat, a warrant was out against me. I sold my cottage, plucked up resolution, put my hand on my son's gun, bade adieu to honest labor and my birth-place, and vowed—revenge. And where is the man that would do otherwise?"

"Where, indeed," said one and all.

"Mark the deed and its punishment," continued the old man, his eyes flashing fire and his eyebrows elevated, exhibiting a fearless desperation, "and contrast it with another—a wretch beating the partner of his bosom within an inch of her life, and receiving no more than six months' imprisonment in the same calendar. Oh!" said he, "can a just God look on this and suffer such deeds, without bringing the principal offenders, the makers of such vile laws, to justice? Can an honest, laboring man in this lord-ridden country claim a single fowl of the air, a beast of the field, a fish of the river, without their license? The very air, nay, the very light of heaven we must pay for, if it comes through the windows of our houses. Our lands of common, our running streams, are all their property. And now I come to claim my reward, the ten pounds you promised me."

"All right, my friend, we are ready; but first, in common fairness, we should be convinced that he is put out of the

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y friend, we are ready;  
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way, so that our future operations may  
not be trammelled by his appearance,"  
said the Slasher.

"He will no more trouble you, take  
my word for it,—further than this I do  
not chose to reveal."

"Well, but tell us how."

"Not a word,—I will forfeit,—I will  
be content to lose my life at your  
hands if he ever return to trouble you.  
Here," said he, holding up a signet  
ring, "here is sufficient evidence of his  
powerlessness to do you any harm, what-  
ever your designs may be. You must  
know he would not part with this while  
conscious of life."

The four consulted together in a  
private whisper for some time, and at  
last agreed to give him the sum men-  
tioned.

"Good!" said the old man, "and  
now I will tell you more,—I am off to  
California or Australia, or some other  
distant land; let me know where you  
are to be found, and I will honestly ex-  
change the confidence by telling you  
of my future whereabouts."

The Haberdasher, who was the only  
one who could write, at a tacit bidding  
of the three, wrote down on the back  
of an envelope the required informa-  
tion, and the interview closed.

## CHAPTER VII.

## MR. H. MAKES A COMPO. WITH HIS CREDITORS.

"Not at all Mr. Hickleberry, I see  
no impropriety in it. 'Tis quite nat-  
ural; you and Mrs. Hickleberry can  
well afford it. We accept your kind  
invitation. If I can't attend, there shall  
be some one there to represent the  
firm, to partake of the hospitality on  
the occasion. I see your debts amount  
to the sum of two hundred and seventy  
five pounds, fourteen shillings, and six-  
pence ha'penny, as set forth in this  
balance sheet; your stock in trade and  
bad debts may realize some fifty pounds  
at least."

"Mr. Suit," interrupted H., "'Tis  
not worth mentionin'. I intend to

leave it all to a poor old soul who  
served me faithfully for four years;  
'twill give him a living, poor old crit-  
ter, and be the means of takin' on him  
out of that parish pest—the workkus."

"It does credit to your goodness of  
heart, Mr. Hickleberry," said the man  
of law. "Then you would rather settle  
these accounts yourself, I see, and wish  
to do so on this occasion."

"Exactly so, Mr. Suit, and if you  
think the idea not an unsuitable one, I  
should like those who have waited  
longest, and who have bothered me  
the least, to receive a leetle over and  
above their accounts by way of inter-  
est, you see, as a kind of reward, and a  
hint like, to be easy upon poor devils  
who may be a little behindhand in their  
money matters; even if I pinched a  
little for it arterward. It would be a  
hoppportunity also of servin' out the close-  
fisted ones, that have 'prived me of  
many a night's rest, when I didn't know  
which way to turn for a blessed ha'-  
penny."

"To reward the kind, and punish the  
unmerciful, eh?"

"Jest so, Mr. Suit, I intend to make  
a speech on that ere occasion; I don't  
often make a fool o' myself Mr. Suit,  
but I don't mind it when there's good  
likely to come on it."

"By the bye, your odd name is as-  
sociated in my mind with something  
very remarkable which your mention  
of a speech calls to remembrance," said  
Mr. Suit. "I remember two or three  
years ago, the son of the Duke of  
\* \* \* \* \* stood for Marylebone, and  
upon some of the voters on that occa-  
sion taxing him with turning some old  
people, tenants of his, out of doors, be-  
cause they could not pay an increased  
rent; replied, 'May I not do as I like  
with my own,' to which this person I  
allude to, replied, 'Certainly not, my  
Lord. This lighted torch which I hold  
in my hand, (it was night when his  
lordship addressed them from the bal-  
cony of his hotel) is mine: but because  
it is mine, I have no right to burn my  
neighbors' premises down with it.' I

remember that argument, homely as it was, proved unanswerable, and cost my Lord his election. I remember, also, that the papers reported the man's name to be something like yours; it particularly stated it, as evidence that a plain home-thrust like that, was better than all the sophistry of a learned logician; which his Lordship was reputed to be."

"Yes, Mr. Suit, I am the individual, but I niver could see how that little bit o' common sense, from a huneducated man like myself, could have so soon floored a great man like my Lord. But you was a sayin' about my debts, and —"

"I will forward you the balance sheet before next Monday, stating how you stand exactly. I will just hint, that if your debts were hundreds, where they are tens, you need not be under any apprehension about them; they are mere bagatelles. You know our bankers, I have deposited a sum there in your name which will satisfy all and every demand that may be made upon you, and leave a comfortable margin on the creditor's side, for your present use. So, in the meantime, I advise you and your family to enjoy yourselves; you seem to be a temperate man, or I should not give you this advice, and your good sense, I know, will guide you in the right use of your good fortune."

"I am obleeged by your good opinion, Mr. Suit, I never was drunk but once in my life, and that was upon a very remarkable occasion, a very rum one indeed, and which I'm ashamed on to this day. I hope that I may not prove undeserving of the favor that a kind Providence has stowed away upon sitch a humble individual as myself."

Soon after this interview, Hickleberry's creditors were summoned to accept a composition in the pound—a strange proceeding, as they thought, who were not in the secret, especially as he had just jumped into a large fortune by the death of a distant relative. The importunate set it down as all a

trick, to bilk them of their just demands, or looked upon the rumor of his good fortune, as an artful dodge, to stave off their claims altogether; while the confident still gave him credit for being an honest fellow, yet had their misgivings, that distress might have made him have recourse at last to an unworthy stratagem. However, one and all, upon the day and hour given, attended with their little accounts at the little parlor in the Dog and Whistle.

Hickory rubbed his hands with glee as the time approached, when he was to meet them. To his honest heart, it was indeed a luxury to pay every one his own; but in the midst of this honest pride, there lurked a roguish twinkle in the eye, indicative of some good joke to be carried out at somebody's expense. With his friend Hobbs, by his side, the first creditor to shake him by the hand on entering was Mr. Scrut. Mr. Benjamin Scrut, a usurer of much notoriety among that class of poor tradesmen, that are ever driven at their wits' end, on Saturday nights, to pay their workmen their week's wages. His calculations were adjusted to the nicest balance of credit and probability. When the credit was good, he exacted only fifteen per cent. for petty loans; but where there might be any doubt preponderating in the scale, a quarter per cent. was but *poor profit*. Many and many a time would the poor goaded small tradesman, gather together some of his best wares late on the Saturday night, to sell for anything they would fetch at the last extremity, rather than have recourse to him. And once within his spider-meshes, ruin, sooner or later, was inevitable. Many were the fair prospects he had ruined; many were the hearts he had broken.

"I am happy to congratulate you on your good fortune Mr. Hickleberry. Amongst my numerous friends, I know of no one who deserves such good luck more than you," whined the old usurer.

"Good fortune! Mr. Scrut—ah! ha! some cruel wag or other has bin

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playin' off his jokes agin you Mr. Seruit. My good friend Hobbs here has managed this here business for me. He is to be the Chairman on the occasion," rejoined Dickory.

"Yes," interposed Hobbs, "we have met together to see if we can't save an honest man from the humiliation of going thro' the Insolvent Debtor's Court, and giving him another chance; another fresh start in the world."

"So then this is all a sham, this fine fortune. Mark me—I'm not to be diddled in this way by any body, if you think to try it on with Benjamin Seruit, I can tell you he's not the man to be trifled with."

"Well then your best way will be to put him in jail, and get nothing for your pains."

"What do you propose then to offer in the pound? I merely ask it for curiosity's sake."

"Something more than a shilling, perhaps," said Hobbs, looking very sympathetic.

"Ah, I thought so, Mr. Dobbs, or Hobbs, or whoever you may be. You will have to calculate upon my opposing every step to any accommodation of this kind, and I know three or four others who will add to the opposition."

"Then he must go to quod."

"Yes, and I'll take care he shall go somewhere else after he gets out, do what you may."

"At all events you may as well call and hear our decision, after we have had our dinner. We shall have got through by five, and if you will call, you will hear what the majority will have recommended."

"Dinner! dinner!—at the insolvent's expense. Really, Mr. Hobbs, you do things in style. What right have you to order and pay for a dinner out of the bankrupt's effects?"

"I take that responsibility, friend Seruit, upon myself. I have always been accustomed to order dinner before I proceed to business of this kind; and I find it has the best possible effect; it makes the creditors look more kindly

towards the debtor, and cheers him up. If he's a rogue, its one step towards making him an honest man; and if he's an honest man, one step towards making him a solvent one hereafter. I never lost anything by it, and I would advise you to try it."

"Yes,—add water to fuel to make it burn longer. No, I thank ye. I leave you to become rich by such means. In the mean time, Mr. Hobbs or Snobbs, mark me! I mean to have my own; every penny of it." So saying, he shut the door with a bang, leaving the two friends in ecstasies at his mortification and disappointment.

The three or four others followed in the same wake, and left accordingly, while the rest, upon an interview, thought it one of the most stupid and cruel jokes they ever heard; but were, however, glad of the dinner, when they heard it was not to be at the creditor's expense.

Friend Hobbs now adjourned into the big parlor, where a long table was laid out with the taste of a connoisseur in good things, and falling to with right good will, at the good game of knife and fork before them, soon learned to think less of Hickory's *bumptiousness* or impudence, and more of Hobbs' discretion and good management.

After the cloth was removed and grace had been said, Hobbs, to the surprise of all the party assembled, took the chair and sat in Dickory's place.

While the wine, spirits and fruit were being placed upon the table, Dickory drew out of his side pocket a long strip of paper, containing the items of his several debts.

"Gents," said he, addressing them with their mouths wide open, "friend Hobbs, on second consideration, would rather I should settle your accounts myself. So I begin with Mr. Smithers. Your bill, I see, is fifteen pound odd; 'tis bin owin' two months, and you have asked me for it but once, and then in the most politest manner. Here are

two twenty pun notes, of which I beg your acceptance. The change keep for Mrs. Smithers and the little Smithers, if there are any sitch people in existence; or, if not, put it in your pipe and smoke it." Proceeding in this manner, greatly to the surprise of all present, until the pile of new bank notes was well nigh exhausted, the landlord opened the door and ushered in the malcontents.

Nothing could equal the surprise of these three worthies, when they saw Hick, in full feather, seated in the arm chair, with a glass of brandy and water before him, enveloped in a cloud of white smoke, which, frequent puffs from the agitated smoker, threatened to obscure from their sight.

"Take your seats, gents.—take your seats," said H., flushed with pride at his position. "Friend Goodyear, pass the bottle to our three friends below," said he, handing a glass decanter.

