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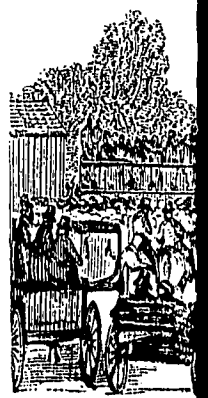
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CALIFORNIA

Vol. II.



CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO

THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

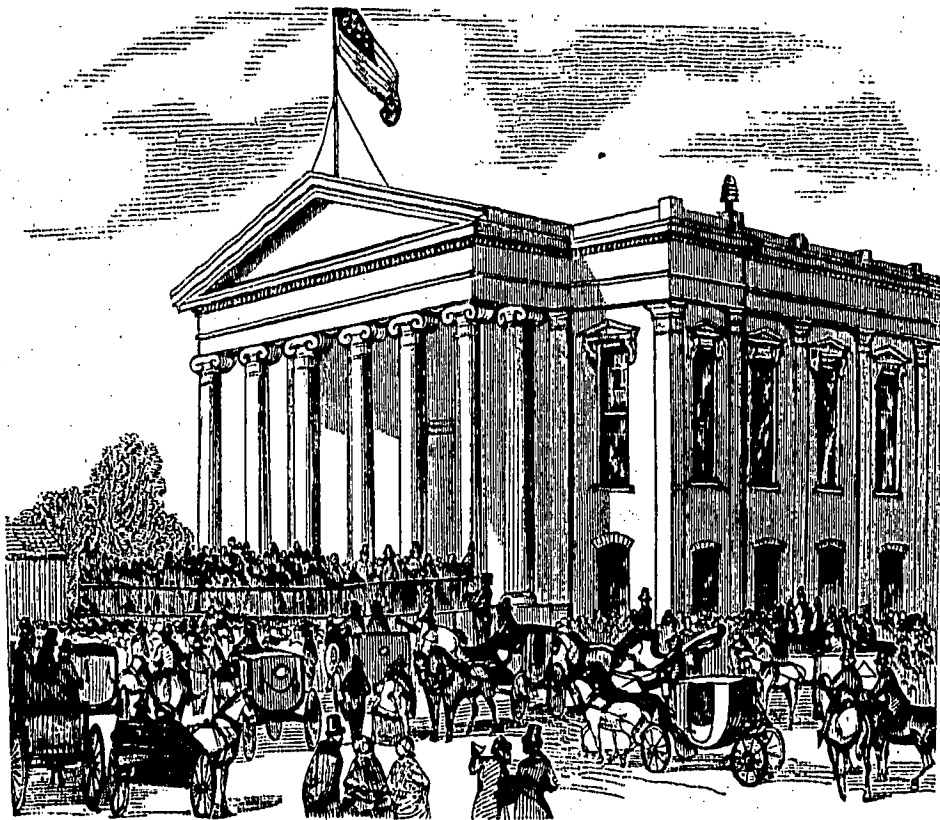
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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

MARCH, 1858.

No. 9.



CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO DURING THE INAUGURATION OF GOV. JOHN B. WELLER, JAN. 8, 1858.

[From a Photograph by W. Dickman, Sacramento.]

THE STATE CAPITOL AT SACRAMENTO.

After the vote of the Legislature of California had passed, Feb. 25th, 1854, to remove the Capitol from Benicia to Sacramento, it of course became necessary to have some suitable building in which to meet, and as the court-house,

the use of which was tendered by that city to the State, was too small and inconvenient, on the 27th of September, 1854, the foundation stone was laid for the present Capitol. It was erected with so much vigor as to be completed and dedicated on the 29th of December following. The building, with the portico, is one hundred and fifty feet in length,

by eighty feet in width, and contains two large halls; the Assembly Chamber being seventy-two feet in length by forty-two feet in width, and twenty-five feet in height, with a gallery capable of holding one hundred and fifty persons; the Senate Chamber is seventy feet in length by thirty-five in width, and the same length as the Assembly Chamber, with a gallery capable of holding one hundred persons. In addition to these halls there are fifteen large rooms suitable for offices and committees.

The building was erected by the city of Sacramento, at a cost of \$200,000; for the use of which the State is paying, as rent, \$4,000 per month, or at the rate of twenty-four per cent. per annum as interest.

EXECUTIVE AND STATE OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA.



[From an Ambrotype by S. Selleck.]

JOHN B. WELLER,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

The subject of this sketch was born February 22d, (Washington's birth-day,)

1813, in the County of Hamilton, State of Ohio, and received his education in the Miami University at Oxford, Butler Co. At the age of eighteen, he commenced the study of law, under Jesso Corwin, (brother to the distinguished Tom Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury under President Fillmore,) and at twenty was admitted to the bar. At twenty-one he was elected by the people of his county as Prosecuting Attorney, his tutor in the law being his competitor; and at the close of his term was reelected to the same office. At twenty-four, and before his second term had ended, he was elected to represent the counties of Butler, Preble, and Darke, in Congress, and took his seat with that body in December, 1839. He was twice reelected to the same honorable position, closing his career in the House of Representatives, March 4th, 1845; peremptorily declining again to become a candidate.

Upon the call being made, upon Ohio, for volunteers for the war with Mexico, he raised a company in his county, called the "Butler Guards," of which he was chosen Captain; and at the forming of the first Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, he was elected Lieut. Colonel. Being on Gen. Taylor's line of march, he actively participated in the battle of Monteroy; when, the Colonel of the Regiment being wounded, the command fell on Lieut. Col. Weller; when he led his command into the heat of the action; at which time a considerable number of his men fell to rise no more.

At the close of the war he returned to his family, and again commenced the practice of his profession; but was not long allowed to remain in private life; for, on the 8th of January, 1848, the Democratic Convention of Ohio nominated him as their candidate for Governor; when he entered spiritedly into the campaign, which was one of the most exciting that ever occurred. He, however, failed of his election by 320 votes, in a poll of over 300,000.

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President Polk to run and mark the boundary line between the U. S. and Mexico; and in May of the same year he arrived at San Diego for that purpose. In a few months he had surveyed a large portion of the line, when he was recalled by Gen. Taylor's administration, and Col. Fremont appointed in his stead; but as Col. F. was at the time a candidate for the U. S. Senate, he did not relieve Col. Weller; and, succeeding in his election, he finally declined the appointment.

In 1850 Col. W. was relieved by Major Emory, when he repaired to San Francisco and again commenced the practice of his profession.

In 1851, when a successor to Col. Fremont was to be elected, Col. W. was pressed by his friends upon the Legislature, but from various dissensions in the democratic party no election took place.

The following year Col. Weller and D. C. Broderick were the principal candidates to the U. S. Senate, from California; and after a long and excited struggle, Col. W. was elected, and took his seat in Washington city, April, 1852.

From the first he seems to have taken a prominent position in that body, becoming Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

While thus engaged, he secured the passage of many excellent measures; and, among others, the Wagon Road and Overland Mail Bill; and came within two votes of securing the passage of the Pacific Railroad Bill, and several large appropriations for the benefit of California.

In January, 1857, D. C. Broderick was elected his successor, from the 4th of March following, by a vote in the Democratic caucus of forty-one for Mr. B. to thirty-five for Mr. W.; and which, considering that the latter was absent at Washington, was certainly very flattering. Upon the intelligence of his defeat reaching Washington, nineteen of his old colleagues in the Senate introduced and

recommended him to the attention of Mr. Buchanan, for a seat in his Cabinet.

In May, 1857, he returned to California, and was nominated by the Democratic State Convention, for Governor, over J. W. McCorkle, by a vote of two hundred and fifty-two to sixty; and at the September election he received a majority of 32,082 votes over Stanley, 33,641 over Bowie, and 12,601 over both.

For the future history of John B. Weller, we must refer the reader to his acts; they will tell it faithfully, and, we doubt not, to the honor of himself, and the benefit of California.



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

JOSEPH WALKUP,
LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

Joseph Walkup, the present Lieut. Governor of California, was born 1823, in Miami county, Ohio—to which State his parents had removed from Virginia in 1812. There he followed farming, the occupation of his father, until the age of nineteen, when he learned the trade of a carpenter and joiner, which he followed for eight years. In 1849 he left his native State to cross the Plains for California, where he arrived in the month of

August of the same year, and settled in Auburn, (now the county town of Placer,) where he engaged in merchandizing, until 1851; at which time he sold out his store to reside on a ranch in the western portion of Placer county, where for the last six years he has followed the peaceful arts of agriculture, and the raising and dealing in stock.

While in his native State he took an active interest in political life as a working democrat, and has continued so to do in the State of his adoption. In 1851 he was chosen president of the board of commissioners to organize the county of Placer. The same year he was sent as a delegate to the first Democratic State Convention. In 1852 he was elected State Senator from Placer county on the democratic ticket; and in 1856 was re-elected to the same position. This he filled up to the time of his nomination for Lieut. Governor, in 1857, when he resigned his senatorial charge and was elected to his present honorable post; the difficult duties of which he seemed well qualified to discharge.

Mr. W. is now thirty-five years of age, and single; but, in our opinion, if he wishes to set a good example to the young people of this juvenile giant of a State, he will not omit to appoint a committee of one, (and that one himself,) to inquire into the policy and chances of his becoming a Benedict at as early a day as may be deemed convenient and expedient, when we hope his report (to himself) will be extremely favorable for so desirable a consummation.

FERRIS FORMAN,
SECRETARY OF STATE,

Is a native of the State of New York, from which he emigrated in 1835 to Illinois, where he was appointed U. S. District Attorney. In 1845 he was elected to the Senate of his adopted State, where he served for one session; but, on being chosen Colonel of the 3d Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, he resigned his

seat, and repaired to Mexico. He was present, with his Regiment, at Vera Cruz during the siege, and at the battle of Cerro Gordo, where, on each occasion, he behaved himself as became a soldier and a gentleman. In 1850 he emigrated to California. He was Post Master of Sacramento city for four years, during the whole term of the late Administration,



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

and was successful in discharging the duties of his office to the satisfaction of the public. In January, 1858, he was appointed to the position he now occupies; and in which he possesses the fullest confidence of those who know him best, that his duties will be performed with honesty and capability.

THOMAS FINDLEY,
TREASURER.

Mr. Findley is by birth a Pennsylvanian, and is now twenty-seven years old. His parents being Covenanters he was educated under the rigid teachings of their principles. He was somewhat unlike many other young men—who unscrupulously tread the moral and religious teachings of their parents beneath their feet, with secret indifference if not with open contempt;—for, with him, it has been his highest aim and greatest pleas-

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ure to follow the advice of his excellent mother.

In 1852 he came to California and went to Rough and Ready, where he submitted to the by no means agreeable introduction of a three months sickness. Upon his recovery he was nearly one thousand dollars in debt, and, like others, he saw the necessity of taking off his coat to commence work in earnest; and, although unaccustomed to labor, he began it with a will. His first employment was teaming; at this he continued, without losing a working day, until he had saved sufficient to open a store on his own account, which he did, at Grass Valley, Nevada county. Having succeeded well, and taken good care of his own business, in September last he was elected, on the Democratic ticket, to take care of the money of the State. The men who became his bondsmen for Treasurer never know him before coming to California; but as he never gambled one cent, was never intoxicated, and never loafed around saloons or other place, (very different is he to many prominent California politicians of the past,) there was some guarantee that neither themselves nor the State run much risk in having such a man in such an important and responsible position.

It is a sign, expressive of the improved condition of California, when moral and honorable men are elected to positions of honor and trust, instead of gamblers and bar-room brawlers; through whom we have paid so high a price for inefficient legislation, and whose actions have for a brief moment cast a cloud of disgrace upon our fair name and fame. Unfortunately, too, this has been done by men of various shades of political faith, so that one party alone can not charge dishonorable personal acts upon the other.

The only charge that we have against him is, that he is "single" (1) instead of double, for we think as his first main pride and glory has been never to disgrace his mother and his friends, that,

next to perpetuating this, he should "love, honor and cherish" some fair dame, with whom he may follow the worthy example of his father and his mother; and, while enjoying the pleasures of domestic life, prove that the future of our young State is neither forgotten nor overlooked.

[It is with much regret we find that, owing to the lateness of the hour Mr. F.'s portrait was received, the engraver has not been able to finish it in time for this month's issue; but it will appear in our next.]



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY GENERAL,

Was born in Monticello, Kentucky, on the 18th of May, 1828. He studied law with his father, Sherrod Williams, of Louisville, Kentucky. Started to this country by way of the plains, in 1849. Reached here in 1850, stopping at Placerville, El Dorado Co., in which county he has since resided, with his family. He was elected, in 1851, to the office of District Attorney, which office he held for two years. Since that time he has been in the practice of his profession until he was elected Attorney General of the State, on the Democratic ticket, in the fall of 1857.



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

G. W. WHITMAN,
CONTROLLER,

Is forty-six years old, a native of Greenboro County, Virginia, where he resided until the age of seventeen, when he removed to Chillicothe, Ohio; from whence, after a two years residence there, he emigrated to Wayne county, Indiana, and where, for fourteen years, he followed the trade of a cabinet-maker. After this he studied and practiced law, and for three years was Judge of the Probate Court of Indiana, which office he resigned in the spring of 1849, to come to California. Arriving here *via* Cape Horn, he made his way to Mariposa county, where he followed mining until 1853, and then removed to Tuolumne county, to engage in mining and lumbering, until his election to the State Controllership, on the American ticket, in September, 1856. His term of office expired January, 1858; but J. W. Mandeville, of Tuolumne county, not accepting the office, to which he was elected in September last, no successor was chosen as provided by law; and although Gov. Weller has appointed A. R. Meloney, of San Joaquin, to the Controllership, Mr. Whitman declines vacating his office until his successor is duly elected. Many reasons may perhaps

have suggested this as the better course for him to pursue under the circumstances; and, among others, that the cloud may be effectually removed which, for a time, rested upon his honor and fame by the apparent complicity of his accounts with those of Bates and Rowo. To defend himself against this charge doubtless very much impoverished him; and, having a large family to provide for, he must feel anxious that a double purpose may yet be accomplished: first, fully to establish his former honorable reputation; and next, that his family should not suffer from the necessity he was under of using the means that he possessed, in his defence, which, by right, should have been devoted to their support. From our past personal knowledge of him, we confess that we are much mistaken if some praiseworthy motive is not at the bottom of his action now.



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

ANDREW J. MOULDER,
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,

Is a native of Washington City, D. C., and is now thirty-two years old. He was educated in Columbian College, Alexandria, Virginia. At the age of sixteen he was a teacher of mathematics in the largest Academy in Virginia; in which State he continued to teach for eight

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years; and, during that time studied law. In 1850, he emigrated to California, bringing extensive machinery across the Isthmus (in company with seven others) for working quartz, and arrived in Mariposa, in July of the same year. Having tried quartz mining with the usual fate of such enterprises—at that early day—the mine was abandoned, and the company disbanded. Mr. M. then settled in San Francisco and became attached to the S. F. Herald as Assistant Editor, and so continued for six years. In May 1856, he was elected Comptroller of the City of San Francisco, on the Democratic ticket, by a handsome majority, when half of the candidates on the same ticket were defeated; and after holding office through the great excitement occasioned by the Vigilance Committee, he had the good fortune to perform his duties and retire at the close of his term, with commendations from the press. In Nov. 1856, he was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction, and although in the heat of the Vigilance excitement, and somewhat obnoxious to many, from his connection with the Young Men's Democratic Club, he received the largest vote of any, on the Democratic State Ticket, from his fellow citizens of San Francisco. His term of office commenced Jan. 1st, 1857, and expires in January 1860.

Among other improvements proposed, to make education more efficient, he has taken strong grounds in favor of establishing a University in California, on the Military plan, and which seems to meet with favorable consideration from the public. His office confers upon him an important mission to the young of our State; and, when his term ceases, it is our earnest wish that every parent may have cause to say of him "well done."

HORACE A. HIGLEY,

SURVEYOR GENERAL,

Was born at Pensacola, Florida, May, 1828, and consequently is now in his thirtieth year.

Having completed his studies at Lan-



[From a Photograph by W. Dickman.]

caster, Pa., and St. Paul's College, Long Island, at the age of eighteen he entered the employ of the U. S. Engineer Department, engaged in the construction of fortifications in Charleston Harbor, S. C., where he remained until March, 1849, at which time he started for California, and arrived, by Panama, at San Francisco, in August of the same year. He made his way immediately to Sutter's saw-mill, (then considered the most attractive district in the mines,) for the purpose of mining; and in this business he continued, there and at several other places, until November, 1851. In January, 1852, he joined the U. S. Surveying party, and remained in the same service until April, 1853, when he was elected County Surveyor of Alameda County, at the time of its first organization, and has since been reelected to the same office. In September, 1857, he was elected Surveyor General of this State, for two years, and entered upon the duties of his office January 1st, 1858. Mr. H. was a Deputy U. S. Surveyor, for three years, under Col. John C. Hays, U. S. Surveyor General.

Unfortunately for Mr. Higley and the State, although an excellent Surveyor, he has not yet run the line from single-blessedness to matrimony, as the base-line of a survey for his future happiness.

TEHUANTEPEC.

NO. II.

When I last wrote to you, I was in Tehuantepec, and I am in Tehuantepec still, in good health and spirits. My last, containing a description of our voyage to this place, and the final wreck of our little schooner in Ventoso Bay, I sent by mail, and which I hope you have long since received. I am without books, without drawing-paper or colors, having lost all by the wreck, and there is nothing of the kind to be had here.

