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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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VOL. II.



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HUTCHINGS'  
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1857.

NO. I.

OURSELVES.



**N** this, the advent of the first-fruits of your continued kindness, and our second volume, gentle reader, we may, perhaps, be permitted to congratulate, and say "God speed ye," to each other. Thus far we have traveled together over plain and mountain, meadow and hill, among forest trees and shrubs, and wild-flowers of the ever-varying landscape of California experience. We trust that our converse by the way has been to each other's heart like

alternating sunlight and shadow to a beautiful scene, gilding the sorrowful with hope, and shading the joyful with a common brotherhood and sympathy, for the unfortunate.

We hope that during the coming months, our friendly interest in, and communion with each other, will be increased; and our presence become a welcome identity with every household in our Pacific State.

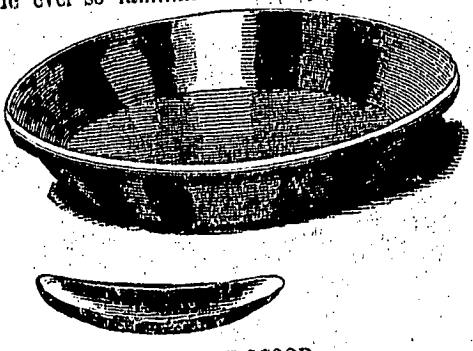
It may be cheering to our friends to know, that their words of kindness, and acts of co-operation, have crowned our efforts with unexpected success, so that now there is scarcely a glen or a valley, a settlement or a camp, a town or a city, in California, where our Magazine does not find its way; and thousands every month are sent to distant friends, to give them greeting and remembrance. Gratitude for these continually extending favors, will, we trust, nerve us to fresh endeavors, to make the California Magazine in every way more worthy of the kind approval of the public for the future; believing it to be the cheapest publication on the Pacific coast, we are determined also, that it shall be among the best.

MINING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

The reader, no doubt, well remembers the peculiar impressions which the first tidings of the discovery of gold in California produced upon his mind. How in every possible way the imagination industriously endeavored to picture the exhilarating scenes which surrounded, and the pleasurable excitement which attended the enviable employment of digging for gold. What lucky fellows they must be, who, untrammelled by the common-place constraint of ordinary business, could, with their own hands, take the precious metal from the earth, and in a few brief months, perhaps, by their own labor, become the fortunate possessors of sufficient wealth to make a whole lifetime happy for themselves and family, as well as useful to others.

What enchanting visions of the good to be accomplished—of the pleasures to be

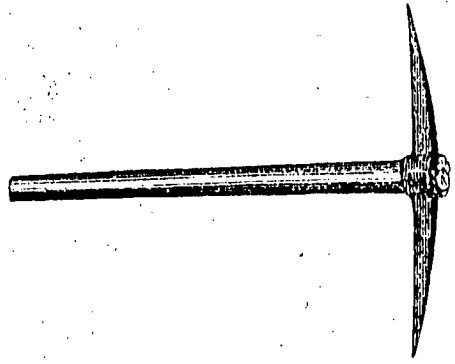
of what they are, or how they are worked. We therefore believe that the reader—he, he ever so familiar with everything apper-



PAN AND SCOOP.

taining to mining and mining life—will be the better pleased should our description of each and every method and implement be simple, and easy to be understood.

After the discovery of gold, by James W. Marshall, at Sutter's Mill, on the South Fork of the American River, near Coloma, in the early spring of 1848, altho' the forests and glens were almost untrod, and their stillness unbroken, except by wild animals, and Indians; the "Prospector,"



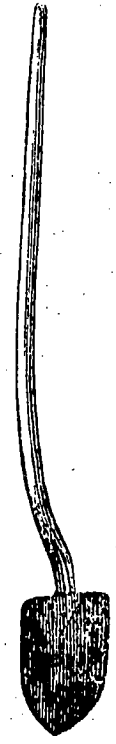
PICK.

enjoyed—of the greatness to be achieved,—or the triumphs to be won, influenced his decision and turned his thoughts and footsteps towards the Land of Gold.

No wonder that his impressions were somewhat vague, and his knowledge limited and indefinite; as but little was then known of the country, manner of living, the labor required, or methods in use for working the mines. Even to this day, with all that has been written, and all the pictorial illustrations which have been published, those who have not actually visited the mines, have but a very incorrect conception



PROSPECTING.



SHOVEL.

with his pick or shovel upon his pan in his hand, and his knife or revolver in his belt around his waist, to wander among the hills, ravines and gulches "prospecting"

In 1849 and 1850 it was very common for small companies of men to go on prospecting excursion, with their provisions, cooking utensils, blankets, and fire-arms, at their backs; and on a small mule-load, climb the most difficult mountains; descend the most rocky and dangerous cañons, with fatigue and hardship; and braved death and peril almost entirely unknown at the present time.

Sometimes it is true an animal was taken for that purpose; but if the animal was not broken, he was almost always the cause of more anxiety and discomfort; as men would often travel over snow, into which they would sink; and cross an icy mountain stream upon a small raft, or log-cabin, no animal would ever be used, and could he have been induced to cross the stream for the purpose of forcing the rushing water to trip him off his feet and scatter his pieces upon the rocks; so that the only course had to be entirely the enterprise abandoned.

At that period the precious metal was supposed to be found only in cañons, gulches, or ravines; and the latter were the readiest prospecting places worked, and often the most tempting offered to the prospector; and consequently the first places sought after by him.

Having arrived at a spot where he was to dig, and which he termed "a hole," down would go his pick or shovel, and after removing a few loose earth or stones which lay upon the top, he would commence digging a hole (generally about the size of a hat) in the lowest part of



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PROSPECTING.



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MINING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

with his pick or shovel upon his shoulder, his pan in his hand, and his knife and trusty revolver in his belt around his waist, began to wander among the hills, and up the ravines and gulches "prospecting" for gold.

In 1849 and 1850 it was very common for small companies of men to start on a prospecting excursion, with several days' provisions, cooking utensils, blankets, tools, and fire-arms, at their backs; and with this small mule-load, climb the most rugged and difficult mountains; descend and cross the most rocky and dangerous cañons; endure fatigue and hardship; and brave privation and peril almost entirely unknown at the present time.

Sometimes it is true an animal might be taken for that purpose; but, if his neck was not broken, he was almost invariably the cause of more anxiety and trouble than of comfort; as men would often have to travel over snow, into which an animal would sink; and cross an impetuous mountain stream upon a small pine, which, of course, no animal would ever attempt; and could he have been induced to enter the stream for the purpose of fording it, the force of the rushing water would have tripped him off his feet and dashed him to pieces upon the rocks; so that the company's course had to be entirely changed, or the enterprise abandoned.

At that period the precious metal was supposed to be found only in rivers, cañons, gulches, or ravines; and, as the latter were the readiest prospected, and the easiest worked, and often paid very well; they offered the most tempting inducement to the prospector; and consequently, were the first places sought after and tested by him.

Having arrived at a spot which looked inviting, and which he thought would "pay," down would go his pan and pick, or shovel, and after removing some of the loose earth or stones which were lying on the top, he would commence making a small hole (generally about the size of his hat!) in the lowest part of the ravine, from

whence a panful of dirt would be taken, and washed; and, if found to be rich, a "claim" or "claims" would be immediately staked off, and a notice put up which generally read as follows:

*"We, the undersigned, claim fifteen feet square (or other quantity mentioned) commencing at this stake, and running up this ravine to the oak tree with a notch in it."*

(Signed.) PETER SNIGGINS  
JEREMIAH TURTLE."

As somewhat illustrative of this rule among miners, we may mention that a short time ago, a stalwart son of the "Emerald Isle," was prospecting a ravine near Forbestown, having obtained a dollar to the pan, and considering it a pretty good prospect, he concluded to "take up a claim" there; but just as he was exulting over his good fortune, he espied a "notice" upon an old stump with the ominous words written thereon: "*We, the undersigned, claim, &c., &c., having duly recorded the same.*" "Ow the divil," he exclaimed, "how came ye there now?" But as the notice returned him no answer, and as he saw some men working but a few yards below, he went to them with the inquiry—"I say Misther, who owns thim claims?"

"We do," replied one.

"Be gorrah thim ye hav no right to thim."

"Oh yes, we have a right to them, as we took them up, and recorded them, and have been working upon them all summer."

"Recarded thim! Ow the divil recard ye's! sure there's not an owld stoomp within five miles of Forbestown but what has a notice plastered all over it as big as a winder, with 'Recarded' in mighty fine letters all over the paper, from the top to the bottom. To the divil with ye's and the recarder too—the baist!" With this generous wish and benediction, he walked away muttering—"The divil 'recard' ye's."

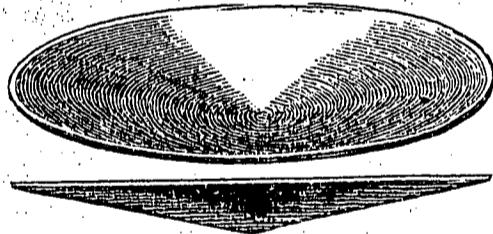
If, however, a good prospect was not obtained in the first panful of auriferous dirt, a second was seldom attempted by the prospector of 1848.

Before leaving him, let us see how his

panful of dirt is washed—as the process of “panning out” is precisely the same now as it was then, and is an indispensable accompaniment to every method of gold mining.

Having placed his pan by the edge of a pool or stream, he takes hold of the sides with both hands, and squatting down lowers it into the water, then, with a kind of oscillating and slightly rotary motion, he moves it about beneath the surface for a few moments, then, after drawing it to the edge of the pool, he throws out the largest of the stones, and assists to dissolve the dirt by rubbing it between his hands; the washing is then repeated; and, while the muddy water and sand are floated out of the pan into the pool, the gold, if there is any, settles gradually to the bottom of the pan and is there saved.

If a little only of very fine gold was found, it was called in miner's phraseology “finding the color,” and if from ten to twenty-five cents were found to the pan, it was called “a good prospect.” Now, however, with improved modes of mining, and less extravagant expectations, from one to three cents is pronounced “good pay dirt.”



MEXICAN BOWL.

The Mexicans and Chilians use almost exclusively the *batea*, or broad wooden bowl shown in the engraving above, instead of the pan.

Next to the *pan* and bowl as implements for the more speedy separation of gold from the earth, the *cradle* or *rocker* holds an important place; from the fact that it was the first appliance, superior to the pan used with effect in all parts of the mines. Its size and weight rendering it portable, it

was easily transferred from place to place, and even now is much in use as a prospecting implement upon a scale more extended than can well be executed with the pan.

Our description of the cradle or rocker is this: an oblong box from three to three and a half feet in length, eighteen to twenty-two inches in width, and about nine inches in depth at the upper end, with a bar across the middle; one end of the box is left open or has no end board. There is no cover to the box or cradle; but a separate box, sieve, or hopper, is made to fit into and occupy the half of the cradle furthest from the open or lower end; this hopper is about four inches in depth; the bottom is of sheet iron, perforated with holes about three-eighths or half an inch in diameter, and one and a half inches apart.

Under the hopper and sloping downward toward the upper end of the cradle, is the *slide* or *apron*. This apron being somewhat hollow or concave on its upper side, and covered with canvass, retains much of the fine gold that falls upon it.

Rockers are attached to the under side of the whole, quite similar to those of a child's cradle; near the middle an upright handle is attached, by which motion is given to it.

The hopper being nearly filled with auriferous earth, the operator being seated by its side, while rocking the cradle with one hand, he dips and pours on water with the other, from an adjacent pool or rivulet, using a half gallon tin dipper for the purpose.

The water dissolving the earth, it falls through the sieve upon the sloping apron, which conveys it to the upper end of the bottom of the cradle. On this bottom, about the center, is a “riffle-bar” placed crosswise, and one a little deeper at the lower end; and while the lighter sand and dirt passes over them with the water, the gold, by its greater weight, is retained by them, and thus kept from passing out at the lower end.

The coarse stone in the hopper after then thrown out, the refilled, and the process as is necessary, the bottom are cleaned that has concentrated larger portion of the earth usually found upon the cradle, though by the Chinese through given way among more enterprising summary methods from the pay dirt; by far more efficient them, as next in it was introduced the

THE J.

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THE CRADLE AND MANNER OF USING IT.

The coarse stones and gravel remaining in the hopper after the water runs clear are then thrown out, the hopper replaced and refilled, and the process repeated. As often as is necessary, the apron, riffle-bars, and bottom are cleaned of the sand and gold that has concentrated upon them; the larger portion of the fine gold, being generally found upon the canvass of the apron.

The cradle, though still extensively used by the Chinese throughout the mines, has given way among Americans, and the more enterprising class of miners, to more summary methods for separating the gold from the pay-dirt; its use being superseded by far more efficient implements; and among them, as next in importance to the cradle, was introduced the "Long-Tom."

#### THE LONG TOM.

It was not long after the pan and cradle were in general use, that it became apparent that some more expeditious mode was required for washing the gold from large quantities of earth. Men were not satisfied with the slow, one man system, the use of pan or cradle; but something must be done, some invention made of an implement by

the use of which the united efforts of individuals, as companies, could be made available and profitable.

To supply this want, the wits and ingenuity of the earlier miners soon brought out the "long tom," exceedingly primitive in its first inception and form it is true, but proving so effective in its operations, it was soon greatly improved upon, and at length became the indispensable implement in the hands of companies of from three to five men in prosecuting their gold-washing operations.

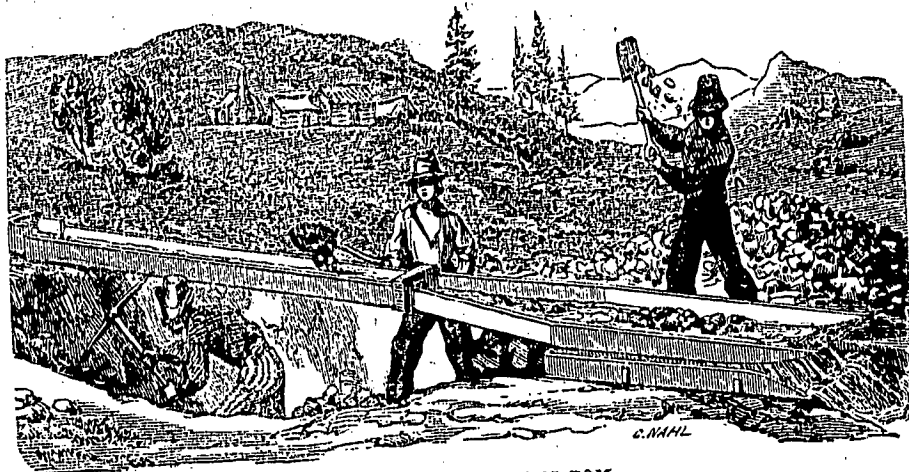
From the primitive toms, which were but troughs hollowed out from the half trunks of pine trees, they soon assumed the proportions and shape of the neatly constructed tom of sawed lumber and sheet iron of the present day.

The tom varies much in size, depending on the number of men intending to use it. It is an oblong box or trough about twelve feet in length, open at the top and usually at both ends; but always at the lower end. It is about eight inches in depth, and at the upper end from one foot to two feet in width; but increasing to nearly double that width at the middle,

from thence its sides are parallel to the lower end. The bottom of this broad portion for a distance of from three to six feet from the end, is made of strong, perforated sheet iron, in every respect similar to the sieve or hopper of the cradle, but of much heavier iron. The tom is not straight upon its bottom the whole length; but the sheet iron portion is turned upward as it approaches the lower end, so that the depth

of the tom is diminished at that end to less than three inches. The object of this is that the water may all pass through the sieve or tom-iron without running over the top.

Under this perforated iron portion is placed a riffle box, similar in principle to the bottom of a cradle; but larger, and alike with the tom, always to remain stationary or immovable while in use.



MINING WITH THE LONG-TOM.

The tom is now placed in a proper position, having reference to the dirt to be washed, generally as near the ground as possible to admit of the "tailings" passing off freely. The riffle box is first fixed in proper position, then the iron-bottomed portion of the tom placed over it, with its open or narrow end several inches the highest. Water is now let on, either in open troughs of wood, or through canvass hose, which by its force, carries the dirt when put in, down the tom; and while two or more men are employed shoveling the dirt into the tom at the upper end, one man at the side of the lower end, with hoe or shovel in hand, receives the dirt as brought down by the water; and after being violently stirred and moved about upon the perforated iron bottom until all has passed through it that will, the residue of stones and coarse gravel is thrown out by the shovel.

The manner of saving the gold by the riffle box, is precisely the same in principle

as that of the cradle, with this advantage over it; that the falling of streams of water through the tom iron serve to keep the sand upon the bottom of the riffle box stirred up and loose, permitting the gold the more easily to reach the bottom, where it is retained by the riffle bars; while the lighter matter, sand and pebbles, pass off with the water and is called "tailings."

Sometimes thirty or fifty feet or more of sluice boxes are attached to the tom at the upper end, and the dirt is shoveled in along the whole length, to be carried down to the tom by the force of the water, there to receive its final stirring up.

Toms are particularly adapted to nearly level grounds, or where there is not sufficient fall to admit of the still more efficient mode of gold washing with sluices.

#### SLUICING.

This is a mode of mining particularly adapted to those localities where it becomes desirable to wash large quantities of dirt,



SLUICING

and where the descent is advantageously.

To get at a proper method of mining, see description of the "sluice" merely an open trough three inch boards—sides twelve or fourteen from twelve inches to wider at one end than sides of these trough spreading by cleats and from splitting at lar cleats on the under

A continuous line "sluice boxes," the sides of each, inserted for into the larger end of form the "sluice," and the sand or other dirt; the dirt, is shoveled to remove it sluice either by shovel or hydraulic as here the force of a larger sluice used in tomms a continuous line of hundred feet in length



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THE LONG-TOM.

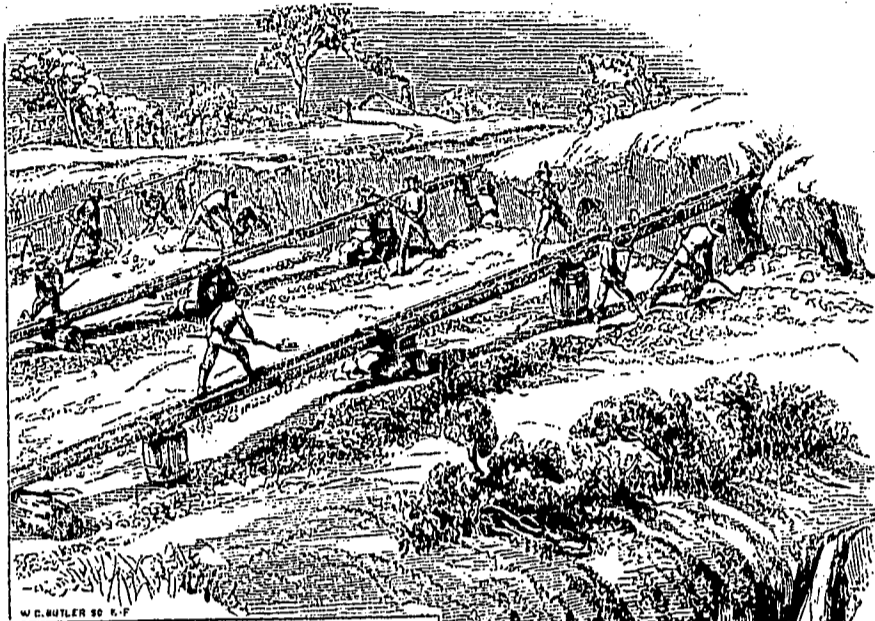
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**SLUICING.**

This is a mode of mining particularly adapted to those localities where it becomes desirable to wash large quantities of dirt,



SLUICING.

and where the descent is sufficient to operate advantageously.

To get at a proper understanding of this method of mining, seems to require a description of the "sluice box." This is merely an open trough, usually made of three inch boards—a bottom, and two sides; twelve or fourteen feet in length, and from twelve inches to forty in width, and sawed purposely for this use, two inches wider at one end than at the other. The sides of these troughs are secured from spreading by cleats nailed across the top; and from splitting at the bottom, by similar cleats on the under side.

A continuous line of these troughs or "sluice boxes," the smaller and lower end of each, inserted for three or four inches into the larger end of the next one below, form the "sluice," and being placed upon the ground or other supports, with a proper descent; the dirt, by whatever mode is adopted to remove it thereto, and into the sluice, either by shoveling, or the power of the hydraulic as hereafter described, is, by the force of a larger body of water than is usually used in tomming, conveyed through a continuous line of from fifty to several hundred feet in length, and when the de-



GROUND SLUICING.

scend is sufficient, the whole mass of dirt, from the finest particles, to stones and boulders of four or five inches in diameter, go rattling down by their own gravity and the force of the water, the entire length of the sluice.

Where the descent is not quite sufficient for this, forks and shovels are used along the sluices to loosen up and finally to throw out such of the larger stones and rocks as the water cannot force through them; as shown in the engraving.

There are different appliances attached to the bottoms of these sluices, inside, for the purpose of saving or catching the gold in its passage down the sluice, such as

riffles of a great variety of pattern, and false bottoms, perforated or split in pieces, the interstices of which are admirably adapted to the saving of fine gold.

These sluices are sometimes "run," as it is termed, for many days together before "cleaning up;" when this is done the false bottoms or riffles are removed, the sluices "washed down," and the gold secured by being carefully swept down the whole length of the sluice into a pan, to be more thoroughly cleaned by "panning out."

This is doubtless of all others the most expeditious mode of mining or separating the gold from the dirt that has yet been discovered, and where it can be adopted is doubtless the best.

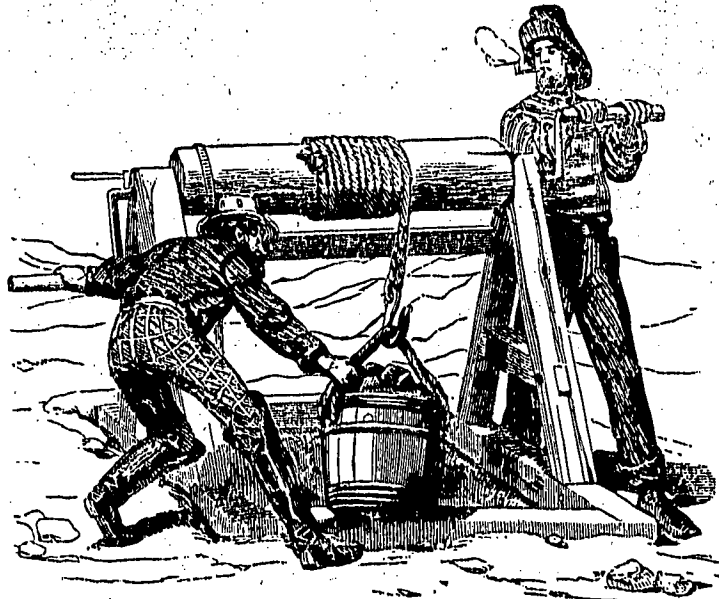
#### GROUND SLUICING.

