

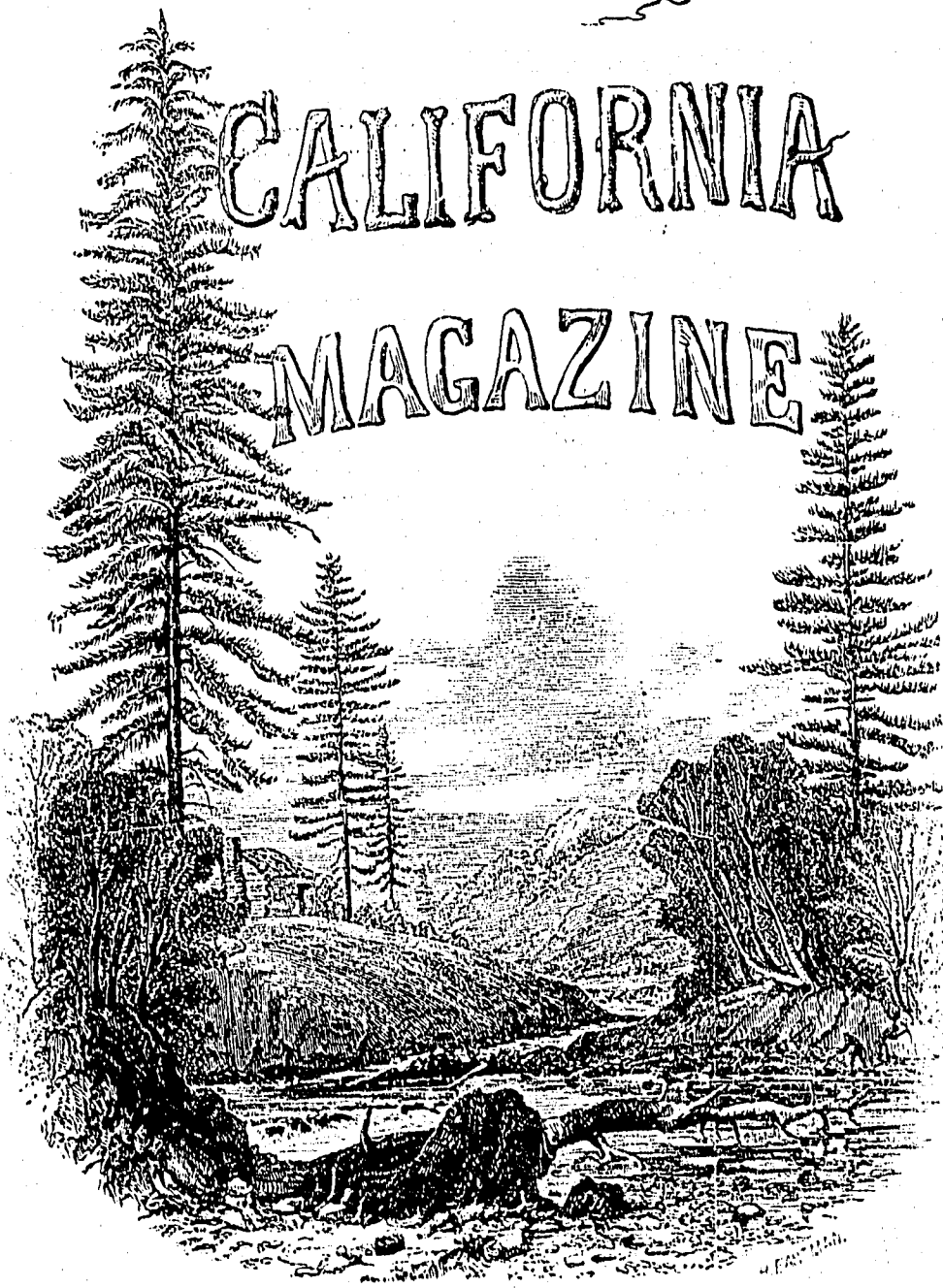
Published Monthly.

Price 25 Cents.

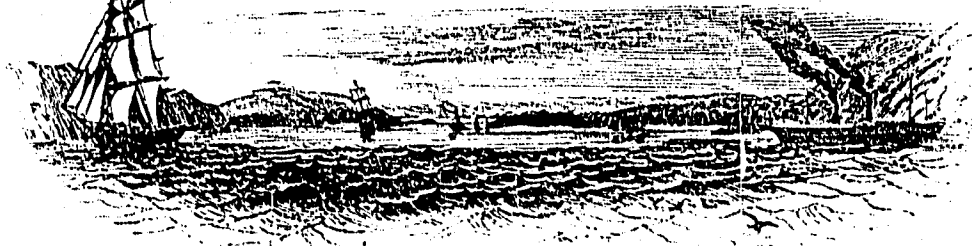
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



NO. 50...AUGUST, 1860.



PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD
140 Montgomery Street, second door north of Clay, San Francisco.

If ten or more persons will form a Club, we will send our Magazine, Postage-paid, to
address in the United States each one may name, at Two Dollars each per year.