Most of the passengers who arrived here from California with us, have either left or are about leaving, by various routes—some to the city of Mexico, others to Vera Cruz, Acapulco and New Orleans; having been much disappointed in not finding the transit route in active operation; thereby holding out no inducements for them to remain and follow the different vocations incident to the travel, which they expected; but there is plenty for them to do here if they are only enterprising enough to "take hold, hold on, and never let go." A few days since a small schooner arrived from Guatamala, with goods, when she was caught in the act of smuggling them ashore; and vessel, crew and owner, (who is an American), were seized by the authorities and taken good care of; the supercargo, however, made his escape. The affair was so badly managed [!] that detection was inevitable. The authorities are disposed to be lenient towards foreigners, and unless an act is committed which is too barefaced, they are disposed to pass it over. I will here state that we have been very kindly received and welcomed by all; and a disposition to encourage emigration is manifested, by the tone and manner of the people towards ourselves. With us, they say that this beautiful land should no longer remain in its primitive state; and that it is high time its abundant resources should be developed; and it will take the Americanos del Norte to do it.

By the way, some of our enterprising Californians have already commenced operations on an extensive scale. A couple of gentlemen, who came down recently, have purchased the land lying around the Bay of Ventoso, which is the Pacific terminus of the road, and laid it off into a city, called "Commonfort." The Mexican who owned the land is also interested. I look upon this scheme as one destined to be of great interest and importance. These gentlemen, who are the first to undertake the foundation of a city where one is already so much needed, will ultimately be well repaid for their trouble, (and they have gone to no little, as well as expense, in finding out the proper owners, and obtaining satisfactory title deeds to the property; one of whom had to go to Mexico before every thing could be completed.)

The locality of this embryo city is invested with many natural and commercial advantages. The plan is laid on the bay of Ventoso, the northern portion resting upon the Tehuantepec river, which here disembogues into the sea; and the south-west upon the bay or inlet of Salina Cruz, whilst the land extending back is level, rich, and covered with the most beautiful trees; altogether, the locality is advantageous, healthy, picturesque and pleasant. The Bay of Ventoso is ample and safe, except when a south-east gale blows immediately into it, which causes the landing to be rough; but this rarely occurs, I am told, and although it happened when our vessel came in, I have not seen it so since. The break-water, however, which is to be built by the Tehuantepec road company, will remedy this defect. The company are pushing ahead the work to be done upon the road before its completion, the most important of which are the bridges, and they have already been contracted for, and the workmen are engaged upon them. The largest one will be at this place, Tehuantepec city; the road in every other respect is completed. These bridges will, I am informed, be constructed for the railroad,

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The city of Tehuantepec is most picturesquely located on the eastern shore of the Tehuantepec river, twelve miles from Ventoso bay; in the rear rise the hills, overgrown with perpetual verdure; leading off to the right and left are extensive wooded vallies, interspersed by gardens, orchards, orange-groves, and small fields called "milpas," cultivated by the Indians. Throughout these vallies traverse pleasant roads and paths, lined with flowers, and over-arched with the branches of different kinds of trees, mingled with the bright plumage of the many songsters—diffusing a freshness which is perfectly delightful to the traveler. From some locations in the city, the view is surpassingly grand. Looking

west, with the winding river, and its beachy shores, with its hundreds of bathers—men, women, and children—in the fore-ground; the village of Santa Maria upon the opposite side, with its churches and domes; the dark green valleys, with towering palms skirting the river's banks; then the mountains, covered with eternal verdure, rising one above the other in the back-ground, till they are lost in the distance, or mingle with the blue of the sky; the picturo has a charm which one never tires of gazing upon.

The road from here to Ventoso is equal to any turnpike, being level, smooth, hard, and dry, and shaded all the way by the natural growth of the forest; it is thereby rendered doubly attractive to the passenger. The women of this place think nothing of walking to and from



ZAPOTECO WOMEN GOING TO MARKET.

Ventoso upon this road in a day, with a basket of fruit or fish upon their heads.

The climate is everything one could desire, and the health of the place is good; disease is brought on only by imprudence, and the use of bad liquor, in which the natives are prone to indulge too freely. Intemperance and revolutions are fast thinning out the men, whilst the women are on the increase; and outnumber them considerably at this time. The population of Tehuantepec is about thirteen thousand, and composed mostly of Zapoteco Indians, a remnant of the once powerful Aztecs, who inhabited this region at the time of the conquest; two-thirds of which are women—gentle, inoffensive, docile, and, to all outward appearances, cheerful and happy; but the influences of oppression and priest-

craft have made them deplorably ignorant, superstitious, and blindly fanatical. The women, as a general thing, are good looking and cleanly, and some we might call handsome. Their dress is exceedingly primitive and original; a piece of cotton cloth of their own manufacture, containing about six yards, is confined to the waist, and falls down to the ancles; whilst the breast is covered with a loose, thin piece of calico called *huepil*. Their

head-dress is indescribable, but, at the same time, an important part of their attire. The cotton cloth, which they manufacture on small hand-looms, is a very good article of the kind, and on account of the rich dye with which it is colored, is very expensive. The women do all the vending in market—in fact almost all the traffic in the place; and it is not an unfrequent occurrence that you will see the streets full of women, passing and re-



FRONT VIEW OF THE PARROQUI, A VENERABLE CHURCH, BUILT BY COCJONI, CACIQUE OF THE ZAPOTECOS, IN THE YEAR 1530.

passing to and from market, carrying on their heads (upon which they carry every thing,) their purchases, or their wares to sell, to the entire exclusion of men. There seems to have been no interest taken in advancing the civilization of these truly apt people; on the contrary they have been kept back; and it is really to be lamented, that they have retrograded from that progress of civilization which they

had attained under the rule of the Montezumas. If a different race of mankind, with a different religion, had settled among these people, and instituted a beneficent process of culture, how far they might have been advanced in the progress of the age, let those who now witness their degradation judge. Under the guise of friendship to the poor Indian, the priests, who claim to be of the Holy

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Catholic Church, keep them in the deepest ignorance, and as subject to their will and commands, as the veriest slave. It is a disgrace to the name of religion that they should wield such power upon any part of this continent; which should be free and enlightened. Their own examples of the basest immorality are enough to make any enlightened Catholic blush for his religion, and in a civilized community would never be tolerated.

Tehuantepec contains sixteen churches, and numerous good and solid buildings, that were erected many years ago by the early Spaniards. There is one church still standing, that was built by the last Cacique of the Zapotecos, in the year 1530; it is yet in good preservation. But they are all becoming much dilapidated; no repairs are ever made, and when a building begins to fall to ruins, the owner retires to a cane hut, somewhere in the suburbs, which is easily constructed, and costs nothing, and where he continues to dream away his days in listless inactivity, thinking of nothing as suggestive of caring for the morrow. Will not some kind hand awaken them from this lethargy?

The market-place on the principal plaza is not the least important feature of Tehuantepec. It is a popular place of resort for women, children, dogs, donkeys, pigs, and loafers. There is nothing particularly interesting about the market-house itself, which is a long tile-covered shed; but to see from fifteen hundred to two thousand women, mostly seated on the ground; with their different articles to sell before them, dressed in their peculiar fashion, with their snow-white and curious dresses, with scarcely a man among them, all jabbering at the height of their voices, presents a scene novel in the extreme.

There are several plazas in the place, besides some very pretty flower-gardens in the outskirts, beautiful walks, and drives, too, (if there were any carriages and horses to drive,) leading off in different directions from the city, free from annoying insects or bad air.

About five leagues in a westerly direction from Tehuantepec, and towering far above its neighbors, is *Mont Quiéngola*, upon whose summit are the ruins of an ancient Aztec city, of which the present generation know nothing. Shortly I shall



RUDE CROSS AND OFFERINGS IN THE WOODS OF TEHUANTEPEC.

visit these ruins, and tell you what I saw there.

With my gun, and an Indian boy to carry the game, I ramble about in the

woods; and which, ever gives me the greatest of pleasure and satisfaction. There is so much that is interesting, novel and wonderful in nature about this re-

gion, that I never tire of wandering among the primitive forests, some portions of which are scarcely ever trodden by man in these days. The vestiges of ruined cities that I frequently stumble upon, overgrown by the most dense of forests, speak in a sad and voiceless language of a mighty people long since passed away.

The Indians of the present day, who claim to be converted to the Catholic faith, are as singular in their ideas of religion as their forefathers were; their minds are clouded with superstition, and the images which we find in the churches, tend to increase that disposition. I frequently meet with indications of such in the rude and decayed crosses, made of rotten branches of trees, fastened together by withs, and stuck up in some secluded spot in the woods; where, strewn around the foot of these, will be found offerings of different articles of pottery, some broken and dilapidated, withered branches of plantain leaves, flowers, corn-husks, and dried fruit. How long such a state of things will continue in this neglected land remains to be seen; a land, too, for which the beautiful hand of Nature has done so much. The material is here: resources that have lain for ages beneath a climate so pure and so genial to the happiness of man, cannot remain much longer in this torpid state; the time is drawing near when the veil will be lifted, and this land awakened from its dreams—"The rose will be made to bloom where late the wilderness grew"—and this change must be wrought by the *Americanos del Norte*. So says

WANDERER.

One would suppose that ours was becoming a strong common sense age, but to read the following difference of opinion, (from the Shasta Republican) he might hesitate to affirm such on oath:—

A VERDICT AS IS A VERDICT.—A rather amusing Coroner's inquest was recently held at the Half Way House, between Briggsville and Cottonwood, on the body of a colored man, by the name of James Edmonson. A

coroner's jury was summoned, and witnesses (attendants through the sickness of deceased) examined, whose evidence being reduced to writing, clearly showed that deceased died a natural death. The evidence being carefully weighed by the jury they returned the following verdict:—

We find, after careful and due investigation of the evidence given in regard to deceased, that the deceased came to his death by the *visitation of God*.

The Coroner, probably, being of a different opinion, returns the following as the verdict:—

James Edmonson died a natural death; but under symptoms of the inflammation of the bowels.

[The following devout and feeling lines are the first fruits of remembrance, from an esteemed friend, after one year of severe suffering, the writer of which our readers will immediately recognize as being among the very first of our contributors; and, with us, will again give her a most cordial welcome and heartfelt greeting.]

I breathe once more the free, fresh air;
Look again on the world, so bright and fair;
And my heart goes up with a song of praise
To Him who, in mercy, prolonged my days.

Long weeks I've lain on a couch of pain,
And hoped for relief, till hope seemed vain.
Hushed were loved voices, darkened the room,
And swift gathered round me the shades of the tomb.

But a cry went up to our Father, God—
"Divine Creator, spare the rod!"
And He, who hears when mortals pray,
Nor ever turns his ear away,

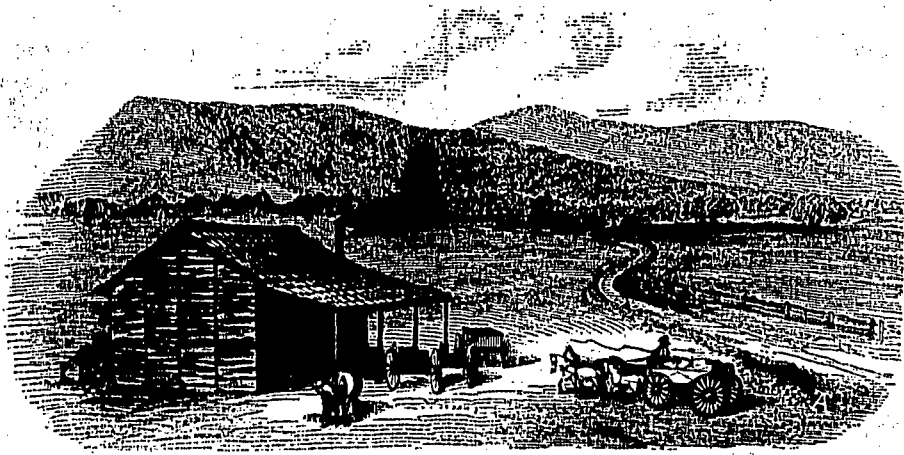
In answer to "that heart-felt prayer"
From bursting hearts low bending there,
Spake the glad words—"Arise, and live!
New lease of life to thee I give."

I breathe once more the free fresh air,
And look on all things bright and fair;
But a still, small voice is whispering to me,
Live for a purpose, CARRIE D.

O ye, who for me poured forth prayer,
When near my Home—yea, almost there—
Pray for me now. Amid life's cares,
Faltering and weak, I need your prayers.

San Francisco, Feb. 15, 1850.

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VIEW OF VACA VALLEY.

[From an Ambrotype by McKown & Bishop.]

VACA VALLEY.

This valley takes its name from one of the proprietors of the Vaca and Peña grant, which grant includes the greater portion of it; abroad, however, it is more generally known as Barker valley. It is situated in Solano county, about midway between Sacramento and Benicia, being about thirty miles in a north-easterly direction from the latter place.

The Napa range of mountains, which is a spur of the Coast Range, extends along the valley on the west; while it is walled in, on the east, by an isolated range of mountains, which extend from the Putah river to the southern extremity of the valley. South and east, from this range of mountains, is a vast plain, extending to the Sacramento river on the east, and the Protrarie and Montezuma hills on the south. This plain has lately been settled up very rapidly, and, ere long, the whole of it will be under cultivation.

The grand land-mark, Monte Diablo, is nearly all visible from the southern portion of the valley; whilst, from the same place, can be distinctly seen the far-off summits of the Nevadas. Thus it will be seen that this valley possesses an extent and richness of scenery unsurpassed by

any in the State, and presents that variety, which so eminently characterizes California scenery; and which, forms a principal element of the pleasing. There is a creek on either side of the valley, and the resources for water are good. Vacaville, from which the above view is taken, is a small town, consisting of two stores, saloons, blacksmith and wagon shops, a hotel and several dwellings. It contains a high school, numerously attended. A move is on foot to have organized a Lodge of Odd Fellows, there being a fine hall in the place suitable for the same. This is the most convenient place of trade for the citizens of the valley and adjoining county, and so bids fair to be a considerable place in the future.

The timber, seen on the mountain-side, is principally scrub oak or chaparral and Manzanita—that in the valley is but a larger growth of the scrub and white oak; there is also much live oak.

The greatest width of Vaca valley is about three miles, whilst its average is about one and a half miles, and length eight miles; making an area of about twelve square miles, nearly the entire amount of which is at present in cultivation. The growing of wheat and barley occupies the attention of the farmers generally, but other products are extensively

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cultivated. Large quantities of broom-corn have been raised during the past year, for which a ready market is found in San Francisco.

The average yield of small grain per acre is from thirty-five to forty bushels, which can be disposed of to buyers on the ground, or transported to the nearest shipping point—Suisun city—which is eight miles from Vacaville—and thence shipped to San Francisco or Sacramento.

The farmers are all flourishing, and the only possible drawback is the unsettled state of the land titles. Whilst these remain as they are, little or no permanent improvement can be made; the citizens being unwilling to risk the loss of their time and means in improving that land which they may not reasonably hope to obtain in any other way other than by the payment of exorbitant prices.

The population of the valley proper is about three hundred; but within a few miles south there is more than double that number. If the population be judged by the number of Christian denominations, they can certainly at least be considered a church-going people; as there are Reformers, Methodists—North and South—Missionary Baptists, and Presbyterians. The churches are well attended. There are two public schools in the valley, in addition to the one at Vacaville; so that, amid the general prosperity, the intellect and education of the young are not neglected.

In short, Vaca Valley is possessed of all the advantages which can be enjoyed by any other in the State. A line of daily stages passes through it from Napa to Sacramento, thus connecting it with all the points below and above. The salubrity of the climate and fertility of the soil, taken in connection with its other advantages, will continue to make it one of the most desirable localities in the State.

Never wait to ask yourself the consequences of performing a good act—do it like a man, and leave the result itself to acquit or condemn you.

A NIGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO

It was about the middle of November, '52—how well I remember it. I was at the time a resident of San Francisco, and business calling me to the upper country, I bid my friends an affectionate farewell, and jumped on board—not the “telegraph”—but the good steamer——. A few taps of the bell—a few turns of the wheel, and we were off, bound for Sacramento. Steamboat traveling is sometimes pleasant, but often tedious—to be one of a mixed crowd; knowing no one, and no one knowing you—caring for no one, and no one caring for you—to be alone, yet not alone—and perhaps jostled upon every side, is any thing but pleasant—and even if one feels disposed to sit aside and commune with himself, the confusion of many voices, mingled with the din of machinery, makes one nervous, and renders it next to impossible.

Upon this occasion I worried the time away 'till past midnight, when I found myself one of about seventy-five in the lower cabin, the greater proportion of whom had “turned in;” of the balance, some were reading, and others enjoying a little game of—I think they called it “Poker”—and there was something said about a small *caanty*, but I didn't see her. Near the table, and with a white apron tied around his little waist, his left hand resting upon his hip, while in his right he held a small silver salver, stood little “Bob.” He was an attaché of the boat, and by his attentive and gentlemanly deportment, had become the *pet* of every one who traveled upon it. He would, I should judge, stand about four feet in his shoes, and it was said that he had seen the frost of thirty winters, and that he had a wife, and I don't exactly remember how many children, but I know that at the time the number struck me as being very large, for such a small man.

It was about one o'clock, and all was still; an occasional murmur from some unhappy sleeper, such as might be supposed to issue from the lodging place of

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some restless swine, who dreamed of being strangled, was all that jarred upon the silence.

