

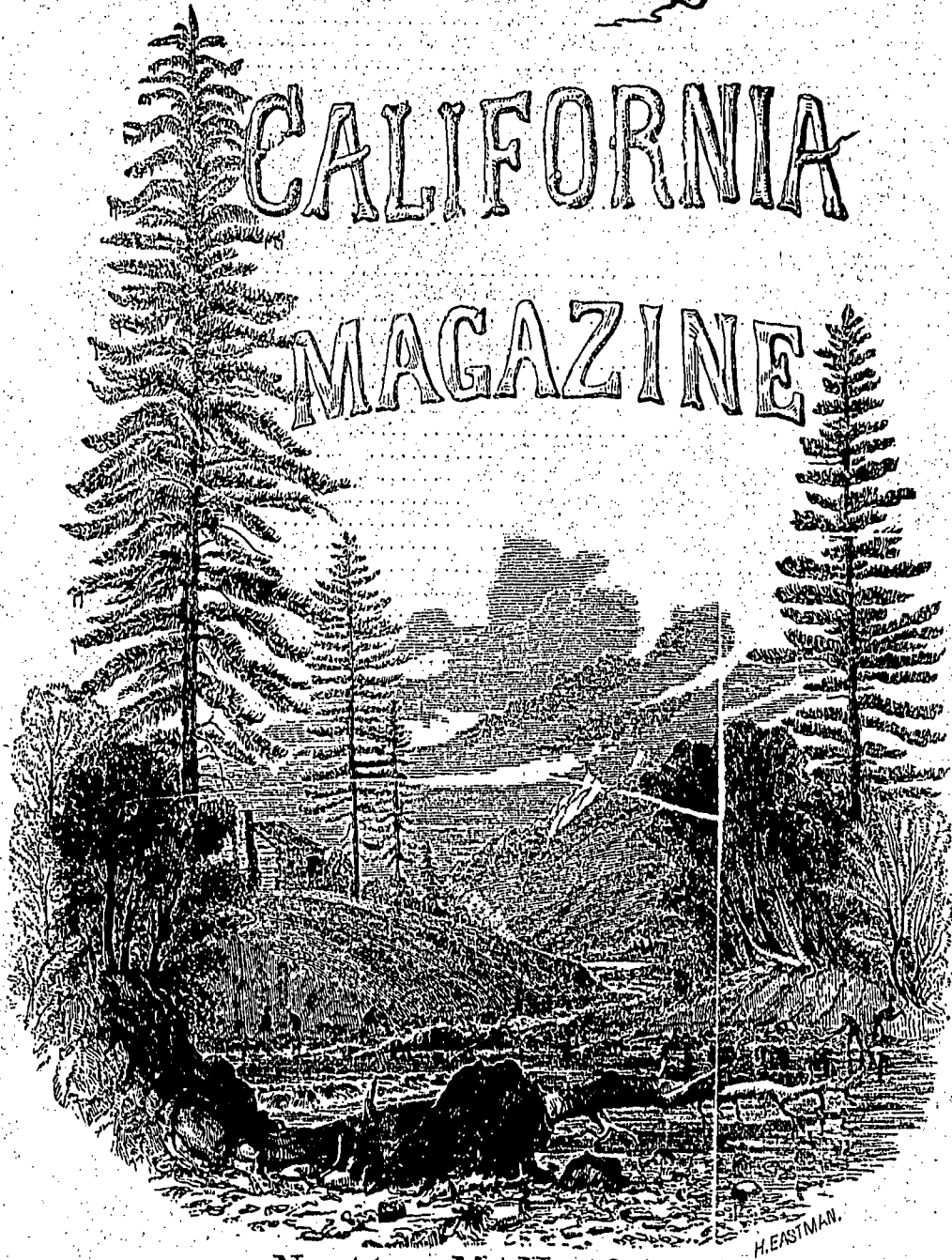
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CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



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Agents having back numbers for July, December, January, February, March and April, can exchange them for numbers of the current month, if they wish to do so. H. & R.

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

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CALIFORNIA

VOL. I.

WAYSIDE WATERING

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H. & R.

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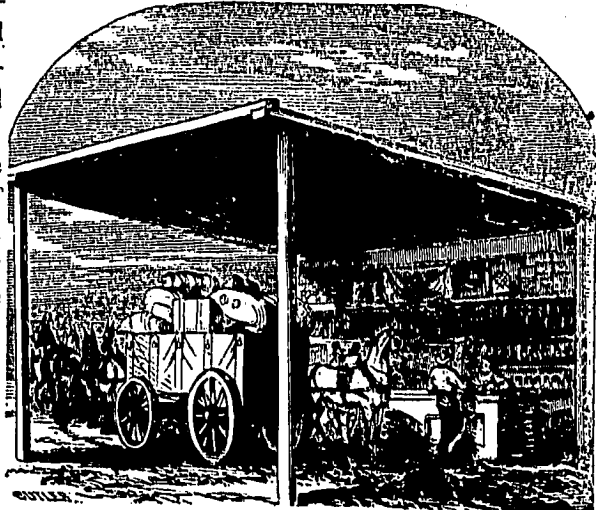
MAY, 1857.

NO. XI.

WAYSIDE WATERING PLACES.

Reader, were you ever an inside passenger of a California stage coach, when there was just a round dozen of fellow-travelers, and who, with one exception—yourself—were all smokers, (we of course presume that no lady was of the number, as no GENTLEMAN would thus forget himself, by smoking in a lady's presence,) and being of different tastes, if not of different countries, each one smoked a cigar or cigarita, of different quality and kind? and that too, in the scorching months of summer, after the usual morning breeze had died away; and when the horses and stage were enveloped in clouds of oppressive and cough-producing dust, and which came rolling and curling in upon every passenger, with a "don't care who you are" indifference to his taste or wishes; not only half-choking him, but changing the color of his clothing and complexion, not even omitting his whiskers—that is, if he cultivated the last named "article?" Were you, permit us again to ask, ever a passenger at such a

If, with almost a shudder at the remembrance, you reply in the affirmative, you will recollect with what pleasure you welcomed the wayside house, as the stage halted to "water," or "change horses"—and how readily you jumped out to try the effect of alternate doses of dust and water,



WAY-SIDE SHADE AND WATERING PLACE.

or soda-water—with or without "suthin" in it.

Now we do not say that upon every road and at every watering place, there will be found such an inviting "shade" as the one represented in the engraving above; but, they are to be found on several of the roads

leading to the mining towns, and especially, near the cities of Sacramento, Marysville, and Stockton, where the teamster, the pleasure rider, and the traveler, halts to water his stock, or "take a drink."

MOUNT SHASTA.

This is one of those glorious and awe-inspiring scenes which greet the traveler's eye and fill his mind with wondering admiration, as he journeys among the bold and beautiful mountains of our own California. One almost wishes to kneel in worship as he gazes at the magnificent, snow-covered head and pine girded base of this "monarch of mountains;" and even as you ascend the valley of the Sacramento, Mount Shasta appears to you like a huge hill of snow just beyond the purple hills of the horizon; and is a constant land-mark upon which to look, and which one unconsciously feels himself constrained to notice, as something even more remarkable and inviting than the green and flower-covered valley beside him.

We are favored with the following graphic sketch of an ascent—alone—by Israel S. Diehl, which we give with great pleasure.

The morning of the ninth of October, 1855, opened beautiful and bright; the earth had been cooled by refreshing showers which had copiously fallen during the night, as I took up my line of march from Yreka to Mount Shasta, to make its ascent if possible. Notwithstanding the extensive arrangements by way of *talk* and *promises*, that were made by the company contemplating the same visit, (alas for California pleasure parties) when the eventful day came, I was reluctantly compelled to start on my journey alone, dependent upon circumstances for the social pleasures that add so much to such a romantic trip. No equipped and noted travelers, officers, literati, or blooming lively belles, whose merry, joyful laugh and bright countenances could add so much of interest, were my attendants; and thus "solitary and alone," and

somewhat fearful because of the stupendous and unknown undertaking, by any *single traveler*, I slowly, yet determinedly, set out upon my journey.

From the western side of Shasta valley, Mount Shasta was in full view before me, in all its beauty and glory, as it reared its majestic head some seventeen thousand feet into the heavens, while its sides were covered with the deep-driven snow of ages, adding so much antiquity to the inspiring awe, as if to say, "I am the mighty monarch and sentinel of this western coast," and almost steadily did my unwearied, wondering eyes gaze admiringly upon the scene before me;—hundreds of peaked little hillocks dotted the Shasta valley for twenty-five miles around, like so many attendants, (evidently all lesser volcanic formations,) while the Shasta river, and other smaller streams, clear as crystal, and icy cold, sprang from its side.

For a day and a half did I ride steadily on and around it, to make its ascent; all the time with the mountain in full view, and apparently but a little way off, deceiving even the best eye on calculation.

For two nights, ere my ascent, did I watch the setting sun, with its purple rays lingering and playing for twenty or thirty minutes around its brow, when to all other mountains the sun had set. That scene was beautiful beyond description.

By the noon of the second day I had rounded the Mount to its south side, and fed my weary horse and self at the beautiful Strawberry Valley ranch, or Gordon's, after which, with indefinite and unsatisfactory directions, I bid adieu to every hope of seeing another person ere my fate became decided. Fearful accounts and warnings were given of grizzlies, California lions, avalanches, falling rocks and stones, with deep cañon-crevices, by and in which I might perish and have no burial or resurrection until the "Resurrection Morn;" but, unwilling to give up, and trusting in God, with a good horse, and a bag of provisions, I commenced the ascent.



For twelve or fifteen miles blind snow trail through bushes, rocks, and other obstacles, I threw me from my horse; and have torn my garments had I not been equipped with a good new suit. After an arduous journey I reached the upper edge of the belt of trees, but not until the night came on, rendering it impossible to find water for myself and animal at o'clock at night.

After much difficulty a fire was made (as the last matches were being used) to keep off the grizzlies and lions, but unfortunately from the scarcity of trees, a large amount of dead wood lying around me, I was exposed to fire to all about me. This drove me to exclude me altogether: so making a shelter of my saddle and mochila, and covering myself in my saddle-blanket, I crawled beneath them, covering my head and face with my hands, saying, "Mr. Grizzly, you must take care of all, or none." Between shivering, freezing, fearing, and dreaming, I awaited the dawn of day. At last, I was glad to me—when, after feeding my horse and bidding him adieu, I commenced the ascent.

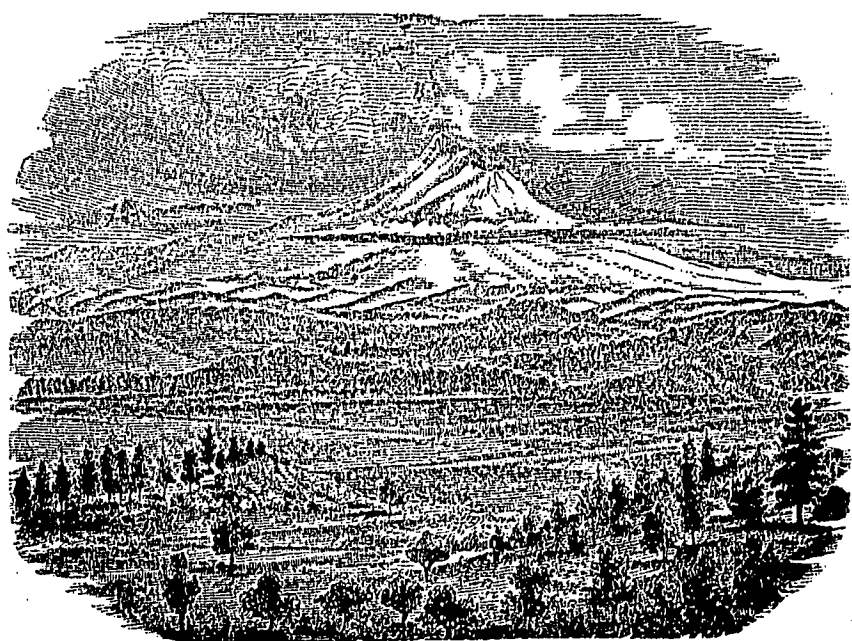
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VIEW OF MOUNT SHASTA.

For twelve or fifteen miles I followed a blind snow trail through bushes of manzanita, and other obstacles, which almost threw me from my horse; and would surely have torn my garments had I not been equipped with a good new suit of buckskin. After an arduous journey I reached the upper edge of the belt of trees, and of the horse trail, but not until the sun had set. Night came on, rendering it too dark to find water for myself and animal until ten o'clock at night.

After much difficulty a fire was kindled, (as the last matches were being used) to keep off the grizzlies and lions, but unfortunately from the scarcity of trees and the amount of dead wood lying around, I set fire to all about me. This drove me out and excluded me altogether: so making a shelter of my saddle and mochila, and wrapping myself in my saddle-blanket, I crept underneath them, covering my head and feet, saying, "Mr. Grizzly, you must take saddle and all, or none." Between shivering with cold, dazing, fearing, and dreaming, I awoke and awaited the dawn of day. At last it came—gladly to me—when, after feeding my horse and bidding him adieu, I commenced the ascent.

On the east side of the west spur, and the south side of the mountain, there were vast quantities of clink and volcanic stones, and for four weary hours I never set my foot off of broken stone, but up, up, up, over rocks and stones, till I reached the base of an almost perpendicular ledge of rocks, the so called Red Bluffs, which I found to be indurated clay, colored by the peroxyd of iron. Through a little ravine I struggled on, on, climbing for one more painful hour, while large masses of rock becoming loosened, went bounding to the awful abyss below.

After reaching what I thought the desired summit, imagine my surprise to look over fields of lava, scoria, snow and fearful glaciers. I now had to cross ravines or fissures from fifty to one hundred feet deep, and from one hundred to three hundred feet wide, and worn through a solid mass of conglomerates, and sometimes half filled with snow and ice, the ice lying in perfect ridges, resembling the waves on the ocean, and were both sharp and dangerous to cross. I slipped and fell several times, once coming near being dashed thousands of feet below. After ascending for another hour, among this strangely mingled mass, hoping again to

have reached the long desired summit, I was both disappointed and pleased, to see the table-land of snow from one-fourth to one-half mile in diameter, where it lay from one hundred to probably one thousand and more feet deep, as I could look down into fissures where it had sagged apart, for a fearful depth, and from this field, a few hundred feet from the summit, the Sacramento river takes its rise; running through the deep gorges, sometimes on top, then hidden, then appearing at the summit of hills, then concealed for miles, it breaks forth in magnificent springs and miniature rivers, with sulphur and soda springs intermixed.

After crossing the field of ice with great difficulty, on account of the sun melting the snow from the east and south, while the wind and cold froze it from the west and north, thus rendering it dangerous, I reached another perfect mountain of loose and coarse lava, ashes, and other volcanic matter, through which I waded although a foot in depth, for some distance; and as I ascended, I caught a full and first view of the actual summit, which I imagine is not seen from below, as it is a perfectly bare crag or comb of rocks, while the sides and top around are so covered as to hide the real summit. Across another field of snow, and I was evidently upon the original and main crater, a concavity covering several acres, almost hemmed in by a considerable rim of rocks, and here I came upon the long sought hot and sulphur springs; and here, free from wind and snow, finding it warm and comfortable after being nearly benumbed with cold, I warmed and took a hasty meal; and in my haste to warm my fingers, nearly lost them by awfully scalding them.

I spent nearly an hour here, contemplating and watching this wonderful view. A hundred little boiling springs were gurgling and bubbling up through a bed of sulphur, and emitting steam enough to drive a small factory (if well applied) while all around lay the everlasting snows.

After resting, I made the final summit, a few hundred feet above, composed of a per-

fect edge or comb of rocks, running nearly north and south, and from this summit, perhaps the highest, variously estimated from sixteen thousand and five hundred, to seventeen thousand and five hundred feet, and decidedly the most magnificent of our Union, if not of the continent, I could look around and see "all the kingdoms of this lower world," [Did you tempt any one, Mr. *Dicht*?]

Looking to the westward, far beyond the Scott, Trinity, Siskiyou, and Coast range of mountains, I imagined I saw the proud Pacific. Northward, looking far over into Oregon, one could see her peaks, her valleys, and lakes, to the Dalles, and what I took to be Mount Hood. East—far over the Sierras into Utah, and the deserts, while beautiful lakes lay like bright meadows, far in the distance. South, I could trace the Sacramento and Pitt rivers, far below Shasta, where they were lost in the smoke and haze, but on the southwest I could clearly see Mount Linn, Mount St. John, and Ripley, and above the haze, could distinctly see the Marysville Buttes, if not the top of Mount Diablo, (as I have clearly seen Mount Shasta from the summit of Mount Diablo.) Southeast I could trail the Sierras by the Lassen, Spanish, Pilot Seventy-six, Downville and other peaks, to the range below lake Bigler, or to Carson Valley.

I contemplated the unsurpassed scenery presented to my eye, for hours. The day was clear and beautiful, after our first October rains, while the scenery was delightful beyond description. And upon that peak I planted the temperance banner, side by side with the American flag, (planted there in 1852, by Capt. Prince,) deposited California papers and documents in the rocks, for safe keeping, as the papers carried up in '52, were unharmed, and fresh as ever. Then, with a great reluctance, notwithstanding the wind, cold, loneliness, and coming night, I was compelled to beat a descent.

The sun was fast declining. My watch told three P. M., when I collected my minerals, sulphurs, and all objects of interest,

for a future and fuller description. I bid adieu to the magnificent view, and commenced the descent, and in descending, jumping, tumbling down the snow, from one fourth to one half a time, in a few moments I was down, easier by far, and more pleasant than the ascent; I was mounted, and hastened away, a concatenation of circumstances bewildered, at twelve a. m. mounted, unsaddled and looking weary and exhausted, not a sleep conquered, and until I knew no trouble, save the one, and woke to find my trusty dog giving me a half day's hunt for him, when by perils by river and land, I followed the Sacramento a hundred miles to Shasta, to a bath, after six days' labor—more happy for my ascent on Mount



"JERRY."—A DOG BIOGRAPHY

To look at Jerry's countenance, reader, you might suppose, perhaps, that there is nothing very

side and his left under the other, about his middle, as he lay upon the floor, to lift him up; and the dog did not move a muscle or a limb, but his body hung down as helplessly as though he were really dead.

"Up Jerry," and he soon let us know that he was worth a dozen dead dogs. "Take a chair, Jerry," and he was soon seated in the only vacant chair in the room. "Now, wink one eye, Jerry," and one eye was accordingly 'winked' without ceremony. Jerry, however, did not enlighten us upon the subject of having practiced this ungentlemanly habit, when passing some of his canine lady friends in the public streets! but perhaps thinking that this might be used to criminate himself, he only wagged his tail by way of answer, which simply meant either yes or no,—just as we pleased—to our interrogations.

He used to be very fond of these amusements, until he saw a little quarrelsome dog against whom he had taken a dislike, practicing the same tricks, when he evidently became disgusted, and very reluctantly obeyed his master, for some time afterwards.

Mr. Dawley is the owner of some mining claims on Wet Hill, and resides near them; and as they are worked both day and night, whenever the time arrives to 'change the watch' he will say to the dog, "Jerry, go and call Ben," (or any one else, as the case may be, for he knows every one of their names distinctly) when he immediately goes to the cabin door of the man wanted, which is left a little ajar, opens it, and commences pulling off the bed clothing, and if this does not awake the sleeper, he jumps upon the bed and barks, until he succeeds in his undertaking.

If a candle goes out, in the tunnel, it is placed in his mouth, as shown in the engraving, and he goes to the man named, to get it re-lighted.

About a year ago, when they were running their tunnel, he would lie down at the entrance and allow no stranger to enter, without the consent of his master; but

when told by him that it was all right, he not only appeared pleased, but barked at a candle that was sticking in the side of the tunnel, when his master lighted it, placed it in his mouth, and said to him, "show this gentleman the diggings, Jerry," and he directly started, with his lighted candle, and led the way into every drift.

There is a shaft to the diggings, something over two hundred feet in depth, and should he want to go down at any time, which he often does, he goes to the top, and, on finding the dirt bucket up, will without hesitation jump in, entirely of his own accord, and descend to the bottom.

