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CALIFORNIA

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NUMBER VIII.] CONTENTS. [FEBRUARY, 1857.]

	PAGE.
THE WORLD IN CALIFORNIA,	338
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Indian—the Pioneer—the Miner—the Englishman—the Irishman—the Jew—the Negro—the Hybrid—and the Sandwich-Islander.	
THE VIVIPAROUS BAY BREAM,	346
THE BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY,	346
THE INDIAN WOMAN OF SAN NICHOLAS, (Illustrated,)	347
CROSSING THE SIERRAS, (Illustrated,)	349
"STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY," By C. B. McDONALD,	352
ELLA ROBB,	353
OUR NEIGHBORS OPPOSITE,	353
THE REQUIEM OF THE TY-U-GAS,	355
HOPE IN THE DARKEST HOUR.—GOOD NIGHT,	359
MANAGING A WOMAN,	360
VALENTINE,	362
WILD BILL OF THE WOODS,	362
THE MINER'S FLYING VISIT,	367
STANZAS BY W. H. D.	368
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY,	369
THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS, No. 2,	371
THE NIGHT BREEZE SONG,	374
"BESSIE," to "CARRIE D,"	377
STANZAS TO *****	379
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT	380
VALENTINE.—FLOWERS,	380
VALENTINE.—CONJECTURES ON SEEING AN OLD MAN.	381
EDITOR'S TABLE	382
Progress of California—the Railroad—the Snows—Earthquakes—Poison Oak, treatment—a word to Readers, etc.	
TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS,	383

To any Lady who will send us Six Annual Subscribers, we will send one copy of our Magazine, gratis, for one year.

NOTICE.—We wish our friends and subscribers distinctly to understand that a **One Cent Stamp** pre-pays this Magazine to **To any part of the United States.**

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CALIFORNIA

VOL. I.



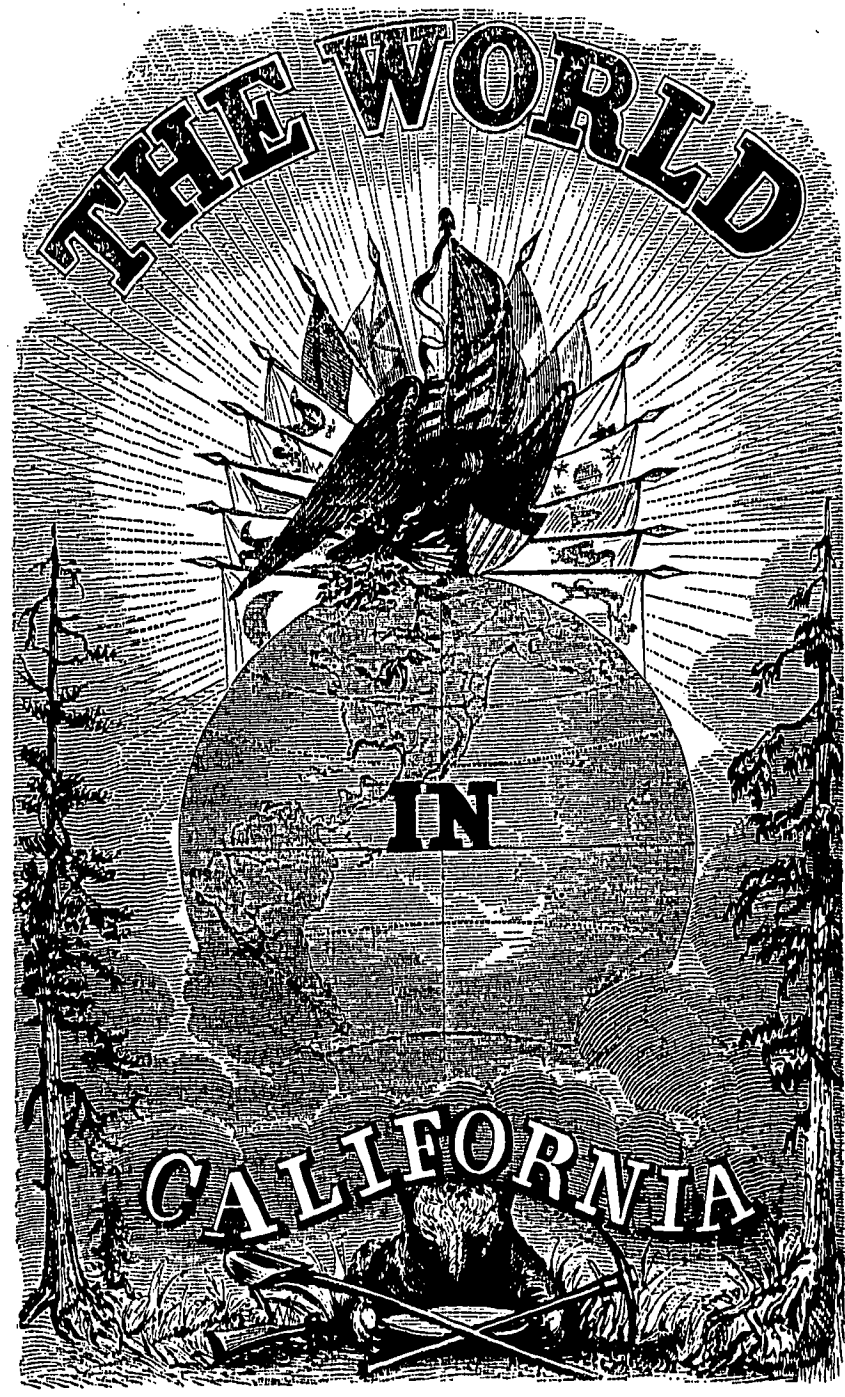
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VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1857. NO. VIII.

	PAGE.
Miner—the Eng- Hybrid—and the	338
.....	346
.....	346
Illustrated;)	347
.....	349
ONALD,	352
.....	353
.....	353
.....	355
HT,	359
.....	360
.....	362
.....	362
.....	367
.....	368
LEBERRY,	369
No. 2,	371
.....	374
.....	377
.....	379
.....	380
.....	380
N OLD MAN	381
.....	382
Earthquakes—	
.....	383



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to any part of

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California.

FRANCISCO.

THE WORLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Yes, good friends, we are about to exhibit to you the World in California; as great a truth as that California is in the world; and if the exploit of Homer's immortal poem of the Iliad, containing twenty-four books, written on parchment, and enclosed in a nutshell, was a marvel, how much greater wonder must that be which brings all nations into such a nut shell as California. If the world is made up of all peoples, we here show that there are people here from the whole world.



THE INDIAN.

ing nothing but the deluge of their blood to tell of their valor, and what it once had been! Alas! what has civilization done for thee? The pathless waste, the stunted glade, the barren rock, the lonely shores, await the remnants of thy tribes; their solitudes groan for the last of thy race, and soon shall the hollow winds howl their last dirgo over thee.

Our description of character must necessarily be brief, as a full analysis cannot be attempted in a work like this, and in an age and country in which everything seems to be required to bear the insignia of brevity.

But a prominent feature of our Magazine we intend shall ever be its pictorial character, as being more expressive than words, for—

“They are the Registers, the chronicles of the age
They are made in, and speak the truth of history,
Better than a hundred of your printed Communications.”

Man of the desert, forest, and prairie! O how short is thy destiny! Wherever thou plantest thy foot, the sure onward march of the white man treads on thy heel, crowding thee out, as a newspaper narrative of a by-gone time. The wild wail of the spirit of thy forefathers, borne on the winds and the waters, tells how their spotless and childlike life became first corrupted by the fire water of the white man. How he next scattered enmity amongst their tribes, and divisions amongst their ranks. And how the children of the prairie strung the stalwart bow, and pointed the poisoned arrow against their common enemy. But their shafts, thick and fast, fell on the faces of the white men like flakes of snow; exciting only their derision. Then the sharp crack of the murderous rifle, true to its aim, each selecting a victim, hewed down their valiant ranks, leav-

The Indians before us, inaccessible to any improvement, are but the dregs of what are left of them. Their wives are as much their beasts of burthen as their horses, and their horses they use as mere machines, which they so unmercifully load as to justify the exhortation of the Yankee, “get down, ar’nt eight enough for a donkey.” Dressed

in the loathsome
chance; fed u
grass-hoppers,
squalor, wretche
as if to aid in the
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THE PIC

I hear the tread of pic
Of nations yet to be
The first low wash of
Shall roll a human

One of nature's
circumstances; maste
conqueror of the wi
forest; tamer of nat

in the loathsome cast off garments of chance; fed upon acorns, roots, and grass-hoppers, they eke out a life of squalor, wretchedness, and misery, and as if to aid in the extermination of every relic of their race, burn the last remains of their untimely dead.

the needy; leader of the pathless wild; pilot of the trackless ocean. He stands, trusty rifle in hand, with his faithful dogs beside him, a match for whole tribes of wild Indians, for whole herds of wild beasts. Eagle sagacity is in his eye; a giant's strength in his arm.

His manly figure inspires confidence, and his tongue banishes all fear. Who would hesitate to follow, where he leads? Who could flinch when he holds on? Scorning to be clothed in the dainty garments of the toilet, whatever he wears has a grace about it that speaks nobility of mind and grandeur of body. He wants for nothing; and while he is following the bent of his own inclination, he is unwittingly, or without a thought of it, laying the foundation for the mightiest of empires, and the most magnificent of cities.

In the Miner (see next page) we present you the great throbbing heart of California, whose pulsations have made her what she is, an anomaly among the countries of the earth; and we present him in all the honest dignity of a "forty-niner," and with implements as rude and primitive as was his experience in gold dig-

ging, at that time. The short handled spade has long since given place to the long handled, nicely balanced, and pointed shovel; and the pick to one far more delicately curved, and with the large end of the handle turned the other way. Indefatigable in everything he undertakes, appertaining to his avocation, with money or without, he turns



THE PIONEER.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

Whittier.

One of nature's noblemen; lord of circumstances; master over exigencies; conqueror of the wilds; tiller of the forest; tamer of nature; provider for

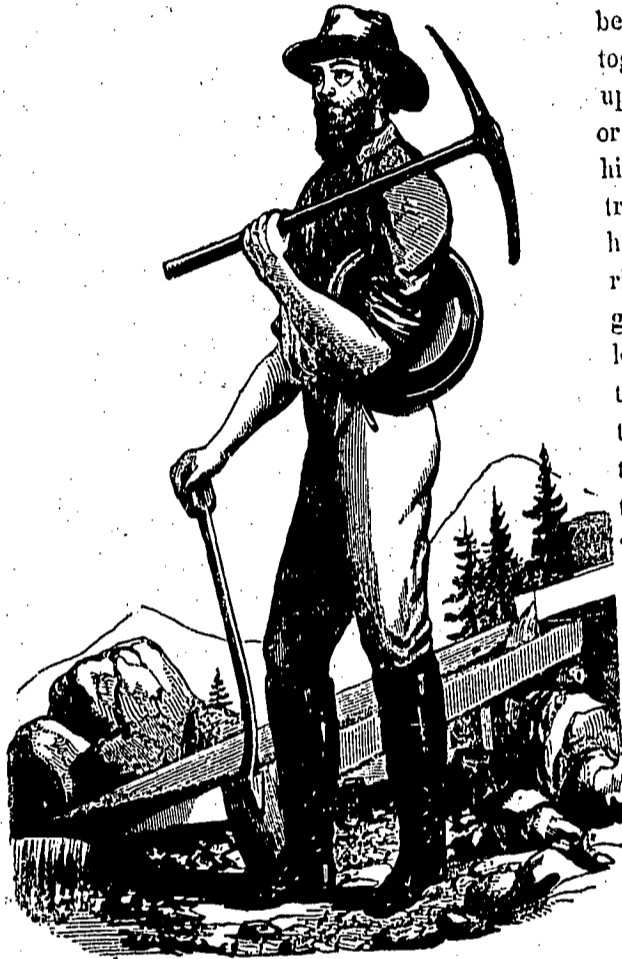
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THE MINER.

Without him our agriculture, our commerce, our prosperity would be a fable, our history a myth, California a "humbug." With an independence of action in keeping with the perfect freedom of his volition, under no control or restraint that his better judgment does not prompt him to exercise, he speaks his mind when, where, and how he will, and holds himself personally responsible for its utterance.

Noble hearted, generous, and hospitable, even to prodigality, sharing his last slice of bacon or his dollar with the worthy unfortunate, he has been a liberal patron of every monied institu-

the river from its ancient bed, and hangs it, for miles together, in wooden flumes upon the mountain's side, or throws it from hill to hill, in aqueducts that tremble at their own airy height; or he pumps a river dry, and takes its golden bottom out. He levels *down* the hills, and the same process levels *up* the valleys; he "drives a tunnel" through a mountain, or in twain, by a "deep cut," divides it; and with cast iron stamps, he pounds the rocks of the mountains into dust.

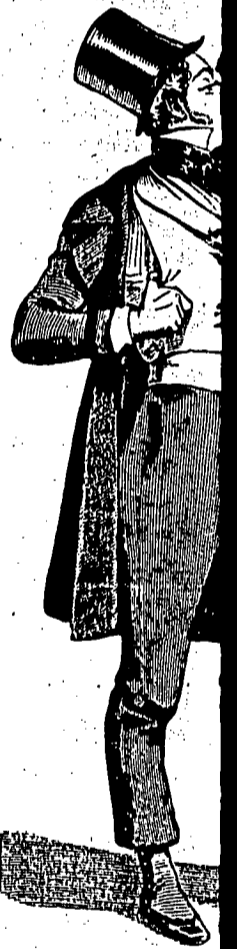
No obstacle so great that he does not overcome it; "can't do it" makes no part of his vocabulary, and thus, by his perseverance and industry, are golden millions sent rolling monthly from the mountains to the sea.

tion of the State, from the ten-pin alley, up or down, to banking houses; and generally the loser by every transaction.

He is a great reader, and exhibits much sagacity in his selection of books, papers, and periodicals, for he always reads all he can get.

He almost invariably attends church on Sunday, or visits some city, town, or village where there ought to be one,—and though he seldom works on that day, his presence in town makes everybody else work. His weekly supply of "grub," and his one "square meal" on Sunday, he will have; picks must be

sharpened, and his on their bottoms; for transmission to expressing his opinion, the theatre, and generally, returns cabin, and often a *better* man. And weekly "rifles" to aggregate of these fountain from whence wealth and prosper and the hope of the



THE ENGLISH

Here you see, in all sufficient satisfaction, the fishman. Still grumb

the river from its ancient bed, and hangs it, for miles together, in wooden flumes upon the mountain's side, or throws it from hill to hill, in aqueducts that tremble at their own airy height; or he pumps a river dry, and takes its golden bottom out. He levels down the hills, and the same process levels up the valleys; he "drives a tunnel" through a mountain, or in twain, by a "deep cut," divides it; and with cast iron stamps, he pounds the rocks of the mountains into dust.

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sharpened, and his boots made thicker on their bottoms; he deposits his dust for transmission to the mint; and after expressing his opinion of the post-master, the theatre, and town institutions generally, returns to his "claim" and cabin, and often a slightly poorer, if not a better man. And thus he makes his weekly "rifles" to the town, and the aggregate of these pulsations is the fountain from whence springs the great wealth and prosperity of the present, and the hope of the future of California.

of his existence. Although the sun of California cheers him every day in the year, which he never sees in his own happy England, according to Lord Byron, but three times a year, still he is longing for the charms of a pure London fog. (Old Foggy was born in one.) It suits his gloomy temperament, and affords him an opportunity, operating as medicine, to discharge his spleen and his bile at the same time. Out of England, he would ask what is there worth living for. In England he has ever been asking the same question. His favorite quotation is, "England, with all thy faults; I love thee still;" and adds, in his queer love for it, "and better still for all thy faults." Certes, there is no beef so good, no rogues so keen, no taxes so numerous, no ale so pure, no ladies so fair as in righte merry England; and although it is his boast that the sun never sets on her Majesty's dominions, yet he admits that the dog in the manger, nor the convicts make the best settlers in its fairest spots. His is the only nation, according to his own account, that has ever been conquering, and yet remaining unconquered; and if any accessions have been made to its vast dominions by any questionable policy, bless you! it was quite a mistake. As for being beat any time, my dear sir, 't is no such thing. He may have once been licked a little, but never by a foreigner; it was only a fight between two Englishmen, whose pluck, if a kind Providence, in the shape of overwhelming taxation, had not stepped in and ended the difficulty, they, like the Kilkenny cats of old, would have fought on to the end of all creation, or until nothing but the ends of their tails would have been left



THE ENGLISHMAN.

Here you see, in all his supreme self-sufficient satisfaction, the veritable Englishman. Still grumbling on to the end

to tell the tale. He has a peculiar forgetfulness about any battles that his country has lost, but a lively reminiscence of every one gained.

Conviction makes but slow progress with him, although he is daily seeing something worth copying in Brother J. He will begin the reformation by dosing the plug, and adopting the comfortable Yankee wide-awake, or Shanghaiac. There's the beard, why should he shave? Why did he ever shave? He don't care a carpenter's shaving about it; let it grow as nature intended. In course of time it goes greater lengths than Brother J.'s. He likes it, and means to adopt it, moustache and all.

But to chew; pshaw! that will never do; say no more about it; so he makes up in his consumption of the weed by smoking three segars to his one. He has learned too, from Brother Jonathan, politeness to the ladies, and can actually get out of an omnibus, in a shower of rain, to accommodate one.

His heart, yes! all must confess that article is in its right place. He is liberal to a fault. He will spurn a beggar from his door with one hand, and throw a sovereign after him with the other. But we must hasten on to the next character, or we fear his friends by and by, will see no fault in him.

The Irishman, although not a Mason of the society of Free Masons, so numerous in California, is neverthe-

less akin to it, being a fellow of the hodd society, as the Cockneys have it. A cute fellow, and no mistake about it, is Paddy O'Rap-at-ye, for has not he, with his brother, Shaughnessy O'Smash-ye, by the art of shoulder striking, el-



THE IRISHMAN.

bowed his way into the first offices of this State, unencumbered with the both-eration of learning, at all at all. While we Yankees have been neglecting our duty, as citizens, to look after the almighty dollar, he has been looking after it and them, pocketed the proceeds, and bringing his thumb to the end of

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and bringing his thumb to the end of

his nose—with a most significant
expression, got his praste's absolu-
tion, and sentenced himself to trans-
portation for life, to spend the mon-
ey in some other State, where he
will keep agitating until he sees the
Pope President. A good patriot is
he, and carries his pat-riot-ism into
every country he adopts. America
begins to know what a rum customer
England has had to deal with for the
last half a dozen centuries, and thinks
Johnny Bull not so great a tyrant as
he is represented. Around every
tree of liberty he is sure, sooner or
later, to plant his sprigs of shillelahs,
and whatever rock his bark strikes
against, it is not long before it is cov-
ered with his sham-rock so green.
If he never founds cities, he is al-
ways building them up, and is as
likely to have a "brick in his hat,"
as in his hod. Always upon the *lad-
der* of progress, but without improve-
ment, as he is sure to take a step
down for every one up. He is ever
ready in debate, for what his mind and
tongue lack in argument, is sure to be
made up with his fists.

In truth he is one of a faction, as far
from the class of Irishmen above him,
in honor, liberality, and good citizen-
ship, as the poles are asunder.