Friend Goodyear, taking the hint, and the joke at the same time, asked would they like a cinder in it.

The three opposition members turned pale and red by turns. After a few moments, Scrut broke silence:

"I didn't come here to be insulted, Mr. Hickory; but I came to be paid my just account, which I beg leave to hand to the waiter, to give to you for inspection."

"What's the amount, friend Scrut?" asked Dickory, scarcely deigning to take the pipe from his mouth.

"Fifty-nine pounds, nineteen shillings and tenpence, Mr. Hickleberry. I think you ought to know it by this time, for I think your memory has been refreshed almost every morning for this last month upon the subject."

"But I have paid off some of it, haven't I?"

"Yes, a miserable instalment of some six pounds."

"The original debt was some forty pounds, was it not?"

"It may be that," replied Scrut, looking defiance.

"Well, gents, with your permission

friend Hobbs will read over, for the edification of friend Scrut, how my other debts have been disposed of; and then I'll make a propersition to Mr. Scrut. My hobbligation have been a very heavy one to him, and I desire, you see, to make him a suitable return.

A clapping of hands, and rapping of pots and glasses on the table, by way of approbation, followed the recital, while a gleam of joy shone on the countenance of Scrut when he saw that the rumor of Hick's good fortune was not a false one.

"Gentlemen!" roared Hobbs, "the chair is about to speak."

"Gents, all," began Hickory, "Mr. Scrut has laid me under, as I said before, very heavy hob-ble-i-gations, and I have determined to return it in the heaviest manner in my power. There is a bag in that ere corner, marked with his name: have the goodness to place it on the table."

The waiter tugged at it a considerable time, but in spite of all his endeavors, could not stir it. Two of the convivants sitting near observing this, lent a hand, and after a little staggering placed it on the table.

"There," said Hickory, "is your demand," pointing to the bag. "I think you will find the return as heavy as the hob-ble-i-gation. I borrowed forty pounds of you; I return it to you in something less than eight hundred pounds of copper, in the legal coin of the rellum. What you find deficient in interest, a gent here, from the firm of Suit, Nabb & Co., will answer for according to the usury laws. So give me a receipt and put the money in your pocket."

A roar of laughter filled up the void made by the end of this speech, and the discomfitted Scrut stood as one stupified amid the jeers of the whole party. The other two sneaked out of the room, fearful that another joke of similar import awaited them, in the shape of legal flint stones, for aught they knew.

While the party were thus enjoy-

ing themselves, all necessary provisions for a firm friend from S. & N., for a

It was late convivialities wended his way to his happy home. breakfasting was a scene presenting rather an unusual

"Where's my mistress?" asked he of an swinging away ing on to two beam in the wa you about?—you as a char the baby here time in that er that! Are ye

"Och! faix, mistress as des for the say, to nness, an' as same.

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He opened friend Hobbs Hickleberry Adam in a practicing for tive against se templated jour

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Of a man horse in harv deer in a sled English race 88 feet; of feet; of the 1,030 feet; c 100 feet.

HABIT in spider's web thread or tw finally a cab



ing themselves, Mr. Hick was making all necessary preparations, assisted by a firm friend from the firm of Messrs. S. & N., for a long voyage.

It was late that night before the convivialities were over, and Hick wended his way once more to his happy home. In the morning, after breakfasting with one of his friends, a scene presented itself to him of rather an unusual nature.

"Where's my wife blundered to?" asked he of an Irishwoman, who was swinging away like a great boy, holding on to two ropes suspended from a beam in the wash-house. "What are you about?—confound you, I don't pay you as a charwoman to come and act the baby here, to swing away your time in that ere manner. Come out of that! Are ye crazy?" shouted Hick.

"Och! faix, good master, an' it's the mistress as desired me to be practicing for the say, to kape off' the say sickness, an' as sent you a rope for that same.

"What?—where's your mistress?"

He opened a door, and there was friend Hobbs in one swing, Mrs. Hickleberry in a second, and little Adam in a third, all swinging and practicing for the "say," as a preventive against sea sickness in their contemplated journey to California.

COMPARISON OF SPEED.—A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate is per second:—

Of a man walking, 4 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12 feet; of a reindeer in a sledge on ice, 29 feet; of an English race horse, 43 feet; of a hare, 88 feet; of a good sailing ship, 14 feet; of the wind, 81 feet; of sound, 1,030 feet; of a 24 pound cannon ball, 2,800 feet.

HABIT in a child is at first like a spider's web, if neglected, it becomes a thread or twine; next a cord or rope; finally a cable; and who can break it?

## A SEA-RIOUS RHYME.

BY MONADNOCK.

The buntlines upon the main courses,  
Part like robes on a bust of eighteen,  
Where the full swelling bosom half forces  
Its beautiful contour between,  
On white sails the long reef-points lie,  
Like the delicate silken eye lashes  
That fringe the pure depths of some eye,  
When with poetry and passion it flashes.

This evening on calm summer sea,  
When waves dance about in their bliss,  
And the ship glides along in her glee,  
She resembles a boarding-school miss;  
Her bosom, half-seen in the night,  
Seems swelling with pent-up emotion,  
And she flings out her soft arms of white  
As if to embrace grim old ocean.

Our ship uses 'braces' and 'stays'  
To keep her in good sailing trim,  
Which are some of the milliner's ways  
By which a young belle is made slim;  
She bows and careens on the billows,  
In a way that is very coquettish,  
Like a pretty flirt greeting the fellows,  
When inclined to be fainting and pettish.

When the heartless coquette takes a notion  
To give a mad suitor the slip,  
And cuts him adrift on love's ocean,  
She is only a fast clipper ship;  
She glides right away from the dreamer,  
Who hopelessly pines at his lot;  
He might as well chase a war-steamer  
In a dull sailing Dutch galliot.

When listlessly flapping her sails  
In a calm on a smooth glassy sea,  
She's a fashionable belle at the springs,  
Who is dying with love and ennui;  
When the calm is relieved by a gale,  
Which only the storm-sails can bear,  
And the ship ships the seas o'er her rail,  
She wears quite a vixenish air.

When the night falls down gloomy and black,  
Her dark bows are flashing with fire,  
And she flings the waves out of her track  
Like a woman when storming in ire;  
When under bare poles she scuds on,  
A virago wrought into despair,  
She shrieks like a fierce Amazon,  
With brawny arms tossing in air.

At each changing breath of the fashion,  
Woman changes her 'rig' and her 'bearing,'  
To suit the Parisian passion;  
Fond of 'going-about' and of 'wearing,'  
Over life's matrimonial sea,  
A husband must take the command,  
For women, like ships, you must see,  
Are useless unless they are *manned*.

## CALIFORNIA A GREAT COUNTRY.

There are many great and renowned lands on this great earth. Some are brilliant in chivalry; others are great in their agricultural resources; others for their commercial enterprise. California is great in all these—great in all the substantial elements of wealth; she is great in every department of human enterprise; in the exceeding and almost fabulous riches of her mines. She may well now, long before verging upon her teens, enter the lists with a certainty of outstripping all competitors in the race for the highest honors a generous people can bestow.

California has more flowers, brighter and larger by far than any other land; grander and wilder mountain scenery than can be found elsewhere. Even the highest waterfall on the globe had to come all the way to California to show off to the best advantage. In no other country could the trees, wishing to make a fine display of their magnificent proportions, find elbow room enough, except in California. Her sky is higher, bluer and wider; her sun warmer, her moon larger, her stars brighter, and thicker, and more of them than can be found in any other land, or in all creation besides. In no other country would her towering mountains find so bright and glorious a sky for a magnificent background, on which to paint the bold outlines of their towering peaks and craggy sides, in the wildest and sublimest beauty.

In animate nature she takes the lead of all other lands. Her fleas are larger—will jump farther and keep out of the way longer—than any of the slabsided, puny, half-starved Yankee

fleas; her rats are larger, better fed, more sleek and glossy, and far better contented, and more cosy, than all others. The very personification of well-behaved, clever and gentlemanly rats can be found here.

No other country can show half so many thousand acres of wild ducks and geese; no other rivers can turn out salmon half as large; and even the rivers themselves, in their roystering, hoyden glee, in their chuckling over the bright nuggets snoozing in their beds, make more noise in leaping, splashing and thundering down the mountain gorges than any other rivers in any country. Our quails are prettier, our coyotes plentier, and our grizzly bears are not easily *beaten*—they correspond with our trees, mountains, waterfalls, and all other wonderful things in this State.

California has more energetic men than can be found in the same number of people in all Christendom. Her fair cities and towns have been swept away again and again by fire and flood, and, phoenix-like, new ones have sprung up before the blazing brands of the former ruins had ceased smoking.

With an iron will and undying perseverance, they grapple with difficulties, overcome trials, and stand before the world displaying all that is great and glorious in character and industry.

More, and better than all, our ladies are fairer, and far more beautiful; our children are more lovely, larger, and more of them—are smarter; and will make more noise on the Fourth of July—burn more fire crackers—than all other children between here and Chinadom.

Whoever doubts this, let him come

here and see for himself, and he will say that the one-half has not been told him; and with us think it is a great country.

B.

## "PASSING AWAY."

I hear a voice, in the autumn winds,  
A cry in the forest gloom,  
A whisper low on the summer breeze,  
Borne from the silent tomb.  
Still, soft and sad, at the evening's close,  
At the dawn of the early day,  
In angel tones and in murmurs soft,  
"Soon wilt thou have passed away."

In the heart's lone cells, in its secret founts,  
In the drop of the bitter tear,  
In sad, sad thoughts of an absent one  
'Mid hope's dark ashes drear.  
Still, still o'er the altar of hopeless love  
Is sounding a mournful lay,  
And an angel tone chants softly low,  
"He's passed from thy gaze away."

O'er the sufferer's couch at the eve of life,  
When short is the fevered breath,—  
When the marble brow, and pure, young heart,  
Are fanned by the wings of death,—  
Still 'ere the pure soul has flown from earth,  
Life's zephyrs around it play,  
The dear, loved voice speaks softly low:  
"I'm passing away, away."

Hope, love and joy speed e'er to us,  
On the wings of the early morn,  
They gently tread on our thorny path,  
But soon, too soon, are gone.  
A radiance bright on the heart is cast,  
But soon, like the sunset's ray,  
It fades 'mid the shades of the coming eve,  
And has passed like a dream away.

Thus ever as pearls on an ocean strand,  
As shells on the dark sea shore,  
When the ocean wave sweeps madly on,  
Are gone and are seen no more;  
Do life's young flowers 'neath the tempest's  
Drop gently their leaflets gay, [wreath,  
And are swept by a wave from their slender  
stalks,  
And are passed from the earth away.

*The Wreath.*

"LILLY-BELL."

The best women in the world are those who stay at home; such is the universal opinion of the best judges, to wit: their husbands. The worst women are those who have no home, or who love all other places better; such is the verdict of those who meet them abroad. A wife in the house is as indispensable as a steersman at the wheel.

"Pa, what is the interest of a kiss?"  
asked a sweet sixteen of her sire.

"Why, really, I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Because John, my cousin, borrowed a kiss last night from me, and said he'd pay me some of these nights with interest, after we are married."

The first bird of spring  
Attempted to sing,  
But ere he had rounded a note,  
He fell from the limb—  
Ah! a dead bird was him—  
The music had friz in his throat!

INTEGRITY is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence the third; without the first, the two latter cannot exist, and without the two former the latter would be often useless.