Mr. Chambers, an inmate of the cabin in which Jerry was raised, and who knew him from a pup, entered for the purpose of getting a coat, but when he took hold of it, the dog began to growl, and would not permit him to take it out, in the absence of his master, and he had, after considerable coaxing, to leave without it. He allows the washerman to enter the cabin on a Saturday, with the clean clothes, but as the man takes one chair, he immediately takes another chair opposite, and sits watching him until his master enters; nor will he by any means allow him to take away again, even the clothes he brought with him.

If men are sitting and conversing in the cabin, he will take a chair with the rest, and, what is somewhat remarkable, he always turns his head and keeps looking at the one who is speaking, as though paying the utmost attention. We might suggest an imitation of Jerry's good manners to older heads than his, with much less sense within them;—especially when present in a church or lecture room—but we forbear, except to ask, that whenever they become listless at such times, and in such places, they always think of "Jerry!"

Jerry, too, is "general carrier," for his master, and goes to town each morning for the daily papers. On one occasion he was carrying home some meat, when a much larger dog than he sallied out upon him, to try to steal it from him, but he took no

notice of him, except to keep the enemy, and his head (with tail) as far away as possible; but, when the dog supposed Jerry to be some guard, he made a sudden thoughtful spring at the meat, when struck with a new idea, immediately home as fast as possible; and deposited it safely in the cabin, to town, and gave his thieving brother a good sound whipping. The enemy has a great preference for the site side of the street whenever he is coming up.

Whenever his master goes to town, the dog stands watching him at the door, and never attempts to accompany him, but a look or a nod of acquiescence purchases a pair of pants, or gloves, or anything else, immediately after he is gone. When he will say to him, "Jerry, these are mine," and place them on the table, and after remaining an hour or so, and going to different places—the theatre—he says, "Jerry, home now," when the dog starts for the parcel left, and appears with it, wagging his tail, as much as to say, "here we are, is this right?" and remembers very correctly where he got it for him.

About noon, on Saturday last, he said to him: "Jerry, I don't want to go with me this afternoon, as my brother wishes you to go to town with me, when he lay quietly down, and attempted to move, as he generally does, to accompany his master to his work, and waited very patiently, until Mrs. Chambers took her bonnet, when, taking it, he waited with it in his mouth, until she was ready to go, and then dropped it. When in town, Mrs. Chambers has a box, about fifteen inches long, with a handle on top; and she says, "Jerry, I want that carried home for me," he took the handle in his mouth, and carried it, but as it extended up

him that it was all right, he appeared pleased, but barked at it, was sticking in the side of when his master lighted it, in his mouth, and said to him, "gentleman the diggings, Jerry," and started, with his lighted candle, the way into every drift. a shaft to the diggings, some two hundred feet in depth, and want to go down at any time, often does, he goes to the top, holding the dirt bucket up, will without hesitation jump in, entirely of his mind, and descend to the bottom. numbers, an inmate of the cabin Jerry was raised, and who knew a pup, entered for the purpose of a coat, but when he took hold of it, began to growl, and would not let him take it out, in the absence of the owner, and he had, after considerable time, to leave without it. He allows the man to enter the cabin on a Saturday with the clean clothes, but as the man sits on one chair, he immediately takes another chair opposite, and sits watching until his master enters; nor will he by any means allow him to take away again, the clothes he brought with him. When men are sitting and conversing in the room, he will take a chair with the rest, and, in a somewhat remarkable, he always keeps his head and keeps looking at the one speaking, as though paying the utmost attention. We might suggest an imitation of Jerry's good manners to older heads than he, with much less sense within them;—especially when present in a church or lecture-room—but we forbear, except to ask, whenever they become listless at such places, and in such places, they always think of Jerry!"

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notice of him, except to keep his tail near the enemy, and his head (with the meat) as far away as possible; but, when the large dog supposed Jerry to be somewhat off his guard, he made a sudden though unsuccessful spring at the meat, when Jerry, as if struck with a new idea, immediately started home as fast as possible; and after he had deposited it safely in the cabin, he returned to town, and gave his thieving brother a good sound whipping; now, the enemy has a great preference for the opposite side of the street whenever he sees Jerry coming up.

Whenever his master goes to town, the dog stands watching him at the door, and never attempts to accompany him, without a look or a nod of acquiescence. If Mr. D. purchases a pair of pants, or gloves, or anything else, immediately after arriving in town, he will say to him, "Jerry, you see these are mine," and place them on one side; and after remaining an hour or two in town, and going to different places—sometimes to the theatre—he says, "Jerry, I guess I'll go home now," when the dog starts off directly for the parcel left, and appears with it in his mouth, wagging his tail, as much as to say: "here we are, is this right?" He always remembers very correctly where it was left for him.

About noon, on Saturday last, his master said to him: "Jerry, I don't want you to go with me this afternoon, as Mrs. Houston wishes you to go to town with her;" when he lay quietly down, and never attempted to move, as he generally does, to accompany his master to his work. He waited very patiently, until Mrs. H. was putting on her bonnet, when, taking up a small parcel which he had seen her place upon a chair, he waited with it in his mouth until she was ready to go, and then followed her down. When in town, Mrs. H. bought a bonnet box, about fifteen inches square, with a handle on top; and said to him: "Jerry, I want that carried home," when he took the handle in his mouth, to try to carry it, but as it extended up to his breast,

and prevented his taking his usual step, he set it down again, when she said: "never mind Jerry, if that is too much for you, I will send for it;" he immediately took it up, and although he could not lift it more than two inches from the ground, he carried it all the way home for her.

He will lift at a sack of gold dust, until his hind feet are both several inches from the floor. If sent to a store across the street for a jug of liquor, and he cannot carry it, he will be sure to drag it over—if at all possible, and never mistakes an empty one for a full one. When his master asks him to fetch his socks, or his boots, or his hat, or coat, or anything else, he never gets the wrong article, as he has a good memory to remember the names of every thing told him.

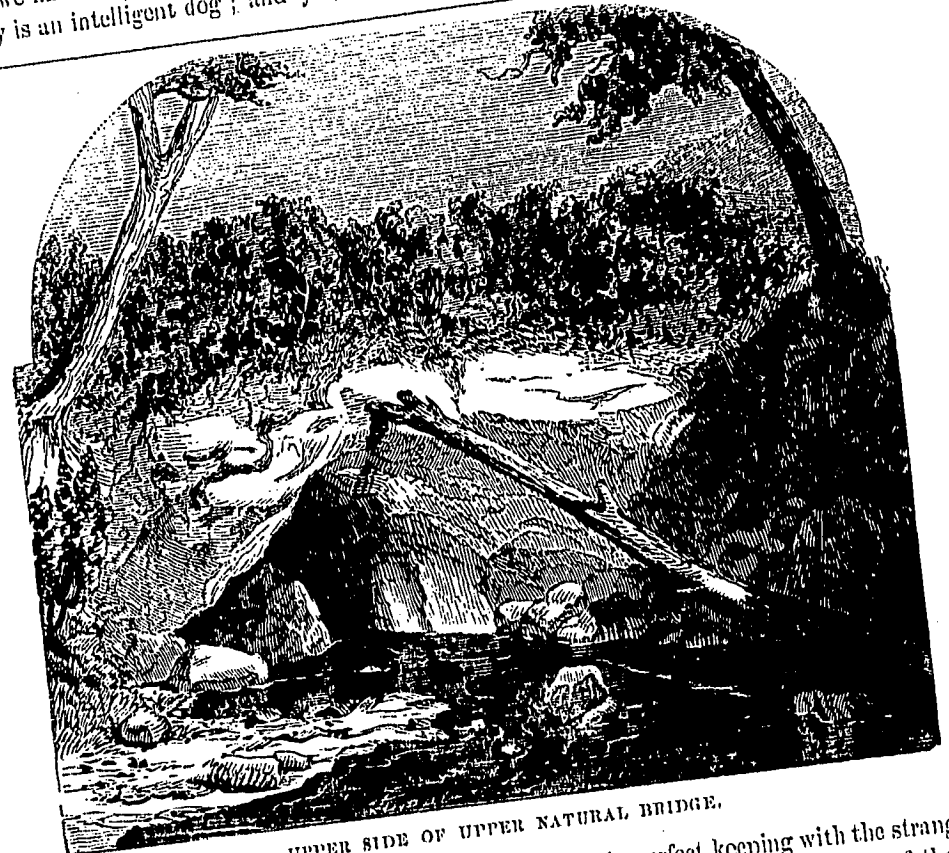
To see what he would do, several men, with his master's consent, tied a string and pan to his tail, but instead of running off as most dogs would, he turned and bit the string in two; then took hold of the string and dragged the pan along. He will go up and down a ladder by himself. If several men are in the cabin, and his master on going out should tell him not to leave it, all of them combined would not be able to coax him out.

He is very fond of music, and will walk about for hours, wagging his tail, whenever Mr. Curtis (a miner living in the same cabin) plays upon the banjo; and sometimes he would run around, catching at his tail, and barking, when the music ceased.

"Jerry" has more friends than any man in town, as everybody likes him for his good natured eccentricities, intelligence, and amusing performances. He sleeps at night in an arm chair, near his master's head, and seems to love and watch over him with the utmost fondness and solicitude. If, however, the blanket upon which he sleeps is thrown carelessly into the chair at night, or is not perfectly straight and smooth, he will not attempt to occupy it until it is made all right.

Many, very many other performances of interest could be related, such as picking up money and carrying it to his master; catch

ing paper in his mouth, if placed upon his nose; taking off his own collar; unfastening ropes with his teeth; jumping over chairs; carrying away his master's gloves on Saturday night and returning them on Monday morning; standing in any position told him; fetching anything asked for, &c., &c., almost *ad infinitum*. But we think that we have said sufficient to prove that Jerry is an intelligent dog; and yet, some persons, with more vanity than veneration, will persist in believing that God's works are not as perfect and as beautiful as they are, by asserting that "dogs have no souls," while they admit them to possess all the attributes of intelligence—except in the same degree—as those found in men; and we must say that we have witnessed more true nobility of *mind* in some dogs, than we have in *some* men.



UPPER SIDE OF UPPER NATURAL BRIDGE.
NATURAL BRIDGES.
OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

These natural bridges are situated on Cayote Creek, about half way between Vallecita and McLane's Ferry, on the Stanislaus river, and hold a high rank among the varied natural objects of interest and beauty abounding in California. The entire water of Cayote creek runs beneath these bridges. The bold, rocky, and precipitous banks of this stream, both above and below the bridges, present a counterpart of wild

scenery, in perfect keeping with the strange beauty and picturesque grandeur of their interior formation.

Approaching the upper bridge from the east, along the stream, the entrance beneath presents the appearance of a noble Gothic arch, of massive rock work, thirty-two feet in height, above the water, and twenty-five in width at the abutments; while the rock and earth above, supported by the arch, is thirty or more feet in thickness, and overgrown to some extent with trees and shrubbery.



UPPER SIDE OF

Passing under the arch, along the border of the creek, the walls, with the most perfectly formed, though pointed with here and there an irregularity, serve however, only to heighten the interest of the beautiful scene presented. Along the arch, hang innumerable stalactites or opaque icicles, but solid as the limestone which they are formed.

As we advance, the width of the increases to nearly forty feet, and the height to fifty feet; and here it really seems as though nature, in her playful mood, determined for once, in her own rudeness, to mock the more elaborately worked objects of art.

Here the spacious archway, (with aid from the imagination,) is made to resemble an immense cathedral, with vaulted arches supported by immense columns along the sides, with here and there a projecting portion, as though it had been made to rough-hew and color with massive steps and pillars, whilst stalagmites, springing from the sides, would appear like candles, ready to be lighted, but

more vanity than veneration, believing that God's works are perfect and as beautiful as they can be. I admit that "dogs have no souls," but I do not admit them to possess all the intelligence—except in the case of those found in men; and I do not admit that we have witnessed more of mind in some dogs, than we have in some men.



NATURAL BRIDGE.

...ery, in perfect keeping with the strange variety and picturesque grandeur of their prior formation. Approaching the upper bridge from the left, along the stream, the entrance beneath presents the appearance of a noble Gothic arch, of massive rock work, thirty-two feet high, above the water, and twenty-five feet wide at the abutments; while the rock above, supported by the arch, is thirty or more feet in thickness, and overgrown to some extent with trees and shrubbery.



UPPER SIDE OF LOWER NATURAL BRIDGE.

Passing under the arch, along the border of the creek, the walls, with their almost perfectly formed, though pointed arch, maintain their width and elevation; but with here and there an irregularity, serving, however, only to heighten the interest of the beautiful scene presented. Along the roof, or arch, hang innumerable stalactites, like opaque icicles, but solid as the lime-rock of which they are formed.

As we advance, the width of the arch increases to nearly forty feet, and in its height to fifty feet; and here it really seems as though nature, in her playful moments, determined for once, in her own rude way, to mock the more elaborately worked objects of art.

Here the spacious archway, (with a little aid from the imagination,) is made to resemble an immense cathedral, with its vaulted arches supported by innumerable columns along the sides, with here and there a jutting portion, as though an attempt had been made to rough-hew an altar and corridor with massive steps thereto; whilst stalagmites, springing from the bottom and sides, would appear like waxen candles, ready to be lighted, but for the

muddy sediment which has formed upon them.

Nor is this all, for near the foot of the altar is a natural basin of pure water, clear as crystal, as though purposely for a baptismal font.

Numerous other formations, some of them peculiarly grotesque, and others beautiful, adorn the sides and roof of this truly magnificent subterranean temple; one of these, the "rock cascade," is a beautiful feature, as it bears a striking resemblance to that which would result from the instantaneous freezing, to perfect solidity, of a stream of water rolling down the rocky sides of the cavernous formation. Others resemble urns and basins, and all formed from the action of, and are ever filled to their brims with clear cold water, as it trickles from the rocks above.

Approaching the lower section of this immense arch, its form becomes materially changed, increasing in width, whilst the roof, becoming more flattened, is brought down to within five feet of the water of the creek. The entire distance through or under this vast natural bridge is about ninety-five yards.

Nearly half a mile down the creek from the bridge described, is another, with its arched entrance differing but little from the one already described, in size, but the form of the arch is quite different, being more flattened and broader at the top. Advancing beneath its wide-spreading arch, and passing another beautiful fount of water issuing from a low broad basin, wrought by nature's own hand, we arrive at a point where the roof and supporting walls present the appearance of a magnificent rotunda, or arched dome, sixty feet in width, but with a height of only fifteen feet.

Here, too, are numberless stalactites, hanging like opaque icicles from above, whilst the rocky floor, where the creek does not receive the trickling water from above, is studded thick with stalagmites of curious and beautiful forms. The length of this arch is about seventy yards.

These natural bridges give to the locality an interest exceeded by few in the State; they form the most remarkable natural tunnels known in the world, serving as they do for the passage of a considerable stream through them.

The entire rock formation of the vicinity



LOWER SIDE OF LOWER NATURAL BRIDGE.

is limestone, and various are the conjectures relative to the first formation of these natural bridges, or tunnels. Some believing them to have been formed by the rocky deposit contained in, and precipitated by, the water of countless springs, issuing from the banks of the creek, that, gradually accumulating and projecting, at length united the two sides, forming these great arched passages.

Others believe that as these bridges are

covered many feet in depth with rock and earth, that these natural tunnels were but so many subterranean passages or caverns, formed, we will not attempt to say *how*, but as other caverns are, or have been, in nearly all limestone formations; for were these subterranean passages to exist in the adjoining hills or mountains, with either one or two arches of entrance, they would be called caverns.

But by whatever freak of nature formed,

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are numberless stalactites, like opaque icicles from above, on the rocky floor, where the creek does the trickling water from above, thick with stalagmites of curious and beautiful forms. The length of this passage is about seventy yards. The natural bridges give to the locality a beauty not exceeded by few in the State; and are the most remarkable natural tunnels known in the world, serving as they do the passage of a considerable stream of water. The entire rock formation of the vicinity



NATURAL BRIDGE.

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But by whatever freak of nature formed,

they are objects of peculiar interest, and will well repay the summer rambler among the mines and mountains, the trouble of visiting them. Our wonder is that so few, comparatively, have visited these singular specimens of nature's architecture.



THE POISON OAK.

THE POISON OAK.

This subject has elicited more attention, and invited more examination than we supposed it probable, when the first article appeared upon it, in this Magazine. Letters upon letters, of inquiry, and for information have poured in upon us; some telling us of its inconvenient and painful effects with its accompanying symptoms; others relating the particular kinds of treatment, which have been successful to them, individually, with a variety of questions as to what it is? how to avoid it? what is a certain cure for it? etc., etc.

To satisfy these inquiries, in some measure, we renew the subject, giving some illustrations of the shrub, and its

effects, in hopes that, although we do not profess to be physician extraordinary, to this class of persons and cases, we may nevertheless diffuse information of value to those affected by it.

For ourselves we may say that we can handle it, and even eat it, with impunity, as it produces no effect whatever upon us; but we regret to say it is not thus with all.

In the early part of last month, we saw a person almost blind from its effects, and with his entire face, and portions of his body, very much discolored and swollen. In this condition he was recommended the "sweating" process, adopted and practiced by Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure physician of this city. The following statement, from Mr. M. Fisher, will distinctly explain itself.

I was poisoned by contact with Poison Oak, February 22d, 1857, at three o'clock, P. M. At ten o'clock, P. M., 24th, my condition was very distressing as shown by the first portrait, then taken, when I was rapidly becoming blind. The second portrait shows my improved state two and a half to three hours later, after a thorough sweating. The third portrait was taken at forty-eight hours later than the first one, and now I am entirely cured of a very severe affection which was rapidly getting worse, and exhibiting its effects all over my person; without medicine or any other than the mode above stated, only three baths. During the year 1853, the Poison Oak caused me partial blindness nearly one month; and total blindness for several days, with much suffering.

Now we give the above, simply to show



EFFECTS OF THE POISON OAK.

that a good sweating, and the drinking freely of cold water, with the application of cloths, saturated with warm water, to the head and face, can be practiced by any one with the greatest safety and efficiency.

"Any mode (says the *Alta*) of taking a vapor bath will do, either by means of steam admitted to a tight box, or by placing the patient under blankets, and heating the water with hot stones; or other convenient plan, so that it be effectual, and allow the patient's head to be exposed to the air, avoiding the necessity of breathing the hot and vitiated steam.

"From having witnessed its effects, we recommend the foregoing as a simple and efficient process for overcoming this troublesome disorder; to all such as may unfortunately require its aid.

There are some afflicted so severely, as to induce protracted illness, often blindness, and sometimes even death. We have frequently known it to baffle the treatment of physicians for weeks and months, subjecting the patient meantime, to great inconvenience and suffering. We have, therefore, thought it worth while to give the



AFTER A BATH OF THREE HOURS.

public the benefit of a mode of cure, applied in a case that recently came under our own observation; and which seems alike simple, speedy and efficacious."

Some have used gunpowder with effect,—others alcohol,—others strong ley—and who have become cured by rubbing the parts affected, although the "sweating" process seems to us, the most natural.

"I suggest a remedy for the pustular eruption," writes a gentleman from Umpqua City, Oregon, "produced by the poison oak:—take sulphate of iron, ten grains; laudanum, half an ounce; water, one ounce—mix and apply to the diseased surface, constantly, by means of soft linen, saturated with the solution. If the eruption is persistent, with sympathetic fever, take salts in aperient doses, and one grain of sulphate of iron, internally."

Too much care cannot be used when riding or walking near this poisonous shrub, especially by those persons who are most easily affected. It is also very desirable that a remedy should be applied as speedily as possible after its effects are first felt,—thus saving much annoyance and inconvenience.



