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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by JAMES M. HUTCHINGS, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the Northern District of California.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON ST., OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

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CALIFORNIA

Vol. II.

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THE HISTORY OF A

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THE STEAMER,
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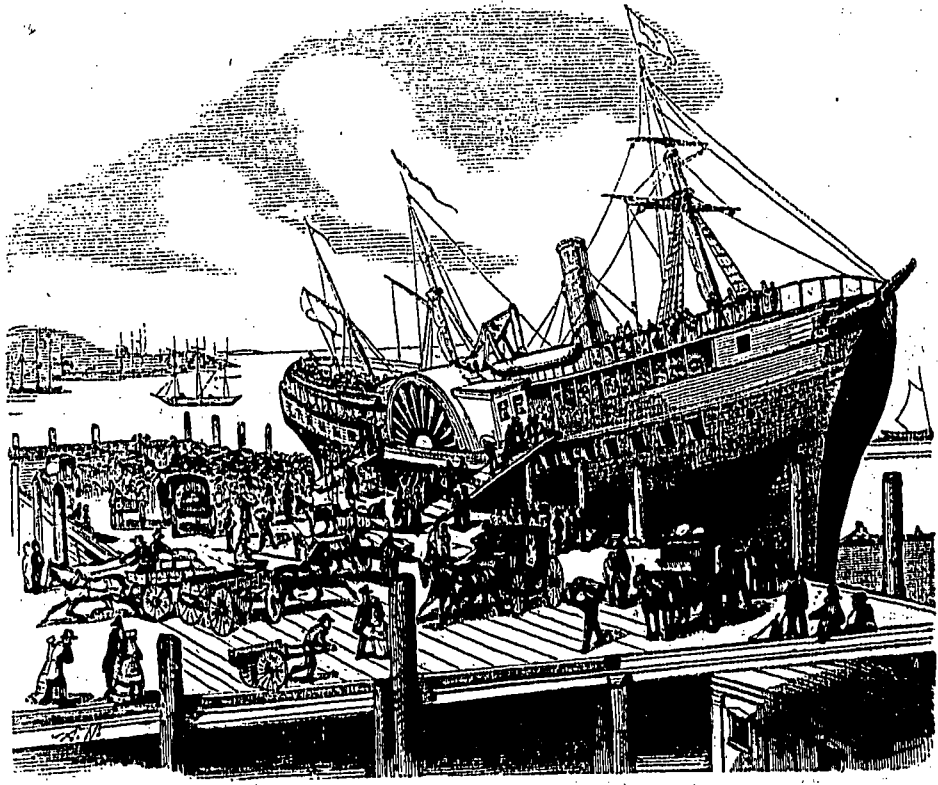
THE POST OFFICE.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1858.

No. 7.



THE STEAMER HAS ARRIVED.

THE HISTORY OF A LETTER.

Language is incapable of expressing the thrill of feeling which passes through the mind, when, from the outer telegraph station at Point Lobos, a telegram announces in San Francisco that "the mail

steamer — is in sight, — miles outside the heads." To almost all "expectation is on tip-toe," and the welcome intelligence is rapidly passed from lip to lip, and recorded on the various bulletin boards of the city, that the " — steamer is telegraphed." After an hour or more

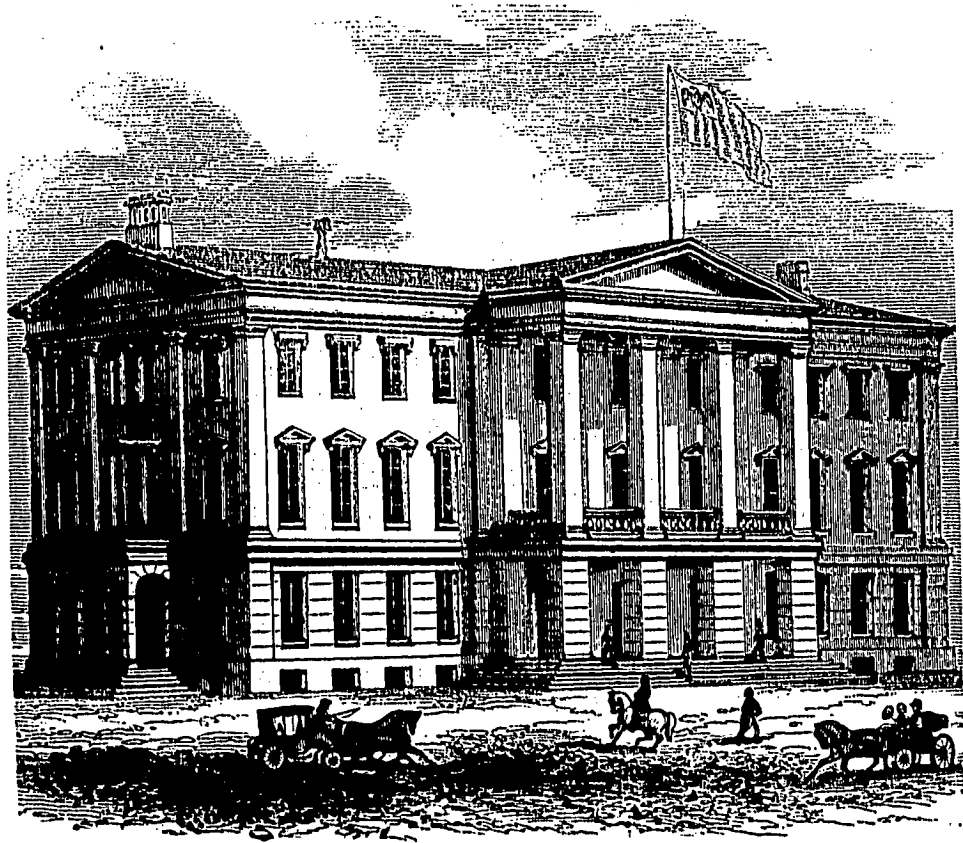
of suspense, the loud boom-oom-oom-o-o-o-m of the steamer's gun reverberates through the city, and announces that she is passing between Alcatraz Island and Telegraph Hill, and will soon be at her berth alongside the wharf.

Almost simultaneously with the sound of the steamer's gun, the newsboys are shouting the "arrival of the steamer," and the "New York Herald," "New York Tribune," "Fourteen days later news from the Eastern States." Meanwhile, all the news depots are crowded with eager applicants for the latest news; and, in order to obtain it as early as possible, small boats have been in waiting off Meiggs' Wharf, to receive the bundles of "express" newspapers thrown them

from the steamer as she passed; and the moment these boats reach the dock, fast horses, which have also been kept in waiting, speedily carry the bundles to the city.

Carrriages and other vehicles now begin to rumble and clatter through the streets, in the direction of the steamer's wharf; men commence walking towards the post office, or gather in groups upon the sidewalks, to learn or discuss the latest news. Interest and excitement seem to become general.

On the dock, awaiting the delivery of the mail-bags, mail wagons and drays are standing; and as fast as the mail matter is taken from the vessel, it is removed to the post office.



SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE.

While the loaded wagons and drays, with mail matter, are hastening to the general delivery, and the passengers who have just arrived are seeking the various hotels, in carriages or on foot, after hiring a portor to carry their baggage, or



becoming their own let us, while all the our way to the post what we can

Men we find are and gathering in boxes; some with waiting to see when its way there that the moment before the

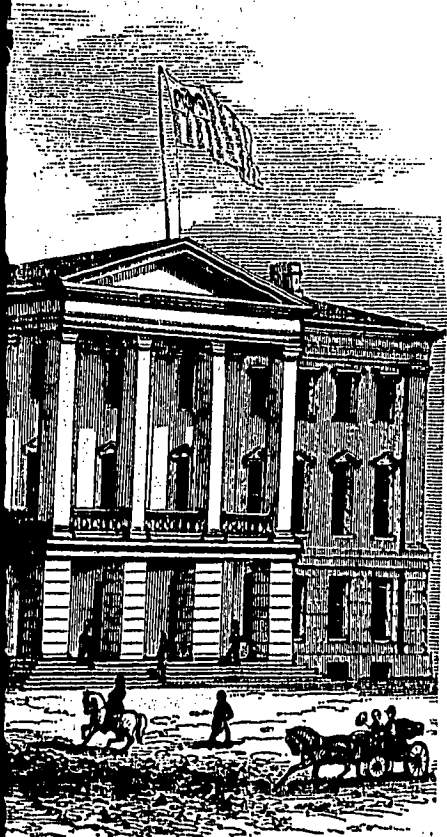
At the various cally arranged, with ters to each window will make the num each about equal—in in single file, forming lines, and patiently when the time will from which, the tro some dear and abse Who can tell the ho and sorrow, to love the good and evil, th of those who thus waiting for the little

Further on too, building, and part

on the steamer as she passed; and the moment these boats reach the dock, fast horses, which have also been kept in waiting, speedily carry the bundles to the city.

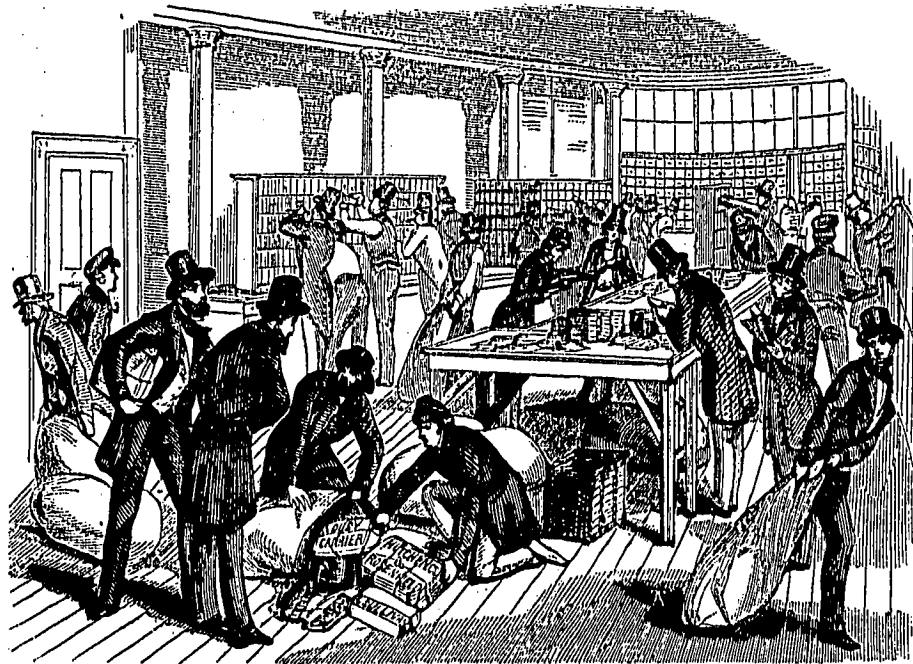
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On the dock, awaiting the delivery of the mail-bags, mail wagons and drays are standing; and as fast as the mail matter is taken from the vessel, it is removed to the post office.



AND CUSTOM HOUSE.

Those who have just arrived are seeking the various hotels, in carriages or on foot, after hiring a porter to carry their baggage, or



DISTRIBUTING THE MAILS.

becoming their own for the time being; let us, while all this is going on, make our way to the post office, there to see what we can.

Men we find are hurrying to and fro, and gathering in front of their letter-boxes; some, with the doors open, are waiting to see when the first letter finds its way there, that they may not lose one moment before the contents are enjoyed.

At the various windows—alphabetically arranged, with about as many letters to each window as, in all probability will make the number of applicants at each about equal—men are congregating in single file, forming long and crooked lines, and patiently awaiting the time when the little window will be opened, from which the treasured letter from some dear and absent one is expected. Who can tell the hope and fear, the joy and sorrow, the love and (perhaps) hate, the good and evil, that occupy the minds of those who thus stand watching and waiting for the little missives.

Further on, too, at the end of the building, and apart from the rest, is the

ladies' window; and here stand a row of ladies and gentlemen, waiting as patiently as at the others. The gentlemen, who form part of the line, do so to obtain letters for their wife, or sister, or perhaps sweetheart, or other lady friend; and, if they are there first, they invariably give precedence to the ladies, no matter how many may come, or how long they may be thus detained.

At the centre of the building, mail-bags are being carried in from the mail wagons and drays, one after the other, to the number of from two to three hundred and upwards; we wonder how, out of that mass of apparent confusion, order will be restored; or how, in the course of a few hours, thirty-five thousand letters and newspapers will be properly arranged for distribution to the various boxes and delivery windows. Have patience, and we shall see.

Before entering the post office with the reader, we wish most sincerely to express our thanks to Mr. Charles L. Weller, the Postmaster, Mr. John Ferguson, his assistant, and the other gentlemen belonging

to this department, for the courtesy and promptness with which they placed the various and interesting particulars concerning this important branch of the public service, at our command.

While the mail-bags are being examined, to ascertain their contents, whether letters or papers, for San Francisco or the interior cities, let us read over the rules of the office, for our especial entertainment:

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

- I.—General office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., Sunday excepted, on which day the office will be kept open from 9 to 10 A. M.
- II.—The mailing clerks will be at their posts at 6 A. M., the box clerk at 6½ A. M., and all other clerks and employes at 7½ A. M.
- III.—No clerk will absent himself from the office during office hours, without the knowledge and consent of the Postmaster, or, in his absence, the Assistant Postmaster.
- IV.—Courtesy and forbearance, and a spirit of accommodation, being requisite to efficient services, they should be extended to everybody with whom clerks may have business intercourse.
- V.—Memory must not be trusted to, but when an applicant presents himself for a letter or paper, thorough search must be made in the appropriate place, and care will be taken to let the applicant see the search made.
- VI.—When an applicant shall exhibit a disposition to aggravate, or insult, or even abuse, he should be met with forbearance and gentlemanly conduct, recollecting that the contact is of a business nature only, and that personalities should be adjourned to outside the office entirely. If a clerk fail to satisfy an applicant, let him be referred to the Postmaster.
- VII.—Angry or excited discussions upon any subject must not be indulged in during office hours.
- VIII.—Clerks will not carry from the office, letters for their outside friends and acquaintances, nor receive letters from such out of the office for mailing.
- IX.—Each clerk will confine his delivery of letters to his own alcove, except when he may be acting as a relief for the time being.
- X.—None other than delivery clerks will disarrange, handle, or deliver letters, at any alcove, at any time.
- XI.—If application be made for letters inside the office, when deliveries are not open, the applicant will in all cases be referred to the Postmaster or his assistant.
- XII.—No person except sworn clerks and employes must be permitted to handle mail matter, or come within reach thereof.
- XIII.—During any absence of the Postmaster, his whole authority over the internal affairs of the office rests with his assistant, and that officer will be respected accordingly.

Now the scene around us is becoming interesting. The bustle and exciting life that first presented itself on the outside, by the arrival of the mail-bags, seems to have extended within; for on all sides great activity—systematic activity—is the order of the time. It appears that the Postmaster, on the arrival of each steamer, engages a corps of from fifteen to twenty-five extra assistant clerks, in order to facilitate more rapidly the distribution of the mail; and these, with the regular force, are all busy in the departments assigned them.

While all this is going on in one department, the mail-bags containing packages of newspapers for the different newspaper firms in the city, are being opened, checked, and removed, in another. Every part of the office is literally alive with active business; slow coaches would be at an immense discount here at all times, especially when the mail has just arrived, and when it is about to depart.

The bags containing the letters for distribution in San Francisco, are selected from the others, and placed on the "examining table," which is then opened, and the contents compared with the "post bill," which accompanies each bag, after which they are deposited in their respective alphabetical cases, in the following order: "A letter, for instance, addressed to John Adams," is placed under the letter "A"; those addressed "Timothy B," under division B; and so forth, in the order of the alphabet. From these cases, taken to the different alcoves, the letters are placed alphabetically, and each delivery clerk has cards on which is written the name of the recipient.



This being a distribution day, and the only one on the coast, a great amount of mail matter is being distributed to other parts of the interior, and to Washington Territory. The newspapers for distributing to be distributed in accordance with their addresses. Bags of newspapers made up for Sacramento, Yreka, Shasta, Stockton, Colusa, Petaluma, and other places.

—Clerks will not carry from the office, letters for their outside friends or acquaintances, nor receive letters brought in such out of the office for mailing.

—Each clerk will confine his delivery of letters to his own alcove, except when he may be acting as a relief for a time being.

—None other than delivery clerks will arrange, handle, or deliver letters, in any alcove, at any time.

—If application be made for letters outside the office, when deliveries are not open, the applicant will in all cases be referred to the Postmaster or his assistant.

—No person except sworn clerks and employes must be permitted to handle mail matter, or come within reach thereof.

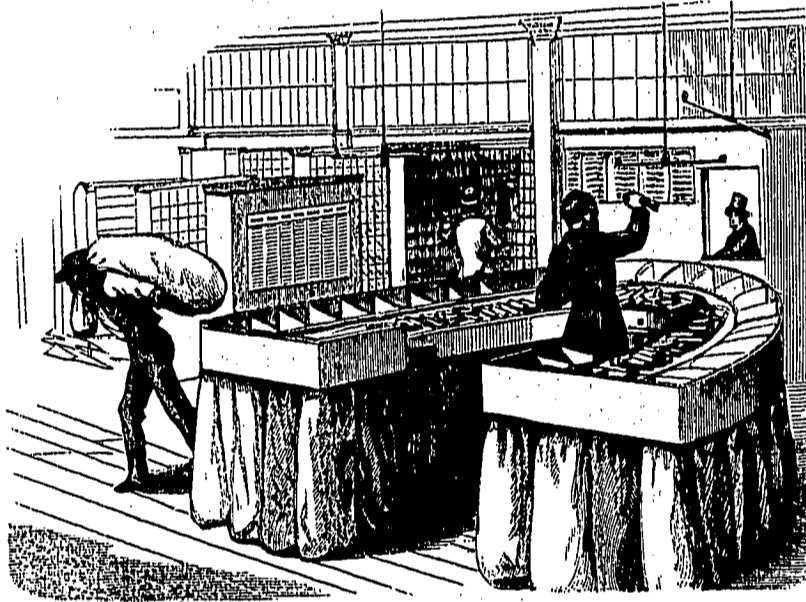
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While all this is going on in one department, the mail-bags containing packages of newspapers for the different newspaper firms in the city, are being opened, packed, and removed, in another. Every part of the office is literally alive with business; slow coaches would be in an immense discount here at all times, especially when the mail has just arrived, and when it is about to depart.

The bags containing the letter mail for distribution in San Francisco, are rapidly selected from the others, and passed to the "examining table," where they are opened, and the contents compared with the "post bill" which accompanies them; after which they are deposited in "alphabetical cases" in the following manner: A letter, for instance, addressed "John Adams," is placed under the division A; those addressed "Timothy Brown," under division B; and so forth, to the end of the alphabet. From thence they are taken to the different alcoves, to which they belong alphabetically, and where each delivery clerk has cards placed, upon which is written the name of every

box-holder, commencing with letters belonging to his alcove, with the number of the box; and, as each letter is examined, it is marked with the box number to which it belongs; it is then sent out to be placed in a case, and distributed according to number, thus: Letters from 1 to 100 are placed in one division; from 100 to 200 in another; and so on, to the highest corresponding number of the box; and from this case they are taken by clerks to the boxes of the parties to whom they are addressed. If it is not a box letter, it is put up in its proper place in the alcove for general delivery, which is generally opened immediately the whole of the letters are assorted and arranged.



THE NEWSPAPER DISTRIBUTING TABLE.

This being a distributing post office, and the only one on the Pacific coast, a great amount of mail matter is sent here for distribution to other points. Newspapers for the interior, and for Oregon and Washington Territories, are taken to the newspaper distributing table, rapidly to be distributed in accordance with their address. Bags of newspaper matter are made up for Sacramento, Marysville, Bonicain, Shasta, Stockton, Columbia, Martinez, Potaluma, and other places; and

all newspapers addressed to points in these respective districts, are placed in those bags.

At the same time, another division of the forces is engaged in assorting the letters addressed to offices on this coast other than San Francisco. To facilitate this, a letter-case, with apartments for all the offices in this State and Oregon and Washington Territories, respectively labelled, is used, in which are placed all letters for those points, and mailed as usual.

The following Table will give the name, day of arrival, and number of days out from New York to San Francisco, of each Steamer, from August 31st, 1854, to December 16th, 1857; also, the number of bags of mail matter brought to the San Francisco Post Office:

NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	TIME FROM N. Y.	NUMBER OF MAIL BAGS.	NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	TIME FROM N. Y.	NUMBER OF MAIL BAGS.
Sonora,	Aug. 21, 1854	26	315	Golden Gate,...	April 13, 1856	24	339
California,.....	Sept. 19, "	29	323	J. L. Stephens, May 1, "	27	348	
J. L. Stephens, Oct. 2, "	27	293	Golden Age,...	May 22, "	31	329	
Golden Age,...	Oct. 16, "	26	303	Sonora,	June 1, "	26	298
Sonora,	Nov. 1, "	27	291	Golden Gate,...	June 15, "	25	354
Golden Gate,...	Nov. 13, "	24	292	J. L. Stephens, July 1, "	26	336	
J. L. Stephens, Dec. 1, "	25	317	Golden Age,...	July 14, "	25	331	
Golden Age,...	Dec. 14, "	24	296	Sonora,	July 29, "	24	318
Sonora,	Dec. 30, "	25	268	J. L. Stephens, Aug. 14, "	24	313	
J. L. Stephens, Jan. 13, 1855	24	249	Golden Age,...	Aug. 28, "	23	337	
Golden Age,...	Jan. 29, "	24	277	Sonora,	Sept. 16, "	27	359
Oregon,	Feb. 17, "	28	317	J. L. Stephens, Sept. 29, "	24	309	
Sonora,	March 2, "	25	280	Golden Age,...	Oct. 14, "	24	299
J. L. Stephens, March 17, "	25	266	Sonora,	Nov. 1, "	26	296	
Golden Age,...	March 28, "	23	295	Golden Gate,...	Nov. 14, "	24	277
Golden Gate,...	April 12, "	23	317	Golden Age,...	Dec. 1, "	26	321
Sonora,	May 1, "	26	333	Sonora,	Dec. 16, "	26	302
J. L. Stephens, May 16, "	26	300	J. L. Stephens, Dec. 30, "	25	290		
Golden Gate,...	May 30, "	25	274	Golden Gate,...	Jan. 15, 1857	26	307
Sonora,	June 16, "	26	306	Sonora,	Jan. 30, "	25	286
Golden Age,...	June 30, "	25	242	J. L. Stephens, Feb. 14, "	25	267	
J. L. Stephens, July 13, "	23	268	Golden Gate,...	March 2, "	25	342	
Golden Gate,...	July 28, "	23	303	Sonora,	March 17, "	25	295
Sonora,	Aug. 18, "	29	326	J. L. Stephens, March 29, "	24	282	
J. L. Stephens, Sept. 1, "	26	294	Golden Age,...	April 12, "	23	327	
Golden Age,...	Sept. 12, "	23	314	Golden Gate,...	April 29, "	23	357
Panama,	Oct. 2, "	26	257	J. L. Stephens, May 15, "	25	310	
Golden Gate,...	Oct. 16, "	26	234	Golden Age,...	May 29, "	24	318
Sonora,	Oct. 29, "	24	279	Golden Gate,...	June 15, "	26	316
J. L. Stephens, Nov. 14, "	25	323	Sonora,	June 30, "	25	319	
Golden Age,...	Nov. 29, "	24	291	J. L. Stephens, July 15, "	25	295	
Sonora,	Dec. 15, "	25	316	Golden Age,...	July 31, "	25	294
J. L. Stephens, Jan. 1, 1856	27	322	Sonora,	Aug. 14, "	25	295	
Oregon,	Jan. 12, "	*	37	J. L. Stephens, Aug. 30, "	25	295	
Golden Age,...	Jan. 15, "	26	289	Golden Age,...	Sept. 14, "	25	306
Sonora,	Jan. 30, "	25	274	Sonora,	Oct. 1, "	26	318
Golden Gate,...	Feb. 14, "	24	301	Panama,	Oct. 22, "	31	294
J. L. Stephens, March 1, "	25	295	J. L. Stephens, Nov. 2, "	26	290		
Golden Age,...	March 14, "	23	278	Golden Age,...	Nov. 17, "	28	315
Sonora,	March 28, "	23	322	Sonora,	Nov. 30, "	25	276
Oregon,	April 12, "	*	22	Golden Gate,...	Dec. 16, "	26	344

* Only from Panama.