GREAT DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—  
Few readers are probably aware of the immense depth of some parts of the ocean, and beneath its level surface the crust of the globe is broken up into mountains and valleys quite as varied, or even more so, than the dry land.

The following account of the depth at which it has been sounded, will give some idea of the vast valleys that exist in its bed. The sounding was performed in the Atlantic, in 36° 49 S., 36° 6 E. lon., in a voyage of the British ship *Herald*, from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope.

The depth at which bottom was reached was 7,706 fathoms, or 15,412 yards, being over *eight miles*.

The highest mountains on the sur-

face of the globe do not exceed five miles, and the highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada are not more than 4,660 yards; so that the bed of the ocean has depths which far surpass the elevation of the highest points on its surface.

The time required for this immense length of line to run out was about *nine hours and a half!*

#### A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the summer of 1849 a young man stood at the gate of a neat white cottage, in the town of L—, holding by the hand his sweet, affianced bride, Lucy Gray. His voice grew tremulous, and a tear stood in his blue eye as he murmured, "You'll not forget me, Lucy."

Long and wistfully did he look back from the hill-top, to catch a glimpse of a figure standing where he so lately stood. He saw a white handkerchief flutter in the breeze, turned, and was on his way to the newly discovered El Dorado, to win a fortune, which would give him home and happiness.

The village spire grew fainter, and the mountains waxed dim in the twilight, which was gathering like a pall over hill and valley. Charles Godney was alone! He walked briskly, striving to keep back the tears which swelled up into his eyes, while his hand pressed heavily upon his bosom, to still its emotion. The moon, hitherto shrouded, burst forth in resplendent beauty, illuminating the village of L—, then draped itself again in dense, deep blackness.

Taking up the small knapsack which contained his all, including a little parcel his dear Lucy had requested him to defer examining until he was on his journey, he walked toward the appointed rendezvous, where several fellow emigrants, who were to accompany him, had assembled. It was nearly morning before he reached the small tavern, situated in the outskirts of the town from which they were to start.

As he drew near he heard the loud and boisterous hilarity of his companions, and for a moment he was irresolute. Should he turn back again to all he loved and yearned for—or should he proceed in his new and perilous enterprise?

At this instant, while the struggle between self and duty was raging in his bosom, the tavern door opened, and a fellow came reeling out, with a song upon his lips, and his person reeking with the fumes of liquor and tobacco smoke. Charles stood still, slightly shrinking behind a column of the piazza, trusting to be left alone in sweet communion with his delightful thoughts of home and Lucy. But the eye of the inebriate saw him in the moonlight, and he shouted, "Hollo there, Charley! you red-shirted fellow! Come in and drink!"

"I entreat of you," said Charles, drawing his arm from the grasp of the man, "to leave me awhile alone."

"No, no—come with me; we want to make a night of it. Hallo, in there!—here's the last of the Mohegans; open the door; let's have more whiskey; we'll drink again to our wives and sweethearts!"

Resistance was useless, for some of the crowd within emerged at once, and drew Charles into their midst.

The next morning everything was in readiness, and the train moved forward, all with blithe hearts save one. Three weeks after the departure, in a lovely valley, where the train halted to water the cattle, Charles wandered to a grassy knoll, and untied the blue ribbon which secured the little parcel Lucy had requested him not to examine until on his journey. It was a daguerreotype of Lucy! Poor Charles!—he wept, and kissed the smiling eyes which looked upon him; and as he placed the dear image upon his bosom, his heart felt lighter, and the journey before him appeared shorter and sweeter, with the hope that at some future day he should be well repaid for all his toils and sorrows,

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Long and tedious months waned  
away; some of his companions had  
sickened and died, most of them had  
suffered much, but Charles was ever  
cheerful, and his pleasant song and  
smile gladdened many a desponding  
heart as they traveled over desert and  
plain. One person seemed nearer to  
him than the others: he won Charles'  
esteem by his apparent kindness of  
heart, and constant devotion to an or-  
phan sister, whom, he said, he never  
expected to see again, as she was dying  
of a broken heart. It was the old  
tale—unrequited love and desertion.  
Many an hour would William Easton  
wile away by relating sad stories of  
his sister Caroline, and many tears did  
both shed over the recital. The con-  
fidence of each grew stronger and more  
steadfast, and their companions had  
given them the appropriate cognomen  
of "the inseparables."

In return, Charles Godney unbur-  
dened his full heart and spoke of his  
treasure—Lucy. He would permit no  
other eye to look upon that "hallowed  
face" but his own; yet, often a glowing  
description of her loveliness called  
forth the wish from Easton to see so  
bright a gem. "Some future time,"  
would Charles invariably answer, as  
his face, already burned and reddened  
by the sun, grew scarlet at being  
thought so selfish.

Time fled, the journey was ended,  
and they who had survived the fatigue  
and peril of so long a land journey,  
were assembled for the purpose of  
dividing equally their effects, that they  
then might seek their fortunes in what-  
ever manner they pleased. The scene  
was not a painful one. Not a tear was  
shed, nor regret experienced, as they  
took each other by the hand, or bid  
farewell, perhaps for the last time.

It may appear strange, but it is  
nevertheless true, that but few friend-  
ships are formed among men when they  
are engaged in such undertakings; the  
bonds which should bind them to-  
gether the closer, and make them dear-  
er to each other, have been so severed

and sundered by jealousies, dislikes  
and aversions, that they part with the  
greatest mutual satisfaction. Such has  
been the fate of nearly all who have  
crossed the plains. Can philosophers  
give any better reasons than the fore-  
going why this is so?

Charles and William were sitting on  
a hill-top, the broad, clear river rolling  
beneath at their feet, and a line of  
dark blue hills, whose peaks were just  
tinged with the lurid gleams of the  
rising sun, appeared in the distance.  
Both were silent; they watched the  
going of their comrades, and felt a  
momentary unhappiness in seeing those  
depart with whom they had experi-  
enced so many hardships and priva-  
tions to reach so fair a land.

The morning was beautiful; in the  
thick foliage the birds made sweet mu-  
sic, and the air was balmy with the  
fragrance of innumerable flowers.  
With a quick, convulsive movement,  
Easton started to his feet. "Charles  
Godney," said he, reaching out his  
hand, "shall we try our lot together,  
or shall this be *our* parting?"

"As you will it, Easton," said  
Charles, mournfully. "It is hard at  
best, this seeming to be cheerful, hop-  
ing for fortune."

"But," said Easton, interrupting  
him, "will it not be better, easier for  
both, were we to join our fortunes, ill  
or fair?"

"It will; and there's my hand," re-  
plied Charles.

The companions started forward that  
morning, and travelled towards a set-  
tlement on the Yuba river. Marking  
out their claims, they entered into their  
vocation with alacrity, and were for-  
tunate; in six months they were rich.

A party of miners on a claim ad-  
joining had persuaded Charles and  
Easton to remove further up the river,  
by repeated stories of its greater rich-  
es; but, after a few weeks' trial, they  
found the claims good for nothing, and  
their former claims possessed by those  
who had deceived them.

With the treasure they had amassed

They turned toward San Francisco, then a city of tents, many of which were dens of evil to lure the unwary, robbing them of their gold and honesty.

Charles Gedney had been reared piously, and believed it a sin to step within the portals of a gambling house. His curiosity, however, got the better of his good intentions, and, with Easton and several fellows with whom he had become acquainted at the hotel, he went, taking his gold with him. The room was densely filled with tobacco smoke; and the tinkling of glasses, and the crowds which surrounded the card tables, plainly showed the excitement with which all were affected.

Every one seemed intent on the progress of the games, and some time elapsed before either Easton or Charles could get near enough to witness any of the bettings. They did so at length, and to Charles' astonishment he beheld gold to the amount of thousands of dollars, heaped up like dirt. The appearance of the players fascinated him, he became fixed to the spot, and a desire almost crept into his heart to try his luck. While thus lost in thought, some one touched his elbow. It was Easton. "Come," said he, "take something; here's an old friend of mine—let's have a drink together."

They went to the bar; both drank. Charles soon found himself again anxiously watching the game, and great was his astonishment as he saw a Spaniard sweep from the table, with the greatest coolness, the winnings of a large bet which he had made. A bystander, noting Charles closely scrutinizing the Spaniard, asked him why he did not try his hand at it. "You'll win, I know."

Charles looked round for Easton; he did not see him; but he would certainly come soon, and what was the harm, he thought, to play a little; he was rich—more so than the Spaniard who had just won so much.

"Will you play?" again asked the mustachioed stranger.

Charles nodded assent.

They seated themselves at a side table, while some of the crowd immediately gathered round to witness their game. The stranger ordered some brandy—handed a glass to Charles, drinking to his success. Their gold was placed upon the table and the cards dealt.

For some time the game seemed against Charles, but eventually he won. More liquor was called for, the betting ran high, and Charles played like a madman. At length, however, his great fortune deserted him and he lost. The crowd was almost breathless as the stakes turned in favor of the stranger, who played calmly, his face wearing the same expression as when he sat down. The last dollar of Charles Gedney's lay upon the table, and his hand trembled fearfully as he felt in his pocket, hoping to discover another to keep it company. As he did so his hand touched the little case containing the daguerreotype of Lucy. He laughed as he drew it forward, and his bloodshot eyes dilated with a fiendship expression as he flung it upon the table with an oath. "Take this," said he, "it will win it all back—*play! play!*"

The stranger waited a moment, gazed at Charles, who looked like a demon, and drew the card. It was against poor Charles—he had lost everything!

The stranger coolly put the case into his pocket without looking at it, swept the gold from the table, and rose up. Charles started to his feet and confronted the ruiner of his hopes.

"Return me my picture!" he hoarsely exclaimed. "Return it!"

"Never!" returned the stranger, flinging him from him and rushing out of the place.

Two years afterwards, in the steamer which sailed for New York, Easton was a passenger. He sauntered up and down the upper deck and saloon, in fine weather, seldom noticing any one. The ship made a good passage, and he appeared to be cheerful and

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spection of his face and dark hazel  
eyes, would have told that all was not  
at rest within the chambers of his heart.

As the passengers were disembar-  
ing, he noticed a girl standing upon  
the pier, looking intently at each per-  
son, as they made their appearance at  
the gangway, and the look of bitter  
disappointment which followed that of  
anxiety was so strongly depicted upon  
her face, he went forward and en-  
quired "for whom she was looking,"  
that he might be of service in telling  
her if the person was on board, as he  
had just arrived in the ship. With a  
blush, she answered "it was a friend  
for whom she had been looking several  
months—he had written—he might be  
expected at any moment."

"And what may be his name?" en-  
quired Easton. Another blush suffused  
the face of the girl, and looking down  
upon the water she murmured "Charles  
Gedney." Easton started suddenly,  
and his heart beat violently. "He is  
not here" he replied, "but I can in-  
form you of him, if you will come with  
me." Bidding her remain in the saloon  
of the steamer, he went to look after  
his trunk, and to order a carriage.  
Having engaged one, he returned to  
find the girl he had so strangely met.  
She was sitting as he left her. They  
entered the carriage, and it commenced  
slowly to force its way through the  
dense crowd collected on the pier.  
"And this is Lucy Gray, is it?" he  
asked; "the lovely girl I have heard  
poor Gedney speak of so often."

"Poor Gedney!" she exclaimed  
quickly, "why poor! has any misfor-  
tune befallen him?" Clasp-  
ing her hands and looking at Easton she  
awaited his reply. "Be calm," he said,  
endeavoring to sooth her, "I will tell  
you all, when you reach home."