A RIDE TO THE REDWOODS.....33
 ILLUSTRATIONS—The Approach—The Ground Squirrel—The Boy that didn't know Nothink—The Camp—Resting place on the Mountains—Two Redwood Trees in the foreground—The Queer Youth—The Saw Mill—The End.
 AN INCIDENT OF LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.....45
 WRITE TO MY WIFE.....48
 THE FALLS OF THE YO-SEMITE.....49
 THE LITTLE PRINTER—CONCLUDED.....50
 THAT WAS NOT LOVE THAT WENT.....53
 WHAT THE SPIRITS DID AND SAID.....53
 FATE.....55
 IRON THE CIVILIZING METAL.....55
 THE FIRST SALTING ESTABLISHMENT IN CALIFORNIA.....57
 THE STUDENT'S PARTING SONG.....58
 JOURNAL OF A MISSION-FOUNDING EXPEDITION, N. of San Francisco, in 1823.....58
 ALWAYS IN THE SUNSHINE.....62
 THE MINERSVILLE MYSTERY.....63
 THE TWO GUESTS.....67
 ANECDOTES OF SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS.....67
 CALIFORNIA, HER CLIMATE.....69
 THE FALSE MERCHANT.....70
 THE GRAVE.....72
 OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.....73
 Social Society in California—Refined influence of Women—The Corned Beef Boarder—Fourth of July Celebrations—Address to Voters—Washoe Brandy—Am I not thine Ass?.....76
 THE FASHIONS.....77
 MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.....77
 EDITOR'S TABLE.....
 Doubtful if the right kind of Legislators have been elected—The Mexican Pueblo Law—The San Francisco Mechanics' Industrial Exhibition.
 LITERARY NOTICES.....80
 The Treason of Charles Lee—The Minister's Wooing—Annual of Scientific Discovery, &c. &

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HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1860. No. 2.

A RIDE TO THE REDWOODS.





IMATHON? Mr. Jimathon?" began a fun-enjoying, adventure-seeking specimen of femininity, just in her teens, by way of enforcing respectful attention to the remarks about to follow; the frolicking drift of which might easily have been read in the expression of her bright cheery eye, and laughter-loving face. "Mr. Jimathon, I say, when are we to start on that promised pleasure jaunt to the Redwoods? I am dying—yes, that's the word—I am actually *dying* to be off. Every sunny morning that dawns is an admonition to be gone, and every distant glimpse I obtain of that scraggy looking mountain ridge away beyond the Portrero, yonder, is a fresh proof to me that it ought to be a *re*-proof to you, of a promise unfulfilled!"

"Bless me! Miss Jennie!" exclaimed the gentleman addressed, as he elevated his eyebrows in apparent astonishment, and turned quietly round in his easy chair; partly that he might confront his fair half-accusatory questioner, and partly that he might place himself in a position of defence, while he avoided another charge, a breach of politeness to a lady—"Bless me, Miss Jennie, I wonder that you don't make some suitable effort to distinguish yourself as an authoress, or a pub—" here Mr. Jimathon was interrupted by admonitory demonstrations of a limited acquaintance with 'the art of self-defence,' that suggested the probability of being upon dangerous ground, and contented himself with an attempt at looking very wise, which proved a failure; seeing the desirability of some more conciliatory course, he had taken a long breath, and with this end in view was about to proceed, when the appearance of a reinforcement to the enemy, of one whose roguish, fun-loving character-

istics at once bespoke a sisterly relationship; and who almost always aided and abetted Miss Jennie in all her enjoyment-promoting plans; and who, had either been listening, or having joined in league with her, they had agreed together upon a plan of attack, and this was a part of the details. As Mr. J. had expected, the entrance of Bonnie was the signal for a renewal of hostilities, when she became the assailing party, thus—

"Ah! Mr. J., when are we to take that delightful picnic excursion to the Redwoods, that you promised us, I don't know how long ago? Its all very well for you to put on an air of forgetfulness; you who have assumed the possession of all sorts of noble qualities, and so often quoted Shakspeare's sentiment: 'I dare do all that may become a man.' I'm ashamed of you. 'You cannot say that you remember such a promise?' Well, then, I think that I can materially assist you, if you will give me your attention for a few moments." Here Mr. Jimathon looked somewhat chop-fallen and penitential, intending no doubt to submit as gracefully as possible by giving every attention to his fair mnemotechnist. "Don't you remember that charming evening, when you, and I, and Jennie, stood on the little hill at the back of our house, looking towards that high and apparently smooth range of hills beyond the Mission Dolores, and I called your attention to another ridge, still farther away, that looked like an immense saw with many of its teeth knocked out; and you remarked, 'Those are redwood trees; it is there, and from the same range of mountains that we obtain a large portion of the redwood lumber that is found in the San Francisco market, and which is by far the most durable timber yet discovered in this country.'"

Mr. Jimathon nodded assent.

"And don't you remember saying, that 'the redwood lumber very much resem-

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bled that of the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras and Mariposa, and was actually belonging to the same family, although of a different genus, Sepoy's temporary, or something like that."

"*Sequoia sempervirens*," suggested Mr. Jimathon, correctively.