Now, hoping that the reader has received very interesting correspondence from his friends, and digested the contents, let us see what is done with those large piles of bags that are as yet unopened. Some we see are marked "Sacramento Dis.," others "Stockton Dis.," others Marysville, Placerville, Nevada,

Sonora, or some other "Dis." in the interior; and are placed upon the mail wagons, conveyed to the steamboats plying nearest to those places, and sent away as speedily as it is possible for them to be. No unnecessary delay is allowed to detain them, nor are they in the general bustle, by any means lost sight of. One



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of our Union,
distribution, l

"drop basket
this they
up table,"
with the ad
then convey
the purpose
that the full
each letter is

arrival, and number of days out from
from August 31st, 1854, to December
matter brought to the San Francisco

OF STEAMER.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	TIME FROM N. Y.	NUMBER OF MAIL BAGS.
on Gate...	April 13, 1856	24	339
Stephens,	May 1, "	27	348
on Age...	May 22, "	31	329
ora,	June 1, "	26	298
on Gate...	June 15, "	25	354
Stephens,	July 1, "	26	336
on Age...	July 14, "	25	331
ora,	July 29, "	24	318
Stephens,	Aug. 14, "	24	313
on Age...	Aug. 28, "	23	337
ora,	Sept. 16, "	27	359
Stephens,	Sept. 29, "	24	309
on Age...	Oct. 14, "	24	299
ora,	Nov. 1, "	26	296
on Gate...	Nov. 14, "	24	277
on Age...	Dec. 1, "	26	321
ora,	Dec. 16, "	26	302
Stephens,	Dec. 30, "	25	290
on Gate...	Jan. 15, 1857	26	307
ora,	Jan. 30, "	25	286
Stephens,	Feb. 14, "	25	267
on Gate...	March 2, "	25	342
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Stephens,	Aug. 30, "	25	295
on Age...	Sept. 14, "	25	306
ora,	Oct. 1, "	26	318
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Stephens,	Nov. 2, "	26	290
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No unnecessary delay is allowed to
n them, nor are they in the general
e, by any means lost sight of. One



ALCOVE OF THE GENERAL DELIVERY.

would suppose that Argus, with his hundred eyes, would find opportunity fully to employ them all, were he post-master at such a time as this. Every part is worked by system which experience has so far perfected; and this is the secret why so much is accomplished in so short a time. Those who ever feel desirous of complaining of delay, might do well to remember how matters went some four or six years ago.

Supposing that the mail which has arrived is all distributed, we should like the reader's company to see how the letter and newspaper mails are made up for Eastern conveyance and distribution.

Of course we take it for granted that you have written your letter; and which, being prepaid *in stamps* if it is for any portion of our Union, and *in money* if for foreign distribution, has found its way into the "drop basket" within the office. From this they are first taken to the "facing up table," that they may all be "faced" with the address before you: they are then conveyed to the "sorting case," for the purpose of weighing and ascertaining that the full amount of postage due on each letter is paid: after this is satisfac-

torily settled, they are passed to the "stamping-block," that the office-stamp, with the date of mailing, may be imprinted upon them: they are then placed in the "distributing case," that they may receive proper distribution according to their address. The letters are now ready to be entered upon the "post-bill"—similar to the one received with the letter-mail on the arrival of the steamer at this port—which is done in this wise: say, for instance, the mail is now made up for "New York Distribution," which includes all letters addressed to the following places: New York State, Rhode Island, Connecticut, eastern and northern counties of New Jersey, northern counties of Pennsylvania and Ohio, Michigan, and Lower Canada. Letters thus addressed are laid upon the "mailing table," when all letters of the same rate of postage are placed together, and their number and rate of postage is entered on the "post-bill." After this is done, they are put up in convenient-sized packages (gener-



THE DROP BASKET.

ally about eighty letters in one package) and stamped "New York Dis." They are then put in a mail-bag labeled "N. Y. Dis.," and are then ready to be dis-

patched over their route of destination. The same process is adopted in the making up of all the mails to every portion of the Union; and all this is done with the view of securing dispatch, and avoiding unnecessary labor and consequent delay.

Register of Departure of the Mails for the Atlantic States, via Panama, &c.; names of the Steamers, date of sailing, and number of bags of mail matter:

NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.	NO. BAGS MAIL MATTER.	NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.	NO. BAGS MAIL MATTER.
John L. Stephens,	Sept. 1, 1854.	108	John L. Stephens,	May 21, 1856.	129
Panama,	Sept. 16, "	89	Golden Age,.....	June 5, "	149
Sonora,.....	Sept. 30, "	101	Sonora,.....	June 20, "	150
Golden Gate,.....	Oct. 16, "	116	John L. Stephens,	July 5, "	142
John L. Stephens,	Nov. 1, "	100	Golden Age,.....	July 21, "	147
Golden Age,.....	Nov. 16, "	114	Sonora,.....	Aug. 5, "	121
Sonora,.....	Dec. 1, "	91	John L. Stephens,	Aug. 20, "	141
John L. Stephens,	Dec. 16, "	93	Golden Age,.....	Sept. 5, "	140
Golden Age,.....	Jan. 1, 1855.	107	Sonora,.....	Sept. 20, "	114
Sonora,.....	Jan. 16, "	98	Golden Gate,.....	Oct. 6, "	129
John L. Stephens,	Feb. 1, "	108	Golden Age,.....	Oct. 20, "	113
Golden Age,.....	Feb. 16, "	99	Sonora,.....	Nov. 5, "	115
Golden Gate,.....	March 1, "	102	John L. Stephens,	Nov. 20, "	122
Sonora,.....	March 16, "	85	Golden Gate,.....	Dec. 5, "	99
John L. Stephens,	March 31, "	95	Sonora,.....	Dec. 20, "	112
Golden Age,.....	April 17, "	103	John L. Stephens,	Jan. 5, 1857.	120
Golden Gate,.....	May 1, "	89	Golden Gate,.....	Jan. 20, "	96
Sonora,.....	May 16, "	80	Sonora,.....	Feb. 5, "	121
John L. Stephens,	June 1, "	100	John L. Stephens,	Feb. 20, "	119
Golden Gate,.....	June 16, "	102	Golden Age,.....	March 5, "	103
Sonora,.....	June 30, "	92	Golden Gate,.....	March 20, "	119
John L. Stephens,	July 16, "	97	Golden Gate,.....	March 23, "	6
Golden Age,.....	Aug. 1, "	95	John L. Stephens,	April 6, "	115
Golden Gate,.....	Aug. 18, "	94	Golden Age,.....	April 20, "	102
Oregon,.....	Sept. 5, "	93	Golden Gate,.....	May 5, "	122
Sonora,.....	Sept. 20, "	96	John L. Stephens,	June 1, "	116
John L. Stephens,	Oct. 5, "	82	Sonora,.....	May 20, "	104
Golden Age,.....	Oct. 20, "	95	Golden Age,.....	June 20, "	96
Sonora,.....	Nov. 5, "	93	Sonora,.....	July 4, "	109
John L. Stephens,	Nov. 20, "	96	John L. Stephens,	July 20, "	108
Golden Age,.....	Dec. 5, "	101	Golden Age,.....	Aug. 5, "	121
Sonora,.....	Dec. 20, "	113	Sonora,.....	Aug. 20, "	102
Golden Gate,.....	Jan. 5, 1856.	89	California,.....	Sept. 5, "	112
John L. Stephens,	Jan. 21, "	125	John L. Stephens,	Sept. 21, "	109
Golden Age,.....	Feb. 5, "	101	Golden Gate,.....	Oct. 5, "	91
Sonora,.....	Feb. 20, "	106	Golden Age,.....	Oct. 11, "	23
Golden Gate,.....	March 5, "	95	Sonora,.....	Oct. 20, "	96
John L. Stephens,	March 20, "	107	Golden Gate,.....	Nov. 5, "	125
Golden Age,.....	April 5, "	126	John L. Stephens,	Nov. 20, "	110
Sonora,.....	April 21, "	116	Golden Age,.....	Dec. 5, "	110
Golden Gate,.....	May 5, "	92	Golden Gate,.....	Dec. 21, "	94

RATES OF FOREIGN POSTAGE ON LETTERS.
(PER 1/4 OUNCE.)

SOUTH PACIFIC.—Ecuador, Bolivia, and Chili, 34 cents; Peru, 22; Panama, 20 cents; and Mexico, 10 cents. Spain, 78

cents; West Indies (not British), Cuba excepted, 44 cents; Cuba, 20 cents; West Indies (British), 20 cents. Payment required for all the above.

Great Britain, 29 cents; Canada and Provinces, 15 cents; France, 15 cents per



"RATING" TABLE
quarter oz.; German
sia, 37 cents; Norwa
den, 42 cents; Italy,
land, 35 cents; Holla



the Union; and all this is done with the view of securing dispatch, and avoiding unnecessary labor and consequent delay.

Atlantic States, via Panama, &c.; names and number of bags of mail matter:

NAME OF STEAMER.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.	NO. BAGS OF MAIL MATTER.
John L. Stephens,	May 21, 1856.	129
Golden Age,.....	June 5, " "	149
Sonora,.....	June 20, " "	150
John L. Stephens,	July 5, " "	142
Golden Age,.....	July 21, " "	147
Sonora,.....	Aug. 5, " "	121
John L. Stephens,	Aug. 20, " "	141
Golden Age,.....	Sept. 5, " "	140
Sonora,.....	Sept. 20, " "	114
Golden Gate,.....	Oct. 6, " "	129
Golden Age,.....	Oct. 20, " "	113
Sonora,.....	Nov. 5, " "	115
John L. Stephens,	Nov. 20, " "	122
Golden Gate,.....	Dec. 5, " "	99
Sonora,.....	Dec. 20, " "	112
John L. Stephens,	Jan. 5, 1857.	120
Golden Gate,.....	Jan. 20, " "	96
Sonora,.....	Feb. 5, " "	121
John L. Stephens,	Feb. 20, " "	119
Golden Age,.....	March 5, " "	103
Golden Gate,.....	March 20, " "	119
Golden Gate,.....	March 23, " "	6
John L. Stephens,	April 6, " "	115
Golden Age,.....	April 20, " "	102
Golden Gate,.....	May 5, " "	122
John L. Stephens,	June 1, " "	116
Sonora,.....	May 20, " "	104
Golden Age,.....	June 20, " "	96
Sonora,.....	July 4, " "	109
John L. Stephens,	July 20, " "	108
Golden Age,.....	Aug. 5, " "	121
Sonora,.....	Aug. 20, " "	102
California,.....	Sept. 5, " "	112
John L. Stephens,	Sept. 21, " "	109
Golden Gate,.....	Oct. 5, " "	91
Golden Age,.....	Oct. 11, " "	23
Sonora,.....	Oct. 20, " "	96
Golden Gate,.....	Nov. 5, " "	125
John L. Stephens,	Nov. 20, " "	110
Golden Age,.....	Dec. 5, " "	110
Golden Gate,.....	Dec. 21, " "	94

West Indies (not British), Cuba excepted, 44 cents; Cuba, 20 cents; West Indies (British), 20 cents. Payment required for all the above.

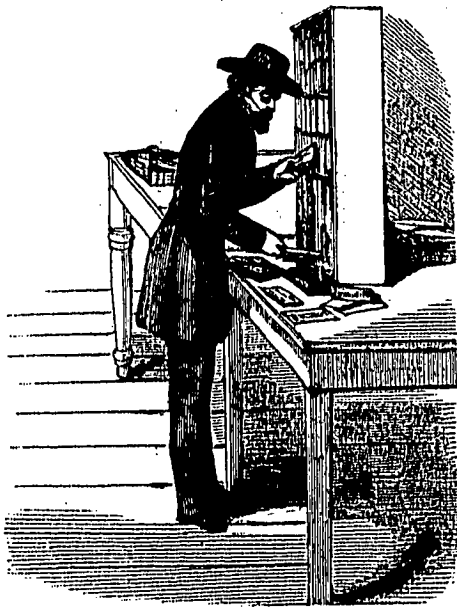
Great Britain, 20 cents; Canada and provinces, 15 cents; France, 15 cents per

trian 30 cents; and Prussia, 30 cents. For the above, prepayment is optional.

All ship letters, prepaid, are one cent.

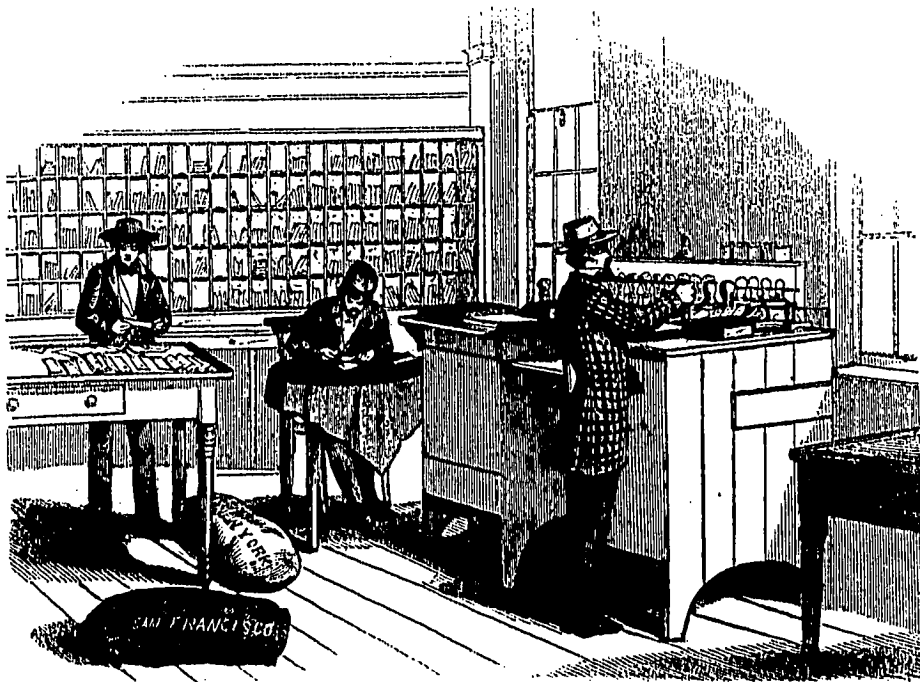
The number of stamps and envelopes sold monthly at the San Francisco Post Office will about average—of one cent stamps, 45,000; three cents, 27,000; ten cents, 32,000; twelve cents, 500. Of stamped envelopes, three cents, 120,000, (of which Wells, Fargo & Co. use nearly 100,000 per month); six cents, 500; ten cents, 12,000. This statement, it should be remembered, is principally for the city of San Francisco alone; inasmuch as the principal interior offices obtain their supplies of stamps and envelopes direct from the General Post Office, Washington.

The U. S. postage on letters for each half ounce is, if under three thousand miles, three cents; over three thousand miles, ten cents. For newspapers the postage is one cent to any part of the U. S. Magazines not exceeding one and a half ounces one half cent; not exceeding



"RATING" THE LETTERS.

quarter oz.; Germany, 30 cents; Russia, 37 cents; Norway, 46 cents; Sweden, 42 cents; Italy, 33 cents; Switzerland, 35 cents; Holland, 26 cents; Aus-



"STAMPING" THE LETTERS.



MAKING UP OF THE MAILS.

three ounces, one cent; over three ounces, one and a half cent.

On newspapers sent to foreign places, the following are the rates of postage: To the West Indies, 6 cents; South Pacific Coast, 6; German States, Denmark, Holland, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, and Italy, 6 cents; Great Britain and France, 2 cents; British North American Provinces, 1 cent.

SCHEDULE OF MAIL DEPARTURES FROM SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE.—Atlantic States, via Panama, 5th and 20th of every month.

San Diego and Salt Lake, 3d and 18th of every month.

Oregon and Washington Territories, taking mails also for the Northern Coast, 1st and 21st of every month.

San Jose, 8 A. M. every day.

Northern Mail via Sacramento, 4 P. M. every day, Sundays excepted.

Southern and Eastern Mail via Stockton, 4 P. M. every day, Sundays excepted.

Mails are kept open until ten minutes before the hour of departure, except for the Atlantic, in which case thirty minutes before the time of departure is required for closing the mails; though it would be

better for the convenience of the Post Office, as well as for the safety of the correspondence, if letters were mailed during the night previous.

Ship Mails are despatched by every opportunity for the Sandwich Islands, Society Islands, Australia, and China. Postage on letters to all parts of the Pacific, by ship, to be prepaid.

DEAD LETTERS.—Letters technically termed "dead," are such as have been advertised, and have remained on hand three months; including letters refused; letters for foreign countries which can not be forwarded without pre-payment of postage; letters not addressed, or so badly directed that their destinations can not be ascertained; and letters addressed to places which are not Post Offices. All the dead letters are returned to San Francisco at the middle or end of each Post Office quarter, which is on the last day of March, June, September, and December. Refused and dropped letters are not advertised. Every dead letter, before its return to San Francisco, is stamped or postmarked on the sealed side, with the name of the office and the date of its return.

Here the letters as contain articles in a book made for the

Statement from the

BY W/M	WHIT'S	NO.	TO W/M	ADDED	
—	1	—	—	—	Raffle
—	2	—	—	—	Daguer
—	3	—	—	—	st ex. of
—	4	—	—	—	cancell
—	5	—	—	—	27; th
—	6	—	—	—	power o
—	7	—	—	—	satisfact
—	8	—	—	—	America
—	9	—	—	—	Onguern
—	10	—	—	—	st and
—	11	—	—	—	A note
—	12	—	—	—	st of o
—	13	—	—	—	Deed to
—	14	—	—	—	Marria
—	15	—	—	—	bank
—	16	—	—	—	Chi
—	17	—	—	—	Bank
—	18	—	—	—	16 thro
—	19	—	—	—	gold
—	20	—	—	—	Will,
—	21	—	—	—	1 Pock
—	—	—	—	—	pair
—	—	—	—	—	Bill on
—	—	—	—	—	Gold S
—	—	—	—	—	1 pair

Efforts are not valuable dead letters addressed, or to the successful, they are ton, there to be subject to the o where, also, an kept, for the pu name of each ar for the letter.

Letters from possess of turned monthly ive General ment There be bu in the dated ton, the other i Refuse lette ters from prei



Here the letters are opened, and such as contain articles of value are registered in a book made for that purpose, as shown in the following page, which we have transcribed—of course omitting the names of the parties writing and written to:—

A PAGE FROM THE DEAD LETTER REGISTRATION BOOK.

Statement from the San Francisco Dead Letter Office, showing the valuable Dead Letters.

BY WHOM WRITTEN	No.	TO WHOM ADDRESSED	CONTENTS.	WHERE SENT.	WHEN SENT.	REMARKS.
—	1	—	4 Raffle Tickets,.....	San Diego, Cal.,	Mar. 29, '55	Rec't Apr. 1
—	2	—	1 Daguerreotype,.....	Metamora, Ind.,	Mar. 31, '55	Returned to Dead Letter Office at Washington.
—	3	—	1st ex. on Adams & Co. for \$50,	Milton, Mass.,	June 1, '55	
—	4	—	2 cancelled notes, one for \$27 00			
—	5	—	27, the other for \$27 59 20,....	New York, N.Y.	"	
—	6	—	Power of Attorney,.....	Brattleboro', Vt.	"	
—	7	—	Satisfaction of Mortgage,.....	Buffalo, N. Y.	"	
—	8	—	American Gold Dollar,.....	Campo Seco, Cal.	May 26, '55	Ret'd J'e 27
—	9	—	Daguerreotype,.....	Geneva, —	June 1, '55	
—	10	—	1st and 2d of exch'ge, for \$330,	Honolulu, S. I.,	May 29, '55	Rec't J'e 26
—	11	—	A note for \$140,.....	Sacramento, Cal.	June 8, '55	Rec't June 9
—	12	—	1st of exchange for \$50,.....	S. Francisco, "	Nov. 7, '55	Rec't Dec. 25
—	13	—	Deed to Land,.....	Georgetown, "	Jan. 22, '56	Rec't Jan. 25
—	14	—	Marriage Certificate,.....	S. Francisco, "	Feb. 8, '56	Rec't Feb. 9
—	15	—	1 bank bill on State Bank of Ohio, value \$3; 1 on State Bank of Indiana, value \$2,	Cincinnati, O.,	Oct. 5, '56	
—	16	—	46 three-cent Postage Stamps,...	S. Francisco, Cal.	Nov. 7, '56	Rec't Nov. 8
—	17	—	1 gold Breast-pin,.....	Lewiston, Me.	Nov. 5, '56	
—	18	—	1 Will,.....	Nevada, Cal.,	June 2, '57	Rec't June 6
—	19	—	2 Pocket Handkerchiefs and two pairs of Woolen Socks,.....	Wash'gton, D.C.	June 30, '57	
—	20	—	Bill on Bank of England for £5,	New York, N.Y.	"	
—	21	—	Gold Specimens,	Bidwell's Bar,	July 20, '57	Rec't July 27
—	22	—	1 pair of gold Ear-rings,.....	Salem, O. T.,	July 30, '57	Rec't Aug. 7

THE MAILS.