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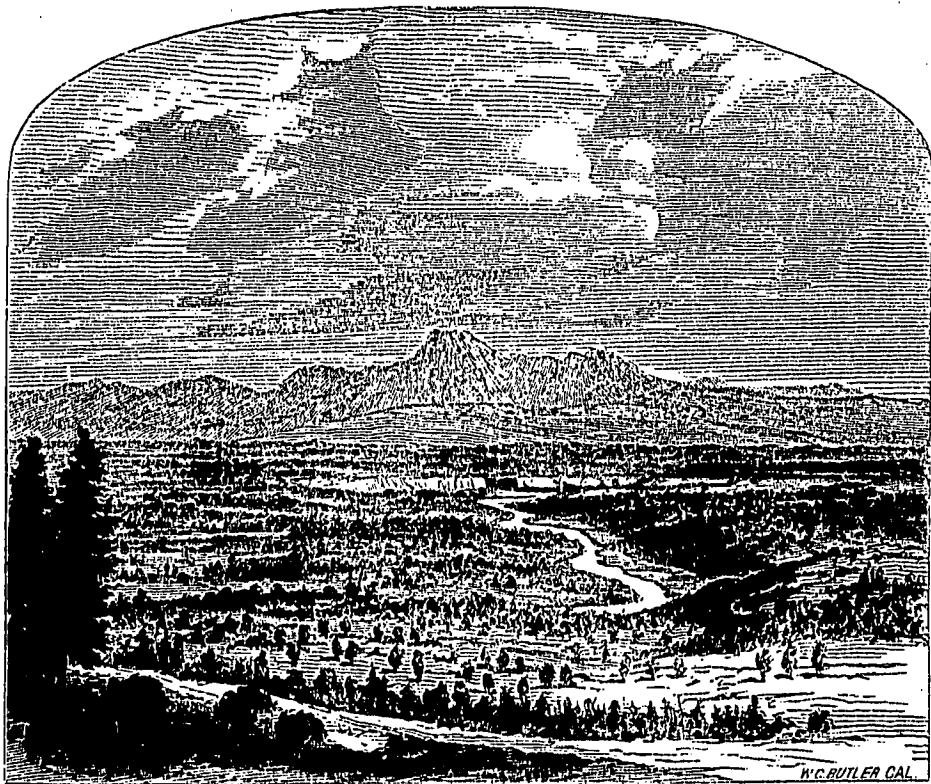
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HEAD OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY,—LASSEN'S BUTTE IN THE DISTANCE.

THE UPPER SACRAMENTO.

BY WILL. S. GREEN.

That portion of the Sacramento valley which lies above the mouth of the Feather river, is called the upper Sacramento, and is, perhaps, the largest area of arable land in the State of California. The general course of the river, down to the junction, is about south 15 deg. east. Like the Mississippi, it runs on a ridge, and the valleys slope imperceptibly back for several miles. For about one hundred miles, on the east side, the high land is very narrow, in fact it is nearly all subject to overflow. In the winter of 1852-3, there was one vast sea, reaching from Feather river to the Sacramento, and from the junction to Sutter's Butte, which stands in the plain about fifty miles up

the river. The Butte is about twelve hundred feet high, thirty miles in circumference, and very rugged and broken. On the west side it is very steep and difficult of ascent; but on the east, pleasure parties have gone most of the way to the top in buggies. In and around the Butte, there are many small valleys of great fertility, which are now settled and under cultivation. Between it and the Sacramento river there is a great deal of tule, or a kind of bulrush that grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet. It never grows on any but low and rich land; hence our swamps are called tule land.

Butte Creek, a considerable stream which heads in the Sierra Nevada, and runs diagonally across the valley, loses itself in this tule.

Marysville is chiefly supplied with

hay from a kind of sea grass that grows around the tule, and up Butte Creek which overflows annually to within a few miles of the mountains. Along the foot of the Nevadas, however, and on the creeks, there is some fine farming land.

Chico is another small creek that heads near Butte, but runs square across the valley, and consequently mouths many miles above the other. On this creek Major Bidwell planted the pioneer orchard and vineyard in the Sacramento valley. Above here the valley is narrower, but higher and not so much subject to overflow. The road from Marysville to Shasta passes near the foot of the mountains, and crosses the Sacramento at the town of Tehama, situated on the western bank of the river.

There are at least three hundred square miles of land, on this side of the river, upon which it would be safe to sow wheat and barley; but there are not over three hundred settlers. Some of the swamp or tule land is easy of reclamation, and more might be turned to profit in the cultivation of rice.

There is a great deal more high land on the western side of the river than on the other, although from the junction of the two rivers, for a few miles up, the high land is very narrow. At Knight's landing, however, about ten or twelve miles up the river, there is some high land, and a passable road at all seasons, out to Cache creek, one of the oldest agricultural settlements in the valley. This creek heads in Clear Lake, situated high up in the Coast range of mountains, and runs almost due east until within a few miles of the river, and then is lost in the tule. There is

some timber on the creek, good water in the wells, and it is considered a healthy location. The land is known to be good, and as it got its name up at an early day, it has long since been thickly settled.

The Sycamore slough, which runs out of the Sacramento some thirty miles above, puts into the river again at Knight's landing, and forms what is called Grand Island. This is a rich farming place, and is thicker settled, perhaps, than any other district of the same size on the river. The banks of the slough are generally low, and there is a great quantity of overflowed land, and some tule, out back of the farms, on which the cattle of these Islanders can feed during the dry season.

Six miles above the head of the slough stands the town of Colusa, the most immoral place within the borders of the State. It might very properly be called the City of Loafers. Several ministers of the gospel have refused to try to get the stray flock into the pen of righteousness, because, as they aver, the place is too immoral for them to live in. Even the fire of September, 1856, failed to run out all the loafers, robbers, petty gamblers, fancy men, etc., that infest that place. The land around here is good, for I saw here, in the summer of 1850, hundreds of acres of wild oats, seven feet high. Back of Colusa, about three miles, there is a slough running parallel with the river, which overflows its banks in high water, and makes a sheet of water some two miles wide. It is fed by smaller sloughs that make out from the river at intervals, some of them as high up as thirty miles. Flowing down in a channel until within about four miles of a bend in

the Sycamore from the river great tule ponds of consequence up the western

Numerous except in the down from the out on the plain finest land in from Cache creek average about this there is sloughs or river five miles in the two creeks four hundred there are not a hundred settlers last year there

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The causes of the valley and that the valley is pond, the unsettled grants, which lie river, as high up the land is good quantity of muskrats banks of the Sacramento spring and summer

But now since a little more like that it is not so were led by magicians now being disposed are fast leaving the valley and the is lessened every the valley was soon farm houses and fields

the Sycamore slough, about five miles from the river, it spreads out into a great tule pond. This is the last tule of consequence to be met with in going up the western side of the Sacramento.

Numerous small creeks, that are dry except in the spring of the year, run down from the Coast range, and spread out on the plains, forming some of the finest land in the world. The valley, from Cache creek to Stony creek, will average about fifteen miles wide. Of this there is enough outside of the sloughs or river lands, to make a strip five miles in width, which, if we call the two creeks eighty miles apart, make four hundred square miles, on which there are not at the present time one hundred settlers; and until within the last year there were not thirty-five.

Although there is a good deal of high land between Colusa and Stony creek, yet there is not a man to the square mile.

The causes of the sparse settlement of the valley are, first, the belief abroad that the valley is very unhealthy. Second, the unsettled state of the Spanish grants, which lie on both sides of the river, as high up and as low down as the land is good. Third, the great quantity of musquitos that inhabit the banks of the Sacramento during the spring and summer.

But now, since people begin to live a little more like white folks, they find that it is not so sickly as they at first were led to imagine. The grants are now being disposed of, and the cattle are fast beating down the undergrowth on the river, and the crop of musquitos is lessened every year. I think that the valley will soon be dotted over with farm houses and fences, and in a very

few years the boats will go loaded down stream, instead of up, as they do at the present moment.

The plains, however, are not subject to the above objections; the only drawback there, being wood and water. For the former they go either to the mountains, where the scrub oak grows in abundance, or to the river; the latter can be had by digging from ten to thirty feet.

Along the river the timber is perhaps a mile in width; but it is poor and very brash—will warp double, if sawed—and makes but tolerably good fence rails.

The cheapest and best mode of building and fencing in this valley, will be to raft inch plank from the head waters of the Sacramento, or haul it across the valley, from the head of Butte creek.

Well water in the valley is generally good, and cool; but there are many places where the water tastes very strong of alkali; the river water is good except in summer, when it is too warm, or in winter, when it is too muddy.

Above Stony creek the valley changes in appearance—the low red hills come in near the river, and in some places quite to it; so that it presents a succession of smaller valleys, instead of one unbroken plain, like the valley below. Yet these hills are not so high as to obstruct the view, but at a distance it all looks like an unbroken tract. Although the red land is not fit for cultivation, yet it is an excellent range for stock.

There is some fine land on Thom's creek, just below Tehama, and also on Elder creek, just above the same place. At Red Bluffs creek, three miles below the town of Red Bluffs, the valley may

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be said to end, for here sets in a succession of low hills, over which the Shasta road passes. About twenty-five miles above the Bluffs there is a considerable valley on each side of the river, on which Major P. B. Reading's grant is located.

Clear creek, which mouths near Reading's, has some bottom land, but I don't consider it good. Cottonwood, however, which comes in lower down, has some good bottoms. Then up in the mountains, as it were, there are some eight or ten creeks coming into the river on the east side, all of which have some good valley lands.

When I first came to this valley, in the year 1850, every thing was as God had made it. The winter before having been very wet, vegetation of every kind grew to such a height and size that it would appear incredible to persons in the older States. They could not realize the fact that two men, six feet high, could be walking, not over one hundred feet apart, through annual grasses, and not be able to see each other; yet such might have been the case in 1850. Musquitos were so thick that it was almost impossible to get a morsel of food to the mouth without being obliged to admit more or less of them. Antelope, elk, and deer covered the plains, and grizzly bears were found in abundance in the thickets along the river; but now they have nearly all disappeared before the progress of civilization.

The Indian, too, is fast decaying under the barbarous influence of the civilized white man. In his natural state the Digger appeared happy, for his wants were few, and easily satisfied—the grass seed that grew in the plains—

the acorns that grew on the oaks, and the fish that sported in the river, were all that he required for food—for raiment he needed nothing. Without a murmur he stood the winds of winter, the sun of summer, and worse than all, the musquitos of spring. The tule make his house, his boat, and his mat to sleep upon.

"QUAKER young ladies in Maine Law States, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men, to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, 'Mr. A., the ladies believe you to be in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing—you must acquiesce.'—She steps up to you gently, lays her soft white arms around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form on tip-toe, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, posy, pouty, sweet, strawberry, honey-suckle, sun-flower, rosebud, nectar lips against yours, and—blessings on you—kisses you! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

[It would be great sport for Californians, if a couple of hundred thousand, or so, would come here to *practice*. The *Maine Law*, under such auspices, would be carried by *main force*, and become the most popular of all *institutions*. Try it young ladies—even if you are not members of the Society of Friends; we are willing to guarantee you a very *friendly* reception!]

It has been said, we know not with what truth, that there are *four hundred and forty-four promises* in the Bible, and only *seven threats*. What a lesson should this be to parents, and teachers, forcibly telling them that words of kindness are always more effectual than those of harshness and severity. Remember this.

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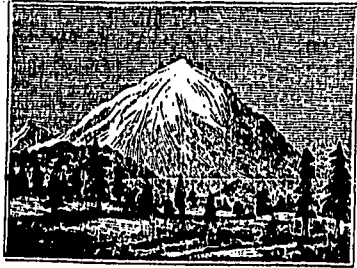
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A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

"The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the mountain heights."

Could I but feel the same degree of inspiration now that stirred my soul on the eventful day that first brought Laramie Peak to my view, the highest point of land



LARAMIE PEAK.

among the Black Hills, I could hope to do better justice to my subject.

But well do I remember a frightful thunder storm that overtook us while camping in full view of this mountain of rock. I could see the lightnings dance along the craggy points, and gleaming over and around its summit, while the deep rumbling of the thunder struck home to the weary traveler's heart, as it died away along the defiles and dells of the mountain. It was after dark when we reached our encampment, and we were drenched to the skin with the rain which poured in torrents, and the poor fellows who guarded the cattle that night, went forth in the darkness and gloom, "to bide the pitiless pelting of the angry storm," with countenances looking as woe-begone, sad, and dejected as the bottom crust of a cherry pie.

But the following morn was beautiful, and so were nearly all our mornings upon the plains, and we rolled on among the Black Hills (so called on account of the dark verdured pines that grow upon them) as gaily as though the night storm had been sent upon us merely as a pastime.

Not only men but women, upon the plains, in many instances, create broils and

disturbances, especially among themselves. As an instance, I suggested the idea, one morning, of throwing away a number of useless traps, such as wash-tubs, smoothing irons, stone jars, etc., as the roads were very rocky, and in many places the sand so deep that the cattle could scarcely haul the wagons. But another lady in the company raised a voice of remonstrance to my proposition, objecting to the sacrifice, saying she wanted the above named articles to keep hotel with in the mines, when she should have reached her place of destination. At that time everything in the line of household goods, was reported to be very high at San Francisco, and could rarely be purchased at any price.

A vote was unanimously carried by the crowd in favor of lightening the load, and Mrs. Humphrey's household idols, with many of my own, were given to the roadside, and she, the capricious beauty, reluctantly acquiesced to the better judgment of the party, with pouting lips and swollen eyes. She could not bear such treatment, as she called it, without giving her liege lord a lecture in the tent before breakfast.

After emerging from the Black Hills, our course again lay along the banks of the Platte till we reached the upper crossing, or Mormon Ferry, as it was called. Here we leave the Platte for the last time; and passing over a country nearly destitute of all vegetation but sage brush, and here and there dotted with small lakes of alkaline waters, at length we strike the Sweet Water, a tributary of the Platte, a clear and beautiful stream.

One mile before reaching the Sweet Water river, and directly upon the emigrant road, is Independence Rock—deriving its name from the fact that some of the first emigrants who crossed the plains reached this rock on the 4th of July, and celebrated the day there, leaving their names upon the rock, and to which thousands have since been added. This rock stands out isolated and alone, rising abruptly from the plain, to the height of one hundred and twenty-

acorns that grew on the oaks, and the fish that sported in the river, were that he required for food—for raiment he needed nothing. Without a murmur he stood the winds of winter, the sun of summer, and worse than all, the musquitos of spring. The tute make his house, his boat, and his mat to sleep upon.

"QUAKER young ladies in Maine Law States, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men, to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you, a young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, "Mr. A., the ladies believe you to be in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing—you must acquiesce."—She steps up to you gently, lays her soft white arms around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form on tip-toe, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, posy, pouty, sweet, strawberry, honey-suckle, sun-flower, rosebud, nectar lips against yours, and—blessings on you—kisses you! Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

[It would be great sport for Californians, if a couple of hundred thousand, or so, would come here to practice. The Maine Law, under such auspices, would be carried by main force, and become the most popular of all institutions. Try it young ladies—even if you are not members of the Society of Friends; we are willing to guarantee you a very friendly reception!]

It has been said, we know not with what truth, that there are four hundred and forty-four promises in the Bible, and only seven threats. What a lesson should this be to parents, and teachers, forcibly telling them that words of kindness are always more effectual than those of harshness and severity. Remember this.

five feet, presenting a truly magnificent appearance.

Fording the Sweet Water, and leaving it for five or six miles, passing to the east and south of a spur of the Sweet Water range of mountains, we arrive at Devil's Gate, considered by many a great curi-



DEVIL'S GATE.

osity. As we turn the bluffs, we see the river to the right, apparently terminating against the base of the rocks; but, as we proceed, a gap or opening appears through which the river runs. The width of the chasm is about seventy-five feet at bottom and one hundred at top, and four hundred feet high. It is evident that a portion of the valley of the Sweet Water above Devil's Gate, was once a lake, but drawn out through this great chasm, evidently rent asunder by volcanic or other natural agencies.

Our route now lay along the valley of the Sweet Water, a distance of nearly ninety miles. It would be a totally barren country but for the wild sage and small alluvials of excellent grass along the windings of the river. Game is abundant, and wild flowers of great beauty and variety border the river's banks.

Our pathway along the valley of the Sweet Water was diversified by every variety of hill and dale, majestic heights and broad-reaching sage plains. Sometimes, threading along an extended and beautiful valley; at others, ascending the topmost peaks of hills so perfectly conical, it seemed as though art, and not nature alone, had put the finishing touch to their formation.

The mountains are isolated peaks or spurs of the great main range—the Rocky Mountains—whose tops, covered with everlasting snows, have been visible for several days.

Ten miles before reaching the South Pass, we leave the waters that flow into the Atlantic Ocean. The Pass, instead of being a narrow defile, or gorge between two mountains, is a broad, open plain, thirty miles in width. On the north, the Wind River range, distant fifteen miles, rises abruptly, quite into the clouds, by which it is almost always enveloped; while on the south, at about the same distance from the road, hills rise upon hills, till at length they assume the appearance and elevation of mountains.

But, for at least twenty miles in width, the Pass can easily be traversed with wagons.

OUR COMMERCIAL AND MERCANTILE INTERESTS.

Were we to base an opinion of the actual present condition and prosperity of California and her probable future upon impressions derived from the general tenor of the casual every day remarks of the mercantile portion of our cities, an erroneous opinion of her true condition might easily be formed.

This assertion may be deemed equivalent to saying that the opinions of a highly intelligent and influential class of our citizens are not reliable; or are calculated to mislead the judgment in reference to the true condition and progress of California; and to a certain extent in this connection, we mean just so much.

It is well known that by far the larger portion is continually giving currency to a mere supposition; but which to a considerable extent, both at home and abroad, has ripened into a belief, of a positive decline in business; a want or

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 out the State; when nothing can be
 wider from the truth. If the assertion
 so oft reiterated,—that business and
 consequent prosperity are greatly de-
 pressed—be true, then is it applicable
 to the mercantile and commercial classes
only, and not to California.

We look upon this continued tendency
 to speak disparagingly of business pros-
 pects, as highly reprehensible, work-
 ing a constant injury to California.
 With one breath we are told of a posi-
 tive decline of business, and with the
 next, that we "want population." The
 commercial and mercantile classes are
 clamorous for "more population." That
 to make her present prosperous, and her
 future glorious, "California only needs
population." These, and like declara-
 tions, have become patent in all our
 cities; and with nearly every business
 man of the metropolis.

But is population alone sure to give
 us that prosperity? Will a large, im-
 mediate increase of the mercantile, com-
 mercial or mechanical population of the
 cities, or the State, be likely to add to
 the prosperity of those now engaged in
 these and kindred pursuits?

Or would those, now so clamorous for
 "more population," desire an influx
 only of such as are consumers? If
 this be the immigration so much cov-
 eted, and nothing but this is to insure
 us a continuance of prosperity, then
 may we well doubt the present, and fear
 the future: for where in the whole
 range of civilization can there be found
 a country that has a larger proportion
 of non-agricultural and non-manufac-
 turing population than California? Yet
 the voice of the mercantile and com-
 mercial interests of the cities, is vehe-

ment for "more population," to give
 renewed vigor and prosperity to Cali-
 fornia.

True, it would increase the aggregate
 wealth of the State, to add to its popu-
 lation; but it is doubtful whether it
 would add one iota to our individual
 prosperity, except to the holders of large
 grants of lands, or such as have much
 of other property on hand, which they
 greatly desire to sell.

We insist that California is prosper-
 ous now—at least this can be said of
 all *out* of the cities, if not *in* them,—
 prosperous beyond any other people on
 the face of the globe.

Her agriculturists are prospering
 everywhere, and yet to a great extent
 almost totally lacking one of the great-
 est auxiliaries that can attach to house-
 hold independence and convenience;
 we mean orchards and fruit-trees—a
 deficiency now happily being supplied.

But would an immediate and rapid
 increase of the agriculturists of our
 State, to double or quadruple their pres-
 ent number, tend to the prosperity of
 the present tillers of California soil?

Is it not already made a question,
 in view of the greatly increased breadth
 of lands this year devoted to the cereals
 throughout the State. What is to be
 done with our probable agricultural sur-
 plus?