A few weeks elapsed, and Lucy had  
somewhat recovered from the shock  
occasioned by the tidings of Gedney's  
death. Easton became a constant visi-  
tor at her house, and so powerful is  
sympathy between those who have

known a dear and mutual friend that  
she became much attached to him, who  
had been for so long a time a com-  
panion of her lover. He so far inter-  
ested her feelings, by the recital of the  
many exciting scenes through which  
they had passed, the many dangers  
and privations they had endured to-  
gether, the attention shown to Charles  
during a long and severe illness, as well  
as the many pleasant hours they had  
passed in each other's society, that  
gradually, so deep is the female heart  
imbued with gratitude and kindness, he  
won her esteem and friendship, almost  
akin to love.

It was a calm day in October, when  
all nature seemed a paradise. The  
broad elm tree beneath whose branches  
a few years before, Lucy had pledged  
herself to be the bride of Gedney, had  
donned a yellow robe, and the ash ber-  
ries in the rays of the setting sun,  
shone with a rich vermilion tint.

Easton held her hand in his; it  
trembled, and a few tears dropped upon  
it as he said, "Don't forget me Lucy."  
Poor girl! the shock was too much for  
her, she commenced weeping violently.  
It recalled another scene, and another  
form which had been and was still dear  
to her.

"Why do you weep, dearest Lucy?"  
asked Easton, bending over her. "Do  
you not believe that I love, worship,  
adore you? You say you can never  
love another—that Charles possessed  
your heart. Be it so, sweet girl, give  
me then but your hand, and I will win  
your heart. Speak, Lucy, speak!"

For a long time Lucy was silent;  
she at length placed her hand within  
Easton's, gazed tenderly but mourn-  
fully into his eyes, and became pledged  
once more in the sight of heaven to be  
a wife. In a few months they were  
married, and to a beautiful cottage, not  
far from her old home and the elm  
tree, did Lucy Easton remove, to honor  
and obey him whom heaven had or-  
dained her husband.

Years rolled on, the Eastons were  
courted, blessed, and the world thought

happy. One day, two children gambolled on the green in front of the house, a boy and a girl. For a moment their pleasure had been checked by the sudden appearance of a man who stood watching them at the gate. He held some flowers in his hand and taking out a rose he threw it towards them, asking their names. "Tarlie Dedney Easton," replied the boy promptly. "What!" asked the man, slowly drawing his hand across his brow. "What did you say—and whose house is this?"

At this moment, Lucy who had heard the children conversing, approached.

"What do you wish, sir?" she asked.

"Great God! am I awake, or do I dream?" gasped the stranger. "Is this Lucy?—but no—yes, it is! You were Lucy Gray! but now—oh, heaven! I see it all, all—O, Lucy! Lucy! may God forgive you!"

Drawing his shabby coat around him, the man attempted to move forward, but he was too feeble, he fell prostrate upon the gravel walk in a swoon.

With the assistance of the servants, Lucy had him placed upon a bed, and in an hour he was able to speak coherently. She gladly saw him open his eyes. She felt a degree of interest in his recovery which surprised her. As his eyes wandered about the room, they met a picture of Lucy. Gazing upon it, he slowly rose up in the bed, beckoned her toward him and asked, "Where did you get *that*?"

"It belonged to a dear, but departed friend" she replied, her voice trembling with emotion.

"And that friend you wronged—was false to," cried the stranger vehemently, as he fell backward in a paroxysm of grief.

It matters not what followed, it is enough to say, Charles Gedney had returned, alive it is true, but ruined in health, in fortune and in hopes. Easton found him in his house, he whom he had so foully, deeply wronged. He

was the stranger who won the money from Charles in San Francisco. By the aid of false clothes, hair, moustaches and whiskers, he passed for a stranger. Securing the spoils, he returned home, the beauty of Lucy's daguerreotype induced him to seek her, to fabricate the death of Charles, and to corroborate it he produced the picture, stating that Charles gave it to him, with the dying wish that he should marry Lucy.

Next morning after Charles Gedney's arrival, a letter was handed Lucy Easton. It was from her husband. It ran as follows:

"LUCY—I pray forgiveness from God—from you, if you can forgive me. Attribute all my wrongs to my deep love for you. I am severely punished—beyond endurance, but I shall soon put an end to all.

"My children! never tell them of me—let them forget they ever bore the name of so vile a wretch—change it—give them your maiden name, or any other.

"I dare not hope Charles Gedney will forgive me—entreat it of him, and I will bless you.

"All my property is yours. I have no wish for anything here. Oh! that I were sure of the future state! Pray for me. When you receive this I shall have ceased to live. Farewell.

"WILLIAM."

At the end of a twelvemonth, two persons, a fine matronly looking lady, and a consumptive, thin framed gentleman might be seen occasionally in the grave yard of the village of L——, bending above a grave, upon the slab of which was carved

"WILLIAM."

They had been married but a few months, and every time they paid this visit, Charles would whisper, "Lucy, I shall soon be laid beside him. You know I forgave him long ago. Let me believe you will water both our graves with your tears, praying for him who sinned, and was sinned against."



## TO ELLA.

IN NEW YORK.

How sweet are the ties of affection,  
 Though absent, I am not forgot;  
 There are hearts with a fond recollection,  
 Ever blessing my home and my lot;  
 So while Time's rapid footsteps are flying,  
 And naught can lost moments restore,  
 I will dream while the present is dying,  
 That the future has joys yet in store.

Fair Summer has come with her flowers,  
 And bright skies of heaven's own hue,  
 With sweet-singing birds in her bowers,  
 And smiles that remind me of you;  
 Her charms they are still as exciting,  
 As when they enraptured my youth,  
 O where are there joys so inviting,  
 As those found with nature and truth.

But Summer the fairest is fleeting,  
 It must die like our loved ones before;  
 While the past and the present are meeting,  
 It is gone and we know it no more;  
 But I know while the Summer is dying,  
 One heart is still faithful and true,  
 To my own fond emotions replying,  
 Far over the waters so blue.

That love gives me joy in the present,  
 Hope whispers of pleasures to be,  
 And time which is so evanescent,  
 Shall surely bring gladness with thee;  
 While I love thee with fondest emotion,  
 I pray to the Father above,  
 And commend thee with fervent devotion,  
 To the care of His Infinite Love.

W. H. D.

OAKLAND, Cal., Aug. 8, 1856.

PHYSICIAN—"Why don't you set a bound to your drinking, and not exceed it?"

PATIENT—"So I do, old fellow, so I do; but then you see it's always so far off, that I always get drunk before I reach it."

"When Peggy's arms her dog imprison,  
 I often wish my lot was his'n;  
 How often would I stand and turn,  
 And get a pat from hands like hers'n."

## WHICH IS THE RIGHT TRAIL?

Every traveler in the mountains of California has doubtless often noticed the many different trails that cross and recross his path in so many different directions. As often, perhaps, has he been perplexed, as a stranger, to know which was the right and which the wrong, when journeying from one mining district to another.

Oftentimes he will start upon a good plain trail, and before he has gone many steps he finds that it "forks" now in this direction, now in that, until his plain trail has become very dim, and finally "runs out" altogether. Sometimes for the want of a proper knowledge of the right one to take or the wrong one to shun, he finds himself at the wrong place altogether, and many weary miles away from his intended destination.

After a heavy fall of snow, the writer wished to journey from Weaverville, (Trinity County) to Yreka, without returning to Shasta, as that would be at least seventy miles out of the way. My horse was saddled, and after sundry enquiries as to the direction I must take, was soon upon the road.

A very heavy fog hung its misty veil upon every tree and stump and path, as though "Nature was brewing on a large scale," and didn't care for consequences, which prevented me from seeing any object whatever more than a few yards off. I started upon the right trail, and soon lost it. Now I must enquire, thought I—and I did enquire. This man knew the trail, he believed—and the other didn't. That man knew it, exactly, but it was so "plaguey foggy that he was kind o'

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turned round." Another, knew a man that did know, if he could only find him; but as that would be perhaps, more trouble than to find the trail, he gave it up. In this dilemma I came near a cabin, and could see from the smoke curling from the chimney without, and struggling hard with the fog, and the bright sparkling gleams that were shooting, twinkling and peeping through the chinks of the cabin door from within, that some miners were at home and could tell me at once without trouble the way I should go. Of course I knocked and made the enquiry.

"Certainly, you follow this trail for a few yards, and turn to the left—the right goes down to "Five Cent Gulch."

"Very good—I thank you."

Now I was in good spirits, and so was my horse, as though he understood every word that had been said. On we went—trails here, trails there—in the snow. After traveling about a mile I met a man and again enquired.

"Why bless your heart, you're going in the wrong direction."

"Which is the right?"

"Oh! the way you have just come."

"Comforting" thought I. I thanked him as I patiently retraced my steps after making particular notice of his remarks. On, on I jog, "all right this time" think I. Passing this trail, crossing that, until my sad fate reveals to me, that my day-dreams were like the weather—somewhat foggy, for of a sudden I am brought to a "dead stand," beside the deep and well worked banks of a small creek, with a large log across it for a bridge; but as my horse did not walk logs, I had to work

my way through the fog and out of the snow by crossing ditches, climbing over banks of tailings, passing around and upon the edges of deep holes sunk there by the miners, and thus seek a low bank to reach the opposite side.

Here, fortunately I found a man who knew the trail, and took the pains of guiding me to it. That man is a christian, thought I, as I thanked him for his kindness, and "went on my way rejoicing," that at last I was on the right trail.

It is a great mental relief to be set right after being wrong, or to find a trail after you have lost it. Inwardly exulting upon my good fortune, I was pursuing "the even tenor of my way," and had made about a mile in the right direction, when my bright prospect was suddenly clouded by the trail straight before me making the letter V. "Well, well," I exclaimed, "this is a pretty pan of flapjacks; now what shall I do—wait?" About twenty minutes had tardily passed away when I heard the welcome sound of footsteps advancing, and a man came up, when I enquired if he would be kind enough to tell me which was the right trail to Yreka?

"No sabe," he replied.

"Camino—Yreka?"

"No sabe."

Presently another man came up, and to him I put the same question. With a polite shrug of the shoulders he replied:

"*Je ne parle Anglaise*

In a few seconds a third came up, and to him the same question was put, when in good round English he answered:

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believe you can go there this way, anyhow, now."

"Why?"

"There is from three to seven feet of snow upon the mountains, and the trail is not yet broken."

While we were speaking, another man was passing, who, upon being questioned in the same manner, replied:

"Oh, yes; certainly, you can go it easy enough."

"Would you please to tell me if it forks any more?"

"Forks! Yes; I guess it does fork, several times."

I do not know whether or not I ought to blame any man for sending me upon a strange trail that led to so many different points, without informing me of the right one to follow; or blame myself for not enquiring more particularly at starting; but I resolved that if I were too negligent before, it should not be so this time, and immediately asked him to be kind enough to tell me how I might avoid so much waiting and questioning on this road in future.

"Certainly," he replied. "Have you a good memory?"

"Yes."

"Then, you'll want to use it, I can tell you."

"All right."

"Well, then, here you take the left hand trail, and that will be right until you come to another, and there, if you don't mind, you'll be wrong, for you must be sure to pass that one as though you didn't see it."

"Very good."

"You follow on about three-quarters of a mile—may be a little more than that—and there you'll find three trails,

and be sure you take the right-hand one—remember."

