

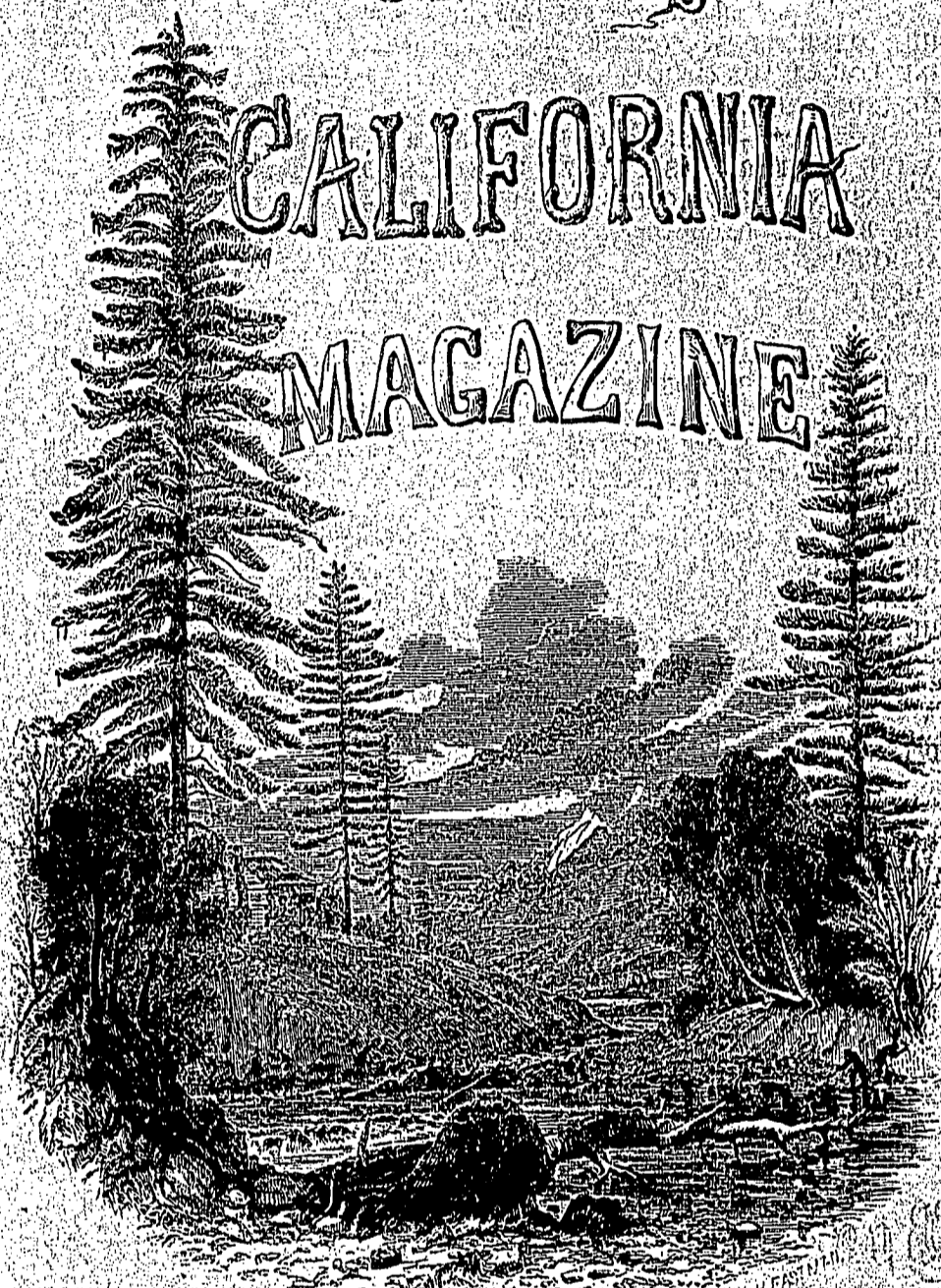
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CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



N^o. 15. SEPTEMBER, 1857.



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WILL BE PUBLISHED IN A FEW DAYS
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Vol. II.



RIVER MIN

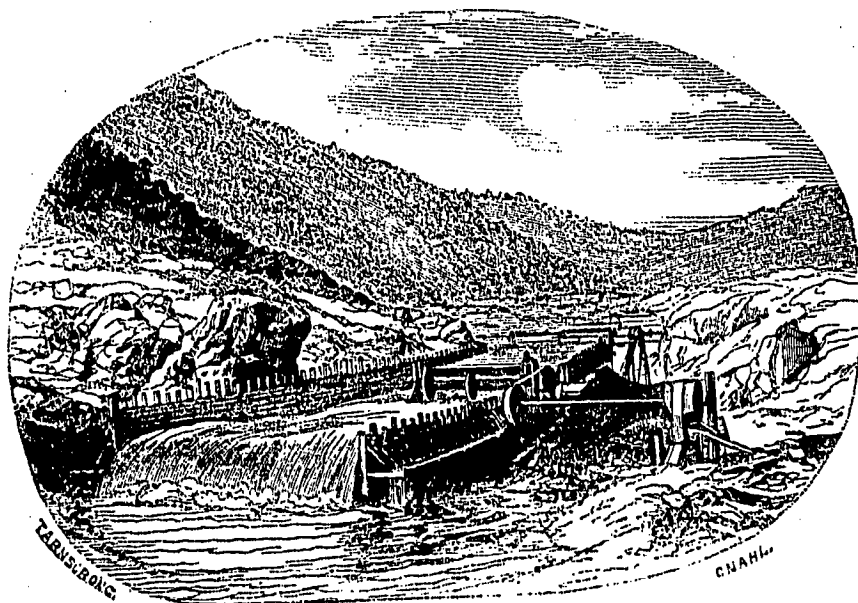
At this season of the year the energy of the enterprising miner concentrated upon the goal of his arduous work, it may be difficult to describe the manner in which his thoughts and feelings of his mind, perhaps even years, are carried out

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

No. 3.



RIVER MINING.

[From a Photograph, by E. B. & D. H. Hendee.]

RIVER MINING.

At this season of the year, when every energy of the enterprising river miner is concentrated upon the great undertaking of his arduous work, it may not be amiss to describe the manner in which the planings of his mind, perhaps for months, or even years, are carried out.

When it becomes desirable to chain the mountain torrent, which is heedlessly rushing past, and turning it out of its natural channel, that the glittering gold, lying in the river's bed, may be transferred from thence to the buckskin purse of the miner; he talks the matter over with some confidential and trustworthy and hard-working companions, when they mutually agree

that "there is gold there — sure," if they can only get it.

The ways and means are accordingly devised; sometimes by making up a company of eight, or ten, or twenty, or any other desirable number; and as the cost will be about so much, each member of the company has to contribute his share of the amount agreed upon, as the work progresses. Should it cost less or more—generally it is the latter—the proportion is diminished, or increased by assessments according to the number of shares. At other times a number of men who live together on the same bar, and who, being well acquainted with each other, and tolerably well informed of what the other possesses, will raise whatever timber or tools may be required, from among themselves, and "get along as well as they can, for the balance"—which often is but very indifferently—and go to work with a will to accomplish their object.

To do this, sometimes, a race has to be dug; at others, a flume has to be built, requiring to be of sufficient capacity to take in the whole amount of water running in the river. This being done, a dam has to be constructed across the river, that shall be water-tight, or nearly so. To build this dam, very often requires that men work in the water, which is generally very cold, for, as it comes from the melting snows, it cannot be expected to be very warm; at least, before the river is very low, and men seldom wait for that—they therefore enter the river; and by rolling up large boulders into a line for building a wall, they turn the water from the one side towards the flume on the other, and when one wall is thus rudely but substantially constructed, another is built behind it; when all the light floating sand is cleaned out, that it may not be in the way of making the space water-tight between the walls; a clayey soil is then filled in and well tramped, until the dam is tight; and the water is running through the race or flume. Sometimes a tree or

log is felled across the stream, (if one can be found long enough to reach, and in the right place,) when slabs or split timbers are put in, in an inclined position, and either nailed or pinned to the log, when the whole space in front is filled up with clayey soil and fine boughs of trees until it is made water-tight.

The river now being turned into the race, wheels are erected across it; and pumps are attached by which the water still remaining in the river's bed is pumped out. Now river mining is commenced in real earnest; men begin to remove boulders, wheel out rocks, fix toms, or sluices, and take out the precious metal—if there is any. (The writer has seen as high as five thousand two hundred and twenty-seven dollars, taken out from behind a boulder, in a single pan of dirt.)

Should the fall rains be late before commencing, every opportunity is given to work out the river claims to advantage—or at least to test them sufficiently either to work or abandon them. If on the contrary—as frequently occurs—the rains should come early, the whole of the summer's labor and expense are swept away before a dollar can be taken out. Many men are thus left penniless, after the toil and hope of a long and scorching summer. Taking the losses with the gain, it is very questionable if more gold has not actually been invested in river mining, than has ever been taken out.

Some more comprehensive plan of operations than the present is much needed, before the streams can be thoroughly worked to profit and advantage. We propose a plan, to be accepted or modified, according to circumstances, which would, in our opinion, accomplish the object in question.

Water is the great want of all kinds of surface mining. To supply this want let *the whole* of the water in a river during the summer season, be conveyed in one or more flumes on one or both sides of the river, as may be most desirable, to mining

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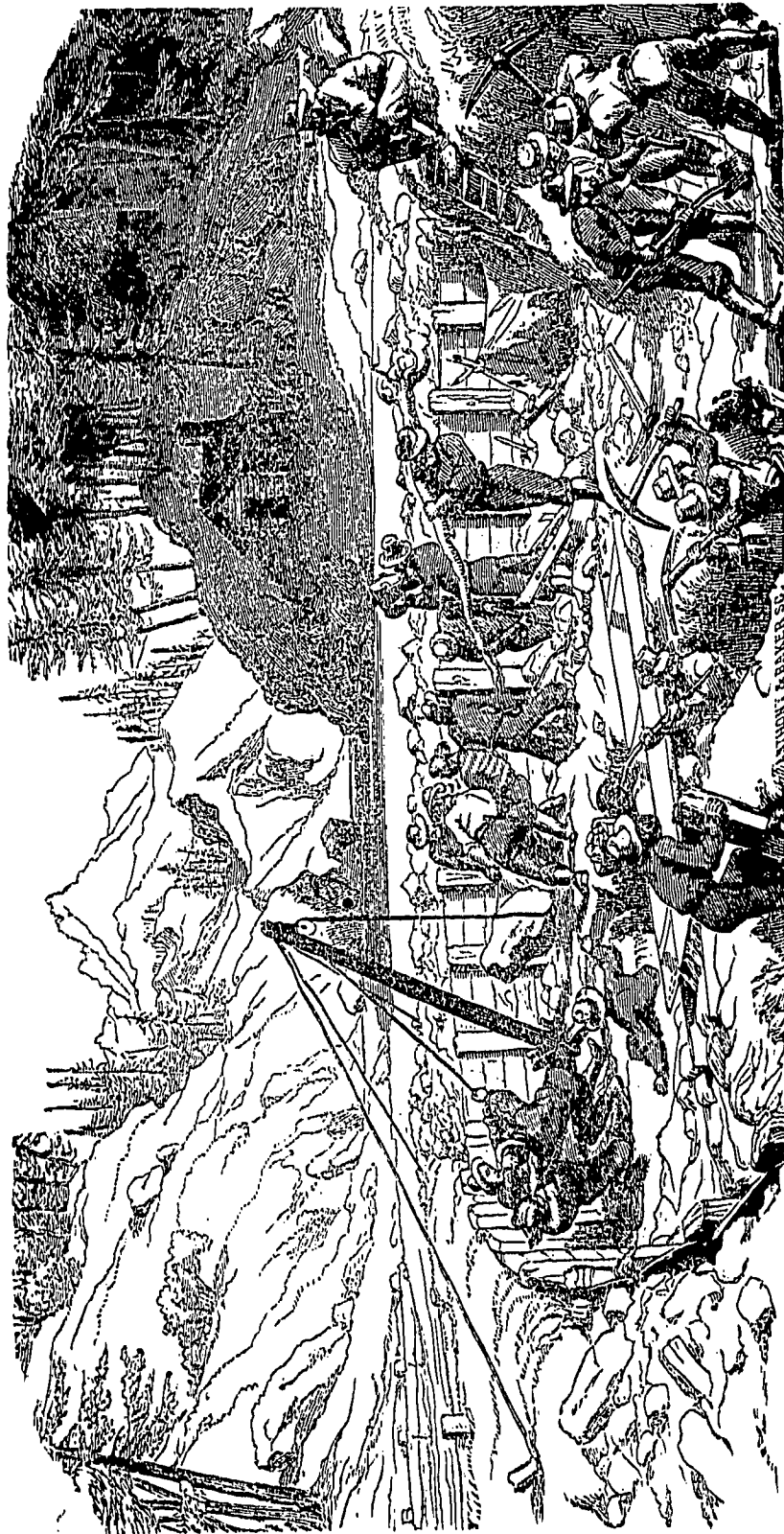
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MEN ENGAGED IN WORKING OUT THE RIVER'S BED AFTER TURNING THE STREAM INTO THE FLUME.

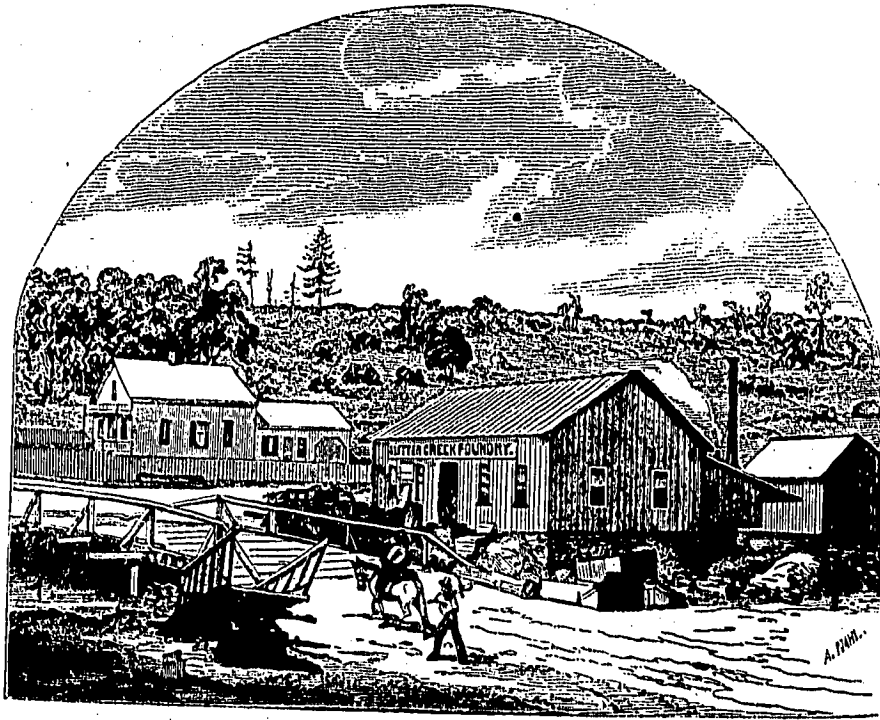
ground; and let the dams be so constructed that the highest stage of water during the winter or spring season cannot in the least damage, much less destroy them, as at the present time.

There will be no less than eight hundred thousand dollars expended in flumes and dams on Feather river, above and within ten miles of Oroville, this present season.

Now had even twice that amount of money been invested in constructing one or more substantial flumes, above high water mark, it would have been an investment of profit, as well as permanency, from the amount of water sold for mining purposes, besides accomplishing the work of turning the river, not only for the present but for many summers to come.

Supposing that a dam be constructed to each mile of river turned (as at present);

each dam will cost, upon an average, about eight thousand dollars; in the ten miles mentioned of course there would be ten in number, making eighty thousand dollars; now should that sum be used to construct one permanent dam that should last not only for one, but for many seasons,—besides the advantages it would offer to other claim owners by not backing the water upon them, as now—it would be a piece of economy that must commend itself to the thoughtful consideration of all persons interested in river mining. Should all the companies on a single stream unite for this purpose, even though the claims in the river should fail, they would have an important and profitable interest in a flume; which, while it drained the river, would also supply the dry mining districts with water. We ask you to think the matter over and let us hear from you.



THE SUTTER CREEK FOUNDRY.

[From an Ambrotype by Woods & Michaels.]

The above works are situated in the town of Sutter, Amador county, and, with similar ones at Grass Valley, Nevada county, are the only works in the mining

districts where all kinds of machinery, in brass and iron, are cast for quartz mining, and without the delay and expense of sending to the larger cities, as formerly.



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PINE LOG CROSSING ON THE SOUTH FORK OF THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

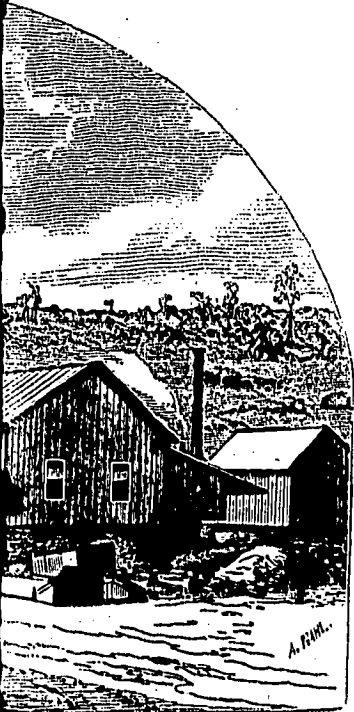
PINE LOG CROSSING.

The above beautiful and romantic little mining camp is situated on the South Fork of the Stanislaus river, about four miles north-east of Columbia, Tuolumne county. Deep down in the rocky chasm of a mountain stream, and shut out apparently from the great heart-pulse of population, it has fostered a hardy, and somewhat improvident class of men, and who have an uncomfortable style of living. Attracted thither by the wealth slumbering undisturbed in the stream, they began to pitch their tents and build their cabin homes; and as their prospectings gave hope of a golden reward, they built dams, turned the river, and pumped the bed of it dry; scarcely commencing when a fall of rain and snow began to swell the stream, and one by one to remove the results of so much labor and faith and patience.

Men who had staked their all upon the success or failure of this uncertain under-

taking, lost it. To succeed would make men rich for life—to fail, “why, oh! we shan’t fail,” they felt and believed,— was to begin life anew and pay perhaps a heavy bill due the store-keeper—often unfairly called “working out a dead horse.”

Time after time has this experiment been tried with and without success, not only here, but in numberless other places. Men whose home—no, their “stopping place”—is in such out-of-the-way localities have, too, to forego many of the comforts of life. Every pound of provision has to be packed upon their own back or upon that of some favorite donkey or mule. As you descend towards the encampment, the steep mountain sides almost make your head swim, lest, by some mishap of your animal or yourself, you may “fall overboard,” down the rugged and almost perpendicular rocks at your side. Men who thus live, and work, and strive, earn every dollar they may make, even though it should comprise a very large fortune.



dry.
[Michaels.]
where all kinds of machinery, in iron, are cast for quartz mining, but the delay and expense of the larger cities, as formerly.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

On the opposite page we give to our readers a view of the building in which the first exposition of the products of California industry will be made. It is a somewhat capacious structure, in the form of a Greek cross, covering an area of about eighteen thousand square feet. The dome in the centre, with the towers, cornices, and other appropriate ornaments, gives it an air of singularity and importance which is highly creditable to the authors of the design.

No pains have been spared by the officers of the Mechanics' Institute, under whose auspices and management it has thus far progressed, to bring together the various productions of California industry for exhibition.

Already manufactures have been extensively produced in this State which formerly we used to import, such as furniture, oil, buggies, all kinds of soaps, glue, candles, stoves, salt, pickles, preserves, vermacilli, brushes, cordage, leather, pianofortes, billiard tables, jewelry, regalias, embroidery and crochet work, wagons, all kinds of coopers' work, such as tubs, barrels, buckets, &c., bookbinding, sugar refining, children's toys, hats and caps, mathematical, surgical and chemical instruments, matches, in quantities sufficient to supply the State, willow ware, imitation marble, asphaltum, saddlery of all kinds, pumps and blocks for ships, all kinds of the finest flavored wines, brandy, &c., steam engines, wire work, and paper—with a host of others which might be enumerated, and all of which are manufactured in large quantities, of as good if not better quality, *and cheaper than they can be imported.*

Then there are various important California inventions, such as grain reapers—far excelling in utility any similar inventions in the east,—an improved electrical clock, a machine for making mouldings which planes four sides at once,—an inven-

tion for measuring the depth of the sea, the steam wagon, apparatus for accelerating fermentations, improved methods of assaying metals, a machine for drilling rock by atmospheric air, improved models of steam engines and machinery, agricultural implements, newly invented quartz crushers, a dentist's chair of singular mechanism, ingenious fire-arms, &c., &c.

The fine arts will be represented in their various and interesting details. California curiosities; and an endless variety of the products of the soil; and, though last not least, various specimens of the skill, taste and handiwork of woman.

Judging from the interest so generally manifested in this enterprise, a new era is about to dawn upon our glorious young State which, while it teaches the great virtue of self-reliance, will give a new and powerful incentive to the direction and developement of mechanical genius, and which, while it will invite men to return to their former and more congenial occupations, will become a new source of wealth to the State, by fostering and encouraging the manufacture of those articles we now import, and for which many millions of dollars are annually sent away that should be retained among us. It is now generally conceded, too, that even at present prices a judicious combination of labor and capital would in most cases enable us to compete successfully with Eastern manufactures.