Allow me to introduce to you, ladies
and gentleman, in the person of the
Jew, another brother Californian. One
Mister Moses, a most worthy neighbor,
who never says nothing to nobody,
who never minds not nobody's busi-
ness but his own; who never makes a
bargain, but he loses by it. He has
been ruining himself in this way for
years; but somehow or other, in some
extraordinary manner, instead of grow-



THE JEW.

ing rich as that jeu d'histoire, Cræsus,
by the ruin of others, he has become so
by the ruin of himself. A good fellow,
is Moses, for if all the world had made
up its mind to offer you only half of
your charge, fair reader, would you not
make yours by charging that *world*
double, in order to balance your ac-
counts with it. Did you, reader, ever
see a Jew a beggar? Can one of any
other creed answer that question as
satisfactorily?

Observe! how kindly he notices the
wear of your pants, and how amiably
he invites you to take the shine off them,
by entering his store to choose for your-
self another as better as new; and less,
in price, than the cost of the thread

that tacks them together; and it will be only when they drop off, may be the next week, will he drop off your acquaintance. But drop in again, and tell him of the circumstance, and my veracity on it, he will suit you better next time, if he loses by it, as he always does.



THE NEGRO.

Extraordinary fellow to unite two such opposite crafts as whitewashing California houses and firms, and blacking their understandings. He deems the cleansing of the one as important as the polishing of the other. His humor is *sui generis*, and has passed into stereotype, and his melodies never die. A right hand-y help is he, from the

driving of a nail to the driving of a bargain. There is no weightier article in demand at the dinner table, than himself as a table waiter. He knows all your wants sooner than you know them yourself. Whether in bearing a hand at a stew-ward, that is, a cook, or as a steward, that is not a cook, he is one in a community that would not be perfect without him.

The Hybrid, as we would suppose from his appearance, (see next page,) is a bad left-handed cross of the Irish and the Yankee. With a regular shillalah looking countenance, and the full, heavy form of the Irishman, he shows in his whittling and whistling propensities, his half Yankee origin. Too lazy to work, he manages to keep himself in tolerable trim by betting on all manner of elections, at all times and places; never puts up the "stakes," but trusts to the honor of gentlemen to pay their bets, if losers, but if himself the loser, was never known to pay.

He believes real "red hot vitals" not conducive to longevity, therefore goes his whole length, which is considerable, on the "free lunch" arrangement, claiming a living from this source, on the ground of the inventive genius of his ancestry—that his father or mother—on one side or the other, must have originated the system, or it never would have been so perfectly adapted to his nature and constitution; a better reason than three-fourths of the "free lunch" class in California can give.

He is the shrewdest of all men, because he is a Yankee; the wittiest, because he is an Irishman, and the most



THE HYBRID.

sagacious politician, the only one who polishes the really elected cards. This he knew, for he

The only thing that the slightest uncasing of his washing bills; linen, like that of a eternity, consists of but collar, (all but the sh leather stock, he man his quarters once a n washer-woman, even,

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THE HYBRID.

sagacious politician in the world, and
the only one who positively knew that
the really elected would be elected;
this he knew, for he helped to lay the
cards.

The only thing that ever gives him
the slightest uneasiness, is the payment
of his washing bills; but as his entire
linen, like that of a majority of his fra-
ternity, consists of but a single tin shirt
collar, (all but the shirt,) and a patent
leather stock, he manages, by changing
his quarters once a month, to cheat his
washer-woman, even, out of her ducs.

He is no gambler—not he—neither
his principles nor his purse admits of
this, though he is never backward at a
game of billiards. Thinks no man a
gentleman who don't attend the races
and bet largely.

He has an opinion on the Vigilance
question, but has never expressed it;
but upon all questions of State policy
his mind is fully made up, believing
that the late decision of the Supreme
Court, upon the State indebtedness, is
in accordance with law and the Consti-
tution, but that the honor, the glory,
and future credit of the State, requires
its payment to the last dollar.

He is satisfied that earthquakes are
no great shakes after all, hardly worth
noticing; but that if they were, that
our city is becoming so extensively
"hooped" that no possible apprehen-
sion of danger need be entertained, ex-
cept in the event of a general burst,
when he thinks the flying timbers might
be dangerous to by-standers.

The Sandwich Islander (see next
page) is a man of frivolity, ease, and
improvidence. Inhabitant of a luxuri-
ous isle, where nature prodigal of her
gifts, bestows a climate ever genial in
temperature, the earth teeming with
the voluptuousness and variety of her
products, and all attainable in the high-
est degree of perfection, almost without
effort, we see him with an ambition
soaring even to the clouds, for his high-
est ambition is his kite.

And though we find him a part of
the World in California, he seems not
at all at home. His love of ease is an
effectual barrier to his progress in any-
thing that depends upon effort or labor,
and his natural improvidence, and cost
of his maintenance here, soon brings



SANDWICH ISLANDER.

him to a condition in which he looks with supreme disgust and contempt upon anything but his own beautiful and luxurious ocean girt home.

We shall continue our delineation of The World in California, in our next number, by introducing to your acquaintance, first, the veritable Yankee, the true American.

THE VIVIPAROUS BAY BREEM, OF CALIFORNIA.

Californians have much to boast of in the novelties and capabilities of their country; but the Viviparous Bream, often exposed in our noble markets for sale, are not the only viviparous fish known in the world. This Bream is a species of the genus *piecelia*, which are

all viviparous, and are found in other fresh and brackish waters of America, beside those of California. Many of the Blennies found on the English coast are viviparous, and have their ovarium situated precisely as in others; and which on being pressed, produces abundance of perfectly formed fish.

The Bream are not all of them viviparous; some are only partially so, producing, when the ovarium is pressed, in a state of parturition, the perfectly formed, the half formed, and the roe of the parent fish.

Although the California Bream are somewhat larger than other species, the flavor is in no way superior, but rather inferior to those introduced at European tables. This kind of fish, altogether, is not much esteemed by epicureans of any country.

THE BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY.*

BY CALLIE FORNIA.

Away, but not with merry heart, I go,
From dear and long loved friends I part in
woe;

I weep, yet cannot tell the reason why
The large tear drops should tremble in my
eye.

For my "new" husband lingers by my side,
Clasping my hand, and calling me his bride,
His pride, his hope, his treasure, all his life,
His only loved and loving little wife.

Deep lines of thought have marked his forehead fair,
And time has left a "slight impression" there;
His intellect, above the "common" mind
Sours far, for he's to literature inclined.

Husband! that name to me sounds strangely
queer;

My own changed title "grates" upon my ear;
Yet I'm to be a true, devoted wife,
To honor, love, obey him all my life!

I promised, did I? Well, the words are said,
Though chains clank round me I *will not* be
led;

I'll teach him, first, that I must have *my way*,
I'll love him then, and when I please, obey.

* See Editor's Table, To Contributors.

THE

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ant article

viviparous, and are found in other
and brackish waters of America,
de those of California. Many of
the Blennies found on the English
t are viviparous, and have their
rium situated precisely as in others ;
which on being pressed, produces
undance of perfectly formed fish.
The Bream are not all of them vivi-
ous ; some are only partially so, pro-
ing, when the ovarum is pressed, in
state of parturition, the perfectly
med, the half formed, and the roe of
parent fish.

Although the California Bream are
newhat larger than other species, the
vor is in no way superior, but rather
rior to those introduced at Europe-
tables. This kind of fish, altogether,
not much esteemed by epicureans of
y country.

THE BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY.*

BY CALLIE FORNIA.

ay, but not with merry heart, I go,
om dear and long loved friends I part in
woe ;
weep, yet cannot tell the reason why
e large tear drops should tremble in my
eye.

r my "new" husband lingers by my side,
sping my hand, and calling me his bride,
s pride, his hope, his treasure, all his life,
s only loved and loving little wife.

ep lines of thought have marked his fore-
head fair,

ime has left a "slight impression" there ;
intellect, above the "common" mind
urs far, for he's to literature inclined.

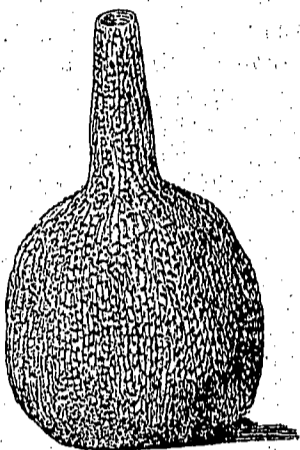
usband ! that name to me sounds strangely
queer ;

y own changed title "grates" upon my ear ;
t I'm to be a true, devoted wife,
honor, love, obey him all my life !

romised, did I ? Well, the words are said,
ough chains clank round me I will not be
led ;

l teach him, first, that I must have *my way*,
l love him then, and when I please, obey.

* See Editor's Table, To Contributors.



THE INDIAN WOMAN OF SAN NICHOLAS.

Our readers will remember that in
the November number of the Magazine
we were favored by Capt. C. J. W.
Russell, with the narrative of a woman
who was eighteen years alone, on the
Island of San Nicholas. Since the
publication of that sketch, Capt. R.
has paid a visit to Santa Barbara, and
by Mr. George Nedever, the gentle-
man who discovered her, was presented
with a water-bottle made of grass, and
a stone mortar, necklace and other
things that were made by her during
her long and solitary residence. The
water-bottle explains its own use. The
mortar was used for pounding the *au-
lone*, the *Haliotis* of naturalists, and
which was one of the principal articles
of food among the Indians, and by
whom they were dried for winter use,
and afterwards pounded in a mortar
before eating.

At the present time there are no less
than twelve schooners and sloops char-
tered by Chinamen ; besides several
hundred of Chinese laborers engaged
in this business, as they are an import-
ant article of consumption to China-

men in California, in addition to the
vast quantities exported by them to
their native land. In flavor these are
said to be fully equal to the oyster, es-
pecially in soup, and could be intro-
duced advantageously for our own use,
and we would suggest to epicures here,
to give this dish of "John's" a trial, for
it may be possible that although we
might not relish cooked rats, the *aulone*
may be one of the greatest of delica-
cies to our own people.

(The *aulone* is the fish taken from
the pearl oyster.)

The necklace made by this ingeni-
ous woman, was of slate, and although
rude, it was prized by her as a great
ornament, even though no one was
near to admire or praise her.

There is upon this island a good
sized cave in which she took up her
abode, and on the walls of which she
had kept a rude record of all the ves-
sels that had passed the island, and of
all the most remarkable occurrences in
her lonely history, such as seeing large
quantities of seals, hailing of vessels in
the distance, &c.

By her signs she represented her-
self as once being very sick, and had
to crawl upon her hands and knees
from the cave to some water. During
her sickness at Mr. Nedever's, although
she suffered much, she never com-
plained, and made them understand
that she should like to die, for then she
should meet her child in the spirit
land.

We append the following interesting
extract from the *Santa Barbara Ga-
zette*.

"All that was known of this re-
markable woman, and all of her his-
tory while living upon this island, she

was able to impart by signs and gestures, (she had lost the knowledge of language), and the manner of her discovery and deliverance, her arrival here and death that soon followed, has before been published. While living she was an object of lively interest to some and curiosity to others.

"Speaking with a friend lately, an old and respectable resident of California, on this and kindred topics, we were enabled to trace the history of the Indians inhabiting this and other islands in our channel back to the year 1811. The account given of the war of extermination* against the Indians on this particular island is not uninteresting, and runs thus:

"In the year 1811, a ship† owned by Boardman & Pope, of Boston, commanded by Capt. Whittemore, trading on this coast, took from the port of Sitka, Russian America, about thirty Kodiak Indians, a part of a hardy tribe inhabiting the island of Kodiak, to the islands in the Santa Barbara Channel, for the purpose of killing sea otter, which were then very numerous in the neighborhood of these islands. Capt. Whittemore, after landing the Kodiaks on the island, and placing in their hands fire-arms and the necessary implements of the chase, sailed away to the coast of Lower California, and South America.

"In the absence of the ship, a dispute arose between the Kodiaks and the natives of the islands, originating in the seizure of the females by the Kodiaks. The Kodiaks possessing more activity, endurance and knowledge of war, and possessing superior weapons, slaughtered the males without mercy, old and young. On the island of San Nicholas, not a male, old or young, was spared. At the end of a year Capt. Whittemore returned to

* The war referred to by Capt. Russell in the *Cal. Mag.* of Nov.

† The ship was captured the following year near the Sandwich Islands, by the British ship-of-war "Phaëbe," and Capt. Whittemore was carried a prisoner of war to England.—Ed.

the islands, took the Kodiaks on board, and carried them back to Sitka.

"From this period little is known of the Indians remaining on these islands till the year 1836, when Capt. Isaac Williams, late Collector of the Port of San Pedro, visited this island in a small vessel, and took on board all the Indians remaining but one woman, who was left in the manner stated by Capt. Russell, in the *California Magazine*. The Indians of the islands were of the type of the coast Indians, and were no doubt a part of them."

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

"I will be good, dear mother,"
I heard a sweet child say;
"I will be good; now watch me;
I will be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips—
So pure and free from guile.

And, when night came, that little one,
In kneeling down to pray,
Said, in a soft and whispering tone,
"Have I been good to-day?"

Oh, many, many bitter tears
'Twould save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
"I will be good to-day."

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—An old miser in New England owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half starved pauper hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skin-flint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon despatched.

"Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer "we take supper, it will save time and trouble, you know."

"Just as you like it," said the eager cater, and at it they went:

"Now we will go to work," said the satisfied and delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the delighted laborer, "I never work after supper."

CROSSING NORWEGE

The recent great belt of f... the eastern ba... range of Cali... sary the exten... that inland w... provision for th... of the general... to the winter o... of these vall... almost inaccess... on the west, an... extent of des... towards Salt... winter month...

took the Kodiaks on board, and took them back to Sitka. In this period little is known of the Indians remaining on these islands. In the year 1836, when Capt. Isaac Spence, late Collector of the Port of Sitka, visited this island in a schooner, and took on board all the Indians remaining but one woman, she left in the manner stated by Spence, in the *California Magazine*. The Indians of the islands were the same as the coast Indians, and it is not to be doubted a part of them."

WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

"Be good, dear mother,"
 said a sweet child say;
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GOOD TO BE LOST.—An old miser in England owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance and accordingly offered any man food and clothing for the requisite labor. A half-pauper hearing of the terms, accepted. Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal the old skin-flint thought it would be time if they should place the dinner on the table. This was readily done by the unsatisfied stranger, and he was soon despatched. "I suppose, now," said the frugal farmer, "you will save time and money, as you know."

"As you like it," said the eager laborer, "and at it they went: now we will go to work," said the farmer, and the delighted employer. "Thank you," said the delighted laborer, "I will work after supper."



CROSSING THE SIERRAS.
 NORWEGIAN SNOW SKATES.

The recent rapid settlement of that great belt of fertile valleys lying along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada range of California, has made necessary the extension of mail facilities to that inland world in advance of any provision for that purpose by the agents of the general government. Previous to the winter of 1854-5 the inhabitants of these valleys for three or four months of the year, were closed in by almost inaccessible snow-clad mountains on the west, and on the east by a vast extent of desert country stretching towards Salt Lake, that during the winter months seems peculiarly the

great battle ground of the winds and the storm.

The great depth of the snows upon the Sierras, renders their passage by pack animals not only difficult but dangerous, and often for months together wholly impracticable. To remedy this great inconvenience and secure to the people of the valleys a regular correspondence with California west of the mountains, a proposition was made by Mr. John A. Thompson, a Norwegian by birth, to convey the mails semi-monthly without regard to the depth of the snow. The proposition was accepted and we here present him mounted upon the true Norwegian snow skates, of which, a knowledge of their construction and use he had retained

from the memory of boyhood, having left his native land at the age of ten years.

Entirely unlike the snow shoes of the North American Indian or the people of the Canadas, well adapted as they are to a loose light snow and a level country, the snow skates are peculiarly adapted to the rugged features of our mountains and the damp compact snows that annually accumulate upon them.

The skate consists of a single piece of strong stiff wood, from six to seven and a half feet in length, that turning up in front six or eight inches terminates in a point, six inches in width on the bottom at the bend and gradually tapering backwards to four inches in width. It is flat on the bottom, the top oval or rounded except about a foot in length where the foot rests, a little back of the center; here it is an inch and a half in thickness, from thence tapering to a half an inch or less at either end.

The only fastening is a single strap over the toe of the boot admitting of the freest possible motion to the feet and ankles. In making progress the skate is only raised from the snow when it is desired to make a shorter turn than would otherwise be possible. On uphill or level surfaces the skates are placed parallel to each other and pushed forward alternately with ease about the length of an ordinary step, but the impetus given causes them to slide further than this, while upon descending surfaces they run with great ease and rapidity, and when the declivity is very great, making it necessary to check the motion by throwing the weight of the skater upon a double

handed staff, six feet in length, forced into the snow upon one side as showed in the cut. With these skates Mr. Thompson, heavily laden, travels over the otherwise almost inaccessible snow clad cliffs, and gorges of the Sierras, a distance of from thirty to forty miles a day, thus bearing the sealed tidings, doubtless of hope or disappointment, happiness or grief to many.

It is a feature of our inland transit unique in itself, and as far as it relates to the American Continent, we believe peculiarly Californian.

As showing to some extent the perils and dangers incident to a winter passage of the Sierra Nevada, we subjoin the following interesting account from the *Sac. Union*.

J. A. Thompson, the Expressman of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, called upon us yesterday, upon the completion of his second trip this winter to Carson Valley, and placed us in possession of some highly interesting particulars connected therewith. This trip is peculiarly interesting, from the fact that it was made on his Norwegian snow shoes, seven and a half feet long, over snow which, at some points, he was unable to fathom.

About three miles above Placerville, he came to the snow, having left that place on the 20th of December. He was accompanied by two men who had awaited his going, and at this point they all put on their snow shoes. The weather was clear, but cold, and the party made Lake Valley without any incident worthy of note.

On the night of the 23d December, they reached a deserted cabin in that valley, and struck a fire. Mr. Thompson being anxious to press on, told his companions that he would go ahead and stay over night at another cabin about a mile ahead, and that they could overtake him in the morning. Al-

though anxious to separate from me, he would go on that night. All started off, and reached the cabin at a thing dark and Mr. Thompson, no one in, how loaded," when, answered from Mr. Thompson alone upon that spot, without clothes he went to his feet.

In this deep snow, he had been lying for some time, and his feet were cold and both have to kneec. His statement have been in bore them with tyr, and search to escape him, soon have to still had a licence might. his cabin, and not Mr. T. got probably have morning with.

The sufferer, son, the party six miles above been engaged and left for shoes some two storm overtook feet becoming difficulty he reing post. On his matches strike a light, for four days, box of matches nished him a to cut his boot not succeed; a him but to death.

On the 24th

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though anxious to stop, rather than
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go on that night, and once more they
all started off. About midnight, they
reached the cabin and found every-
thing dark and the door closed. Mr.
Thompson, not expecting to find any
one in, however, knocked and "hal-
loed," when, to his surprise, a voice
answered from within. On entering,
Mr. Thompson found a man lying
alone upon the floor in that dreary
spot, without other covering than the
clothes he wore, and the boots frozen
to his feet.

In this deplorable condition, he had
been lying for twelve days, with noth-
ing to sustain life but raw flour. His
feet were completely frozen, and will
both have to be amputated below the
knee. His sufferings must, according
to the statement of Mr. Thompson,
have been indescribable, and yet he
bore them with the fortitude of a mar-
tyr, and scarcely permitted a murmur
to escape him. Although death would
soon have terminated his agony, he
still had a lingering hope that Provi-
dence might direct Mr. Thompson by
his cabin, and thus save him. Had
not Mr. T. gone on that night, he would
probably have passed the cabin in the
morning without stopping.