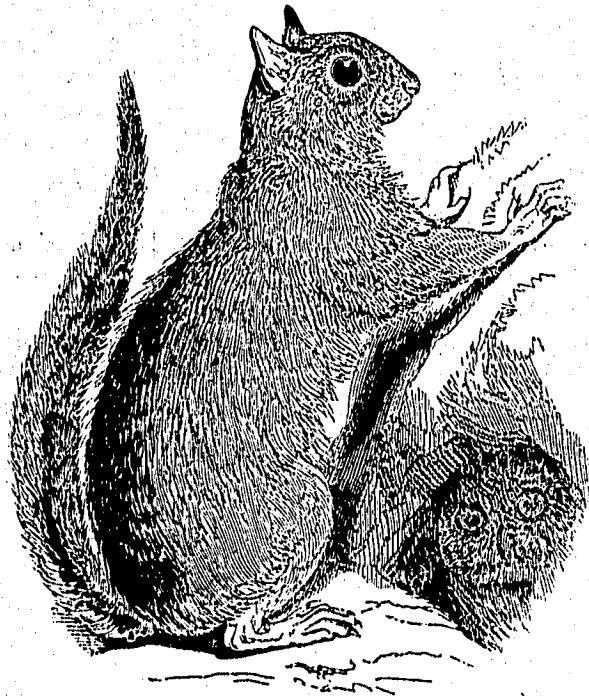
"Ah! I know it was some outlandish name you gave it, no doubt to appear very learned." Mr. J. smiled. "Well, as I was remarking, you were explaining matters in this way, and I said, how delightful and awe-inspiring it would be to roam among the shadows of such a forest, and watch the sunlight twinkling among the leaves as if playing at hide and seek; and how romantic it would be to take our own carriage, and provisions, and camp beside some clear, pebbly brook, and there go to sleep, dreaming of its sweet and soothing music! Come, what say you, let us go there in the spring;" and you remarked—"yes, it would be very pleasant."

"And from that," resumed Mr. J., as he looked admiringly at the speaker, "you consider those words a verbal agreement to the proposition?"

"Certainly I do," responded Bonnie, somewhat roguishly, yet decisively.

"And so do I," was Jennie's immediate rejoinder; "and, as a man of honor, upon which you men pride yourselves so much, you are in duty bound to make good your promise. I am sure that mother would like to go with us, and we will prepare so many delicious dishes to take along for the happy jaunt."

"For which you will have no use, ex-



THE GROUND SQUIRREL.

cept as producers of dyspepsia," responded Mr. Jimathon.

Thus tried and outwitnessed, if not condemned, Mr. J. did—as the reader would no doubt have done under similar circumstances—he acquiesced in the proposal, and the trip was accordingly agreed upon; which was received with all kinds of demonstrations of joy, exclusive of grand and lofty tumbling!

The reader may not consider it positively necessary that he should be informed, if either of the two young ladies named were *the particular* friend of Mr. Jimathon, or whether or not they were his sisters or nieces. It may be sufficient to mention, that an inquiry of "who shall accompany us?" from the young ladies in question, was intended to apply to some other gentleman, and as Mr. J. had spoken very highly of a friend, who in addition to being a fine gentlemanly fellow, was a good artist, all pronounced in favor of Mr. Simool.

"Mr. Simool," exclaimed Jennie—"what a name? Is he an East Indian, or a Japanese, or some distant relation of the great Khan of Tartary?"

The reply being "neither, he is an American;" was deemed satisfactory and conclusive.

Now, 'all the world and the rest of mankind' know very well—or they might and ought to know it—that to most ladies, one of the great attractions of any kind of a party, from a baby clothes sewing circle, to the most fashionable ball of the season, is the excitement and enjoyment attending the preliminary preparations. Merely to attend without these fascinating hallucinations, would be to commit it at once to the most common of everyday amusements, and as a matter of course, deprive it of its principal and most attractive charm. This being no mere *a priori* assertion, every infinitesimal prerequisite was canvassed with as much earnestness and interest as would have been actually essential to a seven years' cruise in the Arctic seas.

Mr. Jimathon had the assurance and thoughtlessness to assert, that in his opinion the Redwoods of San Mateo county were *not* in the Himalaya mountains, or among the steppes of the Caspian sea; but as this was deemed a reflection upon the committee of arrangements, and equal to a vote of censure upon the preparations in progress, he was threatened with exclusion from the committee if any further deprecatory remarks were indulged in; and as Mr. J. had learned the truth of the axiom, "discretion is the better part of valor," he was heard to give a low whistle, accompanied with the unpatriotic and irrelevant parodic quotation, "Hail Columbia's a very fine man," and concluded by giving the common-place but expressive language of Mr. Crockett, "be sure you're right, &c.," and very leisurely walked off.

As neither of the parties interested, or

all put together, for that matter, were the lucky owners of a vehicle large enough to accommodate so great a number as five persons, with all the etceteras of the *cuisine* and commissarial departments, a well known livery-stable keeper on Bush street, was consulted, and who very graciously informed the sub-committee deputed to superintend this department, that fast horses and a carriage for the number mentioned, could be had at eight dollars per day, for three or more days—and that another team, "just as good only rather less spirited," could be obtained at five dollars per day; and as the particular party in question in no sense made pretensions to the cognominal "fast," that which was "just as good, only less spirited," being pronounced the very *ne plus ultra* of equine travelers for such an expedition, was accordingly engaged.

"Could there have been a more beautiful and balmy morning than this?" exclaimed Jennie, after the little bevy of pleasure seekers were comfortably seated, the supplies and chattels snugly stowed, and the half-nautical signal "all aboard" had been given, and the vehicle was passing the scent-laden gardens in the southerly part of the city.