Among the more important operations connected with gold mining upon an extensive scale, is "ground sluicing." Localities are often found in which the largest portion of the gold lies upon, or near the "bed rock;" above which may rest a depth of earth of many feet, containing no gold, or so small a quantity compared with the mass of dirt, that it would not pay either to wash in sluices or for the expense of re-

moval in any other way than by ground sluicing.

The principle of the operation is this; a bank of earth is selected which it is desired to reduce or wash away, down to the pay dirt; a stream of water is conducted thereto, at so high a level as to command it; a small ditch is then cut along the portion to be ground sluiced, the water turned on, and then any number of hands with picks and shovels either upon the edges of the ditch or by getting directly into the stream of water, pick away and work down the banks and bottom, to be dissolved and carried away by the water, while the gold that may be contained in it, settles down without being conveyed or lost, to be finally saved by being passed through the ordinary sluice.

When the process is solely for the purpose of removing the top strata of earth in which no gold or pay dirt is found, down to that which will pay, it is called "stripping;" by ground sluicing. Often however when no pay is expected from the stripping process, the miner is unexpectedly cheered by finding in the top dirt more gold than sufficient to pay all the expenses of the operation.



SINKING A SHAFT.

SINKING

The mining re- physical conform great extent of with gulches and all underlain by "bedrock." In rock assumes up basin deep bene and these basins exceedingly rich.

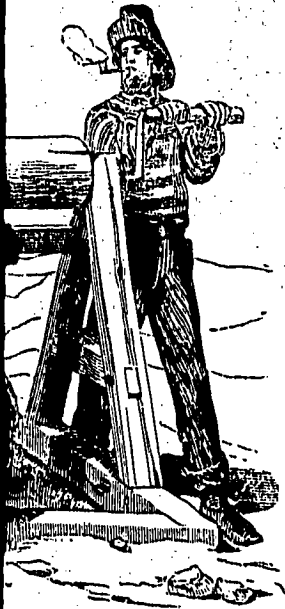
To reach the l two methods are and running tu

To "sink a perpendicular of from four to six means and app as in sinking a much resembles walked up as w in them; but occurs.

Tunnels are side or near es; and a mencing level or what the proper lev of pay dirt is m into th is gained to mented, with

in any other way than by ground principle of the operation is this; a piece of earth is selected which it is desired to wash away, down to the pay stream of water is conducted thereto, to a level as to command it; a ditch is then cut along the portion to be sluiced, the water turned on, and any number of hands with picks and shovels either upon the edges of the stream or by getting directly into the stream, pick away and work down the stream bed and bottom, to be dissolved and carried away by the water, while the gold that is contained in it, settles down without being conveyed or lost, to be finally recovered by being passed through the ordinary sluice.

When the process is solely for the purpose of removing the top strata of earth in which no gold or pay dirt is found, down to a level which will pay, it is called "stripping" by ground sluicing. Often however when no pay is expected from the stripping, the miner is unexpectedly cheered by finding in the top dirt more gold than he is content to pay all the expenses of the operation.



#### SINKING A SHAFT.

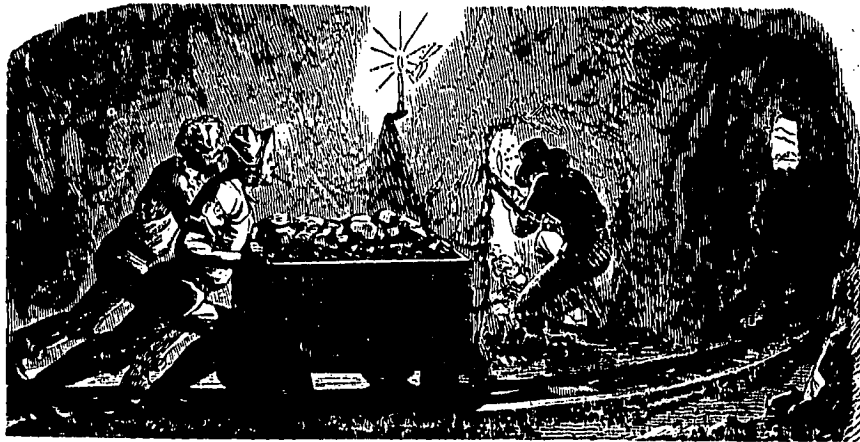
The mining region of California in its physical conformation is made up to a great extent of immense ridges and hills, with gulches and ravines intervening, and all underlain by what is usually termed the "bed rock." In very many places this bed rock assumes upon its surface the form of basins deep beneath the great earth ridges, and these basins are frequently found to be exceedingly rich in their golden deposits.

To reach the bed rock in these positions, two methods are adopted; "sinking shafts" and "running tunnels."

To "sink a shaft"—a shaft being a perpendicular opening in the earth usually from four to six feet in diameter—the same means and appliances are ordinarily used as in sinking a deep well; which in fact it much resembles, except that it is seldom walled up as wells are, nor is water desired in them; but which unluckily too often occurs.

Sometimes a "streak" or strata of pay dirt is reached, before arriving at the bed rock, and is termed a "lead." When the lead is followed horizontally to the right or left from the shaft, it is termed "drifting;" and when the bed rock is reached, if operations are continued they are all done by drifting.

The pay dirt is raised to the surface by the same means that are used in sinking the shaft, the principal of which is, the windlass and bucket, or tub. Sinking shafts is often performed, solely with the view of prospecting, in the cheapest and most expeditious manner, the bed rock, before proceeding to the greater expense, but more efficient mode, of working these deep hill claims by "tunneling." But this is not always the case; for shafts are sometimes sunk upon flats, to a great depth, and the entire process of mining out all beneath, conducted through the shaft; in aid of which, steam engines are often employed.



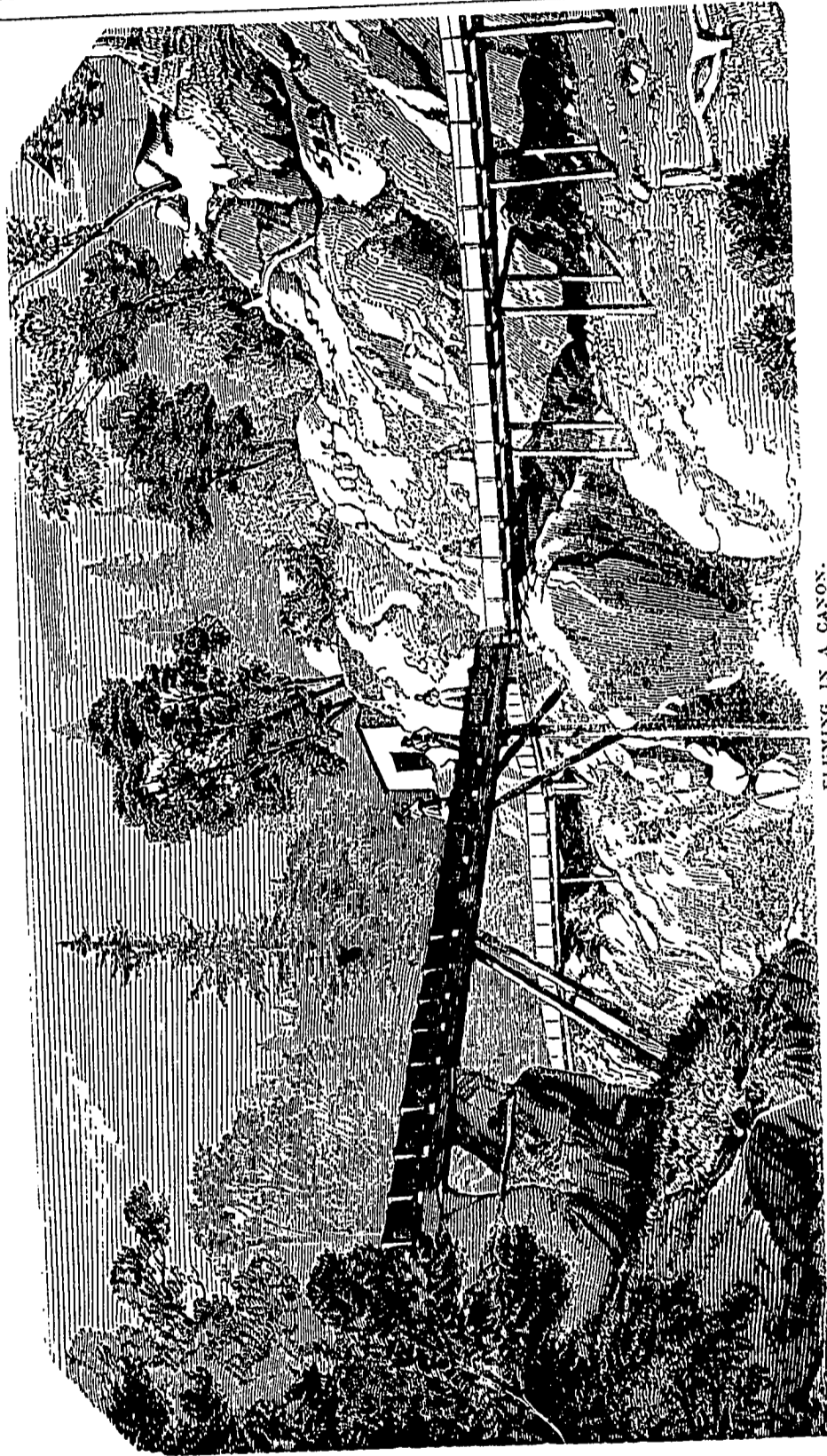
RUNNING A TUNNEL.

#### TUNNELING.

Tunnels are usually commenced upon hill-sides, or near the bottom of gulches and ravines and are run in nearly horizontal. Commencing at the surface upon the proper level, or what is supposed will prove to be the proper level, when the basin of the hill or pay dirt is reached, an open cut is first made into the hill, until a sufficient depth is attained to enable the tunnel to be commenced, with enough of earth or rock over-

head to sustain itself in the form of an arch, or if of earth only and inclined to cave in, then to be supported by "timbering" at a height scarcely sufficient to clear a tall man's head when standing upright.

The tunnel is now commenced, and usually from five to seven feet in width. When only earth and detached stones or boulders are met with, it often becomes necessary to "timber up," as the tunnel progresses; which is done by setting strong posts about



FLUMING IN A CANYON.



three feet apart on each side to each other; and these supported by timber above, and on the top of the plank are laid which supports the sides are necessary also.

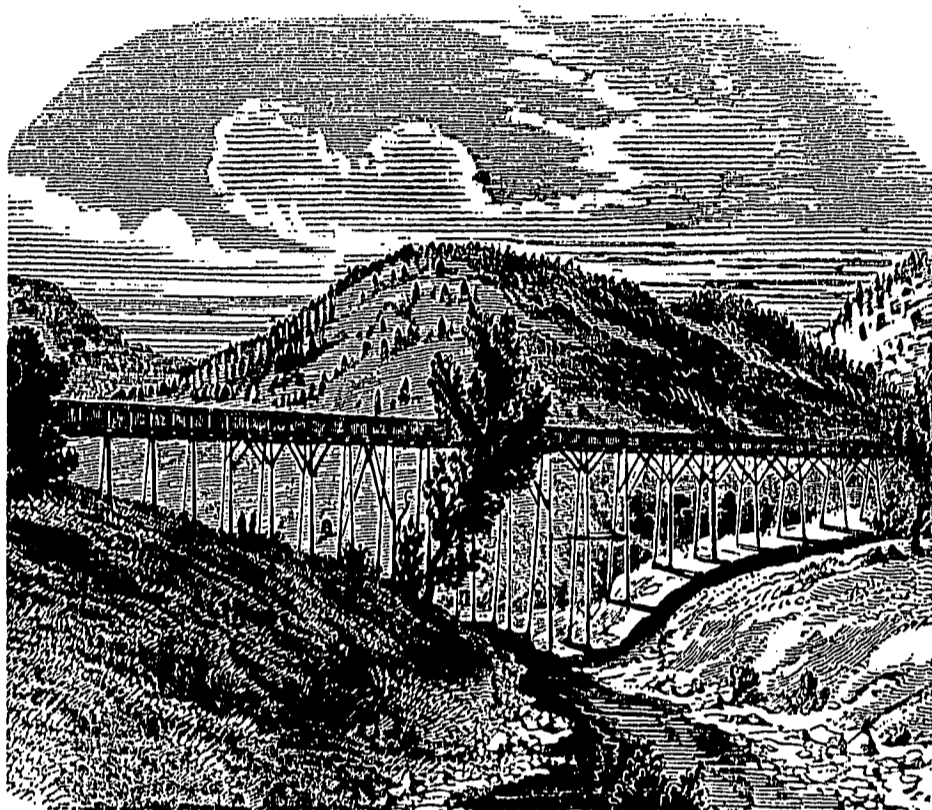
In very many instances the "driven" by packing and solid bed-rock many hundred feet requiring a great expenditure of money, and perseverance. In the tunnel, the excavated stones, and earth, the work formerly in general use, and in many places; but with the use of a narrow gauge road is now the work progressing on which the car, the best of the tunnel necessary grade to enable it to be propelled outwardly by power.

When the packed dirt is removed is made of the excavated





FLUMING IN A CANON.



FLUMING OVER A GORGE.

three feet apart on each side, and opposite to each other; and these supporting a cross timber above, and on these one or more plank are laid which support the roof; sometimes the sides are necessarily planked also.

In very many instances the tunnel is "driven" by picking and blasting through solid bed-rock many hundred feet in length, requiring a great expenditure of time, labor, money, and perseverance. To convey from the tunnel, the excavated portions of rock, stones, and earth, the wheelbarrow was formerly in general use, and is even now in many places; but with the more systematic, a narrow rail-road is constructed as the work progresses, on which is run a suitable car, the bottom of the tunnel having the necessary grade to enable a loaded car to be propelled outwardly easily by man power.

When the pay dirt is reached, a division is made of the excavated portion on being

brought out, into that which is, and is not, pay dirt, and as often as expedient when water is procurable, it is washed by sluicing in the usual manner.

**FLUMING.**

Only those who are familiar with the physical formation of the mountain and gold region of California, have anything like an adequate idea of the vast amount of labor expended, in the construction of the artificial water-courses that supply our mining canals and ditches with water from the mountain streams.

To hear of the construction of a hundred miles of mining ditch, conveys but a feeble conception of the magnitude of the enterprise, or the difficulties to be overcome. The mountain country from which the supply of water is obtained, does not consist of slope upon slope, or of successive tables of comparatively level land, and rising one above another; but from the foot hills, the

mountains rise to the height of from seven to nine thousand feet, in one uninterrupted succession of immense ridges, lying in every conceivable direction and position, with intervening gorges or cañons of corresponding depth; and by this we mean, of very great depth; many of the mountain streams occupying and rushing down cañons, whose sides are almost perpendicular walls of rock, and often three thousand feet or more in height, and along which the pedestrian can only make his way for a hundred yards together, by taking to the bed of the stream.

It is from such cañons, that the water is mostly obtained for the supply of our mining canals and ditches; and it is not unusual that from three to ten miles of wooden flume is required at the upper end, before the water can be brought out of the cañon sufficiently high to oretop or command the ridges and foot hills of the lower country, in which the mines and placers are principally found.

To lift as it were, the waters from these deep cañons, or rather to convey them at a fall of from five to twenty feet to the mile, out of them, often requires many miles of flume constructed entirely of wood, because the steep sides have not, in many places, a single inch of earth in which to excavate a ditch; and even the rocky sides often so high and steep as to require the flume to be constructed upon trestle work, a hundred or more feet in height; and even in some instances actually suspended by iron work, upon the smooth face of almost overhanging rock and precipices; the workmen are let down and suspended by ropes from above, while prosecuting their arduous labors.

Then again, the flume is made to span a vast gorge sometimes, and in places supported by timber work from beneath; at others, by suspension from the sides; and in its tortuous course, running up and crossing adjacent gorges, perhaps to take in the waters of some small tributary, and then again heading for and coursing along the great main cañon, leaping as it were,

from point to point of jutting crag and cliff, till at last it reaches the more earthy side or summit of the ridge, there to be at once used for gold washing, or milling purposes, or conveyed by ditches in countless ramifications to the lower mining world; and these enterprises constitute the great fulcrum of our mining prosperity.

#### THE "HYDRAULIC" METHOD OF WORKING.

By far the most efficient system of mining yet known, for hill diggings, is the hydraulic; for the discovery of which California is indebted to Mr. Edward E. Matteson, formerly of Sterling, Windham County, Connecticut. Through the kindness of Mr. Cloud of Omega, Nevada County, we are enabled to present our readers with the likeness of Mr. Matteson, the discoverer, engraved from an excellent Ambrotype by Mrs. J. F. Rudolph, of Nevada.

Mr. M. first commenced the use of this method at American Hill, Nevada, in February, 1852, and such was the success attending its operation that others around him immediately began to adopt it; and it is now in general use throughout the mining districts of the State.

The large and accurate engraving on another page, from a beautiful ambrotype by Messrs. E. B. & D. H. Hendee, will give to the reader an excellent and correct idea of its manner of working and appearance.

Water being conveyed as before described, by canals and ditches, around and among the hills and mountain sides where mining is carried on, it is thence distributed from the main canal by smaller ditches to the mining claims requiring it.

Here it is run from the small ditch into a trough fixed upon tressel work, which is often technically termed the "Hydraulic Telegraph"; or, run in heavy duck hose upon the ground, to the edge of the claim, thence over the edge and down the almost perpendicular bank to the bed rock, or bottom of the claim, where it lies coiled about

on the rock and dirt like a ball. As the upper end of the hose is higher than the lower end, the water keeps it full to the very top, and the weight of this water, escaping through the pipe attached to the lower end, plays upon the bank with great effect, washing it rapidly away.

There are sometimes strata of cement in the bank which are hard and difficult to wash away. The immense force given by the water, from a height of two hundred and fifty feet, with the water contained in the hose recoiling from above.

The most efficient manner of washing down these banks is by undermining near the bottom rock, when large



MINING

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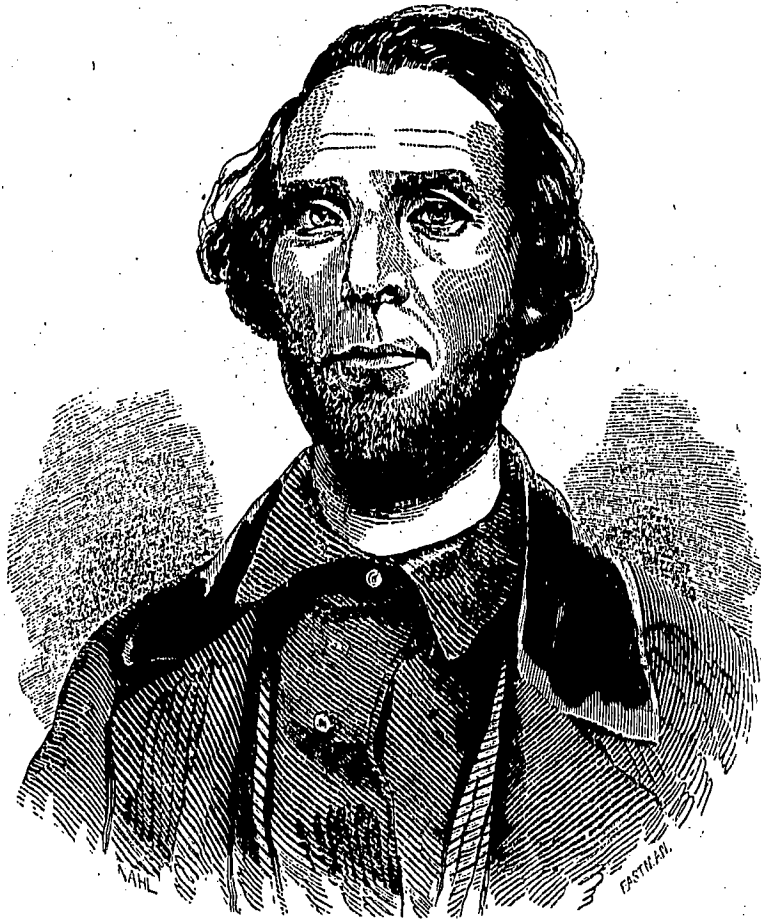
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EDWARD E. MATTESON.

on the rock and dirt like a huge serpent. As the upper end of the hose is much larger than the lower end, the water running in, keeps it full to the very top; and the weight of this water, escaping through a pipe attached to the lower end of the hose, in a similar manner to that of a fire engine, plays upon the bank with great force and effect, washing it rapidly away.

There are sometimes stratas of gravelly cement in the bank which are exceedingly hard and difficult to wash away, even with the immense force given by the weight of from fifty to two hundred and twenty feet of fall, which the water contained in the hose receives from above.

The most efficient manner of washing down these banks is by undermining them near the bed rock, when large masses—fre-

quently many tons in weight—"cave down" and not only break themselves to pieces by the fall, but unfortunately often bury the too venturesome miner beneath them. It is in this kind of mining so many accidents have occurred; and when we read in the newspapers of the day that Mr. so and so was badly injured—or killed—by the "caving of a bank," we may know it is generally in such places.

If the reader will please refer to the engraving he will see a stream of water running over the bank, which is often required effectually to cleanse and remove the large quantities of earth and rocks washed down by the pipe, and convey them to the sluice, down which they pass, and in which the gold is principally saved, although large amounts of the golden dust lie among the

earth and stones, but a few feet from whence they were washed.

After "cleaning up" the rock and "washing down" the sluice, the precious contents are swept into a pan where they are carefully panned out. After the day's work is done the miner repairs to his cabin to build his fire, cook and eat his supper, dry his dust, and blow out the black sand.

Sometimes when a man has been covered up by the bank falling upon him, not only the stream generally used in the claim, but often the entire contents of the ditch are thus turned on, and with the assistance of every miner who knows of the accident, it is used for sluicing him out, and which is by far the speediest and best method for his deliverance.

One becomes surprised when looking at the bold defiant strength of a miner's will and purpose, and the risk he so often runs, that comparatively so few accidents of this kind occur. By care, however, this branch of mining can be conducted with the same safety as any other.

The "hydraulic process" removes and washes immense masses of earth that would otherwise be useless and its working unprofitable, thus making it not only one of the most useful and effectual, but almost an indispensable method of mining for gold in California.

#### RIVER MINING.

In the beds of nearly all the rivers that traverse the gold region of California, deposits of gold have been found, many of them exceedingly rich; and large expenditures have been made in order successfully to work these "river claims."