Can it then in any way add to the
 prosperity of our present agricultural
 producers, that their numbers be speed-
 ily and largely increased? With their
 present numbers, they are prospering
 even to the acquisition of wealth, and
 why? Because in no country except
 California can there be found a popu-
 lation so large a proportion of whom
 although laborers, are not produce

but immense consumers of agricultural products. This has given prosperity to, and will continue to enrich, the farmers of California.

Then the clamor for "more population" as a means of increasing our prosperity, can have no reference to the present agriculturists of the State, for they are even now largely prosperous.

But there is another and a very important class of our citizens—the miners—and which, with the agriculturists, go far toward making up the population of California. But suppose the present number to be at once doubled. Would this serve to increase the chances of those now struggling to dig out their fortunes with the pick and shovel? True, as we have said of the agriculturists, such augmentation would doubtless greatly increase the aggregate wealth of the State; but we seriously doubt its effecting favorably, present individual prosperity among that class of our population, now prosperous beyond all former precedent—we are speaking of the aggregate of our mining population.

If then, neither the agriculturists or miners of the State are lacking their wonted prosperity, to whom or to what class of our citizens will the oft reiterated assumption and declaration of "hard times"—"dull times"—and "a fearful stagnation of business" apply?

Surely the mere mercantile portion of our cities does not constitute a sufficiency of our population to make up the whole voice of California. And as we have shown that all outside the cities are prospering beyond precedent, can it be deemed conducive and to our interests, to be continually reiterating the cry of "more population," as the only

expedient that can once more give to the State its wonted prosperity? We want population; but no more than other new States want it.

California has never retrograded; but on the contrary, has made such rapid strides toward greatness, as to distance all competitors; nor is she even checked in her career. More population would add to the wealth and power of the State, and a vastly increased population, together with the present, would doubtless prosper. No other country on earth offers more or greater inducements to immigrants, because no country presents a wider field for enterprise.

But the opinion entertained by some that an immediate and numerous immigration would add very materially to the welfare of any other class of our citizens than those engaged in commercial and mercantile pursuits, we believe to be erroneous; and even the good effect upon *them* as highly problematical; for the reason, that it is among these that we see the business of California overdone, or find too many to do it; and any great increase of population, would be sure to bring its proportionate surplus of these classes.

To wait for, and depend upon, a large increase of our population, as the only means of promoting materially our present prosperity, is waiting for, and trusting to, a mere phantom. We must provide for the present; the future always has, and always will, take care of itself. The time has been when almost the entire consumption of the State, passed through the single port of San Francisco, while California produced nothing, or next to nothing. This created a necessity for a commerce con-

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centering at one point; exceeding beyond all comparison what the world ever witnessed before. But with the development of her agricultural as well as mineral resources, California became, in part, an exporting State. The millions of dollars exported for breadstuffs from abroad, were now retained at home, the very best and surest means of enriching any people. But this home production and consequent diminished importation, produced a corresponding decline or stagnation of the commercial interest, because it was in too many hands to be profitable to all; where it still remains. And it is this excess of numbers only, constituting the commercial and mercantile interests, that conduces so greatly to their own inconvenience.

It might be deemed an unwarranted assumption, were we to attribute to purely sinister motives, the earnestness with which the subject of an increased immigration is urged, as the only alternative of a return of the palmy days of 1850, '51 and '52. And yet it must be fresh in the recollection of all, that the commercial or mercantile prosperity of those days to a great extent, was at the expense of the immigrant masses. Much of hardship, privation, and suffering, inevitably follow as the result of a sudden redundancy of population in a new country, and particularly in one so isolated as California.

A steady, natural immigration to any country, is the surest guaranty of a healthy and continuous progress. This we shall have; and the general effect will be, to unfold the resources of the State, augment its wealth, and increase the happiness and general prosperity of its people.

TO E. I. H. N.—

What echo calls forth that electrical start,
And rings like a chime of the past o'er my frame?
What tone so awakens my slumbering heart?
Oh! nothing could thrill like the sound of thy name.

It comes o'er my soul like the soft southern wind,
Where winter holds darkly his tyrannous sway,
Unloosing the fetters, the waters that bind,
And bidding them smile and flow sweetly away.

It brings to remembrance life long, long ago,
When youth's brightest visions first wove their sweet spell,—
When the heart was suffused with a wild overflow,
Of hopes it believed there was naught to dispel.

It recalls the sad day when the fathomless deep
Of my heart surged wild o'er its isolate doom,
When fiercely the storm o'er my spirit did sweep,
And drifted me here—on an ocean of gloom.

Oh! the long rayless years which have since intervened,
And darkened my path with their desolate shades,—
Leave me languishing still over love yet unweaned,—
Still clasping each phantom of hope as it fades.

For the little of life that remains to thee yet,
I invoke of the Fates their indulgent decree,—
And if o'er the past thou dost veil a regret,
Remember, Lost Star, I will share it with thee.

HARRY SINCLAIR.
San Francisco, April 25, 1857.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.
NUMBER FIVE.

When I pointed out the road for Joe to go, in getting him to write for the Magazine, I little thought I was directing a way which I should have to travel myself. But it is now plain that I was. No common thing could have induced me to travel it; but when Joe came, his eyes so heavy with constant watching, and asked me to write, only just this once, and Ben asked the same, I would have complied with their request if it had been to charge and take a twenty-four pounder well defended; and there would have been but little more temerity in the

undertaking than in this,—my trying to write a readable article.

The above will be partly unintelligible unless I tell you that Ben is very sick; so low that in some of his spells of exhaustion we have thought the spark of life had fled forever.

Joe has taken it wholly upon himself to nurse him, and thus, so sick, so weary, they asked me to write, and I have rashly done it. It seemed so odd when I read my piece to them, not that I read it myself, but that we were not all seated around the fire, as it was our wont to be. There was something in it so very sad—perhaps the thought of what it soon might be—that when I tried to hope for something happier, the flame was pale and weak, as the loved one for whom it was kindled.

CHARLEY.

A HALF TOLD TALE.

This broken lute was all we knew
Of her he loved or him he slew.—*The Giaour.*

Nearly three years ago I was passing along one of the many rich gulches of our southern mines. This particular one, headed on the top of a very high mountain, and afforded water only during the rainy season. It had been almost exclusively worked by Mexicans, their mode of mining being most available with the scarcity of water. It was late in the Spring when I passed; the gulch was perfectly dry, and all the camps had been abandoned for the season.

The place was a lovely one indeed—hemmed completely in with the thick growth of low brush, which covers nearly all the mountains throughout the mining district.

I walked along the bed of the gulch, observing the notices that marked the limits of the claims, and whatever else that happened to attract my eye. At last my attention was particularly called to one notice by the fineness of the hand in which it was written. On closer examination it proved to be part of a letter, which had probably been placed there for want of materials to write a regular notice. It was

written in Spanish, and the writing was evidently that of a woman. On one side it was written thus: "If she erred the temptation was great, and she was more to be regarded as an object of pity and mercy, than of the cruel and unnatural resentment you inflicted. But that secret rests between you and me, and our Creator; do not fear that I shall ever betray it. But oh! for the memory of the love, which no one can doubt Lola had for you once, turn —" on the other side it read as follows: "— your revenge farther, for I fear it will lead to some fearful end. Oh! pray, dear brother, forbear. But with all of these dark deeds, do not think you can alienate your sister's love,—that will remain constant to you forever, how constant only the Virgin who daily hears —."

I read and thought it was a very affectionate sister writing in a very sisterly way to a wild brother, and that that brother was not only perfectly heedless to her counsels, but so very careless of his own reputation as to indiscreetly place this significant portion of her letter before the rude gaze of all passers-by. Very natural conclusions any one will admit, under the circumstances. Perhaps, I wondered who this Lola was that was more to have been regarded as an object of pity and mercy, than of the cruel and unnatural resentment she had met with. I might also have wondered who this brother was, whose name was associated with dark deeds, and who was now evidently bent on practising revenge. Such thoughts spring up around all such mysteries, and I might have had them. But, as I had been in the practice of collecting all notices curious for their style, orthography, or any other peculiarities, I unhesitatingly took this from the slit branch which held it and put it in my pocket, thinking it a rare specimen of that description of literature.

Shortly after the circumstances narrated above, among the strange forms which flit transiently to our knowledge, even as the wind,—no one knowing whence they

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Shortly after the circumstances narrated above, among the strange forms which flit transiently to our knowledge, even in the wind,—no one knowing whence they

come or whither they go, there came to our village a stranger—young, genteelly dressed and good looking, if you except the sneering expression of his handsome features. A light, insincere gracefulness, characterized all his actions, which soon became the object of emulation of all the loafers of the place. He boasted much, in his same careless manner, of the power of his seductive arts; and showed many little tokens of female regard. Among them was one which he said was not burdensome to carry, and which reminded him pleasantly of his conquests in Mexico. It was a small enset which contained a gold cross laid on a braid of dark hair; on the lining of the cover was wrought the single word, "LOLA." It immediately called to my memory the name on the curious notice, and, though it was a very common Spanish name, something irresistibly associated the two with the same person. One had evidently been the anguished party of a seduction conquest—the other had erred, and been the victim of some dark deed. They might easily be the same person. Who knew?

I had not much faith in the accidental revelation of a chain of romantic incidents, but I had certainly found the same name, if not the same character, in two capital parts of a romance. I wondered if I should ever find a sequel.

The summer months had not passed away, when late in the afternoon I rode into a strange mining camp.

The place seemed to be in an unusual state of excitement; a crowd was gathered around one building, and persons were hurrying to and fro in the streets as if their lives depended on their haste. On inquiry I learned that a man had been killed in the street by a Mexican, and that they were trying the murderer before a lynch court, and would probably hang him. They were both strangers in the place; the murdered man had been there but a few days, and the Mexican had not been seen before that day. They had met in the street, and the victim had tried to avoid the other when he saw

him, but had been stabbed to the heart and died without speaking a word. The murderer had been arrested before he attempted to escape, and thus far had kept a dogged silence as to his motives for doing the deed.

I entered the room where the trial was going on. It was nearly like all other Lynch courts which I have ever seen. A judge and jury of rough looking men, apparently called directly from their work to sit upon the bench; who heeded but little the sweet eloquence and nice technicalities of lawyers, but seek truth in a straightforward manner, and deal out justice sternly, according to their judgment. Two more of the same rough looking sort of men, were pleading the case in an earnest manner, without regard to polished speech.

The prisoner sat in the middle of the room, his gaze fixed on the floor, as regardless of what was going on around him as though it did not in the least concern his fate. He was young, but the savage expression of his features made him appear far from youthful. He did not seem to want any sympathy or mercy, and no one seemed disposed to give him any. Not a single person of the whole crowd, by a look or word, showed compassion for him. His crime was foul, and apparently unprovoked, and, as he gave his counsel no grounds to sustain the defence, the trial was soon over. And when the sentence was pronounced that in one hour he should be hanged till dead, it was received with a general murmur of approval by the throng, and the same disregard by the prisoner.

In one hour to have the veil rent which hides the mysteries of the great hereafter, and have the inscrutable secrets which man through all ages has feared to learn, revealed to us! In one hour to leave all of life's goods and ills, of which at least we can say in our poor sense we know, to enter the dread uncertainty beyond the grave! It brings death awfully near; and must if realized, cause a chilling sensation. But he sat as calm and unmoved as if he did not comprehend the words. Justice was, in-

deed, about to be speedily and fearfully administered—murderer and victim, going almost hand in hand to the future world!

I went from the room to the house where the murdered man lay. What was my surprise to behold in the form stretched at that "fearful length," all that remained of the owner of the casket! I thought of my romance; I had found the sequel, and it was fast drawing to a close.

I hurried back—all excitement—to the room where the prisoner was kept; he was inditing a letter to his sister,—it was in answer to the one of which I had seen a part on the notice. I heard him tell the writer to say, that her fearful forebodings had come true; that it was the will of God and sentence of man that he should die; that he submitted to the decree without questioning its justice; that he had killed *him*, and he was ready to pay the price of his revenge; that he would not recall the sentence if he could, for all for which he had lived for years was gained, and life had no object for which to live. He did not say a single affectionate, brotherly word,—it was the message of one whose life had been concentrated into the one selfish passion of revenge. The hour wore slowly on. How long it seemed to me with all the thoughts of the hidden tale which formed the undercurrent of this rushing scene. What might it not be, since he, who believed in God and the Hereafter, could justify himself by it, for this dark deed?—Could it be something which, if known, would win sympathy for him from that stern throng? No one knew but himself, and he did not seem disposed to tell. The sun went down; and when the tall mountains had thrown their shadows far out upon the plain, the hour had come. The prisoner walked forth as firmly as any of the crowd that surrounded him, to the tree where he was to be executed; mounted the horse, from which he was to fall, with as much lightness as if he was to ride freely away; helped to adjust the fatal noose; had the handkerchief tied around his face,

and stood erect and firm as a statue,—all without a word or sign of fear. The horse was led from under him, and he swung in the air,—a few struggles, a few ineffectual gaspings for breath, and all was over; the body swung slowly about as any other inanimate thing would have done. One by one, as their curiosity became satisfied, the spectators went away, and when night had stolen on, and the moon came fearfully up and made her uncertain lights and shadows, none remained; but dimly in the shade of the old oak, I could see some object swinging to and fro, as the winds came in fitful gusts and moaned through the branches of the tree. Truly my tale had found a fearful sequel!

NOT ALL DESOLATE.

BY W. H. D.

"Moss will grow upon the grave-stones, the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile, the mistletoe spring from the dying branch; and God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the feelings, will twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human-heart."

On the old crumbling grave-stones whose records have fled,
The soft, dark green mosses will grow,
While all that remain of the *forgotten* dead,
Is peacefully sleeping below.

O'er the old ruined wall and the mouldering pile,
The ivy most fondly will cling;
As their glories depart they seem sweetly to smile,
With the verdure and beauty of spring.

When the tall aged oak bares its arms to the skies,
As its branches begin to decay;
Then the mistletoe bough a fresh beauty supplies,
To hide its defects from the day.

So out of the sorrowing, desolate heart
That is dying in sadness and gloom,
Hopes eternal may spring that shall never depart,
And flowers immortal may bloom.
Sacramento, Cal., April, 1857.

He who gives for the sake of thanks
knows not the pleasure of giving.

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THE LAST OF JOLLY TOM.

BY DOINGS.

'T was in the month of April, of the year 1850, many long, long, and weary days had we plodded our way through and over valleys and mountains of snow,—long and weary miles were those—but on, on, we plodded; our destination we knew not where; we were hunting for gold! gold! bright, shiny, yellow lumps of gold. And with this glittering hope, this bright hallucination ever before us, we trudged and plodded on. At length our eyes were gladdened by the sight of terra firma; 't was a low peak of the Sierras, covered with a thick growth of pines—and here upon this peak, and beneath the trees, we pitched our tents, and we named our camping-ground *Pine Peak*. From here we started upon our prospecting tours, often being out from one to two weeks, and oftentimes, after the first week, out of "grub," and obliged to subsist upon that highly nutritious beverage known to old miners as *spruce tea*. There were twelve of us, Tom, Bob, Jim, Bill, Phin, Doc, Bluff, one Maj., one Col., two Seaps, and your humble servant. The surnames we never knew, nor cared enough to ask—would to God we had.

Tom, or "Jolly Tom," as we called him, was the life of our party; his merry laugh was always first to greet our ears at morning, and the last "good night" we heard was chorussed with the same old pral. When nearly dead with fatigue and hunger, in our wanderings, he it was who bid us hope, and cheered our dying spirits with a joke; and when sitting about the camp-fire, after a hard day's work, 't was his story brought out the biggest laugh. He was the very soul of our party, and knowing it, we almost worshipped him,

* * * * *
It had stormed incessantly for five days—a storm of wind, snow, and rain, and such a storm that to be appreciated must be experienced. Nine of our party were on a prospecting tour, and had been out eleven days; old Bluff,

the Col. and myself were keeping camp; during the last four days and nights we had been in a state of extreme anxiety, and each day added to our mental excitement; each night we had built huge bonfires, and at intervals discharged our fire-arms. On this, the afternoon of the fifth day of the storm, the rain and snow had ceased to fall, and the wind had moderated to light breezes, and we three were holding a silent council around the camp-fire; but the thoughts of each were occupied with the same principal topic—old Bluff was the first to speak.

"Eleven days, to-day; Tom said they could do it inside of a week; they're lost, perhaps have famished; but what can we do? It's no use to go out, for we don't know which way to go. Poor fellows, I am afraid it is all up with 'um."

"Hark!" said the Col.

And imitating him we placed our hands behind our ears, as if to catch some far-off, distant sound; it came, at first scarcely perceptible, like an echo, far, far away; but it became stronger and louder, 'till we could distinguish a faint hallo—springing to our feet we answered with a shout, and bounded off to meet the wanderers. A wretched looking crowd they were, their footsteps slow and tottering; they had but little to say. Five days and nights had they been exposed to the storm, and three of those days without a scrap to eat; their matches had by accident become wet, and they had been without even a fire at night. "Hard time Tom," said I. "Yes, Doings, mighty tight; lucky for you you wasn't along—you see the rain had beat our trail out, and we were lost 'till last night, when we saw your fire—here, take my pack, I'm almost dead." "We'll soon be in now," said I, "and there is a splendid fire, lots of bread and beans, and a cup of coffee will put you all right."

Half an hour later, and we were all gathered around the camp-fire, armed with a pot of coffee and a plate of beans, and the fasting for the last three

and stood erect and firm as a statue,—all without a word or sign of fear. The horse was led from under him, and he swung in the air,—a few struggles, a few ineffectual gaspings for breath, and all was over; the body swung slowly about as any other inanimate thing would have done. One by one, as their curiosity became satisfied, the spectators went away, and when night had stolen on, and the moon came fearfully up and made her uncertain lights and shadows, none remained; but dimly in the shade of the old oak, I could see some object swinging to and fro, as the winds came in fitful gusts and moaned through the branches of the tree. Truly my tale had found a fearful sequel!

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days was being rapidly atoned for—*all*, did I say? All but Jolly Tom, and he was setting with his elbows upon his knees, his head buried between the palms of his hands. "Come, Tom, come!" said I, "eat, take hold here, take your regular beans." "No, I'm sick, I'm cold and shivering all over." "Yes," said old Bill, "Tom aint been well to-day, nor yesterday—he's knocked—he aint said nothing bright for two days, and he's sick, *sure*." "Come, Tom," said I, "take some coffee, and you will feel better." "No, no, I'm sick, I must turn in."

He attempted to rise, and but for my assistance would have fallen. He did indeed look sick, his face seemed to bear the impress of death, white, yet tinged with a purple hue; his eyes were sunken, and his lips quivered like an aspen leaf. With the assistance of Old Bluff, I carried him to the tent, stripped him of his wet clothes, and rolled him in dry blankets—we had no medicines—nor could we do anything to give him any relief. He was very, very sick, all night long his mind was wandering; he talked of home, and of his mother, and the smile that played upon those parched lips, bore witness of his love; sometimes he would be wandering in the woods, lost; again he would laugh wildly, and then smiling, murmur "beautiful! beautiful!"

All night, and until near night of the following day, I sat beside him moistening his parched lips and feverish brow. Towards evening he dropped into a fitful slumber. Leaving him in the care of the boys, and bidding them call me in case of any change, I retired to my own tent and turned in.

I had slept but a few hours, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I was awakened. "Quick, Doings, quick! poor Tom is going off, he's asking for you." I sprang quickly up, the storm had recommenced, and was raging in all its fury. In a moment I was kneeling by the side of Tom. The night was intensely dark, but our fire furnished sufficient light for me to dis-

cern the objects beneath our canvass covering. Not a word was spoken; the dying man did not recognize me, he seemed to breathe with difficulty, and once or twice essayed to speak. After one or two ineffectual attempts, he spoke, and said "Where's little Doings, why don't he come?" "Here, Tom, here I am!" and I pressed his hands between mine; he smiled faintly, and with an effort said, "I shall soon be off, it's hard to die so far away from home, don't forget poor Tom." Rising upon his elbow he exclaimed, "hark! how beautiful! it's not the wind, O, no, it's music! I'll soon be there. His head dropped back upon the rude pillow. "Tom! Tom! have you nothing to say? no word for *home*?" For an instant his eye brightened, convulsively he grasped my hand. "My mother, Doings, tell my moth—" "Her name! your name! where does she live? Speak! quick Tom, quick!" He grasped my hand more firmly, but death had sprung its rattle, and choked all utterance. His hand relaxed its grasp—he was dead.