"G-e-t-u-u-p," shouted Mr. Jimathon; to the horses, not the ladies!

"What a pity," ejaculated Mr. Simool, who had kindly consented to be one of the party—"what a pity that we are not labeled 'For Washoe;' the only objection that I see to such a 'sign of the times,' is, that we should not only attract a large share of envy as well as attention, but be informed at every step that we are on the wrong road."

"And that we have taken the initiatory measures for admission into that large and beautiful residence at Stockton, provided by the State for the mentally unfortunate," suggested Mr. Jimathon.

"Ah! me," escaped from Miss Jennie's

lips, so sorrowful have supposed to be thinking about candidate for men institution, or was in imagination, say its denoted in laugh from Mr. changed the melody of such reflection the question from are you laughing?

"Didn't you that was done?—hah!"

"What was do

"The boy y was just stopping parently sleeping and just as he h ha! ha! up jum ha! ha! ha! h

By this time the each natory e beyond the rest above the constr vor of o against indulged: to their

It is but just. San Bruno road were journeying State, and owing diverse scenes to side, it is one of on. Waving fie relieved by put variety of shade houses, and mill scape in all di the Bay for some the rocky bluff's road is cut, ad tiveness of the larks, blackbit sparrows, and singing birds, c their wild, sv scenes and cir

lips, so sorrowfully, one might have supposed that the speaker was thinking about becoming a candidate for membership in that institution, or was there already in imagination, sympathizing with its demented inmates. A loud laugh from Mr. Simool at once changed the melancholy tendency of such reflections, followed by the question from Jennie, "what are you laughing at, Mr. S.?"

"Didn't you see how neatly that was done?—ha! ha! ha! hah!"

"What was done?"

"That boy yonder, ha! ha! was just stopping over that apparently sleeping calf, ha! hah!—and just as he had one leg over, ha! ha! up jumped the calf,—ha! hah! ha! ha! hah!!!"

By this time all had joined in the cachinatory exercise, and as they were beyond the restraints of the city, and above the constraints of its opinion in favor of or against their decorum, they indulged it to their hearts' content.

It is but just here to remark, that the San Bruno road, along which the party were journeying, is one of the best in the State, and owing to the numerous and diverse scenes to be witnessed on either side, it is one of the pleasantest to travel on. Waving fields of grass and grain, relieved by patches of flowers in every variety of shade and color, besides farm-houses and milk-ranches, dot the landscape in all directions. The waters of the Bay for several miles wash up against the rocky bluffs, around and in which the road is cut, adding much to the attractiveness of the ride. Several varieties of larks, blackbirds, goldfinches, linnets, sparrows, and numerous other native singing birds, enlivened these scenes, by their wild, sweet songs. Change of scenes and circumstances, let staid and



THE BOY THAT DIDN'T KNOW NUTHINK.

plodding people say what they may, are very grateful and reinvigorating to the feelings; and it is not to be wondered at that the city, (like an old friend, when a new one with a new set of good qualities is introduced,) with all its attractions and associations, was forgotten—as it no doubt ought to be in its business relations, if not in its social remembrances.

In every bird that hopped upon the roadside fence and commenced distending its little throat with merry song, Mr. Jimathon saw an excellent shot, and with his usual *sang froid* hinted to the driver that this would be a very good time to rest the horses; but this course meeting with justly consurable rebuke from the ladies, by whom Mr. J. was denounced as "a cruel and unfeeling man who harbored bird-murder in his heart, without a taste for the most delicious of all kinds of music," he became very humble and tractable for at least five minutes afterwards. When, however, they had reached the frontiers of the ground-squirrel

settlements, having frequently heard of the marauding character of its population, and the unscrupulous disposition manifested by them on all occasions in appropriating every kind of grain without ever leaving a *quid pro quo* to the farmer, all conscientious scruples seemed to have left our heroines, for, without a murmur Mr. J. was allowed to knock as many over as he saw fit; and moreover, was encouraged on by the remark, "what excellent squirrel pies and stews we shall have, when we encamp to-night." Mr. J.'s theory, that "all lives were equally precious to their owners, from the lark upon the fence to the squirrel running to his hole," was voted down as inconsistent with the act of shooting them; but he very prudently sought to turn the current of their remarks, by making some of his own, as follows:

"You observe how easily they become alarmed when we are near, and how straight with their bodies they carry their tails, which, however, are slightly elevated when they are running upon level ground, but which, when they arrive at the smallest inequality, they throw suddenly upwards?"

"Yes."

"That is to keep it clean. And do you observe how they always pause when they reach the tops of their holes, apparently listening, with their heads a little forward, as if to ascertain the true cause of alarm before going below, to report in full to any of their comrades who may be engaged in taking their *siesta*!"

"Yes—certainly."

"Oh! do look at that sage-visaged owl, there, a little to the right!" exclaimed Bonnie. "Why, I declare, he has just come out of a squirrel hole!"