"You'll do—for a guide."

"And follow it for about three hundred yards, when you will take the extreme left hand trail and jog along that for about a mile and a quarter, or thereabouts. There you will find three trails, and the snow pretty deep, and the trails rather dim, but you take the plainest of the three, and you will not go over half a mile before you will find that it forks again—dim as it is. This time you will have to take the blindest of the two—there are only two there—and before you have followed that many yards—if you're not lost then—I'll be hanged!"

I had to laugh this time, but assured him that when as far as that upon my journey, it would not be very pleasant to be lost, nor yet very convenient, and that I should feel obliged if he would save me the trouble; so, describing to him the road he had explained, I enquired if that were right so far.

"Yes," said he, "exactly right. You have a pretty good memory."

"Thank you—To remember roads," I replied, "and kindnesses."

"Well, then," he continued, "after you have gone but a few rods, you will see the tops of some bushes, and an undergrowth of brushwood, and when you have worked your way to the other side, you make for the corner of a fence that you will see sticking up, and just beyond that you will come into a good beaten trail, and then you're all right."

I, of course, thanked him for his kindness, and as I journeyed on I found the trail just as he had described it.

If men who know a trail would be

more particular in guarding a stranger against taking the wrong one, they would have him feel as I do to this day—that that man was a friend, and, as such, I should be glad to meet and serve him, in any way, at any time, if it were possible, wherever or whenever I might meet him. Be sure and give a stranger very plain directions.

**A GOOD JOKE.**—We heard a good joke perpetrated a few days since, by a friend of ours. Said he to an acquaintance:

"Things are really coming to a pretty pass in our town; all the ladies stopping at the 'Exchange' left the dinner table yesterday!"

"Possible!" said the person to whom the remark was addressed, greatly surprised, "what caused them to do so?"

"Why," responded our friend, convincing himself that the coast was clear, "they had finished eating."

A pass made at him, but he dodged it.

A Home Missionary was engaged in the exercise of his laudable calling in one of the coal districts of England, and presenting a tract, made the following enquiry: Do you, my good woman, know anything of Jesus Christ? "Jesus Christ," she exclaimed musingly, "bless me, I've heard that name; yet, I can't say as how I knows the man, but I'll call our Joe as he knows everybody, almost, in these parts. Joe, Joe," she immediately shouted, but turning again to the missionary, asked in a simple manner, "Is he a pitsman or a banksman, sir?"

A fellow remarked that he would like to know what there was about mush and milk that could bloat a man so soon. He said he never could eat more than three or four quarts without feeling considerably swollen. Strange, rather.

#### CAPITAL IN CALIFORNIA.

To the earnest and thoughtful we would address a few words on the investment of capital in California; for, whatever advances or hinders the progress of our prosperity invites our anxiety and demands our consideration. No man pretends to deny the varied and vast resources of our mineral or agricultural wealth, which, if properly developed, would by its productiveness astonish the world. Every mountain and every valley, every gulch and every river, every flat and every hill, but scarcely touched, tell of what remains. The little already obtained but indicates the vastness of the store untouched—and yet the few fractions produced have been developed more by chance than system. What, then, let us ask, can be the reason that, comparatively, all kinds of business are not more prosperous, and money more plentiful among us? In a State of so much wealth why are many poor, and remain poor so long? Let us go into the mining districts—for there is the index to our prosperity or our adversity—as we presume that none will deny that the hope of California is mainly in her mineral wealth. What do we see? men wielding the pick, or tending the sluice, or plying the shovel? Does water rushing through the hydraulic hose tear down the bank, wash clean the rocks, or get out the gold? Verily no. Does the gurgling music of the water, leaping and laughing through the sluice cheer the heart of the miner as he toils? Ah, no. Has contentment any seat upon his brow, any smile in his countenance, any place in his heart? No. Does the angel of hope

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## CAPITAL IN CALIFORNIA.

earnest and thoughtful we press a few words on the influence of capital in California; for, what advances or hinders the progress of prosperity invites our anxious demands our consideration. No one tends to deny the varied and extensive areas of our mineral or agricultural wealth, which, if properly developed by its productiveness throughout the world. Every mountain valley, every gulch and every flat and every hill, once touched, tell of what remains. The little already obtained attests the vastness of the store—yet the few fractions that have been developed more by a capital system. What, then, let us ask be the reason that, compared with other kinds of business are not more prosperous, and money more plentiful? In a State of so much wealth why are many poor, and remain so long? Let us go into the mining districts—for there is the index of prosperity or our adversity—as we find that none will deny that the wealth of California is mainly in her mines. What do we see? Digging the pick, or tending the furnace, or plying the shovel? Does the water running through the hydraulic system wash down the bank, wash clean the rocks, or get out the gold? Verily we hear the gurgling music of the water, and laughing through the sluice cheer the heart of the miner. Ah, no. Has contentment seated upon his brow, any smile of contentment, any place in his heart? No. Does the angel of hope

pay its cheering visit to his lonely cabin, and tell to its inmate of a far distant home, a loving-hearted and patient wife, and dear little ones soon to meet him at the cottage gate? Ah, no. The pick is at the cabin door—not in the claim—the sluice is drying and cracking in the sun, and will be useless e'er the water comes; and what is worse, the little gold he has taken out while water lasted, has either been required to pay for food, or sent home to save his family from starvation. Thus are men situated in the mines, and from year to year, unless by some good fortune they strike a lead—it requires the little they may make during the rainy season to keep them through the dry.

But wherefore; is there no water in our mountain stream? Plenty. Cannot that water be taken out from thence and conveyed through the mining districts? Easily. Then why in the name of our prosperity, why is it not done? We will tell you. The hen which laid the golden egg was killed, or if not killed was plucked of all her feathers. *The capital that should have built canals, was almost exclusively invested in real estate; because that offered the largest immediate return. There lies the mistake.*

We have been in nearly every mining district from one end of California to the other, and we know that *the want of water for mining purposes is the great drawback to all our prosperity.*

We will mention one or two facts. At Michigan Bluffs, Placer county, there are diggings now opened that would employ five hundred men for ten years constantly, yet there has not

been water to work with over three and a half months out of twelve.

At St. Louis, Pine Grove and Rabbit Creek, Sierra County, there are diggings already opened that would busily employ two thousand five hundred men for twenty years, and yet there has not been water to work with over four months. And these are only one or two instances out of hundreds—yes, hundreds. Then look at the thousands of acres that are scarcely touched, and the tens of thousands of acres of good mining ground that the miner has never even prospected; and think of the vast wealth of California thus uselessly lying idle, and all that is wanted to develop it is water.

*Capital to build us canals, and they would give us water. Then let us ask is it policy, directly or indirectly to neglect this, the only cause of our business inactivity.*

Miners would work, all know willingly, if they had water; by working thus they would obtain money, and the money put into circulation would make business of all kinds prosperous; and when the good tidings of success spread abroad, men would flock here by the thousand, as formerly, and bring with them their wives and their families, contented to labor and live by the side of their claim, and not as now have to wander from the hills to the streams, and from the streams to the hills, perpetually striving, yet spending all that is made in one claim, at one season, to find them another. Water would be the great panacea—the philosopher's stone to Californians.

The gold is here, the strength is here, the will to work is here, and when *Capital gives water, prosperity and*

contentment will be here, and city investments would pay a much higher per centage than they now can.

There are but few canals but what have paid a much higher per centage than the same amount of money invested in other countries; yet, if they have not paid from two to ten per cent. per month, they have been considered but indifferent investments. And even though as large an investment could not be realized directly here, as elsewhere, it would indirectly be a judicious investment. We invite the thoughtful who are anxious for the permanent success of our State, to think seriously upon this very serious and important subject.

#### THE DEAD.

They are around us in the evening hour,  
When pale stars glimmer in the silent sky;  
They come to us like angels whispering near,  
To teach us how to die.

They are around us when the evening smiles,  
While pulse and heart are beating strong  
and clear;

They talk to us in the still hour of prayer—  
O! then our friends are near.

They are around us in the dreams of sleep,  
When the freed spirit roams unchained and  
free;

O! then they whisper to our listening ear,  
The heavenly things they see.

They are around us in the hour of death:—  
Angels of Mercy from our God they come;  
Gently within their arms our souls to bear,  
And take us to our home.

G. T. T.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10th, 1856.

STRAWBERRIES.—Old Isaac Walton said "Our Heavenly Father might doubtless have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but *he never did.*"

#### INTELLIGENCE OF THE HORSE.

Next to the dog and elephant, the horse ranks (which is acknowledged by all naturalists) in sagacity and intelligence. History teems with instances, well attested, of their superiority in all animal faculties of perception, that are not engrossed by creation's lord—Man. Indeed there are records besides those of holy writ, where man has succumbed to the horse and ass in foreknowledge of danger and expedience. We remember an anecdote that illustrates this in no small degree. During the Peninsular war, two English officers had to cross the Sierra de Estrella, a mountain some six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. In its neighborhood were some of the most dangerous passes and defiles in the world, where a false step would hurl the unfortunate horse and rider to instant destruction. They had applied for mules to a well known guide near the road, and he, hearing the route they were to take, made the remark in Spanish—"Jupiter os guarde de todo mal, en estas encrucijadas,"—O Jupiter preserve you in such cross paths. He brought out two horses instead of two mules, much to the disappointment of the soldier. "Be content," said he, "you want something else than surefootedness in these roads. I give you two of my best steeds, let them have as much of their way as possible, and you will go safe." After laying down the direction for their guidance, for, during the war, there was no procuring a guide, such was the terror that the peasantry bore to the French army, they proceeded on their journey. They had passed the first ravine on a ledge of rock more than a mile, scarcely broad enough for a dog to travel, when they fell into a dispute, one seeing, as he thought, the safest pass before him, refused to accede to the other's request, who was content to abide by the strict letter of the route, and the intelligence of his beast. The

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consequence proved fatal to the former, for horse and rider were found dead scarcely a mile from whence they separated; the poor animal's sides being gored to pieces almost, bearing evidence of being forced, against his will; while the other arrived safe at his destination over some of the most frightful cavities and gigantic rock-fissures that the world perhaps contains.

Another anecdote is so marvellous in its nature that I cannot vouch for its credence, but give it on the authority I received it. A young French officer in the same war, having caroused rather late at night, at the house of a friend, refused the bed offered him by his entertainer, it being imperative on him that he should be at his head-quarters before daylight. The merchant, his friend, at whose house he was entertained, procured him a well known experienced guide, recommended by the mayor of the place, and a steed, and mounting the pillion behind this guide with his enormous horn lantern stretched on a long pole, he jogged on his way. Here, too, ravines, broad and deep, were to be crossed by narrow planks, scarcely wide enough to admit a man, and in some places they appeared to escape being hurled below only by a miracle. After continuing on in this way for two or three hours, frightened by the yawning darkness here and there under their feet, they arrived at their journey's end. The young French officer paid the guide his demand, and he, mounting his trusty steed "blew out the light from his lantern." "What, are you mad?" said the young officer; "you will want the light to go back again, surely?" "No," said the old guide, "I am blind, and my horse too. The light is worth saving. I only used it for you." "Well might I," said the young officer, "be thankful to God for my safety." Not a whip, nor a spur, nor a bridle was used on this occasion, only the terms, "*diesto, gracioso, bonito, benigno, manso*,"—clever, gentle, pretty, good, tame; and now and then as if asking advice, "*Es*

*bueno viajar? Es malo viajar?*"—Is it good? Is it bad traveling?"