O, God! dead, and left no name behind! with that blessed word playing upon his lips, his spirit passed into eternity. Blow, blow ye winds with all your might, speed on! Speed ye to the realms on high; a spirit pure and noble rides upon your breath, haste ye with it to the Heavens above! and ye, huge, towering pines, sing on; you're chanting requiems for a noble soul! chant on! chant on! and O ye rains, fall on—'tis fitting that the heavens weep, for we cannot—our eyes are dry with anguish, and our hearts are full of sorrow.

We knelt around the dead; no prayers were spoken, for prayers had long been strangers to us, but every heart was full, and the recording angel gave us credit for our heartfelt silence.

The morning sun rose clear and bright, but there was a sad and mournful duty to be done. From a fallen tree near by we split out slabs, and made a rude coffin. We robed him in a clean blue shirt, and upon his breast

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we laid boughs of evergreens. Deep, deep we dug his grave, and we buried him beneath the shadows of a stately pine, and there rests the last of Jolly Tom.

In vain may the mother watch for the return of her son—in vain may she watch the coming of the steamers—but he comes not. In vain may she kneel in her solitary chamber, and pray to the Great Spirit of life and light to guard and protect her darling boy, and return him to her in safety. He sleeps his last sleep beneath the sod of the Sierras, and no sound shall awaken him. Peace to thy ashes, Tom, thy memory is hallowed in the hearts of all who knew thee. Without a name we knew thee—without a name we loved thee—and without a name, on memory's sacred pages we shall ever remember thee!

A GOSSIP'S SPECULATION ON DOMESTIC DRINKS.

We wonder if our breakfast bill of fare is always to be limited to tea, coffee, cocoa and chocolate. Surely there is yet to be discovered, one leaf or berry more to add to the brief catalogue. What are travelers about that they do not experiment more upon what they botanize?

Why, tea has been in use more than two hundred years; surely that is long enough to give place to something else. Macpherson, in his beautiful history of European and Indian commerce, (we quote from memory) states, that tea was known as early as A. D. eight hundred and fifty, and this upon the authority of one Soliman, an Arab merchant; yet we find that Pepys in his Diary, relates—"I sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I had never drank before, and he dates this information 1661, so that if true, this universal potation must have made but little progress in popular favor for eight centuries previous.

We think it has had altogether a very fair run, and now ought to be sat-

isfied with its celebrity, and not go on, year after year, engrossing the affections of two thirds of every community. What has conduced to its popularity amongst us Yankees?—Liebig perhaps can tell us; but he is so awfully scientific, that we need a pharmacopœian study to comprehend his meaning. We will endeavor to translate it. He says that there is a bile corrective-principle called theine, an alkaloid, that the sedentary and studious do well to partake, that it is a good substitute for animal food, and that is the reason why females, and literary persons, who take but little exercise, have so much partiality for it.

Our lively friends, the French, use it as a medicine, and phlegmatic people never take it, nor ought young children to indulge, in even a single cup.

The same learned chemist tells us that the first tea leaves were procured from the Chinese in exchange for those of the garden sage, (*salvia officinalis*) so little did they at first know its value; but when, after a time, they became sage without this herb, they refused to barter it at all, and then it could only be purchased with solid coin.

We know of one old gentleman who affirms that he never tasted it in his life, to his knowledge, on account of the flavor having a peculiar effect upon his olfactories. He used to tell a droll story of a tea party, of which he made one. He began while it was brewing to banter the ladies present upon their silly patronage of the herb, told them how it browned their complexions and shrivelled their skin; in process of time, when the liquor was being poured out, it was observed to be as blue as the sky; all turned to him as the mischief-maker; but he declared his innocence. In vain were the tea pot, tea urn, and boiler, emptied of their contents and replenished; the blue obstinately prevailed; when he suggested the cause to be, the blue rag of the pump; (usually kept for the washer-woman's convenience, in some farm houses, on said pump's nose), this hav-

cern the objects beneath our canopy covering. Not a word was spoken by the dying man did not recognize him he seemed to breathe with difficulty, once or twice essayed to speak. After one or two ineffectual attempts, he spoke, and said "Where's little Tom? why don't he come?" "Here, Tom, here I am!" and I pressed his hand between mine; he smiled faintly, and with an effort said, "I shall soon be at its hard to die so far away from home, don't forget poor Tom." Rising upon his elbow he exclaimed, "Hark! how beautiful! it's not the wind, O, no, no music! I'll soon be there. His head dropped back upon the rude pillow. "Tom! Tom! have you nothing to say no word for home?" For an instant his eye brightened, convulsively he grasped my hand. "My mother, Doms, my mother—" "Her name! your name, where does she live? Speak! speak, Tom, quick!" He grasped my hand more firmly, but death had sprung a rattle, and choked all utterance. His hand relaxed its grasp—he was dead. O, God! dead, and left no mark behind! with that blessed word passed upon his lips, his spirit passed into eternity. Blow, blow ye winds with all your might, speed on! Speed on the realms on high; a spirit pure and noble rides upon your breath, haste with it to the Heavens above! and ye huge, towering pines, sing on; ye chanting requiems for a noble soul chant on! chant on! and O ye stars fall on—'tis fitting that the heavens weep, for we cannot—our eyes are dim with anguish, and our hearts are full of sorrow.

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ing fallen into the boiler at the time of pumping.

Our washerwoman could drink an immense quantity of this beverage; she was a strong hale woman. We well remember, in our boyhood, losing our wager, *that she could not drink thirty cups of tea*; and our being foiled too, by the evidence of her having enjoyed the *tenth* after the task.

And what of coffee. This is well known by all good physicians to be little less than a slow poison to some constitutions. We have known more than one person invariably jaundiced by the habit of drinking it only twice a day.

In Jersey, one of the British Channel islands, several of the inhabitants have periodical attacks of this complaint; yet, such is their fondness for the drink, they still risk the disorder, despite its penalties.

Coffee has this alkaloid in an eminent degree. The coffee berry, which supplies, at the present time, almost all European demands, was first discovered in 1618, by an Arabian merchant; who sent it to Van Hoorn, Governor of Batavia, and who largely propagated it; and this happened twenty years after its discovery. The seeds were procured from Mocha, in Arabia. Niebhur says, that it was first brought from Abyssinia to Yemen by the Arabs, and sold as a family medicine.

During the ten years war between England and France, the duty on this berry was so high as almost to put it out of the power of the laboring classes to enjoy a single cup of it. Cobbet, of Register notoriety, suggested a substitute,—roasted barley, mixed with the common edible pea, scorched almost black, which proved to be a very palatable drink, and had many of the coffee's stimulating properties.

Doctor Johnson used to say—"Give me a cup of tea to make me think, but a cup of coffee to make me talk." Whether this gives the reputed loquacity to our friends the French, and their habitual taciturnity to the English and American, I leave others to settle to suit themselves.

The worthy Doctor's gossiping propensities were well known; and it is hard to say how many of his good sayings are to be attributed to this drink—tea. Dear old Goldey used to call him—*The Walking Teapot*; and when the Doctor was not in his hiatus, he used to ascribe it to the badness of the tea. Mrs. Thrall used to go to extraordinary expense to please the Doctor, who always honored her by saying that Mrs. Thrall was the only one who could suit his taste to a T. His memorable distich addressed to that lady is well known, and shows his greedy fondness for the article.

"O potent liquor, pour it out: nor pour it with a frown:
Thou canst not pour it out so fast as I can pour it down."

His dropsical temperament did not deter him from indulging in it; eight and ten cups, holding some quarter of a pint each, would upon a single occasion be introduced into his stomach. He said it was the only discovery for which the Chinese deserved the name of Celestial; yet, at times, he would call the slop as his most inveterate enemy, and declaim against it with the bitterest animosity.

In France everybody drinks coffee; and tea is there only taken medicinally. In England, the consumption between tea and coffee is almost equal among the men; but almost all English and American women take tea. In London, the coffee rooms where no beer or liquor is allowed to be sold, number seven hundred at the least; and each is frequented, upon an average, daily, by eight hundred persons. These houses unquestionably have been the means of displacing much drunkenness amongst the laboring classes. In 1844 the coffee imported into Great Britain, was upwards of fifty millions of lbs.; that of France, twenty-seven millions.

We do not append much faith to the sayings of the worthy Doctor, above quoted; for our own observations tend to quite a different experience in the property of tea-drinking amongst old maids. An old dame, arrived at the

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This *Ilex* grows
an orange tree
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themselves, five
tea, annually, so
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ordinary years of discretion, will be
found, after the first cup of tea, to have
a very good opinion of her neighbors;
after the second, she finds they are gen-
erous almost to a fault; after a third,
that they would be better without cer-
tain faults; after a fourth, no better
than they should be; after a fifth, the
most scandalizing set that any innocent
soul, like herself, can be worried with.
In short, she becomes fault-finding and
quarrelsome in her cups; the beverage
when taken to excess, having the same
effect upon her system, as any intoxi-
cating liquor. There is doubtless a large
amount of stimulating power in the two
beverages; and nothing can be better
administered as an antidote to any
poisonous soporific than strong decooc-
tions of one of these.

But truly, we repeat, these are not
the only wholesome drinks nature's
bountiful herbarium can supply. Trav-
elers report favorably of the Maité, or
Paraguay Tea;—why do we not give
it a trial; almost all the aquifoliace
(oxygenous plants) of which this is one,
are harmless; and there is a numerous
family of them.

This *Ilex* grows to about the size of
an orange tree. The Chilians and
Buenos Ayreans consume, amongst
themselves, five million pounds of this
tea, annually, so fond are they of it.
The process is very simple; the boughs,
with the leaves on, are merely laid up-
on a heated surface, and afterwards pul-
verized, and then prepared in bags for
the market. The plant is steeped in
boiling water, to which are added some
coarse sugar, and a small portion of the
juice of a lemon. The vessel used is
something like a tea pot, called Maité,
giving name to the drink. The Creoles
are passionately fond of it, and never
pass a meal without it.

So large a consumption could scarce-
ly happen, unless some merit as a
wholesome drink were attached to it.

Then there is the old fashioned drink,
Mead, which the cockneys in the time
of Queen Elizabeth, indulged in; why
have we, in our degenerate days, dis-

carded it? Honey (from which it is
distilled, after undergoing the vinous
fermentation) is wholesome and a great
favorite in our days, with all classes.
This metheglin, or hydromel, as the old
beaux of the time were wont to desig-
nate it, was a most refreshing drink,
when diluted with lukewarm water.
It produced remarkable stoutness of
limb and muscle. The wenches of those
days, that were hired for service, used
to barter their labor, first for their
drinking mead, and next, of less con-
sideration, their working mead—(ex-
cuse the pun fair reader, we cannot
help it occasionally)—and where will
you find now-a-days, more sturdy,
wholesome, cherry-cheeked lasses, than
those of that time. The pasty, thin-
waste belles of the present day, form
no comparison.

The sturdy yeoman, too, of that day,
would drink down his quart of mead,
and want little else for the remainder
of the day; and where shall we look
for such brawny arms and shoulders
as those they possessed.

Come we now to the last of the me-
agre list—Cocoa or chocolate. The
Theobroma Cacao of naturalists is a
native of the West Indies, the Carac-
as, Guayaquil, and Brazil, where the
tree grows wild, or is cultivated for its
berries. When these are reduced to a
paste, and mixed with sugar and vanil-
la, they become chocolate.

Their aroma is agreeable, and the
fixed concrete oil they possess, is the
only good property about them. It is
said to be a very fattening drink; but
few stomachs can be disciplined to a
constant use of it; nevertheless the con-
sumption in France is very considera-
ble. Do, epicure travelers, make it an
object in these dull days, to introduce a
new breakfast drink; only think of the
honor, fame, and wealth that await
you.

Imagine, for a moment, the many
sweet lips that would press, not yours,
but your gift to a closer acquaintance!
How your name would be extolled
throughout the civilized world! How

small the saucy celestials would appear in their own eyes, when they, having heard of your *four-quarters of the globe-fume*, would come, cap in hand, to solicit the favor of your bartering some of their sip-slop trash of tea, which none but themselves can produce, for your *world renowned discovery*. Think, O ye travelers of California, think I beseech you, of these and other honors that await you. Your name, be it Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson, would be no doubt trumpeted down to a grateful posterity in the great Smithine tea, the Brownine beverage, the Jonesian liquid, or the Robinsynite dilute. Look to it travelers! look to it!

MEMORY'S PICTURES.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

The walls of your little cabin seem too close for you to-night, the logs look rougher and darker than ever; the atmosphere is heavy and oppressive—throw open the door. O, what a glorious flood of moonlight! You do not restrain the expression of rapturous delight which rises to your lips as you cross the threshold, and step out into the free, open air. Surely, Heaven itself cannot be more beautiful than the scene before you; even the rays reflected from the very presence of God cannot be more pure, than those which now bathe every leaf, tree, and flower around your lonely mountain home. You can almost feel the soft moonbeams, as they fall upon your forehead; angel fingers seem weaving them among the folds of your hair, and laying them gently upon your cheek.

You hear no sound, but music is floating all around you—felt, not heard; upon the outward ear falls not a note, but in your soul there is melody. A delicious calmness steals over your mind, and your nature seems refined and elevated as you listen to the music—hark to the theme! 'tis of the past!

Here, seat yourself upon the trunk of this fallen pine tree; lean back among

the thickly clustering branches; from this place you have a good view of the rude cabin—your home.

Now memory with her magic glass is holding up pictures to your mind's eye; the music in your soul becomes joyous, and gleeful. You see a quiet farm house nestled among fragrant fruit trees; they are in full bloom for it is spring. Singing birds are flitting to and fro among the branches, and as the air gently moves the blossoms, a shower of snowy petals comes fluttering to the green grass beneath. Beyond, you see a field of clover—a perfect sea of rosy waves—and from the midst appears a little, ringletted head, and a pair of white, dimpled shoulders, while two chubby hands hold up great clusters of clover blossoms, and a childish voice shouts—"Willie! Willie! I'm lost! come take me!"

A laughing boy springs over the bars, and in another moment the little elf has her arms closely clasped around his neck, and he bears her in triumph to the smooth green sward in an adjoining field. Now comes a race through the yard, under the apple trees, to the kitchen door, which "sis" is gallantly permitted to reach first, and is nestled in mother's lap, resting her glowing little cheek against her shoulder, ere the tardy boy appears. You recognize the picture, and the music becomes slower—slower—dirge-like as you remember how that bright little head was laid beneath the cold sod; how you watched the light fade out from those loving eyes, and saw the lips grow pale and still in death; and how that first, great grief came crushing down upon your young heart, when that beautiful, only sister died.

The scene changes. Now the music in your soul has the sound of bells chiming. You see a village church. It is Sabbath morning, and crowds are hastening to the church door. You see a tall youth entering with the rest; the smile of hope and happiness is upon his lips, and the rich hue of health mantles his cheek.

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 smile of hope and happiness on
 his lips, and the rich dove of the
 mantle his chest.

He takes his place in the choir, but
 his eyes are not upon the aged minister
 as he reverently rises to invoke the
 blessing of God upon the opening ser-
 vices; they are resting in bashful ad-
 miration upon the young girl in white,
 who sits in an adjoining seat.

When the singers rise, the youth
 forgets to take his part, but is listening
 with enraptured ear to the rich, melo-
 dious alto, flowing from the rosy lips
 of the girl who has so enchained his
 attention. The tell-tale blood crimson
 his forehead, as he catches a single
 glance from those blue eyes, and for a
 moment the alto seems tremulous.

The services ended, the congregation
 disperse; but by some strange accident
 the tall youth is walking beside the girl
 in white; very silent they are, but
 when they separate at the gate of an
 old fashioned farm house, he is holding
 a rose bud tremblingly plucked from
 the belt of the white dress.

The scene changes. The music sud-
 denly becomes faint, low, muffled, like
 the hushed beating of an agonized heart;
 you see a bridal party, and in the bride
 recognize the alto singer of the village
 church. She is pale, very pale, and
 her lips quiver as she faintly pronoun-
 ces the words which are to bind her
 forever to that cold, elegant man at her
 side. Standing at a little distance is a
 young man, with folded arms and com-
 pressed lips, not looking at the bride;
 apparently not listening to the mar-
 riage service, but every word is falling
 with leaden weight upon his soul; yet
 he calmly offers his congratulations,
 and none can see the bleeding, lacer-
 ated heart—thank God! none can see
 it! Now, for the first time, and too late,
 comes the conviction that the love, so
 long coveted is his. He reads it in the
 blanched cheek, and in the glistening
 eye of her, who is now the wife of an-
 other. Now, too late, he sees the fatal
 misunderstanding which has forever
 separated two loving hearts. Too late!
 too late!

This picture is more vivid than any
 other, and though long years have

elapsed since it was first stamped upon
 your mind, the colors are still as fresh
 and distinctive as ever. But while you
 sigh, the scene again changes. You
 hear words of farewell. A father's
 hand is resting in blessing upon the
 head of a loved son; a mother's voice
 is tremblingly breathing a prayer for
 her darling boy. A moment his arms
 are around her neck, and tears, manly
 tears, of which he is not ashamed, are
 falling upon her forehead. A mute
 pressure of the hand, one last lingering
 kiss, and he is gone. A quick, firm
 step soon brings him to a great gate
 leading from the yard to the public
 road, here he pauses a moment, casts
 a hasty glance at the dear old place,
 brushes away a tear, and then turns his
 back upon his boyhood's home.

Now comes a long, moving panora-
 ma. You see a large company of trav-
 elers starting off on a journey. Bright
 hope, and glad anticipations are beam-
 ing from every face as the train moves
 along, the long continued cheers, and
 shouts of "off for California!" tell its
 destination. Over valley, mountain
 and plain you follow the company; you
 watch the gradual fading of joy and
 hope from familiar faces, as they pass
 through scenes of hardships, privations
 and danger; you see the strongest fall-
 ing beneath hunger and disease, and
 mark many a lonely grave in the wil-
 derness. The red glare of the camp-
 fire reveals pictures of misery and
 wretchedness, and often are the weary,
 longing eyes of the pilgrims turned back
 towards the homes now so far away.
 Now hope reigns, and bright dreams of
 wealth and happiness take the place of
 murmuring and despair, for the eagerly
 wished for El Dorado is in view; at
 last, though with numbers fearfully
 lessened, the sun-burnt, weather-beaten
 company reach the golden land.

You remember how many years have
 elapsed since then, and how few of that
 band have realized their bright antici-
 pations. Some indeed, have returned
 to their homes laden with the glittering
 fruits of their toil; but many have found

a grave where they looked for wealth. For yourself, you have relinquished your golden dreams.

You have learned to love this beautiful land; these wild haunts, this rude cabin, these grand mountains, and lofty trees are dearer to your heart than all the world beside. Here you have the companionship of Nature in all her glorious perfections, and free from the restraints of society, you can worship God alone.

From your old home comes a voice of weeping; you know that beloved mother is no longer there to bless her child; you know that aged father has gone to his reward; you know the dear old homestead has passed into stranger hands; your first and only love is the wife of another; almost every tie that bound you to the old home has been broken by death, time, or change—why should you wish to return?

You do not; here you are happy—happy in your loneliness. Here you would live, and in death rest in these quiet shades.

But the moon setting behind the tree-tops warns you that the "noon of night" has passed, and you seek your little cabin, more in love than ever with your wild, beautiful, mountain home, and better prepared for the morrow's duties, from this evening's quiet lingering among the pictures of the past.

A DINNER WITH THE CHINESE.

We had determined upon discussing a dinner got up in the most approved style of the Celestials, laying aside everything like fastidiousness in regard to material or taste, conforming to, and partaking of, the full course, come as it might, whether fricasseed monkey or baked rats made any part of the bill of fare or not. It was to be a regular Chinese dinner, at a Chinese house, with Chinese cooks and attendants—and as the sequel will show we had all we bargained for. For calling on Lee Kan, Dupont street, near the corner of Washington, and making known our

wishes, we were almost immediately informed that they would be complied with.