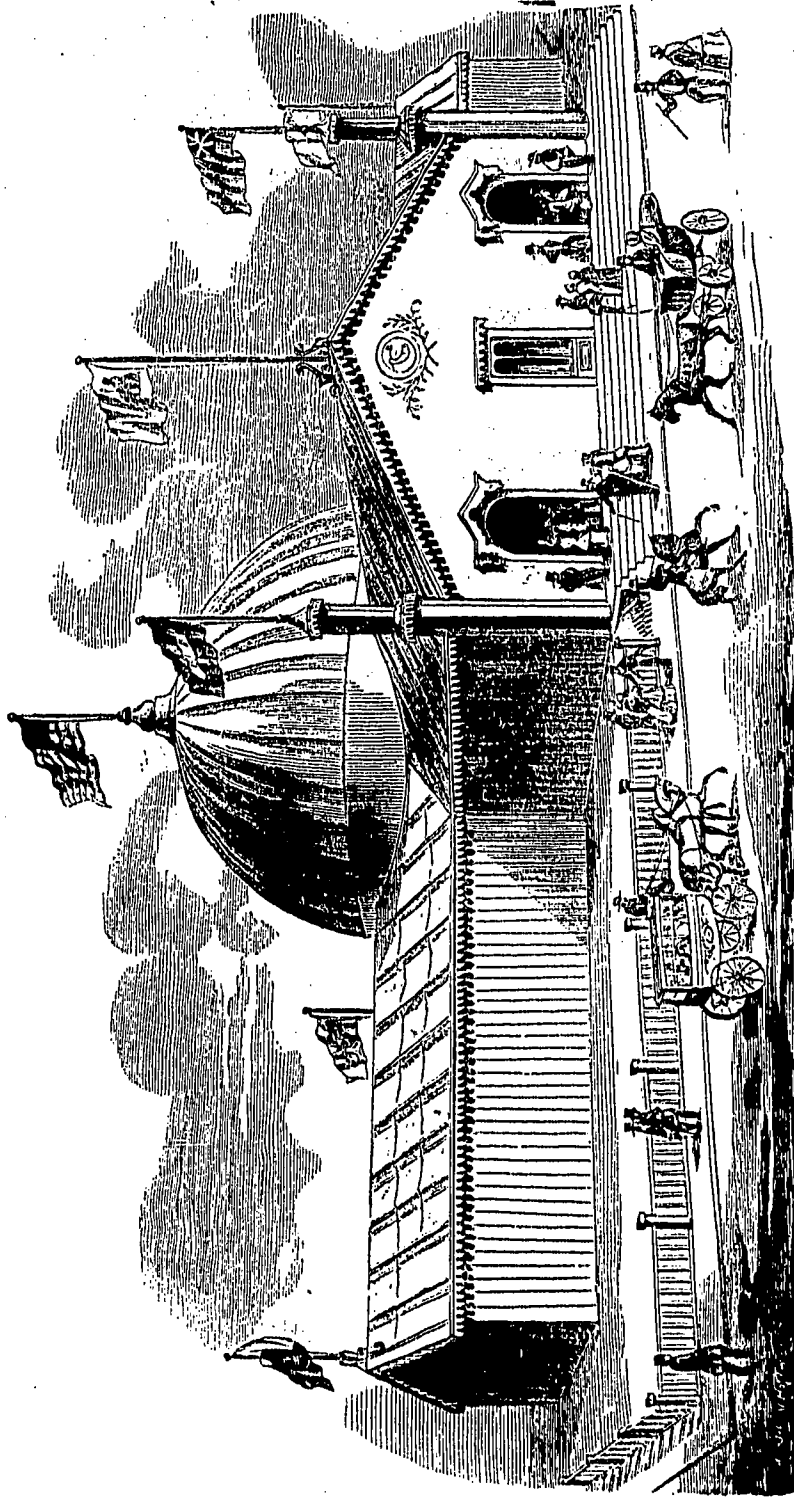
It is our earnest hope that the influence incited by this and similar institutions will extend far beyond the passing moment of excitement, by turning our thoughts to the developement of those resources which a generous Providence has so bountifully bestowed upon our highly favored land, and prove that although they are intended for our individual and personal benefit, we thoroughly appreciate the favor; and as a result, are desirous of improving these advantages for the present and future benefit of the masses, and of the State of our adoption.

tion for measuring the depth of the sea, the steam wagon, apparatus for accelerating fermentations, improved methods of assaying metals, a machine for drilling rock by atmospheric air, improved models of steam engines and machinery, agricultural implements, newly invented quartz crushers, a dentist's chair of singular mechanism, ingenious fire-arms, &c., &c.

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PAVILION OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO, OPENED SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1857.



NATIVE CALIFORNIANS THROWING THE LASSO.

SUSPENSION OF
BRANDY

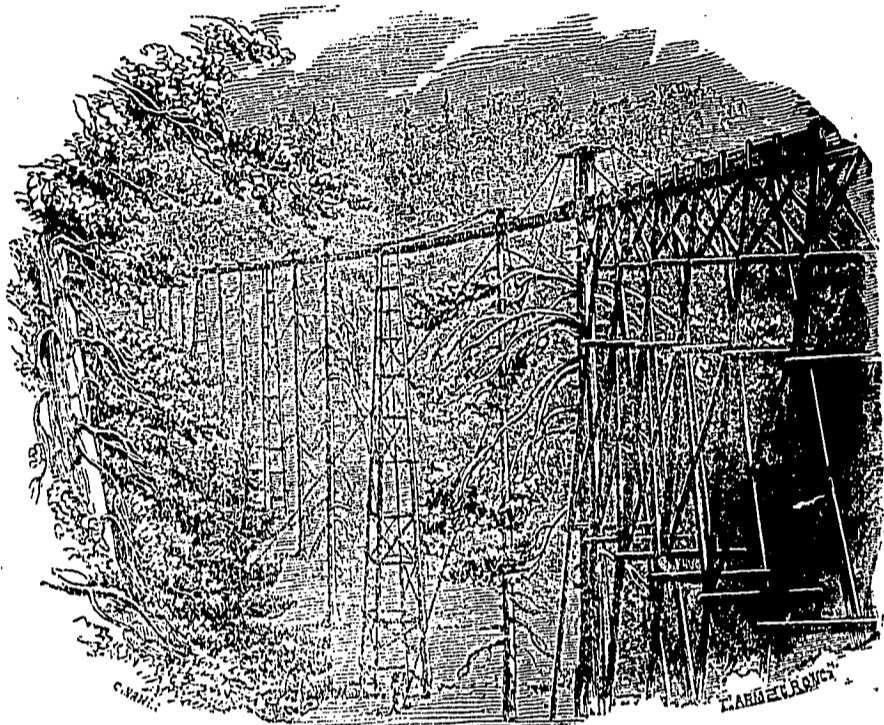
BY S.

The engraving which
from an embrotype to
work, represents a view
situated in the vicinity
Yuba county.

The same is intended
ters of Clear Creek
hill to that of another
vine, called, from some
"Brand Gulch."
less than twelve miles
Esq., who, by the
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of construction is
the bridge, which is
length is elevated
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the river supports
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NATIVE CALIFORNIANS THROWING THE LASSO.



SUSPENSION FLUME ACROSS BRANDY GULCH.

SUSPENSION FLUME ACROSS BRANDY GULCH.

BY S —.

The engraving which we give above, from an ambrotype taken expressly for this work, represents a wire Suspension Flume, situated in the vicinity of Young's Hill, Yuba county.

The flume is intended to convey the waters of Clear Creek from the summit of one hill to that of another, across a deep ravine, called, from some mysterious cause, "Brandy Gulch." The survey was made less than twelve months ago, by D. Scott, Esq., who, by the way, has gained much reputation in this branch of science. But, independent of the great design, the mode of construction is remarkably ingenious; the flume, which is fifteen hundred feet in length, is elevated to a height of 206 feet in the air. A tower built from the bed of the ravine supports the centre, while at intervals of about a hundred feet stand tall

trees, the tops of which being cut away, contribute materially to the permanency of the structure. A cluster of small wires are secured at these points, from which is suspended the box, or flume.

Thus, by means of scarcely any perceivable agency, an artificial channel is formed, through which from four to five hundred inches of water is allowed to pass daily. It is, without doubt, a highly creditable piece of work, and reflects much credit upon its enterprising proprietors; but like the majority of newly tested projects, the originators pay dearly for their experiment, while others, of infinitely less skill and courage, reap the profits of the work. There are few experiments, of after consequence, which succeed well at first, and no important acquisition of knowledge has ever been gained but at a great sacrifice on the part of the discoverer.

Works like this, presenting themselves in every portion of the mining region of California, are the most striking evidences of the capacity for adaptation; and of

which we are already sufficiently inclined to boast.

Wordsworth has somewhere said that "water is the spirit of the universe." If not so, water may at least be said to be the spirit of all our enterprise. The entire slope of the Sierra Nevadas, from the summit seaward, is pierced and traversed by artificial veins, which bring prosperity and life to every hill and plain. Water is the life-blood of the mines. When its current is diminished, or even delayed, every thing languishes — with its return, all things revive. Indeed, water has been so generally diffused, and so constantly employed, that it has been well said, "it is used for every thing but *drinking!*"

We all know that when the Roman matron was asked for her jewels, she pointed to her children; when we are asked for ours, we may reply, less classically, but with equal truth: "Behold our ditches!"

Never, since the Roman legionary shadowed the earth with their eagles, in search of spoil — not even when Spain ravished the wealth of a world, or England devastated the Indies for its treasures — never has such a gorgeous treasury been opened to the astonished world.

But theirs was the genius of war; ours the conquests of peace. The music of our march is the revelry of the gushing stream, and the only chains we forge are those that bind the captive water.

At a glance we see both the necessities and the advantages of application. The sheet of vapor which hangs in dreamy silence above the brow of the "Sierra," descends and gathers its misty mantle about the frail flower, which nods to the passing brook. As the morning sun melts the dewy tears, they fall into the stream and are borne along by the reckless current. On, on it glides, now struggling over rocks or craggy steep, now dancing in the sunlight or kissing the weeping foliage which seeks to span the stream; and now exulting in its liberty; when, lo! the bearded miner issues from his rude hut, and with imple-

ments in hand, forthwith proceeds to chain the trembling drops. And still it struggles, but too soon the fetters are secure, and though it shrinks, yet it is urged on to its debasing destiny. All day it labors, and again night approaches, but as the tiny globulet surveys itself, how sadly changed! Its face discolored! the lustre of its eye is vanished! in disgust it turns away to rest, not on the fair face of the pale flower, which cast it on the pitiless world, but to lose its identity among swarthy companions, in a neighboring pool.

Of Young's Hill, the terminus of the enterprise before described, but little may be said. It is a small village, of small importance, located some two miles north of Camptonville, and quite remote from the stage-route, as, indeed, from any point of consequence.

Mining is carried to a considerable extent in this vicinity, an accurate and comprehensive account of which branch of business will be reserved for those possessed of a more thoroughly practical knowledge or descriptive capacity.

To Messrs. Spencer & Adkinson much credit is due for promptness, energy and enterprise. The flume, or "sluice," constructed by them, which carries the "refuse dirt" from the whole hill, is not only of inestimable value to the miners, and thereby to every other interest, but also promises to be a lucrative investment to its projectors.

The landscape views in this vicinity are, as in all portions of the State, both picturesque and grand. Truly "never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful in natural scenery."

There is a law—now almost forgotten—of no small importance to the human family; inasmuch as it makes everybody and his neighbor very happy. It is this—"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Now, gentle reader, what say you about giving it a trial.

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LAKE BIGLER.

LAKE BIGLER.

This beautiful lake is situated in a valley of the Sierra Nevada, at the eastern base of the central ridge, a few miles north of the main road of travel to Carson Valley. It lies at an elevation of some 5800 feet above the level of the sea, and about 1500 feet above Carson Valley, from which it is divided by a mountain ridge three to four miles across.

The southern shores of this lake were explored during the State wagon-road survey of 1855, and its extreme southern latitude determined at 38° 57'. The 120th meridian of west longitude divides the lake pretty equally, giving its western shore to California and its eastern to Utah. Its northern extremity is only known by report, which is still so contradictory that the length of the lake cannot be set down with anything like accuracy. It can hardly exceed, however, twenty miles in length by about six in breadth; notwithstanding, it has been called forty, and even sixty miles long.

The surrounding mountains rise from one to three, and, perhaps, in some cases, four thousand feet above the surface of the lake. They are principally composed of friable white granite, water-worn to that degree that although they are rough, and often covered with rocks and boulders, yet they show no cliffs or precipices. Their bases, of granite sand, rise in majestic curves from the plain of the valley to their steeper flanks. Many of the smaller hills are but high heaps of boulders, the stony skeletons decaying in *situ*, half buried in their granite *debris*.

The shores of the lake, at least of its southern coast, are entirely formed of granite sand; not a pebble is there to mar its perfect smoothness.

A dense pine forest extends from the waters' edge to the summits of the surrounding mountains, except in some points where a peak of more than ordinary elevation rears its bald head above the waving forest. An extensive satampy flat lies on its southern shore, through which the upper Truckee slowly meanders, gathering up,

ments in hand, forthwith proceeds to chain the trembling drops. And still it struggles, not too soon the fetters are secure, and though it shrinks, yet it is urged on to its chasing destiny. All day it labors, and again night approaches, but as the tiny globulet surveys itself, how sadly changed! its face discolored! the lustre of its eye is vanished! in disgust it turns away to rest, not on the fair face of the pale flower, which cast it on the pitiless world, but to the its identity among swarthy companions, in a neighboring pool.

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Landscape views in this vicinity are, in all portions of the State, both picturesque and grand. Truly "never need an eye look beyond his own country for more and beautiful in natural scenery."

It is a law—now almost forgotten—of great importance to the human family, as it makes everybody and every one very happy. It is this—"As the man should do unto you, do ye unto him." Now, gentle reader, say you about giving it a trial.

in its tortuous course, all the streams which flow from the south or south-east. The deep blue of the waters indicates a considerable depth to the lake. The water is perfectly fresh. The lake well stocked with salmon trout. It is resorted to at certain seasons by the neighboring Indians for fishing.

Although lying so near the main road of travel, little has been known of this lake until quite a recent period. There is no doubt but that it is the lake of which the Indians informed Col. Fremont when encamped at Pyramid Lake, at the mouth of the Salmon Trout, or Truckee river, and which he thus relates, under date of January 15, 1844: "They made on the ground a drawing of the river, which they represented as issuing from another lake in the mountains, three or four days distant, in a direction a little west of south; beyond which they drew a mountain, and farther still two rivers, on one of which they told us that people like ourselves traveled." How clear does this description read to us, now that we know the localities!

Afterwards, when crossing the mountains near Carson Pass, Col. Fremont caught sight of this lake, but deceived by the great altitude of the mountains to its east, and the apparent gap in the western ridge at the Johnson Pass, he laid it down as being on the California side of the mountains, at the head of the south fork of the American river. In the map attached to Col. Fremont's report, it is there called *Mountain Lake*, but in the general map of his explorations by Charles Preuss it is named *Lake Bompland*. In Wilkes' map and others, published about the period of the gold discovery, it bears the former name. When Col. Johnson laid out his road across the mountains, the lake was passed unnoticed except under the general term of Lake Valley. General Wynn's Indian expedition, or the emigrant relief train, first named it Lake Bigler, after our late Governor. Under this name it was first depicted in its transmountain position

in Eddy's State map, and thus the name has become established.

There is no lake in California, which for beauty and variety of scenery, is to be compared to Bigler Lake; but it is not its beauty of situation alone that will attract us there. A geological interest is fastening upon it, for there we see what so many other of the great valleys of the Sierra once were. The little stream of the Upper Truckee, though but of yesterday, has yet carried down its sandy deposits through ages sufficient to form the five miles of valley flats, from the foot of the Johnson Pass to the present margin of the lake, and still the work progresses. The shallows at the mouth of the river are stretching across towards the first point on the eastern slope of the lake, and at the same time the water level of the lake is evidently subsiding.

The point of view from where our illustration is taken is the summit of the granite knob to the south of the lake, one of the triangulation points of our survey. The point at which the Upper Truckee discharges into the lake is indicated by the smoke of our camp fires. The first depression in the mountains to our right is the Daggott Pass to Carson Valley; beyond the next group of mountains lies the old pass of the Johnson wagon road to Eagle Valley. Nearly opposite, under a rocky point on the east shore of the lake, is the celebrated Indian cave, with its legendary romance. On the north rises the lofty mountain of Wassan peak. From the western side, the Truckee river finds its outlet, but the exact position seems to be still a myth. The high peaks to the north-west, in the distance, are near the Truckee Pass.

But our poor attempt of the pencil can give but a faint idea of the beauty of the spot; we can only hope to recall to those, whose eye has already beheld the scene, what must ever be, one of memory's most pleasing pictures; while in those who have not yet seen it we hope to induce a

desire to visit one of
Lakes.

SACRAMENTO, August, 1857

SALMON

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tain sheets of water

"As I have ne
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SALMON LAKE—A DESULTORY POEM.

desire to visit one of California's noblest Lakes. G. H. G.

SACRAMENTO, August, 1857.

SALMON LAKE.

A gentleman writing from Halley's Ranch sends us the following interesting description of another of those beautiful mountain sheets of water:—

"As I have never seen any account published of Salmon Lake, I have concluded to give you a sketch of the locality and beauty of the silvery waters and surrounding scenery of this beautiful spot.

"This lake is situated about forty miles north-east of the city of Nevada, between the heads of the south and middle forks of the Yuba river, but nearest to the south fork. Its waters fall into a stream flowing into Cañon Creek, about ten miles from the mouth of the latter stream.

"This lake is about one mile in length, by half a mile in breadth. In many places it is from sixty to seventy feet in depth, at its lowest ebb; which is in October; when about one hundred and fifty inches of water escape.

"On the north side of this lake rise precipitous and overhanging cliffs, to the height of three hundred feet, in which there are many holes, or caves, entirely inaccessible, except to wild fowl—of which there are many—that make their nests and raise their young in them, and in the cracks of the rock. Upon the top of this stands a dense forest of spruce-fir trees. There is a cove in this picturesque woodland from which snow can be obtained at any time in the year. Cinnamon and grizzly bears are numerous here.

"On the east and west ends of the lake there are beautiful valleys well irrigated with springs, and covered with grass in abundance; and upon which many thousands of wild ducks and geese feed every season.

"At the south side of the lake, through a slough about three hundred yards from it, is found its outlet; and where it makes into a deep cañon.

"This whole piece of nature's mighty and beautiful work can easily be transformed from a picturesque lake to a valuable reservoir—without marring its loveliness—by cutting a tunnel three hundred yards in length, at a cost not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and from which a ditch could be constructed that would give an abundance of water to the dry mining camps below. L. A. G."

We wonder that these large and natural reservoirs, which are capable of giving water to every mining district of the State, in very great abundance, should remain untouched, when miners and mining, traders and trading, and every description of business is almost at a stand, comparatively, for the want of water. We are led to exclaim, with regret and surprise, in the language of one of old, "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love your simplicity!—and fools [!] hate knowledge?"

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

"California, of all places in the world, needs a bold and independent expression of opinion!"

CANTO I.

Could I disclose the mysteries of my life,
From earliest childhood to the present time,
Its joys and sorrows, hopes, fears and dark strife,
Its heights of bliss, its agonies sublime
In their intensity;—all feelings rife,
From deeds of goodness or escapes from crime,
It surely would, if told in proper diction,
Prove that the truth is stranger than all fiction.

II.

But memory fails me, and 'tis wrong to tear
The veil from that, which should not all be known;
All hearts have secrets which they would not share
With their best friend; thoughts which are never
To the cold world, and therefore I forbear, [shown
To rend my heart, and have its fragments thrown,
Like pearls to swine, for there are found but few,
That can appreciate the good or true.

III.

And if I write, 'tis but to make the hour,
With its dark clouds, more quickly pass away;
I know that I have not the god-like power
To seize the lightnings of the soul, and play
Their vivid flashes o'er the page; a dower,
Seldom bequeathed to mortals in our day;
A few fond hearts may glory in my strain,
And for their sake, I sing my sad refrain.

IV.

But what shall be the burden of my song?
A solemn homily, or thrilling tale?
To lash the vices of the worldly throng,
Or satirize the follies that prevail?
Or in eternal hopes and aims prolong
My visions far beyond this earthly vale,
Of hate, ambition, hope, joy, sorrow, love,
And all we know below, or dream above?

V.

On these and other subjects I may dwell,
But with no method shall I here arrange
These desultory thoughts—perhaps 'tis well;
I then can take up objects new or strange,
Or momentary passions, which to quell,
Might my poor Muse's fancies oft estrange,
From her first love, the moment's inspiration,
Which at the best may be a vain oblation.

VI.

Dear reader, understand me, I have not
Begun my poem yet; this introduction
May lead to a beginning, but I've got
A slight to take in which there's much obstruction,
And I perchance may find it is my lot
To have a genius, from which small reduction
Would make it vanish like the viewless air,
Or be like "Barnum," the humbug, no-where.

VII.

Have patience with me, and I'll soon commence
To give you what at least may be called rhyme,
Or work my passions to a pitch intense,
And soar to heights that may be styled sublime.
My Muse shall not alight upon the fence,
Like politicians who bide out their time,
And never move a muscle either way,
Till they find out which side gives largest pay.

VIII.

Above all other traits, I like decision
In character, which must proceed from thought,
That lays its laws down with a strict precision;
The man with iron will, quite soon is taught,
To cut his way with such a keen incision,
Through all the toils with which his life is fraught,
That difficulties vanish from before him,
And all admire, while some will quite adore him.

IX.

I still am writing on in rigmorole;
An easy style, in which plain thoughts may flow,
Kind reader, do not think I have no soul,
Because my Pegasus remains below
The heavens above, where myriad worlds now roll
Through space whose awful mysteries none can
know,
Unless they're gifted with clairvoyant vision,
And then, they tell you all with due precision.

X.

At last my Pegasus begins to soar
Into the dread infinities above,
Where suns and stars in glorious anthems pour
The eternal music and eternal love
Of Boundless Wisdom, which may yet restore
Our souls to bliss — I will not farther shove
My metaphor into that future state,
Where no man knoweth what may be his fate.

XI.

Except disciples of that sect now-fangled,
Ye left the spiritual, whose visions bright,
Have all the half-demented fools entangled
Into their mystic doctrines, whose best light
Beams from closed eyes, and all sound reasoning
Who ever saw a more degrading sight, [strangled.
As well might turtles, under mud and slime,
See Heaven's bright glories, or find truths sublime.

XII.

And then to hear their wondrous revelations,
Of Heaven, made up of circles by the score;
Where souls attain to certain elevations,
And rise in bliss some several feet or more.
What brilliant genius planned these new creations?
To save a world that never knew before,
The only true and certain way to save,
Was to show up the world beyond the grave.

XIII.

I oft have heard their witless nonsense rattle
Upon the table, all direct from heaven;
Who ever heard a more demented prattle
Than gifted sages to this sect have given?
Through circles who have no more brains than cats,
That with a goad before the plow are driven, [the,
To think the souls of all the good and great
Knew more on earth than in their heavenly state.

XIV.

No wonder that its neophytes go crazy;
None but the bad at heart, or weak in head,
Would seek to penetrate through visions hazy,
The eternal secrets of the sacred dead;
Go search the scriptures, if you're not too lazy,
And find the truth of what I here have said;
Draw from that fountain of eternal truth,
Waters that quench the thirst in age or youth.

XV.

This sect has surely some most cunning leaders,
Who always know the worth of fools with money,
And some who seem to be the special pleaders
For free-love doctrines; and with words of honey,
They praise the lust of those unlawful breeders,
And make the lives all very fair and sunny,
Of men and women who in good society
Should only have an *ill-fame* notoriety.

XVI.