The sufferer proved to be James Sis-
son, the partner of Mr. Hawley, about
six miles above Placerville. He had
been engaged in the packing business,
and left for Carson Valley on snow
shoes some two weeks previous. The
storm overtook him on his way, and his
feet becoming frozen, it was with great
difficulty he reached his cabin or trad-
ing post. On arriving there he found
his matches so wet that he could not
strike a light, and thus he remained
for four days, when he discovered a
box of matches in his cabin which fur-
nished him a fire. He then attempted
to cut his boots off his feet, but could
not succeed; and nothing remained for
him but to await either succor or
death.

On the 24th, Mr. Thompson started

for Carson Valley, and on Christmas
day got five men to agree to accompa-
ny him back to Lake Valley. He rig-
ged them out with snow shoes, made
after the pattern of his own, and taking
with them a sled upon which to haul
the sufferer, they started back on the
26th. They reached the trading post
that night, and laid over during the
27th, in consequence of the severe
weather—another snow being falling.
On the 28th, they packed Mr. Sisson
on the sled, and thus, with great labor,
succeeded in conveying him safely to
Carson Valley, where the sufferer is
now lying in the care of Dr. Dagget.
Mr. Thompson, on his return will take
with him some chloroform which will
be administered to the patient and his
feet amputated, as it was not deemed
advisable to attempt the operation
without this agency.

In Carson Valley, Mr. Thompson
fell in with Col. Wm. Rogers, who had
gone over from Hope Valley, and from
him he learned that one of his copper
miners, named Benj. Fenwick, form-
erly from Virginia, had been frozen to
death on the 15th of December. The
deceased had gone to Carson Valley,
and was returning home, when the cold
overpowered him, at a distance of three
hundred yards from Col. Rogers' house.
He seated himself upon the snow, with
his body in an upright position, and
thus perished. Five days after, a dog
which had accompanied him approach-
ed the house, emaciated and starved.
The occupants of the house, following
the track of the dog, which faithful
animal also followed them back, found
the body of Fenwick as described.
From the indications, it was manifest
the dog had not left the body of his
master during that time, but had
crouched upon his lap, until driven
away by starvation or a higher instinct.
That the devoted animal should have
escaped freezing is somewhat remark-
able.

Mr. Thompson left Carson Valley
on Monday, January 5th, and arrived
in this city yesterday morning, the 9th.

At Big Canon, the snow was four feet deep; at Hope Valley, five feet; at Luthers' Pass, six feet; at Lake Valley, five feet; and in the pass on Johnson's Summit, he sounded a depth of ten feet without reaching bottom. He estimates the depth of snow for eight miles this side of Slippery Ford at twelve feet.

"STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY."

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

[Every Californian who has listened to the sweet musical strains of the lamented Mrs. Robb, will read the following beautiful sentiment from the pen of C. B. McDonald, formerly of the *Sierra Citizen*, with feelings of sorrowful regret, that one so fair and gifted, should be prematurely hushed in the deep stillness of the tomb, or be called from their care easing mission in our mountain land, to the spirit choir above.—Ed.]

We have received a message, dictated by the late MIRIAM GOODENOW ROBB a little while before the gates of Paradise were lifted up, at the coming of one of the fairest and purest of those whom God created only a little lower than the angels. Her request was, that Gen. Allen and the writer of this would not forget that she had lived—that they would collect and send to her little daughter, all their articles written about herself; that when ELLA shall have learned to read, she may honor the name of her lost mother, and be taught to believe that, after all, this world is not so very dreary; because, in the far-off sunset land, among the nodding firs and bleak and silent crags of California, many a stout heart, calloused with the curse of gold, welled up like a fountain in the desert, when the sweet voice of her mother bade the bearded miner "strike the harp gently."

Strange it is that when the Angel of Death is sent to earth, to execute the

decree of "dust to dust," that the young and beautiful perish, while the old and the deformed, and the heavy laden are left to toil on with their weary burdens. But, 'tis even so; the archer sends his shaft at the soaring eagle, and spares the partridge cowering under the hedge; and when the lightning crowns the mountain brow with fire, the ignobler trees escape its vengeance, but the lofty pine, that lifts its head heavenward, and nods to its Creator, is blasted, and its branches withered, leaving only the riven trunk, swaying to and fro, writing on the overhanging dome, in characters unread by mortal eye, "Thy will be done." When the "demons down under the sea," come up and war among the waves, the worthless hulk is washed ashore, but the noble ship, that bears the proudest pennant of the world, goes down, full of life and majesty.

And when the flower girl goes forth to gather the first born of the spring time, the lily, bending with the purest distillations of night, is gathered first.

Rest thee, sweet singer! Rest thee beneath the green prairies of Illinois; and every evening, when the chaste sunlight draws its last magic circle around thy sleeping place, "strike the harp gently."

And the little Ella! In after years, when the glow of womanhood shall have mantled her cheek; when the stranger's kiss, pressed on her infant brow, shall have grown cold and been forgotten; when the chaste summer wind sweeps up from Lake Michigan, and plays among the branches of the locust and the willow, in God's Acre; when

"The young lambs are playing in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
And the young flowers are blowing toward the west."

let ELLA, kneeling by the honored grave of Genius, whisper softly to the overwatching angel, "MOTHER, STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY!"

[The following same pen) are equal
justice, for their retri-
the spring of 1855,
and the little ELLA
mountains, and just
were rejoiced by
curling up among
ner's cabin. Here
and entertained for
the miners became
ed in little Ella, be-
him of his own love
most her age; and
when the amiable s
he kissed the little
ble emotion, no dou-
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far, far away. Afte-
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ELLA—

Aye, welcome, little
Across the drifted
The fir trees' shadow
And the evening s
The wolves are howl
And scenting for t
And the grizzly come
As soon as close of

Come, welcome to m
I'll kiss thy infant
For I left at home an
As innocent as thou
And often, in this lon
When wintry temp
I've started from my
Her voice was in th

Our hut is made of sh
Our hands are roug
But long ago we lister
Thy mother's matel
Then welcome! little
The kettle's on the
And every one thou se
Will welcome ELLA

At our Cabin, Yuba A

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[The following stanzas (from the same pen) are equally deserving of notice, for their refined simplicity. In the spring of 1855, Mr. and Mrs. Robb, and the little Ella, were lost in the mountains, and just at nightfall they were rejoiced by the sight of smoke curling up among the pines, from a miner's cabin. Here they were welcomed and entertained for the night. One of the miners became very much interested in little Ella, because she reminded him of his own loved child at home, almost her age; and in the morning, when the amiable sojourners departed, he kissed the little one with considerable emotion, no doubt with his heart's feelings lingering on the ever dear ones far, far away. Afterwards Mrs. Robb related the circumstance to the author.]

ELLA ROBB.

Aye, welcome, little traveler,
 Across the drifted snow;
 The fir trees' shadows lengthen fast,
 And the evening sun is low:
 The wolves are howling down the glen,
 And scenting for their prey,
 And the grizzly comes from out his den
 As soon as close of day.

Come, welcome to my fireside,
 I'll kiss thy infant brow,
 For I left at home an angel child,
 As innocent as thou;
 And often, in this lonesome cot,
 When wintry tempests wail,
 I've started from my dreams, and thought
 Her voice was in the gale.

Our hut is made of shapeless logs,
 Our hands are rough and strong,
 But long ago we listened to
 Thy mother's matchless song:
 Then welcome! little pioneer,
 The kettle's on the hob,
 And every one thou see'st here
 Will welcome ELLA ROBB.

C. B. McDONALD.

At our Cabin, Yuba River, 1854.

Flowers are the alphabets of angels,
 wherewith they write on hills and
 plains mysterious truths.

OUR NEIGHBORS OPPOSITE.

We love character in every thing. It affords us infinite instruction and entertainment, especially if it belong to the eccentric.

Our Neighbors opposite are Cigar Merchants. Their stock and store are not so extensive by many a foot and pipe, as they might be; nor is their custom such as to provoke mad speculation. For the last rainy week or two, it has been confined to an unusually limited sphere; to self and partner. To call them merchants, is no more an hyperbole than their names are to their persons. Mons. Petit-de-trop is one of the smallest Frenchman we ever saw; so much so that if he were less than his name implies—Little too much—he would be nothing at all. His worthy partner, Mr Fairchild, is one of the darkest children, of the mulatto cast, on our record, and for a *child*, some six feet in height, is as remarkable a growth, as any mammoth production of the present day. As the former appears to be a caste between the Spanish and Frenchman, so does the latter appear to be a cross between a cockney Yorkshireman and a Guinea Negro.—Mons. Petit de trop seems to be the sleeping, while friend Fairchild is the traveling partner. The former divides his time between Manillas and Dumas' cheroots, and the latter with perambulations about town, in search of an undefinable object. In these pursuits, he is accompanied by his dog Beauty, as remarkable in appearance as himself; four very small thick legs, shaped like the fashionable Louis Quatorze tables, have to support a long thin weasel-like body, surmounted by a prodigiously large bull-mastiff head; these, with a tail one inch and a half long, make up the whole figure of the ever constant companion of his travels. On one of these occasions it was my chance to be introduced to him. The omnibus in which I was seated one morning stopped in the middle of

Montgomery street to take him up. "You can't come in Beauty," said he, to the dog; "There are ladies here. So you must tramp it. But go to the store first, and get me a cigar." We looked about to see whom he addressed, but observing no one near, said: "Are you speaking to your dog Sir?"

"Yes, stranger—would you like a cigar when you get out? Here Beauty, get two!" said he, putting up his two fingers.

"Does that dog understand your wishes?" said I,

"Does he dare misunderstand them," replied he, "I'll tell you how 'tis. Experience docet, or as I English it, experience does it. Come here Beauty, said I, when I taught him this lesson, do you see that cigar box with red paper around it? he nodded his head by way of recognition. Well! said I, when I want a cigar, always make use of that box for my especial use. They are the finest Manillas in town. Do you hear? Smell it first, always, before you bring it. Well, he brought me two or three at first, according to order; but somehow or other, some idle customer, for a joke, I suppose, put in a damaged Cuba, and when he brought it I coolly lighted it, and with it burned the tip of his nose, by way of sharpening his wits. Now, said I, Beauty, whenever you bring me such a thing as this, when it is lighted, I shall always make you smoke it out yourself, and I shan't be very nice about which end goes into your mouth first. For you have been long enough in the trade, as one of our partners, to know a good cigar from a bad one. Sir, you know that dogs are said to have the finest scent in the world, and my Beauty, judging by the size of his nose, you see as big as that of a full grown lion, ought to have this quality in a pre-eminent degree; and having it, he ought to make use of it to some good purpose. Here he comes, freighted with the cargo." Here the conveyance, as luck would have it, stopped, for a passenger to alight.

"Let him come in," said I, these ladies are friends of mine, and are fond of dogs."

"Thank you sir; Beauty, come in, and make a bow to this gentleman for his politeness."

The creature did as was desired, and then retired under the heels of his master, after dropping from his mouth the two cigars into his hand.

"Observe," said he, Beauty has only presumed to touch them by the lighter end."

"Is it possible," I remarked, that he can judge the quality of a cigar?"

"Almost as well as I can, and better than my other partner. I have often won many a dollar from my customers by his judgment, hav'nt I Beauty?" Here the dog moved his head.

"I should like to test his discrimination," said a traveller in a corner, I have two sorts of cigars, a T—and a B—.

"Beauty," said Mr. F., will you have a B—? The dog shook his head. Would your adorer rather prefer a T—? Beauty nodded assent. Now tell me which is a brand of the right sort, said he, laying three of different kinds in a row on a vacant seat of the omnibus. "Mind what you're about now, or you'll get a brand of the wrong sort again to improve your scent." The dog, after surveying each attentively, picked up the Manilla.

"Well! that is wonderful," said the ladies.

"Good dog," said his master, patting his rough coat. "Did you get any breakfast this morning, Beauty?" he continued. The dog shook his head, "How is that? Never mind, you'd rather have a good dinner, than a bad breakfast, would'nt ye?" The dog nodded as before.

"He deserves it," said I.

"He does!" said all.

"That's a quaint looking walking stick," I continued, "Excuse me for the remark." It was a vine, O inquisitive Reader! in shape like unto a double u. The handle and the ferule,

leaving out the horn pieces of the latter.

"It is," said the Clerk, very stick I am indebted to; it saved the father and grandfather the life out of a loss to rob my father and grandfather from dro

inundation at * * * He clung to the stern eighteen hours, and when the boat that came to he had cut away, with part of it that upheld the tide. It has been an out of our family ever our tall passenger, rather the lowest possible, and the least practical rim, bad myself good morning, the omnibus; but we thus to drop acquaintance

In a fruit store next we afterward heard the qu; with which only, detain the Reader.

Mr. F. I'm tired of Trop, I shall cut my stick. Mons. What for your stick, tis ver good stick him.

M. F. I don't mean clear out of this.

Mons. What for you we have more of stock clear out?

Mr. F. I mean I shall you understand that?

Mons. Yes! It is a vet, you a warm yourself ble.

Mr. F. No, no, no, this affair altogether.

Mons. Ma foi! If you pipe, you vill viz-out do

Mr. F. Here F. muter tis dropp'd the, better we must. Every firm break with such a head business as we have on

Mons. Me no under

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leaving out the horizontals, or cross
pieces of the latter.

"It is," said the Character! To that
very stick I am indebted for my exis-
tence; it saved the life of both my
father and grandfather. It near mauled
the life out of a loafer, who attempt-
to rob my father once, and saved my
grandfather from drowning, during an
inundation at * * * *, where he lived.
He clung to the stem of this vine full
eighteen hours, and would'nt put off in
the boat that came to his rescue, until
he had cut away, with his bowie, that
part of it that upheld him; out of grati-
tude. It has been an heir-loom, never
out of our family ever since. Here
our tall passenger, raising his hat of
the lowest possible crown, of the smal-
lest practical rim, bade the ladies and
myself good morning, and alighted from
the omnibus; but we were not destined
thus to drop acquaintance.

In a fruit store next door to the firm
we afterward heard the following collo-
quy; with which only, we will farther
detail the Reader.

Mr. F. I'm tired of this hook De
Trop, I shall cut my stick.

Mons. What for you cut a your
stick, tis ver good stick; you will spoil
him.

M. F. I don't mean that, I shall
clear out of this.

Mons. What for you clear out, till
we have more of stock, what for you
clear out?

Mr. F. I mean I shall dry up, do
you understand that?

Mons. Yes! It is ver cold, and
vet, you a warm yourself comfort-ah-
ble.

Mr. F. No, no, no. I shall drop
this affair altogether. (He held in his
mouth a large porcelain pipe.)

Mons. Ma foi! If-a-you drop ze
pipe, you vill viz-out doubt brake him.

Mr. F. Here F. muttered, the soon-
er tis dropp'd the better. For break
we must. Every firm's back would
break with such a heavy crash of no
business as we have on our backs.

Mons. Me no understand.

Mr. F. You no understand—can
you understand this—that with no cus-
tomers, we shan't be able to stand it
much longer.

Mons. Eh bien! then vy not let the
customare sit down; he not occasion to
stan all ze time he buy. Ve vill get
him some chare.

F. Nuf ced! And with that, out
walked Mr. Fairchild, with his natty
hat, learned dog, notable stick, and con-
soling pipe.

THE REQUIEM OF THE TY-U-GAS.

BY PIONEER.

In a beautiful and picturesque val-
ley in Mendocino County, between two
lofly ridges of the coast range of moun-
tains, lies Clear Lake—that derives its
name from the purity of its waters,
and with the small streams tributary
thereto, make the head waters of Ca-
che Creek. Around this lake when
first visited by the white man, were
found the homes and hunting grounds
of the May-ac-mas. The otter and
the beaver sported along its banks, fish-
es innumerable leaped from its waters
and antlered hosts almost unheeded
ranged along the valleys.

We were one of a party of four who
as early as the autumn of 1847 visited
Clear Lake. Couseneau our guide,
for many years an employee of the
American Fur Company, had frequent-
ly visited this beautiful lake and val-
ley. We had made our way along the
southern shore of the lake to a point
where quite abruptly it became great-
ly enlarged in width; we had encamp-
ed for the remainder of the day and
night upon a point projecting far out
from the main land; it was a beautiful
spot, kept perfectly green by the mois-
ture from the lake and canopied aloft
by patriarchal trees, whose drooping

of the slightest repast or reposing a moment beneath the cooling quiet shades around them, they would move their lank and bony forms from place to place, almost heedless of one another and voiceless as walking skeletons, they seemed more like the gaunt, speckles of some ancient race than living men.

Around us lay the lake so placid and smooth, as faithfully to mirror back from its surface every surrounding object, except where the sportive trout, true to its own element sent the circling ripples coursing to the shores. But just as the deepening tide of twilight seemed closing around us, one of those gaunt forms proceeded slowly to the beach, almost to the water's edge, and kneeling down and stooping forward laid his forehead upon the sands; it was but for a moment however, then he rose and joined his companions. But a short time had elapsed and another of the band advanced to the beach and performing the same evolutions, in like manner retired. We began to think it some act of devotion or worship, and we became anxious to know more of our strange visitors. The mountains and the forest had thrown their lengthened shadows on all around, and we were discussing the propriety of a removal or a continuance in our present position for the night, when suddenly a low united murmur as of joy and sadness intermingled, was heard emanating from the swarthy band and for once were they assembled in a group and motionless. And now for the first, a gentle breeze was felt, that sweeping down the lake threw the tiny tokens of its presence, purling along the shores. Presently the whole band divested

of every implement of armor, proceeded to the beach and kneeling down as they had singly done before, broke suddenly forth in such a wail of apparent sorrow and bitter agony, not unmixed with tones of rage, hatred and revenge, and so excessive in intensity as to cause us to resolve upon approaching them, and if possible ascertain the reason of their strange proceedings. Thinking that deep treachery might be in some way connected with their acts, fully armed we approached to within a few yards of this prostrate and apparently deeply agonized group. But they heeded not our presence while their wailings seemed only increased in intensity. It was becoming painful to witness them; just then they ceased their wailings and all was still again save the murmur of the rippling waves.

Rising from their devotional postures, they again totally regardless of our presence passed us by, nor was it to regain possession of their arms, but seating themselves in a circle and resting their heads upon their knees maintained a death-like silence.

Determined to learn the reason of their mysterious movements, our guide, approaching one who seemed to be a leader or chief among them, gently tapped him on the shoulder. Instantly turning his wild fierce eyes upon us, without apparent hesitation, in his own dialect (with which our trapper was familiar) exclaimed: "You would know something of the Ty-u-ga, and why he weeps?"

Yes, was the reply. "First then go with me to where the gentle west wind breathes into our ear the spirit-song of the departed, for you seem not to know

that around this point of land, sacred to this little remnant of our tribe, there rests upon the waters a Spirit Wave, that shaken by the wind rolls in upon the shore." Following our ghastly spectral visitant and conforming to his direction and example, we too, in the face of the gently increasing zephyr, bowed our heads upon the sands as if in adoration of some unseen deity. But no sooner did the ear reach the level of the water, than a strange wild voluptuous music seemed floating about us. Rising to our feet, nothing was heard but the gentle dashing of the waves upon the sands. Again stooping or reclining upon the beach, and a melting harmony of sounds, soft as the sweet music from reolian strings was poured upon the ear as wave succeeded wave, until the ear tired and the heart sickened at the wailing plaintive melody.