Lee Kan was our interpreter, and really, he speaks the English language painfully correct. We say *painfully*—because it is so very rare to find a Chinese gentleman speaking our language, even more correct than ourselves. Of course, out of politeness, he was one of our invited and honored guests.

The day and hour were appointed; there were seven of us in all, four claiming to be white—one a Maj. U. S. Army—two Capts.—and one legal gentleman; our invited guests were—the Gov. of See Yap Company—one Chinese merchant of immense business as well as corporeal extension, and Lee Kan.

Now, though we had resolved to "go it blind," on whatever might be set before us, and though so far as a *dinner* is concerned, we were probably as brave a four as ever grappled with one, still, as we had heard so much of the strange varieties of food in vogue with the Celestials, as well as some intimations of their peculiarities of taste, we were not wholly without misgivings, or as we chose to term it—*curiosity*, to look a little into the kind of material in preparation for us. So we visited, by permission, a few hours previous to dinner, the culinary department.

The first object that attracted our attention was, what appeared to us to be, strings of cockroaches hung up for drying, and as we thought, more than probable, in preparation for our special use; but whether to be served in the form of a stew or a roast, or powdered and used as a flavoring ingredient, we could not well determine, but were given to understand, however, that they were "velly good! velly good!" But in justice to our caterer we will say, that what our imaginations had conjured into cockroaches, proved to be a species of edible root, cut into slips or chips, that when properly pre-

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than all have the all her from the worship a voice beloved bless her rather has the dear stranger he is the tie that has been ze—why happy—where you in these the tree of night our little with your come, and row's du- lingering st.

CHINESE. discussing approved ving aside in regard ang to, and come as it monkey or of the bill of a regular ese house.endants—we had all ing on Lee e corner of own our

pared, made an exceedingly savory dish.

But fearing we might see something worse even than cockroaches, we beat a hasty retreat, determined to meet with a bold front and good relish, whatever Chinese ingenuity could devise, upon which to regale us. The hour arrived—we were ushered into a sumptuous dining-hall, furnished with all the elegancies and appurtenances believed by the Chinese to be indispensable to such an apartment.

The table in the middle of the floor, was covered with a fine, white linen cloth, and upon this, beautiful boquets, magnificent China ware, elegant goblets, and chop-sticks for seven.

The Chinese always consider the boquets a part of the entertainment, at the disposal of the guests; therefore at the conclusion of the dinner we availed ourselves of the privilege of the custom by appropriating them. And now to the Bill of Fare.

Soups—edible birds' nests; shark's fins. *Stew*—duck with water lily bulbs; chicken do. do.; pigeons with Chinese turnip; aulone or shell fish (China); calf's throat cut in imitation of mammoth centipedes—resemblance very striking—evidently done by an artist; quails with the young shoots of the bamboo; sharks' fins and eggs, (mixture); chickens' flesh &c. do.; ducks' feet with toadstools; fish balls prepared with flour, bamboo and peanuts; fish maws baked; beech le ma; crab balls with carrots and garlic; herrings' heads (yellowish green).

We would here make a note of one fact. We had determined to show our almost religious devotion and preference to chop-sticks over knife and fork, in order to give to the whole thing a truly Chinese character. But our efforts were anything but satisfactory—for just the very instant that we supposed we had, or were about, to safely lodge a tit-bit within our lips—slip! would go the chop-sticks, one towards each ear, whilst our thumb would be sure to make the nearest approach of anything to our mouth.

So after repeated trials with the most lamentable success, and the evidence before us that our Chinese friends were getting sadly the advantage of us, we felt constrained to resort to knife, fork, and spoon, in self defense.

After the first course of sixteen dishes we were served with the following *dessert*:

Tea; cake made of rice flour; water nuts, called in Chinese Ma Tai and truly delicious; preserved water lily seeds; pomelo, a kind of orange, preserved; Chinese plums; jelly made from sea-weed; ducks' hearts and gizzards with shrimps; cakes of minced pork and other ingredients of doubtful character; fish gelatine; eggs preserved in ley and oil—very fine; almonds salted and baked; oranges; preserved water melon seeds; two other kinds of cake made of rice flour; cigars; white wine, made from rice; a third proof liquor made from rice; and finishing off with an opium smoke, and Chinese cigaritas. And yet down to the present moment, three days and nine hours since the event transpired, we are all alive! But as a warning to such as may be inclined to imitate our curiosity and example, we will state—that our bill on final rising and departure was just forty-two dollars—but as the dinner will probably last us as long as we live, we are inclined to believe it after all, a good investment. C. J. W. R.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—A correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette*, alluding to the numerous cases of deaths from accidental poisoning, adds:

"I venture to affirm there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events—nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, and drank immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where one is required. By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end.

THE VALE WHERE I WAS BORN.

BY G. T. S.

Oh! sweet was the spot, and pleasant the cot,
In that lovely and quiet vale,
Where the tall old trees, waved high in the breeze,
And danced in the evening gale;
Where each flower was a gem, for a diadem,
All radiant with dew at morn;
And the purple heaven, glowed bright at even,
In the vale where I was born.

Oh! the murmuring stream, flung back the beam,
Of the gentle moon at night;
And eve's bright star, glittered from far,
Gilding the heavens with light;
And the birds that sung, the bowers among,
Awoke me with the morn.
Sweet, sweet was their strain, as it echoed again,
In the vale where I was born.

The cottage stood, on the verge of a wood,
Where the old oaks used to grow;
The brook at the door, ran the smooth stones o'er,
And glided with music low.
The milkmaid was seen, tripping light o'er the green,
In the early hours of morn;
And the hunter's call, was heard in the hall,
In the vale where I was born.

Long years have flown, and the friends are gone,
Whom I loved in my youthful day;
Some sleep in the grave, and some 'neath the wave,
And others are far away;
But 'tis pleasant to gaze, through the mist and the haze,
That envelop life's early morn;
Where, undimmed by tears, the past all appears,—
In the vale where I was born.

San Francisco, April 12, 1857.

LEAP YEAR; OR, LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Well, I must confess that I'm surprised, indeed *astonished*, to see so many single ladies, and to think that Leap Year has just passed away!

Why, there is my old-maiden aunt, whom I know might, had she tried, have secured for herself a husband, because she has accomplishments which few other candidates for matrimony possess. True, she cannot perform astonishingly on the piano, nor "touch

the harp gently," but I know that she can play wonderfully and with expression, on that domestic and necessary article—the *wash-board*. What tho' she can't preside with such grace at the luxuriantly spread table, or "trip on the light fantastic toe?" she can cook the victuals thereon, and engage in a good, common sense conversation, and is always a welcome guest at a "corn-husking," or "quilting," and no one can excel her in picking wool. Ah! but my aunt is not a fashionable, city lady, and of course if she can cook, is considered very common by such persons.

But, as I was saying before, why are there so many single ladies, and Leap Year just gone by? I'm sure I can't account for it, unless it is because the ladies who had the courage to pop the question, were decidedly rejected by the masculines who were so honored. If such be the case, of course many were discouraged thereby. But could it be so? Would not all of the fire in woman's nature be kindled, and if there was such a thing as a broomstick or a cudgel in reach, think you not that there would appear before the Recorder the next morning, a man with a black eye, and a much injured pouting female? For what would a woman not do for revenge? But here is another question. Would any man be so *ungal-lant* as to positively refuse a lady?

Well, that certainly depends upon who *she* is, and who *he* is. If he be a man who is supported by whalebones that confine his waist, one who lingers in the vicinity of a lunch table, has small hands and feet, curly hair, a moustache, and is what he would probably call himself—a "regular lady killer"—he perhaps would not be the one to refuse; provided the fair one possessed a beautiful countenance, a small bonnet, prodigious hoops, and *last*, but by no means *least*, a goodly amount of the "oro." That would be one match, but I should not want to look after them beyond the marriage ceremony.

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Well, that certainly depends upon who she is, and who he is. If he be a man who is supported by whitebones and confine his waist, one who lingers in the vicinity of a lunch table, has all hands and feet, curly hair, a mustache, and is what he would probably call himself—a "regular lady-killer"—he perhaps would not be the one to refuse; provided the fair one possessed a beautiful countenance, a tall bonnet, prodigious hoops, and so on, but by no means *least*, a goodly amount of the "oro." That would be a match, but I should not want to look after them beyond the marriage ceremony.

On the other hand, was the gentleman a good, sensible individual, who possesses all the requirements that constitute a *man*, and were she a true-hearted, virtuous woman, most persons would coincide in saying that it was a match made in Heaven. However, such matches as the latter are seldom made, especially, during Leap Year.

But I expect the ladies have been too bashful to try their luck often, although they only have the opportunity of doing so once in four years.

Why, ladies, it's too bad, indeed! Just think, there are my old bachelor friends—Mr. A. and Mr. B., each of whom has seen about forty summers, but notwithstanding that, would look very well, as they wear wigs and false teeth, were it not for that awful and never-ending rheumatism, which they both are so afflicted with. Poor old gentlemen!

My old aunt is a great nurse, and therefore she has frequently prescribed remedies for their ailment, but they are such confirmed old bachelors that they know nothing about the culinary department, and consequently cannot prepare anything, as of course it would have to undergo divers cooking processes before it would be ready to apply.

Then they come in from their counting-rooms to their private apartments in a boarding house, and taking a cigar, sit down by the stove (which has no fire in it, because they are—as they say—too much fatigued to make one) and read till those mean, rheumatic pains come on, when they begin to lose their tempers; for although they both have good hearts, yet you seldom find two such inveterate scolders and grumblers, and if you should be so unfortunate as to step in to see them at that inauspicious moment when a stitch is taken in either of their necks, why, if the door is near, you had better — well, I shouldn't envy you your situation, that's all.

Now suppose that some kind angels of mercy (as most women are) should

have popped the question to Mr. A. or Mr. B., and all had passed off *serenely*, how those angels could have hovered round and smoothed the downy pillows of the old rheumatic bachelors! and moreover — (just put your finger on your lip a minute) and *principally*, how they could have "dressed out" with Mr. A's and Mr. B's *forty thousand dollars*. Ah, now you hear me! but it's *too late—too late*.

Hereafter, ladies, I hope you will abide by my judgment, and when next Leap Year comes, select some of those old bachelors and take them "for better or for worse," because I am anxious that the city should be rid of them. Old maids are bad enough, but they can administer to the wants of the sick; but what are crusty old bachelors good for but to grumble? I don't know, I'm sure!

So, ladies, don't forget the *next time!*
EUGENIE.

TO "LITTLE BELLA," DEPARTED.

"Finished the pilgrimage, and begun the life."

Who said that death was fearful? Why, he came
Like some good angel, walking mid the stars,
With robes of light, and footsteps soft as air,
And set his signet on thee; and so thou
Didst pass, as melts the twilight at the close
Of the still, purple evening. Soft, adieu,
So thy lips seemed to say, and then were sealed [well!]
In that still, breathless silence. Why, fare-
Farewell, sweet spirit; to the land of rest,
And songs, and beauty, go thou undefiled
And stainless, as the flowers that droop at eve,
To spring and bloom in the young morn.

We laid thee down to rest
In the dim forest, where the murmuring
waves [song—
Shall sing upon the shore their low, sweet
Thy parting requiem—and the birds shall
come [well!
And chant above thy grave. Farewell! fare-
Nor Spring's sweet breezes, nor the scented
gales
Of golden Autumn, nor the thunder tones
Of parting Summer, nor fierce Winter's winds,
Shall break thy slumbers there. Farewell!
Beloved child, farewell!

G. T. S.

San Francisco, April, 1857.

BIRDS OF SONG; NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

Yes, reader, we have a few natives among us that have a very good idea of sky-larking; but we own the catalogue is not an extensive one. There is a species of Linnet, or at least one of the Linaria, that has some dozen notes, particularly sweet and cheerful; but their native wilds do not improve their voice, for the further we retire from the haunts of men, the less agreeable is their note. Sometimes it degenerates into a simple, stupid twitter. The fact that birds lose their song in regions where the rarification of the atmosphere affords a bad conductor of sound, is well attested. Some nightingales have been known to lose their song entirely from want of interchange of note, and no nightingale will live long near a sea shore, where the trees are too stunted for the habitation of birds. But what does California want with native songsters, when their place is so well supplied by the large importations of the lady's favorite—the merry little Canary. How much cultivation has done for this charming little family of songsters, may be imagined from the circumstance that in their native land—the Canary Islands—their brothers and sisters wear a green coat instead of a yellow one, and have no song at all. The islands themselves, which they inhabit, do not receive their patronymic from them, but from the native wild dog, which, in Portuguese, is *Canaris*. Our good friends, the Germans, have trained these little pets to be lovely solacers of our bachelor solitudes, and gay companions of our families.—There is scarcely a house in a street of San Francisco that has not one of these noisy, saucy little singers. Our own little fellow, just above the table where we are writing, knows his own worth as well as we do, and "plumes his feathers, and wipes his bill," with as much consequence as our charming California daughters prepare for an entertainment. We believe he knows when he is required to be silent, and

when he is wanted to sing, as much as any cantatrice who bargains her voice for hire. When we want him to be particularly quiet, we give him a piece of sugar to crack; but his silence sometimes is not to be obtained at so cheap a price, for he will often turn his head on one side and the other, and eye it askant, without dropping from his perch, as much as to say—"I can be silent without a bribe; but it is going to be my pleasure to sing." But this is not the only feathered entertainer our city can boast; we have parrots here endowed with remarkable lingual powers. We have ourselves heard one that will speak a number of commonplace phrases in four different languages; English, German, French and Spanish. Not long ago we heard one of these remarkable birds imitating a boy's cry so naturally, that we ran to the door to rescue the poor fellow from his tyrant; when the following colloquy ensued:

"O dear! O dear! O dear! O, won't I just tell your mother, when I see her. I don't care. You are a thief, a dirty thief; there then, take that, and that, and that." These were accompanied with sounds like a smart slap in the face. The thing continued:

"There's a duddy, come kiss and make it up, that a good child, wipe your face now, and give me another kiss. Smack—smack—smack. But George, do tell me who stole the polony, and I won't teaze you any more. Do you smoke, George? for if ye do I'll tell your father, you know the gals don't like it, especially you know who. Does your anxious mother know you're out? Gone to see his sweetheart. Isn't she a pretty creature? Smack—smack—smack. Ha! how I do love ye! Is father at home? Is he though? Where shall I get? Into the cupboard? No, there's mother's cherry pie there. You'll eat it. Ah! George, you're a sad dog and no mistake. What's o'clock? Tell Polly what's o'clock. Polly wants to go to bed. Polly's tired of talking."

Besides parrots a remarkable sounds, but very so well as parrots

We remember, taking a fancy to our patience, the any other note We kept it for ye an arrant dunce, happened that pre as other birds of hit upon the right Our help, one saucy lass—cam parlor, where our scious of the evil house; to compla haunted, and req get a fresh help sure was she, tha ted. At all time day—was the kno going, and many selves gone to sat to be foiled. Ce for we could tak it, although we movable. The divine the cause, the household. T our mother, like a deaf one to s the knocker went and would hav every ghost belie out of the place had not discover feathers of our mother was for neck when it v father wouldn't I suppose, as a s honors—the Spi

Good thoughts always a source of are often repaid in the day of trou

FONTENELLE wa when a young lady of life men lose al dead," replied the ask that question o

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Besides parrots, the daw kind have a remarkable facility in imitating sounds, but very few of imitating speech so well as parrots.

We remember, when in our boyhood, taking a fancy to a jay; but in spite of our patience, the thing would not utter any other note than a quack or two. We kept it for years, but the thing was an arrant dunce, until a circumstance happened that proved it was as capable as other birds of being taught, had we hit upon the right method of training. Our help, one evening—she was a saucy lass—came running into our parlor, where our matron sat, all unconscious of the evil that had befallen the house; to complain of the place being haunted, and requiring the mistress to get a fresh help forthwith; for right sure was she, that the house was haunted. At all times—at all hours of the day—was the knocker of the door heard going, and many a time had we ourselves gone to satisfy our curiosity only to be foiled. Certainly it was haunted, for we could take our oaths we heard it, although we saw the knocker immovable. The master, he couldn't divine the cause, nor could any one of the household. The old help went, and our mother, like a prudent woman, got a deaf one to supply her place; still the knocker went on as much as before, and would have driven, eventually, every ghost believer and spirit rapper out of the place, if the merest chance had not discovered the evil doer in the feathers of our Jacob. I remember mother was for wringing the thing's neck when it was found out, but the father wouldn't hear of it, reserving it, I suppose, as a sensible present to their honors—the Spirit Rappers.

Good thoughts and noble actions are always a source of present happiness, and are often repaid promptly, with interest, in the day of trouble.

FONTENELLE was ninety-eight years of age when a young lady asked him at what period of life men lose all taste for gallantry? "Indeed," replied the old gentleman, "you must ask that question of one older than myself."

SPRING.

Fair pride of earth, thy praise I sing,
Unrivalled glories thou dost bring;
Thy skies assume a lovelier hue,
The distant mountains seem more blue,
The sun more bright;
The fields are robed in living green,
And modest wild flowers there are seen,
Opening their mild eyes to the day,
Whose dew-drop tears of joy display
Their sparkling light.

The streams, with bosoms full of glee,
Flow on in beauty to the sea,
And as their waters glide along,
Upon the sea a liquid song
Of music sweet,
In gentle, murmuring strains arise;
And while the cadence swells and dies,
Upon the margin of the stream,
I love to muse and musing dream,
There, fairies meet.

Over each tree and shrub, Spring weaves
Her garlands bright of flowers and leaves,
And there, within those chambers green,
The constant birds oft build unseen,
A home of love;
While from their shady, calm retreat,
Their melodies of love most sweet,
In joyous warbling strains arise,
Pure as the beauty of the skies,
That smile above.

O Spring, too soon thy charms depart,
Like buds of hope within the heart,
Or love's fair flowers of promise; all,
Too early withered, doomed to fall,
Their glory fade;
But Spring shall oft again arise,
With charms as fair for other eyes;
And birds again as sweetly sing,
Their notes of welcome to the Spring,
When mine are dead.

But youth's fair hopes no more return,
And love's pure flame but once will burn;
If quenched, its sacred fires depart
Forever from the lonely heart,
That dwells in gloom;
Life's bright spring-time returns no more;
Naught can those fleeting charms restore;
No more in beauty shall they share,
The glory of the earth and air,
From out their tomb.

Sweet Spring, I soon must say farewell,
To all the charms that with thee dwell,
And when thy glories all have fled,
And thou art numbered with the dead
Of other days,
Again thy garlands soon shall wave,
Perchance above my peaceful grave;
And if no more thy praise I sing,
Some bard a loftier strain shall bring,
And sweeter lays. April. W. H. D.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICKORY
HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW YEARS AFTER—THE MINERS IN ENGLAND—GREAT CHANGES IN ALL THE FAMILIES.

A few years!—What mighty change do they effect? Youth becomes manhood, manhood assumes the patriarchal, the patriarch merges into imbecile age, age sinks into the grave. Many a King has it forced to become a wanderer, many a wanderer has it raised to the throne. Many a desert has it made to blossom as the rose, many a land of roses has it turned into a desert.

These reflections are suggested from the numerous changes in our history.

The miners mentioned in chapter eight, have sold out their claims and have visited England, and are now engaged in contesting the heirship to Earl Elmore's estate, for their young friend.

The young Earl, since his mother's death, has been left, uncontrolled, to follow the bent of his own inclinations; which have been fostered and made similar to those of his late worthy father. He has been the means of enlarging the parish poor-house, and the county jail; and by his influence, as a magistrate, has succeeded in enclosing, at last, the parish common, containing twelve acres.