Oftentimes the entire water of the river is turned into new channels, generally consisting of flumes of wood, built along the banks. A dam is constructed that turns the water into the flume, and being conveyed, often many hundred yards, is turned into the river bed again below. The water that remains is then pumped out, and usually, by the power obtained from wheels

acted upon by the water in its rapid passage through the flume.

The bed of the river by this means rendered dry or nearly so, the sand and gravel down to the bed-rock is then washed by either of the usual modes, with pan, cradle, tom, or sluice.

In a future number, we shall give engravings illustrative of river and quartz mining; the latter, having within the last two years, assumed an importance that entitles it to a more extended notice and space in our columns, than can well be devoted to it in this number.

#### CONSOLATION.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

She went to the radiant mansions afar,  
The robes of the kingdom to wear; [star  
And I think that the angels who dwell in the  
Have twined a green wreath in her hair.

Not long on our shore did the child-pilgrim  
Amid all our sorrow and sin; [wait.  
For gently they opened a beautiful gate,  
And said to her soul "welcome in."

The leaves of the summer were fresh on the  
trees,  
The primrose was bright in its bloom,  
Waxen-like daisies were thick on the leas,  
And winds were all breathing perfume;

When suddenly over her beautiful eyes,  
There closed down the fring'd lids of snow;  
The angels were singing far up in the skies,  
And so she was ready to go:

Away in a lonely and beautiful vale,  
We laid down our darling to rest;  
Cross'd as in prayer were the hands milky pale,  
O'er the burial flowers on her breast.

The sweet golden robin goes there, and sings,  
In the hush of the bright morning hours:  
And a rose tree above, her soft fragrance flings,  
And covers the spot with pale flowers.

Ah not with the tears that are vain ones and  
wild  
Remember her earth vanished bloom,  
But think that it is not the soul of your child  
Hid in the cold clasp of the tomb:

Remember she went to her home in the sky  
The robes of the kingdom to wear,  
And yet when the shadows of life have gone by  
May meet with the beautiful there!

A MAN

The above remarkable tusk nine inches in length and a half inches in diameter. It was found during the month of August, 1854, by a German settler, G. Keller, while working in water-washed gravel from the surface.

We saw a portion of a cabin adjoining the one discovered, during the month of August, 1855, and which was exposed by its exposure. Its ivory grain was about two feet in length, and its middle portion of the tusk was about three quarters of an inch in diameter at the one end.

We suppose that the above belongs to the Megalotitan, an extinct Mastodonte, engaged the attention of the professors of Geology.

South America and about the year 1800, Mr. Ayres, has furnished evidence that there once existed of the Mastodonte numbering in the millions. It has been found in the bones of animals were formerly only known in Europe, 1789, and it is an opportunity to describe this wonderful creature.



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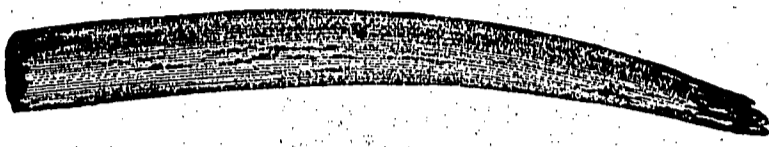
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A MAMMOTH TUSK.

A MAMMOTH TUSK.

The above engraving represents a remarkable tusk of solid ivory, eleven feet nine inches in length, and twenty-four and a half inches in circumference, at the base. It was found during the month of September, 1854, by a German miner named Geo. Keller, while working on Canal Gulch, near Yreka, Siskiyou county, firmly imbedded in water-washed gravel, about twenty feet from the surface.

We saw a portion of this immense tusk, in a cabin adjoining the claim where it was discovered, during the month of February, 1855, and which, although somewhat injured by its exposure to the air, still showed its ivory grain very distinctly. This piece—about two feet in length—we had the curiosity to measure, and though only a middle portion of the tusk, was eighteen and three quarter inches in circumference at the one end, and seventeen and five-eighths inches at the other.

We suppose the above remarkable relic of a bye-gone age and generation must belong to the Megatherium, a genus of the extinct Edentata, which has for many years engaged the attention of the most eminent professors of Geology and anatomy.

South America, and particularly in and about the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, has furnished indubitable evidences that there once existed immense numbers of the Mammalia class of animals, now numbering comparatively few. Many museums have been lately enriched with this once dread animal's fossil remains, which were formerly only to be found in the museum of Madrid. They were sent over to Europe in 1789, and afforded Cuvier an opportunity to determine the affinities of this wonderful creature. They were dis-

covered southwest of Buenos Ayres, on the river shore of the Luxon.

Of later date, nearly a complete skeleton of one, was found in the bed of the river Salado, south of the Pampas, near the same city. During a long drought, of almost three years, it had become dry, and one Don Soza called the attention of Sir W. Parish, F. G. S., then H. M. Charge d'Affairs at this place, to this extraordinary discovery of some large bones found imbedded in the sand. An account of this was given in the "London Penny Cyclopaedia," May 29, 1839.

There is one of the finest specimens in the world, to be seen in the British Museum, set up I believe by Professor Manton. This is nearly seventeen feet in height, and as many in length. Were the above specimen less curved, it would have doubtless belonged to the Mastadon maximus, a full account of which is recorded in the American Quarterly Journal of Agriculture and Science.

These animals the Megatherium and Mastadon, must have been most extraordinary. The bones of their skulls were of enormous size, and the tusks that issued from them, must have been levers, sufficiently powerful to uproot and lay prostrate, trees some four feet in circumference, on which they might fill their capacious maws to satiation. They are both supposed to have been herbivorous; from the appearances of their tusks, the Mastadon more especially, and from a remarkable matter found connected with one of the skeletons. In the midst of the ribs, there was seen a mass of matter composed apparently of twigs of trees, in small pieces about two inches long, of different diameters, from the smallest size to half an inch. Mixed with these, were four or five bushels

of a finer vegetable substance, like finely divided leaves, some in whole pellets, some in broken pellets, some within the lower part of the ribs, some without, plainly showing the food upon which the animal lived. The estimated weight of this animal, is twenty thousand pounds.

Next to the tusks of these wonderful gormandizers, their teeth excite our unequalled surprise. These have given name to one kind,—the Mastodon,—which, in Greek, signifies *small hill and tooth*; the Megatherium—*Great Wild Beast*.

The Megatherium is supposed to have had the head and shoulders similar to those of the sloth, and from the length and number of the vertebrae of the neck, many imagine that it could have had no tusks of the size attributed to it; but when we consider that the ponderous size of the connected shoulders, legs and claws, could never have allowed of any active habits; but like the sloth, only moving from one location to the other, after it had devoured the entire herbage of the full grown trees it might have felled, the conclusion would be otherwise. The weight of the antlers of many deer compared with the structure of the vertebrae of the neck, affords a good argument against such an assumption.

Both these creatures must have been most unwieldy and uncouth living masses; and their forms of the most forbidding and loathsome aspect. The history of the discovery of their remains, would well repay the curious reader, and to such we would recommend, for his perusal, *The Fossil Mammalia, of Prof. Owen*,—*Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise*,—*Sir W. Parrish's Buenos Ayres*; and, in a more compendious form, — *Comstock's Elements of Geology*.

#### EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.

Everybody believes in children—God bless them—being well educated. Everybody says "yes—certainly" when you point out the advantages and pleasures of a good education. "I had rather go without

—well, almost anything" earnestly avers the unselfish and affectionate parent "than either of my children should be without a good education." That's right, say we, your heart is evidently in the right place; education is a good thing—it is even better than some people by their actions allow it to be; and next to a good strong mind in a healthy body; it is, in our estimation, the best blessing that a parent can bestow upon a child. How carefully then should the labors of the school-room be seconded and assisted by the co-operation of the home circle?—not in the cultivation and elevation of the mind only, but in the nobler and most refining impulses and aspirations of the heart.

#### LINES.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

*Suggested by white flowers growing in the Cemetery of Sacramento.*

Fair flowers that dwell  
In snowy vesture here beside the tomb,  
Your white leaves bear no shadowy tint of gloom,  
Of the dark grave to tell.

And your pure breath,  
Borne on the air that lingers here to play,  
Brings in its sweetness no dread thought of death,  
No whisper of decay.

Like lovely dreams  
Born suddenly amidst the blank of sleep,  
Filled with a meaning spirit-voiced and deep,  
Here your strange presence seems.

Why do ye rise,  
So lone and lovely from this desert sand?  
Amidst the graves, ye white-robed ones, why stand  
With faces to the skies?

In this sad spot,  
Has Nature placed these shining ones to glow  
Like stars of hope, in mockery of woe,  
Where human hope is not?

Or does she seek,  
By many a gentle hint around us thrown,  
Than ours a higher wisdom to make known,  
In love divine to speak?

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.—Many a man, "the lead" of whose claim, apparently, had "run out" one day, has "struck it" again, the next;—whereas had he either sold or abandoned it then, another, probably, would have reaped the reward of his labor. One of our works within three inches of a fortune

#### SIJENOPH

BY G. H. HARRIS

Lovely Sijenophe!  
Beautiful maiden,  
Fair among maidens was  
Her world was an Aid  
Ere the spoiler came  
With poison and flattery  
Ere cold-hearted falsity,  
Cloaked in base falsity,  
Aroused in her bosom  
The germ of that blossom  
That bloomed to her  
Not a cloud had her skies  
Oh! how bright were her  
How sweet was her smile  
For the heart knew no guile  
Ere the subtle one  
Beaming with youthfulness  
Guileless, all truthfulness  
To goodness inclined  
How gay were the sports  
Of young thoughts that  
In the halls of her mind

Never once fearfully,  
Trustingly, cheerfully,  
Came out her spirit,  
From peaceful retreat,  
Like Heaven, or near it,  
At morning to meet  
One unworthy to share  
Of the statue of stone—  
Humanity's statue of stone  
The pure heart that beat  
For the spoiler alone.  
Oh! what were defence,  
'Gainst the heartless pre-  
If maidenly innocence  
Could not defend her.

Now, for one rudeness  
Scorned, discarded,  
Every goodness  
All disregarded,  
Unheard in a strange land,  
Sijenophe cries:  
Sister! thy helping hand,  
Aid me to rise!

She hath borne her  
Through deep sorrow;  
Who would turn her  
Sorrow into tears,  
E'en below  
Some day she  
But who know her  
Most, she prize her.  
For past wrongs,  
Though full of sorrow her,  
Still her meekness,  
Must adorn her.

In love and in wonder,

well, almost anything" earnestly avers the unselfish and affectionate parent "than either of my children should be without a good education." That's right, say we, your heart is evidently in the right place; education is a good thing—it is even better than some people by their actions allow it to be; and next to a good strong mind in a healthy body, it is, in our estimation, the best blessing that a parent can bestow upon a child. How carefully then should the labors of the school-room be seconded and assisted by the co-operation of the home circle?—not in the cultivation and elevation of the mind only, but in the nobler and most refining impulses and aspirations of the heart.

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Than ours a higher wisdom to make known,  
In love divine to speak?

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.—Many a man, "the lead" of whose claim, apparently, had "run out" one day, has "struck it" again the next;—whereas had he either sold or abandoned it then, another, probably, would have reaped the reward of his labor. One of ten works within three inches of a fortune

SIJENOPHE.

BY G. HARRY R.

Lovely Sijenophe!  
Beautiful maiden,  
Fair among maidens was she.  
Her world was an Aiden,  
Ere the spoiler came laden  
With poison and flame—  
Ere cold-hearted falsity,  
Clonked in base falsity,  
Aroused in her bosom  
The germ of that blossom  
That bloomed to her shame.  
Not a cloud had her skies—  
Oh! how bright were her eyes,  
How sweet was her smile!  
For the heart knew no guile,  
Ere the subtle one came.  
Beaming with youthfulness,  
Guileless, all truthfulness,  
To goodness inclined.  
How gay were the sports  
Of young thoughts that held courts  
In the halls of her mind!

Never once fearfully,  
Trustingly, cheerfully,  
Came out her spirit,  
From peaceful retreat,  
Like Heaven; or near it,  
At morning to meet  
One unworthy to share it:  
One who dashed at the feet,  
Of the statue of stone—  
Humanity, statue of stone—  
The pure heart that beat  
For the spoiler alone.  
Oh! what were defence,  
'Gainst the heartless pretender,  
If maidenly innocence  
Could not defend her.

Now, for one rudeness  
Scorned, discarded,  
Every goodness  
All disregarded,  
Unheard in a strange land,  
Sijenophe cries:  
Sister! thy helping hand,  
Aid me to rise!

She hath borne her,  
Through deep sorrow;  
Who would scorn her  
Sorrow borrows.  
E'en below her,  
Some despise her,  
But who know her  
Most, shall prize her.  
For past weakness,  
Though few mourn her,  
Still her meekness,  
Must adorn her.

In love and in wonder,

I gaze on her eyes,—  
What eloquence under  
The raven lash lies!  
There a spirit that feels,  
The slanderer's art,  
The glance half reveals,  
Through the fringe that conceals.  
Oh! who with a heart,  
Could resist their appeals!

In the woodland,  
Drooped a sweet flower,  
Crushed by rude hands  
In its bright hour.  
Like that blossom,  
Crushed, heart-broken,—  
In her bosom,  
All faith shaken;  
None to cherish,  
Must she perish—  
Must she shiver?  
In the pitiless cold,  
Of her story often told,  
All forsaken,  
Oh! forgive her!

In this cold world,  
Ah, wherefore deem,  
So oft is hurled,  
The gentle weeper!  
Oh, that woman,  
Will not list her  
To her human, erring sister!  
Shall her human  
Faults outlive her,  
Gentle woman,  
Do forgive her!

Think of her confidence,  
Wronged and betrayed,  
Think of her penitence—  
Can you upbraid?  
Thoughts of wronged innocences,  
Burn in her brain,  
Tears of true penitence,  
Fall like the rain;  
Tears of such rarity,  
Cannot their purity  
Wash out the stain?  
Look on meek loveliness,  
Drooping in wretchedness—  
Can you disdain?  
Hast thou no sin,  
Could bring distress?  
Be woman, in  
Thy tenderness,  
Ere throw the stone,  
Of condemnation,  
Think of your own  
Humiliation.  
Seek not to discover,  
From whence she came,  
Think not thou'rt above her,  
Though lowly her name,  
One error look over,—  
In pity look over,—

Seek not to defame;  
 Let charity cover,  
 Her blushes of shame.  
 Only know, in her blindness,  
 A victim she fell,  
 Only know that your kindness,  
 Her grief may dispel;  
 Only know you have power,  
 To exalt or degrade,  
 And good angels each hour,  
 Wait to credit your aid.

### A NIGHT ON THE SLOUGH.

"Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural."  
 "Blood hath strange organs to discourse withal;  
 It is a clamorous orator, and then  
 Ev'n nature will exceed her self, to tell  
 A crime, so thwarting nature."

I don't believe in spectres, ghosts or goblins,—never did: for it was n't the way I was brought up. I was always taught to believe they were but idle fancies, or phantasms of the mind; so that I am not going to insist upon it that a spectre, or ghost, played any part in the drama of a night of horror to which I was witness; not only myself, but my two comrades, and both as reliable, on the score of veracity, as I claim to be myself, and to whom I am permitted to make reference.

I shall only relate the circumstances—what we saw and heard—leaving it to the reader to account for the occurrences as he pleases.

We were on a trip along the Sacramento river and its numerous sloughs, in pursuit of water-fowl. Our sailing craft, a very small schooner, with a still smaller cabin; but answering very well for sleeping in when, as night overtook us, we could find no more comfortable quarters.

After a day of unusual fatigue, but of great success, night came upon us as we were moving along one of those unfrequented sloughs that lie to the north and east of the mouth of the San Joaquin river. Unfrequented, did I

say? not wholly so: for here the sportsman oft pursues his game, and the trapper sets his teeth of steel to catch the stealthy beaver.

We had descried in the distance, long before nightfall, a solitary shake-cabin or shanty. We made for it; but found it so dilapidated on our near approach, we supposed it hardly possible it could be occupied: and yet, a very good canoe lay moored at the edge of the slough in front of it; and as we neared the shore, a light smoke was seen curling up from the roof of the cabin.

It was now twilight: and as we approached nearer the cabin, an old and soiled blanket that formed the door was suddenly drawn aside, and, gun in hand, out stepped a stalwart form. But oh heavens! such features as he bore! so old and haggard in his looks; 't would seem as though some spirit-fiend had preyed upon his soul, half through a long eternity. But he welcomed us cordially.

After dispatching our evening meal, the night being warm and balmy, we all took seats upon the low bank of the slough, watching the night birds, the sporting beaver, and the bittern as he flashed from beneath his wings his phosphorescent light upon his prey.

Conversation at length turned upon the song, or note, as being the voice or language of birds; when our trapper, the occupant of the cabin, remarked—"Birds *can* speak, and they sometimes tell ghastly tales, that could they be believed, would indicate some murder foul had been committed, not half a league from here." This remark, uttered with so much apparent earnestness, quite startled us; our eyes were

instantly turned upon it, and jokingly remarking but a disorderly often while sitting dreams at night, have a story told of one who herdsman from the that he was slain by the money that he had oft heard it, that I could I but hear it witnesses were near.

Amazed at his manner what hour of the night went to tell their horror.

"When all is deep plied, "at no other time

But at that instant moon-light, was seen enveloped in a misty haze from the opposite side hugging closely the water; on it came, and turned upon it; still in fixed position but a few of us, but as undisturbed when first seen.

And now the trapper perfectly demonical features, called out—

"What news to-night?"

When a voice low and but clear and distinct rose once again, *thou didst thou*

"What deed?"—asked

"Thou forced me, whither into a sepulchre—fire and

"Tis false!—since the grim of one, once speak, and char—t me hadst better tell me death, in proof that thou not estranged."



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ing but a disordered imagination, but  
often while sitting here, and in my  
dreams at night, have I thought I heard  
a story told of one who dealt in cattle, a  
herdsman from the Stockton plains;  
that he was slain by cruel hands, for  
the money that he had; and I have so  
oft heard it, that I could think it true,  
could I but hear it told when other  
witnesses were near.”

Amazed at his manner, I asked him  
what hour of the night these birds were  
wont to tell their horrid tale?

“When all is deep darkness,” he re-  
plied, “at no other time.”

But at that instant, in the bright  
moon-light, was seen an undefined object  
enveloped in a misty haze, approaching  
from the opposite side of the slough,  
hugging closely the surface of the wa-  
ter; on it came, and every eye was  
turned upon it; till at length it took a  
fixed position but a few yards in front  
of us, but as undefined and indistinct as  
when first seen.

And now the trapper, with a smile  
perfectly demoniacal playing upon his  
features, called out—

“What news to-night?”

When a voice low and sepulchral,  
but clear and distinct rolled in upon the  
shore—“No news! but to tell thee  
once again, *thou didst the deed!*”

“What deed?”—asked the trapper.

“Thou forced me, while yet alive,  
into a sepulchre of fire and flood.”

“Tis false!—but since thou, a spec-  
tre grim of one who once did live, canst  
speak, and chargest me with it, thou  
hadst better tell the manner of thy  
death, in proof that thou and truth be  
not estranged.”

“First then, thou didst drug me”—

“Tis false!”

“Then with my own lasso bound  
me”—

“Tis false!”

“Then placed my body in a tierce;  
and having cut twain notches in the  
upper head, replaced it in its circling  
grove, closing therein my bared neck;  
my head above, my body crouched be-  
neath, within”—

“Hold! close thy rattling teeth; re-  
membrance tells me naught of it.”

“And thus circumscribed by shroud,  
the like ne'er worn by man before,  
thou placed me here, in the deep still  
waters of the slough; with sack of lead-  
en bullets fastened to my feet; and just  
enough of air within to buoy me up  
from drowning; then filledst the chime  
around with molten pitch, and set it all  
on fire; and then, when I prayed to  
Heaven for the lightning's flash to  
shorten my great agony, as the last  
boon of life, I heard thy laugh upon  
the air, till my crisped ears were  
closed to sound; and when my parched  
eyelids were drawn asunder by the  
flames, thou didst point thy finger at  
me; and now—rememberest not I  
died?”

“That thou didst die, and in the way  
thou sayest, may be very true; if ghost  
or goblin ever speak the truth; but as  
for me, having any knowledge of the  
fact, thou liest! So I'll no more with  
thee—Avaunt! or a leaden shower  
shall rattle o'er thy sightless sockets,  
summoning thee to another judgment,  
for having come again to earth, to mar  
the peace of one who never knew thee.”

“If thou be innocent, be equal to  
thy threat; perchance it may cut asun-  
der the thongs with which thou didst

bind me; and being loosed; that I may rise again."

The trapper shuddered at the thought; but having uttered threat, and then in turn, being by goblin dared; he raised his weapon with unsteady hand, and sped the leaden shower. And as his eye glanced beneath the rising smoke before him, he suddenly exclaimed—"Great God! 'tis even so! the crisped lips—the bared teeth—the sooty sockets that the balls were burned in—they are all there—and see—it moves—it moves—it rises!"

And with the thought, so did the spectre rise, and from his then unloosed limbs, coiled quickly up his lasso, and in an instant hurled it upon the shoulders of the trapper. And now a struggle as for life ensued, as hand o'er hand the now sinking spectre *tightened on the line.*

Vainly the trapper sought his girdle for his knife; in vain with mighty effort at resistance, ploughed with his feet deep furrows in the ground; in vain he grasped the growing shrub; earnestly he called for mercy, "Oh, let me stay!" he cried, "I know I'm guilty; but take me not to the dead!" but the spectre of the slough, *kept tightening on the line.*

And now, as though a thousand demons were witnessing the scene, long, loud laugh-shrieks, fiend like and terrible, rang out from among the tules and along the slough; as the spectre herdsman *kept tightening on his line.*

One fearful shriek, a plunge, and all was o'er: we saw the cabin's occupant no more, for the spectre of the slough, *had taken in his line.* PIONEER.

[A pretty tough yarn, that, Mr. Pioneer.]

### THE FOR THE LILIES!

BY G. H. R.

Ho for the lilies! the bonny white lilies!  
The sweet-scented lilies that bloom on the hill!  
Will you go with me, dearie, to gather the lilies,  
The sweet-scented lilies, the bonny white lilies,  
The lilies away on the side of the hill?

There we'll walk in the shade of the tall forest  
trees,  
And recline on the moss-enshioned ground,  
And our cheeks shall be kissed by the wing of the  
breeze,  
That beareth the sweets of the lilies around.  
There's a green little bower on the side of the hill,  
And a rill flowing by sings an eloquent song;  
There our bosoms with nature's wild pean shall  
thrill,  
While time, like the current, goes laughing along.

There the fond birds are telling, around and above,  
In full many a sweet roundelay,  
How their breasties are swelling with music and  
love;

We may love, lassie dear, and be happy as they.  
See! the honey-bee gathers from many a flower  
The balm of the blossom the sweetest at dawn.  
Like that bee let us banquet on love for the hour,  
Ere the blossoms of life shall be faded and gone.