After listening for a full half hour to this musical phenomenon, we returned to our camp, prevailing upon our Indian instructor to accompany us. We offered him food, but he declined, saying—"The Ty-u-gas eat no more." We then desired him to proceed with the history of his people—when with a vehemence and earnestness known only to the true child of nature, and with fire almost flashing from his eyes, he began:

"Many, many times have the snows come and gone from yonder mountains, since the Ty-u-gas were the sole possessors of all these Lake-lands, the valleys even to the mountains were ours; the Great Spirit gave them to our fathers, and here their descendants had ever lived. But there came a time when famine, disease and death, swept down

our people as the tules fall before the autumnal fires; and such was the nature of the fell disease that our strongest men and bravest warriors suffered most; when as if to render our great calamity still greater, just then our ancient and implacable foe the May-ac-mas invaded the hunting grounds of our fathers.

"In vain we protested against their encroachments; in vain we raised our feeble hands against our vengeful foe; and in our weakness we were driven back from hill to hill and from valley to valley, till at length, though battling bravely against our enemies, were forced at length upon this narrow neck of land, we and all our people. Here for two full moons did we successfully contend against the terrible odds of our enemies; and then for a time did they seem to relinquish their purpose of total conquest, but it was only the better to concentrate their whole strength for a final effort, the more effectually to crush out the last hope of our braves. It was evident too that a grand holocaust was in preparation in which the aged and infirm of our people with our children and captive warriors were to be the victims, none but our wives and maidens would be spared.

"At length the day arrived, they made the onset and we gave them battle, and bravely did our less than two hundred strong men hold in check the concentrated strength of the May-ac-mas; and even when the night closed in around us we were not subdued, only weakened; but at length as one by one our braves would droop and sink and die, hope fled, but only to strengthen the energy of our despair; and terrible was the slaughter that our brave men

made; but ere the moon had risen, the darkness of the night shutting out from their view the real weakness of our little band, now all broken up and wavering before the still strong and now advancing ranks of our enemies, with a yell of despair as a preconcerted signal, concentrating our full force for a last effort at one point and aided by the darkness, we forced the lines of our enemies. But of the once numerous band of the brave Ty-u-gas, twenty-two only survived.

"You ask what became of our wives and mothers, maids and little ones—I will tell you:—A few old men who could no longer do good battle against the enemy remained with them, and calling them all together in one great group under the shadow of yonder grove, and while we waged the fierce strife of battle, they recounted to our people the glorious deeds of our fathers, the disgrace and dishonor of captivity.

"And thus employed even longer than they had hoped, did they await the despairing signal of their braves. Not a murmur was heard, not a sigh escaped the lips even of those yet young in life, for all had resolved to die rather than become the living captive victims of their conquerors.

"But at length the long expected cry fell upon their ears; it was the knell, the signal for their departure to the Spirit Land! Calmly they arose, and advancing to the beach, nor faltering there, onward they pressed, our wives and our middle aged first, leading the little child, followed by our bright eyed maidens and then our aged sires, down into the deep waters—and as the foremost of the conquerors reached the

spot, the last of parted.

"The last did remnant band have lived only upon the May-has been that lurking about neither age nor away before more than cent us, they are but —but now that duced to nine geance more the pleasure of the us to our people

And without he hastened to

The morning visitors were g to this, neither heard, nor have been since so the trembling

But even the waters of by the evening heard around the Spirit Wa departed Ty-u

HOPE IN The loveliest swamp; the ing blast, and ugly feature. subject to free girl is apt to l timental lady gayest mothe ragged. The times overlook and the husb every time he and the best

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"You ask what became of our wives and mothers, maids and little ones—I will tell you:—A few old men who could no longer do good battle against the enemy remained with them, and killing them all together in one great coup under the shadow of yonder cave, and while we waged the fierce strife of battle, they recounted to our people the glorious deeds of our fathers, the disgrace and dishonor of captivity.

"And thus employed even longer than they had hoped, did they await the despairing signal of their braves. Not a murmur was heard, not a sigh escaped the lips even of those yet young in life, for all had resolved to die rather than become the living captive victims of their conquerors.

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spot, the last of the Ty-u-gas had departed.

"The last did I say? all but the little remnant band of twenty-two, and we have lived only to wreak vengeance upon the May-ac-mas. And terrible has been that revenge—constantly lurking about their homes and sparing neither age nor sex, they have melted away before our deadly hatred and more than centenarian lives, until like us, they are but the remnant of a tribe—but now that our numbers are reduced to nine and our thirst for vengeance more than satisfied, we wait the pleasure of the Great Spirit, to take us to our people."

And without adding another word he hastened to join his companions.

The morning came, but our strange visitors were gone—and from that day to this, neither has their war-cry been heard, nor have their bloody foot-prints been since seen around the homes of the trembling May-ac-mas.

But even to the present day, when the waters of Clear Lake are ruffled by the evening breeze, there is still heard around this point the music of the Spirit Wave, the Requiem of the departed Ty-u-gas.

HOPE IN THE DARKEST HOUR.—
The loveliest valley has a muddy swamp; the noblest mountain a piercing blast, and the prettiest face some ugly feature. The fairest face is most subject to freckles, and the handsomest girl is apt to be proud; the most sentimental lady loves cold pork, and the gayest mother lets her children go ragged. The kindest wife will sometimes overlook an absent shirt-button, and the husband forget to kiss his wife every time he steps outside the gate; and the best dispositioned children in

the world get angry and squall; the smartest scholar will miss a lesson, and the wittiest say something stupid; the wisest essayists write some nonsense; and stars will fall, and the moon suffer eclipse—and men won't be angels, nor earth heaven.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That lost "good-night" along the soul.

"Good-night"—in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear;
And tender gales of memory
Forever waft it near—
When stilled the voice—O crush of pain!
That no'er shall breathe "good-night" again.

Good-night! O, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good-night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more,
"Good-night!"—that time of toil is o'er!

Good-night!—Now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain,
Good-night!—Oh, holy, blest, and deep,
The rest that follows pain—
How should we reach God's upper light
If life's long day had no "good-night"?

BE FIRM.—The wind and waves may beat against a rock standing in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware!—stand firm at your post. Let your principles stand forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation, and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the lighthouse is to the mariner upon a sea shore—it will guide others to the point of virtue and safety.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

MANAGING A WOMAN.

TO BESSIE.

Show me a man that can manage a woman

OLD BLOCK.

Do you speak from experience Mr. Block?

BESSIE.

Pshaw! Bessie what a question, and a leading one too, but it is better to own the corn at once even if it does tell against me.

Now I think I understand mankind pretty well but old as I am and as much as I have been around the mountains, I never could get the hang of woman kind. If I undertook to manage them they invariably contrived to manage me. That has been my experience, and this will account in some measure for my extreme diffidence relative to woman kind. How on earth I ever contrived to get married I can't tell—probably my wife asked me if I would have her and continued to manage matters so that I gave up all control over my affections and placed them in her keeping, and although it is a good many years since, the last letter I received from her advised me that she hadn't got tired of the charge yet and hoped that I'd come home and see if they had been well attended to. God bless the woman, I will go as soon as I can. She's a managing sort of a woman any how. I don't like to go into family matters but to prove my first position I will tell you a little of her management—how she managed me once and how mad I got about it and what a terrible fuss it made in the family. I know Bessie you'll pity me.

But to tell about her I must talk a little about myself. My wife is a member (or was the last I knew anything about it) of the Baptist Church. Now I aint much of anything, don't be-

long to any Church, and of course a'nt a christian, but Bessie, the Lord knows I a'nt a Turk nor a Digger Indian, and that I do respect the sincere opinions of religious people except Mormons; I can't go that any how. I knew Joe Smith and Rigdon personally when they first opened business. Well, I commenced the practice from the outset of giving my wife liberty of conscience and the privilege of worshipping God as she chose, under the impression that that was a matter between her and her maker and none of my particular business. Now will you believe it, she took this condescension on my part as a matter of right and did n't ever seem to think that I was the keeper of her conscience. How queer women are.

We lived at the time I now speak of in Indiana, and as among hoosiers I had the credit of being on the respectable side of community, Clergymen sometimes came to my house, and particularly those of the denomination to which my wife belonged. My general practice was to be so absorbed in business (if I had to make it for the occasion) that I could see but little of our pious guests, and mate had to do the honors herself. Now I suppose you'd call that managing her—humph! She often tried to get me to go to her church and hear her preachers. But I couldn't go I—I—wal I did n't—wouldn't go—so I left her to take care of the religious duties of the family. Somebody had to stay at home you know to take care of the children and things, and so I made a martyr of myself and let her go to church. Now wasn't that kind? eh! In the course of time a rather celebrated clergyman settled in our

vicinity and preached our village. Even his praises, the best man, the pleasantest about him, good looking and it is a fact he did and even old hard him. Mate thought told me if I would him I would like a bug—social in some what preachers so common sense besides not a particle of his composition.

"Pshaw! Mate er me, if he sees me be to enquire what are in spiritually to the state of Indiana says she, there's nothing after your religion conscience, but he if you'd get acquainted like him as a man—now do for my mate, none of them through a snow you know I would anything to do me alone." Well manage her elegantly.

We had just a quiet afternoon Sunday. My wife her mother sat a little boy and girl mother as they facing the wind think I'm getting carriage, and a good "Who the devil I looking at the ed at my wife—

to any Church, and of course a christian, but Bessie, the Lord says I aint a Turk nor a Digger In, and that I do respect the sincere opinions of religious people except sermons; I can't go that any how. I saw Joe. Smith and Rigdon personally when they first opened business. Well, I commenced the practice from the moment of giving my wife liberty of conscience and the privilege of worshipping God as she chose, under the impression that that was a matter between me and her maker and none of my particular business. Now will you give it, she took this condescension on my part as a matter of right and wouldn't ever seem to think that I was the keeper of her conscience. How other women are.

I've lived at the time I now speak of in Indiana, and as among hoosiers I had the credit of being on the respectable side of community, Clergymen sometimes came to my house, and particularly those of the denomination to which my wife belonged. My general practice was to be so absorbed in business (if I had to make it for the occasion) that I could see but little of our guests, and mate had to do the work herself. Now I suppose you'd think that managing her—humph! She tried to get me to go to her church to hear her preachers. But I couldn't—I—wal I did n't—wouldn't go—left her to take care of the religious duties of the family. Somebody who stays at home you know to take care of the children and things, and so I'm a martyr of myself and let her manage the church. Now wasn't that kind? In the course of time a rather celebrated clergyman settled in our

vicinity and preached half the time in our village. Everybody was ringing his praises, the best preacher, the best man, the pleasantest man, no humdrum about him, good looking, not married, etc. and it is a fact he did draw good houses, and even old hard heads spoke well of him. Mate thought a heap of him, and told me if I would get acquainted with him I would like him—was no humbug—social in society—had plenty of what preachers sometimes lack, common sense besides book larnin, with not a particle of starch or pomatum in his composition.

"Pshaw! Mate" says I "don't bother me, if he sees me the first thing will be to enquire what state my feelings are in spiritually without any reference to the state of Indiana." "Nonsense!" says she, there's need enough for looking after your religious condition in all conscience, but he is not obtrusive and if you'd get acquainted with him you'd like him as a man if not as a preacher—now do for my sake." "Come, come mate, none o' that—I'd go barefoot through a snow bank for your sake—you know I would—but as for having anything to do with—there—go—let me alone." Well she did go—didn't I manage her elegantly? eh!

We had just sat down to our nice quiet afternoon dinner the following Sunday. My wife was on my left, her mother sat on my right, my darling boy and girl were as near grandmother as they could get, while I sat facing the window looking—Do you think I'm getting prosy?—up drove a carriage, and a gentleman stepped out. "Who the deuce has come now" says I looking at the stranger—then I looked at my wife—she looked at mother

and my Fred was looking at me. The old lady and my wife exchanged intelligent glances—a smile of the cunning sort followed. "What is it" said I, innocent as the lamb I was—"who is it?"—for the first time I noticed a spare plate, knife and fork and the truth flashed upon me—"Ah Mate you"—I didn't say devil but I thought it "its some of your work." "Ha'ha'ha! old fellow, I've caught you at last—that is Mr. Pratt—I invited him to dinner for I was determined you should see him and he has long wanted to know you and you've got to submit. There was not one at that table—not even my own children who,

"Pitied the sorrows of a poor old man."

and before I could get my hat the door opened and the Rev. Mr. Pratt made his appearance in the laughing crowd when my ears were stunned by my wife with "Mr. Pratt, my husband."

The fact is Bessie, when one is really caught in a trap the true way is to get out of it the best way he can; so with what courtesy I could muster I asked him to sit at the table. In five minutes he had me laughing; in ten I was listening with much interest to his conversation; in fifteen I thought him a capital fellow and when we arose from the table I insisted upon his staying all night—I went to hear him preach that very afternoon and don't think I missed a day at church as long as he preached in our County.

"Hum! you don't like the new minister then" said mate with a grin to me one evening when he was with us and I had been enjoying his companionship—I looked daggers (pasteboard ones) at her and turning around I solemnly addressed—"Mr. Pratt" and I just

told him the whole story from beginning to end and he laughed as much as Mate and her mother did. He was really a most excellent, amiable and talented man, and I not only parted from him with regret, but have been quite civil to ministers of all denominations ever since. There's my Experience, Bessie, and now "Show me a man who can manage a woman."

OLD BLOCK.

P. S. Poor Pratt, he went the way of all flesh—got married—poor fellow.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the exhilarating spring.

Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her airy laugh—now here, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the moon-light like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind.

How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry—it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling—it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

"Will you have some of the butter?"

"Thank you madam; I belong to the temperance society, and can't take anything strong."

Always speak of the present as though they were absent; and speak of the absent as though they were present.

VALENTINE.

TO * * * * * BY W. H. D.

Most charming is spring time,
When Nature so gay,
With bird, bee, and blossom
Enlivens the day;
But Nature can never,
With bounties most free,
Impart the sweet rapture
I find, love, with thee.

Thy presence is ever
A heaven serene,
And thy charms, bright as stars,
In its azure depths seen;
Where all that is lovely,
And purest, and true,
Awaken the music
I now sing to you.

Return my fond love,
Though unworthy I seem,
While dwells in my bosom
This heavenly dream;
So pure and so lovely,
O wilt thou be mine,
And I will be ever
Thy fond Valentine.

"WILD BILL OF THE WOODS,"
OR THE LAST HOURS OF A MINER.

BY W. B. S.

In the winter of 185---, when I resided in the mines, there was a fellow familiarly known by the name of "Wild Bill of the woods." He was rather above the medium height, large blue eyes, very talkative when he had been drinking, but at any other time he had but little to say to any one. He lived in a cabin all alone, and mined alone, but spent a large portion of his time hunting. He never visited any one, and none of the miners were intimate with him from the fact that he was always so distant to all advances toward intimacy. He was considered by all who knew him, a peculiar kind of a man, from the course of life he followed, and there was something wrapped in a veil of mystery concerning his past life, but no one ventured to make any inquiry concerning it. The boys around often visited his cabin, but he was so distant to them, and gave them so cool a reception, that they all discontinued

their visits. But not to be so easily there frequently, him that I thought welcome; and convey on any subject which I never could of, more than just.

I had been away two or three days, the boys told me not been seen since. So I determined to and see if I could of him. When I found him lying very ill. He had which continued several days. A pl and every thing could be by the around; but nothing the raging fever. sit up with him at will ever be remembered. I sat by his low faint glimmering his emaciated countenance a sorrowful sight. were sighing through which stood upon mingled with the night bird, and the grey wolves, made an enviable one. That he was very restless several times during his mind, "Mary, where all his persecutions, which I could not understand. The boys came to tell me returned home to tell me fell into a good request came for me. I entered the cabin hand, saying: as to stay with me thing to tell you, to send to an only he continued, "th on the wall, by him the valise;

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their visits. But I was determined not to be so easily bluffed off, so I went there frequently, never discovering to him that I thought I was not perfectly welcome; and conversed with him freely on any subject except his past life, which I never could get him to speak of, more than just to mention it.

I had been away on some business two or three days, and when I returned the boys told me that "Wild Bill" had not been seen since I had been gone. So I determined to go down to the cabin, and see if I could see or hear any thing of him. When I arrived at the cabin I found him lying on his old bunk, very ill. He had a very high fever, which continued to grow worse for several days. A physician was sent for, and every thing done for him that could be by the warm hearted miners around, but nothing appeared to stay the raging fever. It came my turn to sit up with him at night, and that night will ever be remembered by me. As I sat by his lonely couch, while the faint glimmering of the taper fell upon his emaciated countenance, it presented a sorrowful sight. The dreary winds were sighing through the giant pines which stood upon the mountain side, mingled with the doleful notes of the night bird, and the howling of the hungry wolves, made my position an unenviable one. The first part of the night he was very restless, and he repeated several times, during the wanderings of his mind, "Mary, I will meet you there, where all is peace," and some other sentences, which I could not distinctly understand. At sun-rise one of the boys came to take my place, and I returned home to sleep. I had but just fell into a good sound sleep, when a request came for me to return. When I entered the cabin, he reached out his hand, saying: "Will you be so kind as to stay with me, for I have something to tell you, and some word I wish to send to an only sister. Bring me," he continued, "that old valise, hanging on the wall, by the door." I handed him the valise; he then wished to be

propped up in bed, and after being made as comfortable as possible, he requested me to open the valise, and take out a miniature and hand it to him. He opened it, and gazed upon it for some time without saying a word, while a tear started down his care-worn cheek, and it fell from his hands. He remained motionless for some time, when he said, "Mary, we will soon meet in that land where there is no grief or care." He then addressed me. "I wish you to see my body laid in the earth, and on my bosom lay this miniature. There is a bundle of papers in the valise which you can have. They contain a sketch of my past life, which I have written since I have been here in this cabin. Write to my sister in N---, and tell her I sleep the last long sleep—but not to mourn for me, as I shall be happier in the change. Tell her to pardon my leaving her so abruptly, without letting her know my whereabouts. May the Angels guard and protect her is my prayer."

He became so weak he could say no more, so I laid him down again, and before the dawn of another morning his spirit had passed away, and we laid his body in the grave, with no kind friend to weep over it.

The following is the contents of the manuscript which he gave me:

"It was one of those beautiful Autumnal evenings in October, when I returned home to my father's house, on the banks of the Mississippi, after an absence of more than a year, at College, where I had just completed my studies and bid adieu to my associates. Soon after I arrived, a ball had to be given in honor of my return, and, as but a few days would elapse before my birthday came, that was appointed as the time for the ball to be given at my father's house. The time came, and every thing was prepared in the most brilliant style. The elite and fashion of the city were there, and every thing went off as well as the heart could wish. There was a young lady there from the city of N--- in an adjoining state, who

was at that time on a visit to her brother. Her unassumed modesty, joined with her gracefulness, and possessed of charms which I have never seen surpassed, before nor since, made her the belle of the gay little party. From that night, love took its hold upon me, for I was perfectly charmed with Mary Calvin; indeed I thought her a being of some fairy land, so lovely did she appear to me.

During her stay at her brother's, my visits there were frequent, and after she returned home I visited at her father's, and before twelve months rolled around, we were betrothed. The day was appointed for our nuptials, but before it came, Mary was taken sick, from which she did not recover for more than two months, and during that time my father failed for a large amount, and we were reduced from affluence to poverty. When Mr. Calvin heard of my father's failure, I received a note from him stating he should have to recall his consent to my marriage with his daughter. This was no more than I had anticipated, for I knew Mr. Calvin to be a very aristocratic man, more fond of money than his word. I made up my mind to go and see Mary before I started for California, for I had come to the conclusion to try my fortune in the gold fields of the Pacific. So I set out for the city of N—, and immediately on my arrival went to the residence of Mr. Calvin. As I ascended the marble steps of the noble mansion, my heart almost failed me, not knowing what kind of a reception I should receive. I rang the bell; a servant made her appearance. I sent my card in, and but a short space intervened before Mary came to the door and conducted me into the parlor herself, and as we sat down on the sofa, she said: "I am so glad you have come, for I was fearful you would not, after receiving Pa's note, but thank Heaven, we have met again."