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Efforts are again made to deliver these valuable dead letters to the parties addressed, or to the writer; and if unsuccessful, they are forwarded to Washington, there to be filed away and preserved, subject to the order of the owner; and where, also, an "Application Book" is kept, for the purpose of registering the name of each and every person applying for the letter.

Letters from Europe and the British possessions of North America are returned monthly, unopened, to the respective Governments, according to treaty.

There are but two "dead letter offices" in the United States—one at Washington, the other in San Francisco.

Refused letters; dropped letters; letters from foreign countries, including the

British possessions in North America; letters for foreign countries which cannot be forwarded; and letters not directed, or addressed to places unknown, are returned to San Francisco semi-quarterly—that is to say, at the middle and end of each post office quarter.

When a letter is refused, the word "refused" is written or stamped upon it; and if the seal of a letter be broken by accident, or by being delivered to the wrong person, the facts are noted upon it.

The following table will give the number of dead letters received at the San Francisco Dead Letter Office, quarterly; also, the number of valuable letters found amongst them, and preserved, since Mr. C. L. Weller received the appointment of Post Master:—

QUARTER ENDING	WHAT STATE.	NUMBER OF LETTERS.		VAL'BLE LETTERS
Mar. 31, 1855.	From California,.....	41,466		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	1,382		
	Express Letters,.....	6,000		
			48,828	53
June 30, 1855.	“ California,.....	44,229		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	1,830		
			46,059	207
Sept. 30, 1855.	“ California,.....	34,620		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	1,285		
			35,905	136
Dec. 31, 1855.	“ California,.....	31,903		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	1,095		
			32,998	134
Mar. 31, 1856.	“ California,.....	27,561		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	841		
			28,402	133
June 30, 1856.	“ California,.....	21,887		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	621		
			22,508	88
Sept. 30, 1856.	“ California,.....	22,044		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	703		
			23,747	76
Dec. 31, 1856.	“ California,.....	23,158		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	506		
			23,664	80
Mar. 31, 1857.	“ California,.....	21,150		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	507		
			21,657	94
June 30, 1857.	“ California,.....	22,474		
	“ Oregon and Washington Territories,....	755		
			23,229	94
	Total,.....		306,997	1,104

NOTE.—Of the valuable letters preserved, four hundred and twenty have been delivered by the San Francisco Post Master, and the residue sent to Washington City Dead Letter Office.

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

It is not that we present our readers with an engraving of a railroad train, about to start for the Mississippi River, as an advertisement that such an event will transpire on the first day of January, 1858; but it is to call your attention to the fact that such ought to be the case, and that, though prospective, the time is rapidly approaching when our illustration will be remembered as a prophetic truth.

National events are about transpiring, possessing an interest no less than that which pertains to the fealty of a portion of our people to the government, that

will be likely to hasten to some extent the consummation of the great work, long since so imperatively demanded.

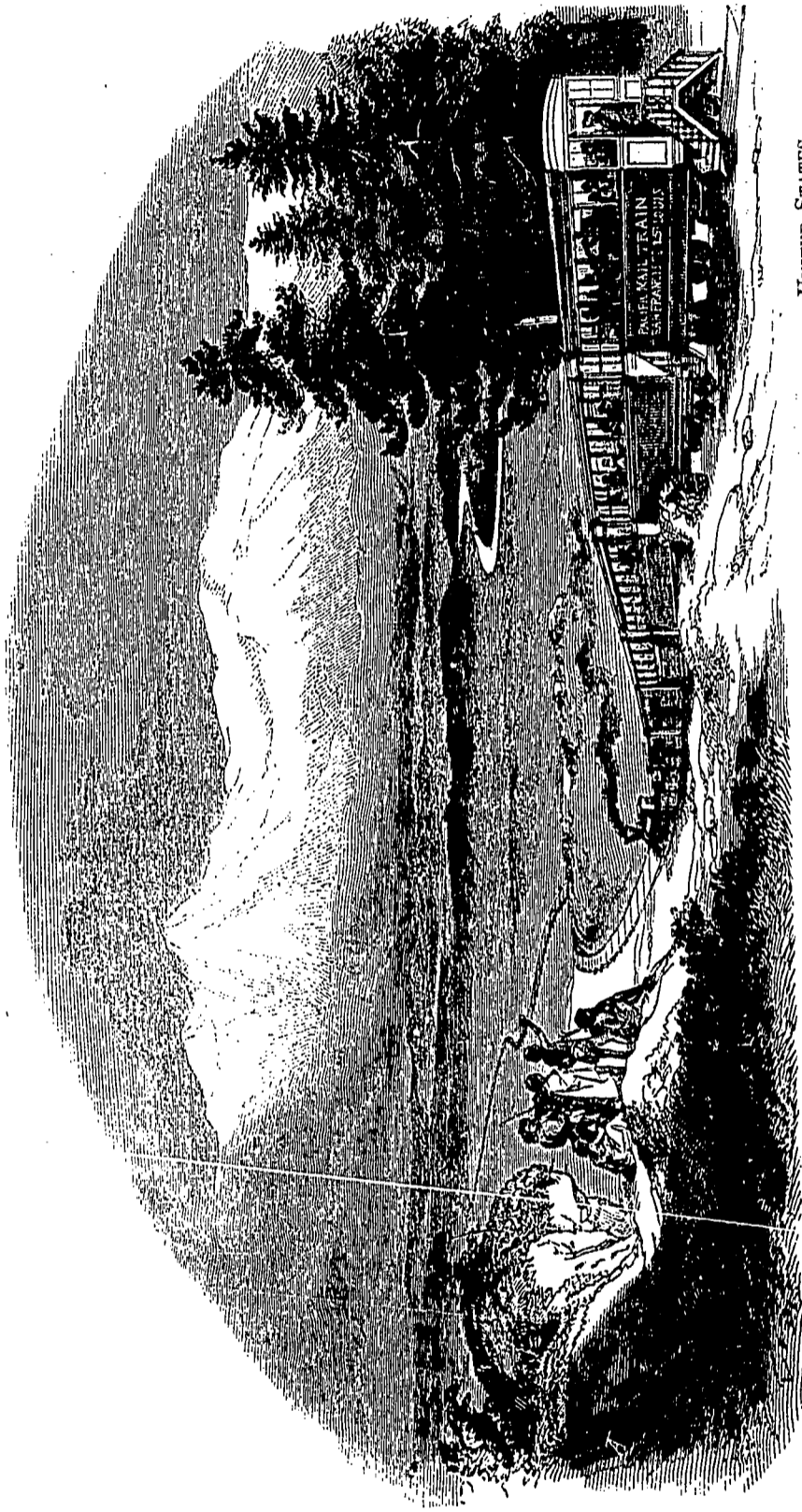
The accelerated strides that civilization is making over our great central domain, with the rapidly increasing commercial necessities consequent thereon, will ere long create a necessity for the road that must be provided for. But to wait for the full peopling and improvement of every portion of the route over which the road must eventually pass, before it can be commenced, in order to make the necessity for it continuous, would be to wait for the world's dissolution.

The deserts of Asia and of Africa in the times of the ancient patriarchs, are

	NUMBER OF LETTERS.		VALUE OF LETTERS
.....	41,466		
.....	1,382		
.....	6,000		
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.....	44,220		
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.....	34,620		
.....	1,285		
		35,905	136
.....	31,903		
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		32,998	134
.....	27,561		
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.....	21,887		
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		22,508	88
.....	22,044		
.....	703		
		23,747	76
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.....	22,474		
.....	755		
		23,329	94
.....	306,997		1,104

hundred and twenty have been delivered by the Washington City Dead Letter Office.

will be likely to hasten to some extent the consummation of the great work, long since so imperatively demanded. The accelerated strides that civilization is making over our great central domain, and the rapidly increasing commercial necessities consequent thereon, will create a necessity for the road that must be provided for. But to wait for the full peopling and improvement of every portion of the route over which the road must eventually pass, before it can be commenced, in order to make the necessity for it continuous, would be to wait for the world's dissolution. The deserts of Asia and of Africa in the times of the ancient patriarchs, are



THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, THE IMMEDIATE WANT OF THE AGE, AND OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

the deserts of those countries still; and they are rather encroaching upon the fertile and inhabited portions, than receding from them. We should not wait, therefore, for the sterile portions that lie between the east and the west of our continent to be peopled and made fertile, before the connecting iron track is laid. But we should use those portions, as the swamps and marshes of the Eastern States are used, for *railroads to pass over*.

It is true, the construction of such a road as the real want of the nation demands, would be a mighty enterprise; but the results that would flow from it would be mightier still; for had we but now a railroad from either side of the continent to Salt Lake City and Valley, not so much as the first breath of rebellion would have been whispered by a people who now, in consequence of their very isolation, are actually defying the whole powers of the government; with a fair prospect of being the cause of a governmental expenditure—before tranquility will be fully restored between the contending parties, or the rebellion crushed out—perhaps fully equal to the actual cost of building a railroad from California to Salt Lake City, or from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City or Valley.

We deem it a short-sighted policy on the part of recent past administrations, that some mode of rapid communication with the very centre of our continent, or country's domain, has not long since been projected, and by this time half if not wholly consummated—even without California's exposed position, or of her social and commercial wants being taken into consideration.

The consequences of our past morbid policy are now before the world—a rebellion in the most central, and yet most inaccessible portion of our country. But for this very remissness on the part of the government, in neglecting to lend its aid in the construction of such railroad, we should not have been the witnesses of the rebellion of a portion of our people; who, in consequence of this very neglect,

have become powerful from their isolation. If no other argument can be advanced in support of the position that government ought to build the road, this alone would be sufficient.

Private enterprise puts forth its energies in advancing its own interests; and government could not do better than to adopt a like policy. Private enterprise *could* build the road, but whether it would prove to individuals a paying investment, in dollars and cents, is quite another thing. Government, in acting for the interests of the nation, in the construction of harbors, and breakwaters, and light-houses, does not, or should not, ask whether this or that project will be likely to prove a paying investment; it should be a sufficient argument, that the wants of the nation demand the expenditure.

In the neglect of government to construct harbors or light-houses, millions of dollars may be lost to individuals, and no recourse had upon the government; it loses nothing. But when it neglects to provide a mode of intercommunication adapted to the wants of the country, millions of dollars must be lost to the treasury of the nation, in quelling a rebellion that never would have occurred, but for the neglect and short-sighted policy of our rulers, in not providing for the construction of this—as it ought to be—great national thorough-fare.

It is unquestionably an enterprise legitimately belonging to the government, and ought to have an immediate beginning. The Central Railroad of Illinois is seven hundred and thirty-one miles in length, and cost fifteen millions of dollars; it is more than one-third the length of a railroad that would connect California with the State of Missouri; and whether built by private capital or not, or whether the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad would cost three times fifteen millions, or one hundred millions, the government is able to build it.

The growing enterprise and commercial interests of the world demand it; the grandeur that attaches to a government

HAPPY NEW

expanding in every part and do
and yet with an overflowing
demands it; and calls upon the
ment to make a mark upon its
pages, by some grand physical
ment, that shall be in keeping
worthy of the genius and able
people.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

BY W. H. D.

Let the joyous smiles peep
On our faces to-day,
While we banish all sorrow
And with kindly words
All the friends that we love
And wish them a Happy New

The Past like a dream,
Has gone by on Time's
With all that could grieve
But to-day let the hour
Like sunshine on flowers
Bring joy to the Happy New

To our friends we'll be true
Be they many or few,
And faithful to loved ones
And if we can rest
On some fond bosom
We'll rejoice in the Happy

Let kindness and love
In all homes, like a dew
Bring the bliss that all hearts
And like sunshine and
Which forever remain
Crown with blessings the

QUARTZ CLAIM

Sic iter ad—oro.
I am not certain that the
is entirely objectionable
have an opinion that, like our
it partakes of the medley of
sentence which in its sig
will bear the Anglicized
using a little freedom, "Th
is via quartz." Via! well

have become powerful from their isolation. If no other argument can be advanced in support of the position that government ought to build the road, this alone would be sufficient.

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The growing enterprise and commercial interests of the world demand it; the demand that attaches to a government

expanding in every part and department, and yet with an overflowing treasury, demands it; and calls upon that government to make a mark upon its history's pages, by some grand physical achievement, that shall be in keeping with and worthy of the genius and ability of its people.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY W. H. D.

Let the joyous smiles play
On our faces to-day,
While we banish all sorrow and fear,
And with kindly words greet
All the friends that we meet,
And wish them a Happy New Year.

The Past like a dream,
Has gone by on Time's stream,
With all that could grieve us or cheer;
But to-day let the hours,
Like sunshine on flowers,
Bring joy to the Happy New Year.

To our friends we'll be true,
Be they many or few,
And faithful to loved ones more dear;
And if we can rest
On some fond bosom blest,
We'll rejoice in the Happy New Year.

Let kindness and love
In all homes, like a dove, [revere,
Bring the bliss that all hearts should
And like sunshine and rain,
Which forever remain, [Year!
Crown with blessings the Happy New

QUARTZ CLAIMING.

"Sic iter ad—oro."

I am not certain that the above phrase is entirely unobjectionable; indeed, I have an idea that, like our own English, it partakes of the madley of Babel. The sentence is rich in its signification, and will bear being Anglicized; which is, using a little freedom, "The route to gold is via quartz." Via! well, I won't trans-

late again. A little Latin is often considered effective; as, for instance, when Gen. Jackson, towards the close of a speech, electrified his audience by exclaiming, "Multum in parvo!" "E pluribus unum!" and using a few other common phrases from the dead tongue. Nor do I think the Latin can with propriety be called a dead language, when so much of it lives in the words of modern nations. Strip the Spanish of its Latin and Latin roots, and how much would be left? And the same question may be asked of the English, where the residuum would be Greek, Saxon, French, Spanish, German, and I had almost said ("hear me for my cause"), Hottentot; though by this I mean nothing disrespectful to our mother tongue. Language, like society, is progressive; and our own has been improved and rendered efficient, notwithstanding the variety of its ingredients.

The gold mining of California has been transferred in a great measure from the ravines to the hills, where the gold lies deeply imbedded; and its further and ultimate destination seems to be to the quartz veins which abound in the gold regions. Recent efforts in this direction are unearthing some very rich deposits; and, as in 1852, an excitement is rife, which seems destined to more permanence. Now, as then, innumerable quartz veins are claimed and prospected, and many a castle has been erected in the air, when it has been impossible to erect its counterpart upon the ground. By the laws of this county, the discoverer may claim two hundred feet in length of the vein; and other persons, forming a company, one hundred feet each; but, by a species of *shenanagin*, the finder and a friend or two set up a claim for as many hundred or even thousand feet as their greediness demands.

One sees in the notices of claimants, which are being multiplied, some interesting specimens of literature sometimes. Strolling out a few days since, my eye caught a notice on a tree near by; and

curiosity led me to examine it. It read thus:—

"Notice is hereby given, that we the undersign Claim on this quartz lead ten claims of one hundred feet in length or square as the Case may be, with the dips and Angles thereto."

This was written in a stiff hand, upon the upper part of a half sheet of post paper. The large space left below had moved some one to "caricature" it, and so we found underneath the following:—

"Notice is hereby given that the undersigned claim by location, on this quartz lead four miles square running North 2 miles, South 2 miles, East 2 miles, and West 2 miles from this tree; or at Right angles or tryangles as the case may be: and we warn all men from locating or trespassing on said 4 miles of ground; for if we catch a man stopping or even wishing to stop, locate, or Buy, we the undersigned will consider it an insult to her Britannic Majesty."

The extent of the real claim indicated the desire of H. & Co., and the expression, "or one thousand feet square, as the case may be," their utter ignorance of the position of quartz lodes; though it has the merit of being on the safe side. Another notice, found in a ravine, concludes with—

"We also give notice that we claim the above described extend of this quartz lead, with all its diphths, angels and variations."

All its diphths and angels! Rather a singular claim, but possibly an extensive one. A reader of this notice, possessing a poetic turn of mind, might suppose this to be a claim upon the nymphs, and that Naiads and Dryads who may hold their festivities in this mountain ravine were among the objects coveted. But stern truth makes sad work with such mythology, and reduces the angels to a misspelling of the word angles.

While many have been successful in the quartz enterprise, more have failed to realize their desires. Not a half mile from the place where I am writing, a company sunk a shaft and took out ten tons, the yield from which was just six

dollars; but the cost of getting out the same, with cartage and crushing at the mill, exceeded one hundred dollars, leaving a large minus quantity. This dampened the ardor of the company amazingly; and the consequence was, the abandonment of two thousand feet, with any number of "dips and angles," and castles in the air. One of them, however, was not so easily driven off. He by some means prevailed upon a couple of gentlemen to perform the muscular work while he supplied the head-work and a modicum of the muscular; and then sunk another shaft deeper than before. Arriving at the lode, some of the quartz was panned out, when the young man distinctly avowed that he saw a color, though he soon lost it. This induced the gentlemen to proceed in the enterprise.

A few days after, the young man passing near me, said: "If you know of any body that wants to buy a quartz lead, send him to me. We've struck it."

"Ah!" said I, rather calmly, under the circumstances.

"Yes; if everybody was like me, this country would be worth more than it is now. I have been at work on the lead more than two weeks, and haven't made a cent." I thought of his landlord, with some commiseration. He added: "I have a piece with me. Come and see it."

"Bring it here, sir."

Coming up, he said: "There, sir; there's gold;" at the same time handing me a piece of quartz and a lens, first taking the precaution to look at it once more himself. I looked rather hastily, ventured a remark which might be regarded as slightly unfavorable, though I am aware that any thing savoring of advice, under such circumstances, is of doubtful utility. His quartz yielded but a trifle more than before, so there has been a final abandonment of the enterprise; and the country is not much the better for it, after all. Other veins are paying largely; and we still venture to say: *Steter ad—oro*

N. K.

Nevada, Dec. 21, 1857.

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TEHUANTEPEC.

NO. I.—THE PIONEER VOYAGE.

I promised to write you, on my arrival at this place, and tell you something about our trip, and about this part of the world. I am happy that I am now able, and have the opportunity; though there is so much here to divert and interest me, the scene so novel, and the disastrous termination of our pleasant voyage so annoying, still haunting me, I am fearful that I am not able to collect my thoughts sufficiently to give you a fluent and interesting description of

OUR TRIP TO TEHUANTEPEC.

On Monday, March 16th, 1857, we found ourselves embarked on the schooner *Mary Taylor*, in company with eleven other passengers, bound for the port of Ventosa (air-hole). As we parted from the foot of Long Wharf, loud cheers went up, encouraging the first vessel bound for the above-mentioned port, from those who came to see us off.

With a sense of the enterprise at heart, our spirits were buoyant with hope and pride that we were the pioneers to this strange land: but we did not get out to sea that evening, for, on arriving opposite North Beach, we again dropped anchor, where we remained until the 19th March, much to our displeasure. This detention was caused by some negligence of the captain.

On the 19th we again set sail. The morning being fine, and the wind favorable, we soon cleared the Heads, and were running along handsomely far out to sea. Towards evening the shores of California had gradually faded from view, and nothing broke the monotony of the vast expanse of waters, save a few *Pelagula Colimbos*, and the graceful sailing, dusky albatros. As night closed around us, I retired below to think about the future, ponder on the past, and attend to my dear wife, who was very sea-sick. From this time forward we continued sailing beautifully before a fair wind and smooth

sea. Each one had recovered from sea-sickness, and all felt as though on a pleasure excursion. Nothing of interest occurred, worthy of remark, until the 29th, when we sighted Socoro Island, immediately in our course, and up to which we were making with a fair breeze. I had prevailed on the captain to permit some of us to go ashore, to see what might be discovered; to capture turtles, and procure some game, if any could be found. As we neared its bold and rugged cliffs, upon which the sea foamed and dashed with violence, we could distinctly discern the truly barren aspect of the island. No signs of animal existence could be seen. A few scrubby-looking bushes were scattered here and there, and its general appearance was inhospitable. Nature seems to have destined this lonely isle for the home and resting-place of the far wandering sea birds, numbers of which we saw resting upon its craggy rocks, and flying about its vicinity. A large school of porpoises came bounding and darting beside us, followed by a large troop of sea-fowls catching up the small fry disturbed by them. Several large old hump-backed whales were besporting themselves quite near the shore: the whole scene was exciting and novel. After sailing round a portion of the island, and finding no safe landing, we again stood out to sea, with a light breeze. The latitude of this island (according to the captain's chart) is 19°, longitude 111, altitude 200 feet, and is nearly opposite the Gulf of California.

On the 30th we found ourselves all well and in good spirits, wafted along by a gentle and balmy breeze over a lake-like sea. Several tropical sea-fowls came around us, many of which were strange to me. I shot one, which proved to be a frigate pelican. A porpoise was harpooned last night, and a *Bonito* was caught this morning with a hook, giving us a good fresh-fish breakfast. We were now truly in the tropics, and all felt and enjoyed the change. I never experienced such delightful nights; the moon

shining brightly, the sea so smooth, the air just sufficient to move our little schooner along at a fair sailing rate, making it perfectly delightful. We had not the inclination to go to bed, so pleasant were those nights. On the 1st day of April we saw the British bark, "Early Bird," from La Paz, bound for Panama. We passed quite near, and spoke her. The captain, a red-faced, fat-looking Englishman, answered our questions very politely; but we were provoked at his not asking us a single question. (Therefore, we had to tell him our vessel's name, where from, and a number of other (to us) interesting facts, without being interrogated. Perhaps, he was afraid of being April-fooled.)

On the 4th of April, in lat. 15.50, lon. 100.55, we passed over streaks of red water, about the color of brick-dust, and eighty or 100 yards wide, extending from north-east to south-west, which were perceptible a great distance off. There were no discernible particles in the colored water, and neither the captain or any of the crew had ever witnessed a similar appearance of the sea. We will leave this phenomena to be explained by Lieut. Maury; and will enjoy the sweet morning breeze, as it wafts us on to the happy land of our destination.