I should not waste my words upon this theme;
A subject that with tongs I ought to handle,
So foul and filthy, that, like pitch, I soon
To be defiled from such a public scandal.
What I assert, I know is not a dream, —
For I have seen it both by sun and candle;
" 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true;"
My pen has pierced the beastly monster through.

XVII.

And now my Pegasus I must dismount,
If I would keep his laurels all unfaded,
Upon his speed and bottom I can count,
But now the steed and rider both are jaded;
How far he's climbed up the Parnassian mount,
Others must say; — I hope he's not degraded
His noble reputation and fair fame,
Under a rider with an unknown name.

XVIII.

I hope to mount him at some future day,
Against outsiders, or a match 'gainst time,
The terms, in sporting parlance, "play or pay;"
I'll urge him, then, into a speed sublime,
I hope the public will be there to play,
And bet against him, for it's no crime.
Like other poets, I am short of cash,
And hope to win it by the spur and lash.

XIX.

I've rode out nineteen stanzas at this heat,
And occupied myself just half a day
Upon the course, and it would be a treat,
Now to refresh myself with some delay;
My mind needs rest in a retired retreat,
And I have nothing more just now to say,
Except I hope to meet you soon again,
Riding my Pegasus with a sharp pen.

(Continued.)

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I'll mount him, then, into a speed sublime,
The public will be there to play,
I'll fight against him, for it's no crime.
My her poets, I am short of cash,
I'll be to win it by the spur and lash.

XIX.

Out nineteen stanzas at this heat,
I've scribbled myself just half a day
In vain, and it would be a treat,
To fresh myself with some delay;
I'll needs rest in a retired retreat,
I'll do nothing more just now to say,
I'll hope to meet you soon again,
I'll Pegasus with a sharp pen.

(Continued.)

LOST.

LOST.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"Mary Kirke, we're lost!" A strange
whispering echo from the hill side answered
back, "Lost! lost!" and from the clear
little stream which glided along at our
feet seemed to come a murmuring "Lost!
lost!"

We looked at each other—Bell and I—
for several moments after this announce-
ment without speaking. The unwelcome
conviction had been, for the last hour,
forcing itself upon our minds, yet neither
could gather courage to speak the startling
truth, but gaily chatting, endeavoring to
conceal the anxiety each felt, we still kept
on, and on, vainly searching for the path
from which we had strayed, until the sun
had almost gone down behind the hills,
and the great pine trees began to throw
dark shadows on the ground—aye, into
our hearts too. Yet we spoke no word of
fear until Bell, suddenly reining in her
horse, hastily, and with pale lips, ex-
claimed, "Mary Kirke, we're lost!"

Yes, we were lost among the wild hills
of California! The fact could no longer
be denied, unpleasant as it was.

Bell Grant and I had been for the last
three weeks at the ranch of our friend G.
R., which was situated in one of the wildest,
most picturesque parts of —, but we
had become tired of the monotony of that
pleasant, but lonely home; tired of looking
at the calm, amiable face of Mrs. R.; tired
of listening to the voice of Mr. R., merry
as it was, and we determined to have a
change in the dull routine of every day
affairs.

Early that morning, notwithstanding the
remonstrances of our friends, we mounted
our horses and set off alone—not, as old
stories say, "to seek our fortunes"—but
solely in search of adventure. We would
not listen to the earnest request of our host
to take little *Nee-to*, an Indian boy, for a
guide—no, indeed! not we. We would

have a day of it alone in the free woods.
Bell, who had not spent five years of her
life in the wilds of Iowa in vain, declared
she was just the best guide in the world,
and would take all possible care of my
more inexperienced self. So arming our-
selves each with a formidable revolver, and
a satchel containing a lunch, we gaily
waved adieu to the anxious inmates of the
ranch, and rode gallantly away on our
reckless, adventure-seeking expedition.

The morning was delightfully passed.
We shouted, sang, leaped our horses over
rocks and crags, explored deep ravines,
stopped for a moment to gather some rare
wild flowers, and then sped on again. Oh!
it was glorious, dashing away, away over
hill and vale, as light and free as air; it
was *life*, in its highest enjoyment.

After we had partaken of our noonday
meal in a beautiful little valley, drank from
the cool mountain stream, and indulged in
not a few bright day-dreams in that seclu-
ded retreat, we began to think of retracing
our steps homeward. Accordingly we re-
mounted our horses, and took, as we sup-
posed, the same path by which we had de-
scended into the valley. We rode on care-
lessly for some time, until, failing to per-
ceive any objects which had served as
land-marks in our way hither, a sort of
vague uneasiness sprang up within our
minds, which increased the farther we
proceeded, but which we endeavored care-
fully to conceal, until, suddenly emerging
from the thick growth of pines, we found
ourselves upon the banks of a narrow
stream, with a steep hill rising abruptly on
the opposite side. Behind us lay the rap-
idly darkening forest, into which we peered
doubtfully, fearing to trust ourselves within
its shadowy depths; before us rose the
rugged hill-side; on either hand were piled
huge rocks, and on all sides we seemed
shut completely in, without the possibility
of egress. Bell was a stout-hearted girl,
but braver hearts than hers might have
been appalled at the situation in which we
found ourselves; alone, in one of the wild-

est spots imaginable, with night rapidly approaching; how far from home, or any human habitation we knew not, but not a trace of civilization could we discover. Regrets for our rashness in venturing out alone were of no avail. Long we stood there, eagerly straining our eyes and ears to catch, if possible, some sight or sound to guide us, but in vain. The silence was oppressive, painful, and we longed for something to break the deep stillness. It came, startling, strange, unearthly! It was a woman's voice, that thrilled our hearts and rang out clear and distinct upon the evening air, in one wild burst of song.

"Oh! where shall rest be found—

Rest for the weary soul—

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,

Or pierce to either pole."

We listened with hushed breath, and wondering minds, until the music died away on the air. The voice was one of exquisite sweetness; the words were spoken with such intense earnestness, they seemed to come quivering, trembling, from a weary, aching heart, longing for rest; rest, such as earth can never give. But what could it mean, that voice, in such a strange, wild place, and it seemed so near too—at our very side. We listened again, but all was still. "Let us go," said Bell, "and solve the mystery." Accordingly, without another word, we proceeded in the direction of the sound. After following the little stream a short distance, it suddenly took a course to the right, and there, almost hidden by overhanging trees and shrubbery, was a little cabin, which one might easily have passed unnoticed, it nestled there so like a bird's nest among the thickly clustering vines and shrubs. The window and door were open; we dismounted and silently entered the cabin. Deep silence reigned within, and, but for a languid unclosing of the eyes of the occupant of the room as we entered, we might have supposed her dead. She was very pale and emaciated, but traces of great beauty yet lingered upon the wan face; and every

feature was delicately formed and beautiful.

She was sitting in a large arm-chair, — the only article of luxury in the room, — and as we approached, she seemed hardly conscious of our presence, merely unclosing her eye for a moment, then sank back languidly upon the cushions. At this moment a sweet childish voice sobbed out, "Mamma, mamma;" and we beheld for the first time, a little figure crouched on the floor, half buried in the dress of the invalid. That voice seemed to rouse the mother; and passing her hand caressingly over the head of the child, she burst into tears. Then her lips moved in prayer, and she exclaimed, turning to us: "Oh! I knew God would not forsake me, or leave my darling alone. I know not who you are, but you are women, and have women's hearts. Surely God has sent you to me in this, my last hour, that I may give into your keeping my poor little Nannie. Say, will you accept the trust? Will you take the lone orphan — the child of one you know not — to your bosom? Oh! I know you will! I know you will! I see it in those kind, pitying looks; I see it in those tears! God will reward you; and if a mother's prayer can avail on high, you shall be blessed indeed!"

We each took one of the pale hands of the sufferer, and promised before Heaven that the stranger's child should be as our own. Oh! the glorious light that came over that mother's face as she heard those words spoken! Earth, and all earthly cares now seemed forever left behind: peaceful, calm, happy, while the voice faintly murmured, "Ready, waiting:

'Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life."

Her hand fell feebly upon her breast, her breath came slowly, softly through the parted lips; upon that broad, white forehead the dews of death were gathering, but the eye burned with an unearthly brilliancy, and a bright halo of glory encircled that head. From the Heaven above, which

that spirit was ever
brightness and rest
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Her hand fell feebly upon her breast, and she came slowly, softly through the air; upon that broad, white forehead, where the dews of death were gathering, but turned with an unearthly brilliant light, a bright halo of glory encircled her head. From the Heaven above, which

that spirit was even now entering, came a brightness and rested upon the face of that dying mother. Dying? ah, no! that was not death; that triumphant chorus which burst from those pale lips, startling us with its joyous earnestness, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was higher than death as it echoed again, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Angels waiting near seemed to wave their bright wings, and with one accord join in the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She heard it; her eye beheld the radiant band, and from the pearly gates of that heaven, to us, who were beholding the scene, so far away, but to her so near, she saw the face of that Savior who said that death to her was no more.

One more burst of the jubilant song, "Thanks be unto him who giveth us the victory," and then came a smile so full of Heaven, so happy, that we knew she had caught it from the very presence of God. The weary one had found rest! Softly, softly passed that spirit; silently and tearlessly we stood around that lifeless clay. Grief we had none; we were listening for the welcoming song which greeted the freed spirit as it entered its eternal home; but in vain we listened; she alone who had passed the cold river, heard it — she who had been so safely borne over its dark waters — and we remembered that we were yet wanderers upon the shores of time: then we wept.

Long we stood gazing upon the face of the dead. So absorbed had we been in the strange events of the last hour, that we had forgotten by what chance we had been witnesses of that scene. When we again aroused ourselves, the twilight had quite faded away, and the full moon was pouring a glorious flood of light through the open door, and vine-wreathed window. We spoke of our singular situation, of the mystery which was thrown around the death we had witnessed. Who was she, who had so gladly laid down the burden of life? Why was she alone in that wild place? That she had been tenderly reared, we knew

— those small, delicate hands had never been accustomed to labor — and the great delicacy and refinement of form and feature, bespoke gentle birth; yet why was she here? Truly our day had found a strange conclusion.

Little Nannie had fallen asleep on the floor, with her apron drawn tightly over her head. She was sleeping the sweet sleep of innocent childhood, all unconscious that when she awoke there would be no gentle mother's hand to rest upon her head, no mother's voice to speak loving words to her.

We leant over the young sleeper, smoothed out the tangled ringlets, kissed the pure childish forehead, and again renewed our vows to cherish the orphaned stranger thus unexpectedly thrown upon our care. We felt that we had taken upon ourselves a great responsibility, and knew that from this moment we must act in reference to the strange vow we had recently taken.

We thought of the anxiety of our friends at the rancho, but concluded that the wiser and safer plan was to remain where we were for the night, rather than venture out again. Accordingly we began to make arrangements to that effect, but were startled by hearing heavy footsteps approaching the cabin, and before we could secure the door, it was hastily thrown open, and an old man stood upon the threshold. He wore a rough hunting dress, in his hand he carried a fowling-piece, and over his shoulder were thrown several wild birds and other game. For a moment he stood regarding us with blank amazement; then his eye wandered round the room, and fell upon the stiff, straight figure on the bed. With a deep groan he rushed to the bedside, lifted the covering from the face of the dead, and sank, in an agony of weeping, to the floor. "Gone! gone! and I, her only friend, not here to receive her last breath! Oh! why did I leave you open for an hour? Yet, little did I think, this morning, that you were so near home."

Yes, *home*; for if there is a Heaven above this troublesome world, thou art there. Heart-broken on earth, thou art now at rest in Heaven! Thy *Savior* did not deceive thee; *His* promises did not betray! Poor child! poor child!"

"But," he added, springing to his feet, "is there no hand of justice to avenge thy death? Is there no God of vengeance, as well as of love and pity? Will not the wrongs of the innocent be speedily redressed?"

"Say," said the old man, turning quickly to us, "did she not curse him with her dying breath? Did she not curse him who deserted her and that precious innocent, sleeping yonder? — but no, she would not do that. Oh! she was an angel; from an infant, when I carried her in my arms — ah! it was not long ago — I knew she was not one of earth. Yes, she was an angel, even when that devil won her to himself. Curses on — but no, not here by *her* side; she died without pronouncing the curse — I will not speak it here. Her *husband*! oh! the mating of light with darkness! one of God's own angels with the veriest black-hearted fiend that ever cursed the earth with his presence. Nannie, my poor little Nannie, left worse than orphaned, worse than fatherless!"

By degrees the old man became calmer, and we told him of her peaceful departure, and of our adoption of the lone child. "God never forsakes his own," devoutly exclaimed he; "'twas He who led you here. I know," continued he, "into whose hands my darling's child has fallen. I know you will be faithful to that solemn trust. Thank God! the birdling has some one beside old Bruce to provide for her; his hands are feeble, and soon the grave will close over them, but I can die willingly, now my Nannie is cared for."

We were astonished beyond measure at finding ourselves recognized by the stranger, and eagerly sought to know where he had ever met us before.

"Just over at the R— ranch," he re-

plied, "I have often seen you, though doubtless you never noticed the old man who brought game to Mr. R—."

"Just over at Mr. R—'s ranch?" asked Bell and I, both in one breath.

"Yes," he replied, "it is not more than five or six miles from here, over the mountains, but by taking the road around, you became bewildered; indeed, it is almost a miracle how you ever reached here — but no, it is not wonderful, God led you here."

We soon arranged that the old man should take one of our horses and proceed by the shortest route to R—'s ranch to relieve the anxiety of our friends, as also to procure assistance to pay the last duties to the dead.

In less than two hours we had the satisfaction of grasping the hand of our good friend R—, who had been out searching for us nearly all the afternoon, but had returned to the ranch after sunset for assistance to renew the search; and when old Bruce — the only name he had ever given — arrived, the party was about setting off. Great was the surprise of Mr. R— to learn our singular adventure. He had often seen old Bruce, and knew where his cabin stood, but supposed he lived entirely alone, and could scarcely believe that the lady and child had been there some months. The old man would reveal nothing of the past history of his charge; her name, even, or in what relation he stood to her he would not tell, but preserved a profound silence, merely answering a few necessary questions. During that whole night he sat by the bedside, his hands folded, his head drooping upon his breast, with such an expression of hopeless grief resting on his furrowed face as I had never seen before.

On the following day the stranger was laid in her lonely forest grave. The beautiful smile still rested upon her pale lips, and the whole face seemed more like the face of an angel than that of a creature of clay, so soon to return to its native dust. Old Bruce stood by, silent and stern in his

grief, while little looking wonder-cried to take Death, to that great mystery,

Tearfully we as we walked, the air seemed the flowers, too over the new that no rude enter that cold

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 Old Bruce stood by, silent and stern in his

grief, while little Nannie clung to his neck,
 looking wonderingly into the grave, and
 cried to take her mamma back again.
 Death, to that young sinless heart, was a
 great mystery, as yet unsolved.

Tearfully we left that burial place, but
 as we walked away, a soft whispering in
 the air seemed breathing of "rest, rest;"
 the flowers, too, bowed their bright heads
 over the newly made grave, and smiled
 that no rude breath, no harsh sound, could
 enter that cold retreat, to waken the sleep-
 er—she was at rest.

We spoke of taking Nannie home with
 us, but her aged protector said, "Not yet;
 I cannot give her up now; in a few days
 I will come to you, and then—and then
 —Nannie is yours." He would not listen
 to our entreaties to accompany us to the
 ranch, so we reluctantly bade him adieu,
 and returned to make preparations for re-
 ceiving the little orphan. In a few weeks
 Bell and I were to return to our home in
 the city, and Nannie was to become an
 equal charge to each. How many strange
 surmises we had concerning her! Whose
 child were we thus taking to our hearts?
 Vain surmises; vain imaginings! The
 mystery was a mystery still. But were we
 ever to remain in doubt?

Little Nannie never came to us.
 On the third day after the burial of her
 mother, she died; and with pale hands
 meekly folded above her sinless heart, the
 soft brown curls resting lovingly on her
 pale cheek, with wild flowers strewn around
 the little form, we saw her laid beside her
 mother in the shade of those solemn old
 forest trees. She too was at rest, even be-
 fore knowing life's weariness; she rested
 even before the fierce battle of life began,
 and it was better thus.

Old Bruce looked the very picture of
 desolate grief. His form was bowed lower,
 his face was paler and more deeply fur-
 rowed, and his voice trembled as he kept
 muttering to himself, "yes, the last! the
 last!" We could gain no reply to any
 question but these sad words, "the last!

the last!" His mind seemed wandering;
 grief had well nigh destroyed his reason.

Vainly did Mr. R— endeavor to per-
 suade the lone old man to make his house
 his home; he only shook his head sadly,
 and murmured that ceaseless "last! last!"

Once more Bell and I stood within the
 cabin. Every thing was the same as when
 we last visited it, but the aged occupant
 was gone, whither none could tell. Weeks
 and months have passed away since that
 week's singular events, and the mystery
 surrounding the characters who acted such
 important parts in those scenes, remains
 unsolved. Vainly has conjecture pictured,
 or fancy sought to throw some light upon
 the subject; but doubtless it will ever re-
 main enshrouded in darkness, like hun-
 dreds of similar pages in the history of this
 beautiful country, this land of romance and
 mystery.

Once since, I have stood at those two
 lonely graves. The tall trees still wave
 their branches above them; the soft sun-
 light still glimmers through the shade, and
 plays upon the turf; the air is pure and
 fragrant as when those two sleepers first
 lay down to their rest; yet there comes no
 answer to my earnest wish to pierce
 through the dark mist which surrounded
 that sad mother; to know whose was the
 hand to break the tender chords of that
 gentle heart; to know why the blight had
 fallen so early on that young and guileless
 spirit. But I can only drop a tear over
 the stranger's lonely grave, and sigh

— "to view the things in Heaven's own image made
 Fading thus early 'neath the blight of sorrow's earth-
 ly shade:
 To see the brightness and the bloom of the human
 brow o'ercast;
 And know that such things must be, till love and
 death are past."

HOME.

Home!—the centre of delight,—
 Be thou beacon to my sight!
 Through the voyage of this life,
 Through its joys, and through its strife,—
 "Had I dove's wings to reach thy nest,
 How soon I'd fly and be at rest." V. C.

THE REDEEMED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY CLOE.

CHAPTER III.

They soon descended to the parlor, where they found the door open, and Kate's shawl and bonnet on the sofa; throwing them on, she took Bently's arm, and they walked on for some time, until, meeting a cabman, Bently engaged him to take them to the mansion. On arriving there, he bid Kate good night, and returned to the city.

Every thing was still at the mansion; all were at rest but the faithful Dinah, who waited for the return of her young mistress with the keys of her apartments.

"Good Lord, missus! what has happened? You are pale as a ghost, you are!"

"Nothing, Dinah, only I am fatigued, and am a little unwell."

"There was sich a queer-looking fellow here, inquiring after you, said he wanted to see you, that I thought maybe that you had heard bad news from master."

"No, Dinah, I have not seen any one. Did he tell you his business?"

"No, missus, he said he would come in the morning."

"Well, let me go to bed, Dinah, for I need rest sadly." Seated in her own room, Kate thought of the dangers she had just passed; oh, how deserted she felt, alone in that once happy mansion! Overcome with gloomy thoughts, accusing herself of all the misery of its inmates, half-distracted with the prospects of the future, she pressed her hand upon her throbbing temples, and remembering her dying mother's injunctions, she took courage and sought comfort of Him who alone could comfort in such a trying hour; her prayer was heard and her peace was restored.

The clock had struck nine when Kate awoke; she felt weak, but calm. She arose and dressed, and descended to breakfast. While trying to eat a few morsels of toast, the bell rang and Dinah hastened to see who was there.

"Has your young mistress returned?" said Jack.

"Yes," answered Dinah.

"Tell her that I wish to speak to her."

"Missus, that queer-looking chap has come that was here last night."

"Show him in the parlor, I will see him soon;" and finishing her breakfast, Kate went immediately to ascertain the object

of his call, hoping to hear news of Charles or her father. Jack touched his hat and bowed in his sailor style.

"You wished to see me, sir," said Kate.

"Yes, madam, I do indeed; and I hope, sweet lady—for I never saw a sweeter, not even a ship in full rig, sailing on a smooth sea, never looked handsomer—"

"Is this all you have to say, sir?" said Kate, indignantly.

"Do not be angry at Jack, for I am a friend to the Colonel, and would do you a favor if I knew how to tell you and shun the breakers. You see, Jack is not in the habit of speaking to such beautiful—"

"Enough, sir, if you have anything to communicate to me, do it, and retire."

"Well, don't think that Jack is an enemy. You see, the Colonel did me a great kindness for telling him good news about his son; he gave me a nice little sum of money—"

"Can't you tell me what you want without all this?" asked Kate.

"Yes, lady, in a minute I will get at what I am driving hard for; you see, the Colonel made me a better man by his prayer and money, and now I've come to do you a kindness to pay him. Now you have it, my lady."

"Well, what is the kindness?"

"Well, you see, Miss Adaline is your enemy. She was going to marry Master Charles, and she has made public all he told her about his marriage with you, and that Bently is in love with you and that you were not displeased. I saw you riding with him last night, and I know what gossip will make of it, and Mr. Charles will call him to account when he gets home. You see, I was in hopes you would escape her malice, and I was coming to caution you last night when I returned. I was sorry to see you riding with Bently, and Dinah told me you had gone to spend an evening at Mrs. Milford's."

"Would to God you had come before I went! But I have done no intentional wrong; I thought I was going to Mrs. Milford's, but I was deceived and taken to Miss Adaline's, for what purpose I am not altogether satisfied."

"Before three days she will send vile reports abroad, but if you are innocent, all will come out well."

"God grant it may," sobbed Kate, completely overwhelmed with grief.

"Do not weep so, my young lady," said Jack, while the tears flowed freely from his own eyes in sympathy with the beautiful childlike figure before him. "Can I serve

you, my young lady, in know, and it will be do for any service you want. Sailors' Home, on Monday morning."

Kate sat stupefied with oh! when shall I be unmitigated sorrow? Father help me in this. Her trouble was too and she was barely a year, which she never weeks of distressing. Leaving Kate in the we will now take a his father."

After leaving he was occupied with his son. His heart from grief at the loss of her, but much more obstacles in the his children. Of Tennessee he de hazards in a private el only as he could made several dollars and was within a son, when, being over night, he country tavern, shed through a hole.

"Lar, lord," to the next house. "Ten miles. I am tired at rain."

"Well, give the best we can. Very well ing his carriage house. He comfortable presented it chain that tall, missus, ing, which wifer, in his, hers to in a or less. "Come, I've told 't you Pardner, big address stranger, in suits in indignation. "You

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"Well, don't think that Jack is an enigma. You see, the Colonel did me a great kindness for telling him good news about my son; he gave me a nice little sum of money—"

"Can't you tell me what you want with this?" asked Kate.