The literary portion of our party were apparently lost to all outside their books—the *little game* was very interesting; one of the players had just remarked that he would go "fifty better"—when, lo! both books and cards were simultaneously dropped, and every eye was turned towards the larboard tier of berths, from one of which was emerging the body of a gentleman whose countenance bore a strong resemblance to a cork-screw, and who, with voice immensely loud, and full of pathos, exclaimed—"I shall die, I know I shall—Oh, my God!—it is dreadful—horrible—Oh! dear, dear, dear!" "What's the matter?" exclaimed half-a-dozen at once. "What ails you?" "Can't stand what?" "What are you making such a confounded noise about?" "Matter!" shouted rather than spoke the man, "Matter! why, there's *bugs there*—the bed is full of 'em—I *can't* stand it, and, d—n me, I won't." Little "Bob" had remained a silent spectator, but he now ventured to ask if the berth was 49; the stranger groaned assent. "Well," said Bob, "I thought you could'n't stand 49, for 'twas only last trip that another man"—Bob could say no more; the man had seized him by the throat, and shaking him violently, exclaimed, "You infernal dwarf! how dare you! I'll shake your liver out." And I believe he would have done so had we not taken him off, and told Bob to "put." I think he did. The poor gentleman, who so nearly became a victim to the voracious appetites of hungry bed companions, completed his dressing, and left the cabin, muttering imprecations dire. Order was again restored, but the charm was broken; the books had lost their interest, and the cards their fascination; already we imagined a peculiar stinging sensation spreading itself over our bodies, and we looked with inexpressible feelings of dread towards the berths designated for our individual repose. The prospect of sitting up all

night was favorable, and some one had just proposed to "freshen up," when Bob appeared, and voluntarily stated that the other berths were *single*, and that in unfortunate 49 was a mattress which two days previously had been taken from another boat; and he was inclined to think that there were *some of 'em* on *that* boat. Other passengers who had been awakened by the fracas endorsed Bob, by stating that they were very comfortable, and their berths free from such annoyances, consequently we prepared to "turn in." The last imbibation, together with the fumes of tobacco smoke, of which the cabin was full, produced a very deadening effect upon my nerves, and I was soon asleep—asleep—to dream, to dream—oh, horrors! to dream of—well, you may guess what—innumerable, countless thousands; they took entire possession of my berth, and, Lilliputian like, covered my body, secured my limbs, stopped my breath, and then, rallying upon the inside, prepared to roll me over and out of the berth. I was nearly out—already was I upon the edge of the berth-board. I tried to shout—to struggle—but my voice was speechless, my limbs paralyzed. I fell—my eyes were opened, and instead of finding myself as I expected, upon the floor, and in close proximity to several pairs of boots, I was in my berth, and indulging in a "free" perspiration. I thrust my head past the curtains of my berth for the purpose of ascertaining the time, and what do you suppose I saw? why, nothing more or less than about seventy-five other heads, thrust from their respective berths, when all, simultaneously exclaimed, "What's that?" At first I thought they meant me; that I had made some uncouth noise; and felt considerably cheap—but Bob put us all to rights by saying, "Nothing but the Hog's-Back—she's *tetched*." Immediately the heads withdrew, and now the spasmodic splashing of the wheels, as they endeavored to "back her off," or "force her over," was all that broke the silence. Again asleep, and when my eyes next opened it was

morning, and I heard the familiar voice of little Bob, saying, "Tis past eight! the passengers have all gone ashore, and we would like to make this bunk up." Here ends my story, and here say I good-bye.

DOINGS.

THE LAKELET.

BY W. H. D.

It was midnight: A lakelet lay reclining in quiet beauty in a valley; the graceful willows near its brink stood like sentinels guarding its placid joys; the white lilies on its margin bent lovingly over it, and their images overshadowed by the willows, were seen clear and distinct, in its pure water below; the moon had sailed high up into the heavens, that its amorous rays might beam more directly down into its pure depths, and the lakelet welcomed the morn, and its image was also seen quietly reposing in the depths of its heart; the stars sent their bright rays into its placid bosom, and were seen like diamonds studding her fair breast. Just then a maiden came with faltering footsteps to the lakelet and stood upon its brink; she was robed in pure white, and the image of her fair and graceful form was seen enfolded in the crystal waters below; her face was pale; her eyes beamed with an unearthly radiance; her features were calm, but despair was in her heart; she gazed upward to the moon and the stars, and then down on the lilies; and then fixed a more intense look on all so peacefully imaged in the bosom of the lake; a wild yearning filled her soul and the lakelet seemed wooing her to calm repose; she stepped to its margin and gently glided down into its pure depths; the bosom of the lakelet for an instant heaved tremulously with a new emotion, and then its waters closed quietly and lovingly around her fair and graceful form, which soon rested in its last peaceful repose; the willows still sentinelled its brink, the lilies still bent lovingly over its margin; the moon and stars still gazed fondly down from the

heavens, and all their images still rested calmly in its calm bosom; but the pure form of the maiden seemed enfolded most tenderly to the lakelet's heart, and rested most quietly in its sweet repose; I gazed long and silently upon the scene with deep emotion, but at last suddenly rousing myself from my reverie, I reflected for an instant, and thought,—it is all moonshine.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

How dreary is the midnight, Johnny,
When you, my love, are gone;
It's like an age of daylight, Johnny,
To watch one night alone.

Our little one is sleeping, Johnny,
Unquiet in my arms;
A weary watch I'm keeping, Johnny,
Trembling with alarms.

Mary startles when I kiss her, Johnny,
Her lips and cheeks are white;
O think, would you not miss her, Johnny,
If she should die to night?

And it's very ill she seems, Johnny,
Her eyes are half ajar;
And she murmurs in her dreams, Johnny,
O where is my pa'pa'?

I look out at the window, Johnny,
This night my prison bars;
I only hear the wind blow, Johnny,
I only see the stars.

I've listened long to hear thee, Johnny,
Unlatch our little gate;
How lonely, O! how weary, Johnny,
It is to watch and wait.

I've heard the clock strike one, Johnny,
And now it's almost two;
What have I ever done, Johnny,
To merit this from you?

When you woo'd me for your bride, John-
I had not long to wait; [ny,
Come home, I will not chide, Johnny,
For our sweet baby's sake.

A. J. N.

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OLD BLOCK RESURRECTED;
OR, A VOICE FROM BELOW.

And pointing to the shanty, said he, "there is the Mausoleum which covers my earthly remains; I died there in '52, and my bones repose in the north-west corner. *I went in on Quartz.*"
Placerville Argus.

It is generally supposed "that when the breath is out, the man is dead," but there are exceptions to all cases. We have read of men being buried and rescued by those friends of mankind, the body-snatchers: the hangman, too, after having performed his arduous duty to the public, has lost the result of his honest labor through the meddling propensities of the thoughtless surgeons, who, under color of love of science, have restored the subject to life and turned him loose to prey upon the citizen of the world again: and how many, too, have taken the pains to place themselves in a comfortable trance, got nicely enshrouded for a nap in the spirit-land, and just before the coffin was lowered into its last resting-place, some inquisitive and curious individual would observe signs of life, and by restoration of the pulses, prevent the enjoyment, for a time, of ages of bliss in the elysium of Heaven. Is it strange, then, that *hic jacet* should be written upon my head-board while I was on a prospecting tour down below? True, the time of absence seemed long to those on earth, but philosophers in search of new leads in earth, "take no note of time," and if the man who placed "here lies," on my tomb-stone, meant I would "lie" under ground, why, he himself lies above ground.

In 1852 I was a dweller in the mountains, with the reputation of being an honest miner. Honest I know I was, for others were so much smarter than I, there wasn't the shadow of a chance to steal, and the only alternative left me was to dig or starve—I did both. I dug first, and as I had neither money or credit, I starved afterwards. I owned one sixth of Massachusetts Hill, at Grass Valley—a splendid quartz lode, which paid the workmen admirably—the owners nothing. We

held the honors of ownership, our men held the trumps, and while they filled their stomachs and pockets, we filled our heads with futuro hopes—good while they last, but meagre diet for the stomach, and absolutely depleting to the pocket. In this condition of things, I added to the business of mining, the study of Political Economy, and became intensely absorbed in the chapter on Ways and Means. I had but one red shirt left, and it became apparent one day, while I was washing it, that unless I struck a new lead soon, the threads of my shirt, as well as the thread of life, would not hold together long. What was to be done? Nakedness of body and soul are cheerless subjects of contemplation, as cold weather approaches, and something is necessary to impart warmth to both. The wind howled mournfully one night through the gloomy pines; the clapboards on my weather-beaten cabin played a doleful yet clattering accompaniment, as the gust loosened them from their fastenings; the coyotes were singing an unearthly requiem in the darkness without, as solitary and alone I spread my thin and dilapidated blanket in the north-west corner of my cabin to snatch a little rest from the labors of thought, and try in fitful slumber to forget the world with its cares, and hunger with its cravings, and dream, perhaps, of a rich strike in Massachusetts Hill, with no danger of any body's jumping my claim. It was a capital night to commit suicide. I thought of it; but then I thought there was gold in the hill, and if I gave it up somebody else would get it, and I resolved that if my stomach would hold out a little longer, I wouldn't waste the powder on my brains, for the benefit of another party, and so I eschewed self-destruction. At last tired nature yielded, and I sank to sleep.

How long I lay, I have no recollection. I didn't even dream, but I have a vague, indefinite remembrance of apparently passing downward through a dark, damp, narrow passage, and as near as I can judge, was prospecting for quartz at a

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great depth under ground. At times, there was an oppression for breath, as if arising from the dreaded damps; then it vaguely seemed as if something was striking my head, as if clods and lumps of earth were falling on me from above. Still, I cannot remember with sufficient distinctness, to tell whether it was a dream, or the occasional flitting of thought as the senses became more or less oblivious to outward things. I suddenly came to my senses, by finding myself in a large, well-finished and furnished room, with immensely high ceiling, lighted with an unearthly glare, as it seemed to my eyes, unused to a strong light. Every thing around bore the marks of wealth and comfort; beautiful flowers in jars ornamented the windows, but their rich odors seemed strongly and strangely blended with sulphuric gas; huge pier-glasses adorned the walls, which reflected the image of somebody else beside your own; immense chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, carved from blocks of brimstone metal, and burning without oil or camphene; sideboards made of quartz, richly covered with golden dishes laden with oranges and tropical fruits, which I subsequently found tasted strongly of the atmosphere in which they were grown. Altogether there was a display of wealth, ease and comfort that I had not seen for many a day, and contrasted strangely enough with my simple cabin which I had so recently left. On one side of the room was a large grate where a rousing fire of bright lumps of yellow coal was burning, with a strong odor, and leaning over it was a middle-aged man of small stature and a singular cast of countenance, who held over the blazing fire with his naked hand an open retort, as if he was in the act of retorting a lump of amalgam. He had a round, bullet-shaped head, entirely bald except a long tuft of stiff black hair, sticking straight from the crown; his eyes, full and glaring, seemed absolutely to stand out from their sockets; his nose, a long, sharp, hook-bill, protruded over his mouth, which was of

immense dimensions, and exhibited, when he laughed, two rows of teeth that looked more like the incisors of some ferocious animal rather than those of a human being, while his chin seemed to fall away into a long, lank, and lean neck, which appeared to be rather stuck on to his trunk than forming a graceful component part of his body, while his hands looked more like the claws of an eagle than the digits of a man. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, fashionably cut, while behind dangled something which I could not exactly tell whether it was a tail or a Chinaman's cue.

I had fallen from the ceiling through what appeared to be a trap-door; but notwithstanding I alighted, by good luck, upon my feet, in the centre of the room, the jar of the fall made me utter a loud "humph!"

At the sound of my ejaculation the gentleman in black turned round, still holding his retort over the blaze, and with a smile which I cannot describe—a sort of a grin—exclaimed:

"Hello! Old Block; come at last—I've been expecting you; you've been a long time on the road, but down here you are welcome!"

"Where am I?" was my first and most natural inquiry.

"Why, where should you be, but—down below?" he replied, with a significant leer, making a motion with his claw-thumb.

"You don't mean to say that I'm in?"

"Pshaw!" he interrupted, "you might be in a worse place."

"A worse place than —!" He raised his finger in token of caution—"Walls have ears," he added; "speak not the name—let it rest in the shade. There's many a place worse than this."

"Where?" I asked, in astonishment.

"In California!" he added, significantly. "Your own experience should tell you that. You've lived in San Francisco and Grass Valley."

"California, sir, is the finest country in the world; with such a climate, such a

soil, it has good, great

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soil, it has the elements of every thing good, great and prosperous."

"True; but with all these it is only a highway to" — giving a downward motion with his thumb. "As things are conducted there, it is worse than anything in these regions, and in making the exchange, a man finds his tortures less than—above. Here, his business is regular—pay sure—risk nothing; no care, no disappointment, no broken hopes, no defalcations. He exactly gets all he expects, and that is more than even you can say of California, with all its beauties. But, come, sit down in the rocking-chair. You've had a hard road to travel in getting through, and need rest. I shall soon be done with this experiment, and will give you my attention."

I sat down, wondering how I got there, trying to collect my thoughts, and intently watching the gentleman in black, to see if I could divine what he was doing.

Directly, he took the retort off, and stirring the contents up with his forefinger, as if it had been perfectly cold, uttered, in an under tone to himself, "Not worth a —; not a single redeeming quality in this political soul." He opened a side door and hurling it out, called to some unseen person—"Stow it away among the defaulters, Moloch; there's nothing in it that can be redeemed." Turning round, he drew a large arm-chair directly in front of me, and sitting down looked me steadily in the face for a moment, and then humorously inquired:

"So you've been engaged in the Quartz business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Made money, I suppose?"

"Well, not exactly; have a first rate lead and excellent prospects, though."

"Humph! Fine country for prospects—get splendid prospects from the highest peaks of mountains."

"I mean the lead will pay when we get at it right—prospect of paying, eventually, good."

"All the same; when you get on the summit of one hill you see another be-

yond which you wish to climb; but before you get to it you unexpectedly find deep gulches to cross and stupendous rocks to move, and you may become exhausted by the way, and fall helpless before you begin to climb the summit, eh?"

"There is truth in your metaphor, sir, and I confess it applies to me; but I have not lost hope, and thought I'd go a little deeper to find a richer vein, if I didn't quite starve."

"Yes, so you kept digging with a jack-o'-lantern before you till you've dug through, and find yourself in — Below, and gone to" —

"The Devil!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, as the truth of his remarks flashed upon me.

"And so you kept on, and on, and on, with a kind of gambling hope, till you've 'gone in!' Well, it's the daily history of California. You are not the only man who has fallen through the Trap. Some go in on Quartz, some on Politics, some on Merchandise, some on stealing, and in various ways."

"But you don't class me with thieves and politicians, surely?"

"By no means—only among bad calculators. You undertook a business you didn't understand. You was dazzled by a few pretty specimens, and jumped to the conclusion that you had a fortune in your grasp, and incurred expenses, and went into extravagant improvements, upon hope which your lead would not justify, which you would not have done had you understood the business; for, if properly managed, it will pay now, and the result will be, it will fall into the hands of more prudent men, who will realize a fortune; while you—have gone in."

His words cut me to the quick. I felt their truth, and sighed, when too late, for that prudence which might have saved me, and prevented my going—below.

"Do not be offended with my frankness," he continued. "Men often charge their misfortunes to me, when I have had nothing to do with them. How often do you hear them exclaim, 'the Devil's in

my luck!" when the truth is, their failures have been solely the result of their own bad management. In fact, the Devil's vocation is gone. Men, if left alone, ruin themselves fast enough by their own headstrong wills, their own evil propensities, their inordinate love of gain, their lust of the flesh, their covetousness of others' property—in fact, a propensity to prey one upon another. And sooner or later they are bound to meet that much-abused individual, the Devil, who sits calmly smoking his pipe, waiting for mankind to present themselves, as they are sure to do, through their own evil passions."

"What could I say? there was too much truth in the words of the gentleman in black. I forced myself to remark, "You are a close observer, sir."

"The result of ages of experience. It has always been so, it always will be, in spite of Brigham Young, Fred Douglass, Lucy Stone, or any self-styled philanthropist."

There seemed to be so much common sense in the gentleman in black, that I began to feel a respect for him. The idea of asking advice from one who always had been looked upon as an Enemy of Mankind, was repulsive to my feelings; but upon reflection I considered, that as he had had much and long experience in the world, he might possibly give me some valuable hints without endangering my soul. I at last ventured to ask—

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Hum!" said he, with a merry twinkle of his eye, "you are not the first who has consulted me. I can and will give you more honest advice than men will do; for, having no occasion for money, I do not want to pick your pocket. You were bred behind the counter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, as you were bred a counter-jumper, be a counter-jumper still. If you can ever succeed in any thing, it will be in the business for which you are qualified by nature and education. Some men are fitted for one thing, some for another.

You may be an excellent merchant, but a miserable miner; a good lawyer, but a poor statesman; a crafty politician, but a bad financier: and one thing is morally certain, that when you attempt to combine and monopolize all trades—when you are banker, miner, merchant, lawyer, politician, dancing-master, tinker, tailor and mountebank—you are sure to 'go in,' sooner or later, and bring up all standing—down below. In few words, stick to the business you do understand, and let the others alone."

"Then you would advise my giving up my quartz?"

"Your quartz? Why, since you have been on your way here, your claim has fallen into the hands of practical miners, and they have made a nice thing of it."

"The Devil!"

"Don't call names—he had nothing to do with it. It was the result of good calculation and a knowledge of the business on their part."

"Jo Woodworth to jump my claim, and make the money! I'll haunt him!"

"Poh! Envy, jealousy for another's good luck, when you hadn't capacity! You'll do no such thing. Just congratulate him, for he'll do more good with it than you would."

"How!"

"By building mills, putting up pumps, and putting money into circulation, which you would have been afraid to do. Besides, Jo on a pinch can chew more tobacco, spin better yarns, blow off more gas, and drink more lager, than you can—proving his disposition for enjoying the money he does get, is better than yours."

"Well, I see—all right—I won't haunt Jo. Let him slide."

"But come," said the gentleman in black, rising, "we've talked long enough for this sitting. As you are not a permanent boarder yet, I wish to show you the premises, so that you will not feel entirely like a stranger when you take up your abode permanently with me."