"Ah!" resumed Mr. Jimathon, very knowingly, "he has partially anticipated my remark. I was about to observe that these dwarf owls take up their sleeping

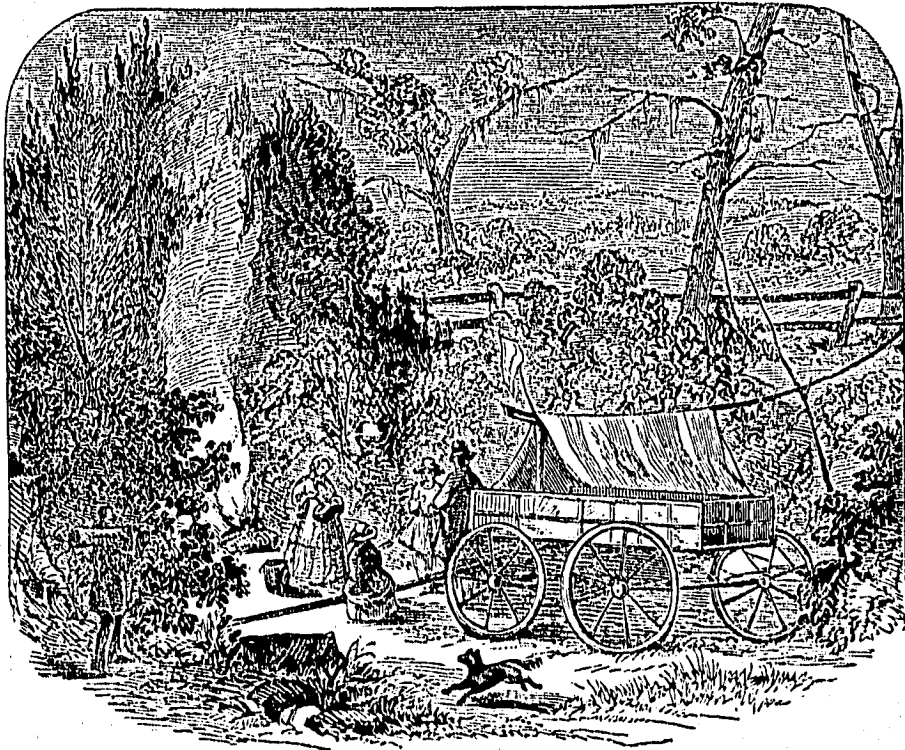
apartments with the squirrels, who seem to be perfectly willing to 'let' them, for a consideration, in the day-time, which is"—

"You don't mean to say," interrupted Jennie, "that squirrels let their holes, in the same way that elderly maidens and matrons do furnished apartments with us, I hope, the consideration being a certain amount of 'rent in advance.'"

"I make no invidious comparisons—as such Dr. Johnson, I believe, remarks, are odious—especially to women," continued Mr. J.; "but I mean to say, that they make a bargain of some kind or other, that is mutually satisfactory, and by which the owl is allowed to take up his quarters with the squirrel, the conditions being that the former keeps the hole warm in the day time, while the latter is feeding or at play; and, as he generally takes the night for these exercises, is only required to enter a little before day-break, when the air being uncomfortably cool outside, he has to occupy a position a short distance down, to keep out the cold, and which to them is equal to the contribution of a blanket consideration."

As this was deemed *romancing*, (a polite term used by the ladies for *fibbing*,) Mr. J., not wishing to contest the point, contented himself by merely shrugging his shoulders, and the conversation and the wagon were brought to a stand in front of the San Mateo Hotel, when refreshments were ordered all round—including the dog.

It is a question if there can be found a place more strikingly in contrast with the country through which our tourists had passed that morning than this, having scarcely seen a tree of any kind, except at a distance, while here a grove of live oaks surrounded and even overshadowed the buildings, extending far into the beautiful fertile valley; and at the northern end of the house there flourished a well-cultivated garden and orchard. A hint from the good-natured and lively matron



THE CAMP.

of the party, that "they were to camp for the night in the Redwoods," suggested the propriety of a brief stay here; and the well known signal "all aboard" being given, the hint and the seats were soon taken, and they sped on their way.

Happy as clams at high water, and merry as crickets, all kinds of laughter-provoking jokes and observations were indulged in, to prove on the spot that the company had started for enjoyment, and were bound to make everything harmless pay tribute to such an end. The time passed so pleasantly and so swiftly, that before they were aware of it, Redwood City was reached, just as the sun was disappearing behind the coast range.

Not wishing to verify the axiom of 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' the travelers had omitted to buy corn in the city to take to the country, but came near repenting of their indiscretion, for upon arriving at the above named place, although 'the county town of San Mateo

county,' not a single pound of corn, oats or barley, could be found at either of the three stores visited; and they were assured by the proprietors that none was to be obtained in the village, for love or money. Mr. Jimathon was heard to say that if he could have found his old friend Godfrey, the sensible editor of the San Mateo county *Gazette*, he knew well that there would have been some forthcoming, from somewhere, even though it had to be manufactured out of "em quads!" or raised, like ghosts, out of nothing. As nothing short of the Redwoods, themselves, with all their wild beauty, would satisfy either of the ladies as a camping place, and as yet they were several miles distant, and the sun very low, the tarrying at this flourishing agricultural town was too brief to allow of a sketch being taken of it, so that it was left with the promise of a future visit,—in the hope that horse-feed would, by that time, have preceded the party.