"Sweet lady, in a minute I will get at it. I am driving hard for; you see, the Colonel made me a better man by his money, and now I've come to him for kindness to pay him. Now you see, what is the kindness?"

"You see, Miss Adaline is your enemy, and she was going to marry Master Bently, and she has made public all her business about his marriage with you, and she is in love with you and that is not displeased. I saw you riding last night, and I know what goes on of it, and Mr. Charles will take account when he gets home. I was in hopes you would escape, and I was coming to caution you when I returned. I was riding with Bently, and he told me you had gone to spend an hour at Mrs. Milford's."

"God you had come before I had done no intentional wrong. I thought I was going to Mrs. Milford, and was deceived and taken to her, for what purpose I am not sure."

"In a few days she will send vile reports about you if you are innocent, all the same," sobbed Kate, commencing with grief.

"So, my young lady," said Jim, "ears flowed freely from his eyes in sympathy with the beautiful girl before him. "Can I serve

you, my young lady, in any way? let me know, and it will be done. If you wish me for any service, you will find me at the Sailors' Home, on Fifth street: so good morning."

Kate sat stupefied with distress. "When, oh! when shall I be extricated from this unmitigated sorrow? Great and merciful Father help me in this hour of trouble." Her trouble was too much for her health, and she was barely able to reach her chamber, which she never left till after two weeks of distressing illness.

Leaving Kate in the care of Dr. Toby, we will now take a look after Charles and his father.

After leaving home, the Colonel's mind was occupied with one idea, one object—his son. His health had suffered much from grief at the loss of his wife and brother, but much more at the thought of the obstacles in the way of the happiness of his children. On arriving at Memphis, Tennessee, he determined to proceed at all hazards in a private conveyance, and travel only as he could endure it. He had made several days' journey in Mississippi, and was within a few days' travel of Jackson, when, being tired and wishing to stop over night, he drove up to a miserable country tavern, that was more like a cowshed than a house of entertainment.

"Landlord," he inquired, "how far is it to the next house?"

"Ten miles, through them 'are woods."

"Ten miles! can you keep me to-night? I am tired and hungry, and it looks like rain."

"Well, guess we can. We will give you the best we can scrape up."

"Very well," said the Colonel, and leaving his carriage, he made his way into the house. He looked around in vain for a comfortable seat, but the only thing that presented itself was an old split-bottom chair, that had been occupied by Jim, a tall Mississippian, who had been entertaining the company with a bear and alligator story, which he had been engaged in last winter, in Texas. The room was full of listeners to his wonderful stories; all were more or less under the influence of liquor.

"Come and treat, old fellow," said Jim, "I've told yarns enough for a good horn, don't you think so, old hoss?"

"Pardon me, sir, but I do not wish to be addressed in this familiar manner by a stranger, and I will not treat a man who insults me," said the Colonel, coloring with indignation.

"You don't know who you are fooling

with, old fellow," said Jim, bristling up; "if you give me any more of your slang, I'll treat you as I did that darned Yankee Allen, that I thrashed, and he is not yet out of bed, and it's more than three weeks ago that he dared to refuse to treat; so if you don't treat I'll smash that old mouth of yours."

"Make up your mind, sir, I have given you my decision already."

Jim made for the Colonel with clenched fist, and struck him a severe blow on the head. The Colonel drew his revolver, and in an instant, and before Jim had time to make a second blow, blew his head to atoms; then gave himself up to the authorities, giving bail for his appearance at Court, to be held in Jackson. The Colonel reached Jackson, and by inquiry found that Charles would be there the next day; he took rooms and awaited his return. Having received a bad eye from the blow that Jim gave him, he called for a doctor to relieve him of his distress, and told him of his adventure with Jim.

"He is the same bully that almost killed a fellow by the name of Allen, who is now at this hotel, and is so badly injured that it is doubtful whether he ever recovers."

"Where is Allen from?" asked the Colonel.

"I think he was from Michigan, and I think he lived in Charleston, South Carolina, for several years; but I believe he is by birth a down-easter."

"I would like to see him, doctor, for I think I know him."

"I am now going to dress his wounds, and if you wish you can accompany me."

"They immediately went to Allen's room; the doctor went in and told Allen that a Mr. McClure wished to see him. Allen gasped for breath, and in a faint voice said, "Well, I suppose I must see him."

The Colonel opened the door softly and recognized Edward Allen, but how changed! He held out his emaciated hand, which was finally taken by the Colonel. Allen was overcome with surprise at the friendly feelings of the aristocratic old Colonel.

"I do not deserve such kindness from you, Col. McClure."

"I know to what you allude, but you are weak now from excitement; say no more on that subject until you are better able to bear it, but be assured, sir, you will find a friend in the old Colonel while you are in need. I would only ask you if you have ever seen Charles since he has been here."

"No, I have never seen him since I left Michigan that fatal evening."

"He will be here to-morrow, and we will call again." And bidding Allen good evening, he retired to rest, and on the following day, Charles, hearing of his father, hastened to see him.

The Colonel embraced his son, and they gazed upon each other with saddened looks. Oh! how changed was his father in so short a time; the death of his mother and uncle all came home to Charles in one short moment. The realization never forced itself upon him with such overwhelming sorrow before. His aged father, how changed! he looked twenty years older than when he left. Words were denied them; they could only look on each other with feelings of love and sorrow.

"My son," at length sobbed the Colonel, "thank God my eyes behold you again; I have come in search of you. I could not endure the loneliness of the old mansion after my sad bereavement."

"Are you alone, father? Where is that unfortunate girl?"

"She remained at the mansion, as she thought her presence would afford you no pleasure."

"She was very considerate," added Charles, with some bitterness.

"Did you hear, Charles, what a scrape I have fallen into since I came out here?"

"Yes, father, but there is no danger but that you will be acquitted."

"I have no fears of that, my son, but I regret the necessity of taking his miserable life; but, by-the-by, Charles, Edward Allen was so injured by this ruffian, that Dr. Potts says he cannot recover. He is now lying at this hotel."

"Is that so, father?"

"Yes, my son, for I saw him last evening."

"He deserves to die; his sickness only prevents me from taking his worthless life."

"Nay, my son, be not too bitter."

"He has caused me more distress than all the world besides; he is too contemptible even for hatred."

"Perhaps you will pity him, Charles, when you see him; I think he sincerely repents that one sin of his life."

They were interrupted in their conversation by the entrance of Dr. Potts. The Colonel introduced his son. The doctor stated that the object of his call on the Colonel was a request from Mr. Allen to see the Colonel and his son, as he thought he might expire before the next morning. They went immediately to Allen's room, and Charles lost his resentment in pity as he approached Allen, and took his hand.

"Can you forgive me, Charles? I have injured you in one way, but I have saved you in another. Adaline was not worthy of you; she was not a virtuous woman, and I knew it, but still I loved her and would have married her; but as soon as her shame was covered up she refused to marry me, and prevailed on her father to turn me from his office. I knew that Adaline was a mother, for my sister had and still has her child. But enough of this; there is one being that I would like to hear say she forgives me before I die; that innocent girl who redeemed the handkerchief with you, Charles."

"Was she aware of your schemes, Allen?" asked Charles, with evident concern.

"No, Charles, she knew nothing about it; it was I who did it all, to avenge my faithless Adaline; and you may thank God that the opportunity offered itself, as I would have poisoned you that evening, for I had the fatal dose in my pocket."

They all sat stupefied in astonishment at this disclosure.

"Do you forgive me, Charles?" asked Allen, falling back on his pillow, faint and exhausted.

"Yes, I forgive you, Allen, die in peace."

Allen drew his hand to his lips and faintly said, "Tell Kate to forgive me;" and falling back, he expired.

They looked sadly on the body of the unfortunate Allen.

"God grant him peace," said the Colonel; "for he has, I believe, brought a blessing to my house in saving Charles from an alliance with that woman who caused him to end his days an exile from home." And leaving the room and poor Allen, they retired to their own apartments to consult a lawyer regarding their impending suit. The Colonel felt very little anxiety relative to his acquittal, as he did it in self-defence, but he must await a trial, which would cause a detention of ten days.

"Charles, will you write to poor Kate, as I have written but once since I left, and she will be very uneasy about us; do not tell her the cause of our detention, as she has enough to bear already."

"I will write immediately." And taking up a pen, he wrote her the following lines:

MRS. KATE McCLEURE:
Madam—After a tedious journey, my father met me in Jackson. We are tolerably well, and we shall be detained here for two weeks. You may look for us home in about a month.

CHARLES McCLEURE.

After penning the above business lines,

he folded them in a

dressed them to "Mr.

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"Can you forgive me, Charles? I have injured you in one way, but I have saved you in another. Adaline was not worthy of you; she was not a virtuous woman, and I knew it, but still I loved her and would have married her; but as soon as her shame was covered up she refused to marry me and prevailed on her father to turn me from his office. I knew that Adaline was a mother, for my sister had and still has her child. But enough of this; there is one being that I would like to hear say she forgives me before I die; that innocent girl who redeemed the handkerchief with you, Charles."

"Was she aware of your schemes, Allen?" asked Charles, with evident concern. "No, Charles, she knew nothing about it; it was I who did it all, to avenge my worthless Adaline; and you may thank God that the opportunity offered itself, as I could have poisoned you that evening, for had the fatal dose in my pocket."

"They all sat stupefied in astonishment at this disclosure."

"Do you forgive me, Charles?" asked Allen, falling back on his pillow, faint and exhausted.

"Yes, I forgive you, Allen, die in peace."

Allen drew his hand to his lips and said, "Tell Kate to forgive me," falling back, he expired.

They looked sadly on the body of the unfortunate Allen.

"God grant him peace," said the Colonel, "he has, I believe, brought a blessing to the world in saving Charles from an alliance with that woman who caused him to end his life in exile from home."

And leaving poor Allen, they retired to their own apartments to consult a lawyer regarding their impending suit. The Colonel felt very little anxiety relative to his case, as he did it in self-defence, but he awaited a trial, which would cause a delay of ten days.

"Will you write to poor Kate, Charles?"

"I have written but once since I left, and she will be very uneasy about us; do not write her the cause of our detention, as she is not strong enough to bear it."

"And taking care to write immediately."

Charles wrote her the following lines:

MRS. KATE McCLURE:

"After a tedious journey, my father and I are at Jackson. We are tolerably well, and I am detained here for two weeks. You will be home in about a month."

CHARLES McCLURE.

Enclosing the above business lines,

he folded them in an envelope and addressed them to "Mrs. KATE McCLURE."

"A cold letter to a young wife," thought Charles. "I little thought that I should write this to a wife of mine, but how can I write otherwise to her after what has passed between us? She knows that I love another, but I wish I had pursued a different course; I think it would have been better. As my father and mother and uncle William loved her, there must be something good in her; I fear I have done her great injustice." While these painful thoughts were passing in the mind of Charles, he scarcely realized that a change had taken place in his feelings towards his young wife, from resentment to sympathy, since he heard Allen's confession. That Kate was innocent of being an accomplice of Allen's, he felt was certain, and that he had wronged her. He remembered the cutting notes sent her, and tears filled his eyes. "I will be just to her," he soliloquized; "if I cannot love her I will treat her with respect—I will not add to the cup of gall she has already drunk. I shall be very glad to return as soon as father's trial is over."

Time passed heavily to our heroes, but the day at length arrived, and before a crowded court-house the Colonel was honorably acquitted. Proof positive was given that it was done in self-defence; all seemed pleased at the verdict of the jury but Jim's two brothers, who seemed rather to dispute the justice of the Court; but no fears were entertained, and the next morning after the trial and acquittal, the Colonel and Charles started for home. They concluded to dispense with the previous conveyance, and to take the stage. The second day after leaving Jackson, two men came riding up to the stage and called to the driver to stop, and he, apprehending nothing, drew up his lines and the coach stopped, when they inquired for a bundle that they said had been left inside, the evening before. One of the passengers seeing the described parcel, opened the door, when one of the men fired a pistol at the Colonel, and immediately fled. The ball took effect in the Colonel's side, and falling over on his son's bosom, he expired without speaking. The passengers were all filled with consternation at the daring feat achieved by these desperadoes.

"Drive on fast, for God's sake!" said Charles, supporting his father in his arms, while a red stream was fast ebbing from his wound, and lying in pools in the bottom of the coach. The whip cracked over the

horses, and soon brought our distressed travelers to the village. The sad news caused considerable confusion and excitement.

Charles' feelings can be better imagined than described. The weather being very warm, he was compelled to have his beloved father buried in a strange village, in a strange church-yard.

After the solemn rites of the funeral service were concluded, Charles prosecuted his journey alone, downcast and broken-hearted, so oppressed with sorrow that his solemn countenance testified plainer than words could have spoken: "Ah! little did I think that I should return to my home to see my mother and my uncle no more; and have to bury my dear father in the swamps of Mississippi." In this melancholy state of mind he reached Charleston. The first object that met him was Adaline, seated in the parlor. She approached Charles, offering him her sympathy in tender terms, affecting the deepest feeling. Charles looked at her, wondering whether Allen's story was true or false. Could such a lovely looking and seemingly affectionate creature be so vile as she had been represented? He could not believe it. Adaline's quick apprehension disclosed to her the state of Charles' mind relative to her, and, pleased with her success, she determined to retain her hold on him, if possible.

"Dear Charles," she began, "I suppose you have heard that your forced wife has found a lover in the person of Mr. Bently. I am sorry to tell you this, with all your trouble and bereavement;" and she forced the tears to fall on her beautiful white hand.

"Adaline," said Charles, "I certainly appreciate your interest in me, but it grieves me exceedingly that my situation as a married man precludes my expressing what I feel; all I can say is, God bless and protect you from undeserved scandal;" and, pressing her hand, he withdrew, and proceeded with his baggage to the old mansion.

It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at his old and once happy home; how changed now! All was lost to him; but still he had a trial to endure; he must live in the presence of one whom he did not love, and who did not love him. His sensitive nature was completely overcome at the prospects of his unhappy destiny; he felt he had one choice; duty, stern duty, only lay before him. With these painful thoughts he seated himself in the lonely

mansion, unobserved by any of its inmates. The parlor door being open, Charles cast his eyes around the room; there stood the rich old arm chair which his dear departed mother once occupied: unable to control his feelings he threw himself into it, and covered his face with his hands, while the tears dropped from his eyes upon his bosom. He scarcely knew how long he had remained in this situation, when, hearing some one approach, he raised his eyes and saw his old nurse Dinah coming towards him.

"Is that you, massa Charles?" she asked in breathless agitation, "and where is old massa, the Colonel?"

"You will see him no more Dinah, he was assassinated in the stage; but, for God sake, do not ask me any more questions. I feel incapable of answering them."

Old Dinah burst into tears and sobbed aloud, "Poor old massa—it will kill poor Kate."

"Where is she, Dinah? Tell her that I have come, and tell her of father's death, for I am inadequate to the task."

"O, massa Charles, poor young missus has been very sick, and I am afraid to tell her, she is so weak."

"Well, defer it then, Dinah."

"Wont you go up and see her, massa Charles?"

"I suppose it is my duty. Tell her of my arrival, and that I will see her."

Calling all his courage to his aid, he ascended to see Kate; she was reclining on a sofa; her pale cheek, her dark brown curls in childish profusion hung over her high and polished forehead. She was sadly altered, but more beautiful than she ever appeared to him before; he could not help thinking her a beautiful being in spite of his resolution to acknowledge her only as Mrs. McClure; not as his wife, to rest her head on his bosom. No, she must be content with the name he approached her with. She arose timidly, bidding him welcome, with considerable embarrassment depicted on her sweet face. Charles noticed it, and he was at a loss to define its meaning; perhaps she was afraid that he had heard of her attachment to Bently; however, he coldly told her of his return, why he was detained in Jackson, and the cause of his father being murdered. This was too much for Kate. She fell insensible at his feet, with the words, "O, my good father, is he no more? Shall I see him no more?" Charles saw the sincerity of her grief. She lay some time before he and Dinah could bring her back to life;

but at length the deep sobs escaped her heaving bosom. She did not seem to notice anything for several days. Charles saw her every day, and was glad to see her improving; he expressed himself to that effect, and a deep blush covered the pale cheek of Kate.

"You are very kind, sir, to take any interest in me," said Kate, "me who have caused you such unmitigated sorrow."

Charles turned and left the room, to hide the tears that would force their unwelcome presence to his eyes.

The next time that Charles met Kate he looked melancholy, and she attributed it to his displeasure to her. She remained silent except when Charles addressed her.

[Concluded next month.]

THE HARP.

When erring mortals' first disgrace
Had lost the Eden to them given,
And they upon earth's rugged face
A sinning, shameful pair, were driven;—
And care seemed gathering like a night
Whose dreary gloom foretells no morrow,
A harp, struck by a being bright,
Sang in a strain which eased their sorrow.

"Poor mortals, though this sin of yours
Has showered down the wrath of Heaven,—
Though forth from Eden's shady bowers
To painful duties you are driven—
Let not the thought of care and strife
Invest your gentle breasts with terror,
There's many a pleasure in the life
So dearly purchased by your error.

"Though doomed unceasingly to toil,
Know labor hath a power to gladden;—
And hope should cheer you with her smile
When care your weary souls would sadden.
Then, mortals, use your powers aright;
Though mingled with a few distresses,
Your lots have hours of joy as bright
As Paradise itself possesses."

Mankind went forth to war in life
With lighter hearts and footsteps firmer;—
And when their souls grew dark with strife
The same harp lent its cheering murmur;
They toil'd hard on for years, and when
Their race had spread beyond the oceans,
The angel gave the harp to men
To soothe and soften their emotions.

J. T. G.

A polite gentleman of this city begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down; and thanks himself politely every time he gets up again!

The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, with good sense, courage, and the fear of God. They are better than cash, credit, or friends.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER II.

PANAMA IN JULY, 1851—ITS ARCHITECTURE—SHOPS—CHURCHES—DIRT—DISPLEASURES—DIVERSIONS—EMBARK FOR SAN FRANCISCO—HARD FARE—ARRIVAL.

On our arrival we found the people busily employed in celebrating our innumerable *dias de fiesta*. They presented a very gay appearance, the natives, all in their gala-dresses, and the round of the numerous gentlemen; stars which had been throughout the town; and amidst the crowd were numbers of Americans every variety of California costume. The scene was further enlivened by the music, or rather the noise of drums, and fiddles, with singing going on inside the churches, together with squibs and crackers, the firing of guns, and the continual ringing of bells.

The town is built on a steep slope, and is protected, on the side facing the sea, by batteries, and land side, by a high wall and a large portion of the town, however, is the outside of this.

Most of the houses are built of two stories high, painted white, and with a corridor and balcony on the upper story; but the houses of stone, or sun-dried bricks, are and painted.

The churches are all of the same architecture which prevails in Spanish America. They are in a very neglected state, but the trees, growing out of the stones. The towers and spires are named with a profusion of shells, which, shining brightly, present a very curious effect.

On the altars is a great number of silver ornaments and images, in other respects keeping with the dilapidated appearance of the outside.

The natives are white, and of an intermediate shade of color between the Spanish, Negro, and Chinese. Many of the women are very showily, mostly in bright-colored ribbons, and without stockings, and round their hair.

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THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

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PANAMA IN JULY, 1851.—ITS ARCHITECTURE—SHOPS—CHURCHES—DIRT—DISEASES AND DIVERSIONS—EMBARK FOR SAN FRANCISCO—FEVER—HARD FAIR—ARRIVAL.

On our arrival we found the population busily employed in celebrating one of their innumerable *dias de fiesta*. The streets presented a very gay appearance. The natives, all in their gala-dresses, were going the rounds of the numerous gaudily-ornamented altars which had been erected throughout the town; and mingled with the crowd were numbers of Americans in every variety of California emigrant costume. The scene was further enlivened by the music, or rather the noise, of fifes, drums, and fiddles, with singing and chanting inside the churches, together with squibs and crackers, the firing of cannon, and the continual ringing of bells.

The town is built on a small promontory, and is protected, on the two sides facing the sea, by batteries, and, on the land side, by a high wall and a moat. A large portion of the town, however, lies on the outside of this.

Most of the houses are built of wood, two stories high, painted with bright colors, and with a corridor and verandah on the upper story; but the best houses are of stone, or sun-dried bricks plastered over and painted.

The churches are all of the same style of architecture which prevails throughout Spanish America. They appeared to be in a very neglected state, bushes, and even trees, growing out of the crevices of the stones. The towers and pinnacles are ornamented with a profusion of pearl-oyster shells, which, shining brightly in the sun, produce a very curious effect.

On the altars is a great display of gold and silver ornaments and images; but the interiors, in other respects, are quite in keeping with the dilapidated, uncared-for appearance of the outside of the buildings.

The natives are white, black, and every intermediate shade of color, being a mixture of Spanish, Negro, and Indian blood. Many of the women are very handsome, and on Sundays and holidays they dress very showily, mostly in white dresses, with bright-colored ribbons, red or yellow slippers without stockings, flowers in their hair, and round their necks, gold chains,

frequently composed of coins of various sizes linked together. They have a fashion of making their hair useful as well as ornamental, and it is not unusual to see the ends of three or four half-smoked cigars sticking out from the folds of their hair at the back of the head; for though they smoke a great deal, they never seem to finish a cigar at one smoking. It is amusing to watch the old women going to church. They come up smoking vigorously, with a cigar in full blast, but, when they get near the door they reverse it, putting the lighted end into their mouth, and in this way they take half-a-dozen stiff pulls at it, which seems to have the effect of putting it out. They then stow away the stump in some of the recesses of their "back hair," to be smoked out on a future occasion.

The native population of Panama is about eight thousand, but at this time there was also a floating population of Americans, varying from two to three thousand, all on their way to California; some being detained for two or three months waiting for a steamer to come round the Horn, some waiting for sailing vessels, while others, more fortunate, found the steamer, for which they had tickets, ready for them on their arrival. Passengers returning from San Francisco did not remain any time in Panama, but went right on across the Isthmus to Chagres.

Most of the principal houses in the town had been converted into hotels, which were kept by Americans, and bore, upon large signs, the favorite hotel names of the United States. There was also numbers of large American stores or shops, of various descriptions, equally obtruding upon the attention of the public by the extent of their English signs, while, by a few lines of bad Spanish scrawled on a piece of paper at the side of the door, the poor natives were informed, as a matter of courtesy, that they also might enter in and buy, if they had the wherewithal to pay. Here and there, indeed, some native, with more enterprise than his neighbors, intimated to the public—that is to say, to the Americans—in a very modest sign, and in very bad English, that he had something or other to sell; but his energy was all theoretical, for on going into his store you would find him half asleep in his hammock, out of which he would not rouse himself if he could possibly avoid it. You were welcome to buy as much as you pleased; but he seemed to think it very hard that you could not do so without

giving him at the same time the trouble of selling.