Yes, Mary, we have met again, and I trust as lovers, which will gild my path-way to the tomb. Is it not so,

dearest? "How could you think otherwise, when I have so often unfolded to you the secret recesses of my heart, and pledged my vow to love you till the close of life?"

I pressed her to my bosom, and brushing back the ringlets which hung in clusters round about her neck, imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips.

We sat for some time without saying a word, when she raised her head from my bosom, and looking me in the face, said: "James, I do believe it will break my heart, but I must tell you, for Pa told me I must, I cannot marry you, but don't think I shall love you any the less for that can never be. But I cannot marry whom my father cannot welcome as a son to his house. The time may come when he will be better reconciled to our marriage, and should such be the case, I will, with a willing heart, then marry you."

I told her my determination to go to California. She disliked me to go so far; yet she said: "I will not discourage you, if such is your wish, and if ever you return, while youth is painted on the cheek, or when your locks are blossoming for the grave, if I am living, I shall be as you find me now, Mary Calvin, and shall meet you with as warm a heart as I did to-night; my prayers shall ever ascend for your prosperity and happiness, through all your wanderings in that far distant land." When I rose to depart, she caught hold of my hand, saying: "Let me kiss you once more, for I am afraid it will be the last time on earth, and even should it not, years may elapse e'er I see you again."

In less than a week from that night I was on my road to California, by way of the Plains. After a long and tedious journey, we arrived in Placerville, Sept. 20th, '50. I followed mining with considerable success, for in March, '51, I had made the nice little sum of nine thousand dollars, and went down to San Francisco, calculating to start home on the 15th of April. While I was waiting for steamer day to

come, I was induced by some companions, who, was with me, to try my hand at gambling hells, the city. I got to be a gambler, and before we left over five hundred dollars. My companion back what we had, but the close of the two thousand dollars before the steamer nearly all my companion, and start home, we again. I soon got to success was not worked away, thing, until the made a lucky "I worked three pay dirt, and thousand dollars start for home.

Who can pour mind of the absence of the rains of California that gives life.

After the Golden Gate, the deep blue directed toward transactions of California, went in the meeting friend had heard not a pleasant to we arrived at afternoon I had hope of soon heart. Little disappointment my arrival; both laid in the My only sister distant relative to welcome given world recalled past bling house

How could you think otherwise have so often unfolded the recesses of my heart; I vow to love you till my bosom, and my ringlets which hung about her neck, impinged upon her ruby lips. I spent some time without saying a word, she raised her head from looking me in the face, "I do believe it will be true, but I must tell you, for I cannot marry you, I shall love you any the day I never be. But I cannot, my father cannot welcome me into his house. The time will be better for a better marriage, and should I, I will, with a willing heart, marry you." My determination to go to California, I disliked me to go so far, "I will not discourage your wish, and if you are a while youth is painted on your face, when your locks are white, and you are in the grave, if I am living, as you find me now, I shall meet you with a smile, as I did to-night; my heart never ascend for your happiness, through all the distance, in that far distant land, she rose to depart, she took my hand, saying: "Let me go, for I am afraid of the time on earth, and that years may elapse, and a week from that night, I shall be in California, by the steamer. After a long and weary journey we arrived in Placerita, 1850. I followed my father's advice, and made the nice little fortune of a hundred dollars, and went to San Francisco, calculating to be there the 15th of April. I was waiting for steamer day to

come, I was induced by one of my companions, who was going to the States with me, to try my luck at one of the gambling hells, then so common in the city. I got to betting and drinking, and before we left the house, I was over five hundred dollars loser. Next day my companion said he must get back what we had lost the day before, but the close of next day found me over two thousand dollars more loser, and before steamer day came, I had lost nearly all my money, and so had my companion, and the day we were to start home, we started for the mines again. I soon got to mining again, but my success was not so good as before, and I worked away without making any thing, until the Autumn of '53, when I made a lucky "strike," near Iowa Hill. I worked three months after I struck pay dirt, and then sold out for three thousand dollars, and made another start for home. Who can portray the feelings of the mind of the homeward bound, after an absence of three years in the mountains of California, isolated from all that gives life a charm? After the steamer had cleared the Golden Gate, and launched forth upon the deep blue sea, my thoughts were directed toward home, and all the past transactions of a three year's tour in California, were forgotten for the moment in the sweet anticipations of meeting friends at home, from whom I had heard nothing since I left. After a pleasant trip of twenty-eight days, we arrived at New York, and the same afternoon I left for home buoyant with hope of soon seeing those dearest to my heart. Little did I anticipate the sad disappointment which awaited me on my arrival; my father and mother both laid in the dark chambers of death. My only sister had gone to live with a distant relative, and no one was there to welcome me home. I would have given worlds like this, could I have recalled past transactions in the gambling house in San Francisco, for had

I gone home then, I should have seen my friends. But the past I could not recall, and I went and knelt down on the graves of my parents, and attempted to pray, and to ask their spirits, now dwelling in heaven, to watch over me in the future. My next step was to find Mary. I started for the city of N—, and on arriving there went immediately to her father's residence, and was ushered into the parlor, where Mr. Calvin soon made his appearance, and gave me a hearty welcome, although I could see that sadness was pictured in his countenance. I was very anxious to inquire after Mary, but I kept waiting, thinking he would speak of her himself. After conversing a few moments, I inquired if Mary was at home. He raised his head and looked me full in the face, and I saw a tear start from his eye, as he said: "Mary is not long for this world!" "Is she very ill," I anxiously inquired? "She is!" "Will you permit me to see her?" "She is now in a quiet doze, but as soon as she wakes up you shall see her, but before you go in, I must tell her you have come, for she has been speaking of you to-day." He then continued, "I would give all I possess on earth, had I never sent you that note, for since you left, Mary has scarcely been well a day, and she is now in the last stages of consumption. I have been on a tour through Europe with her since you left, but all to no purpose, and had I known you were living, and where to be found, I should have sent for you long since, for there has not a day passed but what she has spoken of you; but we had all given you up, as dead." I arose from my seat, and was walking the room, when a servant came to the door, and said she had awoke. In a few minutes I was at her bedside, and asked her if she knew me. She looked at me for a moment, and said: "James, is that you? I am so glad to see you. My prayers have been heard, and I shall die much

happier; kiss me once more, and remember that

'The heart that hath truly loved once,
As fondly loves on to the close.'

I kissed her angelic brow, and wept like a child, for I knew she could not live long; that father and mother were gone, and would soon dwell together in Heaven, and then life to me would have no charm, for all that was dear to my heart, except an only sister, had left their abode on earth. The thought of my transactions in the gambling house of San Francisco, again came rushing to my mind, for had I returned a year sooner, I could have spent many pleasant hours with Mary, and have seen my father and mother once more. But I could not recall the past. Just then a settled calmness seemed to pervade her countenance, a Heavenly smile rested upon her lips, and the last words of Mary were: "I hope I shall meet you in Heaven," and ere the rays of another sun gilded the eastern horizon, her spirit had taken its departure to dwell with him that gave it. We laid her body in the tomb, and she sleeps the last long sleep, which is the portion of all Earth's sons and daughters.

I remained with Mr. Calvin a few days, and then took my leave of him, to go and see my sister, the last tie that was left to me on earth. I remained with her about two weeks and gave her nearly all the money I had, which was about five thousand dollars, and getting weary of remaining where fate seemed against me, I determined to return to the mountains of California. I did not tell my sister where I was going, for I knew if I did, it would almost break her heart. So I left for the Pacific coast without informing her where I was going, since which time I have never heard a word from her, and she may by this time be dwelling with my parents and Mary in the Spirit land."

Thus ended his narrative, which to me was interesting because acquainted

with the author; and if I have by presenting it to the world, produced one good thought, or emotion of the soul, my most earnest wish is gratified. I wrote to his sister, and have received two letters from her. She had long since mourned him as dead, for he went off in such a melancholy mood that she was fearful he had committed self destruction. She must be a lovely girl, for she writes beautifully, and says there has been a tear, either of joy or sorrow, for every dollar that has been taken from the California mines. And the saying is probably too true. Reader, I have been tedious, but I hope you will pardon, for you can read it in much less time than I wrote it, as I sat by the side of a bright blazing fire in my cabin in the mountains.

PINN GROVE, Sierra Co., Cal.

HOPE.

BY C. H. D.

While sitting by the window,
All alone and sad,
A shadowy form celestial
Came tripping gay and glad;
As zephyrs in the morning,
That kiss the opening flowers,
Or fan the weary traveler
In noonday's sultry hours.

Like rose leaves gently falling,
Her lips then pressed my own;
Her touch, so light caressing,
E'en care itself had flown;
She spoke in whispers soothing,
Sweet music to my heart,
And swiftly through my being
New life her words impart.

As light first gilds the morning,
O'er earth by night oppress,
So shadows from her fleeing,
She comes and we are blest,
As when the storm is passing,
Through fields of glittering dew,
God's bow of promise forming,
Lights up the world anew.

Blest shadowy form ethereal,
I clasp thee to my breast;
O make thou there thy dwelling,
Forever there find rest;
For life without thee seemeth
But dark and dismal dreams;
E'en death itself shall vanish
When Hope Celestial gleams.

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THE MINER'S FLYING VISIT.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Picks and shovels had long been laid aside and we had been in anxious expectation, watching the clouds for the last two months, praying heartily for rain, but it was of no use. We then tried in every way that our imaginative minds suggested to kill time but it would not do, so my companions and myself started from our little mining town, which is in a valley scooped out like a basin, among the hills, to pay a flying visit to San Francisco.

We accordingly seated ourselves on top of a lumbering stage coach and after a long and fatiguing ride found ourselves in Sacramento.

We were not long there, for the boat was about leaving; even the last bell had sounded and we hurried ourselves on board and were soon gliding quietly down the river.

The blue hills and snow capped summits of the Sierras were visible nearly all the way and we were sorry when night came on and hid them from our view.

We stopped but a moment at Benicia, then passing rapidly on our way were at ten o'clock in the evening in San Francisco.

It was rather late that night to seek out a place of amusement, so we "turned in" at a comfortable hotel on S—street.

Before going to sleep, (for all three occupied one room) we resolved that we would neither play billards nor cards while in the city; and to make the thing sure we pledged ourselves not to enter a gambling or billard room while we were here.

We wandered about the next day seeing sights, though we were perhaps ourselves the greatest curiosities on the streets.

Evening came, and with it a discussion, for we could not agree on the subject of spending the evening profitably. One wanted to go to the

theatre, another to the minstrels, while I—having noticed in the morning papers that there was to be a "Ladies' Fair"—and feeling sure that we should see a bevy of "fair ladies" insisted on going there. Each one was bent on having his own way but I "argued the point" in true "Jack Easy" style and had the satisfaction at last of convincing them that they would spend less money, see more pretty girls and enjoy themselves better at the fair than at any other place.

We shaved our faces, changed our rusty habiliments for an entire new suit, purchased at a fashionable clothing store on C—street, and which the clerk (a good honest looking fellow with a mustache) told us was the only "really fashionable" place in the city.

As there was no key to our door we took the "rocks" from our valises and put them for safe keeping, in our pockets, and then took our departure for the fair.

It was brilliantly lighted and tastily trimmed with evergreens fastened in all sorts of shapes. Then there was such a quantity of little fancy articles, pin-cushions needle-books, work boxes, fancy baskets, baby fixins, indeed every thing, and so much of it too, that one did not know which way to look.

Last but not least, were the ladies and lassies, and dressed—O! shades of hoops; I can't find words to express myself so I won't try.

We stayed until it was out—and we, "out of pocket" the "rocks" that had laden them so heavily when we entered the hall; and in their place was stowed pin cushions, babies' socks (though I've "nary" a wife) scarfs, ribbons, and cornucopias filled with mottoes; even my hands were full. I looked at my companions. They were in the same fix, and vexed with me for having brought them there.

When we reached the hotel we unloaded and found on measuring, that we had just three bushels, of what the ladies told us were "valuables" but not a dime left, we were flat broke,

but what is the use of complaining, it was the bright eyed girls that did it; we lodged at the hotel that night but did not stay for breakfast. We "sloped," leaving cornucopias enough, we thought (setting them down at the value the girls at the fair placed on them) to pay damages, and at four o'clock were on board the boat en route for home, where my companions said we might better have stayed and gone in for a spree in the first of it. We couldn't have come out worse, but I didn't argue with them.

When we come down again it will probably be to attend the next year's fair(?)

Yours in unpleasant circumstances,
M. T.

P. S. We paid our fare up on the boat with a pin cushion, which the Captain consented to accept in consideration that we had nothing else worth taking.

STANZAS.

BY W. H. D.

My soul is glowing with the flame
Of holy, high desires;

'T is no alluring hope of fame
That now my Muse inspires;
To tell the mysteries of my life,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
And pen the gushings of my song,
Full, free, and unconfined.

I've revelled in the pure delights
Of every earthly bliss,
And felt my heart thrill with the glow
Of Love's most sacred kiss;
And from this heaven of bliss been hurled
Down to a hell of woe,
With agonies of heart and mind
Hell's fiends alone should know.

Upon the canvass I have gazed,
Enraptured with an art
Whose scenes of heavenly beauty claimed
The homage of my heart;
With visions of ideal truth
Those painted glories shone:
O Genius! ray of Life Divine,
What triumphs are thine own.

I've seen the rigid marble glow
With Passion's burning fire,
And Virtue's meek and sainted face
All holy thoughts inspire,
Till from that dull, cold marble gleamed
A radiance all Divine!

O human heart! O human soul!
What God-like powers are thine!

I've felt a rapture unto death
Thrill in the Poet's song,
When with undying harmonies
He pours his soul along
Upon the upheaving tide of time,
In many a burning thought
Of truth, eternal and sublime,
With inspiration fraught.

The thrilling voice of Eloquence
Has charmed my inmost soul; [burn,"
With "thoughts that breathe and words that
In sounds that seemed to roll
In tones of thunder to the skies,
While lightning gleams of light
Flashed from the soul's deep secret fires,
With Heaven's own radiance bright.

I've heard sweet Music's melting strains
O'er all my senses steal,
And through my frame a joy impart
No language can reveal;
A voice beloved fell on my ear,
Like echoes from the skies;
My beating heart stood still to hear
Such heaven-born melodies.

I've felt the raptures of the Saint,
From deeds of goodness flow;
I've sinned, and in remorse have found
A more than earthly woe:
In the dark caverns of despair,
Without one ray of light,
My soul has been; Hope brought it forth
To find the skies still bright.

I've seen the forms of loved ones laid
Within the silent tomb,
While Sorrow's dark and withering power
Fill all the earth with gloom;
In faith I raised my downcast eyes
To Heaven's bright glories, where
I saw my loved in peace and joy,
Blest with a Father's care.

I look upon fair Nature's face,
In many a happy hour,
While with adoring heart I trace
The Almighty's wondrous power;
His thunders awed my silent soul,
While lightnings flashed on high;
The storm it passed—I saw His smile
In rainbows on the sky.

Through many a silent hour at night,
Upon the skies sublime,
I've gazed with a subdued delight,
Where Heaven's own glories shine;
And while the eternal stars looked down
Upon my thoughtful face,

With awe I pondered on the dread
Infinities of space,
Till earth seemed nothing to my mind,
And all its hopes and fears
Vanished like shadows in the light
Of God's eternal years.

Sacramento, Cal., Dec., 1856.

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Sacramento, Cal., Dec., 1856.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOWS HOW NEEDS MUST WHEN ILL LUCK IN AN UGLY SHAPE DRIVES.

"Land a hoy!"—cried a sailor in foreign accent at the mast head.

"Where away," shouted the captain.

The sailor thrust out his arm towards the spot, Martin applied his eye to the glass and sighted the island of * * * * *

"Get out the long boat," bawled the captain. "Now, my lord, you are released from your confinement, and you have only to thank yourself that you have had to endure it so long."

This remark alluded to the part of Lord Lovell having attempted to make a private signal to a brig making way towards the schooner in which he was an inmate. He had watched his opportunity, had torn off a piece of his shirt and painted with ink on it the betrayal of a pirate craft—the death's head and cross-bones, and was just about to throw it from the dead eye of his clout of a cabin, when a Malay who had been set to watch his motions over a small hole on the ship side of the partition of his cabin, discovered it, and calling to the captain, explained his discovery; and upon his lordship being called upon by him to pledge his honor that no like experiment or attempt at rescue for the future should be made, and this meeting with a flat refusal, this event had given occasion to his being put under closer vigilance than at first was intended.

"This is to be your companion in exile," coolly rejoined the captain.

"Allow me to introduce you to each other—Farmer Robert * * *, Lord Lovell; Lord Lovell, Farmer Robert."

"So you are to be my keeper," said his lordship, as the boat manned by two cut-throat looking rascals of the crew were making way towards land.

"Or your companion, just as you please," replied the farmer.

"Have you, man, counted the chan-

ces of this scheme being sooner or later discovered?" enquired Lovell.

"Every one of them," replied the other.

"Unless I could see the motive of gratifying an unearthly fiendish revenge, I should think this plot against my liberty and life, the project of a mad man. Are you the author of this unheard of proceeding may I ask?"

"Only in part," coolly replied the farmer. "There is a long score of grievances that has been up against your family in my village for a century or more; yours has had the unenviable distinction of taking away our commons' land, tilling up our paths, pounding our cattle, imprisoning our youth, starving our poorhouses, and depriving us of every little enjoyment our ancestors entitled us to, by their industry, love of their country's freedom, and obedience to their country's laws."

Lovell heard these reproaches, and for awhile was silent. He knew that his father's character merited some of them—that his caprices were held up to scorn by the generous, and that his over-bearing disposition had made him many bitter enemies.

"Is that miserable hovel yonder destined for my prison?" enquired he of the farmer.

"Not for you alone, I intend to become part proprietor of it."

"I shall not con—descend he was about to say, but substituted the penultimate—sent. I shall not consent to live with one who has thus conspired against my liberty, and who has brought on all this unmerited privation upon me, so you take up these your quarters and I'll take to the woods near at hand, for a place to dwell in," he replied, in the most dejected manner.

"Your lordship will soon be tired of the society there. However that be, as I do not choose to have your death upon my conscience, whether by starvation or wild beasts, I will appoint a place, in case you form this resolution, where you shall always find a daily supply of food."

"Is the place so unsafe from wild beasts? Give me a gun in self-defence, I ask no more,—you and my murderers cannot refuse such a demand, if you have anything like common humanity."

They now landed, the Malays turning out his lordship with as little ceremony as they would a slave, but showing signs of great respect to the farmer, from whom, during the voyage they had learned many useful domestic manufactures. He had spent his time in arranging seeds, making bird-snares, wolf-traps, and fish nets. He could cut up an old sail and convert it into a coat, cap and trowsers like an amateur tailor. He had made several water proof cases, light enough to be carried under the arm with ease. He could make artificial flies for fish, and decoy-ducks for sea fowl. There was no end of his ingenuity. His traps and tools were always in the utmost order, and manifestly showed a determination on his part, to make himself comfortable under any circumstances. His lordship on entering the shanties was surprised to find them so capable of administering to the creature comforts. There was a good assortment of books, selected with much care, and when the farmer had deposited all his gear in them, Lovell began to think it bad policy to refuse shelter in such a place, or to prefer the uncertain safety of the woods.