Sunday, 5th.—Land in sight this morning, a little north of Acapulco. About noon we passed abreast the harbor. The land was scarcely discernible through the hazy atmosphere. Three beautiful tropic-birds visited us to-day. This being Sunday, instead of a sermon, we had a good lecture delivered by one of the passengers, (a young man from Missouri, a Mr. S—ls,) upon the pleasures of traveling, dwelling largely upon the *comfort of sea-traveling in particular*; and the great ocean in general. This was his first sea-voyage.

This lecture, very well prepared, was received with approbation and close attention, serving to while away the hours—and thus we passed the time, merrily singing, reading, josting, telling stories,

eating, sleeping, and speculating upon what we would do when we arrived at our new homes.

On the 8th, we were in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. Unexpectedly, the gull was smooth, the wind fair, and we sailed along in fine style. On the morning of the 9th we discovered land ahead, in which the captain said lay our port. As we neared the land, high and rugged old mountains began to rise up before us like spectres through the hazy atmosphere, lifting their stern old heads far above the clouds—in comparison to which our Californian mountains, to appearance, are mere pigmies. Our pulses beat high with anxiety and expectation, as we neared the dark and frowning shores of Southern Mexico. My pen can not describe to you the terrible grandeur that Nature here presented to our view. You who are so fond and such an admirer of her works, can well sympathize with me; and can perhaps even feel as I did when I gazed with awe upon those stupendous works of God. Though you have seen wild places in California, they are but play-house scenery, compared to these mountains—assuming every variety of form, with a dense chapparel from their tops to the sea-beach. No indication of a port could we find here, and as it afterwards proved, the captain had made a mistake of a hundred miles in his reckoning! Consequently, with a fair breeze we sailed along by the coast in search of Ventosa. This sailing was very pleasant, giving us a good opportunity of seeing the mountain scenery, which I never tired of looking at, through my glass. Running close to shore, we scrutinized every little indentation or bay, in hopes of finding the desired spot.

At length, on the second day's coasting, we discovered a small indentation, with a fine beach, upon which the surf was but lightly breaking. Our captain determined this to be the place, but we all felt otherwise, as appearances did not indicate a possibility of a pass through such high mountains as stretched along

the coast which the captain's boat had ascertained in the valley. The morning before had our way and course occasionally proved to be thus we breeze, c
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the coast in an unbroken chain, and which here presented themselves; but the captain was positive, and had the little boat launched in order to send ashore and ascertain: but when the boat was put in the water, it leaked so badly that nothing could be done with it: it was therefore hauled up again, and we went on our way, peeping into all the little nooks and corners for Ventosa,—the captain occasionally discerning large cities, which proved to be only rocks and hills,—and thus we sailed along with a pleasant breeze, enjoying the scene.

In proportion as we draw near to an object we have long had in view, its interest seems to augment. Those uninhabited shores along which we were sailing, covered with forests, without memorials of time past, the beautiful beach extending for many miles, rendered doubly interesting, as it could not be far from our future home,—gave us a longing to be among them. The novelty of the sea-voyage had worn off. The confinement upon our vessel was irksome, and the sweet breath of the forest increased our anxiety to arrive at our destination.

When night came on, our little schooner lay to, within hearing of the breakers, in order that we might the more clearly inspect the shore in quest of our bay in the day-time. As day dawned we renewed our search for Ventosa Bay, sailing along the land as on the day previous. Towards evening we discovered quite a large indentation, into which we sailed; but discovering no indications of its being Ventosa, we tacked ship and sailed out again. This little bay contained a beautiful little valley with a fine beach, and coconut groves, among which we saw cattle standing, but no signs of habitation, and completely walled in by a dark range of mountains.

After proceeding along the coast a few miles farther, we discovered another beautiful bay, whose open portals guarded on either side by two sugar-loaf shaped rocks, and its smooth appearance, seemed to say, "Come in." We accepted the

invitation, glided over its quiet waters, and anchored within one hundred yards of the beach. The scenery around this elegant little bay was beautiful, with a large valley, covered with a forest, extending from the beach to the mountains, and about two miles in width, which gave it a charming aspect. A party of the boat's crew was sent ashore in the little boat, (which had been repaired), to seek for some one from whom we might inquire the way to Ventosa. After remaining on shore till dark, they returned without having discovered any person, or any signs of habitation. They reported having seen plenty of wild cattle and game, among which they said were wild turkeys; but these turkeys afterwards proved to be the *Carasau*, a gallinaceous fowl, somewhat resembling the wild turkey, but smaller; the natives call them *Chachalaca*.

We remained at our anchorage all night, and it was agreed that the gentleman from Missouri (he who gave us the lecture) and myself, should go ashore early next morning with our guns, and make further search, in hopes of discovering our whereabouts if possible; also, to shoot some game. Our fresh water, too, was requiring our particular attention, as that necessary article was about failing us, and the little that remained was intolerably putrid, it having been put up in lager-beer casks! without their being cleaned. Indeed, our hitherto pleasant voyage had become distressingly wearisome; impatience and discontent was stamped upon all, except the two that were going ashore. I had laid in a good supply of cider and claret, which I used as a substitute for water; therefore suffered less than the rest. On Sunday, the 5th, by early dawn, my companion and myself, together with a boat's crew, were embarked in the little boat, and a few strokes of the oar landed us safely on the beach.

You are aware, I know, of the sensation one feels when first stepping upon a strange land; there is an indescribable

excitement that completely possesses one; every thing is so novel, every shrub is so new; even the sands and shells upon the beach impart peculiar interest to the inquiring mind.

We loaded our guns, and were soon in the woods, whilst the boat's crew went in search of water. As we penetrated this dense tropical forest, a thousand objects of interest were around us on every side. We plucked the beautiful flowers that grow in our way, we inhaled the fragrant perfumes of the mimosa, we gazed with wonder upon the huge fluted cacti, and the strange birds that came around us, as curious as ourselves, particularly interested me. We were now among the "chachalacas," which were quite abundant and tame. Beside blue-wing teal, which we found in a brackish lagoon, we also shot other game, and after two hours' sport we had bagged as many as we could carry. Every thing seemed very tame, having never perhaps seen a white man before, or heard the report of a gun! During our excursion we met with a Mexican and a negro, with two of our boat's crew. They imparted the pleasant intelligence that we were only two leagues from Ventosa, and by sailing round the next point of land we would see the bay. After receiving this much desired information, we hastened back to our vessel, and, with the game we had secured, and a fine bouquet of flowers which I had gathered for my wife, we were once more on the decks of the *Mary Taylor*.

As the anchor was hoisted up, and a gentle breeze wafted us out of this lovely little nook, each one again wore a cheerful face. The day was fine, and the delicious air, coming from the land as it did, laden with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, accompanied too with the sweet songs of birds, gave new hope and a fresher feeling to the passengers of this ill-fated vessel; for no one anticipated the sudden and frightful change that soon overtook and nearly overwhelmed us in total destruction.

We had but just reached the point of

land which commences the entrance of our long-looked-for haven, when a terrible gale from the land struck us broadside, and before all sail could be lowered, came very near capsizing our brave little schooner. There was no alternative but to run under bare poles before the wind, and put far out to sea again. As night came on, the gale increased; the moon shone brightly upon a scene too terrific for my pen to give you an idea of it. Not a cloud was seen; waves mountain high rolled over us, and threatened to swallow us beneath the angry waters; the winds shrieked and howled around us; fish were thrown upon our decks by the wind and sea. For three days and nights we were at the mercy of the gale. Many were sick, sea-sick; nothing could be cooked for those that could eat; and worse than all, our water, bad as it was, had failed. We were at length becalmed far out of sight of land; suffering threatened us in awful pangs caused by thirst. But at last kind Providence guided us safely into the now boisterous port of Ventosa. A southern wind, coming from the sea, carried us straight into port, and by the time we had dropped anchor, it had increased to such a gale that we were again threatened with destruction, by our anchor chains breaking, and thus risking our being dashed upon a point of rocks, too near our neighborhood to be pleasant, and upon which the breakers raged higher than I dare mention.

All night we lay in this predicament, in awful suspense. No one dared attempt to land, for our little boat, which was very frail, would have been dashed to pieces the instant she attempted to pass through the waves which broke with fury upon the only safe landing in Ventosa. When morning dawned, I made up my mind to persuade the captain to effect a landing. The bay was still very rough, and I felt our situation to be very critical from the danger of drifting upon the rocks. Being a good swimmer, I felt I should be able to save my wife and my own life should we be capsized in passing

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through the surf. The captain had the boat manned by the best oarsmen; and taking the helm himself, they made the first trial. As they neared the breakers we watched them with intense interest. Soon the boat was in the surf, at times lost to our view, then again rising high upon a huge wave. At last she capsized, but near enough the shore to allow her crew to stand upon the bottom. This enabled them to rescue themselves and the boat, which fortunately was not damaged. After searching for water, in a few hours they again launched the boat, and by the assistance of some Indians passed safely through the breakers, and were soon alongside with a keg of water. I was determined to risk our chances next in endeavoring to gain the land; for my wife, who had become much enfeebled from sea-sickness and anxiety, with a courage and coolness for which I give her much credit, determined to run the risk with me. After getting a good crew, with the mate at the helm; also, a carpet bag of clothing, some ammunition, my fowling-piece, and a few other articles, we launched out upon the rough waves, and were soon among the breakers.

By the good management of the helmsman, the oarsmen and myself jumping out up to our necks in water to steady the boat, we managed to make the beach without being capsized, with my brave wife all safe and wild with delight; she having remained steady in the boat, and obeyed orders. Though the scene was calculated to frighten away one's wits, yet she seemed delighted that she had accomplished the feat; and amid the loud roar of the surf through which we had passed, and the strange aspect of surrounding objects, we stood once more upon terra firma, and manifested our feelings by loud shouts of exultation and joy.

The next thing that engaged our attention was the want of some habitation to which to go. It is true there was a palmetto hut a mile off, occupied by some Indian soldiers, with a white captain,

employed by the custom-house at Tehuantepec, as look-outs; with this exception there was nothing else in Ventosa but the wild woods and sandy beach. We soon found a good camping ground, beneath a lovely bower of mimosa and acacia trees, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. The air being very pleasant, we needed nothing but a blanket to lie on, which I had taken the precaution to bring on shore. Soon some Indians visited us, bringing us some fish and tortilla, and they gazed with wonder upon the first white woman they had ever seen.

It being too late for the boat's crew to hazard an attempt to return to the schooner, they remained with us, and by bright torches held by the kindly Indians we ate our supper, producing a scene in those wild woods sufficiently picturesque to satisfy any lover of the romantic.

I had forgotten to state that a small Mexican schooner lay at anchor, on the day of our arrival, near the beach, and her boat assisted some of our passengers to land, soon after we had done so, among whom was our captain and a custom-house officer. The boat capsized in coming through the surf, nearly drowning the officer of customs.

Our captain with two of the passengers proceeded to the city of Tehuantepec that evening, to make arrangements with the proper authorities to land our freight and baggage, a great deal of unnecessary formality being required before even the most simple article could be landed.

Saturday, 18th, the other passengers were enabled to land, the boat having capsized only once in making three trips. No one was hurt. I spent most of the day in the woods with my gun, and in company with an Indian boy as game-carrier, succeeded in killing plenty of game, and with the fish, tortilla and fruits the Indians brought us, we fared sumptuously on wild chickens, ducks, curlew, rabbits, peccary and pigeons, shot by myself.

Soon after retiring for the night, about

eight o'clock, we heard shrieks that rose wildly above the roar of the sea, and the Indians came running to tell us that the schooner was coming ashore. With a part of the crew that remained with us that night, I hastened down to the beach, and found it to be, alas! too true; she had already drifted in, and grounded in the surf, which was completely deluging her decks. The cries of the affrighted ones on board for help were truly appalling. Unfortunately, it was out of our power to aid them, further than to build large fires on the beach, and wait for time and the tide to send her nearer the shore, which was done before morning, and all on board were safely rescued; but the schooner became a total wreck.

The day following was spent in trying to recover some of our baggage, in which we partly succeeded, but everything was ruined except a few light garments. All my books, drawings, drawing paper, colors, and other articles to aid me in my ornithological pursuits, were completely demolished. This I regretted more than all, for heaven only knows when I shall be able to replace them; there is nothing of the kind here.

Sunday we nearly spent in drying what articles we had saved from the wreck. The beach and woods presented a confused scene of trunks, boxes, wet books, dry goods, shirts, pants, ladies' apparel, and downcast individuals. Those who had come to commence business on the new route, expecting to find it nearly completed, and seeing no indication of such being the case for any definite length of time, felt, of course, sorely disappointed, and had a great desire to return as soon as possible.

One of my traveling friends, having gone up to the city, obligingly procured us horses and a cart, for transporting us thither, and early on the 20th they arrived. We sent the cart on with our baggage, and waited till the cool of the evening to proceed ourselves. At three o'clock P. M. we departed, in company with our young friend from Missouri, for

the city of Tehuantepec, with a retinue of Indians following, who seemed to take pleasure in waiting on us; (attracted, perhaps, by my wife, probably the first white woman they had ever seen; they seemed to compete with one another in doing us kindnesses.)

We found the road excellent, level and solid; the scenery beautiful, and my wife astonished the natives (having a spirited horse), with her horseman's skill. They were much alarmed, at times for her safety. By twilight we reached the city, a distance of twelve miles from the port. We were much pleased with the picturesque appearance of the place. The river Tehuantepec runs in front of it; this we forded, it being quite shallow at this season of the year. A portion of the city is on the opposite side. The houses are far better than we had any idea of seeing; each house is a fortification within itself; the walls are solid masonry four feet thick; the floors paved with brick; the roofs covered with tiles. The rooms are unnecessarily large, which makes them very cool. Each house contains a court-yard, handsomely paved with brick, shaded with trees and flowering shrubs; a large and elegant corridor extends around the interior of the court-yard, which is the best feature of the houses in a climate as warm as this; with a well of water, and stone tubs annexed for bathing. Such is the house we now occupy, and it is a pretty fair sample of the better class.

In conclusion, I will say, we are well pleased with the country; it is remarkably healthy, and the climate perfection itself. Its people have received us with the greatest kindness, and its ornithology, which interests me most, is indeed splendid. But there is very little business doing here. The native productions are cheap, but imported articles very high. There is no telling when the trip-sit route will be completed; it seems to be at a stand-still; but in my humble opinion, whenever it does take place, it will be the route on one account, in par-

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the city of Tehuantepec, with a rejoicing of Indians following, who seemed to take pleasure in waiting on us, attracted, perhaps, by my wife, probably the first white woman they had ever seen, they seemed to compete with one another in doing us kindnesses.

We found the road excellent, loyal and solid; the scenery beautiful, and my wife (astonished the natives (having a spirited horse)) with her horseman riding. They were much alarmed, at times for her safety. By twilight we reached the city, a distance of twelve miles from the port. We were much pleased with the picturesque appearance of the place. The river Tehuantepec runs in front of it, this we found, it being quite shallow, at this season of the year. A portion of the city is on the opposite side. The houses are far better than we had any idea of seeing; each house is a fortification within itself; the walls are solid masonry four feet thick; the floors paved with brick, the roofs covered with tiles. The rooms are unnecessarily large, which makes them very cool. Each house contains a courtyard, handsomely paved with brick, shaded with trees and flowering shrubs; a large and elegant corridor extends around the interior of the courtyard, which is the best feature of the houses in a climate as warm as this, with a well of water, and stone tubs annexed for bathing. Such is the house we now occupy, and it is a pretty fair sample of the better class.

In conclusion, I will say, we are well pleased with the country; it is remarkably healthy, and the climate perfection itself. Its people have received us with the greatest kindness, and its ornithology, which interests me most, is indeed splendid. But there is very little business doing here. The native productions are cheap, but imported articles very light. There is no telling when the transit route will be completed; it seems to be at a stand still, but in my humble opinion, whenever it does take place, it will be the route on one account in particular

the exceeding healthiness of the climate. The Bay of Ventosa is bad. A breakwater will have to be constructed before there can be a safe landing place, which however will be easily done, as every thing is there to do it with, and labor is very cheap.

I hope to make the next sketch more interesting than this, hurriedly written as it is, and as it has to pass through the uncertain mails of Mexico, perhaps you may never even receive it from—

WANDERER.

O, CANST THOU FORGET ME?

BY MRS. S. X. DYDEN.

O canst thou forget me? the day is declining,
The sea-bird has dipped its dark wing in the sea;
The violet has closed its sweet eye till the morning,
And my spirit is wandering in visions to thee.
The twilight is deepening, O canst thou not linger
In some lonely path where we often have met?
Methinks every shadow which round thee would
Would tell thee of me; then, O canst thou forget?

I said, will you remember me?
O canst thou forget me? the stars are all shining,
Their beauty is mirrored within the cold sea;
Ah! must I not think in my loneliness pining,
That thou in the starlight art musing with me?
How dear is the thought, when sadly my spirit
Has echoed the low winds and waves which we
love,
That thou art now gazing, far off in the zenith,
On stars which are shining on me from above.

O canst thou forget me? the wildwood is breathing
The perfume of flowers upon the soft air,
How often I think of the hours we have wandered
Among the spring roses and violets there,
Dost thou trace the dim path in the dark forest
shade,
Dost thou pause at each favorite spot?
To think of the scenes, and the friends, which
I have made,
Them so sacred, they can never be forgot!
O canst thou forget me? the words I have
spoken,
Have they passed from thy heart like a shadow,
I less dream that yonder, as you
Has the pencil-trace gone near the passage in
our favorite books, by thee to be seen?

The thoughts I have breathed from the depths of
my soul
That were penned for thine eye with pleasure
and care
O! hast thou forgotten, or hidden the scroll
Among dusty old papers, to never appear
Thou canst not forget me, past scenes will
awaken
When memory shall breathe o'er the sweet silent
years,
And a thought of regret in thy bosom will tremble,
And thine eye for a moment will sadden with tears,
But sorrow comes over my weary heart now,
When I think of the change which may be
That thy heart will feel less, and thy brow grow
more cold,
When memory shall speak to thee often of me.
Nevada, Dec. 1857.

LIFE PICTURES
STEAMER LIFE
On the following morning, having a
call to make up town, I left sister Abbie
and brother at the hotel, they agreeing
to meet me at the wharf an hour before
the sailing of the steamer. Being de-
tained somewhat longer than I antici-
pated, it was nearly two o'clock when I
reached the foot of — street, where the
steamer lay. Eagerly I scanned the vast
crowd collected there for my sister and
brother, but in vain; they were not to be
seen. What could have detained them?
Must I then go without one word of fare-
well? The moments passed on, but they
came not. I was already on board the
steamer, where from the deck I could
view the whole crowd, unheeding the
many curious glances, which amid all the
bustle and confusion were directed to-
ward me as I stood there alone. I cared
not what people might think; all my mind
was intent upon this one thought, I must
see my sister once more. Only twenty
minutes remained. Already the cries of
"all aboard," "no more baggage re-
ceived," "clear the gang-way," were
heard, and hope was fast obbing from my
heart, when I caught sight of a flushed,
anxious face, away at the farther side of
the crowd, and a familiar figure, which

made me fairly scream with delight. Yes, there she was, dear sister Attie, and brother Charlie, too; but could they ever make their way through that dense crowd? I had seen them, that was something, though I never heard their voices again.

At last, after great exertion, they reached the side of the steamer. The first word was, "Oh! Mary, what will you do, your baggage is still at the railroad depot!"

I had given directions that morning to have it conveyed to the steamer, and supposed of course it was safely on board, but it appeared that the railroad agent—one wearing the form of a man—had, upon some miserable pretext, detained it, refusing to give it up to sister when she called for it an hour before. In vain she plead; tears, remonstrances or indignation had no effect upon his important agentship; here was an opportunity to show his power—his *manhood*. It was too late to resort to other means to obtain the trunks, so she was obliged to leave them, and hasten to the steamer. Here was a fresh trouble. I must either give up my baggage, and start on a long journey with little or nothing save the clothing I then wore, or relinquish all idea of going by that steamer. The case was stated by a gentleman to one of the officers of the ship, who told me my ticket might be transferred to the next steamer, and advised me to wait until that time. One moment I hesitated. How could I, a young, inexperienced girl, who for the first time in her life must depend upon *herself* alone, start on a journey like this so unprepared, and among strangers too? Why, the thing was impossible! Then came another thought, and that was of an expectant face far away darkened by disappointment when the eye sought in vain for the face and form of her who had so positively said, "I will come." True, two weeks would make no great difference, but this was the day on which I had promised to start, and on this day I *would* go, too.

That difficulty was past. I said firmly,

"I am going, and on this steamer, too." "Mary, are you mad?" exclaimed my sister, "do listen to reason." "Attie, I am going. Do not say any thing of this to mother to increase her anxiety. Good bye, sister, darling sister—brother Charlie one more kiss. Ah! where is your manhood in those tears? God bless you—good bye! good bye!"

Now the monster ship begins to move; the huge wheels commence their revolutions; the space widens between us and the wharf; I hear the splashing of the water; the hum of many voices; the tread of many feet; I know there are hundreds of people passing around me; I know that we are speeding away—away over the dark water; the city begins to look dim in the distance, but still I stood gazing toward it, until a sort of dream-like stupor came over me; I felt alone; like one small speck floating silently, slowly, dreamily over a vast ocean, neither knowing or caring whether the tide might carry me. This feeling gained entire possession of me, until I was lost to every thing around me. How long I remained in that state I know not, but I was finally aroused by a kind voice near asking if I needed assistance. I looked up and saw a gentleman standing by my side regarding me with mingled sympathy and curiosity; probably he thought me a fit subject for an insane asylum; perhaps recently escaped from such an institution. With his question, consciousness returned, and I began to remember where I was, and *who* I was. Thanking the gentleman for his kindness, but declining his offer of assistance, I directed the waiter to take my traveling bag—by a fortunate chance I had one containing a few articles purchased that morning in the city—to my state-room. As we were proceeding toward the room the idea of starting to California, with that amount of baggage, struck me as being so supremely ludicrous that I laughed outright. However, I was determined to make the best of it, trusting to Providence, or good luck, for the future.