Living in Panama was pretty hard. The hotels were all crammed full; the accommodation they afforded was somewhat in the same style as at Gorgona, and they were consequently not very inviting places. Those who did not live in hotels had sleeping-quarters in private houses, and resorted to the restaurants for their meals, which was a much more comfortable mode of life.

Ham, beans, chickens, eggs, and rice, were the principal articles of food. The beef was dreadfully tough, stringy, and tasteless, and was hardly ever eaten by the Americans, as it was generally found to be very unwholesome.

There was here at this time a great deal of sickness, and absolute misery, among the Americans. Diarrhoea and fever were the prevalent diseases. The deaths were very numerous, but were frequently either the result of the imprudence of the patient himself, or of the total indifference as to his fate on the part of his neighbors, and the consequent want of any care or attendance whatever. The heartless selfishness one saw and heard of was truly disgusting. The principle of "every man for himself" was most strictly followed out, and a sick man seemed to be looked upon as a thing to be avoided, as a hindrance to one's own individual progress.

There was an hospital attended by American physicians, and supported to a great extent by Californian generosity; but it was quite incapable of accommodating all the sick; and many a poor fellow, having exhausted his funds during his long detention here, found, when he fell sick, that in parting with his money he had lost the only friend he had, and was allowed to die, as little cared for as if he had been a dog. Many killed themselves by excessive drinking of the wretched liquor which was sold under the name of brandy, and others, by eating ravenously of fruit, green or ripe, at all hours of the day, or by living, for the sake of economy, on gingerbread and spruce-beer.

The sickness was no doubt much increased by the outrageously filthy state of the town. There seemed to be absolutely no arrangement for cleanliness whatever, and the heavy rains which fell, and washed down the streets, were all that saved the town from being swallowed up in the accumulation of its own corruption.

As may be supposed, such a large and motley population of foreigners, confined

in such a place as Panama, without any occupation, were not remarkably quiet or orderly. Gambling, drinking, and cock-fighting were the principal amusements; and drunken rows and fights, in which pistols and knives were freely used, were of frequent occurrence.

The 4th of July was celebrated by the Americans in great style. The proceedings were conducted as is customary on such occasions in the United States. A procession was formed, which, headed by a number of fiddles, drums, bagles, and other instruments, all playing "Yankee Doodle" in a very free and independent manner, marched to the place of celebration, a circular canvass structure, where a circus company had been giving performances. When all were assembled, the Declaration of Independence was read, and the orator of the day made a flaming speech on the subject of George III. and the Universal Yankee Nation. A gentleman then got up, and, speaking in Spanish, explained to the native portion of the assembly what all the row was about; after which the meeting dispersed, and the further celebration of the day was continued at the bars of the different hotels.

I met with an accident here which laid me up for several weeks. I suffered a good deal, and passed a most weary time. All the books I could get hold of did not last me more than a few days, and I had then no other pastime than to watch the humming-birds buzzing about the flowers which grew around my window.

As soon as I was able to walk, I took passage in a barque about to sail for San Francisco. She carried about forty passengers; and as she had ample cabin accommodations, we were so far comfortable enough. The company was, as might be expected, very miscellaneous. Some were respectable men, and others were precious vagabonds. When we had been out but a few days, a fever broke out on board, which was not, however, of a very serious character. I got a touch of it, and could have cured myself very easily, but there was a man on board who passed for a doctor, having shipped as such: he had been physicng the others, and I reluctantly consented to allow him to doctor me also. He began by giving me some horrible emetic, which, however, had no effect; so he continued to repeat it, dose after dose, each dose half a tumblerful, with still no effect, till, at last, he had given me so much of it, that he began to be alarmed for the consequences. I was a little alarmed

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myself, and putting my finger down my throat, I very soon relieved myself of all his villanous compounds. I think I fainted after it. I know I felt as if I was going to faint, and shortly afterwards was sensible of a lapse of time which I could not account for; but on inquiring of some of my fellow-passengers, I could find no one who had so far interested himself on my account as to be able to give me any information on the subject.

I took my own case in hand after that, and very soon got rid of the fever, although the emetic treatment had so used me up that for a fortnight I was hardly able to stand. We afterwards discovered that this man was only now making his *début* as a physician. He had graduated, however, as a shoemaker, a farmer, and I don't know what else besides; latterly he had practised as a horse-dealer, and I have no doubt it was some horse-medicine which he administered to me so freely.

We had only two deaths on board, and in justice to the doctor, I must say he was not considered to have been the cause of either of them. One case was that of a young man, who, while the doctor was treating him for fever, was at the same time privately treating himself to large doses, taken frequently, of bad brandy, of which he had an ample stock stowed away under his bed. About a day and a half he settled him. The other was a young Swede—such a delicate, effeminate fellow that he seemed quite out of place among the rough and noisy characters who formed the rest of the party. A few days before we left Panama, a steamer had arrived from San Francisco with a great many cases of cholera on board. Numerous deaths had occurred in Panama, and considerable alarm prevailed there in consequence. The Swede was attacked with fever like the rest of us, but he had no force in him, either mental or bodily, to bear up against sickness under such circumstances; and the fear of cholera had taken such possession of him, that he insisted upon it that he had cholera, and that he would die of it that night. His lamentations were most piteous, but all attempts to reassure him were in vain. He very soon became delirious, and died raving before morning. None of us were doctors enough to know exactly what he died of, but the general belief was that he frightened himself to death. The church service was read over him by the supercargo, many of the passengers merely leaving their cards to be

present at the ceremony, and as soon as he was launched over the side, resuming their game where they had been interrupted; and this, moreover, was on Sunday morning. In future the captain prohibited all card-playing on Sundays, but throughout the voyage nearly one half of the passengers spent the whole day, and half the night, in playing the favorite game of "Poker," which is something like Brag, and at which they cheated each other in the most barefaced manner, so causing perpetual quarrels, which, however, never ended in a fight—for the reason, as it seemed to me, that as every one wore his bowie-knife, the prospect of getting his opponent's knife between his ribs deterred each man from drawing his own, or offering any violence whatever.

The poor Swede had no friends on board; nobody knew who he was, where he came from, or anything at all about him; and so his effects were, a few days after his death, sold at auction by order of the captain, one of the passengers, who had been an auctioneer in the States, officiating on the occasion.

Great rascalities were frequently practised at this time by those engaged in conveying passengers, in sailing vessels, from Panama to San Francisco. There were such numbers of men waiting anxiously in Panama to take the first opportunity, that offered, of reaching California, that there was no difficulty in filling any old tub of a ship with passengers; and, when once men arrived in San Francisco, they were generally too much occupied in making dollars, to give any trouble on account of the treatment they had received on the voyage.

Many vessels were consequently despatched with a load of passengers, most shamefully ill supplied with provisions, even what they had being of the most inferior quality; and it often happened that they had to touch in distress at the intermediate ports for the ordinary necessaries of life.

We very soon found that our ship was no exception. For the first few days we fared pretty well, but, by degrees, one article after another became used up; and by the time we had been out a fortnight, we had absolutely nothing to eat and drink, but salt pork, musty flour, and bad coffee—no mustard, vinegar, sugar, pepper, or anything of the sort, to render such food at all palatable. It may be imagined how delightful it was, in recovering from fever, when one naturally has a craving

for something good to eat, to have no greater delicacy in the way of nourishment, than gruel made of musty flour, *au naturel*.

There was great indignation among the passengers. A lot of California emigrants are not a crowd to be trifled with, and the idea of pitching the supercargo overboard was quite seriously entertained; but, fortunately for himself, he was a very plausible man, and succeeded in talking them into the belief that he was not to blame.

We had been out about six weeks, when we sighted a ship, many miles off, going the same way as ourselves, and the captain determined to board her, and endeavor to get some of the articles of which we were so much in need. There was great excitement among the passengers; all wanted to accompany the captain in his boat, but, to avoid making invidious distinctions, he refused to take any one unless he would pull an oar. I was one of four who volunteered to do so, and we left the ship amid clamorous injunctions not to forget sugar, beef, molasses, vinegar, and so on—whatever each man most longed for. We had four or five Frenchmen on board, who earnestly entreated me to get them even one bottle of oil.

We had a long pull, as the stranger was in no hurry to heave-to for us; and on coming up to her, we found her to be a Scotch barque, bound also for San Francisco, without passengers, but very nearly as badly off as ourselves. She could not spare us anything at all, but the captain gave us an invitation to dinner, which we accepted with the greatest pleasure. It was Sunday, and so the dinner was of course the best they could get up. It only consisted of fresh pork (the remains of their last pig), and duff; but with mustard to the pork, and sugar to the duff, it seemed to us a most sumptuous banquet; and, not having the immediate prospect of such another for some time to come, we made the most of the present opportunity. In fact, we cleared the table. I don't know what the Scotch skipper thought of us, but if he really could have spared us anything, the ravenous way in which we demolished his dinner would surely have softened his heart.

On arriving again alongside our own ship, with the boat empty as when we left her, we were greeted by a row of very long faces looking down on us over the side; not a word was said, because they had watched us with the glass leaving the other vessel, and had seen that nothing was

handed into the boat; and when we described the splendid dinner we had just eaten, the faces lengthened so much, and assumed such a very wistful expression, that it seemed a wanton piece of cruelty to have mentioned the circumstance at all.

The time passed pleasantly enough; all were disposed to be cheerful, and amongst so many men there are always some who afford amusement for the rest. Many found constant occupation in trading off their coats, hats, boots, trunks, or anything they possessed. I think scarcely any one went ashore in San Francisco with a single article of clothing which he possessed in Panama; and there was hardly an article of any man's wardrobe, which, by the time our voyage was over, had not at one time been the property of every other man on board the ship.

We had one cantankerous old Englishman on board, who used to roll out, most volubly, good round English oaths, greatly to the amusement of some of the American passengers, for the English style of cursing and swearing is very different from that which prevails in the States. This old fellow was made a butt for all manner of practical jokes. He had a way of going to sleep during the day in all sorts of places; and when the dinner-bell rang, he would find himself tied hand and foot. They sewed up the sleeves of his coat, and then bet him long odds he could not put it on, and take it off again, within a minute. They made up cigars for him with some powder in the inside; and in fact the jokes played off upon him were endless, the great fun being, apparently, to hear him swear, which he did most heartily. He always fancied himself ill, and said that quinine was the only thing that would save him; but the quinine, like everything else on board, was all used up. However, one man put up some papers of flour and salt, and gave them to him as quinine, saying he had just found them in looking over his trunk. Constant inquiries were then made after the old man's health, when he declared the quinine was doing him a world of good, and that his appetite was much improved.

He was so much teased at last that he used to go about with a naked bowie-knife in his hand, with which he threatened to do awful things to whoever interfered with him. But even this did not secure him much peace, and he was such a dreadfully crabbed old rascal, that I thought the stirring-up he got was quite necessary to keep him sweet.

After a wretchedly light which we experienced, and heavy entered the Golden Gate of San Francisco harbor with the wind we were favored anchor before the city in the evening.

DIAPY
SAN FRANCISCO—APPEAR
GROWTH OF THE CITY
IN THE STREETS—LI
—RESTAURANTS—HOT

The entrance to San Francisco is between precipitous hills about a mile apart, and received the name of the Golden Gate. The harbor itself is a large bay, twelve miles across at the mouth, and in length forty or fifty miles.

Before the discovery of gold in this country, it consisted of a few scattered houses occupied by the sailors and one or two foreign merchants in the export of hides. The harbor was also a rendezvous for whalers and men-of-war that part of the world.

At the time of the discovery of gold, hardly a village remained. Some were perhaps a wooden front porch to support the sign of the house, were composed of wooden framework of corrugated iron, and a slightly thing, possibly Chinese houses, and substantial brick buildings. The majority were nondescript work concerns, in the sheet-iron, wood, zinc, and tin, to have been employed while here and the row of such houses, a ship, which had now served as a being fitted up as converted into a boat.

The hills were so close that there was not a tension of the city. valuable, as they were the first growth of the bay. Already houses on piles for nearly original high-water that ships, having built in, came to completely out of their

into the boat; and when we do the splendid dinner we had just the faces lengthened so much, and such a very painful expression, seemed a wanton piece of cruelty mentioned the circumstance at all. I passed pleasantly enough; all seemed to be cheerful, and amongst men there are always some who amusement for the rest. Many constant occupation in trading off hats, boots, trunks, or anything else. I think scarcely any one in San Francisco with a single article of clothing which he possessed in his wardrobe, which, by the time he was over, had not at one time property of every other man on ship.

One cantankerous old Englishman, who used to roll out, most good round English oaths, greatly amusement of some of the American for the English style of cursing which is very different from that in the States. This old man made a butt for all manner of jokes. He had a way of going through the day in all sorts of when the dinner bell rang, he himself tied hand and foot. Up the sleeves of his coat, and long odds he could not put it off again, within a minute. He put up cigars for him with some inside; and in fact the jokes on him were endless, the great object, apparently, to hear him swear, most heartily. He always said that quinine would save him; and like everything else on ship was used up. However, one day some papers of flour and salt were sent to him as quinine, saying that they were in looking over his inquiries were then made of the man's health, when he determined that he was doing him a world of good, but his appetite was much

much teased at last that he was with a naked bowie-knife which he threatened to use on whoever interfered with him. This did not secure him, for he was such a dreadfully bad man, that I thought it quite necessary to keep

After a wretchedly long passage, during which we experienced nothing but calms, light winds, and heavy contrary gales, we entered the Golden Gates of San Francisco harbor with the first and only fair wind we were favored with, and came to anchor before the city about eight o'clock in the evening.

CHAPTER III.

SAN FRANCISCO—APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSES—GROWTH OF THE CITY—THE PLAZA—SHIPS IN THE STREETS—LIVING—BOOT-BLACKING—RESTAURANTS—HOTELS.

The entrance to San Francisco harbor is between precipitous rocky headlands about a mile apart, and which have received the name of the Golden Gates. The harbor itself is a large sheet of water, twelve miles across at its widest point, and in length forty or fifty miles.

Before the discovery of gold in the country, it consisted merely of a few small houses occupied by native Californians, and one or two foreign merchants engaged in the export of hides and horns. The harbor was also a favorite watering-place for whalers and men-of-war, cruising in that part of the world.

At the time of our arrival in 1851, hardly a vestige remained of the original village. Some were mere tents, with perhaps a wooden front sufficiently strong to support the sign of the occupant; some were composed of sheets of zinc on a wooden framework; there were numbers of corrugated iron houses, the most unsightly things possible; also dingy-looking Chinese houses, and occasionally some substantial brick buildings; but the great majority were nondescript, shapeless, patchwork concerns, in the fabrication of which, sheet-iron, wood, zinc, and canvass, seemed to have been employed indiscriminately; while here and there, in the middle of a row of such houses, appeared the hulk of a ship, which had been hauled up, and now served as a warehouse, the cabins being fitted up as offices, or sometimes converted into a boarding-house.

The hills rose so abruptly from the shore that there was not room for the rapid extension of the city, and as sites were more valuable, as they were nearer the shipping, the first growth of the city was out into the bay. Already houses had been built out on piles for nearly half-a-mile beyond the original high-water mark; and it was thus that ships, having been hauled up and built in, came to occupy a position so completely out of their element. At the pres-

ent day the whole of the business part of the city of San Francisco stands on solid ground, where a few years ago large ships lay at anchor; and what was then high-water mark is now more than a mile inland.

The principal street of the town was about three-quarters of a mile long, and in it were most of the bankers' offices, the principal stores, some of the best restaurants, and numerous drinking and gambling saloons.

In the Plaza, a large open square, was the only remaining house of the San Francisco of other days—a small cottage built of sun-dried bricks. Two sides of the Plaza were composed of the most imposing-looking houses in the city, some of which were of brick several stories high; others, though of wood, were large buildings with handsome fronts, in imitation of stone, and nearly every one of them was a gambling-house.

Scattered over the hills overhanging the town, apparently at random, but all on specified lots, on streets which as yet were only defined by rude fences, were habitations of various descriptions, handsome wooden houses of three or four stories, neat little cottages, iron houses, and tents innumerable.

Rents were exorbitantly high, and servants were hardly to be had for money; housekeeping was consequently only undertaken by those who did not fear the expense, and who were so fortunate as to have their families with them. The population, however, consisted chiefly of single men, and the usual style of living was to have some sort of room to sleep in, and to board at a restaurant. But even a room to oneself was an expensive luxury, and it was more usual for men to sleep in their stores or offices. As for a bed no one was particular about that; a shake-down on a table, or on the floor, was as common as anything else, and sheets were a luxury but little thought of. Every man was his own servant, and his own porter besides. It was nothing unusual to see a respectable old gentleman, perhaps some old paterfamilias, who at home would have been horrified at the idea of doing such a thing, open his store in the morning himself, take a broom and sweep it out, and then proceed to blacken his boots.

The boot-blackening trade, however, was one which sprung up and flourished rapidly. It was monopolised by Frenchmen, and was principally conducted in the Plaza, on the long row of steps in front of the

gambling saloons. At first the accommodation afforded was not very great. One had to stand upon one foot and place the other on a little box, while a Frenchman, standing a few steps below, operated upon it. Presently arm-chairs were introduced, and the boot-blacks working in partnership, time was economised by both boots being polished simultaneously. It was a curious sight to see thirty or forty men sitting in a row in the most public part of the city having their boots blacked, while as many more stood waiting for their turn. The next improvement was being accommodated with the morning papers while undergoing the operation; and finally, the boot-blackening fraternity, keeping pace with the progressive spirit of the age, opened saloons furnished with rows of easy-chairs on a raised platform, in which the patients sat and read the news, or admired themselves in the mirror on the opposite wall.

In 1851, however, things had not attained such a pitch of refinement as to render the appearance of a man's boots a matter of the slightest consequence.

As far as mere eating and drinking went, living was good enough. The market was well supplied with every description of game—venison, elk, antelope, grizzly bear, and an infinite variety of wild-fowl. The harbor abounded with fish, and the Sacramento river was full of splendid salmon, equal in flavor to those of the Scottish rivers, though in appearance not quite such a highly-finished fish, being rather clumsy about the tail.

Vegetables were not so plentiful. Potatoes and onions, as fine as any in the world, were the great stand-by. Other vegetables, though scarce, were produced in equal perfection, and upon a gigantic scale. A beetroot weighing a hundred pounds, and that looked like the trunk of a tree, was not thought a *very* remarkable specimen.

The wild geese and ducks were extremely numerous all round the shores of the bay, and many men, chiefly English and French, who would have scorned the idea of selling their game at home, here turned their sporting abilities to good account, and made their guns a source of handsome profit. A Frenchman with whom I was acquainted killed fifteen hundred dollars' worth of game in two weeks.

San Francisco exhibited an immense amount of vitality compressed into a small compass, and a degree of earnestness was observable in every action of a man's daily life. People lived more there in a week

than they would in a year in most other places.

In the course of a month, or a year, in San Francisco, there was more hard work done, more speculative schemes were conceived and executed, more money was made and lost, there was more buying and selling, more sudden changes of fortune, more eating and drinking, more smoking, swearing, gambling, and tobacco-chewing, more crime and profligacy, and, at the same time, more solid advancement made by the people, as a body, in wealth, prosperity, and the refinements of civilization, than could be shown in an equal space of time by any community of the same size on the face of the earth.

The every-day jog-trot of ordinary human existence was not a fast enough pace for Californians in their impetuous pursuit of wealth. The longest period of time ever thought of was a month. Money was loaned, and houses were rented, by the month; interest and rent being invariably payable monthly and in advance. All engagements were made by the month, during which period the changes and contingencies were so great that no one was willing to commit himself for a longer term. In the space of a month the whole city might be swept off by fire, and a totally new one might be flourishing in its place. So great was the constant fluctuation in the prices of goods, and so rash and speculative was the usual style of business, that no great idea of stability could be attached to anything, and the ever-varying aspect of the streets, as the houses were being constantly pulled down and rebuilt, was emblematic of the equally varying fortunes of the inhabitants.

In the midst of it all, the runners, or tooters, for the opposition river steamboats, would be cracking up the superiority of their respective boats at the top of their lungs, somewhat in this style: "One dollar to-night for Sacramento, by the splendid steamer Senator, the fastest boat that ever turned a wheel from long wharf—with feather pillows and curled-hair mattresses, mahogany doors and silver hinges. She has got eight young lady passengers to-night, that speak all the dead languages, and not a colored man from stem to stern of her." Here an opposition runner would let out on him, and the two would slang each other in the choicest California Billingsgate for the amusement of the admiring crowd.

Presently one would hear "Ilullo! there's a muss!" (*Anglice*, a row), and

men would be seen from all quarters. Gambling-rooms, stores would be emptied, a street in a moment, probably by only a gentleman, who had bitration of knives was killed, the mob sume their various quickly as they had

Some of the plankers, as was also of the city, which where there was no ankle-deep, and in mud-holes, rendering passable.

California was often three things—rats, fire,

The whole place an enormous size; at night without trees destroyed, an immense and a good rating weight in gold dust, however, of first ran mento City (which fisco hollow) became disgusted with killing to consider if any sp the rats to run und deigning to look at

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In the midst of it all, the winners, or losers, for the opposition river steamers would be cracking up the superiors of their respective boats at the top of the wharves, somewhat in this style: "One to-night for Sacramento, by the steamer Senator, the fastest boat ever turned a wheel from long wharf mahogany doors and silver hinges. I got eight young lady passengers, that speak all the dead languages, and a colored man from stem to stern. Here an opposition runner would challenge him, and the two would slug it out in the choicest California Billiard for the amusement of the admiring crowd. Only one would hear "Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!" (*Anglice*, a row, and

men would be seen rushing to the spot from all quarters. Auction-rooms, gambling-rooms, stores, and drinking-shops would be emptied, and a mob collect in the street in a moment. The "muss" would probably be only a difficulty between two gentlemen, who had referred it to the arbitration of knives or pistols; but if no one was killed, the mob would disperse, to resume their various occupations, just as quickly as they had collected.

Some of the principal streets were planked, as was also, of course, that part of the city which was built on piles; but where there was no planking, the mud was ankle-deep, and in many places there were mud-holes, rendering the street almost impassable.

California was often said to be famous for three things—rats, fleas, and empty bottles.

The whole place swarmed with rats of an enormous size; one could hardly walk at night without treading on them. They destroyed an immense deal of property, and a good rattling terrier was worth his weight in gold dust. I knew instances, however, of first rate terriers in Sacramento City (which for rats beat San Francisco hollow) becoming at last so utterly disgusted with killing rats, that they ceased to consider it any sport at all, and allowed the rats to run under their noses without deigning to look at them.