He opened a door leading to a piazza, where a most extraordinary scene pre-

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sented itself. It was an open lawn, extending as far as the eye could reach, with illimitable rows of trees of all climates, covered with luxuriant fruits and flowers. Lamps brilliantly lighted shone from among the branches, emitting a strong sulphurous odor; while the fruits and flowers, so pleasing to the eye, partook to a nauseating extent of the taste and smell of the thick atmosphere of the place. Immense crowds, of both sexes, seemed to be engaged in dancing and various voluptuous amusements; some singing or shouting in high glee and revelry; some cutting up high antics; some rattling dice boxes, and going through various and incessant motions, as if in excessive excitement; some quaffing liquids from yellow goblets made of brimstone, apparently with the most repulsive grimaces; yet, strange to say, with all this apparent glee, with all these outward signs of enjoyment, not a sound was heard! Seated upon raised platforms, richly canopied, were bands of music, apparently discoursing rich melody, to which the dancers were keeping time; yet, while they went through the motions of playing, not a note was omitted—not a sound reached the ear, or cheered the heart. They were silent bands—silent as the grave. The violin player drew a spectro bow; the trombone performer swelled and puffed, with distorted visage, in vain; the drummer rattled his sticks upon air; even the shrill fife disturbed not the ear with a single note.

Dressed in rich attire—in silks and lawns, while diamond rings, and crosses, and golden chains, glittered on their fleshless fingers—the women whirled through the mazy dance; and men and women, although glittering with jewels, presented to the eye ghastly, pale, careworn, anxious, and sunken countenances, and as occasionally a whirl raised a dress, it exhibited to my wondering gaze a shrunken, fleshless ankle, a naked bone—the last sad relic of humanity. O, it was horrible!—too horrible to gaze at; and instinctively I hid my face in my hands.

"Such they were in life," said the gentleman in black, solemnly. "It is the path they chose for themselves, above; so will they continue here, till the end cometh."

"And how long?"

"Till eternity ends," he replied. "Although the wife left the husband, and the husband the wife, in California—though the wanton and the roué were seeking new mates and new excitements in the Golden Land—there is no changing partners here, till the dance is ended; the fickleness of man or woman on earth does not extend to—below; and they are now enjoying all the actual realities of their fancied pleasures before they had actually gone in."

"Doubtful enjoyment," said I.

"What they feel now is positive," he replied, seriously; "there is no doubt about it. But come this way and view another scene."

He led me through another door, and from it a magnificent Panorama was presented. A city upon an island in the sea. There were towers, and temples, and palaces, glittering in the sun-light, and ships at anchor or pressing forward with sails all ataunto; there was active bustle on shore and busy life upon the wave; ferry-boats and small craft were busily plying upon the waters; there was no rest, no quietness; all seemed upon the move, with a restlessness that struck the beholder with strange emotion.

As the waves rippled in the breeze, or gently rolled before the prow of some stately ship, lurid flames of fire seemed to flash up, ever and anon, as if the sea itself was inflammable, yet there was no smoke to darken the air—no hissing or crackling as of a burning element. Anchored in the stream was a stately ship, of beautiful proportions, with every thing about her to make her a model for the world. She was surrounded by various small craft, and there appeared to be many passing and repassing over her sides, and at times there was apparently much confusion, as if a struggle was going

on on board. The distance was too great to read the name upon the pennon, but, charmed with her fine proportions, I turned to the gentleman in black and inquired:

"What beautiful ship is that which sits so trim upon the water?"

"The California—but lately arrived in the roads. She has but just dropped her anchors, and a mutiny has broken out among the crew. She was badly officered, the crew were overworked and subject to unusual hardships, and are desirous of changing their commanders."

As I watched, the confusion increased; a black flag was flying at the mast-head; in a moment the ship was deserted by the small boats which surrounded it—various persons were either thrown or jumped overboard—a bright splash, a wreath of flame followed, and they disappeared forever. It was apparent that the mutineers had triumphed—the black flag was hauled down, and soon the Stars and Stripes were waving in the breeze, and order appeared to be restored.

Not long after, I noticed a splendid barge running down towards the ship, under a full bank of oars, with the words, "The Bates," painted in glowing letters upon her stern, when suddenly a wild, unearthly melody broke the awful stillness which hitherto had reigned, of—

"Rowe, brothers, Rowe, the stream runs fast,
The watchman's asleep, and Vigilance is past;
There's gold in the safe—the key 's in my fob—
Work with a will, we'll be paid for the job."

Rowe, brothers, Rowe."

As the symphony ceased, the barge neared the ship; in a moment the chain snapped from the anchor, and the gallant ship swung round, and was drifting helplessly towards the rocks. Destruction seemed inevitable. I closed my eyes in dismay, as I thought of the end of the hapless crew; but the gentleman in black touched my arm, when, looking again, I saw that the crew were awakened, another anchor had brought her up before she grounded, and the broad pennant of "W***** and F*****" was flying fore

and aft, with a three times three from the crew for the safety of the gallant ship, which seemed to defy the machinations of men and demons. I could not help feeling some enthusiasm at the result, but it was checked by the gentleman in black sententiously exclaiming—

"Pshaw! what you witness is but an every-day affair. 'So the upper world is governed—a continual struggle for place and power; and those in the ascendant to-day may 'go in' to-morrow. With man it is unceasing struggle, incessant strife; and as he chooses his course on earth, so will be his career below—without rest, without content, with no satisfaction to himself; the very restlessness which absorbs him above continues here below, never ending but with eternity. Give him wealth, he is not happy; poverty is but the cause of increasing lamentation; power is but the means of stirring evil passions; and though his bones may moulder in the grave, his spirit is still indulging its wild career and unhappy propensities here below."

"Do all men then find a—a home in your dominions?" I asked, with some hesitation.

"Hi! no," he replied, briskly. "Some are such hard cases, that I won't admit them; and then some are not fit for our society."

"Hum! What then becomes of them?"

"O, they are sufficiently punished above. Indeed, there are tortures there worse than any we have below, and that entitles a man to consideration when he 'goes in.'"

"I cannot comprehend."

"Why, for instance, there's B*****, a noted politician of the upper sphere—one whom I never could do anything with—has received the reward of his crimes and transgressions from the people themselves"—and the gentleman in black seemed delighted.

"How, if I may presume to ask?"

"Why, things became so bad, they could not stand it any longer, and banished him."

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"Banished him?" I innocently repeated.

"Yes, they had the heartlessness to send him to Congress."

"Gracious heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "can human beings be guilty of such cruelty?"

"Then there is G**. A****, whose political aspirations have not their reward."

"Pray enlighten me."

"Why, the General is in fact no politician. He climbed the ladder of his hopes, but was found sadly deficient for the times."

"In what respect?"

"He couldn't steal—and actually left his post an honest man, and poorer than when he went into office. Of course I could do nothing with such a man here, so I left him to the tender mercies of mankind."

"And they?"

"Most inhumanly condemned him to continue editor of a newspaper."

"Barbarous! I blush for my species."

The gentleman in black led me back into his parlor, and was in the act of ordering refreshments, when a distant sound reached my ear, of "Old Block! Old Block! where the d—l are you?"

"Just as I expected," said my companion; "you are sent for."

"Why, who in the world can be calling me?"

The trap-door suddenly opened above, and a tall, slim, and not ill-favored individual dropped down, with the usual "Humph!"

"Old Block," said he, "I've had a d—l of a chase after you. I found your bones in your cabin; the flesh was gone, the old blanket worm-eaten and rotten; but without the spirit to animate the body, the bones were of no account, so I determined to have that if I went to—down below—for it. I know I should find you here, unless you were annihilated. Mr. Block, you're wanted above."

I looked at the stranger in some surprise, scarcely comprehending his mean-

ing; but I was relieved by the gentleman in black, who came to my aid with—

"Ha! ha! ha! Old Block, permit me to introduce to your favorable acquaintance Capt. F**** S*****, 'the Last of the Fillibusters.'"

Intuitively we grasped each other's hands, and were friends from the moment. Had he not brought me out, I might have been boarding still below; for the gentleman in black seemed loth to part with me. Of him, however, candor compels me to say, that I found him a gentleman, with more honesty of heart than many I have found among men; and I made up my mind that he is a slandered individual, and that mankind are too apt to charge their own delinquencies upon him, when his chief offence has been in leaving them to themselves.

The gentleman in black politely escorted us to the front door of his mansion, where we found a huge steam-wagon; a recent invention, as he assured us, of a Sacramentan, of whom he had purchased a right to run on his roads; and seating us properly, let on the steam, and in an instant the Last of the Fillibusters and Old Block were standing beside the old cabin in the upper world, where I picked up my bones, and with Frank walked off, none the less wiser for my prospecting—down below. OLD BLOCK.

TELEGRAM.—From news items of the other side, it appears there are many who object to this word as an innovation too great for endurance. Now it seems to me to be just the word we need, for the beauty of any language is conciseness and perspicuity, and this word is brief, clear and comprehensive, meaning the same as 'telegraphic despatch.' Because it is of Greek derivation (*tele* and *gramma*), is no reason why it should not be used. The same reason would lead us to discard hundreds of words, now in common use—as *geography*, from *ge* and *graphe*, and *theology*, from *theos* and *logos*; and in fact it is so with all words ending in *ology* or *graphy*. While I am convinced that much confusion might arise from a hasty approval of new words, I am also satisfied that "telegram" is far preferable to the conjunct "telegraphic despatch," and will, in spite of opposition, come into general use. A.

A DESULTORY POEM.

BY W. H. D.

CANTO VI.

I.

There's naught so difficult as a beginning,
Was written by a worthier pen than mine,—
To quote from others surely is no sinning,
If 'tis acknowledged in the following line,—
I trust I am your kind attention winning,
Or my poor Muse may die and give no sign ;—
But I forget—Dear reader, how d'you do ?
Pray what's the news ? I'll tell you—I must woo.

II.

My Muse to sing in rather a different strain,
From that she gave in the preceding canto ;
For too much serious thought is all in vain,
And such has been her long continued chant—Oh,
Dear ! that rhyme was very hard to obtain,
And almost maimed my Muse, as did Lepanto,
(Its battle I mean,) an author known to fame,
Who wrote "Don Quix."—Cervantes is his name.

III.

There's naught so pleasing as a great variety,
In eating, drinking, and in rhyming too,—
I've moralized the public to satiety,—
At least 'twas hinted so by one who knew.
I hope my change may not bring in impiety,
And make the moralists look rather blue,—
My Muse is rather sober when she sings, *La!*
I wish she had a harp of a thousand strings, *Ah!*

IV.

Her strains might then soar up to *highfalutin*,
And deeper than the booming of the sea ;
Grasping now thought as did the famous Newton,
Who was noted also for humility ;—
And have the intermediate space to boot, in
Which to find a varied melody,
And prove that she could sometimes truly sing,
Without forever harping on one string.

V.

Now what shall be the subject of this stanza?
Do tell, dear reader, for I do not know ;—
No answer ?—well, I'll tell you that the Manza-
Nita is a splendid shrub to show
Its blossoms early ;—Now come, Sancho Panza,
Thou faithful servant, though you come in slow,
Lend me your aid but once to make a rhyme,
And I'll not call on you a second time.

VI.

Perhaps you think these rhymes sail in quite easy,
And if you do, why then I hope you'll try it,
That is, to write them, and find how uneasy
It rather is,—I'm sure you won't deny it,—

Though they may glide like ships in weather
breezy,
Into their port, yet that does not imply it
Is not still quite difficult to do,
Requiring skill, if not some genius too.

VII.

Somebody told me that I praised up women
Too much in my fifth canto of this poem,
Making them beings pure and superhuman,
And said this land was never known to grow 'em.
To me that sex are more or less than human,
And in such lights I only tried to show 'em,—
That some are angels, I think very true,
And some I think are very devils too.

VIII.

I gave my best impressions at that time,
And I shall not take back what I have said ;
The ladies no doubt think it quite sublime,
And wonder where I became so well read
In all their many virtues, which in rhyme
Chime in so sweetly, and such incense shed
Upon their beauty and their charms so fair,
Like flowers perfuming all the passing air.

IX.

These lines may seem but trifles light as air,—
There's an idea I have stolen too,
But I acknowledge it, so all is fair ;—
'Tis by this trifling I must try and woo
My Muse to say or sing, "begone dull care,"
A song, though old, to her 'twill be quite new,—
Perhaps in time she may become quite gay,
And be as cheerful as the light of day.

X.

I have but little humor and less wit ;
I can't be funny—this is only trying—
I think a cap and bells might well best
A face that when it smiles, is half a crying.
Upon my brow dull care will ever sit,
And if I laugh it always ends in sighing.
Alack-a-day ! I wish I had a wife,
To break up this monotony of life.

XI.

A wife ! vain wish, for who would have a poet,
A wretched being, starved, neglected, poor ;
Half crazy, too—and don't the women know it ?
They do in my case I am very sure ;
Their cold indifference must ever show it,
For all my honied praises could not lure
A single one to give me any sign
That I might hope to call her only mine.

XII.

They know full well which side their bread is
battered ;
They know where bread and butter comes from,
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They are no fools, and here my praise is uttered
For their shrewd judgment, for I hold it true,
Though woman's heart by love is sometimes
flattered,

She keeps the more important things in view,
And if she does not hear some money jingle,
Concludes to live a little longer single.

XIII.

Poets are always steeped in some deep sorrow,
And ever suffering from some grievous wrong,
And if they have no real evils, borrow
Imaginary ones, and in their song
They whine and cry from midnight till to-morrow;
I'd rather hear it thunder loud and long,—
And thus they waste their precious tears and time,
Thinking their agonies are quite sublime.

XIV.

Now all such conduct is quite mean and selfish;
Why should they dim the sunshine of bright hearts,
All joyous, calm and happy as a shell-fish—
The clam I mean, when a full tide imparts
Billows of joy, yet like those beings pelfish,
With souls devoted to the clamming arts,
They rake the beds of those same happy fish,
To make for some vile glutton one more dish.

XV.

That simile is rather too poetical,
Its meaning you perhaps cannot define—
'Tis made up in a manner quite synthetical,
And if you cannot fathom each deep line,
Or fish up something through the exegetical,
I can't acknowledge that the fault is mine;
I furnish words, and if you cannot study
The ideas out, why, then your brain is muddy.

XVI.

But I digress—"return we to our mutton,"
Which simply means our subject we'll renew,
'Tis a French saying, and you are no glutton,
I hope, wishing to feast upon ragout,
And if you are, I do not care a button;
But here I'll ask you *que desirez-vous?*
The only dish I have is this one hash,
A medley of the most insipid trash.

XVII.

The more I write the further I digress;
Well! 'tis a privilege we poets claim.
Upon our thoughts we sometimes lay great stress,
At others we have no particular aim
Or end in view, and then cannot impress
One truth eternal on the scroll of fame—
I now am writing to amuse myself,
And you, dear reader—not for fame or pelf.

XVIII.

Now all that I would here essay to say,
Is, that a poet is but a poor devil—
He does not live, he only hopes to stay,
Up in a lonely garret there to revel,

With cold and want and hunger all the day,
And curse his fate so full of every evil,
While through the night he sits and lonely sings,
And weeps o'er all his vain imaginings.

XIX.

O, fatal gifts divine, why should the inspired
By heaven's high oracles, so oft be found
Despairing, suffering? Have the Fates required
That truths divine should rise from bloody ground,
Where martyr-souls with heaven-born instincts
sired
Have tried to shed a holier light around,
And died amid despairing woes to sing
Those truths from which undying glories spring.

(Continued.)

A GLIMPSE AT OUR CHILDHOOD.

Amid all the varied scenes of after-life,
we invariably look back to our childhood's
days as the happiest of our existence.
We may have seen happy moments since,
but none so pure and unalloyed as when
we skipped the rope by the rustic school-
house, or gathered blue-bells and violets
by the brooklet. And where have we
seen true enjoyment like that of the play-
days and Christmas eves spent with our
youthful companions? Few were the
sorrows we then know. Life glided along
in one happy dream, filled with bright
faces, sweet smiles, and gentle tones.
Tears we shed at times, but they were
as dew-drops—soon evaporated by the
warm sunshine of a mother's love and
sympathy. Perhaps sister, brother, or
playmate quarreled with us, and wicked
feelings would come into our little hearts;
but they could not last, and were soon
forgotten in the warm kiss and forgiving
smile. We did wrong, and were pun-
ished, while our parents shed tears of sor-
row over the waywardness of their little
ones. Then, O, how we felt! It seemed
as though we never could do enough to
atone for the pain we had caused them.

How we loved to watch the minnows
playing in the edges of the lakelet, or
take a skiff-ride on its gently undulating
surface, and gaze far down into its clear
depths at the fish of larger growth! What
pure delight it was to trip along the flow-
er-embroidered banks of some lovely lit-

the brook that meandered along through hollows and over rocks—its waters as clear and sparkling as crystal—snatching the flowers as we went, and putting them in our aprons and hats for future use. The flowers were so sweet and smiling; but they seemed to grow sad in a moment when we plucked them from the parent stem; just as we would have done, had we been taken from our parents. But some of the flowers we could not have the heart to pluck, they seemed such things of life. We talked to them, and sang to them, and they would nod their heads in the breeze as if in acknowledgment of our love; and seemed to smile still more sweetly if we talked to them of heaven and the angels, or audibly wondered why they did not speak and answer us. Then, when we were wearied, we would sit down beneath the willows, and weave them into wreaths for our heads; stopping now and then to gaze at the rill as it sparkled, danced, and sang, or, rippling along, caught up a falling leaf or flower, and carried it far, far away, out of our sight forever.

And then we would wonder to ourselves where the brook went to; if it always kept flowing onward just the same, or if it would die, as the flowers did, or our little baby Willie? So one day we asked father about it; one bright warm day, when the birds caroled merrily, and every thing, even to the cold rocks and leafless branches, seemed to look joyous and smiling; a day when we had received permission to accompany him into the forest, where he was going for a load of firewood; and he told us that it emptied into a great river, many times larger than itself, and that the river poured into a great ocean, *thousands* of times larger than our little lakelet. And then he told us about the sea-birds that flew upon, and large whales that lived in the ocean. That gave us food for imagination during many a ramble afterwards. What strange ideas we had about them! Indeed, what we then thought about them clung to us for years after we had grown older and

learned differently. And so the time sped onward; and as we grew older, we attended school and, learned—O, momentous acquirement!—and learned to read. Then in our walks we always had a companion in the shape of a story-book, generally about fairies, which we would read until the whole woods seemed full of the "little people." Sometimes we would imagine that we were fairies, too, and waving a magic wand, command the rill to cease its constant running, and the flowers to sing and dance.