After quietly mended the door and a sister. I expected nation. embarrassed excused ing that at his I exclaim you must "There about lieve I, and ticket; had ta 2." H ticket; sessor that t exceed perior my ot place up go trials, bear, to do real b The recog famou self n resign that until affair Th for, a tu, s abas ceili one the it be ques ually

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After reaching my room I sat down
 quietly to *think*, but had scarcely com-
 menced that agreeable employment when
 the door was unceremoniously opened,
 and a stout, rosy-faced man stood before
 me. I started to my feet at this unex-
 pected intrusion, and awaited an expla-
 nation. The gentleman seemed no less
 embarrassed than myself, asking to be
 excused if he had disturbed me, but say-
 ing that he had "only come to take a look
 at his state-room." "Your state-room?"
 I exclaimed, in surprise, "excuse me, sir,
 you must be mistaken; this is *my* room."
 "There certainly must be some mistake
 about it," said the intruder, "but I be-
 lieve this is No. 36?" "Certainly," said
 I, and to prove my claim I produced my
 ticket, which plainly told that Miss M—
 had taken "state-room No. 36, berth No.
 2." Here the gentleman consulted his
 ticket. "Mr. McD—," it said was pos-
 sessor of state-room 36, berth No. 2, for
 that trip. Here was a dilemma which
 exceeded any thing I had heretofore ex-
 perienced! Was I, then, in addition to
 my other difficulties, to be deprived of a
 place to rest my weary head? I had kept
 up good courage through all my previous
 trials, but this was rather too much to
 bear, and there was nothing left for me
 to do but sit down in despair and have a
 real heart-sick "ery," which I did.

The gentleman, whose name I at once
 recognized as belonging to a somewhat
 famous ex-Governor, told me to give my-
 self no uneasiness, as he would willingly
 resign all claim to the room, and begged
 that I would consider it my own, at least
 until he could seek an explanation of the
 affair, and make some other arrangement.

This kindness was gratefully accepted,
 for, from some cause, the room began to
 turn slowly around; the berths seemed
 about to exchange places with each other;
 ceiling and floor ditto; and strangely
 enough my brain seemed keeping time to
 the rotary movement of the room. Could
 it be possible that I was *sea-sick*? The
 question was most positively and effect-
 ually answered a few minutes after, and

I was glad to throw myself into that little
 coffin-like recess, designed to answer for
 a bed, where I remained for about two
 hours, in quite an unenviable frame of
 mind.

Twilight had faded into darkness, and
 the lamps had been for some time lighted
 in the saloon, before I received any tidings
 from the Governor, or the success of his
 errand to the purser.

I was begining to grow anxious, when
 there came a knock at the door, and a
 waiter appeared, with the announcement
 that he was "to conduct the lady to state-
 room No. 2."

I arose and followed my ebony guide,
 and found, upon reaching the room, a
 note from the gentlemanly agent of the
 line, stating that, as I was traveling alone,
 he had, to make my trip more agreeable,
 exchanged the room first assigned me, for
 this, which was more convenient and
 pleasant. This note had, in the hurry
 and confusion of starting, been overlooked
 or neglected.

Pass we in silence over those days and
 nights of discomfort, when sea-sickness
 in all its horrors seized upon its helpless
 victim, for even a remembrance of that
 interesting time is every thing but agree-
 able; so we will drop the curtain over
 the past, and raise it again, when, with
 strength and spirit returning, we make
 our first appearance on the promenade
 deck. To be sure the deck seems a rather
 unsteady footing, although the sea is calm
 and smooth as a mirror; and a glance at
 the rows of pale, distressed faces around,
 recall sensations we would fain forget;
 but, with a determination *not* to be sick,
 a look at the broad expanse of water glit-
 tering so beautifully in the sun-light, we
 seat ourselves, and, for the first time, take
 a look at the inhabitants of our steamer
 world.

If there is a place perfectly calculated
 for the study of human nature in all its
 varieties, that place is certainly on board
 a California steamer. Here one can see
 "society" in all its different grades, from
 upper-ten-dom, and its attendant "snob-

bery," down to the miserable "lowest class steerage passenger."

Yonder comes a lady, whose name we soon learn is Mrs. —, just from a season in Washington. How she sails along the deck! Take care, poor girl, in the calico wrapper; one sweep of that magnificent robe, one glance from that haughty eye, must certainly annihilate you. What? you do not shrink away abashed from so queenly a presence? See, the lady seats herself in an easy chair, which three gentlemen have been preparing for her. What stately grandeur! How she gathers her ample skirts around her, as if fearing contamination! Well, in this thing she shows good sense, for gentlemen (?) on board this steamer have full liberty to deposit their tobacco on the decks. Occasionally a miserable looking lad passes around with the remains of what was once a broom, in his hand, upon pretext of removing a portion of the orange peel and peanut shells scattered about; but with no request to abstain from that filthy practice, which, in the present style of ladies' dresses, is so peculiarly annoying.

Here is a pompous public official, strutting about in all the glory and dignity of his high position, but looking more like the representative of a grog-shop than the representative of an intelligent people.

There are several of the U. S. military on board, but who seem remarkable for nothing but a profusion of brass buttons, and great skill in tossing off glasses of brandy and champagne.

Just before us is a newly married couple, who seem perfectly oblivious of every thing outside themselves. The bride languidly reclines upon the breast of her lord, while his arm is affectionately thrown around her waist. They heed not the mischievous glances cast upon them; they see not the smile of derision; they hear not the words of ridicule from their fellow-passengers. Oh! no, into their world of bliss such trifles as these come not! — "Thrice happy pair, the happiest of their kind!"

Then there is Miss P——, or who, as

report says, can lay claim to the more dignified title of Mrs. —, with "stage" and "actress" stamped upon every movement. She is neither young, pretty, or natural, but seems greatly admired by some of the gentlemen on board, perhaps on account of the really fine voice she possesses. She certainly sings very sweetly.

It is astonishing how rapidly acquaintances are formed on board the steamer. Where all are strangers to each other, of course acquaintances are often made without the ceremony of a formal introduction. A few moments' conversation usually suffices to determine the "caste" of parties, and, if considered on an equal standing, friendships are formed, often to close with the voyage, but sometimes to remain the friendship of a life-time. We had not been a week from New York, before little circles were formed, and a familiar sociability established, which on land might have taken months of ordinary intercourse to produce.

My room-mate was Miss S——, from the Sandwich Islands, who kindly offered to share with me her wardrobe, and in many ways displayed a kindness of heart, which will be gratefully remembered by me.

One evening, not many days after we left port, I was sitting on deck, watching a lovely sunset; indeed, it was the first sunset at sea I had ever witnessed; but as I saw its brightness quenched beneath the western wave, a sadness which I could not repress filled my soul, as I thought of home, and those dear friends from whom every revolution of that great wheel was leaving me farther and farther. Just then a sweet, plaintive voice commenced singing:

"Shades of evening, close not o'er us, until
Leave our lovely bark awhile."
accompanied by a melodious alto, and rich bass voice. I listened like one entranced. The song, so familiar, had often been sung by me; but now it had a new, a deeper meaning; it was the embodiment of the intense feeling of my

heart. "I scarcely breathed until again that sad, mournful, "Isle of beauty, sure thee well," trembled and died away upon the evening air. Then I burst into tears and retired hastily to my room, where I could unobserved weep over the remembrance of that dear island home I had left. I have listened to the notes of earth's famed singers—I have drunk in soul-melting strains from opera and concert-room—but never, never, did music seem like that simple song. I could have fallen at the feet of her who sang it. Dear little Nellie!—I from that hour I loved you. Your gentle spirit seemed to come to mine with more than sisterly greeting in those plaintive tones.

And we became friends: friends, though we may never meet again. Nellie went to her own sunny isle, I to this now home of mine; but we are friends still.

One day I was enjoying the cool air and a pleasant reverie on deck, when I was startled by a shrill voice at my elbow, asking, "Be you in the first cabin?" Looking up, I saw a little sharp-featured, sly-looking woman, holding by the hand a little boy, four or five years of age, a perfect counterpart of his mother, only that he was uncommonly fat looking, and having a pair of eyes which made the word "eat" rise involuntarily to one's lips. The young gentleman was trying, by sundry kicks and yells, to attract his mother's attention; but she, all unheeding, again repeated her question. I regarded her coolly a moment, and turned away with a single word which I hoped would dismiss her; but it only served to arouse a fresh outbreak. "Well; now, I do declare, it's too bad! Every body as is any body; but me, could git a first-cabin passage; but here, I and this little innocent child here, must be cooped up in that nasty place below. I never was used to s'ich things, now; I never was. I've lived at Saratoga Springs, and had every thing I wanted, and my little boy here too; he can't git along without his playthings! I used to git him every thing he cried for. May be you've heard

him grieve." Here the little "innocent" set up such a "grieving" that I felt strongly inclined to choke him. "I believe I didn't tell you how I come to be in the second cabin," again broke forth the lady. "I didn't git into New York till every first-cabin ticket had been sold." "Excuse me, madam," said I, rising. "I could stand such a tirade no longer, and sought refuge in my own room."

After a pleasant trip of eleven days, including a day at Kingston, we arrived at Aspinwall. After a delay of about an hour we crossed the isthmus, the ride on the railroad making an agreeable contrast to the sea-voyage. Arrived in Panama without accident, and were immediately hurried on board the miserable old hulk, dignified by the name of "steam-ferry-boat," which, by the time the passengers were all on board, seemed ready to deposit its burden in the sea. It was impossible to gain a firm foothold, much less find a seat; so there we remained standing closely packed like so many slaves, or beasts being sent to market. The steerage passengers, having been put on board first, took possession of all the seats, which they retained with a defiant look, and not a few words of exultation at the advantage they had gained. I remember one miserable-looking creature, by whose side I had the misfortune to stand, who constantly annoyed me, by giving me a rude push every time I chanced to come in contact with an old handbox she carried. At first I looked upon the poor creature with pity; but soon her insolence found vent in words, as she again pushed me aside, exclaiming: "Oh! you cabin passengers, think yer everybody, don't yer? But wa've got the best of it, this time, any how. Don't yer wish yer could sit down?" Here Lizzie, with characteristic abruptness, turned to the insolent speaker with "There, madam, that is the only and last thing of the kind you are allowed to speak here. Now, you understand what I say." The vessel man caught the sparkle of Lizzie's eyes, and the determined look on her face, so

wisely kept silent the remainder of that tedious trip to the steamer. I do not know how long we were making the trip, but to me it seemed like many hours. When we were really on board the commodious John L. Stephens, we could scarcely restrain our joy at having plenty of "elbow room."

After all the confusion of exchanging steamers was over, the state-rooms appropriated, and all the other arrangements made, our voyage again proceeded as quietly as before. My room companion was Miss W—s, whose lady-like manners, and thoughtful kindness toward myself, will not soon be forgotten.

Mrs. —r had a world of trouble because she had "only a common state-room, like any *common passenger*. It was really a shame that she, the wife of —, could not have the bridal chamber!" But Mr. S. and his beautiful young bride quietly kept possession of the coveted room, and Mrs. —r was obliged to submit, like a "common passenger," to her narrow berth.

It is amusing, as well as disgusting, to observe what means some vain creatures take to gain attention and admiration. There was Mrs. B—, who met the ship's surgeon, Dr. S., one day, with a request that he should prescribe for her fingers, which she said had been badly hurt in closing the door. The doctor, after examining the delicate little hand which the lady extended, and finding no bones broken, or serious bruises, merely replied, "Well, madam, come to my room and I will give you something to bathe it in." Oh! what a flush of indignation overspread the lady's face! She deigned no reply, but swept angrily away from Dr. S., who stood petrified with astonishment at her singular conduct. Shortly after, word came from the captain that Mrs. B. had entered a complaint against the doctor, for insult, in asking her to come to his room! Poor Mrs. B—! her plan for captivating the gentlemanly doctor had entirely failed, and this was her revenge!

The woman from "Saratoga" was constantly annoying me with her disagreeable presence. She seemed to be everywhere present, with that "grieving" little boy of hers. I shall never forget one evening, after the company had been applauding the performance of a magnificent opera-singer, a sharp voice at my elbow exclaimed: "Well, for *my* part I can't see no beauty in sich screechin'. I like something a body can understand—something sensible; and I guess I'll sing a song fittin' the occasion." After several attempts at "clearing her throat," she burst forth:—

"O, California, you are the land for me;
I'm bound to California, my true love for to see."

What a scream that was! Before the first verse was completed the company began to move off in an opposite direction to save their ears and tempers.

The days passed on until there remained but two or three before we expected to reach San Francisco. It was Sabbath evening, the last we were to spend on board, but there was nothing in our little world to remind one of the holiness of the day. The gay laugh, the merry song, or jest went round as usual, but to me the air seemed full of Sabbath music. I leaned back in my seat, closed my eyes, and fancied I could hear the chiming of the old church-bells at home: to my ear was borne the swelling notes of a grand old anthem, and familiar hymn. I was sitting in the family pew, with father, mother, brothers and sister, and our voices all blended together in the worship. But when I unclosed my eyes the vision fled, and I knew that thousands of miles lay between me and that dear place, and that I was fast hastening towards a new, untried home, and for the first time anxious thoughts, dim forebodings filled my mind. The sun had gone down. I had watched the last red gleam fade, and die away. Great masses of black clouds began to assume terrible, threatening forms, where an hour before was light and glory: the water beneath, seemed the image

of despair, of unfathomable night, splashing of the waves, seemed treacherous voices, and weird seemed to roar up from the depths beneath. I gazed long at the black sky, and asked: "Is this, image of life? Will all its beauty and glory thus fade, grow dark, and finally sink into gloom and death?" I looked up, and there above the cloud was one great star shining a line of light far out upon the ether, and its rays stopped not there, fell down into my soul, making darkness and beauty where had been and darkness. I thought of watchful Father above; of the angels: "Lo! I am with thee, even to the end." I felt that *He* was near, and ever fled away.

The last night on board some gentlemen determined to celebrate "grand spree." There was J. whose reading of Child's *Harold* the night before had so entranced him, calling in half-tipsy tones to the Mr. —r, "come and have a drink," which they accordingly did, it proved just one glass too many, while afterwards, one of the gentlemen passing round the saloon fell and was carried to his state-room for poor human nature!

Morning soon came, and the first glimpse of San Francisco, what emotions I gazed upon will not attempt to describe. The steamer touched the water, and those joyful meetings after absent friends, and all the emotion which usually attends the arrival of a steamer. An hour had passed, all my acquaintances had left stood before me. I do not know that I felt no anxiety, no fear, as if I were as though surrounded by friends. I stood at the entrance of the saloon, looking out on the water, light had been laid on my senses, a voice, well know whispering—
—I was at home.

The woman from "Saratoga" was constantly annoying me with her disagreeable presence. She seemed to be everywhere present, with the "grieving" boy of hers. I shall never forget the evening, after the company had been praising the performance of a magnificent opera-singer, a sharp voice at my elbow exclaimed: "Well, for my part I don't see no beauty in sich 'grievin'." I thought something a body can understand—something sensible; and I guess I'll sing 'em fittin' the occasion." After several attempts at "clearing her throat," she burst forth:—

California, you are the land for me;
I'm bound to California, my love for to see."

Before the reverse was completed the company began to move off in an opposite direction to save their ears and tempers.

Several days passed on until there remained but two or three before we expected to reach San Francisco. It was Sabbath evening, the last we were to spend on the ship, but there was nothing in our little cabin to remind one of the holiness of the day. The gay laugh, the merry song, the music went round as usual, but to me the air seemed full of Sabbath music. I leaned back in my seat, closed my eyes, and fancied I could hear the chiming of the church-bells at home, the swelling notes of a grand anthem, and familiar hymn. I was sitting in the family pew, with father, mother, brothers and sisters, and our voices all blended together in the worship.

When I unclosed my eyes, the vision of a thousand miles of ocean between me and that dear home, and for the first time anxious thoughts, dim forebodings, filled my mind. The sun had gone down, and the last red gleam faded, and the great masses of black clouds began to assume a terrible, threatening form, and an hour before was light and gloomy water beneath, seemed the image

of despair, of unfathomable night: the splashing of the waves seemed full of treacherous voices, and weird shapes seemed to peer up from the depths beneath. I gazed long at the water and black sky, and asked: "Is this, then, an image of life? Will all its brightness and glory thus fade, grow dark, unlovely, and finally sink into gloom and despair?" I looked up, and there above the blackest cloud was one great star shining, casting a line of light far out upon the deep water, and its rays stopped not there, but fell down into my soul, making a lightness and beauty where had been cloud and darkness. I thought of the ever-watchful Father above; of the assurance, "Lo I am with thee, even to the end"; I felt that *He* was near, and every doubt fled away.

The last night on board some of the gentlemen determined to celebrate by a "grand spree." There was Judge —, whose reading of *Childe Harold* the evening before had so entranced his hearers, calling in half-tipsy tones to the elegant Mr. — to "come and have one more drink," which they accordingly did; but it proved just one glass too many, for a while afterward, one of the gentlemen in passing round the saloon fell to the floor, and was carried to his state-room. Alas for poor human nature!

Morning soon came, and with it the first glimpse of San Francisco. With what emotions I gazed upon the city I will not attempt to describe. As soon as the steamer touched the wharf, commenced those joyful meetings, inquiries after absent friends, and all the confusion which usually attends the arrival of a steamer. An hour had passed, nearly all my acquaintances had left, yet still I stood *alone*. I do not know why it was that I felt no anxiety, no fear; but I was as calm as though surrounded by old friends. I stood at the entrance of the saloon, looking out on the wharf, when a light hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice I well know whispered "Mary!" — I was *at home*.

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO V.

I.

Dear friends, we meet once more; once more I
A loving heart and sympathetic mind [bring
To greet you while my tuneful lays I sing;
And may my Muse her sweetest strains now find,
Clear as the song of birds in early spring,
Sweet as the fragrance of the flowers we bind
Upon the lovely brow of the young bride,
Or strew upon the forms of infants who have died.

II.

I want a pure and an inspiring theme,
Worthy my efforts and my noblest song;
One that can bring a more than earthly dream
Of beauty to the heart, and bear along
Its purest visions, such as we still deem
Oft fills the soul when aspirations throng
Fond bosoms in the days of early youth,
Bright as the glories of some great eternal truth.

III.

WOMAN!—that word shall now inspire my lays;
I'll twine my laurels o'er thy lovely brow.
My heart was thine in early youth's bright days,
And still thou art its idol, still I bow,
Almost in worship, while in joy I gaze
Upon thy charms, which thrill me, even now,
With rapture as I bend before thy shrine—
A heart that lonely sings, for no fond heart is mine.

IV.

Behold the prattling child upon the knee,
With all its innocence and beauty rare;
How sweet its laughter and its joyous glee!
We look into its eyes, and heaven is there;
We think of angels and of seraphs fair,
And wonder if in heaven there can be
A sight more blessed than this little child, [mild,
With all its winning love, so pure, so sweet and

V.

Behold that mother bending o'er that child,
See what a love is beaming from her face,
'Tis not the flashing of a rapture wild—
In vain the pen or pencil tries to trace
Its heavenly beauty, as in peace it smiled
Upon its jewel,—naught shall o'er efface
That deathless love, or tear it from her heart;
Of her own life and being 'tis a part.

VI.

Behold the maiden in her early youth,
See all her graceful, artless, winning ways;
Her voice is music and her heart is truth,
Her mind dwells not on Fashion's vain displays,
Her thoughts flow free as those of ancient Ruth,
Her loveliness beams brighter than the rays
Of sun, or moon, or stars, from out the skies,
For in her soul a deeper beauty lies.

VII.

Behold that maiden in maturer years;
Behold how fair those budding beauties bloom
In their unsullied purity,—no tears
But those of joy or sympathy assume
To moisten eyes in whose pure depths appears
A world of love and innocence,—no gloom
Can dwell around that seraph form so fair,— [there
Where every virtue dwells and makes a heaven

VIII.

O, Sister, what an influence divine
Beams from thy love; so sacred, pure and sweet!
A sister's love! yes, that indeed is mine,
All hallowed in my heart, and if we meet
No more on earth, that love shall still refine
Each thought and feeling; till at last I greet
Thy spirit blest on that eternal shore,
Where all is bliss, and partings come no more.

IX.

And Mother, who can fathom all thy love?
Intense, absorbing, holy, steadfast, pure;
It follows us, like that of God's above,
O'er all the earth, and must through death endure
In other worlds, and even there will prove
An influence, to make our calling sure,
Its deathless constancy by prayer will win [its sin,
Her children from the world, and save them from

X.

My sainted mother! now in those bright skies,
In God's own mansions of eternal rest—
I know that there thy fervent prayers arise
For us, thy children. O! may we be blest
In these sweet memories, and while time flies,
We never can forget the one who prest
Us with a deathless love unto her heart—
A love that did such sacred joys impart.

XI.

And Daughter, how thy sweet affections beam,
With bright effulgence, in the happy home!
Thy love is pure, and, like a spirit's gleam,
It sheds a holy light, nor seeks to roam
From its first loves. The world's delusive dream
Upon thy heart's pure joys should never come,
To lead where dance, and revelry, and song,
Allure thee on to join the worldly, heartless throng.

XII.

And Wife! that nearest, dearest name of all;
Born of a tie that blends two hearts in one;
A love that seems from the pure heavens to fall,
And gives a brighter radiance to the sun,
And moon, and stars. O! ye that can recall
That first deep love—a bliss that seemed to run
Through all your being—are ye not still blest,
In that dear joy of home, the holiest and the best?

XIII.

Woman; behold what lovely names are thine;
And are there holier, here upon the earth?
Why should thy heart insensate o'er repine

At thy condition? See thy priceless worth!
Is not thy influence here almost divine,
O'er immortal souls?—e'en from their birth,
Thou canst begin to fashion them for heaven,
If thou wilt wield the power that unto thee is given.

XIV.

O! crown thyself with jewels from the throne
Of the Eternal, in the heavens sublime;
Make faith, and peace, and righteousness thine
And thou shalt triumph o'er the things of time,
And sing immortal songs; and not alone
From me shall flow thy praise in feeble rhyme;
Thy children, too, shall rise and call thee blest,
And thro' thee find God's mansions of eternal rest.

XV.

Behold thy destiny! Is it not great?
And powers sublime now unto thee are given,
Arise, and let thy heavenly charms create
An influence sweet to lead us up to heaven,
We almost worship thee in thy pure state,
And grieve that vice and sin so oft have driven
Almost an angel to a depth of woe,
Despair and shame, that only fiends should know.

XVI.

O! let not worldly follies fill thy soul;
Let not the things of sense call thee away
From those pure joys which may thy heart controul,
And lead thee onward to the perfect day,
Whose silver streams o'er golden sands still roll,
Where God's effulgence is the only ray
That shines upon the pathway of the just. [trust,
And makes them say with peace, "In God is all our

XVII.