"I will accept your offer of dwelling here on one condition," said his lordship, after the boat had left.

"What is that?" replied the farmer.

"That I may be left to pursue my own thoughts, and not be molested by your conversation."

"Although your presence would be no assistance, rather the reverse to my daily occupation of a living, yet, for humanity sake, as you say, I agree.—For I could not reconcile it to my mind to leave a hated dog unprovided at night in such a place as this becomes in some periods of the year.

"Then you have been here before,"

asked his lordship with some surprise.

"No, but the captain has, and knows it well; but is this to be the commencement of your lordship?"

"Taciturnity, you would say," finished his lordship. "I answer no, but I ask to be plain with you in order that I may avail myself of all means of escaping from this cruel solitude, and seeking the country from which I have been so artfully and treacherously trapped. My first object shall be to get a law passed to place the use of this method of using chloroform, by means of which I was victimized, under legitimate control, and—"

"Excuse, my lord; the schooner is making signal. Is anything wanted previous to departure? Does your lordship wish anything that I have not at your service?"

This information fell like a death shock upon his lordship's nerves, and overcome by his feelings, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed out, No.

BREVITY.—Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called to consult him. On exhibiting her hand she said:

"A burn."

"A Poultice," quickly answered the doctor.

The next day she returned and said,

"Better."

"Continue," replied the doctor.

In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words:

"Well—your fee?"

"Nothing," said the gratified physician, "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

O, lay all pride of place aside;

And have a care on whom you frown,

For fear you'll see him going up,

When you are only coming down.

THE REALIZATION

CEP

Between work and play
passed very pleasantly.
Ben has done so much
ing, and the time
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tried our hands but
with but little suc-

Charley has in
drawing on the
of canvas on our
the Goddess of
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a wreath. I have
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And Saturday
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lordship with some surprise. The captain has, and knows is this to be the commencement of your lordship?"

"You would say," finished the lordship. "I answer no, but explain with you in order to avail myself of all means to get from this cruel solitude, the country from which I am so artfully and treacherously—"

"My first object shall be to pass to place the use of chloroform, by which I was victimized, under your control, and—"

"My lord, the schooner is at anchor. Is anything wanted for your departure? Does your lordship wish anything that I have not provided?"

The information fell like a death-blow on his lordship's nerves, and by his feelings, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed out,

"—Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than in preparing a patient detail a long list of troubles. A woman known as Abernethy's love of the luconic, turned her hand, called to console. On exhibiting her hand she said—"

"—"I have no malice," quickly answered the doctor.

"At day she returned and said, 'I have no malice,' replied the doctor.

"Next she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three weeks—"

"—your fee?"

"—"said the gratified physician. "You are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

"—"pride of place aside; have a care on whom you frown, you'll see him going up, and you are only coming down."

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

NO. II.

Between work and play the time has passed very pleasantly at our camp. Ben has done some responsible hunting, and the time has been so favorable for it that our Charley and I have tried our hands but I confess frankly with but little success.

Charley has made a large charcoal drawing on the last unmarked yard of canvas on our cabin, representing the Goddess of Liberty crowning the successful Presidential candidate, with a wreath. I hardly know what I have done, and yet I have been very happy.

And Saturday night, when we had gathered around the charcoal fire, and it lighted up the smiling faces of Ben and Charley, while without the snow fell fast and silently like blessings from Heaven, we felt such an exquisite sense of happiness as it is rarely our lot to experience. The snow had completely covered the face of nature, there were no dark spots to be seen.

So my charity had clothed my fellow beings; I thought of them, and saw them only in their purer nature—no dark spots marred the view. And Ben and Charley had the same feelings, for after I had read my piece we had such a conversation as during all our acquaintance we have never before had, and I trust we made more firm the bonds of our affection, which can never be undone.

When it was very late and still snowing we lighted a large pine torch and went out bareheaded and gazed on the beautiful scene. The earth was one spotless sheet, the trees bowed under their loads of purity, and out of the unfathomable and mysterious darkness above, millions of feathery flakes came flashing downward; many fell upon our uncovered heads and when they had grown white with these blossoms of the sky, we went into the cabin, feeling, as Ben remarked, at peace with—God and man.

WHERE THE GOLD CAME FROM.—A FAIRY TALE.

You will doubtless, dear reader, smile at the idea of my telling a fairy tale, and perhaps turn past it, regarding it as worthy the perusal only of story-loving children.

Please follow me through, there may be an interest in it for other than childish heads. It is short at least, that is one merit. It's a vision or dream or—I don't know what to say. I'll tell you the circumstances and you can judge for yourselves.

I sat one night before the fire: our claim had paid uncommonly well that day, in short some three ounces to the hand—and naturally I felt very amiable—and was thinking things over, their bright side to me. Gradually I fell into that delicious, dreamy state in which the mind wanders about, without the guiding hand of reason and forms such strange wild fancies; and I may have gone a little beyond that peculiar state and fallen asleep. I cannot say positively. It matters little concerning the story, although on that point depends the question of its being a vision or dream.

The first that I was conscious of, after remaining in this state for some time, was the appearance of a bright being before me, that must have sprung out of space for I did not hear her enter the cabin,—she stood directly before me, apparently sometimes so near that I could have laid my hand upon her, and then again she seemed far off. Sometimes she appeared unusually large and then again infinitely small, very much as you have seen objects look just as you were falling asleep.

She is a fairy, I thought, a fairy from the long slim wand which she holds in her hand—the beautifully adjusted robe—the flowing hair, and the sad expression of her face which folks say fairies always wear now a days; and with these thoughts I sat attentively regarding her. She made a graceful gesture with her wand, and

spoke to me. Her voice sounded as you have often heard music—now swelling clear and full upon the ear, and then in some sweet cadence receding far away, as if journeying with the wind to its home.

"I perceive mortal," she said, "that you recognize the being that I am, and wonder what can have brought me back here after our race has long disappeared from earth.

"Know then that it is an erroneous idea that fairies exist no more, for although we are invisible to man we still linger about our old homes. But no more in happiness—the day your race encroached upon our scenes, passed those days forever. But we are immortals and it is our doom to live sadly among you until the end of time. We seclude ourselves as much as possible, yet still there are times when your intruding footsteps break in upon our fairy gatherings, and even your blind senses sometimes perceive signs of our presence. This very day I saw you pause, and wonder what caused a slight blade of grass to move, that arose from the presence of fairy feet, and sometimes in the night when every thing seemed still, and yet there was an undefined sound, which you could not trace to its source, so faint, so uncertain that you almost doubted whether it was a sound or not; that was fairy music. There is yet another and more tangible trace of us. The gold for which you so disquiet yourselves is a fairy's curse upon your race. It is of this that after waiting long centuries to be avenged, and which at last we are, I came to tell you.

"A great while ago, so long that the tables on which time's flight was marked, were destroyed by his own wasting hands, almost beyond immortals' recollection, the fairies inhabited this sunny land. The origin of the fairies remains in obscurity; in early times there were debates upon that point. Some one had said it did not matter where we sprang from, that we were happy fairies and that was sufficient.

But that would not satisfy the crowd, they must still have their discussions. But after all their words, the question was never settled. It was written in the records kept by the sacred people of the race, (for although we were exceedingly fond of pleasure and spent most of our time in mirth, we still had our sacred people,) it was written in the first page of their books. *The fairies came from the land in which the day is born.* But this made the question no clearer; each one had his own construction of the records, and you can have yours. In the early days of Fairydom there was one other subject of great dispute, which almost threatened the existence of our race. The fairies, from time immemorial had dwelt in the clover flower. Its numerous and spacious apartments made it a splendid residence, our sacred people lived in the four leaved clover—some faint notion of which has reached you, for with you the finder of a four leaved clover is deemed a lucky person. When the fairies first settled in this land there were two beautiful valleys adjoining each other, in one of which the white clover flourished beautifully and the fairies mostly dwelt in it, on the contrary in the other valley, the red clover was most abundant, the white throve poorly, and after a while wholly died out, some shrewdly thought from its unadaptedness to the soil, but the fairies after they all lived in the red clover, stoutly contended that they had rooted it out from their dislike for it. Be it either way, its delicate perfume had hardly died on the breeze, when by some strange impulse never before heard of in fairyland, the inhabitants wanted the people of the other valley to dwell in the red clover like themselves. They remonstrated, and urged their right to dwell in which they pleased, but in vain the request was repeated, and hard words soon begun to be used on both sides.

In vain the peace loving folks of each valley tried to quell the excitement. In vain the sacred records

were read, who should dwell in each one free to species. The men and they prepared by arms. It was when clothed in civil war, to see dom marshalled warrior armed lance and rose to

Before howe ceded to the la loving ones had another large va arranged matter two parties, on tion that both their long love and dwell in so the clover was the fairies dw mostly in the remains very a

These two d disturbed the pe all their reign, one continual re but feasting an orite time wa moonlight, in mortals feel a struggling with the cares, strife of your gay fairies gath and joined in oblivious happ moon warned homes. But of all our fet celebration in hon remember no less uncelebra changes, how land assemble brations. Ho ray of the mo the eastern sk procession, ca flower filled and how wh over the dis

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were read where it said the fairies should dwell in the clover leaving each one free to choose which particular species. The majority would not listen and they prepared to settle the dispute by arms. It was a glorious sight even when clothed with all the horrors of civil war, to see the chivalry of Fairydom marshalled in mighty hosts each warrior armed with his long thistle lance and rose thorn dagger.

Before however matters had proceeded to the last extremity, the peace loving ones had called in the fairies of another large valley near-by, and they arranged matters peaceably between the two parties, on the humiliating condition that both parties should abandon their long loved homes in the clover, and dwell in some other flower, and so the clover was entirely rooted out, and the fairies dwelt in other flowers and mostly in the wild Columbine, which remains very abundant yet.

These two questions were all that disturbed the peace of the fairies during all their reign. Their social life was one continual round of pleasure, nothing but feasting and dancing. Their favorite time was the beautiful hour of moonlight, in which even you poor mortals feel a gleam of better nature struggling within your breasts, striving with the cares, anxieties, longings and strife of your daily life. Then the gay fairies gathered in the grassy dales and joined in the mazy dance, lost in oblivious happiness until the waning moon warned them to return to their homes. But by far the most splendid of all our *fetes* was the monthly celebration in honor of the full moon. I remember now, after so many countless uncelebrated moons have run their changes, how all the beauty of Fairyland assembled on the day of the celebrations. How when the heralding ray of the moon came and lighted up the eastern sky, they formed in a long procession each bearing a tiny bellflower filled with a crystal dew drop, and how when the moon at last rose over the distant hills and her light

flowed upon the myriads of dew drops which the fairies bore, and was reflected by as many happy faces,—the procession moved merrily forward to their fairy ground. It was a glorious sight such as man may never hope to see. But it pains me to recall it. It was on the night of this celebration just as we had formed in a procession waiting for the appearance of the moon, that man first intruded upon our lands. The fairies fled in terror, scattering the flowers and dew drops upon the ground. With all my fright I remember well how sad the moon looked when she gazed on the disordered scene. Pale and watery as if in tears that she should never again look upon the fairies revels.

We gathered together quickly after our affright and all wished revenge, we could not have fled from you if we had wished to, for while we had been wrapped in our pleasures, your race had spread all over the earth. We consulted long upon the best means of afflicting our resentment upon you but could devise no means until at last one of our priests said it had been revealed to him that there was, hidden deep in the bosom of the earth, a metal which when known to man, should become to him the root of all evil.

That he should deem it the source of all happiness, and to acquire it would make himself miserable. For it he would kill his brother, sell his country, betray his friend and sacrifice even the little joy that his life afforded. The fairies had but to scatter it deceitfully over the earth and man would search for it with endless toil, sometimes raised to feverish excitement by hope, and again bowed almost to the ground by disappointment. Thousands should be made wretched in search for it, where one should be made happy by success. I leave it for you to say if you think we are revenged for the cruel wrong to our happy race. You who have felt the weight of our curse who have toiled for years after the deceitfully strown metal, your bosom

racked alternately by joy, sorrow, hope, fear, and all the thousand other emotions which wear the heart of man. But your labor is about to be rewarded. The success of to-day is nothing compared with what will follow. "Toil on," with these words a mist like cloud in which the fairy stood disappeared, and the fire was burning clear before me, a slight ringing sound from one of the burning logs sounded in my yet sleepy ear,—as a mysterious voice had sounded in it daily for years, like the last words of the fairy—"the success of to-day is nothing compared with what will follow, toil on."

THE NIGHT BREEZE SONG.

I've glided fast o'er the flow'ry plains,
And kissed the petals fair,
And wafted the perfumes, rich and sweet,
From flowers that clustered there.

I've wandered on thro' the forest shade,
And sang for the elfin band— [bright,
And I've seen them dance, in the moon-beams
On the hill where the tall oaks stand.

I've entered the halls of State, and seen
The proud and the noble there— [gay,
And I know that their hearts, tho' seeming
Are filled with sorrow and care.

I've murmured on by the vine-clad cot,
Where the poor man dwells content—
And the happy smiles of loved ones there,
To his heart new radiance lent.

I've borne, from ripe rosy lips, the song
Of joy which lingered there—
And I've caught the sighs of anguish deep,
From souls in dark despair.

I've breathed on many a feverish brow—
I've dried up the mourner's tear—
And to heaven, from many a sinful heart,
I've wafted an earnest prayer.

All scenes of earth have I glided o'er—
The sorrowful, fair and gay—
O'er barren sands, and thro' sylvan groves,
Where the silvery moon-beams play.

I've passed men's hearts, in their pride and
power—
I've seen them when humbled low—
When hatred a chill on their spirits cast,
And when warmed by love's deep glow.

Ah! varied the scenes o'er which I pass,
On this beautiful world below—
And notes of thine to heaven I bear—
I'm away on my journey now.

[WILD ROSE.

DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

THE MIRACULOUS BAMBINO—CONCEIT CAN
CURE, CONCEIT CAN KILL.

"Hey, Pierre, for Italy!" Italy! the word seemed to have some magic influence upon my drowsy cicerone. His sleepy eyes lighted up, and feature after feature assumed imagination.

"Ah, Monsieur," said he, "then your honor will know what the *savoir vivre* is."

We were off within twenty minutes after I had given the word of command, crossed the Tiber, entered Rome, (in an incredibly short time for our method of traveling,) and took up our quarters in a snug part of the town, near the church of the *Ava Cœli*. I never was more exhausted in my life, and it would seem that Pierre and I had exchanged awhile our natures. I retired to rest immediately, and slept nearly the whole of the next day. Not so Pierre; the fellow was all activity and wakefulness; the secret soon oozed out. Here dwelt his *dulcinea*; the thought of seeing her once more, and being near her, roused every energy within him. He had done all that was required of him before I was awake the next morning, and modestly knocked at my door, to crave permission to make a visit.

Not having any immediate occasion for his services, I consented; he flew down the stairs with the speed of the wind; Cupid, I suppose, lending him for the moment his *downy pair* to aid his flight. I slept full eight hours after, and was awoke by his rapping again at my door, and craving admittance.

"What is it?" I said impatiently.

"An insurrection or an earthquake?"

"Ah, pardon, Monsieur," he said, "la pauvre enfant, Elle se porte mal, si mal. Elle avait un acces de fièvre."

"Why, I never knew you had a child," I said. "Didn't you tell me you were single?" I purposely misunderstood him, for his annoyance; however, seeing his distress, I sympathized with him, and in return he thanked me

for my kindness, soon be well, if he ney: enough to Would I accom needful, he asked day and night, to ence, and even a quire it.

"And who is quired.

To my utter a it was no other doll, that had th ing the dead to

"Why Pierre to have more se upon by a pareo ish priests."

"Ah, Monsieu

Here, anothe door; Pierre o to my wishes, a rum English d

"O," said he in bed, "the se of the doll ove nothing more; day and night, ity afterwards sistance."

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"Ah! a cor can? I am h acquaintance, as have seen in

for many a d humbug," said ed looking dol

of curing all s resents the Sa the honor and

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nies of its pri "Softly, so of what you the land of fi slavery."

"O! no o

DR. DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

WONDROUS BAMBINO—CONCEIT CAN
CURE; CONCEIT CAN KILL.

"y, Pierre, for Italy!" Italy!
seemed to have some magic
upon my drowsy cicerone.
epy eyes lighted up, and feature
ature assumed imagination.

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will know what the *savoir vivre*

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single?" I purposely misun-
him, for his annoyance; how-

ing his distress, I sympathized
n, and in return he thanked me

for my kindness, and told me all would
soon be well, if he could muster up mone-
y enough to have the Bambino.
Would I accommodate him with the
needful, he asked. He would serve me
day and night, to the end of my exist-
ence, and even after it, if I should re-
quire it.

"And who is this Bambino?" I in-
quired.

To my utter amazement I learnt that
it was no other than a great wooden
doll, that had the power of almost rais-
ing the dead to life.

"Why Pierre, I always thought you
to have more sense than to be imposed
upon by a parcel of besotted, or knav-
ish priests."

"Ah Monsieur, pour noir est croire."

Here another knock came to the
door; Pierre opened it, without regard
to my wishes, and a young harum sea-
rum English doctor presented himself.

"O," said he, without regarding me
in bed, "the sooner you get this farce
of the doll over, the better. I can do
nothing more; her head runs upon it
day and night, and there is a probabili-
ty afterwards of my advantageous as-
sistance."

"What about this doll?" said I, turn-
ing to the Englishman; "do enlighten
me."

"Ah! a countryman, or an Ameri-
can? I am happy to make your ac-
quaintance, as the only sane man I
have seen in this priest ridden place
for many a day. This all important
humbug," said he, "is a pudding head-
ed looking doll, that has had the repute
of curing all sorts of diseases. It rep-
resents the Saviour in his infancy, and
the honor and reverence that is paid to
it by its priests, is enough to make one
doubt that there is an atom of sense
left in the blind credulity of the people,
or of honesty in the religious ceremo-
nies of its priests."

"Softly, softly," said I, "have a care
of what you say; recollect you are in
the land of fire and faggots, chains and
slavery."

"O! no one here understands Eng-

lish," said he; "I should n't care if
they did."

"Well, but this Bambino; I have
heard of King Bomba, but never of
this king."

"Bamboozle!" added he. "Well,
then, go with me, and you will see one
of the most humiliating sights that ever
happened in any tyrant land."

We entered the little chamber of the
afflicted one. Pierre admitted us with
his fingers on his lips, conjuring strict-
est silence. It was crowded with priests,
all crouched in a kneeling posture be-
fore this trumpery doll, dressed in the
most gorgeous manner, in gold lace and
white satin, sparkling, as the lighted
candles flitted upon it, with the most
magnificent and costly jewels. With
the gravest air imaginable did the old-
est of these priests lift it from its perch,
for the afflicted one to kiss its ugly,
misshapen foot. I could forbear no
longer; an indescribable feeling was
about to prompt me to knock the king
from its throne with my walking stick,
whack the fat priests, and kick the at-
endants down stairs; throw the can-
dles out of the window, and remove poor
Pierre and his *pauvre enfant* from this
shocking and impious scene and cere-
mony.

I lifted up my hands in astonishment.
"How, in the name of everything won-
derful," said I to my companion, "can
Pope Pius Nino countenance so vile an
imposture, or allow it to be counte-
nanced by his sect. What would the
holy Saviour say, were he to appear on
earth again in this place, to see his doc-
trine so vilely perverted, and his holy
person so desecrated. To see the very
two first Divine Commandments 'Thou
shalt make no graven image, in any
likeness, to worship it,' so daringly set
at naught. The wonder is, that the
very heavens of his throne do not pour
down the vials of his wrath upon the
place, and consume it in a moment."