Then ho for the lilies! the bonny white lilies!  
O, sweet are the lilies that bloom on the hill,  
When will you go with me to gather the lilies?  
The pride of the mountains, the bonny white lilies—  
Our troth 'mid the lilies away on the hill.

LOOK UPON THE BEAUTIFUL.—Yes, in whatever form it may appear, look upon the Beautiful. For in the gray gossamer of the morning, in the brightness of the sun, in the clear blue sky of noon-day, in the golden glory of the sun-set, in the mellow shades of evening twilight, in the silvery beams of the moon and in the twinkling of the stars, there is Beauty.

In the bending boughs of the forest, in the waving grain-fields, in the grassy lawn, in the flowers of the glen and hill-side and in the ripening fruits, there is Beauty. And they are all as signet-gems, set by God's own hand, as tokens of His taste and love for the Beautiful; that in looking upon them, we may be taught to love the Beautiful also.

Let us then thank Him for the lesson, and show our gratitude by looking upon and cultivating, always and everywhere, a love for the Beautiful.

### CHURCH GOING

BY EUG

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However, the dress wa

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 And our cheeks shall be kissed by the wing of the breeze,  
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CHURCH GOING AND FASHION.

BY EUGENIE.

Ha, ha, ha! It was a funny freak of mine. I can't avoid laughing whenever I think of it. Now, I wonder if you wouldn't like to know what it was?

Well, as most persons are curious, I'll relate the circumstance.

The celebrated Divine, Dr. S., was to preach for a few Sabbaths in the Rev. Mr. L's church; and, of course, a vast concourse of people were there assembled to listen to his eloquent discourses. I, having just received my new plaid silk dress from the dress maker's, concluded that there was no better place for me to make my debut in it than at the Dr's.

Of course, I did not intend going merely for that; for be it known that I attend church quite regularly; but then, I must candidly confess that I was not entirely free from vanity whilst surveying myself in the large mirror, because the fit was excellent, the frock pretty; and moreover, it was the first new dress that I had bought for six months. Just think of it! only one silk dress in six months!! What would Fifth Avenue folks say to that? However, the dress was pretty, and I was proud of it—that's the truth of the matter. So after arranging the remainder of my dressing that I was to wear with the much-talked-of article; such as putting a new piece of ribbon on my bonnet—cleaning a pair of soiled gloves with some crumbs of bread, and mending the rent in my veil; I considered myself prepared to attend church on the following Sunday. Therefore, when the morning arrived, at the ring of the second bell I turned my face towards the church.

The day was as calm as any one could have wished: Italian-like skies—soft light falling on the hill-sides beyond the Bay—together with all that I saw around me (the dress not excepted) made me think everything "nobly, truly beautiful." When I reached the steps of the sacred building, it was

with great difficulty that I could get to the door in safety, there being such a number of persons who were likewise striving to gain the top of the stairs.

I succeeded, finally, in entering the church, and was politely ushered to a seat in an obscure corner of the house. Two or three cologne-scented gentlemen occupied the same pew; and they, together with a number of their canes, monopolizing about seven-eighths of it, I certainly found myself very comfortably seated. They appeared quite displeased at my entrance, and seemed to think that I was not dressed with sufficient elegance to obtain so desirable a seat as the one by them. There it was! No one noticed my new dress any more than they would my old one. It was too bad! That, I declared mentally. But no wonder. In a few minutes the double doors were thrown open, and what did I see? Could it be that those were women in the center of such immense thicknesses of clothing? None other! And such tiny bonnets, uselessly endeavoring to peep over the ladies' heads, to which they were fastened: and such graceful trains of silks and satins!

Now all eyes were directed towards the door, to mark the entrance of the fashionables. Ah, another comes, and still more. Oh! such hoops and such loves of bonnets! No wonder that I was not looked upon. I began to think how glorious it must be to attract the attention of every one in church by dressing, no matter whether you have any intelligence or not.

But why could not I have hoops; and how could I get them? Ah! there was the rub. Father despises the sight of hoops and little bonnets (how like all fathers,) and is decidedly opposed to ladies' sweeping the streets with dresses! Therefore, he would of course object to my dressing fashionably.

However, notwithstanding that, and that I was in the house of God; yet I then and there concocted a scheme by which I might obtain a goodly share of

attention on the coming Sabbath. After service, I walked home thinking.

On the following Saturday I took my new plaid dress from its accustomed place in the wardrobe, and after tearing out gathers and hems, and re-sewing them, succeeded in having as fine a train as any one, (at least, as lengthy a one). Ere long, my bonnet had a new bow of ribbon at the side, and bugles around the front. It took but a few minutes to go to a store, and purchase some pieces of whalebone; and in less time than you could say "Jack and his bean-pole," I was the possessor of as large and good a hoop-skirt as any of the ladies of that congregation.

The long-wished-for Sunday came at last, and again did I ascend the steps. I was later than before; and as I sailed in at the door, behold every eye was upon me! In passing up the aisle gentlemen arose and proffered me their seats. When at length I was about entering a pew, the terrible thought came into my mind that I was the wearer of enormously large hoops, and what if I could not pass in? However there was no alternative, and so I managed, probably through fright, to seat myself. Now all eyes were directed towards me. The lookers thought of course, that I was one of the leaders of fashion, and one worthy upon whom to bestow their glances. I certainly was arrayed in the *ne plus ultra* of fashion, for my hoops were of large dimensions—my train all that could be desired—and my bonnet arranged *a la mode*, on the back of my neck: and besides this, I walked into the church with an air of nonchalance that was observable by all, and one, of course, that would attract the attention of all foolish creatures therein. Persons continued to glance at me: and I must acknowledge—bad as it was—that I leaned my head upon my hand whilst the Doctor was praying for *editors* and *all other poor beings*, and was actually, half the time, chuckling in my wide sleeves to think how easy it was to be grand! how

simple to gloriously attract the attention of nearly all the house: how—but I then began to wonder if they could be sensible persons who do so. Would *gentlemen* slight a commonly, but neatly dressed lady, who comes to church, by not offering her a seat, as well as graciously proffering a ridiculously dressed one a pew which they are occupying themselves? Certainly *not*. They most assuredly would not, were they of God's people; or were they *sensible beings*.

Therefore, why should I covet or care for their attention and glances: if they have nothing more profitable to employ them than to go to church and scrutinizingly gaze at and comment upon ladies' dresses, and to monopolize seats? I finally concluded that I should prefer no attention at all to that, and have returned to—as my old friends say—my more sensible style of dressing.

#### DREAM LAND.

On a roseate couch in an arbor of vines,  
Reclining, I dreamed of the days that are past,—  
And gems of all luster, from fabulous mines,  
Hung clustering round on the pendulous vines,  
And poppies were strown o'er the path I had passed

The Zephyr came silently laden with dreams,—  
And her wings bore a slumberous musical strain,  
While far away floated sweet murmuring streams,  
'Till in distance they blent with the silvery beams  
Of Luna, that dreamily fell on the plain.

Light gossamer clouds floated high in the air,  
Assuming the forms of most beautiful things,  
And the sky was so bright, and the earth was so  
fair,  
That, lulled to repose by the gentleness there,  
My Fancy took flight on her slumberous wings.

Such fragrance came cut on the air of the night,  
Such melody traversed aerial aisles,  
That land was a city all peopled and bright  
With the aloof forms and the rosiest light,  
And each countenance beamed with the happiest  
smiles.

And gardens all filled with such delicate flowers,—  
Where strolled the most lovely and perfect of  
shapes,  
And arbors were there in whose cool shady bowers,  
The roses were fanned by the wings of the hours,  
And refreshed by the juice of the gushing young  
grapes.

O beautiful thought; that our spirits can rise,  
Through sorrows and troubles to Dream Land  
the blest;  
Can people with fancies the realm of the skies,  
Give life to our wishes, and hopes to our sighs,  
And find in a lifetime sweet moments of rest.

LOUISA LEE.

THE RED

"Colonel M  
"you seem  
morning."

The aristo  
round to take  
so familiarly

"Why Jack,  
you here? "

the crew of the  
"Well, you

row the day  
as I did not like  
er steamer, I an

"Is the Lud  
morning, Jack,"  
idently much ex

"Why yes C  
looked for incre  
"Do you thi

pened, Jack?"  
"Why, Colon  
ing, "she will

"God grant it  
how do you know  
"Why, you see

steamers' expect  
Mary, and it cou  
that was seen bur

you will give me  
some grog (for I  
I'll get all the ne

it as soon as possi  
"Here Jack, ta  
with you."

The Colonel e  
with anxiety, mule  
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of the Lady Mary  
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to gloriously attract the attention of nearly all the house: how—then began to wonder if they were sensible persons who do so. The gentlemen slight a commonly-dressed lady, who comes to the party, by not offering her a seat, as she graciously proffering a ridiculous one a pew which they occupy themselves? Certainly they most assuredly would not, if they were of God's people; or were sensible beings. Therefore, why should I covet or desire for their attention and glances: if I have nothing more profitable to do, I may as well employ them than to go to church and vainly gaze at and comment upon the ladies' dresses, and to monopolize the conversation? I finally concluded that I would prefer no attention at all to that which I have returned to—as my old friends—my more sensible style of dress.

DREAM LAND.

A roseate couch in an arbor of vines,  
 Reclining, I dreamed of the days that are past,—  
 And gems of all luster, from fabulous mines,  
 Hung clustering round on the pendulous vines,  
 And poppies were strewn o'er the path I had passed  
 The Zephyr came silently laden with dreams,—  
 And her wings bore a slumberous musical strain,  
 While far away floated sweet murmuring streams,  
 'Till in distance they blent with the silvery beams  
 Of Luna, that dreamily fell on the plain.  
 Light gossamer clouds floated high in the air,  
 Assuming the forms of most beautiful things,  
 And the sky was so bright, and the earth was so  
 fair,  
 That, lulled to repose by the gentleness there,  
 My fancy took flight on her slumberous wings.  
 Such fragrance came out on the air of the night,  
 Such melody traversed aerial aisles,  
 That land was a city all peopled and bright  
 With the airiest forms and the rosiest light,  
 And each countenance beamed with the happiest  
 smiles.  
 And gardens all filled with such delicate flowers,—  
 Where strolled the most lovely and perfect of  
 shapes,  
 And arbors were there in whose cool shady bowers,  
 The roses were fanned by the wings of the hours,  
 And refreshed by the juice of the gushing young  
 grapes.  
 O beautiful thought; that our spirits can rise,  
 Through sorrows and troubles to Dream Land  
 the bliss;  
 Can people with fancies the realm of the skies,  
 Give life to our wishes, and hopes to our sighs,  
 And find in a lifetime sweet moments of rest.  
 LORA LEE.

THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY CLOE.

"Colonel McClure," said a sailor, "you seem rather an early riser this morning."

The aristocratic Colonel turned round to take a look at Jack, who had so familiarly accosted him.

"Why Jack, is that you; how came you here? I thought you were one of the crew of the Lady Mary."

"Well, you see Colonel, I got in a row the day the steamer sailed, and as I did not like to engage on any other steamer, I am waiting her return."

"Is the Lady Mary expected this morning, Jack," asked the Colonel, evidently much excited.

"Why yes, Colonel; she has been looked for more than a week."

"Do you think anything has happened, Jack?"

"Why, Colonel," said Jack, laughing, "she will *happen* in port to-day."

"God grant it," said the Col., "but how do you know that, Jack?"

"Why, you see, Col., there are two steamers expected besides the Lady Mary, and it could not have been her that was seen burning last night, and if you will give me a dollar or two to get some grog (for I'm as dry as a fish,) I'll get all the news I can, and deliver it as soon as possible."

"Here Jack, take this and be off with you."

The Colonel, completely overcome with anxiety, made his way home; so deeply was he grieved at the prospects of the Lady Mary being burned, as it contained much that was near and dear to him; Charles, his only son, and his only brother, William, who had been traveling several months with Charles, "if lost," said the Colonel, "what comfort can my immense wealth give me; it was only for Charles, and now perhaps he is burned on the ill-fated steamer," and hurrying home he threw himself on the rich sofa, and covering his face with his hands, was so absorbed in his own grief, that he did not hear

any one approach; and not until he felt some one lay their hand softly on his shoulder, did he look up. There stood Jack, eyeing the Colonel with evident pity.

"News, Colonel," said Jack, "good news! Jack never fetches bad news; Lady Mary is safe."

"God be praised," said the Colonel, and rising, he thanked Jack for his trouble and kindness, and presenting him with a draft of fifty dollars, gave Jack his blessing.

"Dear Colonel," said Jack, "I'll be a new man: I'll see that your kindness is not lost on me;" and bowing, Jack made his way to other quarters.

"Missus wants you," said the faithful old Dinah; and the Colonel, walking up stairs, entered his wife's room.

"How are you now, Susan?"

"Better. Has the Steamer been heard of yet, Colonel?"

"Yes, dear, she will be in to-day, I think, and by the way Susan, I expect our old mansion will look quite insignificant to Brother William and Charles after seeing so many fine edifices in Europe."

"What are the servants making such a noise about down stairs Col.? Do go and see what can be the matter." The Colonel opened the door, and in rushed Dinah.

"Young Massa Charles has come! I seed him wid dese eyes, I did Missus, sure as I'm born."

"Where, Dinah, did you see him?"

"Why, coming right home, he is, look, dont you see him. Massa?"

And there, sure enough, was Charles with his uncle inside the gate, and being welcomed by all the servants.

In another moment and Charles embraced his dear parents; they were all overjoyed with happiness at meeting each other again.

"What prevented you from coming into port so long, brother?" asked the Colonel.

"We were detained in consequence of rendering aid to the burning steamer, Flying Turtle; all the passengers

and crew were saved with difficulty." "We were very much alarmed," said the Colonel, "but thank God you are all safe."

The Colonel's house was thronged with company, to congratulate the travelers on their return. Many were the warm invitations Charles received to return the calls, as early as possible. Many were the happy days spent in the enjoyments of their re-union, but they were not destined to be thus always.

The second year after Charles' return, he became enamored with a young lady, the knowledge of which gave his good father and mother much uneasiness. Adaline Gray was the daughter of a rich merchant in Charleston.— Adaline was tall and rather handsome, proud, selfish and vicious. She lived a lie, for no one that saw her could think well of such deformity with so fair an exterior; her whole time was spent in maneuvering for her own aggrandizement, without the least regard for the feelings of others. It is not surprising then, that she should lay every plan to captivate Charles McClure, a young man of wealth, intellectual, handsome, prepossessing, of good morals and unsuspecting; ever looking for the good qualities of those with whom he became acquainted.

Adaline was quite successful, and Charles spent much of his time at her shrine. Colonel McClure, not knowing exactly how far matters had advanced, with Adaline and his son, the whole family happening to be present at dinner, he asked, "Is it true that Edward Allen is going West?" "Yes," answered Uncle William, "Miss Adaline Gray has mitted the poor fellow, and he has been discharged from his employment as clerk; so you see that Allen has been mitted by Mr. Gray, as well as by Adaline."

"He is very unfortunate," added Mrs. McClure.

"Rather fortunate, you mean, sister," said Uncle William. "I should be sorry to have my head in such a noose. I would rather loose ten clerkships,"

added he, and turning to Charles, he said, with a mischievous smile, "I am afraid that you will wear your welcome out Master Charles, if you continue to visit Miss Adaline so often at meal time, for Gray is as stingy as a pinched Negro."

"I think you do Mr. Gray great injustice, replied Charles, with warmth; as for Adaline rejecting Allen, I think there is some mistake, for she would not so far forget her position in society as to coquette with a man of Allen's standing; and besides, I am betrothed to Adaline myself, and it is very disagreeable to me to hear my friends speak of her and her family, in this disrespectful manner;" said Charles, pushing himself back from the table.

"Betrothed to Adaline?" said Uncle William; "Why Charles, how can a man of your sense love a girl so superficial?"

"Every young belle is superficial in the eyes of old bachelors, like Uncle," said Charles, "and so I shall not lay the charge up against Adaline."

"Do as you please, my boy; but if you hang that belle around your neck you will find the clapper inconveniently long, besides the everlasting jingle, tingling in your ears."

"I hope father and mother are not as prejudiced as you are, Uncle."

"Well my son, your mother and myself have a very bad opinion of the family; I am very sorry to say it, but you have our opinion, and now act for yourself; we do not wish to control you, only for your own happiness," said his father, with much feeling.

"Well, father, if I marry Adaline, it is I that will have to live with her."

"Yes, my son, make your own choice, but choose with wisdom."

"Dinner being over, Charles took his hat and walked over to Charleston to see his friend Milford, as they were making preparations for a fine entertainment that was to come off in a few days. Charles found Milford at the house of Mr. Scott, waiting for Julia and Emma Scott to go riding.

"There is plenty of room for you, Milford. Come on."

"No," said Charles, "I only have decided to go before that I know, for we are but I am detaining them a good moment in the presence of."

"Dear Charles, last; I declare I you are not here it, although I have tunics of marriage one that I have ex-

"Dear Adaline, I return from Milford, we will be mated."

"When you Charles, let us be go."

"No, Adaline; long, not more than happens not so long."

Adaline could not help but be disappointed; she must wait another a severe trial to a afraid that Charles relative to her; she are dangerous," the

"Are you going line?" asked Charles. "Well, I will around for you early he took his leave."

A few days and at a splendid entertainment Mrs. Clark, a lady were entertained of the most fine line seemed to be nice she took part the agreeable, hoping to jealousy; but Charles with the attention

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and Emma Scott to go riding.

"There is plenty of room in the car-  
riage. Come go with us, Charles,"  
said Milford.

"No," said Charles, "I will not de-  
tain you, I only wanted to know when  
you have decided to go West, for I am  
determined to accompany you. I have  
all things ready now, but we must not  
go before that party comes off; you  
know, for we promised our presence;  
but I am detaining you;" and wishing  
them a good morning, turned several  
corners, and then found himself again  
in the presence of Adaline.

"Dear Charles, you have come at  
last; I declare I am so desolate when  
you are not here; would you believe  
it, although I have had so many oppor-  
tunities of marriage, you are the only  
one that I have ever loved."

"Dear Adaline," said Charles, "when  
I return from my western tour with  
Milford, we will have our love consu-  
mated."

"When you return, did you say?  
Charles, let us be married before you  
go."

"No Adaline; I shall not be gone  
long, not more than six months; per-  
haps not so long."

Adaline could scarcely conceal her  
disappointment; she thought he would  
not dare to refuse her, and now she  
must wait another six months; this was  
a severe trial to Adaline, for she was  
afraid that Charles might alter his mind  
relative to her; at any rate, "delays  
are dangerous," thought she.

"Are you going to the party, Ada-  
line?" asked Charles, "yes," said Ada-  
line. "Well, I will bring the carriage  
around for you early," and kissing her,  
he took his leave.

A few days and we find our friends  
at a splendid entertainment given by  
Mrs. Clark, a lady of fashion. The  
guests were entertained with all the  
pomp of the most fastidious taste; Ada-  
line seemed to be the belle of the eve-  
ning; she took particular pains to play  
the agreeable, hoping to arouse Charles  
to jealousy; but Charles was pleased  
with the attention she received, never

dreaming of what was passing in the  
heart of Adaline. The company seem-  
ed to enjoy the evening to a degree  
that did honor to the lady who gave  
the entertainment. The evening pass-  
ed away, and Charles took Adaline  
home, expressing many regrets at leav-  
ing, and hopes of pleasure when he  
returned from the West. The next  
morning found Charles and Milford on  
their journey.

A few weeks of pleasant journeying  
and we find them on a Sabbath day,  
entering the door of a church in Ann  
Arbor, Michigan; and were much sur-  
prised to see Edward Allen the officia-  
ting Minister. Allen recognized his  
friends, and invited them to call at his  
boarding house; they promised to do  
so. The next morning after breakfast,  
Milford proposed calling on Allen.

"Well, you can go, Milford, but I  
must write to Adaline and Father; tell  
him that I will call soon." Milford left  
Charles writing, and made his way to  
the lodgings of Allen who seemed de-  
lighted to hear from his old friends.

"And you tell me Milford, that  
Charles is going to marry Adaline."

"Yes. As soon as he returns." A  
few other questions and Milford took  
his leave. Allen sat some time think-  
ing how Adaline had trifled with his  
feelings. "Yes," said he, "I will be  
avenged; she shall feel what it is to be  
disappointed. Yes, there is to be a  
party in a day or two, at Deacon Brad-  
shaw's, and I will procure them invita-  
tions, so that I can 'slip a spider in his  
dumpling.' Yes, I'll have revenge."—  
And deciding upon the matter, he went  
and procured the invitations, and called  
upon his old friends, delivered them  
with Mr. Bradshaw's compliments.  
Milford and Charles being pleased with  
the opportunity of seeing something of  
Western society, accepted the invita-  
tions with evident pleasure. The eve-  
ning soon arrived and our young heroes  
had turned their footsteps towards Dea-  
con Bradshaw's. They found their old  
friend Allen waiting to introduce them.  
They were hospitably received by the

host and guests; the young ladies were really quite brilliant. As dancing was not countenanced, the young people amused themselves with plays.

"There, they are agoing to sell a young lady's handkerchief as a pawn."

"Yes, now I think of it," soloquized Allen, "I will tell Minerva Bradshaw, what shall be done to redeem it;" and stooping down, he whispered unobserved, to Minerva, "The penalty to redeem Miss Kate Hayes' handkerchief, must be that she and Mr. McClure have the marriage ceremony performed."

Minerva thought it a rich thing, and pronounced the sentence.

"I think the penalty rather severe," said Kate, but she was obliged, out of compliment to the company to redeem it, and Charles, to relieve her evident embarrassment, took her hand, and called on some of them to perform the ceremony.

Mr. Allen presented himself, and with a degree of mock solemnity went through the ceremony. All laughed, and Miss Kate got her handkerchief.

Nothing more was thought of the marriage by the merry throng; but Mr. Allen thought much. "Yes," said he, "I will fix it a tighter job than he thinks of;" and making his way to the Clerk's office, he had the marriage recorded, and inserted in the morning paper, and writing a marriage certificate, he left it at the post office, and disguising himself, left for parts unknown.

Charles was astonished next morning at seeing his marriage advertised, and on a further investigation of the matter, he found himself a lawfully married man. His distress can better be imagined than described. Milford, who shared in his distress, soon ascertained the Rev. Mr. Allen had left the place. What was to be done? A divorce must now be had before he could marry Adaline. The whole thing seemed so ridiculous that our heroes left in disgust for home. Charles declared that if he ever saw Allen he would shoot him; and as for poor Kate, Charles

strongly suspected her being in league with Allen; he never saw her but once and never wished to look at her again.