But then there was the dread school-room, and the dark-browed teacher! How we hated study, and still worse the ferule. O, *that* ferule! How many fingers have ached and shoulders smarted from the cruel and unjust application of its smoothly-worn surface; and how many a little heart has it caused to ache and throb! We feel sure we should know it now, after the lapse of many a year. But we have no desire to see it, for we should certainly feel just as we did when we saw it rapidly approaching us, or felt it applied to our hands for some slight fault. And then, as we still grow older, there was *dread composition day* always staring us in the face. So our troubles grew with our growth, and increased with our knowledge; and we now look back upon our childhood as a happy dream, and almost wish it could have continued so through life. And such is life—a dream!—"a moment stolen from eternity"—a continuance of scenes, some of almost perfect happiness, and others of such complete misery that the joyous ones are as nothing arrayed against them. Still, if we always looked upon the bright side of a scene, there would be nothing to mourn about; for there is a bright side to every thing, be the other side ever so dark. Perhaps by always searching for the bright side when a dark scene presents itself, life may still continue as a happy dream; at least, it will not be made any worse by trying. Ye who are yet dreaming—let us make the attempt.

RUTH WOODVALE.

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SONG.

BY W. H. D.

[DEDICATED TO EMMA.]

I.

Thine eyes are brightly beaming
 Upon me now, upon me now;
 And Beauty's rays are streaming
 From thy fair brow, from thy fair brow;
 While roscate lips displaying
 Thy smiles so sweet, thy smiles so sweet,
 Where honied joys are staying;
 O could I greet, O could I greet
 Those lips with love's pure kisses,
 And call thee mine, and call thee mine,
 I'd sing how sweet such bliss is,
 Almost divine, almost divine.

II.

My heart with love is beating
 For only thee, for only thee;
 O, welcome its fond greeting,
 And thou shalt be, and thou shalt be
 Its Star, its Hope, its Heaven
 Upon the earth, upon the earth,
 While unto me is given [worth.
 Thy charms and worth, thy charms and
 Then come to those sweet bowers
 Where love is found, where love is found,
 There pleasure wings the hours,
 And joys abound, and joys abound.

III.

O come, there's no denying,
 My heart is thine, my heart is thine,
 Now let thy own replying,
 Respond to mine, respond to mine.
 Come, for the time is flying
 Swiftly away, swiftly away;
 Come while my heart is sighing,
 Make no delay, make no delay.
 O come, and be forever
 My angel bright, my angel bright,
 And let my heart forever
 Dwell in thy light, dwell in thy light.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MISSOURIANS—PIKE COUNTY: THEIR
 APPEARANCE—HUMANISING EFFECTS OF
 CALIFORNIA—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE
 OUTWARD-BOUND CALIFORNIANS AND THE
 SAME MEN ON THEIR RETURN HOME—THE
 ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE MISSOURIANS
 —A PIRENOLOGER—A JURY OF MINERS—
 A CIVIL SUIT—WE BUY A CLAIM—A
 "BRUSH-HOUSE"—RATS: HOW TO CIR-
 CUMVENT THEM—RAT-SHOOTING.

The miners on the creek were nearly
 all Americans, and exhibited a great va-
 riety of mankind. Some, it was very
 evident, were men who had hitherto only
 worked with their heads; others, one
 would have set down as having been me-
 chanics of some sort, and as having lived
 in cities; and there were numbers of un-
 mistakeable backwoodsmen and farmers
 from the Western States. Of these a
 large proportion were Missourians, who
 had emigrated across the plains. From
 the State of Missouri the people had
 flocked in thousands to the gold diggings,
 and particularly from a county in that
 State called Pike.

The peculiarities of the Missourians are
 very strongly marked, and after being in
 the mines but a short time, one could
 distinguish a Missourian, or a "Pike,"
 or "Pike County," as they are called,
 from the natives of any other western
 State. Their costume was always ex-
 ceedingly old and greasy-looking; they
 had none of the occasional foppery of the
 miner, which shows itself in brilliant red
 shirts, boots with flaming red tops, fancy-
 colored hats, silver-handled bowie-knives,
 and rich silk sashes. It always seemed
 to me that a Missourian wore the same
 clothes in which he had crossed the
 plains, and that he was keeping them to
 wear on his journey home again. Their
 hats were felt, of a dirty-brown color, and
 the shape of a short extinguisher. Their
 shirts had perhaps, in days gone by, been
 red, but were now a sort of purple; their
 pantaloons were generally of a snuffy-
 brown color, and made of some woolly
 home-made fabric. Suspended at their
 back from a narrow strap buckled round
 the waist they carried a wooden-handled
 bowie-knife in an old leathern sheath, not
 stitched, but riveted with leaden nails;
 and over their shoulders they wore strips

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of cotton or cloth as suspenders—mechanical contrivances never thought of by any other men in the mines. As for their boots, there was no peculiarity about them, excepting that they were always old. Their coats, a garment not frequently seen in the mines for at least six months of the year, were very extraordinary things—exceedingly tight, short-waisted, long-skirted surtouts of homemade frieze of a grayish-blue color.

As for their persons, they were mostly long, gaunt, narrow-chested, round-shouldered men, with long, straight, light-colored, dried-up-looking hair, small thin sallow faces, with rather scanty beard and moustache, and small gray sunken eyes, which seemed to be keenly perceptive of every thing around them. But in their movements the men were slow and awkward, and in the towns especially they betrayed a childish astonishment at the strange sights occasioned by the presence of the divers nations of the earth.

In some respects, perhaps, the mines of California were as wild a place as any part of the Western States of America; but they were peopled by a community of men of all classes, and from different countries, who, though living in a rough backwoods style, had nevertheless all the ideas and amenities of civilized life; while the Missourians, having come direct across the plains from their homes in the backwoods, had received no preparatory education to enable them to show off to advantage in such company.

And in this they labored under a great disadvantage, as compared with the lower classes of people of every country who came to San Francisco by way of Panama or Cape Horn. The men from the interior of the States learned something even on their journey to New York or New Orleans, having their eyes partially opened during the few days they spent in either of those cities *en route*; and on the passage to San Francisco they naturally received a certain degree of polish from being violently shaken up with a crowd of men of different habits and ideas from their own. They had to give way in many things to men whose motives of action were perhaps to them incomprehensible, while of course they gained a few new ideas from being brought into close contact with such sorts of men as they had hitherto only seen at a distance, or very likely had never heard of. A little experience of San Francisco did them no harm, and by the time they

reached the mines they had become very superior men to the raw bumpkins they were before leaving their homes.

It may seem strange, but it is undoubtedly true, that the majority of men in whom such a change was most desirable became in California more humanised, and acquired a certain amount of urbanity; in fact, they came from civilized countries in the rough state, and in California got licked into shape, and polished.

I had subsequently, while residing on the Isthmus of Nicaragua, constant opportunities of witnessing the truth of this, in contrasting the outward-bound emigrants with the same class of men returning to the States after having received a California education. Every fortnight two crowds of passengers rushed across the Isthmus, one from New York, the other from San Francisco. The great majority in both cases were men of the lower ranks of life, and it is of course to them alone that my remarks apply. Those coming from New York—who were mostly Americans and Irish—seemed to think that each man could do just as he pleased, without regard to the comfort of his neighbors. They showed no accommodating spirit, but grumbled at everything, and were rude and surly in their manners; they were very raw and stupid, and had no genius for doing any thing for themselves or each other to assist their progress, but perversely delighted in acting in opposition to the regulations and arrangements made for them by the Transit Company. The same men, however, on their return from California, were perfect gentlemen in comparison. They were orderly in their behavior; though rough, they were not rude, and showed great consideration for others, submitting cheerfully to any personal inconvenience necessary for the common good, and showing by their conduct that they had acquired some notion of their duties to balance the very enlarged idea of their rights which they had formerly entertained.

The Missourians, however, although they acquired no new accomplishments on their journey to California, lost none of those which they originally possessed. They could use an axe or a rifle with any man. Two of them would chop down a few trees and build a log-cabin in a day and a half, and with their long five-foot-barrel-rifle, which was their constant companion, they could "draw a bead"

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on a deer, a squirrel, or the white of an Indian's eye, with equal coolness and certainty of killing.

Though large-framed men, they were not remarkable for physical strength, nor were they robust in constitution; in fact, they were the most sickly set of men in the mines, fever and ague and diarrhoea being their favorite complaints.

We had many pleasant neighbors, and among them were some very amusing characters. One man, who went by the name of the "Philosopher," might possibly have earned a better right to the name, if he had had the resolution to abstain from whisky. He had been, I believe, a farmer in Kentucky, and was one of a class not uncommon in America, who, without much education, but with great ability and immense command of language, together with a very superficial knowledge of some science, hold forth on it most fluently, using such long words, and putting them so well together, that, were it not for the crooked ideas they enunciated, one might almost suppose they knew what they were talking about.

Phrenology was this man's hobby, and he had all the phrenological phraseology at his finger-ends. His great delight was to paw a man's head and to tell him his character. One Sunday morning he came into our cabin as he was going down to the store for provisions, and after a few minutes' conversation, of course he introduced phrenology; and as I know I should not get rid of him till I did so, I gave him my permission to feel my head. He fingered it all over, and gave me a very elaborate synopsis of my character, explaining most minutely the consequences of the combination of the different bumps, and telling me how I would act in a variety of supposed contingencies. Having satisfied himself as to my character, he went off, and I was in hopes I was done with him, but an hour or so after dark, he came rolling into the cabin just as I was going to turn in. He was as drunk as he well could be; his nose was swelled and bloody, his eyes were both well blackened, and altogether he was very unlike a learned professor of phrenology. He begged to be allowed to stay all night; and as he would most likely have broken his neck over the rocks if he had tried to reach his own home that night, I made him welcome, thinking that he would immediately fall asleep without troubling me further. But I was very much mistaken; he had

no sooner laid down, than he began to harangue me as if I were a public meeting or a debating society, addressing me as "gentlemen," and expatiating on a variety of topics, but chiefly on phrenology, the Democratic ticket, and the great mass of the people. He had a bottle of brandy with him, which I made him finish in hopes it might have the effect of silencing him; but there was unfortunately not enough of it for that—it only made him worse, for he left the debating society and got into a bar-room, where, when I went to sleep, he was playing "poker" with some imaginary individual whom he called Jim.

In the morning he made ample apologies, and was very earnest in expressing his gratitude for my hospitality. I took the liberty of asking him what bumps he called those in the neighborhood of his eyes. "Well, sir," he said, "you ask me a plain question, I'll give you a plain answer. I got into a 'muss' down at the store last night, and was whipped; and I deserved it too." As he was so penitent, I did not press him for further particulars; but I heard from another man the same day, that when at the store he had taken the opportunity of an audience to lecture them on his favorite subject, and illustrated his theory by feeling several heads, and giving very full descriptions of the characters of the individuals. At last he got hold of a man who must have had something peculiar in the formation of his cranium, for he gave him a most dreadful character, calling him a liar, a cheat, and a thief, and winding up by saying that he was a man who would murder his father for five dollars.

The natural consequence was, that the owner of this enviable character jumped up and pitched into the phrenologist, giving him the whipping which he had so candidly acknowledged, and would probably have murdered him without the consideration of the five dollars, if the bystanders had not interfered.

Very near where we were at work, a party of half a dozen men held a claim in the bed of the creek, and had as usual dug a race through which to turn the water, and so leave exposed the part they intended to work. This they were now anxious to do, as the creek had fallen sufficiently low to admit of it; but they were opposed by a number of miners, whose claims lay so near the race that

they would have been swamped had the water been turned into it.

They could not come to any settlement of the question among themselves; so, as was usual in such cases, they concluded to leave it to a jury of miners; and notice was accordingly sent to all the miners within two or three miles up and down the creek, requesting them to assemble on the claim in question the next afternoon. Although a miner calculates an hour lost as so much money out of his pocket, yet all were interested in supporting the laws of the diggings; and about a hundred men presented themselves at the appointed time. The two opposing parties then, having tossed up for the first pick, chose six jurymen each from the assembled crowd.

When the jury had squatted themselves all together in an exalted position on a heap of stones and dirt, one of the plaintiffs, as spokesman for his party, made a very pithy speech, calling several witnesses to prove his statements, and citing many of the laws of the diggings in support of his claims. The defendants followed in the same manner, making the most of their case; while the general public, sitting in groups on the different heaps of stones piled up between the holes with which the ground was honey-combed, smoked their pipes, and watched the proceedings.

After the plaintiff and defendant had said all they had to say about it, the jury examined the state of the ground in dispute; they then called some more witnesses to give further information, and having laid their shaggy heads together for a few minutes, they pronounced their decision; which was, that the men working on the race should be allowed six days to work out their claims before the water should be turned in upon them.

Neither party were particularly well pleased with the verdict—a pretty good sign that it was an impartial one; but they had to abide by it, for had there been any resistance on either side, the rest of the miners would have enforced the decision of this august tribunal. From it there was no appeal; a jury of miners was the highest court known, and I must say I never saw a court of justice with so little humbug about it.

The laws of the creek, as was the case in all the various diggings in the mines, were made at meetings of miners held for the purpose. They were generally very few and simple. They defined how

many feet of ground one man was entitled to hold in a ravine—how much in the bank, and in the bed of the creek; how many such claims he could hold at a time; and how long he could absent himself from his claim without forfeiting it. They declared what was necessary to be done in taking up and securing a claim, which, for want of water, or from any other cause, could not be worked at the time; and they also provided for various contingencies incidental to the peculiar nature of the diggings.

Of course, like other laws, they required constant revision and amendment, to suit the progress of the times; and a few weeks after this trial, a meeting was held one Sunday afternoon for legislative purposes. The miners met in front of the store, to the number of about two hundred; a very respectable-looking old chap [being the "offender" here alluded to, it is but just, perhaps, that we challenge Mr. B. to pistols and coffee for at least a dozen, for using the term "old" to us at thirty; but we forgive him, as almost all miners, from their dress and employment, look prematurely old at any age—aye, and grow so, too.—Ed.] was called to the chair; but for want of that article of furniture, he mounted an empty pork-barrel, which gave him a commanding position; another man was appointed secretary, who placed his writing materials on some empty boxes piled up alongside of the chair. The chairman then, addressing the crowd, told them the object for which the meeting had been called, and said he would be happy to hear any gentleman who had any remarks to offer; whereupon some one proposed an amendment of the law relating to a certain description of claim, arguing the point in a very neat speech. He was duly seconded, and there was some slight opposition and discussion; but when the chairman declared it carried by the ayes, no one called for a division; so the secretary wrote it all down, and it became law.

Two or three other acts were passed, and when the business was concluded, a vote of thanks to the chairman was passed for his able conduct on the top of the pork-barrel. The meeting was then declared to be dissolved, and accordingly dribbled into the store, where the legislators, in small detachments, pledged each other in cocktails as fast as the store-keeper could mix them. While the legislature was in session, however, everything was conducted with the utmost

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formality; for Americans of all classes are particularly *au fait* at the ordinary routine of public meetings.

After working our claim for a few weeks, my partner left me to go to another part of the mines, and I joined two others in buying a claim five or six miles up the creek. It was supposed to be very rich, and we had to pay a long price for it accordingly; although the men who had taken it up, and from whom we bought it, had not yet even prospected the ground. But the adjoining claims were being worked, and yielding largely, and from the position of ours, it was looked on as an equally good one.

There was a great deal to be done, before it could be worked, in the way of removing rocks and turning the water; and as three of us were not sufficient to work the place properly, we hired four men to assist us, at the usual wages of five dollars a day. It took about a fortnight to get the claim into order before we could begin washing, but we then found that our labor had not been expended in vain, for it paid uncommonly well.

When I bought this claim, I had to give up my cabin, as the distance was so great, and I now camped with my partners close to our claim, where we had erected a brush-house. This is a very comfortable kind of abode in summer, and does not cost an hour's labor to erect. Four uprights are stuck in the ground, and connected with cross-pieces, on which are laid heaps of leafy brushwood, making a roof completely impervious to the rays of the sun. Sometimes three sides are filled in with a basket-work of brush, which gives the edifice a more compact and comfortable appearance. Very frequently a brush-shed of this sort was erected over a tent; for the thin material of which tents were usually made offered but poor shelter from the burning sun.

When I left my cabin, I handed it over to a young man who had arrived very lately in the country, and had just come up to the mines. On meeting him a few days afterwards, and asking him how he liked his new abode, he told me that the first night of his occupation he had not slept a wink, and had kept candles burning till daylight, being afraid to go to sleep on account of the rats.

Rats, indeed! poor fellows! I should think there were a few rats; but the cabin was not worse in that respect than any other in the mines. The rats were most

active colonisers. Hardly was a cabin built in the most out-of-the-way part of the mountains, before a large family of rats made themselves at home in it, imparting a humanised and inhabited air to the place. They are not supposed to be indigenous to the country. [We think differently. In 1850, in company with several others, we were first in entering a cañon between two large streams, many miles from any trading-post whatever, and before our packs were scarcely off the mules we saw a rat make his exit from a hole but a few feet from the water, and deliberately go down to drink.—Ed.] They are a large black species, which I believe those who are learned in rats call the Hamburg breed. Occasionally a pure white one is seen, but more frequently in the cities than in the mines; they are probably the hoary old patriarchs, and not a distinct species.

They are very destructive, and are such notorious thieves, carrying off letters, newspapers, handkerchiefs, and things of that sort, with which to make their nests, that I soon acquired a habit, which is common enough in the mines, of always ramming my stockings tightly into the toes of my boots, putting my neckerchief into my pocket, and otherwise securing all such matters before turning in at night. One took these precautions just as naturally, and as much as a matter of course, as when at sea one fixes things in such a manner that they shall not fetch way with the motion of the ship. As in civilized life a man winds up his watch and puts it under his pillow before going to bed; so in the mines, when turning in, one just as instinctively sets to work to circumvent the rats in the manner described, and, taking off his revolver, lays it under his pillow, or at least under the coat or boots, or whatever he rests his head on.