As for the other industrious little animals, they were a terrible nuisance. I suppose they were indigenous to the sandy soil. It was quite a common thing to see a gentleman suddenly pull up the sleeve of his coat, or the leg of his trousers, and smile in triumph when he caught his little tormentor.

The few ladies who were already in San Francisco, very naturally avoided appearing in public; but numbers of female toilettes, of the most extravagantly rich and gorgeous materials, swept the muddy streets, and added not a little to the incongruous variety of the scene.

There was in the crowd a large proportion of well-shaven men, in stove-pipe hats and broadcloth; but, however nearly a man might approach in appearance to the conventional idea of a gentleman, it is not to be supposed, on that account, that he either was or got the credit of being, a bit better than his neighbors. The man standing next him, in the guise of a laboring man, was perhaps his superior in wealth, character and education. Appearances, at least as far as dress was concerned, went for nothing at all. A man was judged by

the amount of money in his purse, and frequently the man to be most courted for his dollars was the most to be despised for his looks.

At this time the gamblers were, as a general thing, the best dressed men in San Francisco. Many of them were very gentlemanly in appearance, but there was a peculiar air about them which denoted their profession.

[To be Continued.]

THE BLEEDING HEART.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT FIRE OF MAY, 1851.

Night came upon the city. In the halls
Was feasting; in the broad and lighted streets,
The crowds of busy men went rushing on,
All heedless of the fearful doom that hung
O'er the devoted city.

Hark! a sound,
Filling all hearts with terror—drowning e'en
The voice of revelry, so that her votaries
Looked up aghast with fear—sending its tone
Through curtained chambers, where the rich repose,
With gold and purple hung, and heard throughout
The dim and dreary hovels of the poor—
"Awake! awake! the city is on fire!"

Then came a rush like chariots through the streets,
And fearful clangor, and the sounding cry
Of strong men in their might, mingled with wail
Of feeble women, and the infant's cry,
Clasping its little hands, trembling with fear,
To its young mother's breast.

And then a roar
Like that of many waters, heard at first
Afar, then near and nearer felt! Then came
A mighty rushing sound, and then a crash
Like heaviest thunder, with an earthquake shock,
Startling the earth beneath, as though the end
Of all things was at hand.

It fell! it fell!
The Golden City with its palaces;
Turret and tower, and gorgeous glittering dome,
Sunk in a sea of fire!

"Bring forth the dead!" and straight they brought
Them forth;
Changed, limbless forms, all scorched and seathed
With fire!

Oh! God! their weeping mothers scarce could tell,
Which was her darling there!—They brought them
forth,
And on the broad Plaza laid them in the repose
Of fearful death!

One came—she was a lady of high mien,
And noble beauty, one of Spain's fair daughters,
But pale and trembling as the aspen leaf,
And gazing with wild eyes among the sad
And fearful ranks of death. For one there was
Who left her on that eve to join the throng
Of mirth and feasting, in the festal halls—
She had not seen him since.

Hark! a wail,
Piercing all hearts, and freezing e'en the blood
Of valiant men with terror—a loud shriek
Of bursting anguish—then a fearful cry—
"Alfonso! Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he! Alfonso!"

There they lay,
On the cold earth together, side by side,—
Tell me, which is the living? which the dead?

Talk not of fire! There is one fire that burns
Deeper and hotter than the furnace flame,
Lit by Assyria's Monarch, into which,
With God's bright Angel, the three brothers walked—
Blazing and glowing like a second hell—
It is—the anguish of a Bleeding Heart! G. T. S.

GINGERLY & CO.

BY DOINGS.

For weeks had I been sick—weeks that seemed to hang and hover over me, reluctant to go by. And as each succeeding week found me still worse, and promised nothing better, I lost all faith in physic, because tired of paying my physician eight dollars per day for advice, and one dollar each for pills—tired of hearing kind-hearted and sympathizing friends each morning inquire, "How do you feel to-day?"—tired of seeing them whisper together, shake their heads, and cast furtive glances at me, with countenances which indicated plainly what they would say if they only dared—"Poor fellow, you'll soon be off"—and even tired of one good, whole-souled old friend, who would come day after day, and every day, as he came in, laugh loud and long, exclaiming—"Why! how much better you look to-day"—seeming much surprised at such an unexpected change—then sitting down, commence to tell some good story or joke, and, before he had got half through, turn back to me, and drawing from the capacious pocket of his monkey-jacket an immense bandana, wipe the tears out of his eyes, and then, with a broken voice, resume the story. I tell you, I was tired of this—perfectly disgusted—it made me angry! and I determined to disappoint them all, and *not* die—at least just then.

I thought a change of air, climate, and scenery, together with a strong will, would restore me to health again, and, after a great deal of coaxing, my friends concluded to *humor* me, and one bright morning in the month of March, '50, I was carried on board the steamboat *Linda*, then running between Sacramento and Marysville. From the officers of the boat I received every attention possible, and shall ever remember their many acts of kindness with a grateful heart.

I was right in my conjectures, for

ere I had sojourned at Marysville three weeks, I could take my regular meals, and walk several miles a day. My home at this place was with two old friends, who but a short time previous erected a canvas store-house, and, getting in a stock of goods, now only wanted one thing to enable them to do a "tip-top" business, and that one thing was customers.

It was my intention, upon regaining my health, to have returned to Sacramento, but was prevented by a circumstance which will form the burden of this sketch. Adjoining the store of my friends was a hotel which rejoiced in the humble but pleasing cognomen of "The Miners' Rest," and, as the sign said, "By *Harris and Walker*," but, as every one else said, "Old Harris" and "Col. Walker." The "*chef de cuisine*" of the establishment—our heroine—was a specimen of the French race, "fair, fat, and (every day of) *forty*," and who was rendered unhappy by being obliged to wear the somewhat spicy appellation of Gingerly; she having married a man bearing that euphonious surname, and from whom, after a short season, she separated.

Capt. Gingerly was an old mountaineer, and had met the woman (Mrs. Benton) in San Francisco soon after her arrival at that place, and representing himself as an associate of Capt. Sutter, and the proprietor of an extensive tract of land somewhere, he won the affections (?) of the widow—for widow she was, and came to this country for the express purpose of making a "good thing" out of somebody. To be sure, Capt. Gingerly was not what would be called a *handsome* man—his age did not exceed fifty—his body, which was about six feet long, was slightly bent—shoulders round and stooping—face long, wrinkled, and ornamented with several "whisky illustrations"—his teeth had, probably in some encounter with a bear, been knocked down his throat; at any rate they were missing, with the exception

of two, one of which protruded after the fashion of a pig's tusk. He was an *ivory* bacco, and such a for the weed, that spit the juice, and trickle from the corners of his eyes were beneath a low, projecting hair was long, and his costume it was as in those days of a man. But if he were possessed—so, in various comparisons, compared appearance was. The dear woman, of a monstrous length of hair, renowned as a mountain throw out bait for and the Captain was quite wealthy, her from New York, the "needful" provisions, took the. It is perhaps the Captain was with appearance would old mountain, years in roaming with bears and ates, the earth he had any—scenery of heaven wire married, tied, the oath moon was in dreadful discovery were sold.

Alas! Alas! She (poor soul) Whilst he (poor) And horrid in

It was not together a *separation*, and this separate. The his home and Mrs. G. repaired the site

Some time separation, and

sojourned at Marysville three
could take my regular meals,
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of two, one in each upper jaw, and
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after the fashion of a boar's tusks.
He was an inveterate chewer of to-
bacco, and such an attachment had he
for the weed, that he could not bear to
spit the juice away, but allowed it to
trickle from the corners of his mouth;
his eyes were small and deeply set be-
neath a low, projecting forehead; his
hair was long, thin, and straight. Of
his costume it is not necessary to speak,
as in those days dress did not make the
man. But if he were not handsome, he
possessed—so 'twas said—other attrac-
tions, compared with which personal
appearance was not to be considered.
The dear woman, hearing of the enor-
mous length of his purse, and of his
renown as a mountaineer, proceeded to
throw out bait for the gallant Captain—
and the Captain, hearing that the widow
was quite wealthy, having brought with
her from New York a large amount of
the "needful," besides a store of pro-
visions, took the bait.

It is perhaps needless to say that the
Captain was nothing more than his ap-
pearance would indicate, a miserable
old mountain loafer, who had passed
years in roaming about the mountains,
with bears and Indians for his associ-
ates, the earth for his bed, boots—when
he had any—for his pillow, and the
canopy of heaven his coverlid. They
were married, the rites over, the knot
tied, the oaths recorded, and the honey-
moon was in its zenith, when the
dreadful discovery was made that both
were sold.

Alas! Alas! for marriage vows—
She (poor soul) now cursed her spouse,
Whilst he (the wicked fellow) pulled her hair,
And horrid imprecations filled the air.

It was not possible for them to live
together after the unfortunate *denou e-*
ment, and they consequently agreed to
separate. The Captain once more found
his home among the mountains, and
Mrs. G. repaired to Marysville and ac-
cepted the situation where we find her.
Some time had now elapsed since the
separation, and the old lady had, as a

general thing, maintained a rigid si-
lence in regard to the affair, but when
she did speak of her noble spouse, it
was in terms doing as little credit to
herself as to him. But the Captain in
his mountain rambles often thought of
that happy honey-moon—happy ere the
brewing storm burst—and often regret-
ted his part, not in the deception, but
the separation, and finally concluded
that it was her duty to follow him, and
that she should do so, whether she
liked it or not. Many were the mes-
sengers he sent, but to all did she turn
a deaf ear, and would not be persuaded—
various times had he himself ventured
into town, but could never obtain a
hearing. One day, however, feeling
very strong within himself, he came to
town determined upon something des-
perate.

Just after dark he occupied a posi-
tion in the rear of the house, having
determined to make the attack from
that quarter. He was not obliged to
wait long for a favorable opportunity—
soon all was quiet, not a soul to be seen.
Stealthily he creeps along, with cat-like
pace; cautiously, yet rapidly, he nears
the open door—a moment more and he
has crossed the threshold, and stands
firmly upon the kitchen floor. The
good old lady stands there too, busily
engaged washing her cups and saucers,
and, as she washes a cup and turns it
down to dry, hums a few bars of "Jor-
dan," and with her apron wipes the
steam and perspiration from her brow.

As she appears so well contented,
and in such a happy frame of mind,
and while the old gentleman hesitates,
to decide upon the proper manner to
announce his arrival, we will take a
peep in at the front door. Here sit
the guests, some upon wooden forms—
substitutes for chairs—some upon the
bar, and others upon the table. Mine
hosts are here too,—nearly every one
is enjoying the luxury of a pipe;
scarcely a word is spoken, but all in
silent revery gaze upon the smoky
wreaths as they form tiny rings, ex-
pand, and wind about, and burst—

burst! did I say?—well, I might, for the *awfullest* noise burst upon our ears just then that you ever did hear; it to me sounded more like a heavy clap of thunder, with a tin-pan and crockery ware accompaniment, than any thing I now think of. In an instant every one was on his feet, but for a moment undecided which way to run; then, as by common consent, rushed for the kitchen. Shades of departed crockery merchants, what a sight was here! Pots, kettles, crockery ware, knives and forks, the wash-tub, together with dish water and old Gingerly, formed a heterogeneous mass in one corner, while opposite stood our heroine, one foot slightly in advance of the other, and in each extended hand a saucer—her eyes shone with a bright wild glare, and almost thundered victory!—her upper lip and nose turned as if to indicate the scorn and contempt she felt for the miserable wretch lying subdued and crying in the corner. That unfortunate individual presented a most pitiable appearance. We rescued him from his perilous situation, and questioned him as to his being there; he told us that he wanted to see the "old woman" very much, and upon a subject of great importance; that he would forgive her this onslaught if, in return, she would allow him a few moments conversation in private.

He began pleading so earnestly that Mr. Harris interceded for him, and was successful in obtaining an interview, limited to five minutes. Five minutes passed—ten—twenty—one hour—two hours, and I went home to bed. Very early the following morning Col. Walker glided noiselessly into our store, and, striking an attitude, made use of gesticulations and symbols, generally used when silence or secrecy is necessary, and by which we at once understood that "something was up." After ascertaining that it was not possible for any one to overhear, he, in sort of a half whisper, delivered himself of the following: "Old Gingerly has struck it big! he's found a place where a man

can make his hundred a day with a pan as easy as nothing—he's given the old lady several large specimens, and she's going with him and wants me to go along, but the old man obstinately refuses. If you'll go with me the old woman says that she'll find out and give us such directions that we can follow and keep close behind them." Here he stopped to breathe; and—we consented.

Reserving a goodly stock of provisions and stores to take with us, my friends disposed of the balance to a neighbor at "less than cost," and by noon of the next day we were ready, and waiting for the wagon—it came, was speedily loaded; and we left Marysville twenty-four hours behind the old Captain, with such information as we supposed would enable us in due time to overtake and claim an interest in his El Dorado.

And this, my friend, (I presume you must be, or you would never have read thus far,) is an excellent stopping place. If you have found aught in the foregoing to interest you, and if you would learn more of Gingerly & Co., have patience, and on or near the first of October next again invest the small sum of twenty-five cents for the benefit of Hutchings & Co's Magazine, and you shall be rewarded for your endurance.

EXTRACTS FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL.

TO MAY.

GENTLE SISTER:—If any effort of my poor pen can afford a single pleasure to one like thee, or gratify one wish so kindly spoken as thine, most willingly do I resume it.

Albeit the interest which you so tenderly express, may have been only in the association of friends, which exists now, only as if it had never existed, save

— "in those visions to the heart displaying Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed."

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Albeit this new attempt may fail to
please,—yet, still, I would beg to be
kindly remembered, if for nothing but
the zeal with which I shall strive to
merit your approbation.

Ever yours, gentle friend, JOE.

No. 1.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

What a beautiful scene I gaze on, as
I sit on the threshold of my cabin, in
the shade of the old oak. Every sound
is hushed in the noonday stillness, ex-
cept the gentle rustling of leaves that
are stirred by the faint breeze, and the
harsh notes of some noisy jays in the
neighboring thicket. Occasionally the
quail from the distant hill-side calls to
its mate, and the shrill scream of the
hawk is heard as he soars into the upper
air. Before the cabin the scene lies
dazzlingly bright, and far away the
distant hills glimmer in the heated sun-
light. What deep tranquility pervades
the whole! And why am I a mourner
as I sit in the doorway in the shadow
of the old oak? Why does not my
heart, moved by that latent sympathy
which exists between man and sur-
rounding objects, beat responsive to the
peaceful and dreamy happiness that
rests upon the noonday landscape?
Alas! why are there ever shades upon
nature's beautiful face? And why,
when the sun shines brightest, are they
deepest?

Perhaps it is well that we are not
always glad. Our occasional sadness
may make us more regardful of the
happiness of others, and keep alive the
acuteness of our own susceptibility of
pleasure, which too constant joyousness
might blunt. At any rate I will not
attempt to shake off this sadness to-day,
of all others, for it is an anniversary
which my heart should keep in sorrow.

Nations and societies have their an-
niversaries, which they hold in cher-
ished respect. Even now our own glo-
rious national one has just passed, and
the patriotic hearts that throbbed with

so much excitement have hardly yet
subsided to their quiet beat. And
shall not our hearts have their own an-
niversaries of joy or grief? Shall we
foster no ivy-vine of memory, to twine
round the ruins of the bright dreams
and airy superstructures of youth?—
Yes,—and we will hold the day of their
fall sacred to nourish it with tears.

Willie Walters and I—both anima-
ted with the careless, happy, hopeful
spirit of fifteen—had returned from
school to spend the summer months at
our homes. We were equally wild in
our visions of future fame and happi-
ness, and equally ignorant of life's real
nature. Our parents were near neigh-
bors in the little village, and we were
constant companions, and, in the ex-
citement of youthful joy, we were going
to write a tale during the summer
months, whose truthful delineations of
life should win for us an enviable repu-
tation. We had already chosen for the
name of our great work *Sunshine and
Shadow*, as expressive of the vicis-
situdes of life, and were discussing the
plot, and the characters that were to
figure in it.

"It shall be a home tale, true to
life," said Willie; "every character
in the end shall be happy; and the only
shadow shall be a delayed hope, or mo-
mentary disappointment. And no one
shall die, because it's not necessary.
Writers do wrong to have their good
characters die,—it's not natural, and
they only do so in books because the
authors use their power arbitrarily.
And then," he continued, his elo-
quence warming as he proceeded, "we
have got two such dear beings to in-
spire us with a beautiful ideal of happy,
loving, angelic characters. Sister Amy
shall be yours and Hattie Wade mine;
and they will feel so proud to see them-
selves mirrored by such flattering re-
flectors as our affections will prove,—
O, it will be a glorious work!" And
he danced around the room in an ec-
stasy of delight.

I know not what I responded, but
my hopes were as wild and sanguine as

his own. And when I thought of the inspiration that the love of Amy Walters would lend, I felt sure that my delineation of her character would be comparable to nothing but the loveliest and best of angels; and the pride that swelled my breast when I thought that perhaps the merits of our work would make me in the least more worthy of her affection, or light one gleam of admiration in her peerless eyes, was such as only swells the bosom of boyhood.

Our tale opened with the scene of a gay group of children going forth in the spring time to range the fields in search of flowers. We left them, with their glad shouts and merry laughter ringing in the air—chasing butterflies and gathering wild flowers—to moralize thus:—

“Sport on, happy group, sport on! Gather the bright flowers that grow so plentifully around you—created, it would seem, for your tiny hands!—Chase the gaudy insects that so easily elude your grasp, and leave the pursuit with only a laugh at your baffled chase! Sport on while yet you may! for, all too soon, stern care will surround you, thick as these flowers, and your gay laugh change to sighs of disappointment.

“Sport on, happy group—small type of creation, sport on! The world goes forth to gather flowers;—all look forward over life's opening fields and see a boundless expanse of bloom; and press eagerly forward, clothed with high hopes, to pluck the inviting blossoms, and grasp the dazzling insects; but when they are gained, the blossoms are changed to sorrows and the insects to illusions. The world goes forth to gather flowers, but how many, many, pluck the thorns of care.”

“Excellent,” cried Willie, as he read it over, “but it's hardly true to life, I think, for you know there is nothing but happiness; we must, however, have this to give effect; yet we must get nothing sadder, for if we do the shadow of our tale will exceed the sunshine; and I'm sure if we should live twenty

lives, experience would allow us nothing more sorrowful than this.”

Inconsiderate, boyish words! But I thought them not so then, for my heart responded to their sentiment; and, happy in the commencement of our tale, we laid it aside until the morrow. Alas! it was never resumed. It fell like many another bright structure of my youth; and the work that was to have made our names immortal, is only extant on the pages of memory.

That day Willie and I walked arm in arm to the little lake beyond the village, and saw—as not unusually we did—Amy and Fattie in the pleasure boat, floating on the bright surface of the pond. The day was still and sultry, and the idle sail scarcely moved the little boat. The girls saw us as we stood on the bank, watching them drift slowly across the pond, and their laugh rang sweet and clear over the water as they cried in girlish coquetry, that they had found an effectual way of keeping at a respectful distance two such importunate visitors as we were. The merry sound had scarcely died when we saw the smooth surface beyond them, suddenly agitated by one of those quick gusts, or little whirlwinds, that are so frequent during the sultry summer months. Before we could warn them it had touched the boat,—borne it hastily through the water for a second of time,—overturned, and driven it beyond the reach of the girls, who sank, with two smothered shrieks, under the water. It had all been done so suddenly, that Willie and I stood for a moment as if chained to the ground; but the next instant we were swimming furiously to their rescue. The distance was considerable, but our desperate exertions passed it rapidly. Thrice we saw the girls appear, clasped in each others' embrace, the last time but a short distance from us; but we reached the spot too late. The struggle was over, and we could only indistinctly see two white forms in the depth of the agitated waters—dearer to us

than the richest pearl,
their watery bed.

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day Willie and I walked around the little lake beyond the village. I saw—as not unusually we saw—Hattie in the pleasure boat on the bright surface of the water. The day was still and sultry, the little sail scarcely moved. The girls saw us as we came to the bank, watching them drift across the pond, and their laughter and clear over the water, as if in girlish coquetry, that they had an effectual way of keeping a respectful distance two such "visitors" as we were. The boat had scarcely died when the smooth surface beyond was only agitated by one of those little whirlwinds, that are so frequent during the sultry summer months. Before we could warn the boat, it touched the water, and was overturned, and driven to the reach of the girls, who were two smothered shrieks, and a wailing cry. It had all been done so quickly, that Willie and I stood as if chained to the spot. At the next instant we were hurriedly to their rescue. The boat was considerably damaged, but our exertions passed it rapidly. Now the girls appear, clasped in each other's embrace, the last time in their distance from us; but we were a spot too late. The struggle was over, and we could only indistinctly see two white forms in the depth of the dark waters—dearer to us

than the richest pearls that ever lay in their watery bed.

I have but a dim recollection of what occurred after we found our efforts to save them fruitless. Willie gained the boat, and I returned to the shore and ran to the village for assistance. I remember indistinctly of seeing folks hurrying wildly to the boat, carrying long hooks; and, as they raised the fair forms from the bottom, of seeing the water gently stir the long disheveled tresses as if repentant of its cruel deed—

"Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,"

that it had borne so fatally the beautiful trusts that had been given to its keeping.

All efforts of restoration to life were ineffectual, and the fair forms were robbed in the spotless livery of death.

One general cloud of grief overspread the village at the sorrowful fate of its two fairest children; but there were two of the mourners who stood motionless apart, in the intensity of that grief which neither speaks nor weeps—two, who, that very day, in the fulness of their joyousness, had thought that life contained no dark shades, now bowed to a grief so overwhelming, that it could scarcely define itself in thought—much less find utterance in tears or speech.

We had loved them not, perhaps, with the steady discerning affection of mature years, but with the intense romantic passion of youth—

"Our love it was stranger by far than love
Of many far older than we;
Of many far wiser than we."—

They were the beings to whom our hearts clung with all the ardent affection of our years; the princes at whose feet we were to lay the trophies of all our visionary knightly deeds;—the objects to which, in the fear of future, all the aims of life centered. — We had thought of them in this light until now, when all was so suddenly crushed: it was as if the sun had been taken from us at midday, and left not a shadow but a rayless midnight gloom.

I might stop here, but I am tracing

shadows to-day, and I've one more page to add to the dark portion of 'Sunshine and Shadows.'

Whatever stars rule the destiny of Willie and I, their horoscope fated our lots to run parallel, even to being together in the mines of California,—where poor Willie exists a mournful shadow on a bright scene.