A friend of mine, a farmer in the precinct of Dover, had occasion to place his daughter at school at Blackheath, in the neighborhood of the great city. Having no occasion for her pony, he sold it to a friend, a few miles from the school. His surprise was great, about a month afterward, to observe the poor creature, foot bounded, thin, and so weak as hardly able to stand, in its accustomed stall, a distance of seventy or eighty miles from its owner. The little creature must have chosen the night, as the best time to perform its journey, so as to escape the number of pounds with which every village between the two places abounds, more especially was this necessary, as it was the time of the corn ripening for harvest, when farmers are usually more upon the alert to pounce upon stray cattle. By what perception could the animal have detected the right from the wrong road, what cunning must it have used in selecting its hiding places to sleep in? These are matters that certainly set at rest the question as to their thinking and discriminating powers. But if this were not satisfactory to obtain for them a character for intelligence, a day spent in any of the exhibition circuses, while they are being trained for any important feat, will suffice to award for them a superior character for this quality.

In one of the Oxford papers (England) of last month, there is a singular instance of a life being saved by the sagacity of a horse. Some farmers going into a field, were so attracted by the extraordinary behavior of an animal, that had never before, to their knowledge, exhibited any signs of intelligence, that one of them was content to be pulled by the frock, to where the creature might lead, and discovered a drunken cobbler of the village immersed in water up to the chin, and who, by its means, was extricated just at the time when life was about to take its departure.

The remarkable horse and pet *Copenhagen*, belonging to the Duke of Wellington, was gifted with a wonderful degree of intelligence. It is said that during the last days of its existence, it would refuse all food except that prepared by the hand of its affectionate master. The trial is said to have been made in the presence of many persons, over and over again, when another hand used the same ingredients, with the same care, in the same proportion, and yet the poor animal could detect it.

"Occasionally equine attachment exhibits itself in a light as exalted and creditable as that of the human mind. During the peninsular war, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally evinced its affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, and bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found many days after the engagement stretched upon the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring

away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, in the excess of grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

On the evening of Saturday, the 24th February, 1830, Mr. Smith, supervisor of excise at Beaulieu, was proceeding home from a survey of Fort Augustus, and, to save a distance of about sixteen miles, he took the hill road from Drumnadrochit to Beaulieu. The road was completely blocked up with, and indiscernible amidst the waste of snow, so that Mr. Smith soon lost all idea of his route. In this dilemma he thought it best to trust to his horse, and, loosening the reins, allowed him to choose his own course. The animal made way, though slowly and cautiously, till coming to a ravine near Glenconvent, when both horse and rider suddenly disappeared in a snow wreath several fathoms deep. Mr. Smith, on recovering, found himself nearly three yards from the dangerous spot, with his faithful horse standing over him, and licking the snow from his face. He thinks the bridle must have been attached to his person. So completely, however, had he lost all sense of consciousness, that beyond the bare fact as stated, he had no knowledge of the means by which he had made so striking and providential an escape.

Though Providence seems to have implanted in the horse a benevolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries, and fearfully revenging them. A person near Boston, was in the habit, when ever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner

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having deceived the animal several  
times, by calling him when he had no  
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length began to suspect the design,  
and, coming up one day as usual, on  
being called, looked into the measure,  
and seeing it empty, turned round,  
reared on his hind-legs, and killed his  
master on the spot.

In the preceding instance the provo-  
cation was deceit and trickery; the  
poor horse, however, often receives  
heavier incentives to revenge. Can  
we blame him when he attempts it  
in such cases as the following? A  
baronet, one of whose hunters had  
never tired in the longest chase, once  
encouraged the cruel thought of at-  
tempting completely to fatigue him.  
After a long chase, however, he dined,  
and again mounting, rode furiously  
among the hills. When brought to  
the stable his strength appeared to be  
exhausted, and he was scarcely able to  
walk. The groom, possessed of more  
feeling than his brutal master, could  
not refrain from tears at the sight of so  
noble an animal thus sunk down. The  
baronet sometime after entered the  
stable, and the horse made a furious  
spring upon him; and had not the  
groom interfered, would soon have put  
it out of his power of ever again mis-  
using his animal.

It is told of a horse belonging to an  
Irish nobleman, that he always became  
restive and furious whenever a certain  
individual came into his presence.  
One day this poor fellow happened to  
pass within reach, when the animal  
seized him with his teeth and broke  
his arm; it then threw him down, and  
lay upon him—every effort to get it  
off proving unavailing, till the by-  
standers were compelled to shoot it.  
The reason assigned for this ferocity  
was, that the man had performed a  
cruel operation on the animal some  
time before, and which it seems to  
have revengefully remembered.

Horses have exceedingly good mem-  
ories. In the darkest nights they  
will find their way homeward, if they

have but once passed over the road;  
they will recognise their old masters  
after a lapse of many years; and those  
that have been in the army, though  
now degraded to carters' drudges, will  
suddenly become inspirited at the sight  
of military array, and rush to join the  
ranks, remembering not only their old  
uniform, but their own places in the  
troop, and the order of the various  
manœuvres. Many interesting anec-  
dotes might be recited under this head,  
which place the retentive powers of  
the horse in a highly pleasing and  
creditable light.

A gentleman rode a young horse,  
which he had bred, thirty miles from  
home, and to a part of the country  
where he had never been before. The  
road was a cross one, and extremely  
difficult to find; however, by dint of  
perseverance and inquiry, he at length  
reached his destination. Two years  
afterwards he had occasion to go the  
same way, and was benighted four or  
five miles from the end of his journey.  
The night was so dark that he could  
scarcely see the horse's head. He had  
a dreary moor and common to pass,  
and had lost all traces of the proper  
direction he had to take. The rain  
began to fall heavily. He now con-  
templated the uncertainty of his situa-  
tion. "Here am I," said he to himself,  
"far from any house, and in the midst  
of a dreary waste, where I know not  
which way to direct the course of my  
steed. I have heard much of the me-  
mory of the horse, and in that is now  
my only hope." He threw the reins  
on the horse's neck, and encouraging  
him to proceed, found himself safe at  
the gate of his friend in less than an  
hour. It must be remarked that the  
animal could not possibly have been  
that road but on the occasion two years  
before, as no person ever rode him but  
his master.

It has been before remarked, that the  
horse is inferior to none of the brute  
creation in sagacity and general intel-  
ligence. In a state of nature, he is  
cautious and watchful; and the man-

ner in which the wild herds conduct their marches, station their scouts and leaders, shows how fully they comprehend the necessity of obedience and order. All their movements, indeed, seem to be the result of reason, aided by a power of communicating their ideas far superior to that of most other animals. The neighings by which they communicate terror, alarm, recognition, the discovery of water and pasture, &c., are all essentially different, yet instantaneously comprehended by every member of the herd; nay, the various movements of the body, the pawing of the ground, the motions of the ears, and the expressions of the countenance, seem to be fully understood by each other. In passing swampy ground, they test it with the forefoot, before trusting to it the full weight of their bodies; they will strike asunder the melon-cactus to obtain its succulent juice with an address perfectly wonderful; and will scoop out a hollow in the moist sand, in the expectation of its filling with water. All this they do in their wild state; and domestication, it seems, instead of deteriorating, tends rather to strengthen and develop their intelligence.

The Rev. Mr. Hall, in his "Travels through Scotland," tells of the Shetland ponies, that when they come to any boggy piece of ground — whether with or without their masters — they first put their nose to it, and then pat it in a peculiar way with their forefeet; and from the sound and feeling of the ground, they know whether it will bear them. They do the same with ice, and determine in a minute whether they will proceed; and that with a judgment far more unerring than that of their riders.

Their sagacity sometimes evinces itself in behalf of their companions, in a manner which would do honor even to human nature. M. de Boussanelle, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions that a horse belonging to his company being, from age, unable to eat his hay or grind his

oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left, who ate with him. These two chargers, drawing the hay out of the racks, chewed it and put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat.

The preceding anecdotes — which form but a mere fraction of what might be gleaned — exhibit some of the principal features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured and greatly developed by domestication. Man has trained him with care, for the value of his services; we wish we could add, that he uniformly treats him with kindness and consideration. "The reduction of the horse to a domestic state," says Buffon, "is the greatest acquisition from the animal world ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of the rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He in some measure renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing; and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor." If such be the principal features in the character

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 obedient, and whose powers have been  
 so essential to human progress.

## REMARKABLE COIN.

A most remarkable coin in excellent  
 preservation has been just placed into  
 our hands while we are going to press,  
 an account of which we cannot forbear  
 placing before our kind readers. It is  
 in celebration of Martin Luther, the  
 great triumphant Protestant reformer.  
 It was from Mr. E. Seyd, of the firm  
 of Franck & Co., California street. It  
 was taken out of the wooden cover of  
 a bale of goods consigned to them. It  
 is silver of the size of a 12½ cent piece.  
 On its front is the figure of a candle  
 burning in the midst of a radiated halo,  
 with part of a hand holding a vessel  
 like a modern glass tumbler over the  
 flame as if about to extinguish the light;  
 round this figure, between two neatly  
 cut circles, is the inscription, "*Ecclesia  
 Norwica Jubilans*,"—"The Church at  
 Norwich rejoicing." On its obverse  
 side is the inscription "MartIn Vs  
 LUther Vs TheoLogIc DoCtor." The  
 capital letters of the inscription are  
 supposed to represent the date 1522,  
 the time when Luther returned to Wit-  
 temberg, under the protection of the  
 Elector of Saxony, whom he converted,  
 with thousands of monks who quitted  
 their convents and followed his example  
 in marrying and becoming husbands of  
 the faith. This was the year that he  
 published his celebrated German ver-  
 sion of the New Testament, the perusal  
 of which, allowing and introducing self-  
 interpretation, had the effect of causing  
 the condemnation and excommunica-  
 tion of whole convents and monasteries  
 throughout North Germany, and their  
 effects sold and disposed of by the  
 secular power. About this time the  
 monks of Norwich are recorded to

have rebelled against their Prior,  
 seized the abbey lands of St. Bennet,  
 Ethelreo and Julian; and their reve-  
 nues, adopted the new faith, putting on  
*the whole new armor* and proclaiming  
 the mass as a human institution. They  
 held their sway for some time when  
 after a siege of some months the ver-  
 satile Henry the Eighth restored the  
 lands and revenues to the monks, or  
 rather the monks repented somewhat  
 and gave up their hostility as a forlorn  
 hope. Afterwards, as is well known,  
 the crafty Henry stepped in and took  
 the lion's share of the prey, converting  
 their rich endowments to his own use.  
 It is conjectured to be of later date  
 than this on account of the modern  
 representation of the measure. By  
 some it is supposed to bear an allusion  
 to the simile uttered by the Saviour,  
 "Neither do men light a candle, and  
 put it under a bushel, but on a candle-  
 stick; and it giveth light unto all that  
 are in the house." The milling round  
 the flat edge is observed to be indica-  
 tive at once of its more modern origin,  
 but numismatists have come to the con-  
 clusion that this is not to be relied on,  
 as many coins earlier than Henry the  
 Eighth, bear them. Its clearness,  
 showing no effort of time is only proof  
 that it has been lying a long time con-  
 cealed. These are our random con-  
 jectures.

Hearts may look fondly,  
 And joys may be known,  
 But give me, oh! give me  
 My own quiet home.