It will be impossible to describe satisfactorily the picturesque loveliness of the road across the valley, from Redwood City to the redwoods themselves. It resembled some large grass-carpeted and flower-studded park, dotted here and there with groves of majestic oaks, beneath whose shadows the quiet cattle lay, dreamily chewing their cud. Fences answered for squares in the carpet; trees, live stock, grain-fields and farm-houses, and their owners, (without any grain to sell) might make up the figures.

Not being successful in our explorations after horse-feed, gloomy forebodings and imaginary pictures of famishing animals, caused a momentary lull in the mirthfulness of our friends, when their arrival at another farm-house renewed their hopes and revived their spirits; as by the air of business and thrift about

it, they were almost certain of success. In the gateway stood a boy, who evidently on that day for the first time since he had been thrust into existence, was apparently thrust into a new suit of clothes (and he knew it), his hands were thrust into his pockets, the legs of his pants were thrust into the legs of his boots, his feet seemed to be thrust into their feet, and both in turn were thrust into the mud.

"My boy," began Mr. Simool, in a conciliatory tone, "has your father any barley or oats that he can sell us?"

"Don't know."

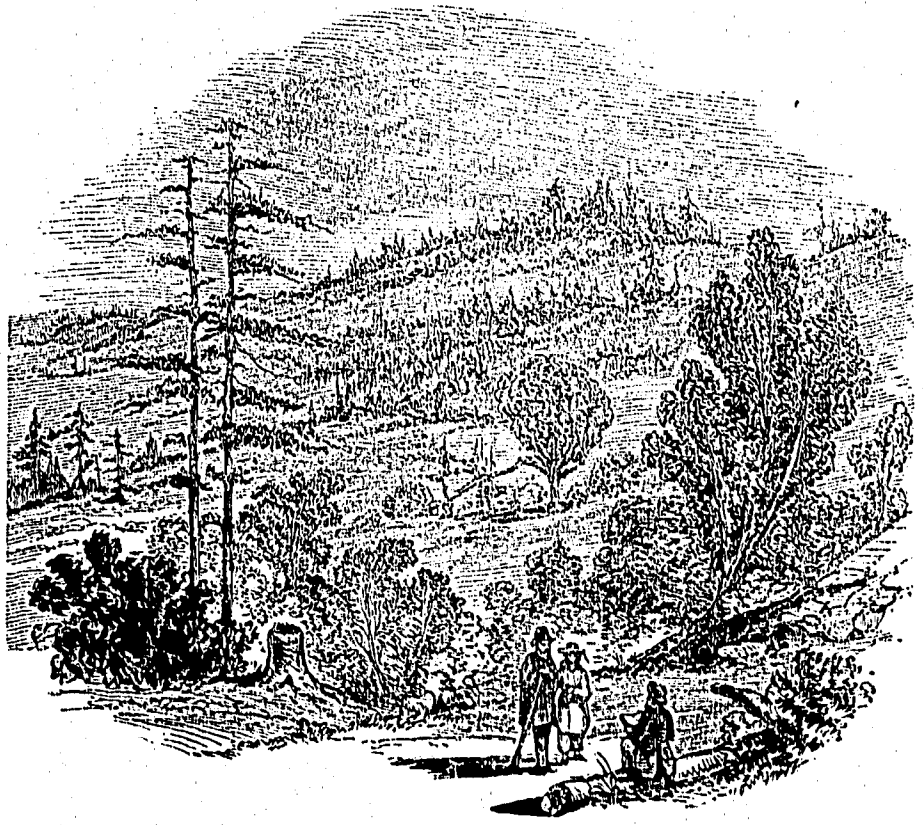
"Is he anywhere about the house?"

"Don't know."

"Is anybody in the house, yonder, your father, or mother, or anybody else?"

"Don't know."

"Well, is anybody in the house, yon-



RESTING-PLACE ON THE MOUNTAIN.—TWO REDWOOD TREES IN THE FOREGROUND.

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THE QUEER YOUTH.

der—your father, or mother, or anybody else?"

"Don't know—I don't know nuffink."

This candid confession, replied to by a good hearty laugh, had the effect of developing the fact that somebody was about the premises, for in the distance a man was seen moving, and who upon their approach informed them that he had no such thing as grain of any kind upon his premises, and "knew nobody what had in them parts."

A drive of a mile, however, brought them to the desired haven and to one who had the article; and, if he knew how much pleasure he gave from that disclosure, he would have retired that night

with the consoling reflection that he had at least made one party happy that day. Would that we could all have the same consolation, every day.

Just as the distant tree stumps began to resemble men, and—

"The weary sun had made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his golden car
Gave token of a goodly day to-morrow,—"

they were puzzled where to make their earthy couch and camping ground, when a stalwart farmer, who was shutting up his gates by putting up the bars, before retiring for the night, gave them "good evening!" Their object and their wants being told, he with great kindness and good nature, bade them drive in, and ho

would show them "a pretty good place," at the same time saying, that their horses might be turned out to pasture, as the field being fenced they could easily be caught when wanted. And so it proved.

"Didn't we wish that our friends could just take a peep at our charming and cosy group," exclaimed Bonnie, enthusiastically, after the camp fire had been kindled at the foot of a large redwood stump, near which the party had ensconced themselves, "and with us watch the leaping blaze, and the curling smoke as it sails gracefully up through the trees into the star-spangled and moon-lighted vault of heaven; then take a glimpse at the bright plates and dishes and creature comforts spread around, and at the same time feel the voracious appetite that I do—"

"And I!"