We will leave our heroes on their way home, while we take a look at Kate.

After the party, she returned home to her Uncle's, where she had been left by her parents to attend school; her father and mother having gone to California. Sixteen years of age, and possessing naturally a superior intellect, she had made rapid progress in her studies, and took delight in contemplating the time when she should graduate and be able to instruct her little sisters in California.

"Six months more, and I shall receive my diploma," said Kate, as she was spending her vacation at, the time of the fatal marriage, "and then father will send for me; how happy I shall be."

Kate was ever studying the happiness of others, and being left with those who would make but little allowance for her faults, what now would be her uncle's displeasure towards her, when he came home; one unintentional fault, and how much sorrow it had already cost her.

"It will kill my poor father and mother," said she, wringing her hands and weeping as if her heart would break, "what will uncle say?"

"Wife, what is all this fuss, about Kate getting married."

"Why, I believed the ceremony was only in fun, but somehow it is made out lawful," said Mrs. Page, "and I understand that Allen had something to do with it; at any rate he ran away and Kate is in a paroxysm of distress."

"Well, she deserves to be in distress, I don't pity her; but where is she?"

"She is up stairs, sick, she takes it so to heart."

"Children should not play with edged tools; I always despised a 'grass widow;' her father may as well send for her, now, I think she has graduated and I will write him to-morrow." We will leave Kate now, while we take a look at Mr. Charles.

The news of the marriage home before he got there, the state of affairs was not as Charles immediately sought and made her acquaintance whole. Her rage knew she abused everybody, cared for Charles, but and in giving away to disclosed to Charles her and in spite of himself pointed in Adaline.

"Are you going to morning to-morrow, Adaline?"

"No indeed; the Scotch not on good terms."

"I am sorry to hear for they are my particular."

"Well, you had better the other one; perhaps wish a divorced husband."

This last remark so feelings, that he arose and

"Divorced husband!"

With these thoughts, himself on his mother's

"Where is Uncle William?"

"There he is coming in."

"Come, Uncle William some of your advice, for distressed about this marriage."

"Why do you wish to?"

"Most certainly, Uncle"

"Well, my advice your wife and acknowledgment, for I tell you Charles was such a disgrace to the house, and I hope the name will never be stigmatized of divorce."

"Your mother and I opinion of your uncle, his name it is the best do."

"I will tell you what, er, if it will come, I will the relation; thus far she sidered as my lawful wife, dal, she shall receive as Mrs. McClure, but reserve and she must be ted with this fact."



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The news of the marriage reached home before he got there, but the real state of affairs was not exactly known. Charles immediately sought Adaline, and made her acquainted with the whole. Her rage knew no bounds; she abused everybody. Not that she cared for Charles, but his property; and in giving away to her anger, she disclosed to Charles her real character, and in spite of himself he felt disappointed in Adaline.

"Are you going to Milford's wedding to-morrow, Adaline?" asked Chas.

"No indeed; the Scotts and we are not on good terms."

"I am sorry to hear it, Adaline, for they are my particular friends."

"Well you had better go and take the other one; perhaps she would relish a divorced husband."

This last remark so wounded his feelings, that he arose and went home.

"Divorced husband! This is insupportable."

With these thoughts, Charles seated himself in his mother's drawing-room.

"Where is Uncle William, mother?"

"There he is coming in from a walk."

"Come, Uncle William, and give me some of your advice, for I am sadly distressed about this unfortunate marriage."

"Why, do you wish to get a divorce?"

"Most certainly, Uncle."

"Well, my advice is, to send for your wife and acknowledge the relation, for I tell you Charles there never was such a disgrace brought on our house, and I hope the name of McClure will never be stigmatized with the name of divorce."

"Your mother and I are just of the opinion of your uncle, Charles," said his father "it is the best thing you can do."

"I will tell you what I will do, father, if she will come, I will acknowledge the relation; thus far she shall be considered as my lawful wife; to stop scandal, she shall receive every respect, as Mrs. McClure, but my heart I shall reserve, and she must be made acquainted with this fact."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I will write her to-morrow, and await the issue."

Two weeks had now elapsed, when Colonel McClure received a letter from Mr. Page, saying, he would send Kate in a few days; she had been dangerously sick, and was now just able to sit up. A few weeks more elapsed, and the stage drove up to Colonel McClure's mansion; Charles was not in and Uncle William landed the young and beautiful wife from the stage, and introduced her to her father and mother.

Kate burst into tears as she received the warm embraces of the old people, and throwing her arms around the old lady's neck, she besought their forgiveness for her unintentional error, her youth and beauty, together with her artlessness, won them immediately.

"Where is the unfortunate young man I have made so unhappy?"

"He will soon be in; but come, I will show you your room, where you can dress," and following her mother-in-law, was ushered into a magnificent suit of rooms.

"You had better lie down and rest child, until tea, you look quite exhausted."

"You are very kind, dear mother, give me a kiss before you go down, for I feel that you are a dear sympathizing mother."

"Well, now take a little rest my dear child, put your trust in God, and all will be well."

"Kate's limited wardrobe required but little time for its arrangement, her black silk dress and beautiful form accorded well with her sweet and melancholy face. The tea bell rang, and Uncle William knocked at her door.—

"Are you ready for tea, my little niece?"

Kate looked up, and her eyes filled with tears. She was overcome with so much unexpected kindness. They descended to the sitting room, where Charles was waiting to receive her.—

He held out his hand with cold formality; suddenly dropping her hand, he led the way to the supper room. After

tea, company came in, and all were pleased with young Mrs. McClure.

"You had better retire soon, dear," said her Uncle. "Come, I will help you up stairs. A night's rest will do you good; good night."

"Well, Charles, how you like the looks of your little wife?"

"I like her so well that I shall leave home until I can control my hatred better," answered Charles.

"Do as you like, my boy, and your uncle will bid you God speed."

Long before Kate was up Charles was on his way to Mississippi.

Kate's health improved, and her uncle felt such sympathy for the unfortunate young wife, that he secured to her twenty thousand dollars, where she could draw at pleasure. Kate was a special favorite with everybody. Old Dinah said she "loved her as well as Massa Charles." Kate's kindness won upon her father and mother. She played for them, sang their favorite pieces, and was never tired of entertaining them.

"If Charles only loved Kate," said the Colonel, "I could die happy."

"She is a delicate flower, and is easily crushed. I fear that she will droop and die in the uncongenial soil to which she has been transplanted," said Uncle William. "I fancy I can see her now in her narrow house, and before another year rolls round, Chas. will be free."

"God protect the innocent!" ejaculated the Colonel, "and may she yet see the day, when she will be the dearly beloved wife of Charles. This is my fervent prayer."

"We could die in peace then, dear husband," said Mrs. McClure, "for she is all we could ever wish in a daughter, and I cannot think what has altered Charles so much; he ought at least to pity her, for he was as much to blame as she; and she is as innocent as she is lovely, and could not have been in any way leagued with Allen, as Charles thinks."

"We are all satisfied of her innocence," said Uncle William, "but here comes

Joe from the post office. Any letters, Joe?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Let me see them. Two for Kate and one for the Col. Yours, brother, is from Charles, it has the Mississippi post mark." "Take these to Miss Kate, Joe. Yes it is from Charles," said the Colonel, and he read it aloud with trembling anxiety.

[To be Continued.]

"WASHINGTON."

*Air—"God save the King."*

Great God! to thee we raise  
Our songs of grateful praise,  
For Washington.  
Let notes triumphant sound,  
And hearts respondent bound,  
With thanks from all around,  
For Washington.

Our liberty we owe,  
With tyranny's overthrow,  
To Washington.  
Past battle-fields we view,  
And there in glorious hue,  
We see the debt that's due  
To Washington.

Our Senate halls too showed  
That virtue brightly glowed,  
In Washington.  
Courage with wisdom joined,  
Justice with truth combined,  
Firmness and love we find,  
In Washington.

First in war, first in peace,  
First in our hearts we place,  
Our Washington.  
Our country's foes could ne'er  
Show character so fair,  
With whom they dare compare,  
Our Washington.

In freedom's sacred fame,  
First will be found the name,  
Of Washington.  
Watchword of liberty!  
Oh how dear to the free,  
The name will ever be  
Of Washington.

Americans! then raise  
Your proud, your joyful lays  
For Washington.  
And ye, from o'er the sea,  
Who've fled from tyranny,  
Shout, loudest of the Free  
For Washington.  
C. V. G.

BACHELOR P  
BUS HO

BY DO

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the house even  
som. salt, depu  
medicine chest,  
locking and unto  
the whole of the  
from my heart  
would pay us a  
lock, pick a qua  
hole in the place

If she would  
capacious zone,  
against stealing,  
thraldom, but sh  
ing my own turn  
tain prisoners th  
crous, housekeep  
of liberty. If I w  
a friend to re  
an enemy the tre  
my attention mu  
particular key, w  
with sunny cauti  
if worn, and how  
how to turn it,  
turn it, if broke  
"penny saved a

from the post office. Any letters,  
 "Yes, Massa."  
 "Let me see them. Two for Kate  
 and one for the Col. Yours, brother,  
 from Charles, it has the Mississippi  
 post mark." "Take these to Miss Kate,  
 please. Yes it is from Charles," said the  
 colonel, and he read it aloud with  
 trembling anxiety.

[To be Continued.]

"WASHINGTON."

Air—"God save the King."

Great God! to thee we raise  
 Our songs of grateful praise,  
 For Washington.  
 Let notes triumphant sound,  
 And hearts respondent bound,  
 With thanks from all around,  
 For Washington.

Our liberty we owe,  
 With tyranny's overthrow,  
 To Washington.  
 Past battle-fields we view,  
 And there in glorious hue,  
 We see the debt that's due  
 To Washington.

Our Senate halls too showed  
 That virtue brightly glowed,  
 In Washington.  
 Courage with wisdom joined,  
 Justice with truth combined,  
 Firmness and love we find,  
 In Washington.

First in war, first in peace,  
 First in our hearts we place,  
 Our Washington.  
 Our country's foes could ne'er  
 Show character so fair,  
 With whom they dare compare,  
 Our Washington.

In freedom's sacred fame,  
 First will be found the name,  
 Of Washington.  
 Watchword of liberty!  
 Oh how dear to the free,  
 The name will ever be  
 Of Washington.

Americans! then raise  
 Your proud, your joyful lays  
 For Washington.  
 And ye, from o'er the sea,  
 Who've fled from tyranny,  
 Shout, loudest of the Free  
 For Washington.  
 C. V. G.

BACHELOR PENNYWHISTLE AND  
 HIS HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY DOCTOR D—N.

I am a bachelor, worse luck, and  
 what is worse, getting into the sere  
 and yellow leaf of my anthropical veg-  
 etation. I kept my college fellowship  
 so long, that it deprived me of the op-  
 portunity of any umliebric fellowship.  
 I succeeded to the property of a fellow  
 sufferer, an uncle, on condition that I  
 should alter my patronymic from Ent-  
 whistle to Pennywhistle.

My housekeeper is not only keeper  
 of my house, but keeper of the master  
 of it. She is scarcely of portable size  
 sufficient to be moved without a lever,  
 yet she has the art of ubiquity to per-  
 fection, for of every rag-hole of the  
 garret to the rat hole of the cellar, I  
 do believe she is fully cognizant. I  
 must be of a strange, dishonest nature  
 to myself, for she insists upon putting  
 under lock and key every blessed thing  
 that may be placed under the house, in  
 the house, above the house, and around  
 the house, even to the jalap and Ep-  
 som salts department of the family  
 medicine chest, and such a parade of  
 locking and unlocking goes on through  
 the whole of the day, that I often wish  
 from my heart that some clever thief  
 would pay us a visit, and with his pick-  
 lock, pick a quarrel with every key-  
 hole in the place.

If she would confine to her own  
 capacious zone, these steel guardians  
 against stealing, I might submit to the  
 thralldom; but she insists upon my be-  
 ing my own turnkey and jailor to cer-  
 tain prisoners that every liberal, gen-  
 erous housekeeper scorns to deprive  
 of liberty. If I want a glass of wine for  
 a friend, or to recommend a dose for  
 an enemy, the trouble is all the same,  
 my attention must be attracted to a  
 particular key, with a particular mark,  
 with sundry cautions how to put it in  
 if worn, and how to pull it out if rusty,  
 how to turn it, if stiff, or how not to  
 turn it, if broken. She has all the  
 "penny saved a penny got" maxims by

heart, as every candle-end in the house  
 can testify. In vain I tell her my for-  
 tune requires no such parsimony. I  
 know nothing about it, I have not seen  
 as she has, how large fortunes are  
 dwindled into less than nothing by con-  
 stant little wastes, and then she refers  
 to her own disposition to waste, how if  
 it were not kept under proper subjec-  
 tion, what would become of me, al-  
 though I am the last man in the world  
 to meddle with such a waist as her key  
 zone encircles. That is my present  
 housekeeper.

The one before her was a widow,  
 one of the sauciest, coaxingest little  
 sluts that ever killed a man. She had  
 the prettiest arm and hand I ever saw,  
 and she knew it as well as myself. I  
 have always been a very susceptible  
 appreciator of beauty and fine form in  
 any shape, from a candlestick upwards  
 to the Venus de Medicis. This little  
 wretch took as zealous and tender care  
 of my health as the present one does  
 of my property. She would never let  
 me go out of my house without con-  
 sulting the weathercock, nor come into  
 my chamber without looking at the  
 barometer; and then the exit forsooth  
 must be accompanied with a belcher  
 handkerchief around my throat if foggy,  
 or great coat if cloudy, and my en-  
 trance with change of shoes and often  
 of linen.

It is not my fault that I am a bach-  
 elor as the sequel to this and other his-  
 tories of my housekeepers can prove.  
 Such unwearied solicitude for my  
 health, I mistook for ulterior design  
 on my celibacy, and nothing loth, I  
 favored and fell into the deception.  
 "Dear me," said she one morning with  
 her little pouting, plump, red, cherry  
 lips; "How ill you look Mr. Penny-  
 whistle, have you passed a bad night?  
 You do look so careworn and so an-  
 guish struck like, that I am quite con-  
 cerned about you; do call on my friend  
 Doctor Dolittle and ask him to pre-  
 scribe for that frightful cough you had  
 last night." It was in vain I assured  
 her I never felt better in my life, and

to my knowledge never coughed once during the whole night, but slept as sound as an owl.

"Do look at yourself in the glass," said she, "and be convinced." I looked, I saw nothing but a round, fat, dumpy face, glowing with health, with cheeks as red as porter steaks. Why Mrs. Dimples, said I, (that's a playful name I gave her instead of Mrs. Temples) the reflection appears glowing with health.

"Apoplectic," said she, "Mr. Pennywhistle, apoplectic; that red and white, coming and going like sunshine and storm is treacherous, very treacherous. Do be advised by a friend, Mr. Pennywhistle." Charming little sorceress, I could have thrown myself at her feet and popped the question, if I could have stood any chance of getting up again without help, I am so very short and fat. 'Twas strange, although the dear creature saw the canker in my blossom of health. I told her that in the words of Springfield, or Summerfield, or Bloomfield, or whatever the poet's name of field may be.

"I felt myself so sound and plump, That hang me, if I could not jump."

Yet I was resolved to see her friend Doctor Dolittle, more especially as his name implied that he would not do much to unsettle me by his prescriptions. So going out for that purpose I encountered another friend of the little woman's.

"Good heavens! Mr. Pennywhistle, what is the matter with you this morning? Has anything happened? Mrs. Temples is well I hope."

Why do you ask friend, said I.

"Why my dear sir, you do look so desperately ill!"

Well, thought I, good looks must be treacherous; yet I assure the reader I never felt better in all my life. I saw the man of pills; he saw my tongue; felt my pulse; made me cough; and convinced me that change of air was indispensable. So I took the nearest linen in my wardrobe, and

the next stage to the country, and off I went. As I was being lumbered along a thought struck me I had not made my will, I might die and my worldly traps be scattered to the four points of a stranger's compass, and leave the dear little thing without a dime, unpitied and uncared for by a ruthless world. So I got myself wheeled back again. Thought I to myself, now I will give the dear little soul a funny surprise; I'll creep in at the back door, ensconce myself in the china closet, and enjoy a peep unseen through the key-hole. I wondered how she would be consoling herself in my absence, and I longed to make the experiment of a sudden surprise.

Two or three times previously I imagined she had been shedding tears in secret. Who knows but that I might be the unconscious cause of them.

As I neared the house towards evening I was amazed to find the whole front of the parlor, having a goodly display of fine windows, all lighted up. What can be going on thought I, so I crept in unperceived into the cloak room of the hall, leaving the door just ajar so that I might hear and see all the proceedings. Will the reader believe it, the minx had availed herself of my absence to give a grand party to these very friends who had so daringly given the lie to my good health in the morning. In this my pleasant retreat, I had the supreme felicity of hearing the little wretch allude to me in no very respectful terms, as "dumpy," "old codger," "squatty," "old foggy," "snuffy old twaddle;" (I had forsworn snuff the last fortnight) which were duly responded to in suitable complimentary language, as "conceited old prig," "amorous old fool," "musty old antiquary," "bow-legged Adonis;" The pleasure I experienced was enhanced by the liberal use of the best wines of my cellar, and the choicest bits of my larder.

Two or three times was I obliged to check the ardor of my resolution to sally out to break the head of that

scamp. Doctor D had been the au bug practised o being determined played out in spi were often grind itude.

All was passi when certain song which she composed upon assured them wa gem as near as could catch was a

"Old puppy P  
Old foggy Pen  
so fat and  
With a cough  
With red hair  
All straight st  
With eyes like  
Forehead of  
Nose like an  
The veriest cu  
Mouth like a  
Or any other  
Two broad fr  
Call'd by the

To which that Do

and to finish  
so courage at

What does the  
of this heap of ins  
as eve I could de  
bottled up. Ho  
myself by the ret  
from time immenc  
signed to hear any  
But the slander of  
now will the read  
is not a particle o  
about it, on the co  
delicious light aub  
Raphael loved to  
nose, never presu  
cian of Roman cha  
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being intrusted to  
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fallen at on my fa  
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The consequence  
may imagine, that  
nose was not only



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Two or three times was I obliged to check the ardor of my resolution to sally out to break the head of that

scamp, Doctor Dolittle, who it seemed had been the author of the vile humbug practised on me, but I forbore, being determined to see the farce played out in spite of my teeth, which were often grinding at her vile ingratitude.

All was passing mightily pleasant, when a certain lawyer called for the song which she the said widow, had composed upon myself, and which he assured them was a very gem. This gem as near as my outstretched ears could catch was as follows:

"Old puppy Pennywhistle,  
Old foggy Pennywhistle  
Is so fat and greasy,  
With a cough too so wheezy,  
With red hair so fiery,  
All straight stiff and wiry,  
With eyes like a ferret,  
Forehead of no merit;  
Nose like an ace of Clubs,  
The veriest case of snubs.  
Mouth like a codfish,  
Or any other odd fish,  
Two broad frying pans  
Call'd by the lying hands."

To which that Doctor added:

"And to finish the figure,  
No courage at the trigger."

What does the candid reader think of this heap of insults? It was much as ever I could do, to keep my wrath bottled up. However, I comforted myself by the remark that listeners from time immemorial were never designed to hear any good of themselves. But the slander of "fiery red hair"—now will the reader believe it, there is not a particle of that odious color about it, on the contrary, it is of that delicious light auburn that the divine Raphael loved to paint; as for my nose, I never presumed upon its Grecian or Roman *charis*, for I know that there is no grace about it, from an unfortunate circumstance in my boyhood; being entrusted to a mere girl, (I hate girl nurses) who left me after I had fallen flat on my face on one part of the ice-slide on which she was with a long line of street boys recreating.

The consequence was, as the reader may imagine, that the bridge of my nose was not only broken, but the

fleshy part so completely frozen as never to have recovered since, its full vitality. This broken nasal bridge, has always been a "bridge of sighs" to me. As for my hands, they are such a size as distinguish the gentleman; but why waste more words on such vile slander. Now for the denouement; I listened again and heard the wretched little syren in the most gentle lisp ask whether her dear lawyer—who it seems always managed her affairs—whether he thought the action would lie? Action! asked I to myself, "in the name of all the Gods at once," what action? That worthy affirmed it might, with a slight erasure of two words, "horse, and cart," substituting instead of them, the two euphoniac "heart and hand"—Was ever such a vile conspiracy—Upon my first engaging her as housekeeper, I had written to her that she was to give herself no trouble about the removal of her furniture, as her apartments were sufficiently furnished; if she wished otherwise, my horse and cart were at her service.

These innocent words he proposed thus to turn, provided I did not pop the important question; which most indubitably I should have done had it not been for this discovery; but now, that proceeding was quite out of the question; her poetical powers and the dissimulation and humbug, she and her friends had so ruthlessly played upon me rendered *such a consummation devoutly to be shunned*.

Yet despite of her mortifying description of my personal qualities, I am such an old fool, and have such a melting nature, especially when a pretty woman is in the case, that I do believe I should have forgiven her and married her, if she had shown the slightest compunction of remorse at parting. I looked in vain for the slightest symptom of it in her delicious eyes; but instead of it, I only perceived a roguish twinkle lurking there, ready to make sport at the first opportunity offered her.

FINALE TO BACHELOR PENNYWHISTLE.

## NETTIE.

In my childhood or youth, I many times used to wish that I could paint a picture: I used to wish that I could, form the white marble, chisel out a human figure that would almost breathe and speak to me; or that in the loom of the wizard fancy, I could weave a story or a poem that should melt other hearts as mine had oftentimes been melted, by the influence of the strange imagery that came upon the canvass of my brain, that marvelous realm which no physical instrument can penetrate, and whose mysterious writing the spiritual eye alone reads, I often yearned to *embody* my soul in *something* that might speak *silently* to all who should come into its presence; that should make them *feel* what I felt, without *saying* anything; that should *command* the soul and draw along and bear her upward, *silently*, I loved silence for it is the power of the Soul. But I could seldom catch the subtle visions, and a dark cloud rose on my life just then, which has never left it; and now they do not come to me any more as they used to do many years ago, oh! how many! It seems centuries since I was a child and saw these things, I wish now, to make a picture of childhood, to call back a translated form, that may speak to you in few words, but which will call up a thousand memories and speak to you always.

You knew Nettie well. We all knew Nettie; just as in the North Atlantic States everybody knows the violet or the primrose, and seeks them from their very modesty. She has gone away now, and when we close our eyes and look for her, with the inner vision and sometimes catch glimpses of her in the "Magic Glass" we see her, almost as she was before only less earthly; Nettie is to us now a celestial figure—and it seems as if she had always been such—some partition seems to have been taken away, so that her two existencies have glided into one, and now her little earthly life seems

glorified by a radiance streaming over it from another world. We have almost instantly forgotten all its earthly elements and it stands in our memories now a sanctified life; and as if it had never been anything else—passionless—sinless.