Say, what is Fashion but a tyrant's chain?
And what are wealth, and luxury, and ease?
The heart that seeks them soon will find how vain
It is to hope for happiness in these.
Such pleasures soon will pass, and leave a stain
Upon the soul. Do they not almost freeze
Thee to an icy coldness, and impart
A death-like stupor to their votary's heart?

XVIII.

Woman, in words of song I've sought to show,
How bright thy charms in virtue's ways may shine,
And what unsullied joys thou canst bestow,
When love all pure and constancy are thine.
Thou also canst produce a hell of woe,
When passions vile with will perverse combine
To desecrate a home which once was dear,
Bringing o'er all its bliss a desolation drear.

XIX.

Fair California, may thy homes be pure,
And with all sweet domestic joys be blest;
May mothers, daughters, wives and sisters lure
All hearts to find a bliss wherein to rest
Their earthly hopes of pleasure, and endure
All trials that may ever come to test

The strength of all those vir-
To make their lives give forth

XX.

O! may these blessings rene-
From those accursed evils w
To mar the public good, and
Society all pure, and spread
That influence sweet which o
The dreadful vic- that so o
Ho desolate our comes, whe
Should dwell secure, and free

XXI.

And now I close my theme,
To those kind friends who d
'Tis joy to other hearts our j
And feel our sweetest symp
Our hours of bliss, which ne
Within our breasts, or others
Adieu—a sadness comes wit
Till I again these humble lay
(Continued)

EVENING WITH

NO. IV

TIMES OF MORTON

The doctrines of the
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the religion and langua
of England. The Cat
taught authoritatively
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the Church, as one w
sense of Englishmen
submit to. Hence we
the doctors of the Pro
content for a while wit
against the adherents
as they discovered an
party succeeding in re
the established church
free spirit of inquiry,
into judgment which
primary traits by w
teaching and polity oug
began to exercise an
they did not anticipate
learned as well as lea
the right to exercise t
question of school mon

condition? See thy priceless worth.
 By influence here almost divine
 Mortal souls?—on from the birth
 Must begin to fashion them for heaven,
 Will wield the power that unto thee is given.

XIV.
 Worn thyself, with jewels from the throne
 Eternal, in the heavens sublime,
 With, and peace, and righteous things
 Shalt triumph o'er the things of time;
 Immortal songs; and not alone
 Shall flow thy praise in feebly rhyming
 Children, too, shall rise and call thee blest,
 Of thee find God's mansions of eternal rest.

XV.
 Thy destiny! Is it not great?
 Thy subline now unto thee art given,
 And let thy heavenly charms create
 A sense sweet to lead us up to heaven,
 Most worship thee in thy pure state,
 And see that vice and sin so oft have driven
 An angel to a depth of woe,
 And shame, that only fiends should know.

XVI.
 Not worldly follies fill thy soul
 The things of sense call thee a way
 Those pure joys which may thy heart control,
 And thee onward to the perfect day,
 Silver streams o'er golden sands still roll,
 God's effulgence is the only ray
 Shines upon the pathway of the just,
 Makes them say with peace, "In God is all our trust."

XVII.
 What is Fashion but a tyrant's chain,
 That are wealth, and luxury, and ease?
 That seeks them soon will find how vain
 Hope for happiness in these.
 Pleasures soon will pall, and leave a stain
 On soul.—Do they not almost freeze
 An icy coldness, and impart
 Like stupor to their votary's heart?

XVIII.
 In words of song I've sought to show
 How thy charms in virtue's ways may shine,
 How unsullied joys thou canst bestow,
 How all pure and constancy are thine,
 How canst produce a hell of woe
 How passions vile will will perverse combine
 To create a home which once was dear,
 O'er all its bliss a desolation rear.

XIX.
 In form, may thy homes be pure
 How all sweet domestic joys be blent,
 How daughters, wives and sisters pure
 How to find a bliss wherein to rest
 How thy hopes of pleasure, and of ease
 That may ever come to test

The strength of all those virtues which combine
 To make their lives give forth a radiance all divine.

XX.
 O! may these blessings renovate our State
 From those accursed evils which are found
 To mar the public good, and re-create
 Society all pure, and spread around
 That influence sweet which only can abate
 The dreadful vices that so oft are found
 To desolate our homes, where peace and joy
 Should dwell secure and free from ev'ry base alloy.

XXI.
 And now I close my theme, and say farewell
 To those kind friends who dwell upon my song;
 'Tis joy to other hearts our joys to tell,
 And feel our sweetest sympathies prolong
 Our hours of bliss, which never, never dwell
 Within our breasts, or others', e'er too long.
 Adieu—a sadness comes with each adieu—
 Till again these humble lays renew.

(Continued.)

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.
 NO. IV.
 TIMES OF MILTON—"PARADISE LOST."
 The doctrines of the Reformation did not stop with exercising an influence on the religion and language of the people of England. The Catholic Church had taught authoritatively as the representative of Christ upon earth, and had at least a time-honored warrant for doing so. But the novel dogma of Henry the Eighth, that the king was the head of the Church, was one which the commonsense of Englishmen was not willing to submit to. Hence we find, that although the doctors of the Protestant faith were content for a while with joining en masse against the adherents of Rome—so long as they discovered any chance of that party succeeding in reinstating itself as the established church of England—the free spirit of inquiry, and right of private judgment, which they had set up as primary truths by which ecclesiastical teaching and polity ought to be regulated, began to exercise an influence which they did not anticipate. All classes, unlearned as well as learned, soon claimed the right to exercise their judgment in a question of such momentous importance

as the salvation of mankind; and the most effectual means of securing it. But the claim set up by Henry, and insisted on by his successors, of acting as pope in England, stood in the way of effecting those further changes, which in the reign of Charles the First, (when the oyster-woman locked her fish up, and trudged away to cry, "No Bishop") every tinkering reformer considered he, or she, had a right to prescribe; and thus the religious disputations of the time began to affect the civil government. The claim of being head of the Church proved a very inconvenient and dangerous acquisition to English royalty. But the claim once made could not well be receded from. The people of England were almost exclusively Protestants, but Protestants dividing every day into additional sects. If the king meant to do any thing to establish a uniformity of faith, he must offend one party before he could please another; and his firm adherence to the Episcopal Church, was an excuse for the turbulent becoming disaffected, and disowning all allegiance to a sovereign who was determined to maintain, to the fullest extent, the privileges of the crown, both civil and ecclesiastical. Let protestants deride catholics as much as they may in regard to the intolerance of their religion, those who pay the slightest attention to history are aware that mere toleration was denounced by the fathers of protestantism. The king wished to do nothing more for the Episcopal Church, than others would have done for the Presbyterian, or Independent. The struggles of those days were not so much for liberty, as for supremacy. Each party maintained it was right; and in consequence, not only entitled to regulate itself according to its own notions, but to put down all other parties which differed from it. One of the most honest of those who opposed the high claims put forth by the royalists, was Milton; who, though originally educated for the established church, had become early disgusted with

the vices and ambitious projects of many of her prominent leaders, who professed to be actuated solely by religious motives. His sarcastic pen spared none. It was equally indifferent to him whether the obnoxious individual was the archbishop of Canterbury, or the king himself. He only seized on the prominence of his position, to mark him out more conspicuously as the object of his bitter invective.

Happily those troublous times have passed away; and we are surprised to find a man of such elegant refinement, as Milton's poems prove him to have been, giving way to such abusive language as his prose works occasionally exhibit. Johnson refers this to his irritable temper, and the world has found fault with Johnson for saying so; but I believe him. We find it bursting out on several occasions in his *Paradise Lost*, as if he could not help it. Let us pity him as the victim of his feelings, rather than look too harshly on his infirmities,

I congratulate myself that I do not feel called upon to maintain the reputation of Milton as a polemical, or political writer, but as an English epic poet, in which position he stands unrivalled. Deeply-read in Grecian lore, and capable of appreciating the noblest flights of the Grecian Muse, he came to the daring conclusion of enlisting, as freely, the Theology of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures in his service, as the poets of Greece and Rome had done in regard to their Mythology. Of the war in Heaven, the chronological date of which, and

"What they fought each other for,
We can not well make out,"

he formed a theory of his own; or so worked up the common belief into a harmonious system, that most christians would be as willing to subscribe it as the Confession of Faith of the Kirk of Scotland, or the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. No one since Milton's time seems to have any doubt about the matter. He then takes as the groundwork of his poem, the wonderful story of

the fall of Man, and its sad consequences; the conversations of Adam with the messengers of Heaven, which visitings, though afterwards "few and far between," he had the testimony of Scripture were of usual occurrence in earlier times; and the story of the garden of Eden, planted for the especial use of the progenitors of the human race by the Lord himself. He describes Heaven and he describes Hell; and shows undeniably that the Devil is by no means so black as he is painted. In fact, without his meaning it, he becomes the real hero of his Romance. We become spell-bound as we read of his dauntless courage. He enlists our sympathies in his favor; and with a perversity of feeling, only equalled by some of our American-Irish co-patriots of the East, for the ruffians of Hindostan at the present time, we prefer him, vanquished and in distress, to the legitimate Monarch of Heaven! There is but one occasion in which we falter in our opinion. If anything could surpass the majestic soarings of Milton's heroic Muse, it is Milton's Muse employed pastorally. We forget Satan, his sufferings, and his wrongs, and his deeply-cherished revenge, when we read the poet's description of primeval bliss in Paradise.

"Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,"

be it the lay of poet, or poetaster. Love and innocence find a harmonizing chord in every human bosom, which it takes but little to attune. But when Milton, the matchless Milton, undertakes the task, and shows us Adam, uninformed but happy,

"With one fair spirit for his minister,"

we have not a thought to spare, nor a feeling unengaged, for the Devil, or any one else; and when he, bent on his hellish purpose, succeeds in arriving, we feel ashamed that we should, for a moment, have allowed ourselves to become sympathizers with such an infamous black-guard. But we can not help such things. When reading Milton we do not wish to help them. It has been said, that before

any stage-performer, he must for himself with the character whom he represents.

"At the royal feast
By Philip's wife
Aloft, in awful
The god-like he
On his imperious

how did old Timon
ing lay, triumph
queror—how kind

"Now melted to some
crime,"

as
"With one rude clasp
And swept with hur-

Such victims to
—mere playthings
and Orators, who
Perverted from our
justice, we only
not make Satan
has done. Why
triumphant to
point out to Adam
had forfeited his
life, in a short time

"How He who bore it
would descend upon
endure the same
had become expected
about his own

"A weary man and
Oppressed by power
The Nazarene, the

and how for his
only, offended De-
forgiveness, the
own thoughtless
and should man's
instructions, and
and how the
Heaven, entailed
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that such a pair
beguiled would
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and vanities of

the fall of Man, and its consequences; the conversations of Adam with the messengers of Heaven, which visitings, though afterwards "few and far between," he had the testimony of Scripture were of usual occurrence in earlier times; and the story of the garden of Eden, planted for the especial use of the progenitors of the human race by the Lord himself. He describes Heaven and he describes Hell; and shows undeniably that the Devil is by no means so black as he is painted. In fact, without his meaning it, he becomes the real hero of his Romance. We become spell-bound as we read of his dauntless courage. He excites our sympathies in his favor; and with a perversity of feeling, only equalled by some of our American-Irish co-patriots of the East, for the ruffians of Illiustrostan at the present time, we prefer him vanquished and in distress, to the legitimate Monarch of Heaven! There is but one occasion in which we falter in our opinion. If anything could surpass the majestic soarings of Milton's heroic Muse, it is Milton's Muse employed pastorally. We forget Satan, his sufferings, and his wrongs, and his deeply-cherished revenge, when we read the poet's description of primeval bliss in Paradise.

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any stage-performer can become a great actor, he must for the time identify himself with the character of the ruffian whom he represents. I believe it.

"At the royal feast, when, Persia won
By Philip's warlike son,
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne,"

how did old Timotheus, by his bewitching lay, triumph over the mighty conqueror—now kindled to "soft desire,"

"Now melted to sorrow, now maddened to crime,"

as

"With one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings!"

Such victims to some extent are we all—mere playthings in the hands of Poets and Orators, who mould us at their will. Perverted from our honest sentiments of justice, we only regret that Milton did not make Satan more his hero than he has done. Why did he not show him triumphant to the last? Let the angel point out to Adam as he chose, though he had forfeited his right to Eden and his life, in after times,

"How He who bore in Heaven the second name,"

would descend upon earth, and as a man endure the same hardships to which he had become exposed; that he would travel about disowned and disregarded,

"A weary man and full of woes,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the crucified;"

and how for his sake, and for his sake only, offended Deity would be melted into forgiveness, the punishment due to his own thoughtless transgression cancelled, and should mankind obey his benevolent instructions, and live in faith, and unity, and love, the consequent forfeiture of Heaven entailed upon his luckless progeny, be removed. It must have been a joke in Hell. In the conditions lay Satan's hopes. That the descendants of that simple pair, whom he had so easily beguiled, would be able to withstand his wiles, or choose to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, was absurd.

"The Lord himself now forming them
With passions wild and strong,
And listening to their witching voice
Would often lead them wrong."

And would He, who in stern justice had deemed it right for the mere eating of an apple to punish the whole human race, feel the smallest reluctance in condemning individuals for their own unforgiven transgressions, for whom, on the same principle, before they could be saved, it would be necessary to "crucify the Lord again?" Most certainly not. What a gratifying conclusion of Satan's revenge, to think that on

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away,"

the great Judge himself, according to orthodox belief, would feel constrained to

"Send one to Heaven an' ten to Hell,
A' for his glory!"

and that this novel project, this experiment in creation, of peopling Earth with residents, half-animal, half-god, who, after being schooled and trained

"Per varios casus, et tot discrimina rerum,"

so as to secure their fidelity in the service of the King of Heaven, (and who eventually, as Milton states, were intended to be removed to Heaven, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the banishment of himself and his trusty adherents,) he would be able so far to defeat, that nine-tenths of the race, instead of going to Heaven, would be legal subjects of his own to all eternity, even though the Son himself would be crucified to prevent it!

Methinks I see the fallen arch-angel standing in the Halls of his own Pandemonium, with his faithful chiefs around him, proudly showing how useless would be that "sacrifice for sin," which Omnipotence deemed it necessary to exact, to recover even a moiety of the human race, or induce men to subdue their angry and sinful passions—predicting the horrors of inquisitions and persecutions among the followers of Christ, for the sake of doctrines which the torturers would not understand, and for precepts which they would not follow—exhibiting the wars of

Christian nations with each other for their own glorification, now the carnage of Waterloo, now the carnage of Sebastopol! Or, changing the scene, displaying in naked deformity the crimes and vices of private life, even in the most refined circles; and proving his right in reversion to many who would be recognized as ornaments of Upper Ten society, including merchant-princes and their ladies, "wearing purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day," and belles and dandies admitting no rule of life but Fashion!

It is hard to say what has been his success in other worlds, but in our planet, we get half-convinced that the poet might have given Satan credit for having accomplished his object. AGRICOLA.

TO MARIA LOUISA.

Dear Coz., it often makes me sigh,
To live so far away
From the bright glances of thine eye,
Which turns the night to day;
I long to see the pleasant smile
Light up thy face so sweet,
And hear thy gentle voice beguile
Away the cares I meet.

Upon the memory of the past,
I often love to dwell,
Though now they seem but shadows cast
From pleasure's sunny spell;
Yet shadows must be born of light,
And when joy's sun is set
Above the darkest shades of night,
Hope's star is shining yet.

And though I see and hear thee not,
That star shines ever bright,
To tell me I am not forgot,
And cheer me with its light;
And o'er the future sends its rays,
When we again shall meet,
And find again as happy days,
As those we once did greet.

And till those happy days shall come,
May every blessing rest
Upon thy head and heart and home,
And peace dwell in thy breast;
May no dark clouds of sorrow fall
O'er thy life's devious way,
And when life ends, O, may we all
Find Heaven's Eternal Day.

W. H. D.

Coon Hollow, Cal., Nov. 5th, 1857.

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN.

MR. EDITOR: In presenting myself for the first time to your readers, it may be well to tell them who I am, and why I came to California. My name is Fe Nix—Dr. Fe Nix—and I was born in the State and town of——, in N.E. I say I was born, for I had a birth, or at least I have seen the event, which was considered of no ordinary interest, registered in the "old family Bible," where all good things are mentioned—and also in the same book is recorded the birth of one of the greatest physicians of mankind—although I do not mean to say there is any very great similarity in the two events, but simply present the facts, as I am a matter-of-fact sort of man. Well, I was born, and under the laws of progression, and without any previous arrangement or effort on my part, I continued to grow until I assumed much the appearance of a man, when my parents thought it advisable to send me to a boarding-school. Now it happened that my parents were poor, and of course I was the son of poor parents; but as the choice of parents was not left to me, and I had no control over the time and place of my nativity, I do not blame myself because they were not rich. They used to say: "Surely, the boy will make something." Well, so I did. I went to school and made some confusion in the neighborhood, and towards the close of the term became somewhat noted for my sundry innocent exploits—such as tying a rope around the timbers of an old house, (though it might

have been a ban-
posite end, for no
than trying the
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building fell, wit
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(of night) and
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My next innoc
fire to a little hu
wife of my prece
kind to me, and
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meanness; and
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other kitchen
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my preceptor

His house v
popular fema
request me to
steal any of
special favor
it afforded m
of pruning
fruit, and
with whole
mato tom
awkward g
cline fruit,

And till those happy days shall come,
 May every blessing rest
 On thy head and heart and home,
 And peace dwell in thy breast;
 No dark clouds of sorrow fall
 O'er thy life's devious way,
 And when life ends, O, may we all
 Find Heaven's Eternal Day.

W. H. D.

Hollow, Cal., Nov. 5th, 185

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA
 PHYSICIAN.

MR. EDITOR: In presenting myself for the first time to your readers, it may be well to tell them who I am, and why I came to California. My name is Fe Nix, or Fe Nix—and I was born in the town of _____, in N. E. I say as born, for I had a birth, or at least I have seen the event, which was considered of no ordinary interest, registered in the "old family Bible," where all good things are mentioned—and also in the book is recorded the birth of one of the greatest physicians of mankind—although I do not mean to say there is any great similarity in the two events, simply present the fact, as I am a matter-of-fact sort of man. Well, I was born, and under the laws of progression, without any previous arrangement or consent on my part, I continued to grow, and I assumed much the appearance of a man, when my parents thought it advisable to send me to a boarding-school. It happened that my parents were poor, and of course I was the son of poor parents; but as the choice of parents was not left to me, and I had no control over the time and place of my nativity, I cannot blame myself because they were rich. They used to say: "Surely, my boy will make something." Well, so I went to school and made some distinction in the neighborhood, and towards the close of the term became somewhat noted for my sundry innocent excesses—such as tying a rope around the rafters of an old house, (though it might

have been a barn,) and pulling at the opposite end, for no other purpose of course than trying the strength of the twisted hemp, when, to my great surprise, the building fell, with such a tremendous crash as to arouse the slumbering dead (of night) and make the night air tremble. To cut the rope and run away was but the work of a moment, and for many weeks it was the marvel of the neighborhood what caused the building to fall. My next innocent amusement was to set fire to a little house, the patrimony of the wife of my preceptor, who was always kind to me, and who would often come to my room and give me lectures upon politics, religion, and marriage—never forgetting to say she had an excellent daughter, just suited, et cetera. On one occasion I took hold of a wheelbarrow, which accidentally slipped from my hands, and fell into a deserted well, where it remained, to be discovered sometime afterwards.

Sometimes pudding was found in the pockets of my comrades, and none were more surprised at the mischief than myself, and none more ready to censure the meanness; and whenever I went fishing, late at night my room was sure to smell fishy, and the frying-pan and sundry other kitchen fixtures were sure to be "found missing" in the morning; and if I went gunning, it most unluckily happened that the feathers of a *barn snipe* were found in the vicinity of my ambulations. But notwithstanding all this, I managed to gain the confidence of my preceptor.

His house was but a few rods from a popular female seminary, and he used to request me to see that the girls did not steal any of his fruit. This mark of his special favor I most readily accepted, as it afforded me a convenient opportunity of pruning the lower limbs of the mellow fruit, and of accusing the innocent fair, with whom I was not on the most intimate terms of friendship. Being an awkward grammarian, I never could decline fruit, when it came in my reach;

so the trees and the girls suffered while I flourished; and thus things went on during my first term at the boarding-school, until near the close, when I was found out, and my game was up. But, to the great delight of my friends, the following term I became more studious; and, so rapid was my progress, the next August I entered as freshman at Cambridge, where I graduated in 18—. Then my head was full of the wildest schemes for the future. Virgil and Horace for a time were laid aside, and I entered into all the gay amusements of a fashionable life with a zeal that few possess. But this did not last long: "*res mutamus atque res mutamur.*"

The joys and delights of the married life were mirrored upon the retina of my imagination, and the slumbers of night were the solace of love, and I felt my place on earth would be an Eden, if with the lady of my affection, whom I could call my wife. But I had no means of gaining a livelihood, and could not indulge in the heaven-born hope of marrying soon. To select a profession was a difficult task,—much greater than to have selected me a wife at that time; but I finally determined to prosecute a course of medical studies, and enter upon the practice of medicine.

During the term I was a student of medicine, somehow I got the reputation of visiting the churchyard late at night, for no very good purpose, and I often heard the good people speak about "robbing the burying-ground," "writs," "fines," "sheriff," "jail and prison," but to no effect—my mind had a downward tendency, and my body was obliged to succumb to the laws of gravitation, even though it might sink a little beneath the flowery surface of the earth upon which we tread. Now I have always had a sacred horror for ghosts, and so I blamed the pious people thereabouts for shocking my timid nerves, and they began to think me really as honest as I was. It often happens, when one gets the name of indulging in any kind of mischief—whether false or

true—that it follows him through life, and it has been peculiarly so with me in this case, for even in California I have been accused of disturbing *le repos des les merts*.

At the expiration of three years and two months I graduated, and commenced the practice of medicine, i. e., I put out my "shingle" to let people know I was prepared to cure their many ills, feeling sure they would not pass me by, and was not disappointed, for in a few years I had acquired an extensive practice.

In the fall of '48 the gold fever "broke out," and its attack upon me was most violent. I received an invitation to go to California as surgeon of a company, then fitting out, which expected to leave in a few days. The adventure pleased me. I at once accepted; sold out my effects, and, at the appointed time, was ready to leave, and bidding an affectionate farewell, got on board the noble vessel, feeling willing to go any where, (and this calls to mind the anecdote of the man "out west," who, being inquired of if he would not like to go to heaven, replied, "Yes! I should as leaves go there as *any where*, but the rest of my family want to go to Missouri.")