"And I!" shouted all—except Mr. Jimathon, who at that moment had inserted two-thirds of a large sandwich into the place from whence the remark was expected to proceed, and was consequently deprived of the momentary pleasure of joining the harmonious exclamation; and being nudged by Miss Jennie just as he was about to swallow it—the sandwich, not the remark—he appeared in danger of being unceremoniously choked; but escaping this, he made the exclamation unanimous, by crying out, aloud—"And I!"

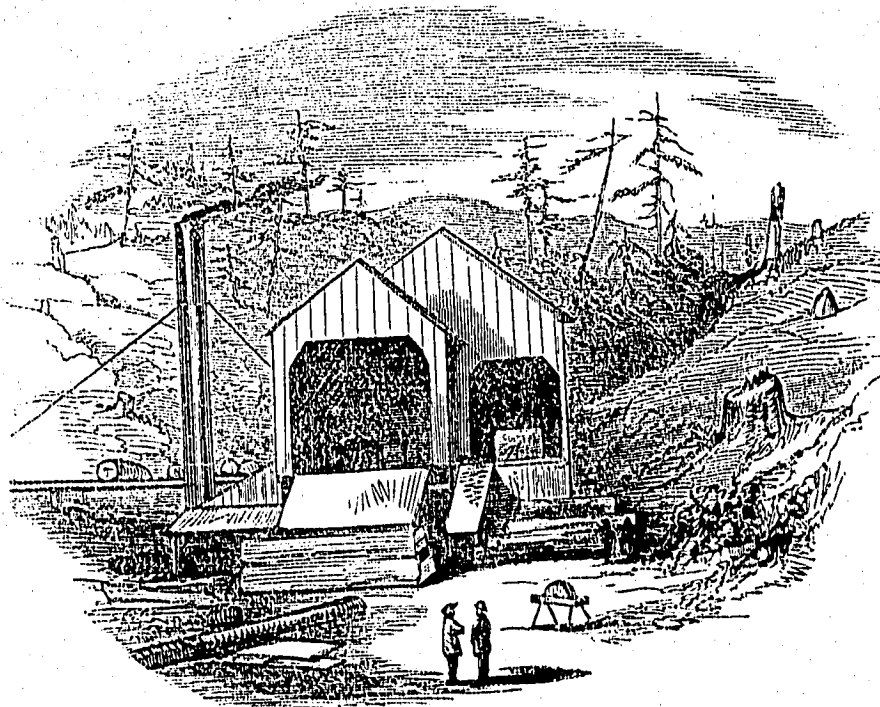
"Then again," resumed the former speaker, after the interruption had ceased, "if they could look into the happiness-lighted faces of every one of us and know how much we enjoy and appreciate the novelty of our situation, I am almost afraid that they might envy us for the instant."

"Wish to join us, you mean," ejaculated Mr. Simool, "and I believe we shall want some assistance, if all this provender is to be consumed on this trip."

"Then there are the squirrels, already killed, and the rabbits, deer and grizzly bear yet to be—" suggested Jennie, as she threw a roguish look at Mr. Jimathon, that seemed to say 'over the left.'

But even to enumerate a tithe of the laughter-provoking repartees, the good jokes, the pleasing stories, and the hearty songs that awoke the echoes of that old forest solitude, after the appetizing meal had been disposed of, would be to attempt an impossibility, and to fill several times the space given to this recital. Even when they had pitched their tent and quartered themselves comfortably for the night, sleep seemed reluctantly to visit them, lest she should be deemed an intruder upon their enjoyments, although the heavy sighing of the wind among the tree tops, and 'the brook that babbled by,' joined their choral symphonies to woo her with their soothing midnight lullaby.

Early the following morning, although a little fatigued, our jovial friends were astir, and as soon as breakfast had spoiled their previously good appetites, they started out afoot in search of new scenes and enjoyments. Among those trees, over those hills, up, up, up, that mountain, they climbed, until they had reached, by a well-worn road, the very summit of the coast range of mountains, which they had previously seen from San Francisco, and compared to an immense saw with many of its long, sharp teeth knocked out. Directly on the ridge there are but a few redwood trees standing, and those very inferior, but on descending a few hundred yards a vast forest is visible, of redwood, pine, fir, oak and other trees, which extends down the slope to the sea, some eight miles distant, and almost to an unknown point southerly; but as there is no suitable harbor on the coast in this vicinity, and as the ridges are high and the ravines very deep and steep, as well as numerous, an im-



THE SAW-MILL.

mense tract of timber land is at the present almost inaccessible and useless for lumbering purposes, inasmuch as the expense of obtaining it would far exceed its market value. The time of course, will arrive, when these difficulties will be surmounted, and this vast forest be made tributary to the wants of a rapidly increasing population.

Gently descending, the party saw a number of small cottages, with neat gardens in front, and which indicated their proximity to one of the many saw mills built in the woods, for lumbering purposes. A little further down stood the mill—a new one just finished—as in one night the former one, known as Jones & Co.'s, which cost \$30,000, with 100,000 feet of lumber worth \$18 to \$20 per M., were consumed by fire; the blackened ruins and burnt ironwork still lying on the old location, indicated the extent of the conflagration. Thus, in one night, the labor of years was swept away; alas! how

many of these, and similar losses, have there been in this young State?