Nettie was a sun-beam in the home where she dwelt, bearing light and happiness into every recess where her presence might enter. The life-plans of others might all be defeated—hope be crushed—disappointment and sadness set on the brow and care and anguish complain from the life—but Nettie was a child and the handwriting of sorrow was not yet upon her brow and the overburdened spirit was often beguiled from despair by the serene illumination of her eye. Whatever cloud of sorrow stood over that home, the radiance of her spirit gilded it and played upon its dark bosom until the gloom was forgotten in the supernal beauty of her light. When the storm-wind was abroad, and the black tempest hung low and shut out the warm sun-light from the earth, when the tropical rains flooded all the streets and a sense of loneliness and desolation brooded on all things, the sun-light of *her* face streamed across every hall and into all places. The storm might reign without, what matter! light was within, the light of a child's love, which is eternal.

In the bright mornings, when the great sun poured into the windows his wealth of light, she stood there among the flowers,—the brightness of the morning—the brightest of all flowers—brighter than light itself. She stood among them as if she was of them, and belonged there, and the blue beams from her eyes seemed incarnated in their white petals. She stood among the lilies,—genius of the flowers—the angel of purity,—as if the source of their embodied loneliness, come to bring them their sustenance—light, and dew, and rain-drops, and a pure atmosphere. She stood there, their minister, dispensing rich ambrosia.

When the  
the limitless  
night hung its  
sun, and in  
hush upon  
stood in the  
home. She wa  
ings, and the  
silver star ab  
human sadness

Nettie was a  
home. What  
the friction of  
ever discord f  
*her* young life  
musical,—and  
life around her  
uttering the si  
nature was mu  
cadences of n  
hymns of a high  
Her slight frail  
piness along,  
earth, moved r  
step was music  
the stair—The  
that were exstac  
imperishable, (th  
that was vity itse  
the glad welcome  
came in music.

music, and 'tis  
us. Do you no  
you will be quite  
listen, I am sur  
by it, for thoug  
tremulous tones  
sweet vibrations  
echo here.

And this light  
called away from  
"heart of heart"  
throned, and fi  
look upward a  
doeth anything  
and bears the be

We believe  
She was, trust  
thrilled with  
senger—called  
Her eyes only  
with wonder a  
He came like  
inverted orch,  
3

by a radiance streaming over another world. We have almost forgotten all its earthly and it stands in our memories sanctified life; and as if it had been anything else—passionless.

She was a sun-beam in the home she dwelt, bearing light and life into every recess where her presence might enter. The life-plans of the world might all be defeated—hope dashed—disappointment and sadness on the brow and care and sorrow on the lip—but she could not complain from the life—but she was a child and the hand-written sorrow was not yet upon her forehead and the overburdened spirit was beguiled from despair by the illumination of her eye. What a cloud of sorrow stood over that radiant face of her spirit gilded and layed upon its dark bosom unglorious was forgotten in the celestial beauty of her light. When the storm-wind was abroad, and the tempest hung low and shut out the warm sun-light from the earth, the tropical rains flooded all the land and a sense of loneliness and gloom brooded on all things, the light of her face streamed across the hall and into all places. The night might reign without, what mat-ter was within, the light of a love, which is eternal. On the bright mornings, when the sun poured into the windows his golden light, she stood there among the flowers,—the brightness of the flowers,—the brightest of all flowers—brighter than light itself. She stood among them as if she was of them, and she dwelt there, and the blue beams of her eyes seemed incarnated in the white petals. She stood among the lilies,—genius of the flowers—angel of purity,—as if the source of their embodied loneliness came to them their sustenance—light, and life, and rain-drops, and a pure atmosphere. She stood there, their minister, dispensing rich ambrosia.

When the red evening faded behind the limitless ocean, and the solemn night hung its thick mantle before the sun, and in its grandeur, brought a hush upon human life, a light still stood in the western windows of that home. She was the Orient of its mornings, and the Hesper of its nights—a silver star above the midnight of all human sadness.

Nettie was a perpetual song in that home. Whatever tumult came from the friction of life around her, whatever discord from the heart of care, her young life and heart were only musical,—and she charmed the jarring life around her into tune. Her voice, uttering the simple impulses of her nature was music—singing all day, the cadences of an earthly joy or the hymns of a higher life—it was melody. Her slight frail form, bounding in happiness along, scarcely touching the earth, moved rhythmically. Her very step was music along the hall and on the stair.—The murmurs of affection, that were extacies, the tones of love imperishable, the whispers of sadness, that was pity itself, the “good night,”—the glad welcome,—the “good bye” all came in music. Her life was a life of music, and 'tis murmuring yet about us. Do you not hear it? hush! If you will be quite silent some times and listen, I am sure you will be thrilled by it, for though she has gone, the tremulous tones of that life and the sweet vibrations of their departure still echo here.

And this light and song has been called away from that home, from the “heart of hearts” where she was enthroned, and from us. But we will look upward and be silent for “He doeth all things well.” We will try and bear the bereavement.

We believe she has gone HOME. She went trustingly. She was not thrilled with fear when the messenger—called Death—came for her. Her eyes only grew large and bright with wonder at the visions she saw. He came like a gentle angel with an inverted torch, and taking her hand,

he led her up the long pathway into the celestial paradise. She felt she was going to receive the beatitudes of the Master, and no complaining, no murmur, no utterance of fear, came from her lips. Only a crystal tear stood up on the casket of her soul as she left it. The little form, “beautiful even in death”—temple of her gentle spirit,—has been quietly laid away. They placed it among the flowers, saying

“A child that we have loved has gone to heaven  
And by this gate of flowers she passed away.”

On the calm bosom of “Lone Mountain” it has been placed—to rest forever. It is a silent spot, and when you go there sometimes to try to get nearer to her, you will hear little, save the solemn beat of the Pacific Sea. The timid song-sparrow may whistle above her pillow sometimes, and the humming bird in crimson and emerald may whirl among the yellow poppies upon her couch,—that's all. But the boom of the great ocean goes up there forever. It is her dirge.

You will see Nettie with your eyes, no more. She has “gone before.” A slight figure will glide by you in the street sometimes, and you will turn to look again, but the illusion will vanish, instantly. A blue eye and a smile in the crowd will catch your gaze and hold it a minute, but the shifting scene will dispel the vision. A sweet voice will come upon your ear and you will start quickly, but she will not be there.

Before your mortal eyes she'll come no more. But sometimes in the silence of sleep, in the “starry midnight,” she will steal quietly before the eyes of your soul, and you will see her then, standing—a child-spirit among the immortal children. She will not speak to you. She cannot tell you of the unutterable splendor there. But you will know it is Nettie tho' so holy. The same calm face and serene beauty and spiritual eyes will tell you it is Nettie. If she should whisper to you, you could never forget it. If she should beckon to you, you would go to her presently.

And when your sleep is broken you will wonder that you are *not* with her. So celestial—so sanctified—so immortal, Nettie stands in our memory.

### THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

#### A MINER'S REVERIE.

I am but a dream, time is as eternity, seasons and years hold me not, I gaze into the wrinkled locks of frosty winter, ride upon the storm's dread front, look upon the sunshine afar off, lying like a sleeping infant cradled in a tropical vale.

My days and years are as the stately Missouri, gathering pebbles from the glens of the Rocky Mountains, the Ohio's wide flood, ranging empires, uniting and blending in the father of waters, the mighty Mississippi, rolling into the ocean in the widened gulf-stream, striking against the coasts of Labrador, freighted with lofty icebergs, casting them upon the coasts of the Old World, moving down the slopes of Africa, rushing across the Atlantic, up and on through the isles of the Caribbean Sea, circling on, forever and forever.

Zoroaster and Mahomed are familiar companions; I smile with Heraclitus, and weep with Democritus, upon the follies and crimes of men. Space is obliterated, I wander with the comets amidst the stars that roll in their orbits along the bounds of the universe, and mark their regular and endless revolutions.

Then as I grow weary of these, I come back again to our earth, sit myself down upon some lofty mountain brow and listen, for pastime, to the noise and murmur of an assembled world, all sounds borne upon the air, no matter how harsh the means that produce them, or how hoarse they grate upon mortal ears, come up unto me, mellowed by distance, worn of their asperities, undulating as the music of a soft lute from some garden bower.

Then I fly to some overhanging cliff

that looks out upon the rolling main, revelling amidst the waters and dark rolling billows mingle with the spirit of the storm; and when the waves subside, and the hush of nature is all around me, I count the dead swells of the sea, and am charmed with their triplicity. The universe to me is the full chord of one vast diapason, all space is vocal with the music of nature, perfect in all its parts, boundlessly beautiful, and endless in symphony.

But alas, flesh and blood chain me to the earth, my spirit's wanderings are vain and profitless, they bring not food for the body, nor supplies for its varied wants; the sunrise of each day wakes me to life's stern duties. I toil for daily bread, am pelted by the snows and storms of winter that fall and howl around my home amid the Sierras. O, that the God of nature had implanted in me, none but aspirations to supply earthly wants, methinks I had been far happier.

I see around me, even in the rocks amidst which I toil, the dead relics of fleeting centuries, antediluvian life bristles here in its rocky tombs, fossilized and preserved for me to wonder upon, study and meditate; can I refuse to ponder upon these footprints as they rise in succession from group to group? The primeval series, Mollusks and Zoophytes, snails and periwinkles.

Then cephalopods, glyptolites, pterichthys, lichens, mosses, ferns and fungi. Then lizards, crocodiles and alligators. Then marine mammalia, seals, grampuses and whales. Then elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamuses, ostriches, condors, helmet headed cassowaries, and at last to complete the series of gradations from the lowest to the highest, crowning the whole, is man. But when I look within myself as one for the whole, what do I find? A being full of varied instincts, endowed with reason and intelligence, capable of mighty deeds; but chiefly fritting away life's precious moments in endeavors to accomplish unattainable things; full of lofty aspirations, full of low and

grovelling pursuits, in body and mind the face of day, and we men would place more than a hundred times as many!—upon infamy. Yet in my instinct high over the desire for immortality by this same instinct the eye, of observation through all time, and scribed, development rising one above another perfect than the former aspirations and desire rise.

But when I look at life is built upon dead atoms composing our same that for centuries have gone to make and animal life. I am a moment, composed of monkeys, dogs, man etc., that perished years.

The very thought is some; but then, at times kind, and fancy that the faces of those are of every animal that the hyena in one, and the serpent in another the folds; the lion in bold and dauntless.

unchangeable, but these me. I am made up of thoughts. At other nevolence holds my I feel charity unto all ing carefully through do I see the evidence me of the fulfilment is in all, the param piness and immortality

I see in the broad marked upon every every leaf that trem of spring, evidence that there must be a Creator above our own.

There is in us a desire to know more than



upon the rolling main,  
 midst the waters and dark  
 waves mingle with the spirit  
 ; and when the waves sub-  
 e hush of nature is all  
 count the dead swells of  
 am charmed with their  
 The universe to me is the  
 of one vast diapason, all  
 al with the music of nature,  
 all its parts boundlessly  
 and endless in symphony.  
 flesh and blood chain me  
 my spirit's wanderings are  
 effortless, they bring not food  
 , nor supplies for its varied  
 sunrise of each day wakes  
 stern duties, toil for daily  
 pelted by the snows and  
 winter that fall and howl  
 home amid the Sierras. O,  
 of nature had implanted  
 e but aspirations to supply  
 ts, methinks I had been far  
  
 ound me, even in the rocks  
 ch I toil, the dead relics of  
 centuries, antediluvian life  
 re in its rocky tombs, fossil-  
 reserved for me to wonder  
 y and meditate; can I refuse  
 upon these footprints as they  
 procession from group to group?  
 neval series, Mollusks and  
 , snails and periwinkles.  
 phalalares, glyptolipes, pteri-  
 schens, mosses, ferns and  
 en lizards, crocodiles and alli-  
 then marine mammalia, seals,  
 and whales. Then ele-  
 minoceros, hippopotamuses,  
 condors, helmet-headed casso-  
 nd at last to complete the  
 gradations from the lowest to  
 st, crowning the whole, is man.  
 I look within myself as one  
 hole, what do I find? A being  
 ried instincts, endowed with  
 and intelligence capable of  
 eeds; but chiefly fritting away  
 eous moments in endeavors  
 plish unattainable things; full  
 aspirations, full of low and

grovelling pursuits, performing deeds  
 in body and mind that would shame the  
 face of day, and were they known unto  
 men would place many,—O how infin-  
 itely too many!—upon the black rolls of  
 infamy. Yet in me there is a ruling  
 instinct high over all, it is an innate  
 desire for immortality. I look, guided  
 by this same instinctive desire, with  
 the eye, of observation, and reason,  
 through all time, and see, as above de-  
 scribed, development of forms are  
 rising one above another, each more  
 perfect than the former; this gives me  
 aspirations and desires that I too may  
 rise.

But when I look again, I behold that  
 life is built upon death,—that the very  
 atoms composing our bodies are the  
 same that for century upon century,  
 have gone to make up all vegetable  
 and animal life. I am perhaps at this  
 moment, composed of dead serpents,  
 monkeys, dogs, mastodons, elephants,  
 etc., that perished in antediluvian  
 years.

The very thought in itself is loath-  
 some; but then, at times I loathe man-  
 kind, and fancy that I can behold in  
 the faces of those around me, the type  
 of every animal that ever perished;  
 the hyana in one, a prowling demon;  
 the serpent in another, coiling his sub-  
 tle folds; the lion in another, brave,  
 bold and dauntless. I know that it is  
 uncharitable, but these thoughts are in  
 me. I am made up of many conflict-  
 ing thoughts. At other moments, be-  
 nevolence holds my purse-strings, and  
 I feel charity unto all men; but look-  
 ing carefully throughout the universe,  
 do I see the evidence there to satisfy  
 me of the fulfilment of that desire that  
 is in us all, the paramount wish for hap-  
 piness and immortality?

I see in the broad field of nature,  
 marked upon every blade of grass,  
 every leaf that trembles in the soft air  
 of spring, evidence that there is a God;  
 there must be a Creator, an intelligence  
 above our own.

There is in us a greater or less de-  
 sire to know more than we can see in

nature's field, about this Supreme Be-  
 ing.

I have passed over the tomes of the  
 past; made myself familiar with the  
 views of the great men of former ages,  
 their schemes of salvation and views  
 of immortality; what they have said  
 of the soul and its mysterious connec-  
 tions with the body, and I have sear-  
 ched profane history in vain for the plan  
 of salvation that satisfies the full wants  
 of the soul. Man could not originate  
 the plan, it was left for God himself,  
 and fulfilled in the person of Jesus of  
 Nazareth. No man ever lived that  
 equalled him in beauty and symmetry  
 of person, in godlike attributes, and  
 actions.

Man cannot propose such a plan of  
 salvation. The Saviour's death was  
 the most sublime scene ever recorded  
 in history. "Socrates died like a phi-  
 losopher; but Jesus Christ, like a  
 God."

My situation is that of many; the  
 mountains are full of men, toiling for  
 subsistence; they are found in every  
 cañon, and on the hill-tops. Many  
 have given up in despair, and turned  
 drunkards, gamblers, loafers, villains  
 and scapegraces. Others have gone  
 down to untimely graves, beneath the  
 weight of corroding cares; but I will  
 not succumb, nor give up. I will  
 maintain my own self-respect and en-  
 deavor to deserve the respect of others.  
 I as firmly believe that industry, per-  
 severance and energy will finally suc-  
 ceed, as that there is a future life, of  
 which this is but the beginning; these  
 qualities are always equal to talents,  
 and often superior; thousands of ex-  
 amples all over our country, lead me  
 onward. "Excelsior," should be our  
 motto under all circumstances.

No matter how lowly your situation  
 or how dejected your thoughts, there is  
 hope of success while there is life.  
 The whole field of nature was created  
 by God himself, and given you for a  
 heritage. The earth, the air, the sun  
 that illumines the heavens, the stars  
 that gem the universe, all, all minister

to your pleasure and happiness. And Jesus the Son of God, died for you upon Calvary, that eternal life and happiness may be yours. That better land beyond the grave you can inherit.

### STANZAS ON A ROSE.

PRESENTED TO THE WRITER BY A LADY.

Thou lovely crimson Rose,  
Whose golden heart,  
Midst its bright petals glows,  
To me thou art,  
More than the queen of flowers,  
For in thy face,  
The smiles of happier hours,  
Which now I trace,  
Shine on my heart with a sweet pensive  
spell,  
Like fragrance from the heavenly Aspho-  
del.

Plucked from thy parent stem,  
The first-born there,  
Where like a radiant gem,  
Enthroned so fair;  
Amid these hills so wild,  
O did'st thou pine,  
Like some forsaken child,  
Or soul of mine,  
To find a kindred golden-hearted friend,  
With whom thy lonely heart might ever  
blend.

'Twas woman's gentle hand,  
That sent to me,  
A stranger in the land,  
Alone like thee,  
Thy fair and lovely form,  
To me a shrine,  
Of friendship pure and warm,  
Or more divine,  
Thy sympathies of woman's kindly heart,  
Which to my own the sweetest joys im-  
part.

Thy brilliant leaves may fade,  
But there shall cling,  
The fragrance which has made  
My heart to sing,  
Of friendship's joys so pure,  
And memories dear,  
Which ever shall endure  
While thou art near,  
With all thy cherished sweetness to re-  
mind,  
Of woman's heart so gentle pure, and  
kind.

W. H. D.

Near Placerville, Cal., May, 1857.

### OUR INTERPRETER.

BY DOINGS.

Ho, ho! ho, ho! for the mountains, the snow-capped mountains! where rough old Boreas holds his winter revels, where the summer sun shines sweetly through thick foliage of evergreens; the birth-place of sparkling springs and laughing rivulets; where the eagle finds his home, and where Nature sitting in all her majesty and loveliness, holds perpetual jubilee!—Come with me if you will, to Independence bar, on Nelson Creek. It was here that we halted in the fall of '50, when on our way to Marysville; we had been many, many miles further into the mountains, and had been successful, for we had found what we had sought after. Hitherto in all our journeyings we had walked, but now Doc's shoes had given out, and his feet were very sore, in fact the night previous we were obliged to help him into camp. Old Bill had been to the mouth of the Creek and there learned that a pack-train would leave that place for Grass Valley after dinner, and upon his return proposed that we should ride; this appeared to meet the views of all; we thought it a fine idea, and wondered how a ride would seem after so long a walk. But Bill said the mules belonged to a Spaniard, and we must find some one to interpret for us; after searching for some little time an interpreter was found; he was a Frenchman, a very little Frenchman, not over five feet in height, and with so much hair on the place where his face ought to be, that it was somewhat doubtful if he had any face; but there was a pair of eyes there, black, sharp, piercing eyes; and he had a voice too, a perfect French voice; so sweet, so musical, in short, he was French all over. As he approached our party, he indulged in a succession of low bows; French bows; and after embracing each, proceeded in very broken English to inform us, that by profession he was a Doctor; that he spoke the Spanish language as

fluently as he did been unfortunate, the mountains, and interpreter. Quit these preliminary ed his hands, pl stomach, and wit back, and eyes rol lated "Ah! ma Belle France! wh thee." He was a minute detail of l when Plin sudden business, by telling not at all French French apologies fo vate affairs upon us to attend us. The was one through wit of old Spain was st and straight, with a nance; from the co face, and the white gled with his once bl that he had seen the fifty summers; his was prepossessing, a bespoke the gentlem once interested in h we could not conver learn something of hi he had not always b I felt assured. For dollars each includi the "Captain" agree Grass Valley. Abo party mounted and c eend the hill—hill from base to apex 'iv and in many places a lar. The train co mules, and besides Frenchman, and ou queros." The mules dles, and comparone dles or apesjos upo To describe those s loss; in show they juvenile dress, fir the mule's back; the did not in the least r leather, hair palm, o tress, but if leather s

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fluently as he did English; that he had been unfortunate, and wishes to leave the mountains, and will officiate as our interpreter. Quite frequently during these preliminary remarks, he has folded his hands, placed them upon his stomach, and with his head thrown back, and eyes rolling upwards, ejaculated "Ah! ma Belle France! ma Belle France! why for I did leave I thee." He was about to give us the minute detail of his many afflictions, when Phin suddenly brought him to business, by telling him in language not at all French to "Dry!"—a few French apologies for intruding his private affairs upon us and he was ready to attend us. The owner of the train was one through whose veins the blood of old Spain was flowing; he was tall and straight, with a pleasing countenance; from the corrugations of his face, and the white so plentifully mingled with his once black hair, I judged that he had seen the sun of more than fifty summers; his entire appearance was prepossessing, and his manners bespoke the gentleman. I became at once interested in him, and regretted we could not converse, that I might learn something of his history, for that he had not always been a mule driver I felt assured. For the sum of five dollars each, including the Frenchman, the "Capitan" agreed to pack us to Grass Valley. About 1 o'clock the party mounted and commenced to ascend the hill—hill we called it, but from base to apex 'twas full five miles, and in many places almost perpendicular. The train consisted of thirty mules, and besides the owner, the Frenchman, and ourselves, five "Vaqueros." The mules were without bridles, and caparisoned with pack-saddles or aparejos upon which we rode. To describe those saddles, I am at a loss; in shape they were not unlike a juvenile mattress, firmly secured over the mule's back; the stuffing, however, did not in the least resemble that of a feather, hair, palm, or even straw mattress, but if leather shavings ever were

used for such a purpose, then 'twas leather shavings we rode upon. We found them more comfortable than we anticipated, for they were so thick, that when going up hill we could assume a position very much like sitting upon a barrel with our knees bent over the head, and a firm grip with our hands to the chime; and thus we rode up the steepest acclivities; when descending we reversed our positions and faced the tail of the mule. This was a new degree in equestrianism, and we enjoyed it much. Imagine, if you can, this party, covered with rags and patches, slipshod, slouched hats, long hair and beards, faces rather dark and dirty, sitting upon those saddles, and ascending or descending some steep acclivity; each with a new clay pipe protruding from his mouth, the stem of which is at least eighteen inches in length. The pipes were purchased at the creek, and such satisfaction did they give that they were hardly out of our mouths. Many were the joyous peals of laughter that echoed and re-echoed among those woods and hills, for we presented such a ludicrous appearance to each other, that even Doc who was quite unwell, could not refrain from joining in our mirth. It was near night when we reached the summit of the hill (?) and here we found a cool, refreshing spring, and a fine flat covered with rich grass, and here we determined to camp. After selecting a spot to spread our blankets, and having eaten our suppers, we gathered about the camp-fires of the Mexicans, smoked our pipes, and witnessed the manufactory of Tortillios-teres as follows: each one took a piece of dough about the size of a small egg, this they commence to press between the palms of their hands, and then to throw from one to the other, until it was as thin as a wafer and large enough to cover a dinner-plate; it was then thrown upon hot coals, and in a few seconds cooked. The vaqueros continued to make and cook tortillios, until a small sized pile had accumulated, I should say about three feet six inches

in height (!) they then "went in," and we smoked our pipes and gazed with astonishment as the monument disappeared.