Our ship made a good passage, and early in the summer of '49 we cast anchor in the Bay of San Francisco; and, kind reader, I am now before you as a narrator of the "Adventures of a California Physician."

The incidents, as I shall relate them, will be strictly true; but the dates, names and places cannot wholly be relied upon.

Soon after our arrival in San Francisco our vessel was removed to Benicia, and as all things mundane have a beginning as well as ending, I will date the first of July, '49, as the commencement of my adventures in this land of modern Ophir—the great El Dorado of the Pacific; where the golden dew sparkles in "morning's rosy light," as the first rays of the sun come dancing over the snow-capped hills of the distant Sierras, to kiss the valleys into newness of life and clothe them with the verdure of perpetual spring. This

mirrored imagery, however truthful, seemed far too blissful for mortals long to enjoy.

On the first of July it was determined that a part of our company should leave for the mines, and, having heard there was much sickness, it was proposed I should go out with the first party, which met with my ardent approval, for I had always supposed I was born to be a hero, and this seemed to be the beginning of a golden climax that would ultimately place me among the first of the heroes of California.

The small boats were loaded with provisions, and such tools as were considered necessary for mining—among which was an auger about three feet long, with three inches bore, brought along by a *soi-disant* geologist from Vermont, who told us that gold was often found *amalgamated* with the "oxide of copper," and he intended to bore for it. Where he got this idea, or what he expected to gain by boring, I could never learn. (Gold, silver and copper are sometimes *combined* in the ore—as is the case in the "Buena Ventura" lode, back of Los Angeles—and then is said to be alloyed, but never amalgamated.) At precisely nine o'clock A. M. we left the ship, full of life and animation—confident of returning soon, Astors in wealth, to enjoy the reward of our adventure.

Strong and merry we pulled the oars; and, although it was not required of me, I took my turn at them, and long before night the cuticle upon my hands presented the appearance of split cranberries—but what to me were a few blisters to the glory of a hero! Just as the last rays of twilight died away, we entered the mouth of the slough, and rowing one hour longer, concluded to lay up for the night.

Accordingly, we made fast our tow-lines, and scrambled on shore. The thick growth of trees on both sides of the river made it quite dark, so that we were unable to make a selection of our landing, and found ourselves among the bushes and underbrush, so thickly entangled

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Light and merry we pulled the oars; though it was not required of me, I took my turn at them, and long before the cuticle upon my hands presented the appearance of split cranberries—that to me were a few blisters to the face of a hero! Just as the last rays of the sun died away, we entered the mouth of the slough, and rowing one hour long, concluded to lay up for the night. Accordingly, we made fast our tow-ropes and scrambled on shore. The thick growth of trees on both sides of the river was quite dark, so that we were unable to make a selection of our landing, and had ourselves among the bushes and underbrush, so thickly entangled

that it was difficult to move about until we had built a fire and cut the bushes away with the axe.

Then arose the question about getting supper, for we had eaten nothing since we left the ship. But who should cook the supper, and who was to do the cooking in future? This was what had not occurred to us before. It was finally agreed that we should make some tea, and each cook for himself. The fire having been built, two crotched sticks were driven into the ground; a pile laid across them, on which was hung a bucket of water dipped from the river, into which we poured a large quantity of Bohea or Choo-chong, to cook, so that our tea presented more the appearance of a dish of greens than a beverage. This, however, we managed to strain into our tin dishes, and although it was somewhat smoky, it tasted far better than theapid water of the river. We each cut a large slice of salt pork, (for the Jews were not among us), which we stuck on sticks and held in the blaze until it was pretty well crisped and smoked, and perchance had fallen not a few times in the ashes; and this we ate, with hard bread we had taken from the ship, and which constituted our supper.

This meal being over, we began to think about laying ourselves out for "tired nature's sweet restorer" to breathe her balmy influence upon our wearied limbs, and prepare us for the fatigues of another day. But as the fire died out, and the smoke blow away, the mosquitos came about us in such swarms that it was impossible to breathe without their obtruding themselves into our mouths and windpipes, to our great discomfort; a wag declared they had bills "three inches long." As I had heard of mosquitos growing so large, on the lower Mississippi, as to be able to lift a horse by his back and shake his shoes off, I tried to console myself that I was among the Lilliputians.

Shaking my blankets violently, I hastily threw them over my head, and laid down

to sleep—no, not to sleep, but to be annoyed; for, notwithstanding my precaution, I had wrapped a host of these tormentors in my blankets, and they began to present their bills, and sing a lullaby that to me was most unwelcome. I uncovered my head that respiration might be more free, when instantly my face became covered with these vigilant intruders.

I sprang hastily to my feet, brushed them away, built a fire, and placed myself in the smoke, until my face became blackened, and my eyes resembled the bleary eyes of an Irish cook while preparing a dish of raw onions. Again I laid me down, but could not long remain *decubitus in modo*; the condition of Dante's Venedico Caccianimico was not more wretched; "*se le fazion che porti non son false*"—for if the features were not false, they were so bloated and swollen as to deny a friendly recognition.

During this time some of my companions were suffering with myself, while others, overcome by the fatigue, were loudly snoring, as if anxious to drown the hideous hum, and lull themselves to a sweeter repose. I proposed to leave, in preference to doing penance through the weary hours of night. A part of the company being of my mind, one boatload started, leaving the others to follow in the morning.

We left the *slough* just as the first rays of the sun fell upon the silver bosom of the Sacramento, and a more beautiful scene I have never gazed upon; my bosom was filled with transports of joy, and for a time the fatigue of the night was wholly forgotten. As far away to the east as the eye could scan, I beheld the blue hills skirting the horizon, save where an occasional peak, rising high above the rest, glistened with eternal snows, that melting rush down the mountain gorges, and along the smiling valleys, to commingle with the waters of the mighty deep. Along the banks of the river stood old oaks, with their pendant vines and mistletoe; the valleys stretched far away, where

the wild ox and deer fed together, and the wild birds made the morning glad with their early songs; all conspiring to make the scene one of unequalled beauty, interest and delight. Most willingly would I undergo the fatigues of that night to enjoy the scene once more. But 'tis changed; the river wears not that quiet, and the banks are bereft of the old oak—the "woodman's axe" has laid it low—and all is changed, to bear the impress of thrift and civilization; thus teaching us the lesson, that all atomic and vitative existence is changing and passing with an unobserved stealthiness away, and soon will leave no trace whereby the attention of future generations may be called to the beauty and grandeur of the earth's present sublimest renown. This is my first adventure. Yours,

FE NIX.

Lonely Dale, Nov. 1, 1857.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF HOOPS.

It was in the past month, of the year 1709, that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, gave to the world, through the columns of the *Taller*, a luminous account of the fashion which then prevailed, of wearing hooped petticoats. That fashion has returned again, and as the writings of Bickerstaff are already old, and may not last a hundred and fifty years longer, I propose to follow his illustrious example, and give a new account of the same old fashion, for the benefit of the people of January, A. D., 2005. I hope thus, by warning posterity of the evils of enlarged petticoats, to confer a favor (my fortune hardly amounts to that) upon my great, or little, as the case may be, great-great-grand-children.

Fashion, like every thing else, is the creature of circumstance; in illustration of which fact it is related of the enormous ruffles of Queen Elizabeth's time, that they were at first only large enough to conceal a deformity of her ladyship's neck. And so, of hooped petticoats, when they first made their appearance,

or rather, I should have said, when they first became manifest, were no larger than requisite to hide the deformities of young misses and maidens; if, indeed, they came up to that standard. So rapid, however, is their growth at the present time, as to bid fair, in the course of the coming year, to rival in dimensions the new dome on the Capitol at Washington.

It is but just that I should attribute, to some extent, the blame of their expansion to the character of the material out of which they were originally constructed. Every body is aware that whalebone has a natural tendency (taken as it is from a large animal), to dilate whatever may chance to enclose it. At all events, the women have enough to endure, under these great garments, without having to bear also the faults of others; and besides, the monster of the deep, though scarcely larger than a fashionable lady, is more able, and at the same time, I trust, willing, to retain his portion of the responsibility. But a sense of justice equally forbids that I should make of him a scape-goat to bear off all the sins of large petticoats. The expansive quality of whalebone affords no excuse for hoops of brass and steel. These are no device of the leviathan; on the contrary, their tendency is (a thing he cannot be supposed to encourage), to supplant him as the largest of moving things. Nor is the responsibility of the change from bone to brass to be forced unconditionally upon the fair sex. Future generations will entirely exonerate them, when it comes to be learned, as presently it will, that the dry goods dealers were the parties chiefly interested in the movement; and in view of the dishonor it must cast upon that large and respectable class of citizens, it grieves me to be obliged to record the fact; nevertheless, history demands it, and it must be written, that they procured metallic hoops to be invented for the benefit of trade, rather than the gratification of female vanity. There was a limit to whalebone, the best specimens measuring only twenty-seven feet; but

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to metal there was no such limit. While yet the former was in use, it required only three and a half ordinary patterns to make one dress or petticoat; but now five are readily sold for the same purpose. A careful calculation will show the persons for whom this is written, should they still retain our system of figures, that during the fore part of the month of December, in the year 1857, the difference in favor of metallic hoops was just a pattern and a half.

The merchants will undoubtedly realize large fortunes out of this fashion, but those who furnish hoop-money (in Bickerstaff's time it was called pin-money), have observed a strong inclination in their pockets to collapse, and are becoming extremely anxious for a collapse of the fashion itself. It has already brought upon the country a financial crisis of a most alarming character; and it is the settled opinion of Bates, Rowe, and other skilful financiers, that when petticoats finally obtain their greatest tension and explode, a convulsion will be produced in the business world, compared with which that from the bursting of the South Sea bubble was trifling. This, however, is no time for speculations. Dame Fancy, owing to her natural bent for extravagant flights, might possibly puff up these nother garments to the full size of inflated balloons; but with the unreasonable dame this account has nothing to do. History should deal alone in facts.

Among the most deplorable, or, strictly speaking, heart-rending consequences flowing from the use of these enormous circles, is the separation of families, and the constant alienation of husbands and wives. This might be supposed to be sufficiently effected by the waste of money upon skirts; but in addition to that annoyance, the fashion itself maintains a most respectful distance between them. They are no longer able to cherish one another, and kissing is entirely out of the question, though many a husband would gladly embrace an opportunity. Indeed, to such a strait are men driven in these

times, that they are about to apply to the legislature to reduce the size of petticoats to a moral social standard. It is believed that the bachelor members may be enlisted in the measure, and that a petticoat clause can be tacked on to the bill for the reduction of fees, it being only for the reduction of fee-males.

But though inconvenient in these several respects, hoops are not without their uses. They serve a like purpose with guard-ropes in a menagerie, which prevent too great familiarity with the animals; and, in so far as they serve for the protection of the weaker portion of humanity, the wearing of them may well be esteemed a virtue.

From what the future reader has acquired, he will be prepared to learn that hooped petticoats have quite broken up the custom of dancing. This amusement, as likewise social parties, have been rendered impracticable, since not more than two or three well-dressed ladies can occupy the same drawing-room. Healthy out-door exercise, also, and especially in cities, is trespassed upon in the same manner; in consequence of which, the women of this town have petitioned the mayor to have the sidewalks cleared for the space of eleven feet; the more fashionable agreeing among themselves, in that event, to pass up on the right and down on the left of streets, to avoid jostlings. It is thought his honor will refuse the request, in-as-much as it is opposed by all such of his constituents as have no feelings in common with the sufferers. Should their prayer be denied, it is proposed, as a last resort, and for revenge, to adopt the Sacramento custom of appropriating the entire street, to the exclusion of teams and vehicles.

The in-door workings of the fashion are somewhat peculiar, and I shall doubtless relieve the curiosity of the female portion of posterity by informing them, that when a hooped lady calls upon another, she neither takes a seat upon the sofa, nor upon a chair, for that were impracticable; but she is furnished with

an ottoman in the middle of the floor, and when seated thereon, the ottoman being surrounded by the hoops, is no longer visible.

The most remarkable incident connected with this subject, was the appearance in the streets the other day of a Chinese girl, dressed, in the height, or rather, the breadth, of fashion. Like all her country-women, she was small of stature, but so vast was her latitudinal measurement, that she was properly likened to a great China tea-saucer, inverted. She was the first of her race to discard the more

graceful Bloomer costume, and I "venture the assertion," that the expected comet, if no larger, would have excited less attention. Several gentlemen came near splitting their sides with laughing at her civilization, and at the next meeting of the bachelors' club, the question was warmly discussed, whether, if petticoats continued to swell and radiate, it would not be necessary for the gentlemen also, to hoop themselves to prevent any disastrous splitting of the sides from laughter.

C.

Our Social Chair.

Does it not, gentle reader, appear as though some wrong had been done somewhere, or by some one: or, that some great omission had been made in some quarter: that at this holiday season, we should, by necessity, be precluded the pleasure of dropping in to make one in the dear old circle of friends at the fondly-cherished homestead of our early days, or pay our New Year's visit to our eastern acquaintances? It does to us; although we are at a loss where to lay the blame, while we feel very desirous of placing it on the shoulders of some one. How much do we miss the Railroad—*The Pacific and Atlantic Railroad!* now, when our hearts would be jubilant in merry-makings with our friends!

Who would not, to-day, feel delighted, aye, overjoyed, if the great highway across the continent were opened, and the iron horse had come, with sonorous puffs and snorts, to publish the bonds of matrimony between the East and the West? From Eastport in Maine, to the Golden Gate, and from Cape Sable to the British possessions, the whole Union would be willing, joyously, to become bridesman. Then why should we not have it so?

There is one blessing left us, that, although that great boon, for the present at least, is denied, we can become mentally present to chat away the pleasant hours, play all sorts of games in love or friendship, sing songs that will renew our youth through memories of other days; and, how naturally do

we ask ourselves if we, the absent, will be remembered

"At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?"

This reminds us that before us lies a copy of a neat and prettily-illustrated little volume from Dr. G. M. Bourne, entitled "The Snow-Storm," written by his daughter, and which, in imagination, takes us "away down east," among frost and ice and cold; sleigh-rides and mishaps; juvenile snow-balling and snow-house-building; and is suggestive of comfortable firesides and pleasant indoor amusements. We shall be much mistaken if Santa Claus does not call at the various book-stores for some of these choice little books, to stow away in his capacious pockets, for Christmas and New Year's presents to his little friends.

"LAST OF THE FILLIBUSTERS," is the title of a new book of eighty-five pages, published by H. Shipley & Co., Sacramento, and written by W. Frank Stewart, Captain of the "Red Star Guard," the Banner Battalion of Walker's army. It is a straightforward recital of the actualities and experiences of Fillibustering in Nicaragua, and gives to the reader a more life-like impression of matters and things there than all the newspaper reports yet published. There are too some fine thoughts interspersed throughout; such, for instance, as the following:—

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and an ample distribution of ammunition, at an hour earlier than usual we all retired to bed—(heaven help us! we had no beds but the brick-paved floor!)—and I thought, as the poor fellows lay snoring around me, that man should be more grateful to Providence for casting an impenetrable veil over the future than for any blessing which God has vouchsafed to us."

Who does not say "amen" to such a sentiment? This was the night preceding the battle of San George.—The book is well worthy of being read by those who, like ourselves, are opposed to the principles of Filibusterism.

A PRETTY GOOD JOKE.—An artist and member of a publishing firm in this city, who, for many months, has been engaged taking sketches of the various towns in the interior of the State, for the purpose of presenting them to the public in a series of lithographic views, recently visited a town in Placer county, (the name of which, perhaps, we may as well not mention), with this object in view. After finishing his sketch, and receiving the names of a number of persons as subscribers, he placed his valise upon the stage, and paid his fare, to journey to an adjacent town; and, as the morning was cool, he concluded to walk slowly on until the stage overtook him. In this, however, he was somewhat disappointed, as he arrived at his destination some time before the stage made its appearance there. When it at last stood in front of the

Hotel, he went out for his valise, when to his great surprise he found the driver in a dreadful state of wrathly excitement, and using words that were not the most refined that could be found in "Webster's unabridged," and who demanded of the artist indignantly that his name be struck from his list of subscribers. Upon inquiring the cause of all this, the artist found to his astonishment that he was the unintentional sinner for having *traveled faster than the stage!*—the driver considering it in the light of "a reflection upon himself and horses!"

LONGFELLOW beautifully and poetically calls Sunday the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.

GOODNESS is beauty. Ladies, make a note of that.

The most discontented of men could scarcely ask for greater variety in climate than is found in California. At the time we are writing this, strawberries and green peas are growing near San Francisco, and the hill-sides around are already putting on the bright attire of early spring; yet from the correspondence of a friend residing in Sierra Valley, we learn that snow has already fallen to the depth of several feet on the mountain tops and sides which girdle in their dwelling.

From the *Placer Herald* we give the following extract, which tells its own tale:

A CURIOSITY.—We received this week from Mr. John R. Gwynn, of Lauraville, two apples pulled from a tree in his garden in the month of September, and two taken from the same tree on the second inst., the last being from a second crop. In September, one hundred and twenty-four apples were plucked from the tree, which blossomed again in a short time, and is now bearing a second crop. The specimens sent us are as healthy as spring fruit. They are of the golden pippin variety. Truly, California has a fruitful soil.

There is more *read* than is *remembered*.

The following beautiful and truthful sentiment we clip from the chaste and cheerful pages of *The Lady's Home Magazine*—an excellent monthly, that should be found upon the table of every lady in this State; and we commend it (we mean the sentiment, or the magazine, whichever the reader chooses) to every mother in California:

MOTHERS THAT ARE WANTED.—It is a blessing and advantage utterly incalculable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness of solid information; with tact, temper, patience and skill fitted to train and mould the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition; and all this presided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers that the church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on anything else; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure.

Among our exchanges this month we most cordially welcome the *Atlantic Monthly*, a new magazine, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. The pleasant "first impression" which it gives, is fully sustained when the contents place the author and the reader upon more intimate acquaintance with each other. Besides, the long and able list of contributors to this work, many of whom are especial favorites in the world of literature, while it gives the assurance that it will be sustained by more than ordinary ability, and become the exponent of "Freedom, National Progress, and Honor, whether public or private," it endorses the just and generous sentiment that "Literature, like Science or Art, knows no country"; and that, though in the main it will be sustained by American talent, it will also receive and welcome it from other lands. This has been repudiated by some, who, we are sorry to say, have shown no reluctance to pilfer, without the least pay or credit, from such sources.

We give two extracts to our readers. From one of its divisions headed Music, read—

"What will the Muses do in these hard times? Must they cease to hold court in opera-house and concert-room, because stocks fall, factories and banks stop, credit is paralyzed, and princely fortunes vanish away like bubbles on the swollen tide of speculation? Must Art, too, bear the merchant's penalties? or shall not rather this ideal, feminine element of life, shall not Art, like women, warm and inspire a sweeter, richer, more ideal, though it be a humbler home for us, with all the tenderer love and finer genius, now that man's enterprise is wrecked abroad? Shall we have no Music? Has the universal 'panic' gripped the singers' throats, that they can no longer vibrate with the passionate and perfect freedom indispensable to melody? It must not be. The soul is too rich in resources to let all its interests fail because one fails. If business and material speculation have been overdone, if we are checked and slung down in these mad endeavors to accumulate vast means of living, we shall have time to pick ourselves up, compose ourselves to some tranquility and some humility, and actually, with what small means we have, begin to live. Panic strangles life, and the money-making fever always tends to panic. Panic is the great evil now, and panic needs a panacea. What better one can we invent than music? It were the very madness of economy to cut off that. Some margin every life must have, around this everlasting sameness of the dull page of necessity,—some

opening into the free infinite of joy and careless idealism, or the very life-springs dry up."

An article entitled the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table contains many beautiful sentiments—for instance, the following:

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor,
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

All those who read Graham's spicy and spritely Magazine know that since Meister Karl's occupation of the chair editorial he has one department entitled "The Cabinet of Kisses," but how he manages to fill that cabinet every month with such as the following, which we take the liberty of stealing for the especial benefit of our young readers at this holiday season—and which, perhaps, like all kisses, are all the better for being stolen—we do not pretend to tell:—

Different people have different ways of writing about kisses. Ben Perley Poore describes the operation in a plain, straightforward way, with no more rapture about it than the trundling of a wheel-barrow. Witness the following from one of his tales:—

"Lizzie's eyes had been filled with tears, but they were tears of joy; and now through their crystal prisms came a smile so eloquent, that Norton caught her in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her rosy lips.

"That's it," exclaimed Mr. Dalton, rubbing his hands, 'it may not be the fashion-

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able way of sealing a contract, but it is the best one."

Such a kiss must have been very nice, of course—but only a plain baked-apple kiss, after all—nothing like the fruit of Paradise, such as Alexander Smith goes wild over—or the luscious bananas of Stoddard—or the bewildering peach-bites of Johannes Secundus.

THE ESSENCE OF BLISS.

GENTLEMAN.

The essence of bliss,
Is an exquisite kiss—
Sweet lady, can you deny it?

LADY.

To convince me 'tis true,
You have nothing to do,
Dear sir, but simply to try it.

Variety is the spice of kissing, as it is of life, and Alexander Smith appears to know it, for, meeting a lovely being, whose sweet lips have never yet "divinized" his own, he exclaims in a bound-to-have-a-kiss-and-no-mistake sort of style:

"Oh, untouched lips!
I see them, as a glorious rebel sees
A crown within his reach. I'll taste their bliss,
Although the price be death."

To the Meister, greeting:—Allow me to make a few additions to your "Cabinet of kisses," by extracts from the poems of Alexander Smith, who, of all poets that have ever sung the praises of a kiss, is entitled to "rake down the persimmons." Just listen to him, and see how he enters into the luxury of kissing:

"I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
Oh, kiss me into faintness, sweet and dim;
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,
Full-juiced and mellow leaneeth to the taker's reach;

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave;
It floods my shoulders o'er—
Another yet! Oh, as a weary wave
Subsides upon the shore.
My hungry being, with its hopes, its fears—
My heart, like moon-charmed waters, all un-

rest;
Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,
Doth faint upon thy breast!
I feel thy clasping arms—my cheek is wet—
One kiss, sweet, sweet, another yet!"

What thinkest thou of that, dear Meister?
And then again he says—

"Give me another kiss, and I will take
Death at a flying leap."