The suit had been pending through the whole life of the late Earl, and the present possessor has had the gratification of fulfilling his father's wishes to leave no stone unturned until its accomplishment. An ugly pathway, which ran through his estate, only for the convenience of the villagers, he has succeeded in turning outside his property, giving the work-people a better road, although only half a mile longer. He is a very popular young peer in parliament, and has already given his name to several bills connected with Sunday transgressions and other un-

warrantable popular licenses, and hopes, in time, to be able to fine every man who does not go to church on Sunday twice a day; to punish every man who is found twice a day tippling; and every man who has more than two children, who cannot show good and sufficient means of being able to support them.

He has doubled the number of his game-keepers, and has a posse of private constables, who have introduced such a code of strict morality and behavior in the place, that a young villager dares not cast his eye on one of his lordship's turnips, much less eat one. There is, notwithstanding, much unfortunate distress in the neighborhood, and the laborers migrate from starvation without the poor-house, to starvation within it; from petty larceny within it, to grand larceny without it; from grand larceny without the poor-house, to punishment within the prison; where they are well and comfortably provided for, and every attention administered to their corporal and spiritual state.

Messrs. Suit, Nabb & Smith are contesting lustily the claim of the young miner, and flatter his Lordship that the claimant has not a leg to stand on. They have succeeded in procuring witnesses who were present at the death of the eldest son of the Earl, and have traced out the first nurse who took charge of the two children. They have already involved themselves in considerable perplexity about some mines in Spain somewhere, which that government appeared determined to possess. Countless thousands of the firm have been sunk on these and other unfortunate speculations; but they hope, through the energy of Mr. Smith, who has manifested great ingenuity in introducing himself to his Lordship's notice, once more to right themselves through the nice pickings of this long-robe dispute. They calculate that it will last several years, and enable them to enrich themselves eventually, notwithstanding the present deplorable condition of the funds of the firm.

Mr. and Mrs. experienced sad loss a lawyer at New an exchange of States for a large that was proved and with which appointed on his in not finding th had no doubt, on that most of the of its gold by tra it. He has the other property, Sonoma, and is to forget all his farm, and to kee the town, who is become a fast yo

WAKE THE

Wake the heart's strings,
That speak of the lo
Recall the gay heart,
On Fancy's bright

Wake the heart's gloom
Are hidden the four
Those bright liv
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Reflected the radi

That Spring-tim
brought joy
And I reared my l
But alas! that
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Then wake the row and gr
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Yes, wake the l
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Benicia, April,

popular licenses, and to be able to fine every one who does not go to church on Sunday; to punish every man twice a day tippling; and who has more than two children cannot show good example of being able to support the number of his family, and has a posse of friends, who have introduced a system of strict morality and discipline, that a young man cannot cast his eye on one of the turnips, much less eat one. Withstanding, much unfortunates in the neighborhood, and migrate from starvation to the poor-house, to starvation from petty larceny within it, to the prison; where they are comfortably provided for, and attention administered to their moral and spiritual state. Nabb & Smith are only the claim of the young man, after his Lordship that he has not a leg to stand on. They succeeded in procuring witnesses present at the death of the Earl, and have trained a nurse who took charge of the Earl. They have already secured some considerable personal mines in Spain some of that government appended to possess. Countless thousands have been sunk on their unfortunate speculation, through the energy of a man who has manifested great success in introducing himself to his notice, once more to right through the nice pickings of the dispute. They call it all last several years, and to enrich themselves even withstanding the present depletion of the funds of the

Mr. and Mrs. Hickleberry have experienced sad losses through a rogue of a lawyer at New York who had effected an exchange of the property in the States for a large mine in California that was proved to be nothing but gold, and with which Mr. H. was sadly disappointed on his arrival with his family in not finding the place walled in, and had no doubt, on account of this neglect, that most of the land had been robbed of its gold by travelers passing through it. He has therefore, sold that, and other property, for a little ranch in Sonoma, and is glad of the opportunity to forget all his troubles on his own farm, and to keep young Adam out of the town, who is very much inclined to become a fast young man.

WAKE THE HEART'S ECHOES.

Wake the heart's echoes! touch gently the strings,
That speak of the loved—and the lost;
Recall the gay visions, which swift to my heart,
On Fancy's bright waves once were tossed.

Wake the heart's echoes! deep, deep in its gloom
Are hidden the fountains of youth;—
Those bright living waters, which back on my heart,
Reflected the radiance of truth.

That Spring-time of love, to my spirit brought joy,
And I reared my bright castles of air;
But alas! that time sped, and the bright vision flew,
And left but the Autumn of care.

Then wake the heart's echoes! though sorrow and grief,
Have furrowed this once youthful brow,
And o'er my sad spirit dark changes have come;—
'Twas not alway so gloomy as now.

Then wake the heart's echoes! 'twill teach me to mourn
No longer for those who have gone;
For lightly they passed through the portals of death,
E'er the sorrows of earth they had known.

Yes, wake the heart's echoes! that its sweet strains may tell,
Of a home where no sorrow can come;
And teach me that soon, when life's cares are all o'er,
I shall meet all the loved ones at home.

M. A. H.

Benicia, April, 1857.

DAGUERREOTYPES ON TOMBSTONES.

—There is often—indeed, almost always—a feeling of sadness, which falls with gentle stealth upon the heart, when with slow and measured footsteps, we walk among the green hillocks of the dead. The cheerful looking flowers and shrubs, planted and watched by some loving-hearted mourner, may somewhat relieve the intensity and depth of its gloom; but, with this relief, it partakes too much of the "earth, earthy," and of the "cold, dark grave," than of the "mortal" having "put on immortality."

If on every tombstone there could be seen the life-likeness of the sleeper, as with sparkling eye, and noble mien, he walked "a man among men;" or of some gentle lady, whose kindly and generous impulses could be read in every feature of the "face divine;" or of the angel-child, whose joyous laugh, and innocent smile speaks of the loss to its bereaved and loving parents—and of its passage from earth to heaven—to be the guardian-spirit of the wandering and the disconsolate upon earth—how much more inviting would then be the last resting places of the departed,—could we thus seek the "living" among the "dead," and on every tombstone see the living representative of the sleeper.

IF HE CAN.—Every man ought to get married—if he can.
Every man ought to do his work to suit his customers, if he can.
Every lawyer should tell the truth sometimes, if he can.
Every man ought to mind his own business, and let other people's alone, if he can.
Every man should take a newspaper, and pay for it. [This applies to *The California Magazine*—if he can only think so. We thought we would mention it.]
Whether he can or not.

STANZAS.

BY CONSTANCE.

I come, I come
To thy home,
Far o'er the blue, blue sea;
Come and meet me,
Wait to greet me,
For I come, I come to thee.

Friends I've left—
Of all bereft,
I come to be thy bride;
Not a tear,
Shall appear,
Now I am by thy side.

'Twas hard to part,
And my poor heart,
Grieved in my breast;
But thou art nigh,
And not a sigh,
Shall e'er disturb thy rest.

Oh! I bless thee,
Fondly press thee,
To my bounding heart;
Thou art mine,
I am thine,
No more, no more to part.

SHEET IRON PENSTOCKS FOR HYDRAULIC MINING.

Mr. W. A. Begole, Red Dog Diggings, Nevada Co., has recently invented, or adapted, the sheet iron hose (resembling a stove pipe) or "penstock" for the purposes of hydraulic mining, and which is not only much better, and much cheaper than the old fashioned and clumsy wooden "penstock," and "hydraulic telegraph," but is perfectly water-tight, and will bear a much greater pressure. We saw one of these in full operation on the claim of Mr. Mc Auley, at Walloupa, near Red Dog, that had a pressure of *two hundred and twenty feet*, requiring a hose of four thicknesses of the heaviest kind of cotton duck, attached at the lower end; but, when the water strikes the earth it makes the pebbles fly, although the cement in the ground is very strong and hard.

These "penstocks" are made of No. 20 sheet iron, with a slip of "duck" between the joints, and riveted every inch and a-half at the lower end, and every two inches at the upper end. The elbows are

made of galvanized iron, and soldered together. The size of the pipe is almost eleven inches in diameter at the upper end, but it need not be as large at the lower end.

Being much more convenient, and less expensive than the others, we have no doubt but they will be generally used when they become known.

We would here suggest the utility and adaptability of such pipes, in every mining town, for supplying a sufficiency of water in cases of fire—or the conveyance of water across steep and deep ravines, for mining or other purposes. Try them.

SELF-EXPLOSIVE RASCALITY.

What a pity that the *organs* of rascality were not made *self-explosive*—we speak with reverence—so that when a man became a "bird of prey" among men, financially, socially, or morally, the top of his head might be taken completely off; what a reduction there would be in the population of California!—especially of those who never work, but always live high and dress well—of those who run after other mens' wives, and of those who do not pay the printer, or anybody else.

We know a *few* who would be numbered with the missing, and concerning whom there would be a paragraph in the newspapers, running thus:—

Found, with the upper section of his head blown off, J. L., or R. B., (as the case might be.)—Having no conscience! he is supposed to have died from his own self-explosive rascality. *Requiescat in pace.*

This would open a wide door for the right kind of immigrants, to such a goodly land as this; and as in climate, wealth, and enjoyment, it would be almost a heaven, men would have no desire to leave it for a better.

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Juvenile Department.

LITTLE PICKLE.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.—NO. II.

Kate! Jenny! Tommy! Charley! Here comes Uncle John, along the garden walk. Open the door, stir up the fire, and wheel his chair round! Come in, Uncle, said all. Little Kate pulled off his hat, Jenny took his stick, Tommy his gloves, and Charley pushed him down in his chair, with all his might. Along toddled another little one, the least of Mr. Roberts' family, little Jacky, Uncle John's, and everybody's favorite, and on that account, named after his uncle. Now the little urchin's head and hands were almost buried in his great coat pockets, and out rolled a parcel of apples, oranges, and cakes; and then each strove to climb somewhere upon him, to make a seat. Brother, said Mrs. Roberts, I wonder you allow the children to take such liberties with you; they will torment you to death. Well Sister, when my death arrives, may I die in no other torments than such as these. Bless their little hearts; let them enjoy themselves in their youth; if they have the ordinary lot of mortals in after life, they will have plenty of misery to counterbalance this little happiness.

Now Uncle John, a story,—yes a story, a story,—yes, a tory, a tory, Uncle Don; echoed the least one, clapping his little hands.

Without more ado, "Uncle Don," seeing no means of getting out of it, began:—

In one of the back streets of Gravesend, in New York, there lived many years ago, a family of seven children. The poor things had witnessed many reverses of fortune, and at the time I am speaking of, they were in the utmost misery and want, the father had just been buried, and their mother had been prostrated on a "lingering bed of sickness," without one ray of hope or a bright prospect to cheer her; she had

exhausted all her strength, at the occupation of shirt-making, and was now fairly broken down with over-exertion, incessant watching, and insufficient food. Her eldest girl was in nearly the same plight. With all her utmost exertions, bare bread, and that in scanty portion, she could only procure, by this shamefully paid work.

There was one little chubby faced girl, eight years old, amongst the number; a little audacious, forward, pert maid, as many called her, and as her name implied, Little Pickle, who saw their distress, and was always thinking how their condition could be remedied. Young as she was, there was given to her a heart more susceptible of sympathy than happens to most young children of her age. She was a singular child in other respects, and could take care of all her little brothers and sisters the whole day; and by her arts, amuse them and keep all the other little Pickles in good humor, and often by this means cheat them out of their sorrow and remembrance of an usual meal; so that amongst so many pickles, a jar of pickles was rarely seen. She knew many little arts whereby to amuse them, and when any of them happened to be ailing or complaining, Little Pickle was the only one who could quiet them—she would dry up their tears, settle their quarrels, kiss them all around, cut them out paper kites and paper carts, make them rag dolls, with a thousand other little arts—best loved of children. This little stir-about creature was the prettiest of the lot; she had large blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and the sweetest expression in the world; the only thing that spoiled all, she was at times proud of a little mischief with other girls and boys in the neighborhood; but it was soon forgiven, for all knew what a good sister she was in her own little family.

One snowy morning, in the depth of winter, Mrs. Pickle felt herself so ill

made of galvanized iron, and soldered together. The size of the pipe is almost even inches in diameter at the upper end, but it need not be as large at the lower end. Being much more convenient, and less expensive than the others, we have no doubt that they will be generally used when they come known.

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This would open a wide door for the best kind of immigrants, to such a fertile land as this; and as in climate, health, and enjoyment, it would be almost a heaven, men would have no reason to leave it for a better.

as to be unable to rise from her bed. She and the eldest daughter had over-exerted themselves, shirt-making, the past week, depriving themselves of proper rest, and now felt unable to look after their little family. There was not a stick of wood to light a fire, and only a quarter of a loaf of bread in the house. Little Pickle at once saw how matters stood, and young as she was, anticipated the coming troubles of the day.—Alas! what will become of my poor children this day, said the anxious mother; God must provide for them, for I cannot.—Without saying a word, Little Pickle crept out of bed, and putting on her shoes, opened the street door and sallied out. The mother took no notice of the child, indeed she had hardly spirit enough to move out of the bed, even if the house were falling, and knowing what a queer girl she was to take care of herself, never asked her a question. The snow came falling down upon her head in huge flakes, so that she could scarcely see. She had no bonnet on, and finding her shoes let in the snow, and the ragged soles stopping her progress, she soon kicked them off, and braved the storm with uncovered head and naked feet. She had remembered that near Harris street, about a quarter mile off, some houses were building, and she bent her way thither. Walking up to the doorway on a plank, she dropped a courtesy before the carpenter at work, and said—If you please sir, will you be so good as to let me gather a few shavings to make a fire, for my mother is very poorly, and my brothers and sisters are too young to do anything for a living? No, no, said the man, in a gruff voice, we have no shavings to spare; we are poor ourselves, and have nothing to give to any beggars. How can you huff a poor little creature like that, Tom, said another man, on such a morning as this. Fancy your own child before you on such an errand, and receiving such an answer. Come here my dear, said he, I'll give you a plenty of shavings. What have you got to put them in?

A rope, sir. A rope, that wont do. Here, take this sack and fill it full, and put any bits of wood amongst them that you can find. Thanking him a dozen times, she set to work, and filled a large sack, the man watching her, then said—Why, you can't carry all that? I'll try, sir, if you please, for it will make such a nice fire. She tried and couldn't lift it. But I can drag it, sir. With that she pulled it to the doorway, and the man led her by the hand over the plank, for it was a long one and very slippery, and then carried the bag for her out into the street. Poor child, said he, and then went to work. Little Pickle got along famously, except when she came to a crossing that was not trodden down, for the snow would so gather that she was obliged to stop and lift it over the heap, and then pull on again.

"My child, are you in a hurry with that work?" said a motherly voice, to Little Pickle. "No marm," she instantly and cheerfully replied. "Just fill these two kettles with water at the pump, for me, will you, and I'll give you something?"

She left her sack of shavings, and did so. "Now what shall I give you?" Little Pickle eyed a good round coal on the pavement. (They were throwing coals into the cellar.) I should like if you please, a bit of coal. "Well, take the biggest lump you can find." And off trudged Little Pickle with the coal.

"Child, which way are you going?" said a lady, popping her head out of the front door of a big house, standing ajar. "Are you going past Hammond street?" Yes marm, I go right by it. "Then take this letter and leave it at No. 53, the house with white shutters." I can read a bit, marm, said Little Pickle. "O, can you? Then you will make no mistake." Any answer, marm? "No, child," said the lady, feeling her in pocket; "and here's a sixpence for you. Don't spend it all in sweets and make yourself sick, now." O, no, marm—thank ye, thank ye, a thousand thanks dear lady. You do not know how many

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 n do not know how many

good things this will buy for us. "Have
 you no shoes this very cold weather?"
 No marm. "Come to me the day
 after to-morrow, and I'll give you an
 old pair of my Jane's." Poor child,
 said the lady as she shut the door, and
 soon forgot her.

What shall I do now with it? Her
 thoughts were interrupted by a man
 crying fish—new mackerel. O, how my
 poor mother would like a mackerel.
 Let me have five cents worth, if you
 please, said she to the man. He put
 down his basket and gave her one of
 the best he had, and put it on a string,
 and she hung it on her arm and trudg-
 ed on with it and the big coal.

Who should she meet on her way
 but that sancy fellow, Harry Townly,
 and a great snow-ball on her rosy cheek
 was his first salute. Don't Harry,
 there's a good fellow, for poor mother
 and sister are very sick in bed, and are
 waiting for me to light their fire and
 get their breakfast. Mother sick, I'm
 sorry for that Susan. Here, let me
 carry that big lump for you home.
 You seem tired, and how precious wet
 you are. Aint you cold? O, no, but
 if you'll wait till I run back to that
 house you see at the end of the street,
 for a sack of shavings, I should think
 it very kind of you. O, no; I'll go—
 you tramp on, and I'll go for the shav-
 ings. Thank you, thank you.

On her way she bethought herself
 that her mother would want some
 butter for the fish, so she spent the re-
 mainder of her money on it, and then
 too late remembered there was no flour
 nor bread, scarcely. However, her
 good luck gave her courage, and so she
 went straight up to the first baker's
 store she saw open, and said—If you
 please marm, will you trust me for a
 little lot of flour or a loaf of bread, and
 I'll pay you honestly, with the first
 money I have? Trust you? ye young
 minx, indeed. Why, judging from your
 appearance, you'll never have any
 money, but what you can steal; be off
 with you, you young brat. How can
 you speak that way, to a poor thing

like that? Here, come back, take a
 loaf and some flour too, if you can
 carry it. Thank you, kind sir; be sure
 I shall pay you. No matter for that,
 said the baker, but how will you man-
 age to carry it? Where did you get
 that big coal from? Why, she stole it,
 to be sure, said the woman, and such
 as you encourage thieves. Indeed, I
 did not, said Little Pickle, holdly—a
 woman gave it to me, for filling two
 large kettles with water, while it was
 snowing. O, here comes Harry. He
 can help me, if you please, sir. Here,
 Harry, put the loaf and the flour in the
 sack, and it wont be much heavier, you
 know. All right said the good natur-
 ed little fellow. Come along Little
 Pickle. Do you know her, Harry?
 said the baker's woman, for his mother
 was a customer of the baker's. Know
 her, yes,—she's a little sweet-heart of
 mine. Come along, Susan. What
 have you done with your shoes? O, don't
 ask me Harry,—mother has become
 so poor lately that I havn't asked her
 for anything, for I know if she could
 give it me, I needn't ask for it. Well,
 I'll see mother, and she shall call. O,
 don't for goodness sake tell your folks
 any thing about it; mother would be so
 ashamed, and then I should get a scold-
 ing. We shall get along first rate,
 when mother and sister get well, I
 know.

You may judge, my dears, what a
 scene there was when Little Pickle
 spread her treasures before her mother
 and eldest sister. It had a wonderful
 effect upon Mrs. Pickle.

Well, above all things in the world,
 I should relish a bit of fish. I have
 dreamed about it these three nights.
 What a nice fire? Bless you, Susan
 said she, kissing the girl,—you are
 your mother's own treasure, and some
 day or other, will become a great wo-
 man. Mrs. Pickle little dreamt how
 these predictions were to be fulfill-
 ed.

Time wore on; shirt-making was a
 sorry business. Little Pickle never
 liked it, she was always wishing to be

out in the air, the free, joyous air. It seemed to expand her thoughts, while confinement cramped the energies of her mother and sister.

Thought she, if I could only get a good basket of oranges, I think I could sell them to good profit to many good people, so she took her little charge home, and told her brother that he was now old enough to take care of them, and that she would give him an orange every day for it, if he was a good boy. The next day she resolved to put in practice what she had proposed, and with basket in hand, presented herself before a large shop in which they were sold.

The benevolent old man who kept the store, thinking her earnest request to be trusted somewhat remarkable, patted her on the head and said, strike me lucky, but I think there is honesty in those blue eyes of yours, and I'll trust you. Come this way. So he filled her large basket with the best fruit he could find in his store, and told her for how much a piece she was to sell them, and what she was to bring back to him.

Her traffic was so successful, that for a whole fortnight she regularly brought him back his money yet, and supplied her mother and family with some time more than half of their necessary food. All this time her mother and sister could only guess of her business by the orange or two that she would bring home for her mother and sister, and the little ones. She was out all the day, but came home regularly at six o'clock every evening.