We carried our gold between the folds of our handkerchiefs—those of us who were fortunate enough to have one, those less fortunate, in strips of flour-bag,—secured around us, just above the waistband of our pants, and beneath our shirts—the little Frenchman discovered the location of it, and familiarly touched old Bluff's treasure, making at the same time some very happy remarks—neither the action or remarks were favorably received by Bluff, who putting his huge fist very near the little fellow's face, advised him to "take care! or I'll knock the top of your head off."

The adjacent hills, the trees and everything was clothed with night—the camp-fire had dwindled down until but here and there a spark flickered, and then, went out—myriads of stars were twinkling up above, and the last whiff from our pipes was winding and circling the air, 'ere we proposed to turn in. The Frenchman who had been sitting with the vaqueros, aside from us, now approached and invited us to sleep with him—he had selected such a lovely spot, beneath the extending branches of a huge old pine—the grass was so heavy there, and it would be so much more secure, as well as pleasant to sleep together—to all his entreaties we were deaf, and turned in between our own blankets, and upon the ground we had ourselves selected—it was not 'til now, that a suspicion flashed across our minds, that we might be in bad company, and after comparing notes, we brought to mind several suspicious circumstances in connection with our French friend—but as we were well armed, and feeling strong in numbers, we apprehended but little danger and—went to sleep. Just as the gray of dawn came peeping o'er the hills—just at that time when the darkness wavers, 'ere it disappears—just as day came struggling

into life, we were awake and just as 'old sol' came creeping from his mountain bed, we were leaving camp. About noon we arrived in Grass Valley, and finding good grass and water about one mile from the settlement, the owner of the train concluded to camp there, and we, telling him that we wanted to settle with him in town, went on and established ourselves at the most fashionable hotel—which consisted of eight upright posts, covered with brown muslin, and furnished with a bar and table—the bar, comprised a board over a barrel, two tin cups and a black bottle—the table, a board over two barrels, and when 'set' presented an array of tin plates, and rusty knives. The Kitchen was behind the house—out of doors. The culinary utensils included a fry-pan, camp-kettle, coffee-pot, and—that was all. But we were comfortable, and "laid back" happy and contented, if only from the fun that we had at length found some one to cook for us. We had been at our hotel less than an hour when our interpreter made his appearance, and stated that if agreeable to us, he would receive our fares for the Spaniard—not dreaming of any deception, we paid him. A short time after, the old Spaniard came in, and through an interpreter, who he had found in the valley, informed us that his business was to collect our passage money. He was rather surprised to learn that the Frenchman had received it, and said that he was not authorized to do so, but he presumed it was all right. One hour later he returned in a state of great excitement, he could not find the Frenchman, and some one during his absence from camp, had been there and stolen all of his money—about \$1200. It must have been the Frenchman—we readily and at once assisted to hunt for him, we aroused the camp—parties went out in every direction,—but our search was of no avail, he had gone. This was a severe blow to the Spaniard, and although years ago, I can well remember how he looked, and can see him now,

as I saw him then clasped hands, his those gray locks the evening breeze seemed impressed louder than words the blow had learned that this series of misfortune fallen him, and so fast and thick man was well sincerely sorry for course did not help would not allow him from us—and so eighteen months in San Francisco him, that fortune smiled he was 'en in Mexico. Of the nothing positive to perambulating the cisco about four years a party of men at nearer to them, I ne to their ankles, were ornaments,—and an who bore a very ne to our French inter

AN INDEPENDENT  
FOR JULY 1847

Let the cannon's loud  
pour  
While our flags are  
Midst the blessings of  
roul  
That halt death on  
Yes, death to the tyrant  
foes  
To fetter our father  
When Liberty's sun o  
To guide and cheer  
those  
Whose glory forever

Rejoice the day when  
Their fathers re  
Most was its adv  
But ever its noon  
Its fame now spread  
All regions its glory  
Till every land shall  
And sign for the gra  
birth  
Of those who are e



as I saw him then,—standing there with clasped hands, his head uncovered, and those gray locks fluttering wildly on the evening breeze—every feature seemed impressed with anguish, and louder than words, told how heavily the blow had fallen. I afterwards learned that this was but one of a series of misfortunes which had befallen him, and they of late had come so fast and thick, that the poor old man was well nigh ruined. We felt sincerely sorry for him, but that of course did not help him any, his pride would not allow him to receive money from us—and so we parted. Some eighteen months after I met with him in San Francisco, and learned from him, that fortune having at length smiled, he was 'en route' for his home in Mexico. Of the Frenchman I have nothing positive to relate, but as I was perambulating the streets of San Francisco about four years ago, I observed a party of men at work; as I drew nearer to them, I noticed that attached to their ankles, were some curious iron ornaments,—and among the party, one who bore a very marked resemblance to our French interpreter.

AN INDEPENDENCE LYRIC.  
FOR JULY FOURTH, 1857.

## I.

Let the cannon's loud thunder on every car  
pour,  
While our flags are unfurled to the breeze,  
Midst the blessings of peace, we rejoice in the  
roar,  
That dealt death on the land and the seas.  
Yes, death to the tyrants who came as fierce  
foes,  
To fetter our fathers with chains,  
When Liberty's sun o'er our nation arose,  
To guide and cheer onward the spirits of  
those,  
Whose glory forever remains.

## II.

Rejoice in the day when our nation was born,  
Then our fathers resolved to be free;  
Most fair was its advent, a radiant morn,  
But fairer its noon-tide shall be;  
Its fame is now spreading far over the earth,  
All nations its glories shall see,  
Till every land shall be proud of its worth,  
And sigh for the grandeur, and beauty, and  
birth,  
Of those who are equal and free.

## III.

Let our heart-songs of freedom ring out to the  
world,  
For our nation is happy and free;—  
While our banners in glory are waving unfur-  
led,  
As signals of triumphs to be.  
Most dear to our hearts shall be Washington's  
fame,  
That stands like a mountain of light,  
His grandeur, and goodness, and greatness  
proclaim,  
How great was the cause that enlisted his  
name,  
In freedom's most perilous fight.

## IV.

We'll shout the loud paeans! rejoice! then  
rejoice!  
As brothers we stand in our might,  
Forever proclaiming with eloquent voice,  
We are free to do only the right.  
This nerved the strong arms mid the battle's  
fierce shock,  
This gave courage to hearts that were brave,  
Midst famine and perils they stood like the  
rock,  
Unmoved when the finger of fate seemed to  
mock,  
For they knew the Almighty would save.

## V.

Let the cannon's loud thunder on every car  
pour,  
While our flags are unfurled to the breeze,  
Midst the blessings of peace we rejoice in the  
roar,  
That dealt death on the land and the seas;  
Yes, death to the tyrants who came as fierce  
foes,  
To fetter our fathers with chains,  
When Liberty's sun o'er our nation arose,  
To guide and cheer onward the spirits of  
those,  
Whose pure fame all hallowed remains.  
Coon Hollow, Cal., June, 1857. W. H. D.

## HOW CAME IT THERE?

Several feet below the surface, in the gravel, and among the roots of a noble pine tree, over four feet in diameter, and growing on Weaverville creek, Trinity County, near the town of Weaverville, a gentleman named Fouts, in the winter of 1850, while mining, found a small, neatly worked necklace, made of lignum-vitae wood, threaded on fine gold wire; and attached thereto was a beautifully chased and highly finished cross of gold.

Now, will some one account for its existence—there,—or answer—How came it there?

AZINE.

were awake and just as  
he creeping from his moun-  
were leaving camp. About  
lived in Grass Valley, and  
grass and water about one  
the settlement, the owner of  
cluded to camp there, and  
him that we wanted to settle  
town, went on and estab-  
elves at the most fashion-  
—which consisted of eight  
sts, covered with brown  
furnished with a bar and  
bar, comprised a board over  
to tin cups and a black bot-  
le, a board over two barrels,  
set' presented an array of  
and rusty knives. The  
s behind the house—out of  
the culinary utensils included  
camp-kettle, coffee-pot, and—  
all. But we were comfort-  
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## THE MORAL HEART OF CALIFORNIA.

It may appear to many like a misnomer, to speak of the Moral heart of California; but it is not; there is no misnaming about it; for though in the great heart-throbbings of our people, the "almighty dollar," and the efforts for its procurement, seem to be the mainspring of our action, a principle impelling us with an electric speed and power, the minds of the masses, regardless of the wear upon the moral heart, still there is a recuperative principle, a power in goodness and morality, that in spite of every neglect, will sooner or later triumph over vice, error, immorality, and their consequences.

With the first dawn of our existence as a State of the Confederacy, we were isolated and distant from all the more hallowed and refined influences of an enlightened civilization. The great body of our people possessed in an eminent degree, the reckless daring, and spirit, of adventurers; and it was, as it always is—to say the least of it—coupled with a recklessness of the moral heart; a carelessness in keeping sentinel over passions and desires the most difficult of control when untrammelled and freed from the conventional usages of a more elevated and refined society.

As a consequence, violence was done to the moral heart, and however well it may have seemed to answer the ends and purposes of an unscrupulous ambition in fostering individual aggrandisement, the result has been a disease of the moral heart; and so deep and hideously apparent is the plague-spot, that the broad mantle of charity even, can no longer hide it; for the world knows it. And yet the world looks

upon California, as truthfully she is, a golden Goddess, beautifully jeweled, and enshrined in outward magnificence; but with all her beauty marred and impaired, by the blemish upon her moral heart.

It is thus we find her; rich and prosperous in everything that constitutes a superficial splendour, even to the throwing off of two millions of golden jewels semi-monthly; and yet, possessing a leprous moral heart.

It is not our purpose to charge upon any class or party of men, political or religious, as being peculiarly the cause of our present morally depressed condition. It is enough, and bad enough, that the fact exists; but our object is, or would be were it possible, to bring Californians to think and believe in the necessity of a more elevated standard of morality. Nothing but a proper appreciation of this necessity is wanting to render California in many respects, the terrestrial paradise of the human race.

To accomplish this the moral heart must first beat with a calm and regular pulsation. This can only be secured by the proper flow of pure and uncontaminated blood, performing the life-functions of our government. To secure this, such men only should be entrusted with the power, as possess a high moral principle, and an interest in the honor and prosperity of the country.

Already is the Press of a portion of the State at least, eloquent in its appeals to the patriotism (?) of the people. A portion are devoted to the support of one man as an exponent of principles or of party; and another portion, to men of an opposite political

faith, or opposed without the slightest moral character.

The fact is, it is for political purposes to the moral sense, as candid as such inquiry is of easy morality established, it secures prestige or sure political success at

Now this cold moral heart of pure and strong alone can make contented and happy wealth prosper and bring us as a people in every respect upon God's earth that the will of the choice of the of the State's interests only, in which principle can be

Every other resorted to, and let us for once attempt political experiment of acting higher impulse than the preferment of cause they are so high moral worth.

The grand moral principle and facilitating an attachment is with whom we rests, can alone that new marks history of our

ornia, as truthfully she is, goddess, beautifully jeweled, adorned in outward magnificence; all her beauty marred and dimmed by the blemish upon her forehead.

we find her; rich and prosperous, everything that constitutes a splendour, even to the throwing of two millions of golden jewellery; and yet, possessing a moral heart.

our purpose to charge upon her or party of men, political parties, as being peculiarly the present morally depressed state of the State. It is enough, and bad enough, that the fact exists; but our remedy would be were it possible, to induce Californians to think and believe in the necessity of a more elevated standard of morality. Nothing is more wanting to render California respectable, the terrestrial paragon of the human race.

to accomplish this the moral heart must beat with a calm and regular motion. This can only be secured by the proper flow of pure and oxygenated blood, performing the duties of our government. To those men only should be entrusted with the power, as possessors of a high moral principle, and an interest in the honor and prosperity of the State.

is the Press of a portion of the population, at least, eloquent in its appearance patriotism (?) of the population are devoted to the cause of one man as an exponent of the will of the people, or of party; and another men of an opposite political

faith, or opposing party; and both, without the slightest allusion to the moral character of either.

The fact is, it has become dangerous for political parties to make inquiry as to the moral antecedents of partisans, as candidates for office; and when such inquiry is made, and the odium of easy morality is incontrovertibly established, it seems too often but the prestige or sure stepping-stone to political success and preferment.

Now this could not be, if the great moral heart of the masses beat with pure and strong pulsations—such as alone can make a people individually contented and happy, and the commonwealth prosperous. To place us, or bring us as a people, upon an equality in every respect, with the most favored upon God's earth, it is only necessary that the will of the people goes out in the choice of the rulers and directors of the State's interests, in the direction only, in which men of sterling moral principle can be found.

Every other experiment has been resorted to, and signally failed. Now let us for once at least, at the approaching political campaign, try the experiment of acting from a higher and holier impulse than party expediency, or the preferment of zealous partisans because they are such, regardless of their high moral worth, and intellectual ability.

The untrammelled exercise of a high moral principle in our political action, and inculcating the doctrine that such an attainment is indispensable in those with whom we are to entrust our interests, can alone erase the one foul stain that now mars the otherwise brilliant history of our State's progress. Every

true-hearted patriot must feel that the time for a nobler political existence for California has fully come, and we ask earnestly—that every true Californian should lend a strong hand and heart to usher in the glorious advent, by voting *only* for honest, moral, and capable men.

MY CABIN HOME.

BY G. P. NOURSE.

Adieu! Adieu! my cabin home,  
Each knotty log, adieu!  
I'll ne'er forget thee, though I roam  
Mountains and valleys through.  
Together here companions, we  
Have braved rude winter's blasts;  
And oft from storms you've sheltered me—  
But we must part at last.

Each log to me a brother seems,  
Thy dear old roof, a mother,  
Thy gladsome hearth, a sister dear,  
And thou, a kind old father.  
With each and all I've oft communed,  
My lonesome hours to ease;  
And sitting here, my lute oft tuned,  
In concord with the breeze.

And thou, my faithful guardian dear,  
Thy lonely watch hath stood;  
Protecting me from every fear,  
In this wild, tangled wood—  
With sad and heavy heart I linger,  
Thy door-way round about,  
While each dear thing familiar  
With silence's speaking out.

Adieu! adieu! I must not stop,  
I'll summon all my will,  
For tears are gathering drop by drop,  
And falling on thy sill—  
I'll double lock and bar thy door!  
No wanton foot astray,  
Shall tread or desecrate thy floor,  
While I am far away.

I'll not forget the hours of bliss  
Passed 'neath thy friendly roof,  
And if thou hadst but lips to kiss  
I'd give thee burning proof—  
And here I'll pledge a miner's word,  
Pledged by his hope for rain,  
That when old Winter's blasts are heard  
I'll live with thee again.

## Our Social Chair.

We have often thought and felt that an oversight occurred at the commencement of this Magazine; that we did not set apart some jovial corner for sunny and social intercourse with our fun-loving readers; where in a chatty and familiar way all sorts of good-humored things could be said or quoted in a good-humored way, for the amusement and improvement of us all.

"Laugh and grow fat,"

is a very old, but very expressive aphorism, and we find but few, very few, who have not a preference for that exercise to most others.

For ourselves we were going to say, that we love fun, (if "love" can be applied without profanity to other than the opposite sexes of mankind, and to Deity, which we think it cannot. We once heard a lady exclaim

"Oh! I do love pickled herrings" (!)

"No, my dear," gently suggested her spouse, "you *love* your husband."

"Dearest, I stand corrected," was the prompt and affectionate rejoinder, but if the reader please, we will say instead, that we *like* fun, and all the good jokes and useful suggestions we can secure at all suitable times and seasons, and we hope that our readers will just make themselves at home, and say just what they please that may be provocative of mirth, to this "Our Social Chair," as it is here for that purpose.

As all things must have a commencement, we propose to set the ball rolling by saying that before this Social Chair lie Magazines, Newspapers and so forth, from all parts of the world, and—California! The uppermost, and one of the most welcome of these is "The Old Mountaineer," from Plumas County. Having just arrived, and being dated May 7th, we are led to the conclusion that it must have had a hard time of it somewhere. At first we supposed it possible that old Winter had way-laid the Expressman, and covered him up with his hoary beard in some deep cañon, and the papers with him, but we immediately repudiated that idea as very fallacious and improbable, knowing that the genial warmth and good-humor of "The Old Mountaineer" would have thawed its

way out through the snowy locks, or even the very heart of that stern and uncompromising old Annual. We therefore concluded that some one of Uncle Samuel's *fast* mail institutions had imprisoned it in some unprospected corner of a (facetiously named) "Mail Bag," and which we especially regret as that paper contains the tidings of the editor's having committed matrimony (!) At such a time of all others, we suggest that the gentle reader "Hear him for his cause." With us he has the floor—no, we mean the "Social Chair."

"MARRIED, in Quincy, Plumas County, on the evening of May 1st, by His Honor, Judge GOODWIN, Mr. JOHN K. LOVEJOY, Editor of the "Old Mountaineer," and Miss H. A. MCGOWEN.

Bring out the big guns made of brass,  
What forges July thunder,  
Bring out the flag of Bennington,  
For we've entered into the state of connubial  
felicity—and "gone under."

Hurrah for our side! Aint we a happy fellow—got a wife of our own—sha'nt trouble our neighbors—don't ask 'em any boot—will neither borrow nor lend no-how—W-hoops! and crinolines! Git up and shake yourselves—weep and howl! you buttonless, old bachelors, for your sins hang heavily on you; why you are of no earthly use, or as the sweet Psalmist fitly expresses it 'outen' the Psalms—[a long way out, eh?] (we've forgot the chapter and verse—wish we could forget about a few new dresses 'fore long, as easy,—hey!)

"A bachelor's a hob-nail,  
And rusts for want of use, sir."

We've got the advantage of you every way—got somebody to box our ears—comb our blessed gray hairs, what were goin' down in sorrow—mend our ways, and unmentionables—lighten our ears and bread—provided she can get flour—powerful scarce just now,—and instead of coming home at midnight and go sneaking into a room, the floor all covered over with stumps of cigars, old chews of tobacco, old dirty clothes, and getting into an old ragged bunk,—a flint rock compared with it would be cotton—we—that is us—"early to bed and late to rise"—you all know the adage—we come home—room nicely carpeted—slippers ready—well, we are not going to tell you half we know, for fear you might envy us, and that 'aint Christian-like.

We had several reasons for pursuing the course we have—wanted a "local item" for our next "issue"—the "sheets" must be filled up—"impressions" must be made, or our "typographical" brethren would raise a muss,

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
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of coming home at midnight and go  
into a room, the floor all covered  
h stumps of cigars, old cheys of to-  
ld dirty clothes, and getting into an  
ed bunk,—a flint rock compared with  
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st "issue"—the "sheets" must be filled  
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phical" brethren would raise a muss,

and besides this, we had to get up an ex-  
citement, and prove to our friends that we  
were capable of seizing those advantages,  
"created for the use and benefit of man,"  
which we hope may prove "satisfactory," to  
all of them.

Well, we wish ourselves "much joy," and  
all those little happinesses that are usually  
connected with deeds of this character, and  
in connection with this matter, we would deli-  
cately hint to our subscribers, that we want  
them to "pungle," "see us," "pay up," as we  
have another mouth to feed, with prospective  
probabilities, in the future. "'Tis distance  
lends enchantment to the view," but we  
concluded to haul in old enchantment, and  
stop his lending, and use him ourself. We  
further concluded that we had been derelict  
and "shiftless" long enough—that one could  
not be a good citizen unless he was acting for  
his country's welfare. In conclusion, "we  
hope these few lines may find you enjoying  
the same God's blessing." So mote it be."

Just give us your , Lovejoy, if there is  
a man who wishes you more joy than we do,  
why—send us his daguerreotype, that's all!

There is so much truthfulness in the follow-  
ing sentiment from the same "Old Mountain-  
eer" that we know our readers will endorse  
it as the pure gold of their own experience in  
this money-hunting, hair-whitening, haste-  
making-to-be-rich, land of feverish excite-  
ment, and we give it without apology.

"The world glides on apace, and we forego  
all the pastimes and pleasures of life, for the  
Will-o-wisp of fortune, which after leading us  
through thorny brakes, and over sharp rocks,  
and by devious paths, leaves us at last mired  
in a slough of cares, embracing bitter decep-  
tion."

The following clippings from the spirited,  
racy, and ably-edited "Graham's Magazine—  
now one of the very best of our eastern ex-  
changes—will perhaps cause some to regret  
that our California female population is so  
small in proportion to the male—being only  
about one in five—as it presents so many se-  
rious draw-backs to such a pleasant pastime.

"When we remember the immense influ-  
ence which kisses have had in history," writes  
one of our best friends—"I do not wonder,  
dear sir, that you should have given a chap-  
ter to the subject, in one of your late Gra-  
ham's. For—

"Was it not love that made Mark Anthony  
Yield up his kingdoms for one fervid kiss  
From Egypt's ripest Queen?"

On this hint we went to work and gathered  
a few more of these ruby gems—these wine-  
drops—these electric thrills of poetry, for our

readers—in fact for our fair readers, to tell  
the truth—presuming them to have the just  
appreciation of the beautiful. Take the an-  
nexed.

A PLEA FOR KISSING.

The fountain mingles with the river,  
The river with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix forever,  
With a sweet commotion,  
Nothing on the earth is single,  
All things by a law divine  
In another being mingle,  
Why not I with mine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,  
If it disdained to kiss its brother.  
And the sunlights clasp the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,  
But, what are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss  
her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to  
kiss you, why let her—like a man. But—

NEVER KISS AND TELL.

I kissed a maid the other night;  
But who she was I may not tell;  
Her eyes were as the diamonds bright,  
And soft as those of Isabel—  
But I never kiss and tell.

Her breast a bank of virgin snow,  
Whereon no thought of sin should dwell,  
Her voice was very sweet and low,  
And like the voice of Isabel—  
But I never kiss and tell.

Her lips are cherries sweet and red,  
And she was shy as a gazelle;  
She kissed me back—and then she fled,  
Just like our charming Isabel—  
But I never kiss and tell.

THE ROUGH AND TUMBLE KISS.—The  
neatest of all neat things, the story of the  
Widow Lambkin, of whom Dr. Meadows  
took so much toll when they crossed the  
bridge on a sleigh ride, reminds me, says a  
down east friend, of one of our Maine young  
fellows, who thus describes his battle and final  
victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweet-  
heart:

"Ah! now, Sarah dear, give me a kiss—  
"I won't! so there now."  
"Then I shall have to take it whether or  
no."

"Take it if you dare!"

So at it he went, rough and tumble. An  
awful destruction of starch now commenced.