We miners, as a class, are generally a merry set of fellows, who enjoy life as it goes—as far as circumstances will admit. Yet with all this general merriment and carelessness, there are many sad faces among us, upon which care and anxiety have written their presence in deep characters; and it is said that the insane asylum at Stockton contains, proportionally, more inmates than that of any other State of the Union. It is no wonder. The extremes of fortune—poverty and boundless wealth,—wealth and abject poverty, and their corresponding emotions—are liable to succeed each other so quickly in our State, that the minds of her votaries, unless possessed of great elasticity, are unable to bend to these sudden changes, and break,—leaving these mournful monuments of the strength of our passions. Such, now, exists poor Willie; mild and harmless he wanders about among his friends, telling the wild phantasies and incoherent dreams of his disordered brain.

I saw him to-day, and he told me about the phantom-miner, a strange fancy by which he accounts for the disappearance of an old camp-mate who went home when Willie first became deranged.

"'Twas in the hungry winter of '53," he commenced; "the weather was severe,—times were awfully hard, and water had begun to fail;—and many a stout heart that had borne up against almost overwhelming adversity, began to grow discouraged. One stormy Saturday night a large company was assembled at old Brook's trading tent, enjoying themselves to the fullest extent on whiskey,—for that was the only thing that was cheap or plenty that winter. Jack Reed was the liveliest one among them.

If men's spirits could be constructed into a barometer, I could have told any one who had said that that human barometer had fallen, that Jack Reed was in high spirits, for when every body else was 'down in the mouth' he was always liveliest; some thought he did it to vex them, but he didn't,—he felt at heart as dull as any, but nobly exerted himself to appear cheerful to entertain others.

And this night when they all spoke so despondingly of the hard times and failing diggings, Jack, as usual, tried to cheer them; he admitted that at present it was 'mighty tight papers,' but times would brighten, he said, and as for the diggings—why! they had never found the best yet,—prospecting was all that was wanted to show them richer deposits than had ever yet been struck.

But Jack's reasoning had no more effect on them, than preaching had on the Scribes and Pharisees—they were of little faith,—and jeered him and told him he was "gassing," and that he knew it.

Unable to contend against their unbelief, and probably his own secret opinions also, Jack lost his good nature, and swore if words would not convince them, he was ready to prove what he said by deeds; and catching up a pick, pan and shovel, he took such an oath as made the most inveterate swearers of the company tremble, that he would not taste a mouthful of food or enter a house until he had shown them a richer claim than was known on that Creek; and with these words he went out into the furious storm, slamming the door behind him.

Here Willie paused and looked wildly around, until we asked him what became of Jack.

"He never found the claim," he replies; "diggings have been growing worse ever since, and he has become a phantom. I waited long at my cabin for him to return, but he didn't come; I began to suspect the truth, and watched sharp and constantly night and day.

At last one night I heard a dull sound as of some one washing dirt with a pan. The sound was muffled and cautious, but my ear was quick and caught it. I moved stealthily to the spot whence it came, and then I first learned that it was a phantom, for he was aware of my presence, and fled with the speed of light; but I caught a glimpse of him as he flitted over the distant hills, and I saw that it was Jack Reed, changed to a shadow.

Since that I hear him nightly, and place food for him but it is always untouched.

And often in the winter season, when the dreary rain falls incessantly for weeks, I nightly hear the sound of weary footsteps without my cabin; but when I hasten to the door they flee from me, and are lost in the distance in the pattering of the falling rain. But I know well they are the footsteps of one, who in vain must wish for shelter from the merciless storm—in vain wish to live again among men, and yet can never hope for the rest and peace of the grave."

When I listen to Willie as he tells this, and see his wasted form, and his quick wild gestures, and restive glances that betoken his shattered mind, I think of the happy boy, who thought that life's experience would not justify the writing of one sad sentence, and of the many sad changes I have known, and daily learned, I can almost ask, in the impassioned words of the poet,—

"O, God! how long shall the daylight last?
When shall the sun and shadow be past?"

Such is life—sunshine and shadow—but which the most? As often, in childish glee, I have sat for hours watching the clouds' shadows and sunshine chase each other over the meadows, and cried, as either held transient sway, "There's the most shadow—there's the most sunshine,"—so, although to-morrow I may say there is more sunshine, yet to-day, of all other days, while this sadness rests on me, I will say "life has more shadow."

A STRANGER

Not long since one of the upper ty, my attention grave in a lonely I stopped my ha ments regarded itation.

Here lay a m whose heart be and joy, as well of despair,— to all the tende in infancy had mother's knee; his father's fo riding behind —had disturbed of his indulg cent prattle — in youth h song — had fr — had tremb to some fair his father's hood, having by the near the tie most soul with it ready fondl lovely child years before

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A STRANGER BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Not long since, in taking a trip to one of the upper towns of Yuba County, my attention was attracted by a grave in a lonely place by the way-side. I stopped my horse, and for some moments regarded the spot in silent meditation.

Here lay a mortal, once full of life, whose heart beat to emotions of hope and joy, as well as of hatred, of grief, of despair;—one endeared, perhaps, to all the tender relations of life—who in infancy had fondly sported upon his mother's knee;—in boyhood following his father's footsteps to the field, or riding behind him to the country town—had disturbed the silent meditations of his indulgent parent, by his innocent prattle and inquiring loquacity;—in youth had softly sung the love-song—had furtively cast the love-look—had tremblingly spoke the love-vow to some fair and willing maiden among his father's neighbors; and in manhood, having united his fortune to hers by the nearest and dearest of ties—the tie most akin to the union of the soul with its God—he has perhaps already fondled upon his lap a bright and lovely child, as himself was fondled years before.

I stood there by that lone grave by the way-side, and I saw—yes, in my mind's eye, clearly saw him leave his home, months gone by, for the far-off west, in search of riches. Alas! what are riches, that they should cause us to sever so many of the finest cords of the human soul—that they should impel us to forego so many of the true joys of life!

The day came;—the day of parting. I saw his aged father come across the field: his thin silver locks were tossed about by the wind as, leaning upon his staff, he comes—tottering as he comes, to bid his son farewell, and to give him his blessing.

I saw that son—that son who now lies here by the way-side—early in the morning of the day set for his depart-

ure, go alone to his mother's grave. I saw him kneel there: I heard his words of prayer. They were few and simple: "Oh God! let my mother's counsels and my mother's spirit, accompanied always by Thy grace, go with me in my wanderings. Be with my wife and child in my absence, and be their friend. And if a sinner may ask so much of Thee without offense, bring me to see them again in peace." This was all. He rose from his knees, and taking a common pebble from the head of that grave, placed it in his pocket and said: "This, dear mother, to remember thy counsel." And then he wept—there by his mother's grave. * * * *

I saw him again at his home. The hour of departure had come. His scanty baggage had already been conveyed to the nearest rail-road station. Willing to postpone the most painful parting to the last, he first turns to the faithful servant, and tells her to be good and kind to her mistress, while he is gone, and then he bids her farewell. His father next:—"God bless you, my son," is all that is said. That son can only press his father's hand. He can not speak. Words are for the empty, not the full. Next he turns to his wife, who stands waiting with her child in her arms; but there is something too tender and too sacred about the separation of husband and wife, even for a short time, to be witnessed by bystanders, so she accompanied him part of the way to the rail-road station. They went with their arms lovingly linked together, ever and anon gazing into the depths of each other's souls. Oh, it was a sad sight to see them part. For riches—for riches *alone* he is about to leave that dear sweet woman, who has surrounded his manhood with a world of love and virtuous affection—leave her to struggle in life alone, unguided by his counsel, unaided by his strength—leave his wife, "the last best gift of heaven to man," without whom his riches would prove worthless, and the world would be a desert.

But they parted. No words were

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s the most shadow—
st sunshine,"—so, al-
ow I may say there is
yet to-day, of all other
sadness rests on me, I
s more shadow."

heard; naught but sobs—sobs which came all the way from the depths of human feeling, and overflowed the soul as did the waters of the world when the fountains of the "great deep" were broken up. They parted. One last kiss, one last embrace for his wife and child, and he was *gone!* Mournfully; tearfully, she returns to the house. Poor woman! those tears are but the precursor of those thou wilt shed when thou knowest he lies in this grave by the way-side!

Many weary days wilt thou impatiently wait to hear from him! Many weary nights wilt thou lie awake praying for his speedy return. At such times, forgetting any of his bad, thou wilt treasure up in thy virtuous heart all his good qualities; all his kind acts, his loving looks, his soft and tender words. Treasure them, dear woman; treasure them well—for by thee they shall be seen and heard no more forever! When thou hearest from him, thou shalt hear that he is dead! Thou shalt hear of his last short sickness; how in his delirium he called upon thee and thy innocent babe, in tones of tender endearment—not remembering that ye were far away. Thou shalt hear how that his bed was made by strangers—kind ones, we hope—in a strange land: how that strangers nursed him while sick, and closed his eyes when he died, while yet the name of "Mary" was warm on his lips: how that strangers buried him here—*here*, where I now stand—in the lonely grave by the way-side. Oh God! of infinite goodness and power! temper this bleak wind to the shorn lamb. Bear her up above the troubles of earth with the blessed hope of rest beyond the grave!

And thou, stranger, rest on in thy lonely grave, until the last trump summon thee to a re-union with those whom thy soul loved on earth; and to whom, perhaps at this moment, thou art the over near, and the guardian-angel.

A FEW WORDS TO OLD BACHELOR FELIXANDER DOINGS.

Oh! was n't it capital fun! Oho! wish I'd been there. Just served you right, sir; served you too well, Mr. Felix-ander Doings.

Raffled off! ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! Glad of it. Well, I fancy that I'd feel ashamed too, if I were you, and I wouldn't try to seek sympathy from the readers of the "Magazine," either, because you'll never get it—don't deserve it.

I'd persist till the last moment in saying that it was all fair enough, because these toothache, rheumatic, good-for-nothing old bachelors are de—cided hum—bugs, *anyhow*, and should be treated accordingly. The fact is, they can't be persecuted badly enough.

If I'd been there, you wouldn't have escaped so easily. I don't mean to say that I would have made you marry *me*,—heaven save the mark! No indeed. But I'd have made you marry Miss Matilda Buckheart! and if you hadn't, I'd have scorched the hair off of one side of your head, compelled you to waltz with a chair, and had you drummed out of town. Yes indeed-y!

I'd like to have caught my cherry lips kissing your brown, tobacco-juiced mouth! The idea of *any* of the ladies kissing you!

But I'd have taught you a lesson about writing such things about the ladies, and having them promulgated, I assure you! Now, now stop! hold your tongue! there's no excuse whatever. No matter if she wasn't very refined or prepossessing: she was good enough for an "old bach."

I don't wonder that the old lady across the way laughs at you, because I'll bet that that wrapper is a year old and full of holes—don't fit nicely—needs to be taken up in the shoulders, gathered, felled on the wrong side, and hemstitched on the right side.

I'm glad that they all call you Old Bach,

Old Bach! Ugh! he sound!

As for rejecting that first and last chance you will have, perhaps,) may pelled to wear toeless stockings, pantaloons, torn coats, and unhemmed pocket handkerchiefs, may you ever receive the and desirable (?) title, And that you may never see the fire-side—

OUR

A gentleman residing in Colunne county, has seen a quaint old almanac, with a letter, which, although it explains itself:—

J. M. HUTCHINGS, Esq., in pleasure in forwarding a copy of the production, the perusal of which afford you some amusement from its antiquity and interest, which will assist your mind, in connection with your suits in California. I enclose you the fact that it contains valuable information for the City of New York, and many other particulars for the amusement of the metropolis fifty-one years ago. Editor, it is what would be called a common parlance, an almanac as follows:—"Hutchings' Almanack and Ephemeris of the Sun and Moon; aspects of the Planets; of the Sun; and the southing of the Moon Lord 1806: being the first or Leap-Year, and 30th Independence, 'till 4th July also, the Lunations, the Judgment of the Westing of the Planets, Nights, Courts, Road, useful Tables, entertained by John Nathan Huttings, New York: Printed and sold by (Successors to Hugh C. Street: Where may be had the Pocket Almanac." I am, Sir, most interested, I take permission to be
Respectfully
Yours,
J. M. HUTCHINGS

NEW WORDS TO OLD BACHELERS
BY FELIXANDER DOINGS

was n't it capital fun! Oh! I wish
n there. Just served you right, sir;
you too well, Mr. Felix-and-er Do-
ed off! ha, ha, ha! he, he, he!
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apper is a year old and full of
fit nicely—needs to be taken
shoulders, gathered, felled on
side, and hemstitched on the
hat they all call you Old Bach,

Old Bach! Ugh! how detestable the
sound!

As for rejecting that fair daughter, (the
first and last chance you ever have had or
will have, perhaps,) may you ever be com-
pelled to wear toeless stockings, buttonless
pantaloons, torn coats, rumpled dickeys,
and unhemmed pocket handkerchiefs; and
may you ever receive that complimentary
and desirable (?) title, "Old Bach"! —
And that you may never know the happi-
ness of the fireside — that you may ever

be tormented with the (hem!) rheuma-
tism! that you may never get a dear, pret-
ty, loving wife, who would watch for your
coming, and be saddened when you left
home, and who would call you her "dar-
ling husband," and prepare your chair and
slippers, and sit by your sick bed, and
soothe your temples with her little snowy
hand, (wasn't Miss Buckheart's such an
one?) and at any time anticipated your
every wish — is the sincere wish (!) of an
indignant female!!!

EUGENIE.

San Francisco, Aug. 6, 1857.

Our Social Chair.

A gentleman residing at Springfield, Tu-
olumne county, has sent us a copy of a
quaint old almanac, with the accompanying
letter, which, although somewhat personal,
explains itself: —

J. M. HURCHINGS, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I take
pleasure in forwarding you a literary pro-
duction, the perusal of which I trust will
afford you some amusement and interest,
from its antiquity and the singular coinci-
dence, which will associate itself in your
mind, in connection with your present per-
suits in California. I call it a literary pro-
duction from the fact that it contains much
valuable information for the latitude of New
York City, and many well written articles
for the amusement of the denizens of that
metropolis *fifty-one years ago!* In short, Mr.
Editor, it is what would be called, in com-
mon parlance, an almanac, but which reads
as follows:—"Hutchins Improved: being
an Almanack and Ephemeris of the motions
of the Sun and Moon; the true places and
aspects of the Planets; the rising and setting
of the Sun; and the rising, setting, and
southing of the Moon, for the year of our
Lord 1806: being the second after Bissextile
or Leap-Year, and 30th Year of *American
Independence*, 'till 4th July. Containing,
also, the Lunations, Conjunctions, Eclipses,
Judgment of the Weather, Rising and Set-
ting of the Planets, Length of Days and
Nights, Courts, Roads, &c. Together with
useful Tables, entertaining Remarks, &c. &c.
By John Nathan Hutchins. Philom. New
York: Printed and sold by Ming and Young,
(Successors to Hugh Gaine,) No. 102 Water
Street: Where may be had the *New-York
Pocket Almanac.*" Hoping that it may in-
terest, I take permission to inclose it.

Respectfully,

PLINY.

P. S.—Will you be kind enough to inform
me, in the next number of your Magazine, if
the author of the above was your father,
grand-father, or cousin-german. P.

Pliny, we thank you for thinking of us;
but among other questions in your P. S., why
did you omit to ask if we were not the veri-
table "Almanack" man, himself? Why not?
It is *only* fifty-one years ago! We have a
near and dear relative, still living, we hope
and pray, who is in her eighty-third year;—
therefore, as it was not an impossibility, do
you not think that you reflected somewhat
upon our patriarchal proclivities, by its
omission? But we forgive you! as we re-
ply:—

It is barely possible that our father, grand-
father, or some one of our many cousins may
have crossed the threshold of 102 Water
street, and then and there have seen the
enterprising publisher of "Hutchins' Im-
proved," but that any further relationship
should exist, we think somewhat improba-
ble, for the simple reason that he was rich —
comparatively — and rich people seldom ac-
knowledge having any poor relations. More-
over, as poor people, who claim any relation-
ship to rich people, are generally looked
upon as very simple as well as very stupid;
and as we are doubtless simple enough and
stupid enough without being considered in
the comparative degree—more simple or more
stupid — we are willing to wait until the Pa-
cific Railroad is finished, when, if people

flock to California by the thousand, they will probably buy Hutchings' California Magazine by the—single number—if not by the hundred; and as it is hoped by that time that agents and others will be willing to do a cash business, and pay for what they get, without waiting for our "Please remit, and oblige, etc., etc," we shall then have hopes of being able, by ten or fifteen years additional hard labor, to save enough to live at ease, or die without the regret (if we ever have any) that previously we were too poor to acknowledge any relationship to the publisher of "Hutchings' Improved Almanack, etc."

The following interesting pieces from it, will show that "John Nathan Hutchings, Philom," in the year 1806, had an appreciating eye for the ridiculous, as well as for the quaint and pathetic, and which we give to the readers of our Social Chair in 1857:—

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

AT the world's end, the Essex side of Gravesend: to be sold at auction, by W. Neversell, on Monday the 32d inst. The sale to begin at ten o'clock in the afternoon:

Lot 1. A copper cart-saddle, a leather handsaw, 2 woolen frying pans, and a glass wheelbarrow.

Lot 2. 3 pair of pea-straw breeches, a china quarry cart, and 2 glass bedsteads with copper hangings.

Lot 3. One pitch-pine coal-grate, with paper smoke-jack, a mahogany poker, and a pair of gauze bellows.

Lot 4. One leather teakettle; an iron leather bed, 6 pair of brass boots, and a steel nightcap: also 1 pewter waistcoat and 3 flint wigs, a bellmetal sieve and a calimanco hogtrough, a buckram warming pan and a pewter looking glass, a japan beetle and a leather wedge, 3 silk hog-yokes and a pinch-beck swill tub, 4 sheepskin milkpails and a wheat-straw trammel, a lambskin grindstone and a mislin hatchet, a pair of pewter pudding bags and a canvas gridiron, a dainty coalscuttle and 3 satin chamberjugs, a wooden timber chain and a brass cartrope.

But the marrow and point contained in the sketch below, of the "world-regenerating principle" known as Love, may suggest an inquiry as to its extent in the present age. We may admire it for its quaintness, if we fail to recognize its applicability to ourselves!

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Love is like the devil, because it torments; like heaven, because it wraps the

soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes a man miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because he is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of her; like a ship, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a Will o' th' wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run-mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, nor understood.

There are but few who will read the following touching recital, from the same old "Almanack," without feeling heart-sad at its lamentable termination:—

FATAL SPORT.

A young gentleman, who, a few years since, lived in London, who had made his addresses to an agreeable young lady, and won her heart; also obtained the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old gentleman had a fancy to have them married at the same parish-church, where he himself was, at a village in Westmoreland, and they accordingly set out, he being at the same time indisposed with the gout at London.

The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid; and they had a most agreeable journey to the place appointed, from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his wife's father, viz.:

SIR,

After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour, in which I am to be your son. I assure you, the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though, he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful son, T—D—.

P. S. The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.

The villagers were assembled about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's servant knew his master would leave the place very soon after the wedding was over, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took an opportunity of going into his chamber, and charged them again.

Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room, and after a little fond rallery on the subject of their courtship,

the bridegroom took which he knew he had before, and presented the most graceful and pleased at his agreement; repent of all that he had been guilty of to me die, how often you freeze under your tyrant, you instruments of death you, with that enlacing ringlets of you and shot her dead.

Give fire, said she, and shot her dead. But he called up his man, and his master took Will, said he, did you He answered, Yes, I shot him dead with

After this, amidst piercing groans, he wrote the following mistress:

SIR:

I, who two hours ago the happiest man alive, am now a daughter lies dead in hand, thro' a mistake, told unknown to me. Such is my wedding, how my wife to the ground upon my sword, I can't explain my story to keep together till I have man! remember, that died for it. In the afternoon and pray for you, that it be possible, do not

This being finished life; and afterwards was interred in the church, and the the maid, were privately interred in the unhappy fate.

Turn we now to a catastrophe, to show some of the provided for the next generation. He the cooks with

If the duke attend his life to not be for war those other society [?] is promoted thus daily adorning, he reperfumed with takes his coffee towards retirement, and bread laid eggs just

soul in bliss ; like salt, because it is rillsh-
ing ; like pepper, because it often sets one
on fire ; like sugar, because it is sweet ; like
a rope, because it is often the death of a man ;
like a prison, because it makes a man inescap-
able ; like wine, because it makes us happy ;
like a man, because he is here to-day and
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is no getting rid of her ; like a ship, because
it guides one to the wished for port ; like
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ing man, because they both make a man run
like a hare ; like a goose, because it is silly ; like
a rabbit, because there is nothing like it ; like
a specter, because it is like a ghost, because it is like
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stood ; but few who will read the fol-
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A young gentleman, who, a few years
ago, lived in London, who had made his
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married at the same parish-church, where he
was, at a village in Westmoreland,
and accordingly set out, he being at
that time indisposed with the gout at

the bridegroom took only his man, and
her maid ; and they had a most
pleasant journey to the place appointed.
The bridegroom wrote the fol-
lowing to his wife's father, viz. :

"My pleasant journey hither, we are pro-
ceeding in a happy hour, in which I am to be your
son-in-law, the bride carries it, in the eye of
the world, much beyond her mother's
sleeves, your open sleeves, pantaloons,
and not, made a much better show than
I am in. However, I am contented
with this village over saw, and
very merry before night, because I shall
be in the presence of
our most dutiful son, T.—D.—
I give her duty, and is as handsome
as I am the happiest man breathing.

"We were assembled about the
happy couple took a walk in
the garden. The bridegroom's servant
would leave the place very
early in the morning, and seeing
that the wedding was over, and seeing
that the night before, took
of going into his chamber,
and again.

"When from the garden, they
returned, and after a little fond
subject of their courtship.

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

the bridegroom took up one of the pistols,
which he knew he had unloaded the night
before, and presented it to her, and said with
the most graceful air, whilst she looked
pleased at his agreeable flattery, Now, mad-
am, repent of all those cruelties you have
been guilty of to me ; consider, before you
die, how often you have made a poor wretch
freeze under your casement : you shall die,
you tyrant, you shall die, with all those in-
struments of death and destruction about
you, with that enchanting smile, those kill-
ing ringlets of your hair.

"Give fire, said she, laughing. He did so,
and shot her dead. Who can speak his con-
dition? But he bore it so patiently as to
call up his man. The poor wretch entered,
and his master locked the door upon him.
Will, said he, did you charge these pistols?
He answered, Yes : upon which his master
shot him dead with that remaining.

After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs,
piercing groans, and distracted motions, he
wrote the following to the father of his dead
mistress :

SIR :
I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the hap-
piest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your
daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my own
hand, thro' a mistake of my man's charging my pis-
tols unknown to me : I have murdered him for it.
Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately fol-
low my wife to the grave. But before I throw myself
upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as
to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not
keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor, good old
man ! remember, that he who killed your daughter
died for it. In the article of death I give you thanks,
and pray for you, tho' I dare not pray for myself. If
it be possible, do not enrage me.