I believe there are individuals who faint or go into hysterics if a cat happens to be in the same room with them. Any one having a like antipathy to rats had better keep as far away from California as possible, especially from the mines. The inhabitants generally, however, have no such prejudices; it is a free country—as free to rats as to Chinamen; they increase and multiply and settle on the land very much as they please, eating up your flour, and running over you when you are asleep, without ceremony.

No one thinks it worth while to kill individual rats—the abstract fact of their

existence remains the same; you might as well wage war upon mosquitoes. I often shot rats, but it was for the sport, not for the mere object of killing them. Rat-shooting is capital sport, and is carried on in this wise: The most favorable place for it is a log-cabin in which the chinks have not been filled up, so that there is a space of two or three inches between the logs; and the season is a moonlight night. Then when you lie down for the night (it would be absurd to call it "going to bed" in the mines), you have your revolver charged, and plenty of ammunition at hand. The lights are of course put out, and the cabin is in darkness; but the rats have a fashion of running along the tops of the logs, and occasionally standing still, showing clearly against the moonlight outside; then is your time to draw a bead upon them and knock them over—if you can. But it takes a good shot to do much at this sort of work, and a man who kills two or three brace before going to sleep has had a very splendid night's shooting. [Especially if some poor wandering hombre should happen to be passing, he might get a share of the bulls, if not of the sport.]

(Continued.)

MY TEACHERS... No. I.

BY S* * *

The declining sun is shining pleasantly into the deserted school-room, and I sit musing at my desk. The busy hum of the day is succeeded by unbroken stillness, and I feel a pleasure in being free from the searching eyes of a hundred and fifty scholars. The evening hymn was sweetly sung, and it touched a chord in my heart which is still vibrating like the strings of an Æolian in the soft breeze of summer. The bustling boys hurried off while the last stroke of the bell was dying away on the ear; but the little girls loitered down the aisle, and stopped to chat in the hall; and some of them, with their silvery voices, came and wished me "good night" very sweetly!

Pleasanter than the sunlight is the smile of those little girls. They are pictures of beauty hung all around the school-room—surpassing in loveliness the richest works of the old masters of art. The school-room, plain though it be, is rich in beauty.

All day long the eyes of those little ones

have been fixed upon the teacher;—what are the impressions which their trusting hearts have carried away? Do they think me an automaton, placed in the school-room to govern them, as the "regulator" controls the steam-engine? Or do they feel that I have a soul to sympathize with their joyousness, and a heart that, conscious of their trustful simplicity, keeps time to the out-gushings of happiness?

The *Psychrometer* with which children test their superiors is a delicate instrument, and seldom fails to give an accurate measurement. Do they never dream that often, while gazing on them, I throw off the burden of years, and grow young again!

And then I think of my own early teachers, and the impressions which they left on my mind. I am a little barefooted boy again, to-night, and I may indulge in childish reminiscences; for he who would deal gently with childhood, must often revert to his own childish joys and sorrows, else he will measure boys and girls by the standard of men and women.

Of many of my teachers I have no impression whatever. They were of the *negative* class. They taught me to read and spell, and nothing more. My first school was a village "summer school," and my first teacher a lady. I remember but little about it. I must have been very young then. My mother used to tie on my straw hat, and send me off with a cousin about my own age. I had no brothers and sisters to take me to school.

We passed close by a large mill-pond, where great dragon-flies—known to us by the terrible name of "devil's darning-needles"—buzzing about, or alighting in the middle of the road, frightened me out of my wits. It was told me they would sew up my eyes; and I—poor little simpleton!—I believed it all. I thought, too, they could sting, and were very poisonous. Many an hour of terror did those foolish stories cause me—and I was no coward, either.

I remember one lantern-jawed, big fellow, who used to scare me by threatening to eat me. It was his daily sport to torment me. Ulysses and his men could not have felt greater terror when old Polyphemus seized and devoured some of their number, than did I when that ogre ran after me. That

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boy had the countenance of Cain. I hated him after I grew larger. I always thought I would flog him if I grew to be a man; were I to meet him now, I should be almost tempted to do it!

I remember when I was some ten years old, as a boy was frightening a wee bit of a girl by opening his mouth and threatening to bite her head off, how my heart burned with indignation till I gave him what he deserved, a good "licking." That was the only fight I was ever engaged in during my school days, and it was in a just cause. The great lubber never terrified the girl again.

The "school-ma'am" was a small, pale-looking lady. I only remember that when a boy did wrong, she stuck him up on a high seat, and then all the scholars stood up, and pointed their fore-fingers at him, and hissed, and cried "Eh! for shame!" I never was "set up"; it would have broken my heart. I was sent out of the room once for some little thoughtless act, and how mortified I was as I slunk down the aisle! I took an instinctive aversion to that teacher, afterwards.

The incident may seem trifling, but it was a great event in my life. I was at church one Sunday noon, sitting quietly in my grandfather's old-fashioned square pew, and the "school-ma'am" and another lady stood at the stove near by. Suddenly she turned round, and pointing her finger at me, said—"There is the little boy that told me a lie."

The circumstances were these: One day I went up and asked "leave to be dismissed." She told me if I would promise to come to school next day, I might go. Of course I promised. Next day my mother kept me at home for some good reason. This was why the "school-ma'am" pointed her finger at me, and said, "There is the little boy that told a lie!" How those words burned into my heart! Up to that time, to the best of my recollection, I never had dreamed of ever telling anything but the truth to my parents and teachers, and to be called a liar, and in church, too! I felt it was wrong, and I hated the very sight of her always after.

This little circumstance has always made me very careful of ever accusing children of telling untruths, unless the proof is positive. In looking back upon my school

days, I do not remember of ever telling my teachers or parents a deliberate falsehood.

My father died when I was ten years old. The day before his death, he remarked to an attendant that "he had never known me to tell a lie." I felt proud of the praise—yet I think he suspected me once. I remember I was in the old garden, trying to knock some cherries from a tree, by throwing stones at them. Close by the cherry tree stood an apple tree, whose fruit my father had forbidden me to touch. He called me up to the gate, and asked me if I was stoning the apples? I told him I was trying to get some cherries; he said nothing, and walked away. But I thought he doubted my word. I went down into a corner of the garden, behind the currant bushes, and cried bitterly. Then came the thought of the "school-ma'am" who had pointed her finger at me, and called me a liar. I only wonder I did *not* become a liar.

This "school-ma'am"—I call no names, and this will never meet her eye—is now married to a boy, who, in school, sat in the same desk with me. At the time of their marriage he was twenty years old—she must have been thirty-five. Wonder if *she* didn't "tell a lie" to that playmate of mine—foolish young fellow.

WILL SOME GEOLOGIST OR ANTIQUARIAN EXPLAIN IT?—On the nineteenth day of November last, (1857,) while some men were drifting in the "Keystone" tunnel, at Smith's Flat, Sierra county, they found a human collar-bone, perfectly sound, with the exception of a small portion at either end, which was somewhat decayed. This bone was in the gravel of an old river's bed under the mountain, known as "the great blue lead;" similar to others, and which constitute nearly the whole of what are known as "hill diggings" in every part of the mining districts. It was not less than a thousand feet beneath the forest-covered surface of the mountain, and as many feet more above Cañon and Oregon creeks.

Now the question naturally arises, at what era of the world's changes could this bone, and that particular kind of gravel formation have been deposited there? And to what class of the human family does that collar-bone belong? Will some one learned in such matters please inform us? B.

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA
PHYSICIAN.

NO. III.

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

We are often disappointed in the fruition of our most ardent anticipations, for our pictures of future happiness are far too beautiful and brilliant to be realized; and the heart is best satisfied seeking treasures it never enjoys.

It would be far better for man, if he would stop to enjoy the present; but ill at ease, and not satisfied with the comforts about him, he looks a "little beyond" to the Archimedean stand-point, where brighter prospects spring up before him; and in his haste to reach some ideal court, with gilded corridors and garden walks, where fairy feet have trod, he kills the goose that daily laid its golden egg, and then awakens only to behold, too late, his folly, and sadly to lament the untimely death of his noble and generous bird. Such, at least, has been my experience in my search for gold. While at Nevada, I was in the vicinity of the richest *placers* in the State; but news came to our company, (with a pledge of secrecy on our part), that far richer discoveries had been made a little farther on—somewhere on the South Yuba, and of course I was ambitious to be first in the new field of discovery, and in a few days arrangements were made to follow the *ignis fatuus* to the promised treasure, and had it been located a "little beyond" some unknown region, either in Heaven or—where good parsons tell us the wicked go, I presume I should have been none too wise to have followed the golden phantom.

Away with your philosophy—away with your *omnia vitæ ex ovo*, and your nucleated-cell-theory of organic development, for I was not developed in any such an arbitrary manner, but early in my life the mystic wand of the hero's god pointed to the goal of my future greatness, and my guardian angel has since been whispering in my ear—"weaving delu-

sions, phantoms and dreams"—beckoning me to enchanted halls and great wealth.

It told me I was born for a hero, and I felt it, though I have often wished some power to "strike the electric chain, wherewith I am darkly bound," and set me forever free. But excuse this Quixotic prelude, and we'll again to the "adventure."

On the first of February, 1850, I left Nevada with my very excellent friend, Charley, and four others—each with a pack upon his shoulders, weighing from twenty to forty pounds, besides his bedding, for such was the prevailing custom in those days that a man was considered insane who traveled without taking his bed along with him; thus, in native style, we trudged along in single file, following an almost indistinct Indian trail over and around several high hills, across many rapid streams on fallen trees, that stretched from bank to bank, and before night found ourselves traveling upon the hard crusted snow. We continued our way until night came on, when we halted, consulted a moment together, then laid aside our packs and commenced digging a long trench in the snow beside an old cedar, which gave evidence of having been blown down many years before. This being done, we managed to build a fire in our snow-house—melted snow enough to make coffee, which we took with our raw pork and sailor's broad, with good relish. Then, laying down a thick carpet of pine leaves in the trench we had dug, we spread out our blankets and turned in for the night, regardless of the danger which surrounded us. There, nestled together, quite hidden from the wind, and with our feet towards the fire, which by this time had caught the dead tree, we slept soundly and awoke fresh for our journey the next day. It was snowing when we got up, so we took a hasty repast and hurried on, and at three o'clock, P. M., arrived at a point on the southern slope of the mountain, where we determined to spend the remainder of the winter. One little cabin stood near,

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scarce large enough for two persons, which was the home of the pioneers of this new and vastly rich discovery.

The ground was covered with about three inches of damp snow; the dark clouds hung heavy about the mountains; the majestic pines waved to and fro their stately heads in mournful silence, while the deep moaning of the wind gave warning that a fearful storm was hovering about us. How gloomy and sad was the hour! A sickening melancholy came over me; such as feeling alone makes description's self, while words sink back upon the faltering tongue, too feeble to convey the meaning; and I felt as if that part of the earth was but half made up, and that Heaven was sighing and weeping over the deformity.

It was but for a few moments I allowed these feelings to weigh heavily upon me; for cold and damp as I was, I felt it necessary to bestir myself. So taking an axe, I went to felling trees with the rest of the company, and so merrily did we all work that in two hours we had the frame work of a log house erected and covered with pine limbs, in such a manner as to afford a fair shelter from the storm. The damp earth was then thrown out of a little hole we called a door, and pine leaves spread down to protect our blankets from the dirt; then a fire was built in one corner, tea made, supper over, and we began to prepare for retiring, when one of our neighbors peeped in and kindly invited me to spend the night with him, assuring me his place was dry and far more comfortable than my own. After asking my companions if one of them would not like to go (for I did not like to be selfish), I accepted his kind invitation; but when I learned that three others were to occupy this dog-kennel of a hut, I secretly repented, though unwilling to give any signs of my dissatisfaction, for I hoped to mix in some oblivious manner with the various *hom-bres*; that the memories of the day and the cares of the morrow might soon end in happy dreams. While sitting upon

our haunches, with our hands firmly clasped below the knees, we managed well, but when we came to lie down, there was not room for more than two pairs of legs to lie straight; consequently one of the men ran his feet up chimney, and elevated his body in such a manner as to make me fearfully apprehensive for his safety, lest his brains should all run into his head, as Mrs. Partington said of Ike. Not willing to incur a like danger, I coolly thrust my phalangeal extremities through an aperture, and in a short time they were buried beneath the drifting snow without.

But here an incident occurred that disturbed our arrangements. Just as the waters of Lethe were rippling over my lids and lulling me into sweet forgetfulness, the accumulated snow upon the tender roof caused it to fall in upon us, and rob us of the intended repose. Ah! thought I, if I had an Inca's wealth, no dire obtrusion would be made upon my slumbers; for

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep;
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear!"

Many and bitter were the complaints, and more than once I thought of returning to my own camp; but pride forbade me doing so. We groped about in the darkness and storm a long time, but finally succeeded in repairing the roof, and again retired.

The sombre hours of night glided lazily into the more welcome hours of morning, until the cycle was completed; when a vague joy "came o'er the spirit of my dreams," and I hastened to join my own party; rather delighted that the night had been thus passed, for the incidents seemed happily cuneiform, and just adapted to fill up the little vacuum that otherwise would have rendered my adventures incomplete.

I found George snoring, Smith smoking, Jim preparing to cook breakfast, while Charley was industriously at work topping out the chimney. (This spirit

of industry has made him one of the wealthiest merchants now in the city of San Francisco.) My adventure was soon told. A hearty laugh burst from all hands, except George, who seemed peculiarly to enjoy his snoring propensities. In short, he was one of Cæsar's men—"sleek-headed, such as sleep o' nights"; and, with all the pathos of a Sancho Panza, could exclaim, even from the depth of his great coat and woollen shirt, "Blessed is the man who first invented sleep!"

The day was spent filling up the spaces between the logs, and when night came we found ourselves securely protected from the wind and snow; and once more a melancholy joy filled my bosom, as I looked out upon the darkness, and listened to the howling winds, and the roaring waters of the swollen river.

"O! there is joy in grief, when peace dwells in the bosom of the sad." Thus I felt in my silent meditations, though I breathed not a complaint, nor seemed to care for any thing about me. I was stoical in my manner, yet in my heart nearly softened to tears. How little do we know of the world of thoughts that are hovering about our friends, and vibrating impressions of joy or grief upon the inner tablets of the soul. The eye may be dimmed with the tear of affliction, or the warm blood may flush the cheek as the tell-tale messenger of love's inmost dwelling, and yet but ill-bespeak the depth of true and earnest feeling. This is no fiction, but the experience of life.

In a few days the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone warmly upon the southern slope of the mountain, melting the snow so rapidly, that in a few days more the ground around the cabin was quite dry. Our claims in the mean time were located, according to the laws of holding claims; each man having three or more claims—the too common practice—by putting up "notices," with fictitious names, upon a stake or stump; and we had nothing to do but to watch them, and await the falling of the water.

Accordingly, most of our time was

spent in hunting during the first few weeks. On one occasion, as I had strayed several miles from camp in my chase after a deer, which several times had come nearly within shot, I heard a crackling among the thick underbrush, and thinking I should then get a shot at him, I crawled along among the bushes, the better to conceal myself; when suddenly a huge grizzly rose upon his hind feet before me. We eyed each other a few moments, apparently in mutual suspense, when I "drew a bead" upon him; but the ball struck upon his grizzly hide, and glanced off. Stung, but not otherwise hurt, he became enraged, making the mountains echo with his hoarse and savage growl.

Deeming "prudence the better part of valor," I made a hasty retreat through the tangled bushes, closely pursued by old Bruin, and climbed the nearest tree, leaving my gun standing by its side; but had scarcely got beyond his reach, when he seized it, as by instinct, and threw it with such force as to break the stock and bend the barrel. Then raising himself upon his hind legs with the quickness of a cat, he caught the limb on which I was standing, and pulled it to the ground; and had I not had a firm grasp upon the limb above me, I might not have been spared to write this narrative. He now seemed satisfied I was beyond his reach; and after scratching the bark from the tree to the height of several feet, he commenced gnawing at the body, then digging at the roots—occasionally looking up to watch my movements—meanwhile, manifesting no little anxiety for my safety.

Finally, walking around the tree several times to satisfy himself that the task of gnawing or digging it up was too great to undertake, he walked away a few paces and laid down—never, however, losing sight of me for a moment. Night was coming on, and I felt I must prepare for the emergency, so taking my handkerchief I tied myself to the tree expecting to spend the night roosting upon a

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limb, like a turkey, instead of sleeping like a man. Cold and benumbed in my silent roosting place, I longed for some one to come to my rescue; and how willing I felt to be forgiven for all past offenses, *provided* any accident should befall me. However, before dark I had the satisfaction of seeing my enemy slowly moving away. I watched his movements with almost breathless anxiety until he was quite out of sight, when I hastened down and hurried home to camp, where I arrived late at night, resolved never again to attack a grizzly single handed—and I have kept my promise.

After my encounter with old Bruin, I lost my zeal, and grew weary of hunting; and being tired of the monotonous life of eating and sleeping, with apparently no higher purpose in life than that, which justly belongs to the herbivorous and ruminating animal, I used frequently to go to the top of the mountains, and amuse myself rolling large stones down the slope—listening to the crackling of the bushes and the falling of small trees that happened in the way, until the sound was slowly echoed back by the surrounding hills.

When I became tired of this amusement, I climbed to the highest point of some jagged cliff, and sat for hours contemplating the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery. These were my happiest hours, and awakened in my bosom feelings of heavenly quiet; recalling the fondest remembrances of the scenery about Centre Harbor and the White Mountains, and the many sunny hills of New England, where in my boyhood's days I used to play.

On the first of March, it was proposed I should go to Nevada and get the letters which we all expected, and pack fifty pounds of flour on my back when I returned; thus making a lively application of the old motto, "kill two birds with one stone."