"The bow of my cravat was squat up in  
less than no time. At the next bout, smash  
went the shirt collar, and at the same time  
some of the head fastenings gave way, and  
down came Sally's hair, like a flood in a mill  
dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen  
combs. One plunge of Sally's elbow, and  
my blooming bosom ruffles wilted to the con-  
sistency and form of an after-dinner napkin.  
But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck  
tackling began to sever, parted at the throat,  
away went a string of white beads, scamper-  
ing and running races every way you could  
think of about the floor. She fought fair I  
must admit; and when she could fight no  
longer, for want of breath, she yielded hand-  
somerly; her arms fell down by her side—

those long, round, rosy arms—her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half shut, as if she were not able to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air! My goodness! did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin, or a bee on a clover top? Even so I settled; and when she came too and threw up those arms, and seized me around the neck, and declared she'd choke me if ever I did so again, and had a great mind to do it now, I just ran the risk over again, and the more she choked me the better I liked it; and now she puts her arms around my neck, and puts her own lips in the way of mine every day, and calls me her John, and don't make any fuss about it at all. That was a very sensible girl, and she makes a good wife, too, as I am not ashamed to say anywhere."

Some prudish specimens of age-advanced humanity may be somewhat taken aback at the first sight of the above chaste and beautiful pieces, and yet if they are honest and candid, will confess that after all, kissing is very pleasant and very natural, and that they have been as fond of it—if they are not now—as the youngest of our readers.

One fact is clear to us, that were there more innocent youthful amusements; and more pleasant, joyous, social and unrestrained open-hearted—but not indiscriminate—intercourse between the sexes in California, there would be a less tendency to premature and unsuitable unions; and young persons would be less liable to think themselves "men" and "women" when they were but mere boys and girls. We invite the thoughtful, carefully to think the matter over, and let us hear from them.

Some lonely old bachelor, who signs himself "a subscriber," sends us the following, which we give, with this advice: Don't shut your eyes when you *might* see.—

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

Afar from the city, its turmoil and strife,  
Sadly and wearily wears out my life,  
Nature's fair scenes have no charms for my mind,  
Peace and content must I seek, but not find.  
One thing is wanting my dull life to cheer—  
A sweet voice whose tones would be music to hear,  
A fair face, loving eyes, and mild as the dove;  
It is—some one to love!—some one to love.

Some one to love!—how my heart swells with joy!  
O! it were happiness, free from alloy,  
To know of a fair one who'd share my lone cot,  
Who would cling to me closely, though humble my lot!

Could she, forsaking all, concert and play  
Far from the pleasures of city life stray,  
Could she but do this for me, then she would prove  
To me—some one to love! some one to love!

Years may roll on, like a sad starless night,  
Still will I hope for the dawning of light;

Still will I hope that the long wished for way  
May yet shine to gladden my dark lonely ray.  
In dreams I oft see her, oft hear her sweet voice,  
But waken to sadness, no more to rejoice;  
Did I know where to seek her—far, far would I rove  
To find some one to love! some one to love!

SOMEWHAT SINGULAR—That ministers of the gospel will preach long sermons, when nineteen twentieths of their congregation prefer, and profit more by short ones.

A few weeks ago we were spending a Sabbath in Marysville, and wishing to hear a celebrated divine, we inquired of some stranger whom we met, if he would be kind enough to inform us where to find the — church? "Do you see that building yonder?" said he, "Yes."

"That is the Court House—that's not it! but when you come to the cross street on this side of that, you look on one side, and you'll see a building resembling a *grave-yard on the hurricane deck!*—that's it."

Well, we thought that is no doubt an honest confession of his impressions of that building—and perhaps of the religious services within it—and which although doubtless very unjust are nevertheless his unvarnished impressions. Then we thought further that as the green fields and the bright flowers, and the blue sky, and the joy-giving sunshine, and the cherrily singing birds all in union, were intended to make cheerful God's great temple, why should those built by man be made less so. Is it not a mistake—a serious mistake of the truly devout worshipper that first impressions (which are generally the most lasting) should be unfavorable to the outsider and the passer-by?

We have many times too, wished to inquire that if the human face is an index to the feelings and traits of the soul, and good religious people confess themselves to be completely happy—how is it that so many of them wear such long faces? We simply ask for information.

We hope that the boys in the mountains, and our good contributor "Joe," will oblige the fair writer of the following epistle, and our readers generally, by laying its contents to heart.

LETTERS TO MINERS—no. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 7, 1857.

Dear Brothers:—There's a sigh in my heart to-night because I have been reading

friend Joe's last "tious." I am ve up writing for th a source of pleas cles therein, and others who appr I had begun to f Charley were my how broken! I did course down poor Ben's death the States, it was any sympathizin May Charley be loved ones, and may his sleep be go every day and and sweet perfum "Twas hard to giv

He is gone, he is gone And the loved one re

Friend Joe, con placed a tombsto ous-hearted Ben erection of one to Story? He was should not entirely

I hope that you ries of articles fo will not only affo ers but give a glow It is Sunday, br

BRITTON & REY fornia; compiled Const surveys, the and Railroad Exple ty Boundary Surve of the Surveyor from private Sur DARD, C. E.—Con corrections up to the U. S. Land sources.

It is with great completion and p excellent Map of C ulate the industria prising publishers patience, care, and to place before the fact a work.

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 sit more by short ones.

ago we were spending a Su-  
 ville, and wishing to hear  
 ce, we inquired of some stran-  
 ger, if he would be kind enough  
 here to find the \_\_\_\_\_ church  
 ant building yonder?" said he

the Court House—that's not it  
 come to the cross street on this  
 side, and look on one side, and you  
 will see a grave-yard on the  
 other—that's it."

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LETTERS TO MINERS—NO. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 7, 1857.  
 Mothers:—There's a sigh in my  
 heart because I have been reading

friend Joe's last "*Realization of my concep-  
 tions.*" I am very sorry that he has given  
 up writing for the Magazine, as it was always  
 a source of pleasure for me to peruse his arti-  
 cles therein, and I am sure there are many  
 others who appreciated them as much as I.  
 I had begun to feel as though Joe, Ben and  
 Charley were my old friends, but how changed,  
 how broken! If tears of heart-felt sorrow  
 did course down my cheek whilst reading of  
 poor Ben's death, and Charley's departure for  
 the States, it was no shame; no more than  
 any sympathizing sister would have done.  
 May Charley be happy in his reunion with the  
 loved ones, and may poor Ben rest in peace;  
 may his sleep be sweet. I would that I could  
 go every day and wreath bright evergreens  
 and sweet perfumed flowers o'er his grave.  
 'Twas hard to give him up, but—

He is gone, he is gone! His life-banner's furled,  
 And the loved one rests in a sweet peaceful world.

Friend Joe, could you and Charley not have  
 placed a tombstone at the head of good, gen-  
 erous-hearted Ben, who first proposed the  
 erection of one to the memory of Edward  
 Story? He was so anxious that oblivion  
 should not entirely shroud his memory.

I hope that you will commence a new se-  
 ries of articles for the "Magazine," as they  
 will not only afford a pleasure to the read-  
 ers but give a glorious one to yourself.

It is Sunday, brothers, and as I sit writing

to you, the church-bells are chiming musically,  
 and fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and  
 strangers are wending their way to the temple  
 of God. I wonder what you are doing on  
 this lovely Sabbath? I asked friend Billie  
 at my elbow (who has been tormenting me  
 almost to death by tickling my ears with a  
 broom-straw,) and he suggests "washing  
 shirts" and "cutting slap-jacks," but I don't  
 believe it. It's too glorious a day for wash-  
 ing—and as for slap-jacks, or jack-slaps, or  
 whatever you call them (I'm not from Bos-  
 ton and therefore am not well acquainted with  
 the name) why I know you don't value them  
 as a great luxury, because you have too many  
 of them.

But as I said before—wonder what you are  
 doing? I know. Reading; enjoying a quiet  
 reverie, or taking a walk I fancy—and you  
 would like to know what the loved ones at  
 home are engaged in—you wish that you were  
 there, or that you could just take one look  
 into the house this evening. So do I wish  
 that I could peep in at your window or door,  
 and see what you are about. Ah yes! some  
 of you are wading back through the old path  
 of memory, and others are plunging into the  
 "uncertain future"—and I, oh dear me,  
 Mother's calling me, and it's either to give  
 me a scolding or something nice. So I must  
 say, Good bye, for the present.

Affectionately yours, SISTER MAY.

Literary Notices.

BRITTON & REY'S *Map of the State of Cal-  
 ifornia*; compiled from the U. S. Land and  
 Coast surveys, the several Military, Scientific,  
 and Railroad Explorations, the State and Coun-  
 ty Boundary Surveys, made under the order  
 of the Surveyor General of California, and  
 from private Surveys—By GEORGE H. GOD-  
 DARD, C. E.—Completed with additions and  
 corrections up to the day of publication from  
 the U. S. Land Office, and other reliable  
 sources.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the  
 completion and publication of this new and  
 excellent Map of California; and we congrat-  
 ulate the industrious compiler and the enter-  
 prising publishers that after so much labor,  
 patience, care, and expense, they are enabled  
 to place before the public so beautiful and per-  
 fect a work.

No man who is unfamiliar with the labo-

rious and complicated details of such an en-  
 terprise, can properly appreciate or fully com-  
 prehend the difficulties attendant upon the  
 task, especially in a new and mountainous  
 State like our own; comprising, as it does,  
 over ninety-nine millions of acres of land.

Mr. Goddard, to our knowledge, has been  
 several years engaged in this useful and dif-  
 ficult undertaking, assiduously seeking infor-  
 mation from every reliable source, besides per-  
 sonally roughing it himself among the moun-  
 tains for purposes of observation and informa-  
 tion; and we doubt not the public will prove  
 their appreciation of the united labors of com-  
 piler and publishers by the encouragement  
 they now extend to this valuable enterprise;  
 and every office, school-room, hotel, and pri-  
 vate dwelling, throughout the State, have this  
 useful and excellent map upon its walls, as it  
 in every way deserves.

*San Francisco Pictorial Magazine*—Nagle & Schwartz, publishers, 58 Montgomery st., San Francisco.

This is the title of a new semi-monthly magazine, the first No. of which has been handed to us, which is courteously and modestly asking a favorable reception from the public.

It is a work of sixteen quarto pages, well written, beautifully printed on good paper, with three spirited lithographic views of Nicaragua. Its merits can hardly fail to be appreciated by all who desire to see such a work successful. We sincerely wish that its publishers may secure a large measure of prosperity.

### Editor's Table.

#### OUR SECOND VOLUME.

In presenting our readers with the first number of the second volume of the California Magazine, it may not be considered inopportune now to recur to the general outline given in our introductory one year ago, of what it was our wish this work should be to California. We then said:

"It is our hope, as it will be our aim, to make our monthly visits to your fireside as welcome as the cheerful countenance and social converse of some dear old friend, who just drops in, in a friendly way, to spend the evening.

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

Whatever is noble, manly, useful, intellectual, amusing and refining, we shall welcome to our columns.

It will ever be our pride and pleasure to be on the side of virtue, morality, religion and progress.

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

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

We have no expectation of pleasing every one; nor, that perfection will be written upon every page of its contents, for the simple reason that we are human; but we shall do our best, continually.

We have commenced its publication with the hope of filling a void—humbly it may be—in the wants of California, and the intelli-

gent reader will see at a glance that the costly manner in which it is gotten up, and the price at which it is sold, the publishers rely upon a wide circulation for their pecuniary reward."

The favorable manner in which this work has been received by the public—with all its imperfections, while it proves that we have not been disappointed, gives us the assurance that by the cordial co-operation of readers and contributors, and devoting ourselves constantly to the steady improvement of its contents, we shall be able to produce in the coming year, a much more beautiful and interesting magazine than heretofore; and one in every way more worthy of the intelligence and greatness of the State it is our proud privilege to call HOME,—even our own California.

To our contributors we would say, give the utmost care to the writing of your articles, so that you may feel that they are in every way worthy of the mental strength of the great State you represent, and of the family of which you may justly be proud to be an individual member.

There is one fact we wish to mention, and we do it with great pleasure;—several of the ablest, and oldest, and best of California's writers, have thought proper to commend the earnest California spirit we have manifested, and have kindly and voluntarily promised to come forward to assist us by their pen and influence, to produce a higher standard of literature on the Pacific coast. We know our old contributors, while they gladly welcome, will also thank them for the offer. Therefore, should God spare our united pens, we hope to do much more in the future for the strong, intellectual, moral, and social progress of our inimitable California.

To our recollection, that a number of engravers, the number of which is out increasing, speak as favorably among their friends, circulation is improved and endeavoring to the great heart, an index of the high standard of

CALIFORNIA every sphere of servers of men, ing peculiarities inanimate nature observers, that esting delineations; and we by sending us prose, of any interest that shall life, aliko among tains.

While another habits and equal better able to favor statistics, touching

POETRY.—We the opinions of flooding our styled poetry, in tainly not in our indulgence of friends them, they cannot, that they have We even regret some that has appeared and shall endeavor our future selection

It will be our well written articles subjects; and we many, who can take honor to themselves they never can do

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quest,—that as we wish to increase the num-  
ber of engravings, and before many months  
the number of pages, of this magazine, *with-  
out increasing the price*, we shall thank them to  
speak as favorable a word for it as possible  
among their friends, as in proportion as our  
circulation is extended, we are determined to  
improve and enlarge its contents; that while  
endeavoring to make it the visible vibration of  
the great heart-pulse of our people, it may be  
an index of the State's attainment towards a  
high standard of literature.

*CALIFORNIA LIFE.*—There are those in  
every sphere of society, who are careful ob-  
servers of men, manners, and the more strik-  
ing peculiarities that abound in animate and  
inanimate nature everywhere. It is from such  
observers, that we expect truthful and inter-  
esting delineations of character, objects, and  
events; and we invite all cordially to aid us  
by sending us their views in well written  
prose, of any and every thing of striking in-  
terest that shall tend to illustrate California  
life, alike among her valleys and her moun-  
tains.

While another class, from their migratory  
habits and equal powers of observation, are  
better able to favor us with facts and reliable  
statistics, touching California.

*POETRY.*—With all proper deference to  
the opinions of those who are constantly  
flooding our table with their productions  
styled *poetry*, in their conceptions; but cer-  
tainly not in ours; we must again ask the  
indulgence of friends, whilst we candidly tell  
them, they cannot write poetry; or if they  
can, that they have failed to favor us with it.  
We even regret that we have given place to  
some that has appeared in our first volume,  
and shall endeavor to be more circumspect in  
our future selections.

It will be our pleasure always to receive  
well written articles in prose, upon interesting  
subjects; and we know there are many, very  
many, who can thus greatly oblige us; doing  
honor to themselves as prose writers, which  
they never can do as poets.

*PROSE.*—We wish to say a few words to  
our contributors of prose articles. California  
in her every feature, is strongly marked.

Geographically and physically, she abounds  
in scenery the most sublime and magnificent.  
In her people, for every species of enterprise,  
she shows an energy and force of character,  
unequaled by the world. Then why may we  
not expect her literature to bear, alike, the  
impress of strength, with a power of concep-  
tion, originality and beauty, in keeping with  
the influences that surround us?

We know there is a kind of inspiration  
imparted to the mind, by the presence of  
external, visible objects; and we see its  
influence even upon the hard-handed, but sus-  
ceptible heart, of the rough-clad miner in his  
mountain home. We have received from such  
sources, some of our best prose articles; and  
sincerely do we desire a continuance of like  
favors, from the same quarter.

*THE FOURTH OF JULY.*—To California as  
a State of the Confederacy, this, our great  
National Anniversary in its seventh annual  
round, is near at hand; and again will her  
mountains and her valleys' echo with the  
rejoicings of Freemen, to be borne hence,  
Atlantic-ward and world-wide.

Yes, ere this our monthly greeting, will  
have reached the home of many, a patriot  
heart, that heart as by an inherent impulse,  
will be vibrating with strong emotions, in  
token of a remembrance of the scenes partici-  
pated in by the founders of our Republic.

"For Freedom's battle oft begun,  
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won."  
And it is right, and becoming to every  
American, be he native born or otherwise,  
thus to give vent to the outgushings of his  
patriotism, on the return of this, our only day  
for a nation's jubilee; for—  
"In the long vista of the years to roll,  
Let me not see my country's honor fade;  
Oh! let me see our land retain its soul!  
Her pride in Freedom, and not Freedom's  
shade."

*PROGRESS.*—In relation to the progress of  
California in everything that constitutes a na-  
tion's greatness, there is no room for the skep-  
tic even, to edge in an opinion to the con-  
trary.

Her agriculture, "the soul, the basis of em-  
pire," is progressing with rapid strides, her  
valleys and hillsides, are everywhere teeming

with happy and increasing population; and this is progress.

New lands are sought and improved; orchards are being planted everywhere; and this is progress. Manufactories are rising up on every hand; our mines are being more rapidly developed and extensively worked, than ever before; and this is progress.

Churches and school houses are fast dotting every city and village of the State, whilst wives are rapidly making glad the homes of our people, and cherub children are making musical every hill and valley; and this too, is progress. And though there may be two distinctive features or phases of progression, as affecting the condition of a country, tending to its rise and downfall, it is clear to every un-

prejudiced, honest mind, that California's progress is towards improvement.

It is true, we have many here, too many, of a class of idlers, unprincipled men, who are but poor representatives of progress; but they would be the same anywhere. They came to California purposely and avowedly, to rob her of her golden treasures, and then go hence, leaving her shorn of her wealth. In this perhaps they have been in a measure disappointed; and because they have not been able to become rich as suddenly as they desired, by depleting the fairest land with the finest clime under heaven, they must now needs hurl their anathemas, loud and deep, against the fair fame, the progress and true condition of California.

### Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have read so much poetry? of late, that our very wits are at last frozen into rhyme, and in this strain we cannot help addressing our contributors.

Welcome, friends! come sit ye round our table altogether,

We'll talk about the price of things, the fashion, and the weather.

But ere we plunge in politics, or eare at constitutions,

Our absent friends must first be thank'd for their kind contributions.

Stripes we regret too long is, for this our present page,

And Bertha too ding dong is, for past or present age.

Old Young Boy shall appear, he merits our best thanks,

Such articles as his are, deserve the foremost ranks.

One Tear is much too wat'ry, we've been crying! all the day;

Come give us something jollier, cheer up old friend we say—

In these dull times a cheery friend, his bare hand, or in leather,

We shake, and greet just as we would, the sun in foggy weather.

\*\*\*\*\*, we thank with all our heart;

Such kind, good friends as they have been, are much too dear to part.

Tough Yarn is like tough steak, too tough to be digested;

And Timothy we now request no more to be "requested."

To other friends, who know, their muse we do not wish to throttle,

Our ink is out, so must defer till open we next bottle!

If the above jingle does not disgust those who send us "machine poetry!" their case is hopeless.

A Dialogue.—Received, and will be examined soon; if it contains interest and point, will receive further attention.

The Actress.—With many other articles, necessarily deferred for the present.

Pliny.—The ancient "Almanack" came right, and in our social chair next month we shall note its quaint contents.

C.—Has not yet been received.

Jessica, Sonora.—We suppose you sing "Wait for the Wagon?" to you then, confidentially, we would suggest that you "Wait well with patience, and don't shut your eyes." Do you not think that such would be the better course for you, in the end? Aye, believe us.

Smudges.—Yours on table-turning, after having made the engraving therefor, is unavoidably deferred till next month.

D.—Yours is received, and—as always—is very good.

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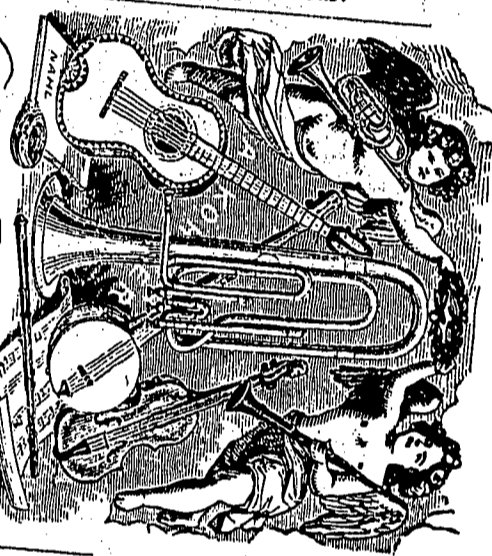
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TENT MEDICINES throughout the United States, to keep us constantly supplied  
with a fresh and ample assortment at rates far below the usual market prices. By this  
arrangement we are enabled to offer for the inspection of Purchasers

#### The most extensive assortment

Which can be found in this or any other City. Having had many years' experience  
in the purchase and sale of Patent Medicines, we have acquired facilities for conduct-  
ing this particular department on the most liberal scale, and are now prepared to sup-  
ply the Trade at prices SO EXCEEDINGLY LOW that the purchaser cannot fail to  
realize a handsome per centage on his investment, either at wholesale or retail.

At our establishment may be found a full assortment of all Genuine Patent  
Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, and

#### BOTANIC MEDICINES.

### Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters,

Also—Agents for BLUE LICK WATER, receiving it direct from the Proprietor  
of the Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, offering the same in quantities to suit—in bulk or  
bottles—warranted in perfect order.



**FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN.**

**R. H. VANCE,**

**Corner of Sacramento & Montgomery Sts.**

Has, by the superiority of his DAGUERREOTYPES and AMBROTYPES, again received

**THE FIRST PREMIUM**

Awarded by the STATE FAIR in 1856, being the THIRD TIME received against all competitors.

**TO THOSE WHO WISH SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL,**

We have purchased the PATENT RIGHT of CUTTING'S AMBROTYPES FOR THIS STATE, and are now prepared to take them in a style

**Unequaled in the United States,**

of any size—from the smallest Miniature to life size. I would say to all who have been deceived and swindled with bogus pictures, not to condemn this new and beautiful invention until they have seen the

**GENUINE AMBROTYPES.**

They are said to be the most durable Pictures known, as neither acids, water, or dampness of any kind can affect them. Those having Daguerreotypes which they wish to preserve forever, would do well to have them copied in Ambrotypes.

Having secured the assistance of another of the best Artists in the State, together with all new improvements direct from New York, we are now fully prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHS by thousands, at greatly reduced prices. We are also prepared to go to any part of the City or State to execute views of Buildings, Landscapes, Machinery, Mining Claims, or anything of the kind, on reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

Groups of from two to twenty persons are taken perfect. Also, persons in Regalia, and Military Dress, are taken without reversing initials or letters. Children taken by this new process in less than one second.

We still continue to execute our splendid PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES as usual. Having made great and extensive additions to our Gallery, for the purpose of making and exhibiting our Ambrotype Pictures, we would be pleased to have our work examined.

**OUR GALLERY IS FREE TO ALL.**