The banquet, the revel,  
 O let them all pass,  
 But give me the joys  
 That are destined to last.

My own quiet hearth-side,  
 My mother and friends,  
 The dearest of blessings  
 That God ever sends.

To MAKE a girl love you, coax her  
 to love somebody else. If there be  
 anything that woman relishes, it is to  
 be contrary.

## Editor's Table.

We think that our kind readers will find the present number is fully equal to its predecessors, and we continue to hope that our Magazine—like good wine—will improve by age. It is our earnest desire that it should be so. We thought and felt that a cheap and good Magazine, breathing the spirit, illustrating the beauties, and treasuring up the wonders of California, was needed, and would be well supported by every well-wisher of our State. To an encouraging extent it has been so; and yet there are many who are "waiting to see if it will succeed,"—"waiting to see if they shall like it,"—"waiting to know what will be the literary standard of its articles,"—"waiting for anything—waiting for nothing, except to see if they cannot magnify a quarter into a dollar by looking at it before they buy it, or, forsooth, waiting for some one to make them a present of it. When we started this Magazine, we did not wait to quibble about pennywines; nor to dictate that this or that should be its character—except in its freedom from sectarianism and party—that all, upon one broad platform, might meet and make it what they wished it to be, and California needed. Apropos of this we have received a short and beautiful article from a lady contributor, that we take pleasure in inserting in our table, entitled

## WAITING.

Waiting to see if that frail bark which left the haven of home, will be able alone to make its way among the mountain waves, and breakers, shoals and quicksands, in the perilous voyage of life, before you give it compass or chart or one friendly glimpse of the beacon light by which it may avoid shipwreck, and enter bravely and safely the destined port.

Waiting to see if that family which arrived by last steamer, will take a fashionable house, have fashionable furniture, and be visited by fashionable people, ere you remember that they are strangers in a strange land, and to whom one word of encouraging kindness would be like oil upon the troubled waters, and whisper "welcome" to the strangers' heart.

Waiting to see if that bereaved and widowed mother, as she presses her fatherless

babes to her bosom, will be able alone to buffet with the surging waves of adversity; will be able alone to meet the world in that hard to hand struggle, by which she must procure bread for herself and her little ones, now that her support and stay is no more by her side—before you lend her a helping hand, or speak the words of kindly counsel and encouragement to her fainting and bleeding heart.

Waiting to see if that poor old man will be able again to lift the heavy burden of his cares, and alone, unaided, toil up the steep ascent of life's weary and fatiguing journey, ere you offer him the staff of sympathy and assistance, or whisper in his ear the magic word of hope.

Waiting until the last sands of life have run out from your hour-glass, ere you begin to practice the first lesson in that golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." CARRIE D.

We hope that the foregoing will "wake up the writers," and that many will think how well they can apply it to themselves in every action of their lives, and as a consequence, do better in future.

## ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Z.—Declined, with thanks for your many good wishes.

T. P., *Plumas Co.*—You should have sent us your name; for, believe us, no one will ever obtain it from us without your consent.

H. H.—If your "Conversation with General Washington in a Dream" was half as amusing to the General as it has been to us, we congratulate the "Father of his Country" on his good fortune in making your acquaintance. We like your earnestness, but cannot say as much for your grammar; and, did we but introduce our readers to that "rough and raging river, passin to an froe, like mountains of great green and restless moving Eruptions," why, to a man—including the ladies—they would want to sail on it to-morrow, and California would be a "deserted country," and then, only think for a

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moment, where would our Magazine find its readers? No, II.; it is too fearful to contemplate, and we must decline your favor, but—we're sorry to say it!

*N., Mariposa.*—We can never admit anything that savors of party politics—even when as well written as your contribution. Send it to some newspaper.

*I would that Heart were Mine*—Is deficient in every element of true poetry. Declined.

*C.B.*—We think that your "Sunday Morning's Walk" might have had a holier influence upon your feelings, and, as a consequence, made you more liberal in your views towards the class you so severely and unjustly censure. We hope never to forget ourselves so far as to insert, if you do to write, such unworthy articles.

*Maria.*—Your little piece, if written with more care, will do you credit. We will return it for you to re-write.

*Why Did I Sell My Mule?*—Is a question that lies between yourself and the animal in question. It is an odd theme for song, and too melancholy and distressing for our columns, and we must decline the honor of setting it to music.

*Spark.*—We take you to be a pretty hard case, but if you take ours to be a powder magazine for the purpose of blowing up people that we neither know nor care anything about, you ought to learn better, and spark on your own account, not ours.

*D. B.*—Is altogether too full of technicalities; for this reason we do not desire you to physic us with terms we do not understand. We always like to know what the doses are that we take ourselves, or give to our readers.

*George T. Wolcome.*—If we could soar as high as your stanzas would take us, we believe that our imagination would certainly fall, and—break its neck. Don't cultivate the "highfalutin" style of composition; you have good sense—use it, and send us a sample.

*Stipper.*—Your article is more suitable for balustrade, being entirely too *heavy* for a Magazine.

*V. C.*—Had your beautiful article, called "Home," been received in time we should, with great pleasure, have found it a place in this month, for no theme is so dear to the true-hearted as homo. Filed for next month.

*G.*—No. We belong, so far as opinion goes, to the "don't care school;" we shall ever try to keep our own respect at all hazards. "Let her *went*, for she's all oak."

As an illustration of the pursuit of (love and) knowledge under difficulties, we are favored by a lady contributor, with the following expressive and affecting correspondence addressed to a lady, then a resident at the British Vice Consulates, of Oran, Western Africa. It is from an amatory son of La Belle France, also a resident there, upon whom the warmth of climate seems to have produced a corresponding warmth of love, and as a consequence, he became deeply enamored of the fair lady, and resolved that, as he spoke only French, and the lady English, he would learn that language for her sake, and in her own tongue tell of the fire, "the hidden fire that slumbered in his breast," and the following is the result, *seriatim et literatim*:

FIRST LETTER: I love thou. I did love thou. Thou art so pretty. Thou art so genteel. Love me also. Thou hast my heart. Give me thy own. Tell me I love thou, and I will be happy.

SECOND LETTER: I am sick. I come you to see for me to cure. This night I had fever, and all time I have dream of you my divinity.

THIRD LETTER: I am very fond of and passionately of your beautiful eyes, they so fine. I think only from you day and night. Thy pretty figure. Thy sweet voice. All in thee enchant my heart. Oh! if me were possible to speak how many things I would tell from thou. Adieu. Farewell my Goddess. My heaven—my good luck, adieu.

Our fair contributor has not informed us of the effect of such devotedness, but we presume the lady must have a heart like the shell of a coconut, with the milk (of human kindness) all drawn out of it, to resist such distressing importunity.

## Literary Notices.

*India, the Pearl of Pearl River*—by Mrs. D. E. N. Southworth—T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is the pleasing name of a new and pleasing volume, just published, from the favorite and graceful pen of the author of "The Wife's Victory," "The Last Heiress," and other interesting works. It is refreshing to peruse a tale the plot of which is uninterrupted by long and prosy descriptions, and the characters so true to nature that you forget, in your interest for the hero and heroine, that they are but children of the imagination. "Uncle Billy" is a fair specimen of many men, who, while prosperity's sun smiles on you, will be the best of friends; but the moment the storm comes down in earnest, turns and forsakes you; yet, on the first indication of that storm having rolled away, is by your side with professions to "stick to you as long as I live." All the characters in the book are equally life-like, and we cordially commend this interesting work to our readers.

*The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckworth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians*—by T. D. BONNER. Harper Brothers, N. Y.

All the early emigrants to this country will remember the mountaineer Jim Beckworth, who was among the first to explore the upper Sierras after the discovery of gold in California. His life of adventure, and his hair-breadth escapes are here vividly narrated; all which illustrate the maxim that "truth is stranger than fiction." Every Californian should read it for himself, as a California book, and we think he will be pleased with it.

*Vagabond Life in Mexico*—by GABRIEL FERRY. Harper Brothers, N. Y.

This is another of those interesting works of that remarkable country; in which Mr. Ferry has successfully pictured the peculiarities of its inhabitants—especially those belonging to certain classes—during a residence of seven years amongst them. It is racy and vigorous in style; its interest never flags; its description never wearies you; and we must confess that we have seldom read a work with more pleasure than *Vagabond Life in Mexico*.

The following quotation will show some of the difficulties, and the mettle of the man:

The last dispatches I bore from Fort Leavenworth were addressed to California, and I had undertaken to carry them through. At Santa Fe I rested a week, and then, taking an escort of fifteen men, I started on my errand. On our arrival at the village of Abbegeer, we found a large party of Apaches, who were in the midst of a drunken carousal. We encamped inside the corral, that being as safe a place as we could select. Little Joe, an Apache Chief, inquired of me what I was going to do with these whites.

"I am going to take them to California," I told him.

"No," said he, "you shall never take them nearer to California than they are now."

"Well, I shall try," said I.

He held some farther conversation with me of a denunciatory character, and then left to return to the liquor-shop.

Foreseeing what was likely to result if more liquor was obtained, I visited every place in town where it was kept, and informed every seller that, if another drop was sold to the Indians, I would hang the man that did it without a moment's delay; and I would have been as good as my word, for they were all Mexicans, and I had felt no great liking for them since the awful tragedy at Taos.

"But the priest—" began one or two, in expostulation.

But I cut them short. "I'll hang your priest just as soon as any of you," I said, "if he dares to interfere in the matter."

I suppose they intended to urge that their priest had authorized them to sell liquors to the Indians. My interdiction stopped them, for there was no more sold while I was there.

The next day I saw Little Joe in one of the low saloons; the stimulus of the liquor had left him, and he had what toppers call the horrors. He begged me to let him have one dram more, but I refused.

"Whisky," I said, "puts all kinds of nonsense into your head; you get drunk, and then you are ripe for any mischief."

When he had become perfectly sober, he came to me, and again asked if it were true that I intended taking those whites to California with me.

I told him that it was perfectly true.

"Well," said Joe, "if you attempt it we will kill your whole party, and you with them. You will never listen to us: your ears are stopped. We all love you, but we have told you many times that we hate the whites, and do not want you to lead them through our hunting-grounds, and show them our paths; but you will not listen to us. And now, if you undertake to pass through that canon, we will, without fail, kill you all."

"Well," I replied, "I shall certainly go, so you had better get your warriors ready."

We packed our animals, and I directed my men to travel slowly while I went through the

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VICES.

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"I am going to take them to California," I said. "You shall never take them to California than they are now."

"Well, I shall try," said I. I held some further conversation with me of denunciatory character, and then left to go to the liquor-shop.

Seeing what was likely to result if more liquor was obtained, I visited every place in the neighborhood where it was kept, and informed every one that, if another drop was sold to the Indians, I would hang the man that did it without moment's delay; and I would have been true to my word, for they were all Mexicans, and I had felt no great liking for them since the awful tragedy at Taos.

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"Well," said Joe, "if you attempt it we will kill your whole party, and you with them. We will never listen to us; your ears are deaf. We all love you, but we have told you many times that we hate the whites, and we want you to lead them through our fighting-grounds, and show them our paths; you will not listen to us. And now, if you undertake to pass through that canon, we will without fail, kill you all."