High day hoiky toiky, said the Eng-
lishman in his turn, echoing my very
words, have a care friend, recollect that
you are in the land of fire and faggots,

&c., &c. But what would you say were I to tell you that this wooden thing does work such miracles; that I have seen more than once its immediate effects in the most surprising manner, and without believing it to be anything more than a piece of wood, that it is capable of curing many diseases. The rich jewels that cover it are the volitive offerings of the invalids it has cured.

"Are you serious?" said I.

"Quite serious. I verily believe the thing acts as a charm upon the people, and that they and the priests are taken captive against the evidences of their senses by its mysterious influences;—nevertheless, as I said before, the sight is one of the most humiliating in humanity. Have you ever heard of a well attested power that former Kings had of curing the scrofula or king's evil, so called from the circumstance?"

"Well attested fiddlesticks," said I. "If there have been such cures 'tis nothing but the power of superstition upon the nerves of ignorant minds that has produced them. I know a poor woman cured of an enormous wen or goetre, by the head of an executed murderer being passed over it three times. The woman explained to me that she felt the blood curdle in her veins while the act was being performed by the hangman, who received many a fee that day for like assistance, under the scaffold. For weeks, she told me, she felt the head upon the place, and every time she contemplated it, the blood seemed to flee from the parts touched as if in very horror;—she in one month became perfectly cured, and the part once so bloated and charged with blood, had shrivelled up like the puckers of a thread drawn garment.

"The power of superstition with mingled awe and fear, reduces many a mind to a perfect state of abjection. It was at one time doubted that fear could be powerful enough to kill a man. I remember my friend (at that time a coroner) upon an inquest, relating the

following circumstance in proof of it.

"In the reign of Charles the Second, the heads of the medical faculty at that time, took it into their heads to set the matter at rest. For this purpose they applied to the King for permission to select, amongst the criminals condemned to capital punishment, a person for their experiment. The King gave his sanction, upon condition no tortures should be used. He was told that the experiment was only to observe the exhaustion attendant upon the loss of blood.

"Several criminals upon the offer being made to them, consented to subject themselves to their experiments in order to avoid the exposure of an ignominious death. The most powerful among them (a butcher by trade) was selected, when every preparation was completed. The subject was then introduced to the room provided for the occasion, and was told to thrust his left arm through an orifice made just large enough to admit it through the partition of the next room, and which was just slight enough to enable any one to hear the remarks made from it. The man of course was not able to see, but only to hear what was passing in the next room. After some time he was made to feel a piercing stroke as of a lancet, and to hear the drops of lukewarm water poured on his arm and that fell into a basin some distance under it. Meanwhile the imposition was kept up amongst the medical experimenters by pertinent technical remarks loud enough for him to hear, interposed with conjectures how long more the subject had to live. These became more and more urgent as the time more and more increased. His ghostly adviser (not in the secret) by his side, urging him to a more ample confession and more fervent prayer.

"Now said the conductor suddenly, look out—in twenty-five seconds he is a dead man.

"Hearing the announcement, the criminal, it is recorded, dropped dead at his father confessor's feet; and not

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a particle of life, it appeared, was left in him; for the lancet which was made use of to restore circulation of the blood, produced no result whatever, and one of the most robust of men fell a victim to prove the truth of the maxim that conceit can cure, conceit can kill."

"BESSIE," TO "CARRIE D."

Howk's RANCH, Yuba Co., }
Dec. 26, 1857. }

DEAREST CARRIE:—You remember the promise you exacted when I bade you good bye, on the morning of your departure from Sacramento.—The "yes, may be," so reluctantly given, was scarcely intended as an assurance of fulfilment, and to confess the truth, I did not much mean to write anybody—but my evil genius has this moment nudged my elbow, and made me think to torture you with a description of the delightful times I am having at "happy cottage," with "Alice" for my companion. Now don't be jealous, Carrie, for you know how dearly we poor teachers pay for the few gleams of sunshine which flit across our toilsome path—"few and far between," like "angel visits," may well be applied to the "hours of idleness" that come to any of us.

But here I have enjoyed whole days of uninterrupted happiness, without a thought of books or black-boards to trouble me. You know I have bent beneath my great responsibilities until my shoulders have become round like a pack peddler's, or poor Bunyan's, with his weight of grievances strapped to his back; but never mind, it is past now—like the cloud that floats over the moon's disc, leaving it all the brighter for the sea of darkness which swept over it.

My journey hither was delightful notwithstanding the chill December air, which at first made me sensible that I had not muffled myself sufficiently for so long a ride. For an hour we perambulated the quiet streets to pick

up our quota of passengers, and I looked in vain to see any tangible evidences that the city purposed to go into mourning on account of my departure. There was no bunting displayed at half mast, and the bells toll'd no signal of sorrow! so I made myself as comfortable as possible—wedged in with sixteen chinamen and a small delegation from Cork and Tipperary, and one as beautiful specimen of feminine loveliness as I have met in California—a little nun from the Convent of St. Catharines, who was to spend her vacation with friends at Marysville. She entertained me the whole way with an uninterrupted silence. But the male portion of the cargo were not so obliging, a perpetual jargon was kept up, but having never learned the language of the Celestials, I could only give a yankee guess as to what the purport of it might be. I have not a doubt but that the merits and demerits of the presidential candidates were freely descanted upon—the railroad, the dromedary line, the harbor bill, the swindling operations connected with the building of the old and new capitol, and many other topics of a similar nature—which made me think though election is over the turbid waters of the great sea of politics had not altogether ceased their bubbling. Like "Mark Tapley," I took great credit to myself for being jolly under such circumstances. If the day had been manufactured for my especial benefit I could not have bettered it.

Although the seasons are now clothed in their cheapest and humblest dress—nevertheless, they are always attractive and picturesque, and nothing is tamer in California. The wild mountain scenery, combined with the almost immortal green with which the woods are clothed, are never without interest. Every gossamer curtain and shadow of cloud, had passed not only from the soft blue sky, but from the heart of your friend. It pleased the good Eolus, for my sake, to breathe gently upon the clean washed face of

nature, and a breeze sprung up, just sufficient to stir the leaves and make them dance merrily upon the pencile boughs. It seemed as if they were trilling a sad yet gleesome requiem, to the old year who is passing over the verge of time.

But I think I hear you impatiently enquiring after "Alice," my amiable hostess whose spiritual self has so often in our "sanctum reveries," held communion with our own hearts. She is all we have pictured her, Carrie, and you have but to look into her face to find an index of a happy heart. A plain, unassuming woman, who affects the *litterateur* but little. She says her life thus far has been one of vicissitude, ups and downs, subject to the caprices of fortune like every other son and daughter of Adam. The prow of her life boat has not been decked with thornless flowers—but the strong arm and faithful heart to whom she has entrusted her life's happiness, is still at the helm, and love's guiding star sheds its beacon light o'er all her hopes.—She bade me tell her all about you, and sweet "Katie King," the first time we were alone.

Ah! I know how you would envy me, could you look in upon us when we are by ourselves, and be delighted with the way "Alice" performs her various domestic duties, imparting to the humblest, and least attractive of them, so much grace and dignity. What matters it though for days together Jove's forces have kept us within doors? even now his fitful frown rests heavily upon the snow crested sierras, and the blackened clouds are dropping their treasures upon the thirsty fields. All day long has the rain pattered dreamily against the pane, or in larger effusions drenched the grateful earth. The hours glide unconsciously by, and each one will bear away upon its wizard wings memories never to be forgotten.

Yesterday I was to have ascended the *Buttes*, on horseback, but unfortunately it set in to rain. It seems to me as if I could make the tour before

breakfast; but when asked what I supposed was the distance to the base of the mountains, and I said three miles, all my Yankee guessing was put quite into the shade, by being told it was fifteen! So we staid at home.

"And we talked!—O, how we talked! her voice cadenced in the talking—
Made another singing in the soul, a music without bars—
And she spake such good thoughts, natural, as if she always thought them."

In the still seclusion of "Alice's" rural home, is an inviting place of repose for one who has long enjoyed the restraints of school room discipline, and its pernicious influence upon the mind and health. As I approached the home of her who seems endowed with so many of the "fatal gifts," a severe delight filled my whole soul; intensely bright and beautiful had been the anticipations which were now to become realities. They were the spontaneous feelings of a heart filled to excess with a love for the truly good, and intellectually great of our earth. Now I am enjoying all I anticipated, and I fear, after my visit to this favorite haunt of the muses, I shall have little heart for anything else for a long time to come.

But in this land of gold and flowers I have found a Mecca, towards which my thoughts will often wend their way, and pay a rightful tribute at the shrine of genius; and when it has become altogether a thing of memory, then will my heart-harp sing of *thee*, "Alice," and soft and sweet will be the echoing strain, as the far off anthem of Angels.

MUSIC OF WORDS.—Listen to the mother talking music to her young babe. The comfort is surely not in words, for the child understands not one of them. It lies, of course, in the music of words. It is the mother's tone of voice—her music—which the child understands and receives into its little troubled heart.

Estimate a man according to his worth; and not according to what he is worth to you.

TO **

"There is a worse wife, in whom a not sinks into the grave in unblemished pearl; in there are bitter tears for wife become faithless; no tears, but a sorrow the grave."—*Mrs. H.*

Dear is the memory of
Those years of joy,
When I was young
prime,

And thou the inspirer
But once on earth—
glow

Of a pure passion; he
And heaven no glow
stow

On mortals here, and
Than that first dream
all its worth

Thine eyes were beaming
love—

A light whose radiance
And made, at night,
Shine with a pure
The smiles that glow

Were lovelier than
When all their glow
play

All glowing with
dyes,
And in thy voice
arise.

Thy thoughts were
lawn;

Thy feelings chaste
Thy graces lovelier
When Nature first
With songs of his
rose,

And brilliant flows
the air,
While heaven and
glows;

There's naught but
share,
Whose loveliness
compare

But all is changed.
That I might know
joy,

And find this earth
of heaven—
A goal of happiness
Thou didst, with
That heaven of his
Whence came the
play

The dearest feeling

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still seclusion of "Alice's" room, is an inviting place of repose, who has long enjoyed the freedom of school room discipline, and the salutary influence upon the mind. As I approached the home, it seems endowed with so many "fatal gifts," a severe delight to the whole soul; intensely bright and full had been the anticipations, and now to become realities. The spontaneous feelings of joy led to excess with a love for good, and intellectually great. Now I am enjoying all that, and I fear, after my visit to the favorite haunt of the muses, I have little heart for anything else to come.

In this land of gold and flowers, the path will often wend their way, a rightful tribute at the shrine; and when it has become almost a thing of memory, then will the harp sing of thee, "Alice," and sweet will be the echoing of the far off anthem of Angels.

OF WORDS.—Listen to the talking music to her young; the comfort is surely not in the child understands not them. It lies, of course, in the words. It is the mother's voice—her music—which the child understands and receives into its troubled heart.

ate a man according to his and not according to what he is you.

TO *****.

"There is a worse death than dying. If a wife, in whom a noble heart is garnered, sinks into the grave in her purity, as sinks an unblemished pearl in the fathomless ocean, there are bitter tears for that sorrow; but if a wife become faithless and impure, there are no tears, but a sorrow that burns deeper than the grave."—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Dear is the memory of that sweet time—
Those years of joy, not very long ago—
When I was young—my feelings in their prime,
And thou the inspirer of a love we know
But once on earth—that first, deep, thrilling glow
Of a pure passion; heavenly in its birth;
And heaven no greater boon can e'er bestow
On mortals here, above the bliss of earth,
Than that first dream of love, priceless in all its worth.

Thine eyes were beaming with that light of love—
A light whose radiance glorified the day,
And made, at night, the gentle stars above
Shine with a purer and serener ray;
The smiles that o'er thy genial face would play
Were lovelier than the hues of sunset skies,
When all their gorgeous beauties they display,
All glowing with the twilight's matchless dyes,
And in thy voice I heard celestial strains arise.

Thy thoughts were pure as dew-drops on the lawn;
Thy feelings chaste as Alp's eternal snows;
Thy graces lovelier than the early dawn,
When Nature first awakes from her repose,
With songs of birds and blushings of the rose,
And brilliant flowers, whose fragrance fills the air,
While heaven and earth with radiant beauty glow;
There's naught but virtue can such glories share,
Whose loveliness excels all things beyond compare.

But all is changed. If thou to me wert given,
That I might know the heights of human joy,
And find this earth—what saints may dream of heaven—
A goal of happiness without alloy,
Thou didst, with heartless cruelty, destroy
That heaven of bliss, and bring a hell of woe,
Whence came the accursed impulse to employ
The dearest feelings that the heart can know,

To drive me to despair, and be my deadliest foe.

Was I not faithful to my first, fond vow?
Did I not cherish thee with tenderness,
And at thy shrine of love in rapture bow
My trusting heart, striving but thee to bless?
I lived but to increase thy happiness,
And toiled, to give thee all that toil could bring;
My fond devotion never grew the less,
Till thou, with heartless cruelty, didst fling
My love aside, to be—a fallen, faithless thing.

If death had closed upon thy sinless years,
And called thy loved form to its final rest,
I should have mourned thy loss with bitter tears,
Yet still have known thy sainted spirit blest,
While hopes eternal, springing in my breast,
Had crowned my sorrows with God's peace and joy;
Now, wild despair, the breaking heart's unrest,
Must all my nobler energies destroy,
And shroud my life in gloom—a gloom without alloy.

But I forgive thee; and thou yet shall feel
How grievous is the wrong that thou hast done;
Justice is slow but sure; and time shall steal
All self-delusion from thy mind; thy sun
Of happiness has set; life's stream shall run
From bitter founts; and from its troubled source
Shall flow the sorrows that thou canst not shun;
Repentant sorrows, with a withering force,
Shall flood thy soul with woe, and naught shall stop their course.

For sins like these, repentance comes too late;
There is no earthly power to restore
That faith and trust; it is thy bitter fate,
Alone to wander on life's barren shore;
Thy faithless love I live but to deplore,
And ne'er can know the joys I once have known;
Those days, forever past, return no more,
And naught on earth can for thy deeds atone,
From which I've felt that grief might break a heart of stone.

"What is the cause of that bell ringing?" inquired Peter. "It's my deliberate conviction that some one has pulled the rope," answered Joe.

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of a severe retaliation, and not to exercise it.



TO T****.

BY W. H. D.

You dear little elfin,
You sweet little sprite,
As bright as a sunbeam,
And happy as bright,
I am coming to catch you,
And steal you away,
To be queen of the fairies
By night and by day.

You shall dance in the moonlight
As my fairy wife,
And I'll make you so happy
Through all of your life,
For I'm king of the fairies,
And you shall be queen,
And the loveliest creature
That ever was seen.

Your dress shall be spangled
With silver and gold,
And a bright silver wand
In your hand you shall hold;
While on your fair forehead
Shall shine a bright star,
That all of the fairies
May know who you are.

O dearest, now come,
No longer delay,
For the fairies are waiting
To own you to-day;
And then you'll be queen
Of the fairies so fine—
I'm Oberon, King,
And your true Valentine.

FLOWERS.

"Flowers are the alphabet of angels,
Whereby they write on hills and dales myste-
rious truths."

I wonder who first suggested such an ex-
cellent title for our paper, as "The Wreath?"
It seems peculiarly appropriate and signifi-
cant, for the heading of a paper, edited by
school girls, in California. In the sweet
spring-time, what a variety and profusion of
wild flowers adorn our valleys and plains—and

experience has taught us, that wild flowers
become far more beautiful when transplanted
from their native home in the prairie or in the
lonely dell, into the rich, warm soil of our
gardens. Cultivation seems to change the
very nature of many shrubs and plants.
Flowers represent the affections, and, could
we read their language aright, we should see
in each of their varied and lovely forms, the
peculiar character of each affection in the
human soul, as it were daguerrotyped before
us. This is no fanciful analogy, but is
grounded, in the very nature, and uses of
their sweet and fragrant blossoms. No two
flowers, even on the same stem, are *precisely*
alike; so it is with the varied affections of
the human heart—for they are manifest in
their forms and modes of expression. We
can see all the rich and beautiful colors, which
exist in flowers—the very heat and light of
the sun, seems wrought into their substance,
by invisible hands. They seem to be almost
like the rainbow itself, taken from the sky,
and woven by fairy fingers, into these delicate
filaments, preserving even the graceful curve,
which the arch in the sky possesses.

Let us all endeavor to bring, each week, an
offering of sweet and fragrant flowers for
"The Wreath." In order to do this, we must
be sure to cultivate the soil of our minds with
care and attention, and implant therein only
the right kinds of seed—those which we feel
sure will produce fragrant and beautiful flow-
ers. These mental gardens in our hearts *will*
produce plants of *some kind*—either the useful
and beautiful, or the noxious and poisonous.
Let us be careful then to plant so many good
seeds, that there will be no room for the evil
weeds to grow; or, if they begin to make
their appearance, let us root them up, and
cast them out to wither and die.

Flowers are said to derive a great part of
their substance from water. Without a plen-
tiful supply of this, they will not grow and
blossom. Water corresponds to *truth*. This
performs a use in our minds corresponding to
the use of water, in refreshing and nourishing
our plants and shrubs. Without the great
truths of Religion and Science, our minds
would be as barren deserts, without one spot
of refreshing greenness and verdure. So,

without water, we should not see the
various forms of beauty, with which our
world is filled. We shall hope to see our
flowers, such as we have not yet seen
among its green leaves.

TO C****.

BY W. H. D.

My sweet little maiden,
I should like to know
If ever you wish
For a good little beau;
One gentle and loving,
Kind hearted and true,
With all his affections
Bestowed upon you.

I think you would like to
Perhaps you want two,
But I should not like to
For it never would do;
Two are just one too many
And sometimes but one
Is found quite sufficient
To spoil all the fun.

I know you are handsome
And often quite kind,
And sometimes you're
When you feel so inclined
But when you are nasty
You kick up a row,
And then you might to
"I don't love you now."

At that I should cry,
And my sorrowing heart
Would feel as if pierced
Quite through with a
But if you will promise
To be truly mine,
Then, now and forever
I'm thy Valentine.

CONJECTURES ON SEEN
MAN SEATED ALONE
ON THE PAST.

'Twas a calm spring evening
of day was just sinking behind
hills, and as a token of his presence
light fleecy clouds floating in
were gilded with his delicate
golden beams. It was an hour
weary tasks of the day being
care worn laborer seeks the
fireside; then, in the sweet de-
lusion, he loses the sad regrets which
heart.

I too was wending my way
through the busy streets of
this golden land. Pleasant
my heart, and I was reflecting



experience has taught us, that wild flowers become far more beautiful when transplanted from their native haunts in the prairie or in the lonely dell, into the rich, warm soil of our gardens. Cultivation seems to change the very nature of many shrubs and plants. Flowers represent the affections, and could we read their language aright, we should see in each of their varied and lovely forms, the peculiar character of each affection in the human soul, as it were daguerreotypes before us. This is no fanciful analogy, but is founded, in the very nature, and use of their sweet and fragrant blossoms. No two flowers, even on the same stem, are precisely alike; so it is with the varied affections of the human heart—for they are manifest in their forms and modes of expression. We see all the rich and beautiful colors, which exist in flowers—the very heat and light of the sun, seems wrought into their substance, in invisible hands. They seem to be almost the rainbow itself, taken from the sky, and woven by fairy fingers, into these delicate tints, preserving even the graceful curves which the arch in the sky possesses.