The suggestion pleased me, for I thought any thing for a change to be far preferable to the automatic round of every-day

life, where waiting for and not receiving was the constant employment of us all, and where there were no books or papers to read, to while away the lonesome hours. Though in poetry there are, sometimes "Lessons in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing," yet in experience this is far from true.

Early in the morning I left, accompanied by Jim, who volunteered to go along. Following down the river—scrambling over ledges, and jumping from point to point of the projecting rocks—we soon came to the crossing; which was made by felling two young trees, one on each side of the river, and which rested on a ledge in the middle, about ten feet above low water. We sat astride of these logs, and hitched ourselves along upon our hands, much like school-boys at a game of "leap-frog;" and in a few moments we were again on terra firma at the opposite side of the river. We then ascended the mountain, and following the old trail through the woods, up and down tedious hills, and through deep ravines, we reached the camp of Mr. P. . . , one half mile from Nevada, just at sunset; having walked twenty-five miles in nine hours. Here we were cordially received; a warm supper was set before us, and an invitation given to spend the night, which I need not say was accepted.

After resting a while, we went to town and obtained our letters, and several for the boys at the camp. What pleasure a letter afforded us in those days! I quickly scanned the contents of mine, and treasured up all the items of love, murder, marriage, births, and deaths, to be talked about for many days after I returned to camp. We here heard that Mr. B. . . had just purchased our old claim on "Gold Run," (which we left for richer diggings "a little beyond,") for which he gave ten thousand dollars. When I heard this, my heart grew sick, and I felt we had sacrificed much to gain little—as it afterwards proved.

We soon made a purchase of flour, returned to our friend P.'s and spent the

night. He had no beds in his cabin, but he kindly offered me his bunk; which I, however, declined—choosing to sleep upon the ground with my feet to the fire, rather than obtrude too much upon his generosity.

We rose early next morning, and to our great discomfort found it had been snowing during the night, and was then raining. We had no time to lose; so, taking a hearty breakfast, we each packed a sack of flour upon our shoulders. Besides this, my friend took a jack-plane, a jointer, and a hand-saw; while in addition to my sack of flour, I took about ten pounds of broken sea-bread, and a two-quart jug of "Old Monon.," at the earnest suggestion of my friends, of course, and which they assured me was a sure preventive to colds and fatigue.

Thus equipped we left, with the rain falling upon our backs, and the slush of snow under our feet; but we had not gone far before the rain turned to snow, which increased rapidly in depth, until all trace of a path was obliterated, and frequently we found ourselves in drifts three feet deep.

We had scarcely advanced one-half of our distance towards home, when my companion became suddenly ill, and sat down to rest. Here I administered a little of my panacea, not forgetting to try it myself; and not knowing but it might harm me, I took a little twice—as we are told medicines act adversely upon the human system as the dose is diminished. I then went forward, beat down the snow, and encouraged my companion to advance; and I thus continued to tread the snow before him for three hours or more, when I became nearly exhausted, and was glad to stop a few moments to rest. Suddenly, as if heaven and earth had collapsed, it became dark, and the storm increased in that severe manner which can best be appreciated by those who have been in a snow-storm on the Nevada. To say it was dark, and the wind

howled among the tall pines, would give but a vague idea of the raging elements, and the gloominess of that hour.

My companion became still more disheartened, and insisted upon lying down in the snow to spend the night, cold and wet as he was, rather than make further efforts to reach some human habitation, where a more grateful shelter could be enjoyed; and it required all my energies and remonstrances to dissuade him from such a foolish and dangerous resolve. Being now obliged to grope my way in the dark, the points of the compass soon became confused in my mind, and I knew not in what direction I was traveling; yet my heart failed me not, and I resolved to keep moving.

In such an emergency one requires a stout heart, and a truer courage than that of the *brave* school-boy, who goes whistling by some lone church-yard, with his ears open to catch the slightest sound, and one eye turned over his shoulder to see if some goblin is not skulking behind the dilapidated tomb-stones. Though I do not boast of courage that finds no comparison, I was nevertheless determined to surmount every obstacle; believing that to a great extent what man *wills* man may perform.

After wandering about several hours—often finding myself brought to a sudden stand-still, by coming in contact with large trees; at other times stumbling over logs, or sinking deep into the snow, I fortunately discovered the faint light from a fire far down the mountain. Following the direction of the light, at ten o'clock I found myself and companion in the tent of an American, a true white man—who had retired to rest, regardless of the fearful storm about him. Our story was soon told. He got up; baked us a cake, and made some coffee, of which we eagerly partook with grateful hearts. He then furnished us with blankets, which we wrapped around us, and laid down,

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"Like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him,"

and soon were in "slumbers most profound"—dreaming perchance of a happier morrow.

In the morning we learned we were six miles from camp; so I proposed that we should wind our way about the mountain until we had passed a high and rugged cliff that projected into the river, when we would again descend, and walk along the bank until we reached the crossing, about three miles beyond.

While struggling through the deep snow with the pack upon my back, (which, being wet, weighed not less than sixty pounds,) and just as I had gained the steepest point of the mountain, the snow began to move about me; slowly at first, but soon it bore me with the velocity of the wind down the steep slope, and for a few moments I seemed doomed to inevitable destruction. But, fortunately and almost miraculously, that portion of the avalanche on which I was borne broke from the main body, and, turning a little to one side, rushed against a projecting rock, where it stopped, and rolled itself into a huge drift; thus leaving me upon the verge of a precipice where I could look down upon the tops of tall trees, and the foaming waters of the river below. A more perilous situation could not well be conceived of. As I looked down upon the dizzy, whirling, and foaming river, my eyes grew dim—a misty curtain rose before them—my head became giddy, and a sensation as of falling came over me; when I started, like one suddenly awaking from a frightful dream, half-conscious for the moment of the danger I was in.

I turned my eyes to learn the fate of my companion; yet fearful to move, lest any motion should prove my destruction. To my great delight I saw him standing above me upon the firm snow, with a long pole in his hands, which he pushed towards me. I grasped it firmly, and with

his assistance, in a few moments found myself by his side, secure from danger.

Two hours after, we found ourselves in our own cabin, by a comfortable fire, and felt that,

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"
even such a one as we called "ours."

FE NIX.

Lonely Dale, Feb. 1, 1858.

"THE GIANT JUDGE."

A new work with the above title, from the pen of W. A. Scott, D. D., has been recently published by Whitton, Towne & Co., San Francisco, which in its typographical execution (if we except the engravings) is fully equal to any similar work issued from the press of New York or Boston. The binding, by A. Buswell, is in embossed cloth, and is the first of the kind, we believe, that has been attempted on the Pacific coast.

This work contains a series of admirably written sermons, or lectures, upon the birth, life, and death of Samson, one of the most remarkable of the Judges of ancient Israel.

We see but few faults in the character of the work, as a moral, religious, or literary production; nor do we question the motives that prompted the author, in giving his lectures to the world, in their present enduring form. But we do believe him in fault in one particular; and it becomes the greater, when the objectionable feature is such, that in its place, is entirely gratuitous, if not quite insincere in sentiment, though we do not believe intentionally so; yet, if not insincere, we must question the author's taste in reference to the specimens of art with which his book is illustrated, not embellished.

We allude to the closing remark of the author's preface, in which he says:—

"Our artists have, I think, admirably succeeded in giving us illustrations eminently suited to the text. All the pic-

tures I remember to have seen of Samson and Delilah, even those of Rubens, Guido and David, are *historically* incorrect."

Now it is well known that for a considerable time previous to the appearance of this book, no little effort was made to prepare the public mind for the reception of a work, that, in the design and execution of its illustrations or engravings, was to be a little, if not greatly superior to any thing that had ever preceded it, as a California book. The engravings were to be spirited, life-like, and, as we had supposed, "eminently suited to the text." And the author says:—

"Our illustrations are strictly in conformity with the history and customs of the country, and of the times, as explained by the best interpreters, and by the latest researches of antiquarians and monument readers."

It is to this assertion that we take exceptions, for we can hardly look upon it in any other light than an attempt to forestall the judgment of the reader, and turning it into a channel not warranted by the facts. And, in our opinion, it would have been far better for all concerned, to have let the work stand entirely upon its own merits, than for the author to have attempted to cover up its palpable defects, by an undue, out-of-place eulogy of the very merit it does not possess.

Let us take the engraving in which the angel is seen ascending in the flame, and compare it with pictures upon oriental monuments. We never recollect to have seen, "in our journeyings upon the banks of the Nile," or in any portion of "Ancient Egypt," a monumental picture, representing a burnt offering, that did not, to some extent, show the nature of the offering, whether of animals or fruits, as well as the wood for the fire; neither of which appear in the engraving; the flame evidently deriving its sustenance from the smooth surface of the rock. But while the artist has neglected to show us the wood, or even the half consumed semblance of the kid then being offered, he

has been exceedingly lavish of long fingers. We do not believe there can be found a monument in all Egypt, or elsewhere, that, in a group of only three persons, so many awkward fingers can be seen.

It may be said the artist has chosen the time for the ascent of the angel, when the wood and the offering were quite consumed; but then there would be but little or no flame, and Manoah and his wife, "strictly in conformity" with the text, should by this time have fallen "on their faces to the ground." We think the artist not in fault, but the author; he should have consulted with the artist, and by so doing produced a picture "*historically*" correct.

Passing over the "COPY OF CLAY TABLET FROM SINKARA"—for we never criticize pictures from oriental monuments; but take it for granted they were probably the best that the people of the times could produce, under the then existing state of the arts—we pass on to the picture of "SAMSON KILLING THE LION." And which we are led to believe he is doing, in the same way that the lion tears the kid—

"Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid"—

By stretching open his mouth, and very likely breaking his neck or back-bone; for this is evidently the only tearing he gets, though Samson may have broken his head against the tree, found in the *next* picture; but that he was in any other way rent or torn does not appear from the engraving. There is not a doubt, however, but that Samson looked upon the lion's teeth as the most dangerous feature of his antagonist, and that tearing his jaws apart would be an effectual way to render him harmless, if not to kill him. Thus we conceive the artist has not only chosen an admirable attitude and moment, in the progress of the encounter, but has given, in connection with the engraver, the very best picture in the book.

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We come to "SAMSON FINDING HONEY" in the carcass of the lion. The author says, (page 174)—"It must have been, as we have shown, about a year after the lion was killed, that the bees were found in its skeleton frame. This was quite time enough for the birds and beasts of prey to have eaten the flesh off from the bones, and for the hot sun and parching winds of Asia to have completely dried them."

Now we can hardly imagine how it could have been possible "for the birds and beasts of prey to have eaten the flesh off from the bones," without disturbing his hair or hide; nor do we find him even with his jaws torn asunder. Here, again, we think the fault lies with the author, in not directing the artist to produce a skeleton, with a swarm of bees in and about it, instead of a sleeping lion, slightly troubled, perhaps, with ants or flies about the mouth; and yet it may be an "illustration eminently suited to the text," and we do not see it.

The next engraving is that of the foxes with a fire-brand between their tails. This is a spirited conception certainly. These foxes are evidently running very fast; it was in the heat of summer, and as they were engaged in a fiery expedition, all must have conspired to render their expedition a laborious and heating one; yet we look in vain for a lolling tongue, or any tongue at all, in either of them; but as they seem to be heading towards the engraver, who, if they ever had any tongues, very cruelly cut them out, we leave them to settle the difficulty with him, strictly in conformity with oriental usage.

"SAMSON CARRYING AWAY THE GATES OF GAZA." In this engraving, we are happy to see that Samson has been provided with a pair of socks—not shoes or sandals—for, until now, he seems to have gone about barefooted.

"SAMSON IN DELILAH'S LAP." Here we have a group, that though perhaps

"historically" correct, and "strictly in conformity with the history and customs of the times," is nevertheless one, that if it had been presented to the public to illustrate any event in the life of one of our governors or judges, or any citizen of San Francisco at the present day, or even Brigham Young with one of his concubines, would be deemed an objectionable picture for a show-window; but because it is illustrative of the acts of one of Israel's Judges, in soft dalliance "with a celebrated beauty of great historical interest," though there is no "reason to believe she was Samson's wife"—page 251—the picture is doubtless considered unexceptionable.

Nor do we find any fault with the picture; we really like it: it is just to our taste, as doubtless it is to the author's—page 253—"We think our engravings of Delilah with Samson asleep in her lap, and as she appears when he is taken by the Philistines, both happily expressive of her character and surrounding circumstances."

So do we; Samson wholly denuded to the waist, and Delilah nearly so, besides presenting a well developed leg, bare to the top of her knee; certainly, very "happily expressive of her character." We should not have spoken of her leg, only that the author says—page 260—"The woman sits on a divan, or mat, or carpet, crosslegged, and the man lays himself down with his head in her lap," and then quotes the following—"And she gently taps, strokes, sings and soothes him to sleep;" but whether this information was derived from inscriptions from oriental monuments does not clearly appear. Here again we think the author in fault, in not hinting to the artist the necessity of presenting Delilah crosslegged, and not as she appears in the engraving.

We have spoken of this picture just as it is presented to the youth of our land, for whose benefit these lectures were especially intended. And as "The child

should be taught what he is to do when he is a man"—page 144—and as such teachings can be imparted by pictures as well as by printed books—page 95—we cannot but look upon this engraving as highly but dangerously instructive; "happily expressive" as it is, of the sensual voluptuousness of the chamber of a beauty, whether "of great historic interest" or not.

In proof that there is something wrong in the picture to the eyes of the young, without a word introductory, or a remark upon the nature of the book, we opened it and asked a little girl of ten years and three months to look at this picture. She looked at it for a moment, then, with a haughty look and curl of the lip, turned indignantly away saying—"I'll tell my pa of you, for showing me that picture." Therefore we say—as on page 150—from the influence of such pictures "Oh, spare our homes!"

We will pass over the picture "copied from the monuments of Egypt, showing how Delilah could weave his locks to the loom," and pass on to one "copied from the monuments of Egypt." It doubtless took more than one monument to furnish it; and is supposed by the author to represent "barbers operating." But "from my own personal researches and observations in the East," and from the latest readings of oriental monuments, I am quite certain the picture was intended to represent a phrenologist examining a head, whilst he holds a small mirror in front, the better to point out to the person examined the exact position of his bumps!

As we have before remarked, we have no criticism to make upon the style of the drawings upon the monuments of Egypt; but when the author has evidently misinterpreted their meaning, it comes within our province to make such corrections, as from our own researches we feel justified in doing.

The next engraving does not require

any comment from us: the eye, doubtless, is just what the king is aiming at.

And now we have reached the last of our author's, or artist's conceptions; "SAMSON GRINDING AT THE MILL."

"Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
To grind in brazen fetters under task."

And yet in vain do we look for the fetters. A simple wrinkle upon his right wrist, the same that we see upon his left when in the lap of Delilah, is the only indication of "brazen fetters."

And, notwithstanding his abject condition, his rendition to slavery, servitude and hard labor, and a terrible disease of the breast, as indicated by the engraving, still he appears in admirable working condition; and working with a beautiful looking slave; but the poor man being blind, perhaps don't know it.

"And he did grind in the prison-house."

Yet it would seem our author, or artist, or both, would make his prison-house to be the whole of outdoors; but from my own personal observation of the prison-houses of oriental nations, this is "historically incorrect," notwithstanding the author thinks his "illustrations eminently suited to the text."

We repeat, it is this wholly gratuitous remark on the part of the author, tending to palm off upon the reader a series of engravings as "historically" correct, when the most casual observer cannot but see in them the most palpable defects.

The *conception* or *selection* of a design, lies with the author of a work, that it may comport with his texts and the facts; the *execution* of the design, and the engraving, with the artists. *.*

True greatness in any direction can only be attained by patient and long-continued thought and toil; it is by such effort that the artist wins his forms of beauty to glow upon the canvas; that the sculptor fashions the dull, cold marble into shapes of vital loveliness; and by such means does the poet pour forth the melodies of undying song.

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Our Social Chair.

Lively, piquant, pointed, and social may the sitters be in this our Social Chair. To make the gloomy cheery, the dull bright, the sad glad, the disheartened hopeful, the sorrowful comforted, and the unhappy happy, was the aim and end of this same Social Chair. Moreover, it has somewhat of a cosmopolitan spirit in many respects, as it in no way precludes any person whatever on account of country, politics, religion, sex, age, or circumstances; whether married and with a family of juveniles, or single without any; spinster or bachelor—except such as have the blues, and they cannot have a seat here on any pretence whatever. If, however, they should carefully “mark, learn and inwardly digest” the good intended for them, in this very Social Chair, we hope they will be prepared to occupy it by degrees—as lawyers are said to get to heaven—a very doubtful simile, no doubt.

We have received many answers to M.'s challenge, in the January number, some of them pretty, others funny, and others but “so, so.” Upon the whole, the following is, we think, the best, and will give the lady in question something to think of, and, perhaps, write about; but let it speak for itself.

DEAR SOCIAL CHAIR.—Some envious persons might begrudge “Brother Frank” and “Sister May,” and many others, contributors to the “Social Chair,” the good time they are having; but such persons, possessing none of the elements of happiness themselves, are always miserable in the same ratio that others are happy. Not so with Nelan. He not only likes to see the enjoyment of others, but is determined just to “walk in” and have a good time with the rest. You need not be jealous, Brother Frank, if I am about half in love with Sister May—or was, for I have something else to think about at this present writing, so I would not interfere with you if I could. So we'll be friends, will we not?

We not only hear funny sayings in the mountains, but often see funny things, too. For instance, the schoolmaster sometimes goes abroad, and the result is some rich

specimens of orthography, as the following (which I discovered, in flaming characters, tacked to a tree on Kanaka Creek, and copied *verbatim et literatim*.) will testify:

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we under Sino to Claim this ground for minege wen the wather is in this gulch from this notis to the un Below.