"Well," I replied, "I shall certainly go, so you had better get your warriors ready. I packed our animals, and I directed my party to travel slowly while I went through the

canon, each man leading his war-horse. We numbered eighteen, two of whom were Mexicans. They did not offer to attack us, however, and we continued our route unmolested, although they kept on our trail for twenty miles. A little before dark we rested to take supper, starting again immediately after the meal was finished. We saw no more of the Apaches. Here we discovered three hundred Ap-

aches, each man leading his war-horse. We numbered eighteen, two of whom were Mexicans. They did not offer to attack us, however, and we continued our route unmolested, although they kept on our trail for twenty miles. A little before dark we rested to take supper, starting again immediately after the meal was finished. We saw no more of the Apaches.

Juvenile Department.

DON'T CRY, MAMMA.

BY "B."

I had just entered the Third Avenue cars, at St. Mark's Place, New York. When the signal for stopping was again sounded, a tall lady and a little boy of some six summers entered, and seated themselves opposite to me. The material of their wardrobe was coarse, but scrupulously neat. They had evidently seen better days.

Interested in reading the morning paper, only a casual glance was bestowed upon them. Once or twice, when passengers entered or left the cars, looking up for a moment, I caught sight of the beautiful and expressive eyes of the boy. Having finished the paper, just as the car entered Chatham Square, I sat carelessly gazing upon the living human tide rushing up the Bowery and down Catharine street, when the soft, childish voice of the boy, uttering the words, "Don't cry, mamma," fell upon my ear. In a moment I was all attention. Within one short half hour I had left my own children with their mother, well and happy. My eyes rested for a moment upon mother and child. There was an air of refinement about the mother; a delicacy stamped upon her classic features, that indicated a cultivated intellect and intercourse with polished society.

Her tears fell like the rain drops. That car was as silent as the chamber of death for a moment, even amid the din and bustle of that crowded tho-

roughfare. It was painfully evident that she would not weep much longer, for consumption, that so often blights the hopes of many fond friends, had laid a cold and heavy hand upon her heart. Its throbbing would soon cease.

Never—no, never—shall I forget the expression of the clear blue eyes of that dear boy, as he again repeated, in tones that thrilled through the very soul, "Don't cry, dear mamma." The men wept, the women sobbed aloud, the boy too caught the sorrowing spirit he had called forth, and gently laying his head upon his mother's lap, sobbed as though his little heart would break. Again gushed forth tears of sympathy from eyes long unused to weeping. It has been my lot to mingle in many scenes of bitter sorrow, to meet misery and despair in almost every form; but never before had I been so completely overcome by another's woe. As soon as my swelling heart would permit, I addressed her, assuring her that she had the sympathy of all present, and that I would venture to speak for all, and say that we would all do everything in our power to alleviate her sorrows. For the first time she spoke. Her dulcet voice was like the full, rich tones of the flute; her style of expression was chaste, her language elegant and expressive. Her story was a short and sad one. Eight years ago she stood a blushing bride in her father's almost princely mansion, in the city of London. For two years they were prosperous and happy, when, her

husband falling in with bad company, became dissipated, neglected his business, and finally became a bankrupt. His and her friends strove to reclaim him, but in vain. Her parents were anxious she should return to the home of her youth; but, debased and degraded as he was, he was the chosen one of her young heart—in him were garnered up the rich treasures of her first, her only love.

With all the eloquence of undying affection, she entreated him to turn away from his cups—he often promised, but as often broke away from his solemn pledge to her, and his friends. He determined to come to America, so that by breaking away from the scenes and companions of his debauchery, he might reform. Her parents remonstrated in vain. She and her little Willie, then only a few months old, would share his fortune whether bright or sad.

They came to New York. For a while he was a sober man; but alas! he found the same kind of men there he had left at home; with all the blandishments they know so well how to use, he was induced by them to enter the gilded saloons, where the lambent flame for a while plays around their votaries, and then flashes out in devouring fire. Thus sadly he fell;—fell to rise no more. In a few months he became a beastly sot; intercepted all her letters to her parents. Once they sent her a handsome remittance, but he had taken it from her letter and squandered it away to satiate his burning thirst for rum.

Year after year had passed; not hearing from home she supposed they had given her up. They began reluctantly to think she had forgotten them.

Anxiety and sorrow preyed upon her mind. Her jewels and watch—gifts from her mother—were pawned by her brutal husband; more, before she was aware of the fact, he had taken from her trunk nearly all of her wearing apparel, and sold it, and drank up the avails of all.

Indeed, her true, noble and loving heart was breaking under her load of sorrow. The bright scenes of her youth had faded away,—the fond anticipations of her young life had been blasted; her buoyant hopes, like the fallen leaves of the forest, were scattered in withered fragments around her aching and bleeding heart. A few days before, her husband had been laid in a drunkard's grave; and now she felt that her dear boy would be alone in the wide world, in a strange land, far from her childhood's home, far from kindred and friends.

That very morning had she received a letter from her parents, breathing the tenderest love for their long lost, but still fondly cherished daughter. The memories that silent messenger called up, and the uncertainty of her living to visit those dear parents again, caused the tears to gush as related above. So melodious were her tones, so tremulously sad her accents, that the music floating from the trembling strings of the æolian harp was never more heavenly.

By the next steamer she and her dear boy left for London. In a few days the beautiful and green shores of Albion were seen stretching far along the eastern horizon; as the sun was sinking beneath the blue waves of the stormy Atlantic, that mother's weary head was raised from her pillow, she gazed for a few moments upon that beauteous land, called her Willie to her side, pointed to the land, told him there his grandparents lived, that he must be a good boy, love and obey them,—she drew him to her bosom, and while giving a mother's last kiss to her noble boy, the angel of death sealed her lips forever. In two days, followed by the sobbing Willie, her wasted form was carried into those gorgeous halls, where eight years before she had stood a blooming and happy bride.

Oh! curse of intemperance how many more victims are to be offered upon thy bloody altar? how many more hearts broken? how many more graves

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be filled with the mangled forms of  
those falling beneath the all-crushing  
wheels of this blood-stained car?

May God speed the day when thy  
direful power shall be banished from  
the land,—yea, from the world.

May Willie's life be long, virtuous,  
useful and happy, and all our young  
friends who have good and sober  
fathers be very thankful.

#### ANSWER TO MARY AND HER FLOWERS.

If angels wear such on their wings,  
To us a partial gift is given:  
The pretty graces Mary sings  
With angels she may sing in Heaven.

FRANCES B.

DRYTOWN, Aug. 16th, 1856.

Our young friend Frances never  
need feel afraid of our making ridi-  
cule of anything she may send us, as  
we remember very well how hard it  
was to put our thoughts into language,  
when we were her age—and some-  
times even now. No—if we can as-  
sist any of our juvenile friends in their  
little attempts at composition, we shall  
be very happy to do so; but we love  
them too much to cause them one sor-  
row by ridicule. If the little pieces  
sent are good enough for a corner, we  
shall endeavor to find them one;—if  
not, why we shall simply put them  
away.

#### "THE BENICIA WREATH."

We take great pleasure in acknowledging  
the receipt of "The Benicia Wreath," a neatly  
written and interesting manuscript paper, en-  
tirely composed and conducted by young  
ladies from twelve to seventeen years of age,  
belonging to the Benicia Female Seminary.  
We think that it reflects great credit upon  
the talent and taste of its fair editors and con-  
tributors, and we sincerely hope that so good  
an example may have its happy and encour-

aging influence upon others to do likewise;  
and we assure them that we shall always be  
pleased to find a welcome corner in our Mag-  
azine for such bright flowers of California lite-  
rature. Our desire is that from among their  
number many may become the pride and  
ornament, as they are the hope, of our young  
State, and of the country in which we live.

We have inserted three of the pieces from  
the Wreath, and we hope that the fair authors  
of the pieces necessarily omitted will rightly  
interpret our unintentional preference. The  
first is an introductory address to her fellow-  
students, and will speak for itself.

Pleasure, upon her swift pinions has flown  
by, and now Wisdom's star has attracted us  
to our hall of study.

Vacation, with beloved home, dear friends  
and summer delights has passed; and now  
knowledge, with its rugged cliffs of sci-  
ence, and broad fields of labor, is presented to  
us. High and noble aims are set forth for  
ambition's upward flight; never-fading trea-  
sures now lie hidden, for the searching mind,  
and studies only to be conquered by untiring  
perseverance.

Have we, with minds newly refreshed by  
the waters of pleasure, and hearts lately made  
joyous by the charms of home, returned with  
a strong determination to toil, to study, and  
win the priceless gems of knowledge? If so,  
let us renew the energy and ambition of our  
past school-days, toiling nobly in the great  
work before us. Though at first, clouds of  
despair may seem to shadow our youthful  
sky, and often a tear for "the loved ones"  
afar will fall, still let it be gently brushed  
away, and replaced by a will which shall  
wisely urge us on in the path of education, so  
that in after years we may shed happiness  
upon our distant homes. We have good,  
kind teachers, ever ready to direct and in-  
struct; pleasant schoolmates to cheer us with  
bright new countenances, to whom we now  
bid a happy welcome as they enter our band.  
And as the sacred portals of study are opened  
to receive us, we spy the "Wreath," for which  
we loved to cull flowers in hours gone by; and  
now, as then, shall we delight to twine fair  
blossoms in this never-fading garland.

"OSAGE."

BEFORE.



A wedding party desirous of spending the honey moon in surveying the beauties of California mountain scenery, entered a carriage for that purpose in their bridal attire. All went pleasantly, even the horses were deliciously fast, but the coachman, amused with the conversation, no doubt, was unmindful of a ditch across the road, while rapidly descending a hill, the crossing of which caused an uncomfortable "shaking up" of the party, and if it changed not their conversation, it did somewhat their appearance. For particulars see



AFTER.

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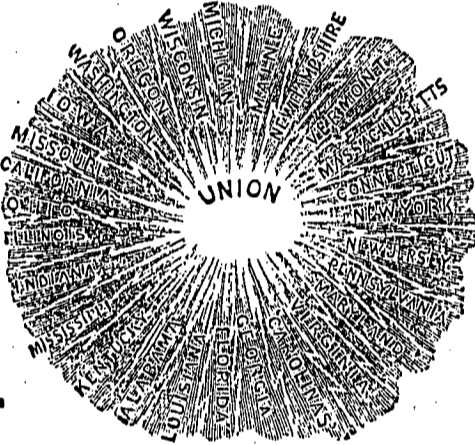
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surveying the beauties of California in their bridal attire. All went well, and the bridegroom, amused with the conversation, while rapidly descending a hill, of the party, and if it changed for particulars see



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## 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, Picayune, 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 Des Etats Unis, Sunday Atlas, Times, Mercury, Dispatch, Courier, Yankee Notions.

## NEW JERSEY.

Sentinel, Newark.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

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

## DELAWARE.

Blue Hen and Chickens, Wilmington.

## OHIO.

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

## KENTUCKY.

Louisville Journal and Courier.

## LOUISIANA.

New Orleans True Delta.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Journal, Chicago, Ill.: Weekly Wisconsin, North Western Gazette, Galena; Free Press, Detroit; Free Trader, Natchez; 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.

## CHINA.

Hong Kong Register,

Friend of China,

North China Herald.

## SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Polynesian, Valparaiso Herald, El Comercio, Lima; Panama Star, Panama Herald, El Siglo Nouva, Mexico; Hobarani, Bengal, Calcutta.

## MAGAZINES, REVIEWS AND PERIODICALS.

Harper's Monthly Magazine, Putnam's Magazine, Godley's Lady's Book, 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's Edinburgh Journal, Eliza Cook's Journal, Household Words, &c.

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