Let us all endeavor to bring, each week, a bouquet of sweet and fragrant flowers for the "Wreath." In order to do this, we must care to cultivate the soil of our minds with thought and attention, and implant therein only the right kinds of seed—those which we feel will produce fragrant and beautiful flowers.

These mental gardens in our hearts will bear plants of *any kind*—either the useful and beautiful, or the noxious and poisonous. Be careful then to plant so many good seeds, that there will be no room for the evil to grow; or, if they begin to make their appearance, let us root them up, and let them out to wither and die.

There are said to derive a great part of their substance from water. Without a plentiful supply of this, they will not grow and flourish. Water corresponds to truth. This is a law in our minds corresponding to the law of water, in refreshing and nourishing plants and shrubs. Without the great truths of Religion and Science, our minds are as barren deserts, without any refreshing greenness and verdure.

without water, we should not see these material forms of beauty, with which our gardens are filled. We shall hope to see our "Wreath" increased, each week, by the addition of new flowers, such as we have not yet seen entwined among its green leaves.

VERBENA.

TO C****.

BY W. H. D.

My sweet little maiden,
I should like to know
If ever you wish
For a good little heart;
One gentle and loving,
Kind hearted and true,
With all his affections
Bestowed upon you.

I think you would like one,
Perhaps you want two,
But I should not like that
For it never would do;
Two are just one too many,
And sometimes but one
Is found quite sufficient
To spoil all the fun.

I know you are handsome,
And often quite kind,
And sometimes you're good,
When you feel so inclined;
But when you are naughty
You kick up a row,
And then you might tell me
"I don't love you now."

At that I should cry,
And my sorrowing heart
Would feel as if pierced
Quite through with a dart;
But if you will promise
To be truly mine,
Then, now and forever,
I'm thy Valentine.

CONJECTURES ON SEEING AN OLD MAN SEATED ALONE REFLECTING ON THE PAST.

'Twas a calm spring evening. The king of day was just sinking behind the western hills, and as a token of his parting favor, the light fleecy clouds floating in the western sky, were gilded with his delicate and beautiful golden beams. It was an hour when all the weary tasks of the day being completed, each care worn laborer seeks the quiet of his own fireside, then, in the sweet delights of home to lose the sad regrets which cling around his heart.

I too was wending my homeward way through the busy streets of the metropolis of this golden land. Pleasant thoughts filled my heart, and I was reflecting on the possibil-

ity of misery existing in human breast at such an hour, when I chanced to see a form prematurely bent with care and grief, seated upon the sidewalk, regardless of all the busy gaiety around him. Presenting as he did such a contrast to the gay world amid which I had of late mingled, I could not but observe him attentively as I passed, and as I noted his care worn, sorrowful expression, my mind soared on fancy's pinions far into the dim, dim past. Why, I asked, is he seated there so down cast and alone? Has he no home? No loved friend to meet him there? Alas no! Life is to him a wearisome road, for no kind hearts to soften the thorny pathway, are around him now.

Fancy pictured to me the scenes of his past life! I saw him a fair child, with all the innocence and freshness of life's glad morn clustering around his heart. Then as years passed on, a merry schoolboy, with heart as light as the butterfly he chased from flower to flower, went dancing before me.

And then again in manhood's opening, I see him pressing with eager steps the threshold of life, and with ambition ever ready to lead him on, started in the race of life.

For awhile friends gathered around him, and success seemed ready to crown his efforts, for he was one of fortune's favorites. Wealth, youth and intellect were his. But the golden wings of wealth are ever plumed for flight, and with it oft flies the warmth of friendship, and the favor of the world. So it was with our young aspirant for worldly honors. His wealth vanished and with it all his hopes of honor and glory.

Then with bitterness in his heart he sought this far western land, hoping here to find again the golden magnet which alone could give him favor in the eyes of the world. Nobly he battled with the difficulties surrounding him. Wealth was his once more, and friends crowded around him. But here temptations gathered around his heart, and without one tie of home or love to bind him to duty and guard his wandering feet, he fell, conquered by the tempter's wiles!

The ruby wine glittered around him, and yielding, he drank of the cup so fraught with misery and death. Again and again he yielded, until his manly frame was bent as though with age; his elastic step changed to a tottering gait, and the powers of his lofty intellect were crushed by its withering influence.

Wealth, friends, and fame, once more were gone; and now destitute of that pride and sense of honor which had previously led him upward, he sank lower and lower in the scale of humanity, until now I see him a sad wreck.

Alas! how weak is man trusting in his own strength! Gifted with all the powers of intellect and a noble spirit, and yet unless guarded by some stronger arm he cannot resist the tide of temptation, but ruined and lost will be borne on its waves to the dark ocean of despair.

Y. I. H.

Editor's Table.

In this our monthly chit-chat with our readers, we really feel much inclined to sociality. The old year passed away, leaving us with but few regrets for the past, and with our hopes for the future buoyant and bright. We might dwell with much earnestness and truth upon one or two subjects of interest to us personally—as the unmistakable evidences of the success of our enterprise, and the kind wishes and tokens of regard bestowed upon us by our numerous friends during the late festive season. But there is no subject of deeper interest to Californians generally, or that will command a larger share of the attention of the great commercial world, than the progress of California in her onward march toward the goal of her destiny.

In reviewing her progress thus far, we find that that which was once deemed a problem in relation to her, has been solved, and the unmistakable deduction drawn from its solution is, that in fixed wealth, general improvement, increase of population, in fact everything that helps to make a country great, California is progressing.

By reference to reliable statistics we find that, during the past year, we have largely increased our population. That through the port of San Francisco alone, there has been 29,630 arrivals, and 22,747 departures, giving us an increase of 6,883 persons. To this number we add the increase by overland immigration, which, at a low estimate, we put at 8,000, and we have an increase, in the aggregate, of about fifteen thousand souls in 1856. Now, in view of the fact that of this increase, a very large portion consisted of families, nearly all of whom are to take rank as permanent settlers, California certainly presents to the older States, and to the world, a picture of progress of which we may well be proud; for it should always be kept in view, when comparing our increase with that of sister States, the greater difficulties, expenses, and even dangers attendant upon immigration here.

With this view of the subject, and data before us, what might not California speedily become, with increased facilities and means for aiding and cheapening immigration hither?

California, it is true, to make her vastly richer and more prosperous than now, needs population; but that population she would speedily have if it could get here. The world believes, aye, knows, that California possesses every element of prosperity, opulence, and grandeur as a State of the great Confederacy, in an eminent degree, and a million of people at this hour stand ready to participate in her future glory, but they *cannot get here*. What California wants, then, is the RAILROAD! Not that she alone wants it, the nation, the world wants it! Give us, then, the Railroad at once, say we. Let us have it by private enterprise, if compatible with its speedy consummation; if not, then with as little government pap and patronage as possible.

Friends around our table, what say you?

THE SNOWS.—In no other country upon earth do the falling snows possess the interest they do in California; for nowhere else are they the motive power and fulcrum of a people's prosperity. The great mining interest of California, at present pre-eminent over any other, would soon flag but for the waters from her rivers; but her rivers are dependent upon the mountains, and they in turn upon the snows. Rains alone will not suffice, for the mountains may be deluged, and the rivers deluge the valleys below, but this does not keep up that steady and constant supply during the summer months, when it is most needed, as do the melting snows.

Our highest mountains, therefore, covered deep with snow, become our great natural reservoirs. During the last three years there has been an annual decrease of the quantity of snow and rain, until our mountain streams, in many localities, actually failed in yielding the requisite supply. But the present winter has been a cold one; a large quantity of rain has fallen in the valleys, and snow upon the mountains; more indeed of the latter than for the two preceding years. We can, therefore, congratulate the miner upon his prospect of an abundant supply of this indispensable requisite for the successful prosecution of his avocation the coming summer; and not only the miner,

but all classes of our citizens. While of our friends who are yet far away, hope to reach California in early spring, the harbinger of a successful debut.

EARTHQUAKES.—Here is another engaging the attention, and to some the interests of the people of the continent. It is not every country that get up an earthquake every year, just for the amusement of its people, for it seems no other purpose.

Since the issue of our January issue, coast, coast range of mountains, inland, to the great valleys of the north, to the San Joaquin, and from the north, to the Gulf of California, has been dancing its annual silent, quiet partner, the great inland Nevada range.

It may be all pleasant enough at a distance, to hear of these annual earthquakes, our ancient mother, but to us, and six story brick and mortar, it does seem as though she were enough to keep quiet, and as the cities are annually decking themselves with costly jewels, it certainly would seem that she should wear them more fully, without any further attempt to get them off.

But as all conjectures in relation to her antics are vain, her future foibles with a mind disposed.

POISON OAK—TREATMENT.—Communications are lying upon the subject of the Poison Oak, or yino will attain, the disease upon some, and upon others, and all proposing a remedy, for the poison. "Use saleratus and vinegar, Castile soap, or neat's foot soap root, and we think but little added—or anything else outward application. C. kinks out" with simply from a source which entitles "sweating" is advised. Members of our mining and suffer from its effects, w

California, it is true, to make her vastly richer and more prosperous than now, needs population; but that population she would speedily have if it could get here. The world believes, and knows, that California possesses every element of prosperity, opulence, and grandeur as a State of the great Confederacy, in an eminent degree; and a million of people at this hour stand ready to participate in her future glory, but they cannot get here. What California wants, then, is the RAILROAD! Not that she alone wants it, the nation, the world wants it! Give us, then, the Railroad at once, say we, or we have it by private enterprise, if compatible with its speedy consummation; if not, then with its little government pap and patronage possible.

Friends around our table, what say you?
 The Snows.—In no other country upon earth do the falling snows possess the interest they do in California; for nowhere else are they the motive power and fulcrum of a people's prosperity. The great mining interest in California, at present pre-emptive over any other, would soon flag, but for the waters from her rivers; but her rivers are dependent upon the mountains, and they in turn upon the snows. Rains alone will not suffice, for the mountains may be deluged, and the rivers debarred from the valleys below, but this does not keep the steady and constant supply during the drier months, when it is most needed, as the melting snows. The highest mountains, therefore, covered with snow, become our great natural reservoirs. During the last three years there has been an annual decrease of the quantity of snow and rain, until our mountain streams, in many localities, actually failed in yielding their supply. But the present winter has been a cold one; a large quantity of rain has fallen in the valleys, and snow upon the mountains. Indeed of the latter than for the preceding years. We can, therefore, count on the minor upon his prospect of an abundant supply of this indispensable requisite for the successful prosecution of his avocation during summer; and not only the miner,

but all classes of our citizens. While to those of our friends who are yet far away, but who hope to reach California in early spring, it is the harbinger of a successful debut.

EARTHQUAKES.—Here is another subject engaging the attention, and to some extent, the interests of the people of the coast cities of California. It is not every country that can get up an earthquake every year, just for the amusement of its people, for it seems to be for no other purpose.

Since the issue of our January number, our coast, coast range of mountains; and country inland, to the great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and from Oregon on the north, to the Gulf of California on the south, has been dancing its annual polka to its silent, quiet partner, the great inland or Sierra Nevada range.

It may be all pleasant enough to those at a distance, to hear of these annual vibrations of our ancient mother, but to us, with our four and six story brick and mortar proclivities, it does seem as though she was getting old enough to keep quiet, and as her children of the cities are annually decking her person with costly jewels, it certainly would be desirable that she should wear them meekly and gracefully, without any further attempt to shake them off.

But as all conjectures in relation to a repetition of her antics are vain, we shall await her future foibles with a mind philosophically disposed.

POISON OAK—TREATMENT.—Numberless communications are lying around us upon the subject of the Poison Oak, the size the shrub or vine will attain, the direful effects of its poison upon some, and its harmlessness to others, and all proposing something as a remedy for the poison. "Coon Creek" would use saleratus and vinegar, or warm water and Castile soap, or neat's foot oil and sulphur, or soap root, and we think he might as well have added—or anything else you choose—as an outward application. C. G. would "take the kinks out" with simply a weak lye; whilst from a source which entitles it to confidence, "sweating" is advised. And as large numbers of our mining and agricultural friends suffer from its effects, we append the remedial

portion of an interesting communication in hand:

"As soon as the sensations produced by the Poison Oak, etc., are discovered, take a profuse sweat, by any mode known to you, except through the agency of drugs, or the "Russian," or the "Digger Indian," or "Steam Baths."

Only one sweat may be necessary, but if not sufficient repeat daily until relief is obtained. I have never found it necessary to administer more than one, yet in one case the suffering was, and bid fair to be very, excessive. Whilst sweating drink much cold water; finishing the process after sweating by a dash of one or two pails full of cold water, and a good "wash down" in the same with coarse towels, then wipe dry. The affected parts may afterwards be frequently bathed in cold water, and cloths wet with cold water may also be applied until entirely relieved.

"I have known a case in California which, under drugging treatment and mismanagement, resulted in total and hopeless blindness, originated by Poison Oak; and as the face and head are most frequently affected, it is no trifling thing to be ignorant of the best and surest mode of treatment.

"There is a simple mode of taking a sweat which any one may adopt, and where a proper vapor bath cannot be had is the best for those who do not know how to take the "wet sheet pack." The plan is to thoroughly envelope the person in blankets, "tucking them in" closely, so as to prevent the escape of warmth from the body, and commence to give water to drink in moderate quantities at first, until sweating commences, and then freely, continuing until profusely sweated. This is within the reach of all; rendering drugs and poisons unnecessary, as they also are in all other cases. G. M. BOURNE."

AND now a pleasant, familiar word with our readers and contributors. The extremely low rate at which our Magazine, as an Illustrated California Monthly, is furnished to the world, precludes the possibility of present remuneration for favors that find a place in its columns, beyond our warmest thanks.

To those who have not been as successful in their endeavors to please us, we are equally grateful, believing there is much of merit in trying. Perseverance will accomplish much, even though the fates, at first sight, would seem to be against us.

But there is one peculiar phase in the character of those who use the pen—it is, that those who really possess the ability, are almost always the most chary of its use. We hope, as there are many of this character who are

readers of the Magazine, that they will favor us upon any and all subjects of interest, appertaining to California or the Pacific Coast.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Pedestrian.—We believe you are, for you traveled all over both sides of your paper. When you can show us a way to split a sheet of paper, so that we can lay it before our compositors written only upon one side, then we can make use of such manuscript as yours.

I. Z. G.—Is received.

L. Alameda.—Your "Essay" is excellent of its kind, the sentiment profoundly good, the argument unanswerable. But that large class, the most in need of the practice and influence of its valuable precepts, would be the last to read it.

W. D. C.—Is received.

Sierra.—Your "Incident of '49" would make a nice little homily for a "one horse" temperance meeting, in some small town where poor whisky is considered a "great institution."

S.—Dated Jan. 1st, '57, received too late for January number. The first line, "My Mother, on this New Year's morn," is clearly expressive of its nonadaptation to our February number.

P. B.—Your favor speaks of the graves of three of the "forty-niners." But as there is not an incident or reminiscence given, connecting the dead of those graves with life past or present, we must decline its publication.

R. W.—Has certainly given us a beautiful "Glimpse of our Childhood." If it has faults, it is too long, (a fault common to our contributors,) and is not peculiarly Californian in its character.

**Callie Fornia.*—In our columns, is no sooner a Bride, than, California like, she is revolving in her mind the "will nots," and the "my ways!" Now there are those who believe that "a good man can make of his wife almost what he pleases." We hope just such a man is trying his hand on "Callie Fornia," as it will settle the question.

N.—"The Californian's return to his Home," though not without merit, the writer will see that as one of a "youthful band," having—

"Sought for gold, the treasure found
In the mines of California."

Too little time would seem to have elapsed in which to return to his home, and now be enabled to say—

"* * * * *
Though years of sorrow, toil, and care
Have dimmed my eye and marked my brow,
And bowed my form, and blanched my hair."

M. N.—We have no doubt she is as you say in your accompanying note, "almost angelic." But would you have us publish what you call "poetry," that the world may say of you—

"So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet?"

How old are you—out of your teens?

Will S. Green.—On file for next number.

T. S. G.—With sketches, on file.

A Page of the Past.—Next month.

Hen Pecked Husband.—Had you but held the "Klore-form" to your nose till this time, you would not have been troubled with the penning of your communication.

L. S. J.—There is in this city a second-hand sewing machine that, with "black thread and a white ground," will turn out a far more intelligible manuscript than that which you sent us; and when the motive power is a good sensible dog, will get off better poetry. It is surprising that there are so many who cannot write even ten lines of sensible prose, and yet think themselves no mean poets.

O. S.—There can be no harm in sending it. If well written, short, and Californian in character, we will doubtless find room for it.

O. P. Q.—If we had a very large hay press, with which we could condense your manuscript into one fourth its present volume, it might be admissible.

Numerous other favors are received, but too late to obtain a notice this month.

B O

P R E S

IN GRE

Large Lit

NEW EDIT

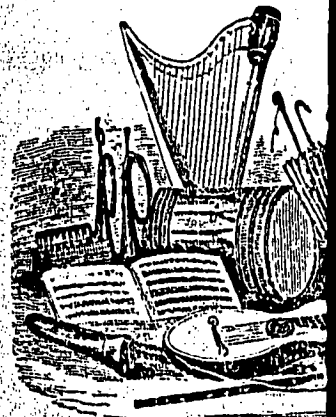
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Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

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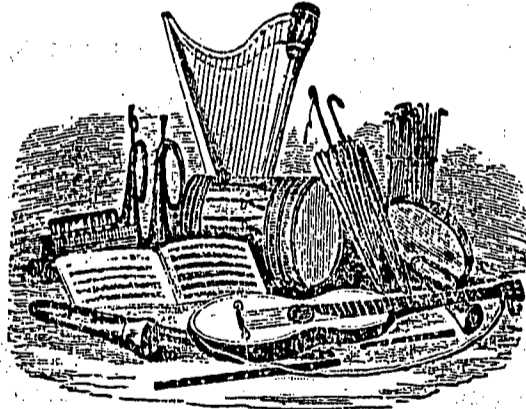
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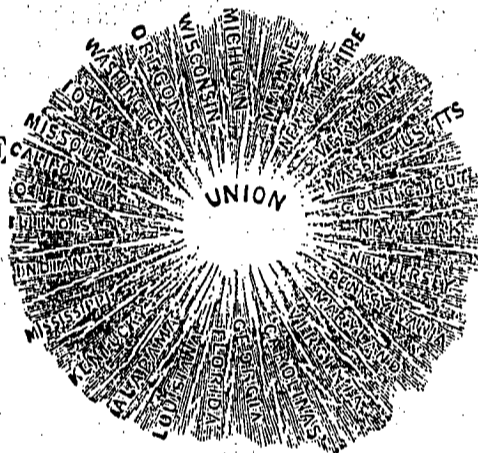
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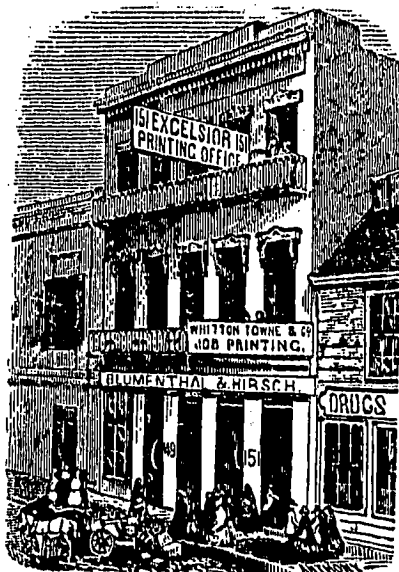
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