Farewell forever. T. D.

This being finished, he put an end to his
life ; and afterward, the body of the servant
was interred in the village where he was
killed, and the young couple, attended by
the maid, were brought to London, and pri-
vately interred in one grave, in the parish
the unhappy father resided in.

Turn we now from the above lamentable
catastrophe, to see, from the same source,
how some of the old-fashioned gluttons pro-
vided for the inner man in their day and
generation. Heaven help the stomach and
the cooks with such—

GOOD LIVING.

If the duke of Queensbury does not ex-
tend his life to a still longer period, it will
not be for want of culinary comforts, and
those other succulent arts by which longev-
ity [!] is promoted. His grace's sustenance is
thus daily administered: At seven in the
morning, he regales in a warm milk bath,
perfumed with almond powder, where he
takes his coffee and a butter muffin, and af-
terwards retires to his bed ; he rises about
nine, and breakfasts on *caffé de-lait*, with new
laid eggs just par-boiled ; at eleven he is

presented with two warm jellies and rusques ;
at one he eats a veal cutlet, *a la Maintenon* ;
at three, jellies and eggs, repeated ; at
five, a cup of chocolate and rusques ; at
half after seven he takes a hearty din-
ner from high seasoned dishes, and makes
suitable libations of Claret and Madeira ; at
ten, coffee and muffins ; at twelve, sups off a
roasted pullet, with a plentiful dilution of
rum punch ; at one in the morning he re-
tires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps till
three, when his man cook, to the moment,
waits upon him in person with a hot and sa-
vory veal-cutlet, which with a potion of
wine and water, prepares him for his further
repose, that continues generally uninter-
rupted till the morning summons him to his
lactean bath. In this routine of living com-
forts are the four-and-twenty hours invari-
ably divided ; so that if his grace does not
know, with Sir Toby Belch, that our lives
are composed of the four elements, he knows
at least, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, that
it consists of eating and drinking!

Doings wants to know if people who reside
in the heart of a city, must as a natural con-
sequence be "well (red) read."

LETTER TO MINERS.—No. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2, 1857.

Dear Brothers :—Sunday is here again,
and a lovely day it is too, with the pure blue
heavens above, happy hearts below, and a
flood of golden sunlight pouring over all.
Everything seems full of loveliness : and
every one appears to wear a peaceful coun-
tenance, and to possess a joyous heart. My
little canaries are singing softly and sweetly,
and the delightfully refreshing sea breeze
is wafting health and coolness through the
streets, and playing round the corners ; while
here I sit at the writing-desk in my room
with the long French window thrown open
on the little upstairs piazza which overlooks
our Bay and city, from Russian Hill away
for miles beyond Rincon Point. On the
bosom of the water lie large sailing vessels,
steamers, and boats of every kind. Here
the shadow of a great hill falls upon the
water, and a little craft with a pretty
white spreading sail skips o'er the waves and
through the sunlight, and anchors in that
shady nook. There the Ferry-boat goes
splashing and dashing through the Bay—
leaving behind it a long line of white foam,
and many fairy-like boats dance on the sur-
face of the water, almost causing me to
think that they are such, because I possess an
extensive imagination and often indulge it to
such an extent as to fancy myself a fairy !
Now isn't that funny ? The idea of my be-
ing the like, when I'm such a mad-cap !
But I can't help thinking of such things some-
times, especially when I sit in the parlor at

twilight hour, and close my eyes, and listen to the sweet vibrations of my Æolian harp as they fall upon my ear, now quite loud, then lower, then dying away in the distance, sounding like the music of far-off angels, till it is entirely gone.

I wish that some of you were here, and if you were pretty good (but of course you're all good—and *pretty* too, perhaps!) we'd go to church together this lovely day, and when you would hear the deep-toned organ playing, you'd forget the California mountains and fancy that you were at home with your *own* sisters, instead of your adopted sister May, — wouldn't you? and only think what an excellent opportunity you'd have of looking off your hymn-book in a *slantendikilar* direction at the pretty young ladies!

Ah ha! that sets you to thinking — so I'll stop my nonsense, and go to church, and when I come back, I'll finish.

I've returned, eaten my dinner, read, and now will continue my letter. I heard a fine sermon delivered by the good and eloquent Rev. ———, and Billy wants to know if I did n't feel too religiously inclined to write letters on Sunday after that. But I tell him if I was not doing this—and it's such a pleasant way to while away the time—I'd probably be at something worse.

And now for that good and kind response, I'm going to thank and to say a few words to—

Dear Brother Frank:—You don't know how happily surprised I was when I opened the *Magazine* and saw your reply to my first. I thought that the letter had accomplished its mission.

I am glad to find that it has awakened such a goodly feeling in one heart—and hope that it has in many. It contained but the spontaneous outbursts of girlish thought—and if they were appreciated as much by you as was yours by me—then I'm happy.

I do honor the miner, and love to think of him and of his mountain home.

I once had two dear cousins in the mines; and soon after they had rejoined the loved at home they forgot for a time the wild mountains of California, so happy were they, — but, ere long, one of them, of the gentle kind that God loves; he with the beautiful eyes, the curly brown hair, and the manly look; when the fragrant flowers of summer were fading and passing from the sunny hillsides, and the light of day was melting away, he sweetly smiled, and fell asleep to awake in heaven.

The other one with his young and lovely wife, has removed far away.

So you would really like to have me look in your little cabin. Well, I'll tell you what I'd do. I wouldn't only peep, but I'd enter—that is if you'd let me; and I'd bring three or four girls with me—so that we could have a glorious lot of fun. Then in the day-

time when you were at work, we'd find where the sweetest perfumed flowers and the prettiest evergreens grew, and make tunic wreaths, and bouquets, and decorate the cabin so that it would look like a shady arbor with sunny hearts within it.

Then in the evening—have you any molasses! up or down there? if so, we'd make *Toffey* enough to last a month! Then—do you know how to play blind-man's buff? wouldn't we put on our little heeled slippers to keep from making a noise (but pshaw! what'd be the use?—yours is a *dirt* floor) Then the fun would commence. I almost fancy I see it now. Over goes a chair, down goes a water bucket; bang! goes the blind-man's head against the door, caused by your pulling his coat-tail; and crack! goes your big blue porter-house-steak dish; and so we'd have a place for nothing and nothing in its place. Then we'd salt your tea! and give you vinegar for wine, sow up your best coat pockets, containing your Havanas and white pocket-handkerchief, so that when you would start off courting on Sunday morning, you'd get angry and wish us back again at the Bay, (and in it, perhaps.)

But you would n't stay angry long, would you, Brother Frank?

Because I might go with you to the grave of some old, beloved companion of yours, and sing, "Strike the Harp gently," or in the cabin, "Home, sweet Home;" "Shells of Ocean;" Maggie's by my side;" "Willie, we have missed you;" or my favorite, "Annie Laurie;" and then, when your good nature was restored, we'd all sing in *cho-rus*, "Ri-tu-ri," or some other funny song. What think *you*?

But it is growing late. Permit me again to thank you for your response, and to say that I shall anxiously await your next.

And now, dear Brothers, to all a kind good night. May guardian angels hover near, and your dreams be sweet; may your thoughts often be directed to home, to Heaven — and sometimes to the writer.

Good night! The ling'ring tone that mem'ry loves. Good night!

SISTER MAY.

The following was told to us a few days since, at the expense of the good old Maj. R., well known to every one who has heard of him, as an *honest politician*. The Major was, a few years since, a resident of Texas, and entirely ignorant of everything relating to "Keards." It seems that some people down there, doubted this, and determined on the first occasion to sound the major. Not long after, an opportunity offered, and he was addressed as follows: "They tell us, major, that you can't tell one card from the other; how is it?" "That's a fact, gentlemen," was the reply; "I don't know but one card in the deck, and that's the trump — *the one with the eagle on it.*" (!)

THE CRAZY M

His eye was stern
Was pale; and
Upon his tighten
Of dreadful m

He mused awhile
No trace of de
It was the steady
Of resolute de

Once more he
Once more its
Then calmly, wi
Its folds befor

I saw him bare
The blue, col
And grimly try
He was so se

THE COMING
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When you were a work, we'd find where
 sweetest perfume, flowers and the pret-
 evergreens grow, and make tunic
 aths, and bouquets, and decorate the
 n so that it would look like a shady ar-
 with sunny hearts within it.
 en in the evening—have you any mo-
 s! up or down the? if so, we'd make
 enough to last a month! Then—do
 know how to pay blind-man's buff?
 n't we put on our little heeled slippers
 p from making noise (but pshaw!
 be the use?—yours is a dirt floor)
 the fun would commence. I almost
 see it now. Over goes a chair, down
 water bucket, bang! goes the blind-
 head against the door, caused by your
 his coat-tail; and crack! goes your
 porter-house-steak dish; and so we'd
 place for nothing and nothing in its
 Then we'd salt your tea! and give
 gar for wine, sew up your best coat
 containing your avanas and white
 andkerchief, so that when you would
 ourting on Sunday morning, you'd
 and wish us back again at the Bay,
 perhaps.)
 would n't stay angry long, would
 er Frank?
 I might go with you to the grave
 d, beloved companion of yours,
 Strike the Harp gently," or in
 Home, sweet Home;" "Shells
 Maggie's by my side;" "Willie,
 sed you;" or my favorite, "An-
 and then, when your good na-
 tured, we'd all sing in cho-rus,
 r some other funny song. What
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EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE CRAZY MAN AND THE RAZOR.

His eye was stern and wild; his cheek
 Was pale; and cold as clay,
 Upon his tightened lips, a smile
 Of dreadful meaning lay.

He mused awhile, but not in doubt, —
 No trace of doubt was there:
 It was the steady, solemn pause
 Of resolute despair.

Once more he looked upon the scroll,
 Once more its words he read;
 Then calmly, with unflinching hands,
 Its folds before him spread.

I saw him bare his throat, and seize
 The blue, cold, glittering steel,
 And grimly try the tempered edge
 He was so soon to feel.

A sickness crept upon my heart,
 And dizzy swam my head;
 I could not stay, I could not cry,
 I felt benumbed and dead.

Black, icy horror struck me dumb,
 And froze my senses o'er;
 I closed my eyes in utter fear,
 And strove to think no more.

Again I looked: a fearful change
 Across his face had passed;
 He seemed to gasp—on cheek and lip
 A flaky foam was cast.

He raised on high the glittering steel;
 Then first I found my tongue:
 "Hold! madman! stay thy frantic deed!"
 I cried, as forth I sprang.

He heard me, but he heeded not;
 One glance around he gave,
 And ere I could arrest his hand—
 He had begun to—shave.

Editor's Table.

THE COMING ELECTION.—Before we again
 meet our readers to give them monthly
 greeting or admonition, the election will be
 decided. To the true patriot who loves his
 country for her own sake (and not for what
 can be taken from her) the coming election
 is of paramount importance. The past blind
 following of interested party leaders, and the
 tight drawing of party lines, by which so
 many inefficient and unworthy men have
 been elevated from little less than loafers
 to the most important offices in the gift of
 the people, we hope has effectually convinced
 good men that a change has become an abso-
 lute necessity of the times, if California is
 ever to rise again from her political degra-
 dation. Let that change now come. Haste
 to obtain gold, that men might live at ease
 in some other land, has been the cause of the
 political interests of our own California being
 intrusted to persons, with but few exceptions,
 who, not being able to make a living by their
 own skill and labor, have sought to serve
 their country!—heaven save the mark. Now,
 we repeat, let the change come. Vote only
 for able, high-minded, and moral men, of
 good business knowledge and ability; and
 who, having all their interests in this State,
 will labor heart and soul, by day or night,
 to make California what she ought to be.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1857 IN
 SAN FRANCISCO.—On the seventh of the pres-
 ent month will the experiment be tried if
 California can produce anything worthy of
 her vast resources. This exhibition invites
 the deep-toned voice of Progress to speak for
 herself, and say if she is willing to produce
 that which she consumes. It asks that her
 children, as an united family of men, should
 say "we will depend upon ourselves for
 what we need; and while we are willing to
 extend our arms, in love and charity, to the
 world, we will endeavor to retain our treas-
 ures within our family circle, and not im-
 poverish our own land and people by en-
 riching others—at least to the extent of four
 millions of dollars a month. We need the
 money to build canals, and work-shops, and
 railroads, and steamships; and to engage in
 a thousand other enterprises which, while
 they teach us economy and prudence, enable
 us to cultivate the manly virtue of self-
 reliance.

We have a variety of materials in our State,
 then why should they not be taken care of
 by a judicious use? We have the best work-

men and mechanics of all kinds and countries in the world, then why should we send abroad for manufactures?

What, therefore, dear reader, let us in earnestness ask, are you seeking to produce? what genius are you striving to foster and encourage? what resources are you assisting to open and develop? We invite that your reply be the articles you produce, as an individual, for the future benefit of yourself, your children, and the State of your adoption.

At the close of the present month will open the State Agricultural Fair. Perhaps your preferences may run in that direction—well, it is the same to *Progress*, only do something, and begin at once.

OUR METALLIC RESOURCES, ETC.—But few, perhaps, remember the variety of the metallic productions of our possessions on the Pacific.

Everybody knows that the *precious metal* is almost everywhere diffused throughout the State, (from the 'color' to very rich leads in surface, hill, river and quartz diggings.)

Silver has been discovered in Calaveras and Tuolumne counties; *Copper* in Hope Valley, and in Butte, Nevada and San Diego counties; *Iron* near Auburn, Placer county, and from one end of the Coast Range to the other; *Coal* at Coose Bay, and Table Mountain, (Butte county); *Sulphate of Iron*, *Magnetic Iron*, and *Gypsum* near Santa Cruz; *Platinum* on the Salmon, South Fork of Trinity, Middle Fork of American and Calaveras rivers, and on Butte, Honcut, Cañon and Wood's creeks; *Chromium* in Sierra, Placer, Nevada, and El Dorado counties; *Nickel* in Contra Costa and Monterey counties; *Antimony* in the Monte Diablo range; *Cinnabar* at New Almaden, Guadalupe and American Valley; *Marble* at Suisun City, Ringgold, Volcano, and fifty other places; *Granite* almost everywhere; *Burr Stone* in any quantity on Pitt River; *Soapstone* between Deer Creek and Bear River. These and numerous other kinds and varieties have been already discovered, and unite to ask, "What use are you going to make of us?" We shall see.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"—Yes; at least we think so.

Jerry W., Napa.—We will answer your question by asking another. Why do two boats sail in opposite directions when driven by the same wind?

T. B. Z.—Did you fall into the inkstand, and afterwards make a pen of your fingernails?

D. S. M.—We will write you. Your pieces came safely to hand.

A Subscriber and well-wisher is informed that his self-love, prejudice and presumption, render his opinions utterly unworthy of respect. We do not thank him for his views—simply because they savor of "cat's-paw" service. Moreover, we think that his communication is suggestive that "what he *don't* know would make a very large book!" and none might discover it sooner than himself, did he ever look outside of the limited circumference of his own little world. We therefore say, in the language of the immortal Mr. Toots, "its of no consequence."

Mary T.—It will appear in due season. We cannot, you know, insert every article we receive, at once.

T. E. F.—"May" is certainly four months too late, and would be rather reversing the order of things to appear in September; although the lines are very good.

L. N. B., Honey Lake Valley.—Not this summer; although we should like much to visit Hieroglyphic Cañon and other interesting places near you, in company with Mr. Lassen and others. Many thanks for your kind invitation.

R. H.—Your "Occidental Imaginings" must be laid by for a time, as we are in hopes that the new improvements now being made in first class balloons will enable us to reach (at least in comprehension) the "bespangled elysium" "out West" of your aspirations. We like traveling, well enough, but before starting we always like to see what the chances are for getting back again. Please inform us of this, and it's all right!

J. P., Russian River.—Your stanzas nearly gave us the tooth-ache, to read them. They are ex-er-ci-a-ting-ly put—no, not put, but *thrown*—together. Declined.

Joe.—All right. Don't forget to make notes and sketches by the way.

A.—Very good. Next month.

E. B. P.—"a Chinaman always che that he m Twenty s and twent another, good thi translated low l and L. A. G., I RECEIVED—"An On Cabin;"

FURTHER JO

Mr. Flin a visit to part of his being burr a-night to arrival, g next mo of his last spot; bu usual de resolves ters till country

Mr. not h thous he co As setti accou order rial

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What Respondents.

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FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. JOSHUA FLIMPKINS.

E. B. P.—"The Moon is up," reminded us of a Chinaman's economy in buying boots—always choosing the largest pair, in order that he may get the worth of his money. Twenty syllables in one line of poetry! and twenty-seven (teen!) or thereabouts, in another, is a little too much—even of a good thing—for one time. Just get it translated into Chinese, there's a good fellow! and then—burn it.

L. A. G., Halley's Ranch.—Is not forgotten. RECEIVED.—"Evenings with the Poets;" "An Omnibus Ride;" "Snakes;" "Our Cabin;" "Who I am;" etc., etc.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. JOSHUA FLIMPKINS.

Mr. Flimpkins, the country gentleman on a visit to the city, after losing the principal part of his wardrobe by hack, flood, and fire, being burned out from his twenty-five-cent-a-night lodgings within three hours after his arrival, seeks new quarters; has a curiosity next morning to visit the scene of the second of his last night's disasters. Proceeds to the spot; but finding that he attracts an unusual degree of attention from some cause, resolves to return and remain in close quarters till he receives from his friends in the country a new supply of dust.



Has noticed that very many who consider themselves gentlemen, carry bowie knives and revolvers; thinks they may as well be carried where they can be seen; don't believe in carrying concealed weapons.

Is now prepared to see the sights; takes a turn through Clay and Montgomery streets; sees beautiful women in the shop windows, who, attracted by his presence—he thinks—turn slowly round and look at him; being very modest and retiring, wishes to be excused, remarks, "You look as nice as wax, ma'am," and passes on; meets something coming towards him; fearing it may prove some city institution, he throws himself into position to let it pass.

AN EXCELLENT FIT.—HE DON'T CARRY CONCEALED WEAPONS.



HE LETS IT PASS.

Consults a lawyer as to whether a rotunda, dome, or cupola with a vain (vane) on it, can be an obstruction to a sidewalk? Supposes a case, thus: to roll a whisky barrel across a sidewalk is no obstruction; but set that barrel on end, to remain standing in the line of travel, and it becomes an obstruction, a nuisance.

Mr. Flimpkins wonders if the rule which applies to whisky barrels will apply to men, who habitually occupy, as fixtures, the sidewalks in the line of travel, to the great inconvenience of the moving masses; has been told that gentlemen never do it; thinks gentlemen should reflect on such subjects here. Mr. Flimpkins takes a turn on the Plaza, where he brushes from the back of a lady's head what he supposes to be a yellow hornet, and puts his foot on it.



ATTRACTS CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION.

Mr. Flimpkins is not a borrower of money, not he; could have brought down a cool thousand or two with him had he supposed he could possibly have wanted it. As the pecuniary tide seems to be rather setting against him just now, resolves to economise in his new suit; gets it made to order, out of the smallest quantity of material possible.



HE PUTS HIS FOOT ON IT.

The lady is incensed at the indignity offered her, and injury done to her bonnet; has no protector; calls for the police; declares she will have him arrested for assault, and Coon-ed immediately.

Don't know exactly what it is to be Coon-ed; fears it may have some connection with city institutions; so apologises for his mistake, offers to make restitution, and hands out a X, with which the lady seems satisfied, and hastens home to repair damages.

Mr. Flimpkins, on escaping the hands of the police, really thinks the lady behaved



IS KEWERED (SECURED) AN INSIDE VIEW.

Is not particularly pleased at the result, as it costs him another X to obtain his release and diploma; and yet, is of opinion that he escapes—though with his nose *slightly* injured—far better than many who have indulged the same curiosity that he did.

Mr. Flimpkins has seen *BEXEERS* advertised on Theatre bulletin boards, nearly every day since his arrival in the city; wonders what they are; thinks if they are anything worse or more ferocious than a grizzly, he would like to see one. Is told that they are, by one who knows; that they are the greatest bores with which the city is infes-

magnanimously; he would like to know more of her; follows her at a distance, but suddenly loses sight of her; hastens up and sees a small iron-grated panel in a door; thinks it may be to look thro'; peeps in, and is secured a partial inside view of another city institution.

ted. Concludes they are some city institution; wont go near the Theatre on that account; perfectly abhors them, as do most sensible people, this everlasting round of sponging, in the name of "benefits."

Mr. Flimpkins takes an evening walk; hears music down cellar; goes down; finds a lot of fellows swinging girls around; thinks he would like a turn at it; picks for one according to his strength; finds a full match.



HE FINDS HIS MATCH.

Walks up to settle for the dance; misses his purse; thinks it flew out of his pocket when the girl whirled him so; another gentleman just leaving the door, thinks it happened about a minute before he took the floor.

Begins to suspect he has found another city institution; on being kicked out for not paying his bill, is certain of it. Is getting perfectly disgusted with city life and institutions; resolves to leave at 4 o'clock, P. M., next day.

Is introduced to Mr. Simple, a city gentleman, about to visit the mines and mountains for the first time, and who would like to get some information on mining subjects.

Mr. Flimpkins informs Mr. Simple that there are no *subjects* in the mines; that they are all sovereigns, like himself. Mr. Simple stands corrected, begs a thousand pardons, and asks him to "imbibe." Mr. Flimpkins accepts, and they drink. Is informed by Mr. Simple that he is now in a free-lunch institute, where broken down gamblers, babbling politicians and incurable idlers are fed; but upon whose bounty, or for whose actual benefit, is not, he thinks, quite so clear. Mr. Flimpkins begs leave to withdraw; does so, congratulating himself on having escaped from *one* city institution without cost; thinks better of it than any other he has met with, on that account. Both gentlemen now proceed to the boat, Mr. Flimpkins on his way home, Mr. Simple to visit the mines, and both have promised us an early account of their adventures.

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TO THE PEOPLE.

HENRY NEUSTADER.

Battery Street, corner of Sacramento.

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 erwise, filled promptly and at
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 after devote my whole attention to the

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 GRAPHIC Departments connected with the establishment, are as complete as any in the United
 States, and all orders will be executed with neatness and dispatch.

Having every advantage both in the Atlantic States and Europe, I am able to offer superior
 inducements to purchasers, and confining myself strictly to the above business, I shall be able to
 fill orders with the utmost promptness and fidelity.

JOSIAH J. LE COUNT.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1857.



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Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets,

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Awarded by the STATE FAIR in 1859, being the THIRD TIME receipt against all competitors.

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UNEQUALLED 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

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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.

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