Which fully proves that he rightly estimates the value of a kiss. The following, I think, exhibits in all its fullness the feeling of ecstatic all-overishness one feels after pressing the ruby lips of the one he loves—

"My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss—
What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss;
I seemed to walk on thrones."

But I will leave Alexander Smith for the present, although extracts from his poems to prove that he fully understands the science and art of "kissing divine" might be greatly multiplied, and conclude with the following

STORY OF PROMETHEUS APPLIED. UPON STEALING A KISS FROM A FAIR MAID ASLEEP.

"This, this is Life! all else a dream—
This is the true Promethean flame,
From heaven by daring theft conveyed,
Tho' by the prize the risk's o'erpaid.
But if to steal those heavenly fires,
An equal punishment requires,
Whilst recent from the theft I glow,
Oh! fix me on that breast of snow;
Well pleased to languish life away,
Love shall upon my vitals prey—
Nor will I wish, while there I'm laid,
Alcides near to give me aid."

FASHIONABLE CALLS.—"Oh! what a perfect love of a baby!" burst in rapturous tones from Mrs. S.'s room, which was directly opposite mine. "Do, Miss G., look at those wee taper fingers! and then that little strawberry mouth! Little darling! precious angel baby!" Here a perfect explosion of kisses echoed through the room, mingled with the most extravagant praises of the little three-months-old Miss S. To be sure, the babe was as pretty and interesting as most young ladies are at that age, and one could not but love its helpless innocence; but praises so extravagantly lavished seemed to me rather more than was really necessary to convey to the proud young mother the visitor's appreciation of her darling.

"What a beautiful cloak you have on, Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. S.; "one of those elegant new styles. I declare I never saw any thing half so becoming! I must go directly and get me one."

"Don't you think it an elegant thing, though?" chimed in visitor No. 2. "So genteel and graceful; beside, there are not half a dozen like it in the whole city."

"That is the charm of it," said No. 1; "I had to coax a long time to get it; for Pa, like all fathers, talked of 'extravagance,' and pleaded the old story of business losses and the like. Poor Pa! to be sure he has lost considerable lately; but I knew fifty dollars would not make a bit of difference in his affairs, so I coaxed, cried and pouted, until I got it. I vowed I'd never wear that old velvet of mine again, after that odious Amy Weston appeared out in one precisely

like it. I declare I would not have stepped my foot inside a church again, if I must wear that thing. Do you blame me, girls?"

"No, indeed!" indignantly exclaimed both voices.

"By the way," said No. 2, "did you see Mrs. G.'s new bonnet last Sunday? If it isn't provoking to see her ugly face inside such a sweet bonnet, then I don't know what is. Did you ever see any body put on the airs she does? I had to laugh right out when she sailed up the aisle last Sunday. Why, one would think she had always been used to the position she now occupies; but we know that not six months ago she was nothing but a poor dressmaker!"

"Oh! Laura," here interrupted No. 1, "we almost forgot to tell Mrs. S. the very thing we called for! If that is n't strange! Who do you suppose is married, Mrs. S.?" Here was the shortest possible pause; then both visitors fairly shouted, in their eagerness to be first to tell the news—"Oh! you never could guess! it is that old beau of Helen M.'s—Mr. Willie K.!"

"You don't tell me that?" said the petrified Mrs. S. "Why, I cannot believe it. I thought he and Helen were just ready to be married. What broke off that match?"

"That is what we can't find out," was the reply; "but they say she feels dreadfully at losing him. She don't get much pity, though, as folks think it will do her good to have her self-conceit brought down a little."

"The best of it is, that Mr. K. has married an *old maid*, ugly as a hedge fence, prudish, precise, and dresses so old-fashioned!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chimed in all the voices; "pretty good for the fastidious Willie K.!"

For half an hour the above strain continued. Gossip of dress, fashion, slander of the absent, compliments to the *present*, all mingled in the wildest confusion. Not one sentence to remind one that the talkers were rational human beings, possessed of soul and intellect; nothing but a stream of senseless prattle, such as might be supposed to proceed from one of the wax figures in a milliner's show window, could it be endowed with speech.

Finally, with many ridiculous expressions of attachment to the lady of the house—many invitations, and promises "to call often," and another explosion of kisses—

the ladies left the room. The last I heard was an expression of indignant feeling against "the men who made such fools of themselves by ridiculing ladies' hoops!" Then the street door closed, and the fashionable callers were gone to seek a fresh field for gossip.

I again took up the book I had been reading, but all interest in its contents had gone. I could but dwell upon the folly of which, alas! too large a portion of our sex is guilty, in thus lending themselves to fashion, dress, and frivolity.

Oh! when will woman learn her dignity? When will she rise, unsatisfied with the worse than nothingness which now so engrosses her faculties? I am no advocate for "woman's rights"; she *has* her rights—aye, more than stern *right* would give—now. I am no brawler for "woman's superiority"; but I *do* like *common sense*. I *do* want to see woman, not a mere pretty toy, a beautiful ball-room flower, but just such a being as God intended she should be, when he gave her as companion to that great master-piece of creation, man. I *do* want to see her stand in all the glorious perfection of *mind*, as well as person, with which the great Creator endowed her. I would have her know herself; her own capabilities for higher enjoyments. She would be none the less gentle, none the less lovely, none the less *womanly*; but every true, noble man would love yet more dearly, cherish yet more tenderly, as wife or friend, one to whom he could look as his equal in mind and cultivation. I believe it is *woman's own fault*, if men regard her as their inferior in intellect. She takes that place, then rails at the other sex for allowing her to keep it. I do not believe, with some, that man would deprive her of a place at his side in intellectual pursuits; but if she refuses to take that place, is not she alone to blame? If she is satisfied with the fashion and folly of the day, is she not alone in fault?

I look upon "fashionable calls" as the greatest farce in existence. How much real friendship or good feeling are in those unmeaning compliments? *Compliments* are often but another name for *falsehoods*—yes, downright falsehoods. How often does "Oh! I am delighted to see you!" proceed from a heart full of envy, jealousy and dislike toward the person addressed? "I shall

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be most happy to call" is *not true*, when it is tiresome and disagreeable to make that call.

"But society demands it." No, indeed! "Society" would be far better if those calls only were made where real friendship and esteem exist. Throw aside this keeping up appearances, and there would be less ill-will, less *back-biting* and slander, more genuine friendship among our sex, and a higher tone to society in general.

MARY MORRIS KINKE.

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. III.

IN THE MINES, Dec. 1, 1857.

DEAR SISTER MAY,—I find I must be brief, for that *Social Chair* I see was not provided entirely for our comfort; and however pleasant it may be for us to sit in it and hold sweet converse together, we must not be selfish, but resign our seat to listen to others, as well as talk ourselves.

You thank me for my cordial invitation to you to visit me in my cabin, "but are afraid you can't come," and then "you don't know where it is, or what it is like," and several other questions you have asked, from which I begin to think you really don't care much about seeing me, unless my surroundings are all of the right sort—pleasant and agreeable. Now, dear May, had you really desired in your heart to visit me, I believe there are no difficulties which might not have been surmounted; for what cannot woman do when she determines to accomplish what she has in view, particularly when *her heart* is in the work? I threw all my heart into that "invitation," dear May, for I wanted to bring *yours* out into the mountains; but I fear it has had the effect of making it cling closer to home; and you have not received it with the *heart only*, for I find you have examined it critically, and you say "it is beautifully composed." That is the "*most unkindest cut of all*." O! how my poor heart bleeds!

How do I know that you are not the greatest old maid in San Francisco? That was very easily known when I penned my last letter, but now assurance is doubly sure. Do old maids imagine themselves to be fairies, sister May? The idea is preposterous. But may not the maiden of sweet

sixteen have such ideal visions? and has she not a fairy's witching influence? Would an old maid select four frolicsome young girls to accompany her on a proposed visit to a lonely miner? I think not, sister May. But, above all, could an old maid fly about with the agility which you displayed when you were chasing up Fred, to regain that stolen stanza of poetry? Verily, no. The thing is impossible, May, and I think I begin to know a little about you. Besides all this, I think I can discover a shrinking maiden timidity in your last letter, which seems to say, "Brother Frank is growing too warm; I must not encourage him till I find out something more about him; he is rather too plain in some of his hints." Now, I don't think elderly maidens would be quite so particular and fastidious. Speaking about elderly maidens, I once, in New York city, had the good fortune to be introduced to an elderly maiden from a far country—one not unknown to fame. When I first saw her, I thought she was the homeliest woman I had ever seen; but I had not conversed with her fifteen minutes, before she began to appear beautiful. Her intelligence, her refinement, her kindness of heart, her goodness, and the sympathizing tones of her voice, were to me the only characteristics of her person, and they seemed to clothe her with a beauty which could not be dispelled. That elderly maiden was Frederika Bremer; and a few such I have known, who I must confess were not without their charms. So you see, dear May, there is some chance for you with me, even should you be an old maid, provided you are of the right kind. Suppose I adapt a stanza of my last invitation, to meet such a contingency:

Come to me, elderly maiden,
Come with a heart all free;
Come and create an Aiden
In my cabin home for me.

Our editor has kindly informed us that the Chair is for all kinds of fun, and so I hope, dear May, that you will excuse me for poking a little fun at you this time. I have lots more of the same sort left; but then the chair should not hold me any longer, for others are waiting for a seat. So adieu!

Sincerely and affectionately yours,
BROTHER FRANK.

P. S. I suppose you did not visit me because you were apprehensive that you might

find me a rusty, crusty old bachelor; and then in common courtesy you would be bound to invite me to return your visit; and then—and then——but you can imagine all the rest. Yours ever,

BROTHER FRANK.

A CHALLENGE.—Some fair lady, without name, (that is, she left no name with us,) placed this on our counter, and, without word or sign, immediately walked away. Now if some "honest" gentleman of "honor" does not make a post-office of our Social

Chair, by sending an answer to the following, why—well, we shall see.

I would fain look upon an honest man,
And mean to do it if I can—
So keep trying—and when I've found him
I will not fail to throw around him
Humanity's garb—the stamp of honor—
Hoping he will not forget the donor,
Nor fail to send me back an answer,
Post-paid, of course, if he is a man sir.

M—.

Editor's Table.

THE SEASON.—We hold this as a time when the balance-sheet of human feeling should perfectly tally; and, whether debtor or creditor, that we should be willing to make our accounts in matters of friendship (and business, too, if possible) come out square. It is a time when hard thoughts against those who may have offended us should be softened; and as, for His sake, in whose remembrance we gratefully commemorate the day and season, we hope to be forgiven; that we (who, at best, are but mortal and very imperfect) should be not only willing, but anxious to extend the heart and hand to our sinning brother. May God help us, reader, if we feel less forgiving than our Maker. In lives of three score years and ten, if we cannot feel the heart's yearning and relenting towards all, at least once a year, what ought we, in fairness, to expect?

In gratitude for favors so generously bestowed upon us, let us now and throughout the year keep perpetual holiday in our hearts by our God-like humanity to our brethren. Let us seek out the hungry, that we may feed them; the naked, that we may clothe them; the exposed, that we may shelter and protect them; the suffering, that we may soothe and comfort them; the troubled, that we may cheer and relieve them; the embarrassed, that we may aid and gladden them by our counsel and assistance; and, above all, inasmuch as it requires a greater effort than all, that we take even he who has injured us (if such there be) by the hand, and say, "Let us now be friends, and forgive

each other, and learn in the future to know and do better than in the past," and thus, according to the good book, "Thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head," and throughout the year upon which we have just entered you can become indissoluble friends.

The poor outcast, even, must not be forgotten or excluded, now, or ever, from our sympathies, for she is our sister, and he is our brother, however much the well-remembered image of their childhood and innocence may be effaced. We may yet be like them: then, who shall pity us?

It was a wise law of the All-wise that man should be the most happy on the surest and best of all principles, namely: that of increasing his individual happiness just in proportion as he became the instrument of happiness to others. Think of and do that, brethren all, throughout the year: then we predict for you a happy and a prosperous one, for God and man will unite to bless and help you.

FRIENDS, CONTRIBUTORS, SUBSCRIBERS, READERS, and WELL-WISHERS, we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

To Friends. We owe a large debt of gratitude for your personal sympathy and assistance in our enterprise throughout the year. By the gentle breezes of your kindly wishes and words, our skill has been wafted prosperously along on her California voyage; and, we trust, has been the means of bearing love and good-will to all—for such

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indeed in our heart of hearts have we desired it to do—while making the port of public favor. Our assorted cargo of literary merchandise we hope has proved acceptable to all—unitedly we have sought to make it so. We earnestly hope that for the year before us she may be freighted with yet more costly gems of thought, with still greater earnestness of purpose, and with much higher and more ennobling aspirations; that her voyage may this year be still more propitious unto all; and our wares become so acceptable to the public, as to justify, and create the necessity for, an increase in her capacity, without extra freight charges to the charter-party—the reader.

To Contributors. Without other wages of reward than that arising from your labors of love for and in the cause of literature to our own California, you have stood by our vessel through the whole year's voyage; a brave and noble crew, manfully—the ladies included—doing duty; and we thank you. If you are satisfied with the officers, craft, and shipping articles, (and we hope you are,) we invite you to join us for the new year's cruise; with the earnest wish that it may prove yet more prosperous and agreeable than the last, both to ourselves and the passengers—our subscribers and readers. May we be spared to finish the voyage through the year together; and when we arrive in port, and drop our anchor, on the last day of December next, may we feel that by God's blessing this year has been spent to some purpose, in having increased the wealth of human hearts, by making them feel happier and nobler for the intercourse held between us.

To Subscribers, Readers and Well-Wishers. There is an essential bond of sympathy between writers and readers in a work like ours, that should be ever fondly cherished. One is happily dependent on the other. However stout, fast, and well found may be the ship; however brave and self sacrificing may be the men; however rich and varied may be the cargo; without appreciating purchasers, all commercial intercourse between individuals and nations is at an end. On the other hand, all the pleasures arising from the possession of articles; all the enjoyments springing from refined and eleva-

ted relationships; all the happiness enjoyed and diffused by commercial, intellectual, or social communication, would be excluded but for the former. We hope that in this all have been satisfied. One thought, alone, may have repaid the full investment; inasmuch as one thought enjoyed will become the medium of more true pleasure and advantage than ten or even fifty times the cost of the whole. Intellectual enjoyments are too often undervalued. Many persons, for instance, will prefer to give twenty-five cents for something to smoke, drink, or eat, the pleasure from which is lost in but a few brief minutes; while the same amount invested in a newspaper, magazine, or book, not only would give a higher and nobler pleasure, but one that is much more beneficial and lasting.

A GENERAL INVITATION.—We shall be happy to receive original pieces of excellence from all persons and sources. They should be short, comprehensive, entertaining and instructive, and as spirited and lively as it is possible to make them. There is much slumbering talent in the State; we should like to awake it up. We have but one magazine here; that one should be excellent. Will the educated and the intellectual assist us to make it so?

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.—On the first Monday of the present month the Legislature will convene. It will be an important day for California, inasmuch as a vast amount of invaluable business requires to be well done during the ensuing session. We hope that a high and ennobling standard will regulate the thoughts and actions of this body, that our past disgrace may be taken away; and that every Californian may hereafter point with pride to our Legislature as an equal with the best; and, like our State, be the brightest in the glorious galaxy. While every citizen with anxious eye may keep vigilant watch over every member and measure, we hope it will not be with a spirit of abusive find-faultativeness or suspicion; but with a high-minded and straightforward confidence in the honor, integrity and ability of the man; that the measure may be worthy of the confidence reposed, from the highest of all motives.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

G., Placerville.—We have most of the particulars of that A. W. B. black sand story; but as you may perhaps furnish something additional, we shall wait to hear from you.

B. F.—Yours is c-x-c-c-l-e-n-t.

H. J.—Ditto, yet not sufficiently condensed.

P. T., Montezuma Hill.—We give it up. Once we foolishly thought that we could read any thing—at least in English; but we don't now, for yours beats us. If six German (or any other kind of) herrings, with some hieroglyphics thrown in—not omitting by any means a few crabs or lobsters for capitals—make one stanza, then yours is all right. To make the matter still worse, (if that were possible), it is written on both sides of the paper—a species of economy, believe us, never appreciated by the editorial profession.

G. W. R.—Thank you. The same please accept. The lines sent are not quite suitable for a magazine.

B. B.—All right.

C. A., Goodyear's Bar.—Yes, just now, especially. Mount Guicngola is about sixteen miles northwesterly from the city of Tehuantepec, and is remarkable for the immense heaps of ruins covering almost every part of it; showing it to have been at some greatly remote period, and before its present forests existed, thickly inhabited, where now not a soul lives. There is still a massive wall of stone, several miles in length, along the very verge of several precipices, and across numerous ravines. The mountain is said to contain a remarkable cave. A few years hence, and that country will astonish us.

J. K. L.—Will be welcome. We shall try next month to give some of the opinions of correspondents about what our magazine should contain. This much we may now say, that it would be something like the weather could every person have it made to suit his individual tastes and wishes—simply no kind (and yet all kinds) of weather.

T. B.—The Chinese question is now very complicated, and will be much more so

before it is done with, or we lose our guess. We differ with you very much, as we do with many others whose articles we publish—but that would make no difference, providing your piece showed that the right spirit had dictated and defended your views. Declined.

Emily A., Santa Rosa.—It is a great and by far too common an error in writers for the press—they think too little, and write too much. We shall be pleased again to hear from you, in some piece for this magazine. One thought, clothed in suitable language, seldom suffers from being briefly and concisely expressed.

Joe B.—Are you a member of the old Joe B., "Major B—agstock" family?

M.—"My Ideal" has either four lines too few, or four too many. Was it an oversight?

D. T.—Then don't buy it.

DECLINED.—"I saw her in the merry dance," (the only passable line in it is the first, and that is borrowed)—"The Pope's Gift," (soft as well as sectarian)—"The F. F.'s of S. F.," (too personal)—"California Morality," (is too prosy)—"Expressiveness," (in the title, only)—"The Natural Diseases of different Countries," (you only mention two, and your views on those we know to be incorrect. It is an excellent subject "skipped," not treated.)—"My blue-eyed" (is it pig? or) pet"? You might possess more personal respect than to send such silly, commonplace sentences, worn threadbare many years ago, to any publication.

T. N.—We know you must be a funny fellow to write such spicy lines. We shall be pleased to publish them, if you will carefully revise them, removing all the coarse language. That spoils all.

General Remarks.—We should like all good friends who favor us with articles this year to make them better, if possible, than the past. Write carefully, and as carefully examine what you have written before sending it for publication. That is our advice; and, should you take it, you will at the end of this year thank us cordially for it.

SAMUEL BRANNAN'S BANK.

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FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
OF PRODUCTIVE REAL ESTATE,
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VOLNEY E. HOWARD, SAMUEL J. HENSLEY, ELI COOK.

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PRODUCTIVE REAL ESTATE,

AMOUNTING TO NOT LESS THAN

Four Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Certificates of Deposit will be issued for any amount, from Five Dollars upwards, but no Certificate will be issued bearing interest for a less sum than One Hundred Dollars, nor for a shorter time than six months. The interest paid upon these Certificates will be at the rate of three per cent. per annum.

All Moneys Loaned will be upon First Class Securities,

but borrowers will be required to pay all the expenses of searching titles, drawing mortgages and other papers; the right reserved to the Bank to say who shall search the titles, draw the papers, and the manner in which they shall be drawn.

GOLD DUST will be received and deposited at the United States Mint, or any Assay Office, for assay, and the depositors of the same charged the usual market rates for so doing.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC EXCHANGE purchased and forwarded, charging usual commissions in such cases; but no Exchange will be forwarded, without funds or ample satisfactory security in hand.

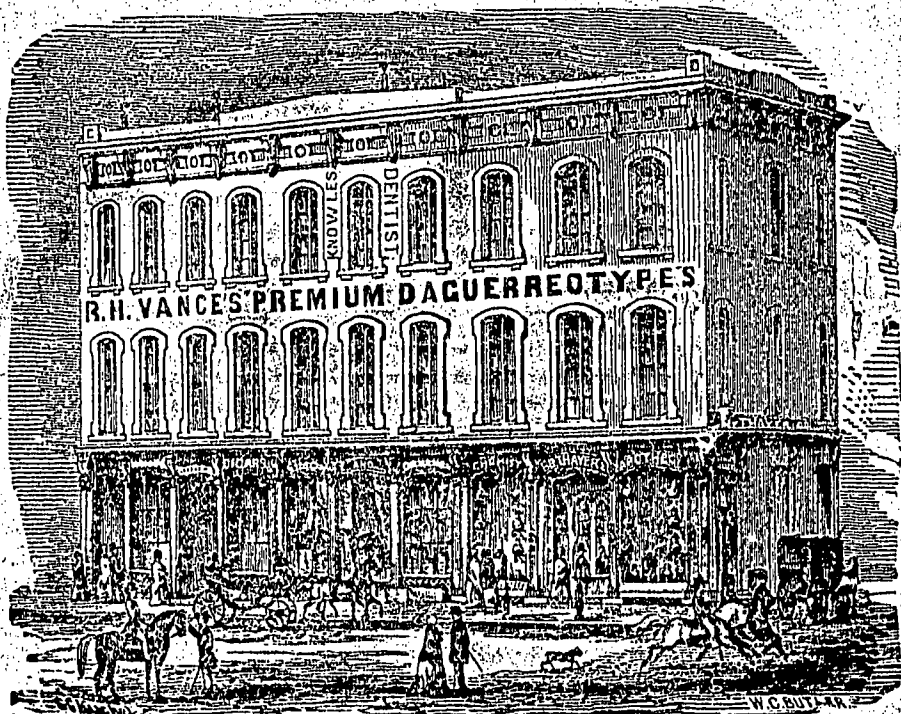
THE BANK IS SITUATED IN THE
CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

On the Northeast Corner of MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS,

And will be open daily, (Sundays and Holidays excepted,) from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.; on every Saturday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock, and on the night previous to the sailing of the steamers from 7 o'clock until 11 P. M.

SAMUEL BRANNAN

SAN FRANCISCO, October 31st, 1857.



FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN.

R. H. VANCE,

Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery Streets,
Has, by the superiority of his DAGUERREOTYPES and AMBROTYPES, again received

THE FIRST PREMIUM

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

TO THOSE WHO WISH SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL,

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

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

GENUINE AMBROTYPES.

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

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

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

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

OUR GALLERY IS FREE TO ALL.