A lady who was passing that way in a carriage with her little invalid daughter, stopped to look at some oranges which Little Pickle had on a wooden tray before her. She handed to the poor weak child, several fine ones. What a nice pretty girl, Mamma, said the invalid. How I should like her to play with me. Should you, dearest? said her mother, regarding her with painful solicitude, for her illness had hitherto baffled all the skill of the best

physicians of a highly cultivated community. Indeed she had been told that her amiable child was shortly destined for another world, and her gradually wasting little frame assured her of its truth.

I will consult the Doctor what he says about it. Should you like to come and attend upon my poor sick daughter, enquired she of Little Pickle, with tears in her eyes. O yes, madam, I think I could amuse her. Well then, you be here to-morrow at this time, and I will know where to send for you.

Little Pickle had now become an inmate in Mrs. St. George's family, (that was the name of the lady,)—and succeeded in pleasing everybody by her affable manners and gentle spirit. She moved about the sick room like a fairy, and her little patient grew so fond of her, that she would receive neither food nor medicine from any other hands. She had a little cot in the room, and slept by her side, and watched her often through the live-long, lonely night, nor did she forget in her prayers to ask, if it should please God, to recover her little friend, as well as to bless him for the happy change her good fortune had wrought in her own family.

Amongst her stories, wherewith she used to amuse the sick child, and beguile her of her pain, was that of her wonderful cat, Snowball, at home. Snowball was taught to sit up at a little table and to drink a cup of milk, holding it between her paws just like a human creature.

Little Pickle had made Snowball a dress, with a hoop to it, a bonnet and cap, and she had taught it to walk on its hind legs, and do many amusing tricks. So nothing would satisfy the patient, but she must see Snowball, and the young lady puss, was soon introduced, and located into the family of Mrs. St. George.

One morning, the first that Miss Snowball had to make her appearance before Miss St. George, the droll sight of her black face (she had not a spot of any other color than jet black about

her) purring under a little lace cap and bow and flaunting ribbons veil, was so comical that her lid burst out into a fit, afterwards sank back to alarm both the nurse and George; and all in the followed by a copious the stomach, of blood matter.

Oh what have I Pickle, wringing her Ah, what have you will be the death of fear, cried the elder you done? said the been sent for in his flown on wings to What have you probability you your little mistress Mrs. St. George, the young lady's annual cancer. It had violence of her last

Our Prosperity Agricultural and California, as the basis deductions, and of perity as compared feel compelled to present never had never a brighter than is now present

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her) purring underneath a fine edged little lace cap and bonnet, with flowers and flaunting ribbons, and a little green veil, was so comical that the little invalid burst out into a fit of laughter, and afterwards sank back so exhausted as to alarm both the nurses and Mrs. St. George, and all in the house. This was followed by a copious discharge from the stomach, of blood, mixed with other matter.

Oh what have I done, cried Little Pickle, wringing her hands in agony. Ah, what have you done indeed? It will be the death of the dear child, I fear, cried the elder nurse. What have you done? said the Doctor, who had been sent for in haste, and must have flown on wings to the child's bedside. What have you done? Why, in all probability you have saved the life of your little mistress, you little puss. Mrs. St. George, I now know what is the young lady's ailment—it is an internal cancer. It has broken, through the violence of her laughter, and discharged

its pus copiously. I will send a gentle emetic, and I hope now, in less than a month her health will be established.

It was so, and Little Pickle became like one of Mrs. St. George's own children. They had the same teachers, the same dress, and lived together just like two sisters, and not many years after this event, Miss Clara St. George, and Miss Susan Pickle, married two brothers, the eminent bankers, * * * and * * * of New York, and both of them adorned the sphere in which they moved, by active offices of benevolence and virtue.

Is that the history of Mrs. * * * so much talked of amongst the first circles of New York? I knew, brother, you were well acquainted with them, but never knew till now these events.

Yes, sister, these are facts, worthy of being placed before children, to teach them how to be kind to their parents, and follow the beloved of the Lord's precept.

Little children, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Editor's Table.

OUR PROSPERITY.—Were we to take the Agricultural and Mining population of California as the basis on which to ground our deductions, and opinion, of her present prosperity as compared with the past; we should feel compelled to declare our belief, that the present never had been equalled before, with never a brighter prospect in view, for the future, than is now presented.

The last Autumn and Winter, and now the Spring, have all been peculiarly propitious to agricultural operations, and never have the growing crops of our fields and gardens presented a more promising appearance than now; whilst fair and remunerative prices for farm produce, have ruled with but little fluctuation for the last six months.

Of the Mining interest we can speak even more flatteringly if possible; for the present can be said emphatically to mark a distinctive

era in the history of California gold mining operations. It arises from this.—The past year has been one fraught with great interest to the quartz rock operations. Experiments—for really they could be called nothing else—on a more extended scale than ever before, have been made to test the practicability of successfully working the numerous quartz veins that abound in all parts of our mining region, from San Bernardino to Oregon.

And now that these experiments have, almost without exception, proved the perfect feasibility and practicability of working them to great profit, a new and more certain impetus is being given to this species of gold mining, and which is to give permanent employment to, and become a great and perpetual source of prosperity to thousands and thousands of our citizens.

In placer mining, the extension of water

facilities to new and vast areas of surface and deep hill diggings, and their abundant yield, not only make the present, prosperous beyond precedent, but the fact that the same causes that are contributing to our present prosperity admit of an almost unlimited extension, gives us assurance doubly sure for the future. The miner, however, still labors under very many disadvantages, and not the least of which is, in not having his present supply of water *throughout the year*; a fact which we hope will meet with the consideration it deserves, that gold dust may pour into the coffers of the miner, and indirectly to many others—not for a few brief months in spring-time only, but throughout the year.

WHY SHALL WE BE PROSPEROUS?

Within the past few weeks, it has been our lot to journey to nearly every mining settlement in the counties of Nevada, Sierra, Butte, and Yuba, on business connected with this Magazine, and with heart-felt pleasure we record the belief that mining, this present spring, will be the most successful and the most prosperous, to a very large majority of men, that California has ever seen—not excluding the palmy days of 1849, '50 and '51. We have no doubt that the reader would like to know the data upon which we found such belief.

First, then, let us take "Placer" mining—this includes all kinds of mining in gulches, rivers, flats, hills, and all other places where gold is found chiefly among gravel; in contradistinction to that found in quartz;—and although all of these (we speak of "Placer" diggings,) have their workers, the most important and extensive are the "hill diggings." These are not only by far the most extensive, and the most lasting, but generally speaking, are the most permanently profitable. Now, those who live in cities and have not made themselves familiar with mountain scenes and life, cannot fully comprehend how the gold is found in these hills, or how worked, without great plainness of speech; others will therefore please excuse us for appearing "a little too particular" in describing them.

All of the hills in which mining is carried on, are composed of gravel, large water-washed boulders, and other substances, which lie upon what is called the "bed rock." The

outer edge of this "bed rock"—or solid stone—is generally *higher than the centre*, and forms a kind of "basin." In order to work the gravel found on the hill and in these basins to advantage, it is generally necessary to make an "open cut," or "tunnel," through the solid rock, or outer rim of this "basin," by which to reach the gravel, and wash it down. The time required to run these tunnels through the solid rock is very great, and would discourage all but the strong of heart and will, before they were half completed; by way of example we will mention one instance, as but an illustration of hundreds of others, many of them being undertakings of far greater magnitude.

At Little York, Nevada county, we saw the Mansfield tunnel that was driven two hundred and ninety feet through solid rock—rock so hard that two men worked both day and night *for one week, without penetrating quite twelve inches.* Mr. John Stewart, formerly of Ohio, one of its owners, informed us, that they worked at their tunnel day and night for *two years, one month, and six days* before striking gravel. When they *did* strike it, they found it very rich, and now it is a large fortune to each of its owners. And such success all such earnest hearted and unceasing workers well deserve, yet, all are not quite as fortunate.

Now there are many, many hundreds of such tunnels completed, and men can now work their claims steadily for many years, and that working will help to make the present spring—and many more to come—very prosperous.

Next let us take Quartz Mining. At the present moment much attention is, and judiciously given to quartz mining; and which is not now at the mercy of uninformed operators, as it was in the years 1851, '52 and '53, and consequently in nearly every instance it is now becoming very profitable. The following table compiled chiefly from the *Mining Journal*, published by W. B. Ewer, Grass Valley, will show the majority of quartz mills now in successful operation:

| | | | |
|--------|--------|-------|----|
| Shasta | County | | 2 |
| Plumas | " | | 1 |
| Sierra | " | | 5 |
| Butte | " | | 5 |
| Yuba | " | | 1 |
| Nevada | " | | 21 |
| Placer | " | | 3 |

There are also about twenty Arastras now

running in the vicinity of
 county.
 El Dorado County
 Amador " "
 Calaveras " "
 Tuolumne " "
 Mariposa " "
 Besides thirty Arastras
 dependent of mills.
 Santa Cruz County
 Kern River
 And twenty Arastras
 By this we see the
 five quartz mills—
 successful operation
 age of ten stamps
 hundred and fifty s
 average about three
 not exceed one to
 twenty-four hours,
 capacity, and which
 —a low average—
 gold at about fifty
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 leads which have
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 number given in t
 In a future num
 to prove that qu
 very profitable in
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 California.
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 ent time, is supp
 ited extent, with
 months it may be
 ble to the miner
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edge of this "bed rock"—or solid stone—generally higher than the centre, and forms a basin. In order to work the gravel on the hill and in these basins to advantage it is generally necessary to make an "cut," or "tunnel," through the solid rock, by which the gravel, and wash it down. The required to run these tunnels through the rock is very great, and would discourage the strong of heart and will, before they are half completed; by way of example I mention one instance, as but an illustration of hundreds of others. Many of them are undertakings of far greater magnitude. In Little York, Nevada county, we saw the field tunnel that was driven two hundred and twenty feet through solid rock—rock so hard that two men worked but a day and night a week, without penetrating quite twelve feet. Mr. John Stewart, formerly of Ohio, and his owners, informed us, that they had at their tunnel day and night for two months, and six days before striking gold. When they did strike it, they found it rich, and now it is a large fortune to its owners. And such success all such hearted and unceasing workers will yet, all are not quite as fortunate. There are many, many hundreds of such completed, and men can now work steadily for many years, and working will help to make the present—and many more to come—very prosperous.

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| | |
|-------------|----|
| County..... | 2 |
| "..... | 1 |
| "..... | 5 |
| "..... | 5 |
| "..... | 1 |
| "..... | 21 |
| "..... | 3 |

also about twenty Arastras now

running in the vicinity of Doten's Flat in this county.

| | |
|-----------------------|----|
| El Dorado County..... | 14 |
| Amador "..... | 15 |
| Calaveras "..... | 7 |
| Tuolumne "..... | 3 |
| Mariposa "..... | 5 |

Besides thirty Arastras which are running independent of mills.

| | |
|------------------------|---|
| Santa Cruz County..... | 2 |
| Kern River..... | 1 |

And twenty Arastras all paying well.

By this we see that already there are eighty-five quartz mills—exclusive of Arastras—in successful operation, and which, with an average of ten stampers to each mill, give eight hundred and fifty stampers, each of which will average about three tons of quartz—some will not exceed one ton per day—crushed every twenty-four hours, when worked up to their full capacity, and which, at twenty dollars per ton—a low average—will give the produce of gold at about fifty thousand dollars per day.

These do not include the number of quartz leads which have been tested and known to be rich, and to work which arrangements are now being made for machinery, &c., and which, when completed, will more than double the number given in the above table.

In a future number we shall give some facts to prove that quartz is, and can be made, a very profitable investment, and must eventually become the great staple of mining, in California.

Again, next to this, we may mention, that nearly every mining district, just at the present time, is supplied, although to a very limited extent, with water; and for the few brief months it may last, will make the gold available to the miner:—but this, unfortunately, as the summer months advance, will decrease, or disappear entirely, until another winter's rains may renew the supply. As there is an abundant and never failing supply of water in every mountain stream, and in lakes upon the very tops of the Sierras, which could be introduced at a reasonable cost, we think it a very shortsighted policy that it should not be done—by canals and ditches.

These, then, are the data upon which we base our belief that the present will be the most prosperous year in California's chequered history.

MAY-DAY—In its annual round is at hand, reminding us of cherry-checked children, smiling faces, hearts buoyant with budding life, gayety, May-poles, May-queens and flowers.

And truly befitting it is and right, that in this world of passions, in which every year has its day or days devoted to special objects, purposes and pursuits, and nearly all of them to the worship of Mammon, that childhood too, should have its day.

And what can be more appropriate to the day, than "crowning the queen of May?" and the merry dances of childhood round the May-poles? bedecked with all the paraphernalia of innocence and purity; and what can be more becoming or a fitter emblem of their pure and guileless hearts than flowers, sweet flowers?

Then let us turn for a day and forget the world's sordid thoughts, in our devotion to the pleasures that arise from making glad the hearts of our children; let us at least for one day strew their pathway with pleasures and with flowers; yes, give to them a May-day, joyous and happy.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Manco.—We have received a very pleasant little note from you, in relation to the legitimacy of the "Boy Angel," of whom we said in our April No.—not that it was a plagiarism; but that—it is not clear to us that he is the offspring of "Manco." And these are our reasons—"Manco" says, in his accompanying note—"Enclosed with this is a manuscript copy of a poem," &c. Now we knew the moment we cast our eyes upon it, that it was "manuscript," and it being a "copy" of a poem, led us to suppose that it had been copied. And besides this, the "Boy Angel" came to us docketed from head to foot with inverted commas, or quotation marks—nearly every stanza begins and ends with them. This also led us into error; and yet we can hardly see why "Manco" should thus quote an article which he claims as original, unless he, while making up his "Boy Angel," intended also making a "Bull." We are perfectly willing, however, to admit its originality; but as it is too lengthy for our columns entire, we propose to give, say two stanzas at a time, as in this way it will last the

longer, and so give an opportunity to make the whole "poem" intelligible!

"Neath the lithe willow, and hushed to deep slumber
By the murmur'ing song of the river,
'Mong the soft flowers, which she scarce seemed to
As softly, that fair form they cover, slumber,

"Lies hushed, and soft breathing, a fair maiden form;
She dreams; with her face turned to heaven,
And kneeling alone, in a fierce raging storm,
She prays that protection be given."

Now here we are led to understand that "a fair maiden lies hushed to deep slumber 'mong the soft flowers, she dreams, with her face turned to heaven—and kneeling alone in a fierce raging storm, she prays" &c. Now the question is, Manco, in which position will you have her; is she to be "lying" and dreaming, or "kneeling" and praying? as we wish to understand our subject as we go along. But we shall be happy to hear from Manco in some good short articles at any time, for we are persuaded that he can write well if he uses care.

C——. We are sorry that you should have got in a pet. We really think more of your articles now, than you seem to yourself. But really, we ought to be permitted to make our own rules for our own governance, whether others please to conform to them or not; there is no compulsion on either part. We hope, however, that you will see the necessity of such a rule—as every name is sacred to privacy with us, and is never given to any one, without the consent of the author.

Florina.—If you will turn to Mrs. Hemans' Poems, you will find she wrote of summer thus:

"Thou art bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell."

And now as "original poetry," you write of Spring-time thus:

"Yes, withered are thy roses,
Spring-time, fare thee well!
We would listen to thy melodies
From every wood and dell."

And the same remarkable but unfortunate coincidence! runs through every stanza of your poetry. You ask to be excused for not giving your real name. Certainly—we have no desire to know it.

"Something to Love."—Is very good—but—we would write you, if we had your address. See the notice to C. D.

C. D.—You say of "No Surrender,"—That if we think it good, we may publish it. Doubtless we may, as Newspaperdom has availed itself of the same privilege for years. But why did you sign it as original?

Epithalamium.—We really have not the "two square inches of space," for a thing so old.

R. W., Cedarville.—Your "Lines on the death of a Sister," are very beautiful and poetical, and we should have doubtless found them a place, but unfortunately they are so very long; we hope, however, you will soon favor us with something brief and Californian—something that a miner can read with pleasure when he goes to his cabin-home, weary with his day's toil. That is the kind we wish.

Aunt Caddy.—It is to our wanderings "over the hills and far away," that you must attribute our silence to your kind little note, and the accompanying articles. In answer to your question, "Who is Old Block?" permit us to say that we entertained the thought that the very ancient and respectable personage, generally known as "Everybody," knew him "like a book,"—but, as it appears that everybody don't know him, we might be violating the universal custom and etiquette editorial by revealing such secrets. Therefore we must not "commit" ourselves, by saying that a letter addressed to (1) A. Delano, Esq., Grass Valley, Nevada County, will go direct to "Old Block!" We approve your views of "A Tale with a Moral." Send along your "Incidents of Real Life in California."

Jane C——.—Oh! my eye and Elizabeth Mar—what a "vixen" you must be. We wish that poor fellow luck, who "binds his lot with thine;"—but whatever you may do, be sure and not "favor" us with any more of your "kind words," if those sent are any sample, "bekase we'd rayther not"—we would.

G. K. G.—Is received. Only eleven pages of closely written foolscap, to your article, and all of the account could have been better given in four. Oh fie!

Columbia.—Buried by the Wayside,—with several other articles, are unavoidably crowded out this month.

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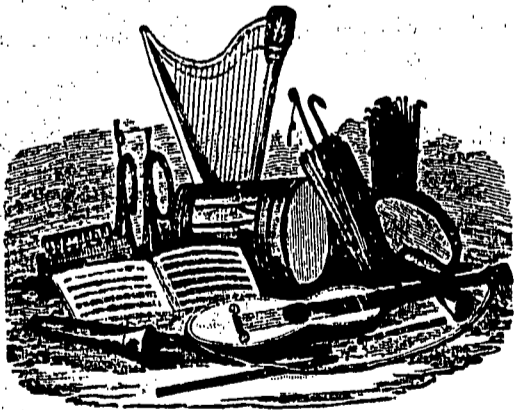
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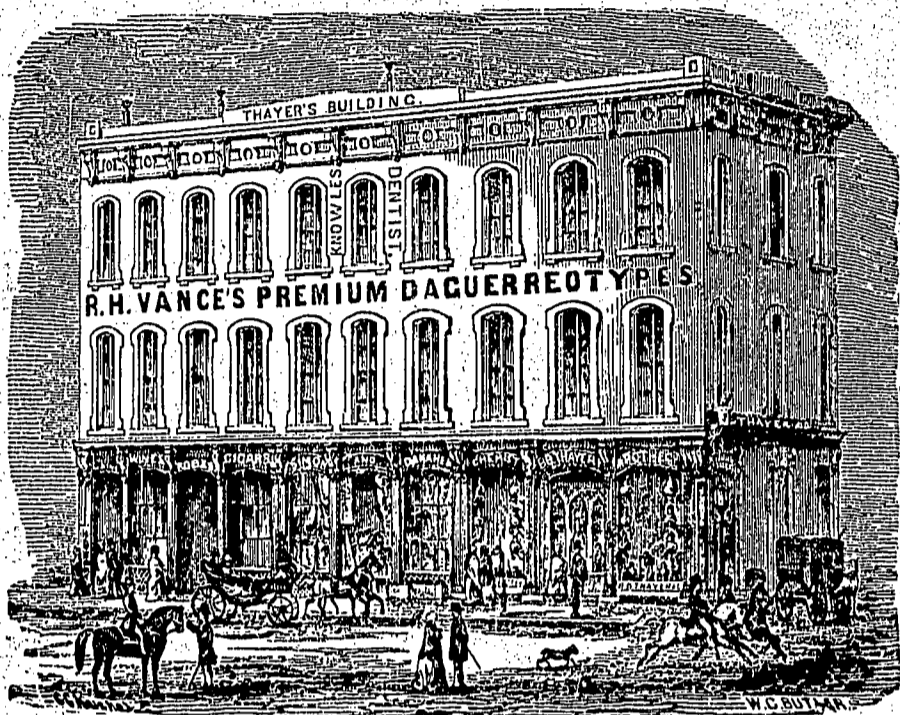
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