Kanacker Krick Janarey the 6th 1858
(Signed) C— and Cumpany

This almost beats the *Blacksmit* Shop in a neighboring town; the worthy son of Vulcan *milin*, who does his own sign lettering, being better versed in “forging” than in orthography. I wished to speak of some other little “items,” but the fair M— is waiting for her “answer,” and it would be ungallant to delay; so I will at once proceed to inquire—

Hast thou long sought, fair M—, this paragon,
An honest man, to rest thy hopes upon?
And is an honest man so very rare,
To vainly seek? I pray thee, have a care,
Lest, all unheeding golden ore and pure,
Thou grasp'st but dross when feeling most secure.

I fain would be an honest man; but then
To say I am—ah me! I dinna ken!
At least, I'd rather have it said of me,
And in the saying all the truth to be.

This mantle too, most comely garb divine,
Whose stamp is honor, and whose vesture thine;
Than which are beauty, fortune, birth, or power—
World-worshipped idols—far less fair a dower;
I dare to crave. Yes—truthful, candid, free,
I ask no more than I will give to thee.
Entwine me, then, with this delightful spell,
Thy *glove* I raise—the terms they suit me well;
And further would I trust thy graceful charms,
Nor fear to be entwined by loving arms.

NELAN.

Those to whom we refer when speaking of “people at the east”—which generally includes every person from Maine to Texas—will still give us credit for being a strange kind of population when they read such as the following, from the *North San Juan Star*—an excellent and well conducted weekly paper published in Nevada county—

A WIFE MORTGAGED.—On Thursday of last week, a Chinaman being charged with theft of a watch and pistol, confessed the

crime and offered to pay the value of the articles, but having no money, and not relishing the idea of a berth in jail, offered to give his bond for the money and mortgage his wife for security. The security was accepted on the terms that a failure to pay was forfeiture of the wife. The contract having been duly committed to paper and signed by the parties, it was made sacred (Chinese fashion) by being committed to the flames. The unfortunate celestial will lose his wife unless he raises the \$30 to satisfy the bond [!]

And then what?

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been musing over that letter of "Charley's" in your October number, and comparing his bright lot with my own sad one. When I read it, it almost startled me; it seemed as if I were dreaming of scenes which I had passed through. I, too, had met one whose gentlest tone could move me more than tongues of angels: The trembling voice, and the glance which drooped when it met my own fervent look, seemed to tell me that she loved me. Then I wrote—

I thought she loved me, and my life
Was one long dream of bliss;
Her name was first upon my lip,
When morning's light drove sleep away,
And changed my dream of bliss
To waking thoughts of her.
Where'er I went, her form was present with me,
And the soft light of her blue eyes
Chased every care away!
All smiled upon me, and I felt
A giant's strength to wrestle with the cares of life.

But a few short weeks have passed since I wrote this in my scrap book; but with what different feelings did I add, a few days after, the following:

But then a change came o'er her. When we met,
She passed me by as one whom she knew not.
She knew I worshiped her; that, next to heaven,
No place was in my heart for aught but her.
She knew my life, my soul was hers;
That she alone could move me as she wished.
She knew her smile could make me happy,
Or her frown could drive me to despair,
But still she passed me by as one
Who woke no answering echo in her heart,
Nor seemed to think the love that I had shown
Was worth accepting.

But still I love her. In my heart of hearts
I'll treasure up her image as she looked
Upon me long ago. Through life I'll bless
The moments I have passed in her dear presence.

Still I'll dream she loves me as I tho't she loved,
When first we met; and in the quiet of my heart,
When earth and all its cares draw to a close,
And when I feel I'm going to the presence of my
God,

My last sad prayer from earth to heaven will be,
God's richest blessings may descend on her.

And if we ever wander from that home
Where angels bow in humble love and praise,
And hide their faces in deep reverence
From Him who sits upon the Eternal Throne,
Waiting to bear his messages from thence
To lead earth's wandering children back to God,
The only boon I'll ever crave will be
To wander ever by her side, and lead
Her tottering footsteps up to heaven, to God.

Charley has a bright future before him.
For me there is naught left but a handful of
ashes. I would that the winds would spring
up which shall strew them on the bosom of
eternity.

PER SE.

Mr. Per Se, we must say that we think yours is rather a hard case; but it always grieves us when, in addition to a man having a soft place in his heart, there should be a corresponding one in his head. "It has been very common," says an eminent living writer, "to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted, as her victims. This is a grave error—her real victim is the man whom she accepts." She is not, believe us, worthy of your devotedness, and we would suggest that you (to use an expressive California phrase) "let her went"!

A lady has sent us the following enigma, which may amuse some of the young folks in finding an answer—

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 5, 15, 2, and 16, is a division of time;
My 20, 11, 7, 17, and 23, is an article of food;
My 4, 27, 7, and 3, is a denomination of money;
My 14, 12, 2, 3, 13, 26 and 19, is a musical instrument;
My 12, 15, 2, 7, 8 and 27, is a piece of furniture;
My 14, 19, 18, 26, 22, and 27, is used for ornamental purposes;
My 6, 9, 19, 21, and 10, was the father of two nations;
My 18, 6, 13, and 25, is the most important person in the world;
My 24, 27, 16, and 15, is nothing;
My 26, 23, 3, 1, 19 and 17, was an ancient prophet;
My whole should be found in every California drawing-room.

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How seldom are the publishers of a country newspaper appreciated as they really deserve. They commence on Monday morning, and labor assiduously until Saturday night; to gather all the news and speak good words for the districts in which their lot is cast; and if, perchance by any mishap or slip of the tongue, a word should drop of complaint, or a sentence should find its way into their journal, that Mr. Big-man — and every town has such an one — disapproves, he makes it his especial business to say that such and so "our little one-horse paper don't amount to a very large sum," or other language equally disparaging; when that very paper has been the herald of every incident that has transpired which possesses interest, throughout the country around, and made known the merits of the district abroad, and perhaps been the lever by which the individual in question has been raised from utter insignificance and obscurity.

Then the time which should be spent in the sanctum has to be devoted to setting up type, or working at the press, or collecting the where-with-al to pay for paper, ink, fire-wood, assistant labor and a hundred other incidental and necessary expenses about a newspaper office, simply because the circulation of the paper is not sufficiently extensive of itself to pay its own way without such labor.

Every man that is possibly able (and who that reads this is not?) should become a subscriber, without resorting to the contemptible expedient of "borrowing" his neighbor's paper — and thus subserve his own comfort and interest while helping on the interests of others. But read the following:—

"THE WAY IT HAPPENS.—This week we have not a very good variety. It is going to be just so next week. The fact is, we have to work like galley slaves to do as well as we do; and if we are getting rich at it, it comes rather hard. Here we are, all this blessed Christmas day, working at the press — the hardest of all labor — without any chance to see the smiling faces and hear the kindly greeting of everybody in the street. What a mockery is a holiday to a country editor! A week hence comes our day of going to press again,

"And then our New Year's day will be just such another Jubilee."

Placerville American.

To which the Sacramento Age feelingly replies —

Mourn not, worker! say not and think not that yours is like the toil of the galley slave. Let not your pen write it, let not your press print it, that for the "hardest of all labor" there is no compensation. Pull away at the world-moving lever; every time you bring the astonishing pressure upon the types, you do something for civilization, something which those around you cannot do, something which helps to sustain the nobility of your calling. Holidays! what are they except to the reveler and the child? Keep hold of the great dispenser of enlightenment, and and forget not, that, in consideration of his privations here, the printer may be given the freedom of the Celestial City, having lodgings in the grand mansion and feasts on the joys of an eternal jubilee.

Now reader, if you don't go straight to the office, this very day, and subscribe for the paper which is published in your district, you don't deserve to share in the progress which that paper advocates,—you don't.

RESPONSES FROM THE MINES.

NO. IV.

IN THE MINES, Feb. 10, 1858.

DEAR SISTER MAY,—I believe you are trying to pick a quarrel with me, for in your last letter you talk about scolding me—me, your *Dear Brother Frank*—and tell of my being indignant and selfish; and all that sort of thing, and you have even gone so far as to call me *coz.*, and in the next I suppose it will be *stranger*, and the next after that you will deny all knowledge of me, and then I shall have to sing—

Time treads on the graves of affection—
Sweet honey is turned into gall—
And Dear May she has no recollection,
That ever she loved me at all.

I can't feel a bit interested in what you say about eating bear meat, and mutton, and dough-nuts, and gingerbread, and all that, neither do I like your ginger without the bread, for it is too hot and spicy; and as for what you did to "*pay Billie back*" for his jokes, I can only sympathize with the poor fellow, for I have been paid in the same kind of coin, and I consider it very poor currency; it will not circulate at all in my system of exchanges, and is of no kind of

use to me, so I send it back, hoping you will exchange it and give me better money, that will circulate just as the blood does, *through the heart.*

Didn't I tell you I was only in fun in my last letter, and asked you to excuse me, and all that, and then you wanting to kick up a hubbub and a bobbery, must take it all in earnest. Well! well! I must say that your conduct is very strange, and I can only account for it by referring to the poets, who seem to be very wise men, and seek an explanation in the following lines:—

"There's many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word in jest that's spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

Now, dear May, if you are really heart-broken, and I have unintentionally touched you in a tender spot, why, I can only say that I am very sorry, and take all that fun back, and all that I have said in this letter, too, and ask a thousand pardons, and beg to be forgiven, and promise never to do so again, and will submit to any penalty that you shall choose to inflict, and shall say that I deserved it all, and a great deal more too, and will confess myself to be the veriest wretch on earth for not having been more tender and considerate in writing to a poor heart-broken sister; and, furthermore, that I ought to be exhibited in Adams' Museum as a cruel specimen of the brute creation, and a great deal more of all that sort of thing, too numerous and tedious to mention in this letter; and I know, dear May, you will then be kind to me, and write me a good sisterly letter, and in that hope I will rest.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,
BROTHER FRANK.

This month we have to greet with a most cordial welcome an old (we mean no offence Mrs. M., but apply the remark "old" to the writings and not to the writer) contributor, whom we had "riten" down "ded," as she would say—but here is her "faver"—

MR. EDITOR,—*Deer Sur,*—It is a lung time sine I hav writ to you not that I ment to with Draw my inkurgement from you, or my influence from your Magazeene—By no means. I think its the duty of the rich and

edicated to help them that hasnt bean So favored. I know that my litterary repputashun and naime is wurch a great deell to yow or any other Magazcen—Heven furbid I shuld depriv you of the benifit of it these hard times—Sum time ago I offerd you Sum device about the Magazcen—Which yow didn't then think wurch while to foller—No dout you hav repentid it Since—At any rate I aint wun to bare hard feellings to another coz they didnt doo as I devised them to—My xperiance in life furbids it—My edicashun furbids it—and my persishun in Sociaty furbids it—Beleeve me I shal allways tak a deap interest in the Magazcen as I doo in all litterary wurks.

I suppose youve hearn tell of the Panick—well deer me Lawyer Lofty wun of our fashionable nabers took the Panick a munth ago, and he has lost every thing on airth he had.—His wife pore deer creter was wun of the most fashionable wimen of *our Set*—You never see hur with any thing on that wasnt fashionable—But now what a change. She hasnt had a new dress fur a hul munth past. She dus nothin but cry and read little yeller coverd books from mornin til nite—Mr. Sheriff (or sum sich name) went and Sold their horses and carriage and all their fine furniter—And now Lawyer Lofty Says he will hav to move into the Superbs of the city and seduce his xpenses as much as possible—Deer me I doo feil so sorry fur his pore wif—She takes it so hard and no wonder fur she has only bin married two years and she was very pore before she married Lawyer Lofty—She used to preside at the house of Curnel Common-Sense and *assisted* his wife to du the house wurk, fur which they paid hur Sixty dollurs a munth and she always dressed butiful. She takes it verry hard and snis she cant tend hur own baby nor du hur own work—Thinks she will aply fur a diforce, then she will give hursel entirely to liturature.

Deer me what a lung lether I have rit—Darter hully and hur baby is well and I must hasten tew preskribe misel yoor verry paternizing frend

MRS. MARY METWYN,
Muther in law to Judge Swindlem.

Men sometimes gaze long and lovingly into the eyes of a beauty—but it is only to see their own dear faces mirrored there.

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Editor's Table.

SAN FRANCISCO. San Francisco is a great city, yes, a *great city* in the truest and highest sense of those words. We do not here mean to say that it is very great in its extent or in the number of its inhabitants; but, when the short period of its growth is considered, it is even great in these; but, like "a city that is set on a hill (which) cannot be hid," it gives indications of the characteristics of the people who set it there that cannot be mistaken. A city may have a much higher order of greatness than either extent or population, merely, could confer upon it. Such has San Francisco. In every point of view it is truly Californian, and as such it stands a living witness of the intense energies, the unbounded enterprise, the vigorous life and earnest activity of those who projected it and are building it upon the magnificent site which it occupies. Look at the grandeur and sublimity of the scenery which surrounds it: it is sublime in its beauty, in its variety, and in the almost boundless extent which may be taken in at one view. Now turn and behold a city bearing upon its front ideas as sublime as any that its ennobling surroundings could suggest; let us take you to the high ground near Rincon Point, or Telegraph Hill, or Russian Hill, where it may be seen to advantage, and there survey its position; see how it rises to the summit of the highest and steepest acclivities of its towering hills, inviting our eyes heavenward in admiration of its beauty as we gaze upon it; no effeminate race of men would build a city of dwellings upon such hills; but your true Californian—from the miner to the merchant—glories in overcoming difficulties; he would not even reach his home after the labors of the day, without some effort or toil, and so he perches it on a steep hill-side, or higher summit, knowing that the enjoyment of any good increases just in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining it; he therefore rightly concludes that he will be a little nearer heaven in every sense of the word, after reaching the home of his dearest joys through some struggling aspirations upward; and does it not accord with the

eternal fitness of things that men should ascend up to the pure and elevating influences of their homes; from thence, too, they may look down on their business, placing it in its true position, not making it the absorbing interest of their every thought, but regarding it as a means to an end through which their energies and affections should daily aspire to the rewards of a higher and better social and intellectual life. Show us the men that glory in surmounting difficulties, and who are not afraid of effort and toil, and we will point out indications of greatness in their surroundings, which shall shine with all the splendor of the noon-day sun, and give forth a light even more glorious and sublime; and while they may neglect the crowning greatness of their authors, they shall indicate to the world that they are the pride and hope of any people.

BOOK CLUBS.—The many disadvantages under which the newly arrived, and often the older resident laborer in the gold land, from a lack of his familiar and favorite friends, his books, is much—very much—to be regretted. The haste and improvidence with which house-keeping is broken up, when men and women conclude to seek a fortune—not a home—in California, leads them to discard, sell, or leave behind them, the thousand and one little articles of luxury, or convenience, that ministered so much to their pleasure and comfort in the old homestead they are leaving, and which would have no small influence in securing and maintaining a spirit of contentment in the new one they are seeking; and, to use their own and often felt language, when they miss their home, they "could have brought them with them, or sent them round the Horn as well as not."

Unfortunately, in the interesting catalogue of cast-aways, alas! are their books. These with many, are missed more than all the others; and inferior entertainments is too often made the unworthy substitute.

In a country where the refining influences of an elevated literature are most enjoyed, and where new books are constantly making

their appearance, it becomes a question of importance to persons of limited means, how they can secure their reading, when their purchase of such books is almost an impossibility. How much too, is this the case in California? To meet this want, we propose to every little circle of intellectual and book-loving acquaintances, in every settlement, village, town and city, throughout the State, that they may form themselves into book clubs, of from ten to fifteen members, (a larger number in one club is not desirable.) Let each member's contribution, at the formation of the club, be from one to ten dollars, or according to their means and wishes, and a monthly subscription of from about fifty cents to any amount needed, which shall become a fund for the purchase of the best, and newest (or any other kind) books, magazines, reviews, &c., that may be desired by the members. The club should meet together at least once a month, (at each member's residence in turn, if agreeable and convenient) when the books to be purchased and the magazines, &c., to be subscribed for

should be agreed upon, and any interesting matter arising therefrom be conversed about. This being done, certain rules and regulations, stating the number of days each book or periodical should be kept by each member, with all others that might be deemed necessary to make the club effectual, should be decided for its governance. At the end of each quarter a spirited sale of the books bought during the past quarter could be made at auction among the members; and when, as each member would no doubt have a desire to own some particular book which he had read during that time, in most cases they would, perhaps, command nearly, and, in some instances, more than their first cost. Clubs of this character, liberally conducted, would secure an excellent supply of the best books and periodicals at a low cost to the members, and become the nucleus of a select circle of intellectual acquaintances and friends in every district. We would earnestly commend this subject to the thoughtful attention of the reader.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. L., Fredricksburg, Pa.—All right.

S. A.—We regret that candor compels us to give it as our opinion that you cannot write poetry. We judge of your style by the samples sent.

Timothy Twile.—Your composition, although quaint and racy in places, is *spread out* so much as to give too large a quantity of chaff in proportion to the amount of wheat. If you will give us the grain by itself, we shall be pleased to find room for it.

A. M.—We cannot publish long articles of poetry unless they are *extra-or-di-nar-ly* good. *Gems* of two or three stanzas, would just suit us and our readers.

Adventures on a Dark Night.—Must have been "true orful" to a nervous man like you. We shall try to find them a corner in our Social Chair one of these days.

*A ****.*—But for yours coming just as we were going to press last month, we should have found a portion of it a place, as we

like the spirit, and feeling, and principle contained in the sentiments. This month, being out of season, it is of course left out. We shall be pleased to hear from your cabin-house again, and if your piece is not just right, why, never mind; it is the large-heartedness of the author that will make it welcome.

C.—We wait somewhat impatiently for the fulfilment of your promise.

Ellenwood.—Yours has been mislaid until now. Are you still of the same mind? We like them anyhow, and will give them a place.

A Miner's Dream.—Will be examined in turn.

RECEIVED.—Several other communications in prose and verse, but too late for examination this month. To insure a place, every article, however good, must reach us *early* in each month. Brevity and point should always be observed.

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