The new mill, owned by Mills & Franklin, had just been completed and put in working order, and which is capable of cutting from fifteen to twenty thousand feet of lumber per day. This with the produce of other mills, for several miles around, is conveyed on large and strong wagons to Redwood City, from whence it is mostly shipped to San Francisco, where it is wholesaled to lumbermen by the cargo, at about \$20 per thousand. The cost of getting the logs and manufacturing the lumber, averaging about \$8 per M.; transportation from the mill, by ox teams, to Redwood City, about \$5 per M.; freight thence to San Francisco, \$2 50 per M.; leaving about \$4 50 per M. for wear and tear of machinery and teams, interest on money invested, profits, losses, and the general superintendence of the owners. Here Hawkins & Clary's patent regulator is used for gauging the

lumber, to any thickness required, in a moment, by which an immense saving of time is secured.

"Oh, do let us measure some of those large redwood stumps, that stand all around us like so many rude Brobdignagian ottomans," suggested Jennie.

"Only ask, and in a trice 'tis done," replied Mr. Simool, as the tape-line was stretched. "Eleven feet three inches in diameter, this one; ten feet seven, that one; twelve feet two, the largest, down to six feet eight, the smallest!"

"And are those large trees in Calaveras and Mariposa, larger than these?" inquired Bonnie.

"Aye, many of them three times larger than the largest," replied Mr. Jimathon.

"What glorious studies, what grand and beautiful groupings of lights and shadows, what fine artistic 'little bits' of foliage!" enthusiastically, exclaimed Mr. Simool, as with his nature-loving eye he surveyed the scene. "I must come here and stay a week, at least."

"Yes," returned Bonnie, laughingly, "and six months at our camp; seven years in the park-like ground we passed through, four more at San Mateo, and goodness knows how many more before we return! It is to be hoped that you belong to a family that lives to a very great age, or you will certainly have to bathe in the fountain of perpetual youth, to accomplish all that you wish!" Mr. S. simply lifted his eye-brows in reply, when they reluctantly left these wild scenes, and retraced their steps to camp; where the fatigues of the day were forgotten over an excellent squirrel stew, and "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

That evening was pleasantly spent with their good-natured friend, who had so kindly proffered them the use of his inclosure, milk, and "any other little thing you find yourselves short of like"—for which he would receive nothing,—and

when they had left his unpretending yet hospitable dwelling, after thanking him warmly for the favors he had so cheerfully shown, each one said, with feeling, "From our hearts we thank thee, John Hoff; and whenever we call to memory the pleasures of this ever to be remembered trip, thy name shall not be forgotten."

On the following morning, before the sun had begun to pour out his darkness-sealed floods of ray-sparkling sheen from his fountain of light, among the snowy tops of the Sierras, our travelers had bid a hearty farewell to their romantic little camping ground, and were on their return to the city. Wishing to see all that might give change and secure pleasure, they journeyed back on another and moderately good road, that lay at the foot of the mountains; it was well they did so, for it was extremely beautiful. Long avenues of trees, at pleasant intervals, overshadowed it; silvery streams ran on pebbly courses across it; fragrant flowering shrubs threw their perfume round about it, while birds sang merrily everywhere.

Now, although it was voted an impossibility that a greater amount of enjoyment could be crowded into a single ride than the one out, the scenes on the return in were altogether so new and different to the other, that if it could be possible—and of that there was very grave doubts, (if the party could be grave under any circumstances)—that, on the return, might claim a little the precedence.

As there were many roads intersecting each other, our friends were puzzled to know which was the right one; and, seeing an oldish man on horseback, they inquired of him the right one, when, instead of answering, he began a long rigmarole about 'General Jackson' interspersing it frequently with 'I'm a quare youth, I am'. He may be speaking yet, for aught they know, as their patience was exhausted before his.

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It would be a charming task to tell all the sunny thoughts, the brilliant *bon mots* and the pertinent remarks indulged in, all the way home, not only by the younger, but by their spirited matronly companion, and to whom the company were much indebted for many of the enjoyments of the trip; but space now ad-

monishes us to use all brevity. Therefore, wishing that the reader may have as happy a time, and as cheerful company—and we know no better wish, or we would give it—that he might remember every act of his life as pleasantly as our travelers do, their "*Ride to the Redwoods*."



THE END.

AN INCIDENT OF LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

BY LORRAINE.

"THE American people are a home people. Wherever they go, they carry their institutions with them; and the light of the home fireside burns ever bright in their hearts."—

"WAS he a friend of yours?"

The question awoke me from a sad, yet pleasing reverie.

I had been leaning, for several minutes, upon the iron railing that sur-

rounded a grave marked by a marble slab, on which was engraved in plain letters, the name, age, and date of birth and death of a young man, whom I had known but a short time before as one full of life, and flushed with all the pride and hope of youthful manhood. Having been suddenly called away from the scenes of this life, his friends had laid his body to rest among the silent tenants of Lone Mountain Cemetery. Beneath the above inscription was written that familiar stanza, in which the passer by is warned,

"As I am now, soon you must be."

So truthfully appropriate and impressively solemn. Thoughts, consonant with the place and circumstances, absorbed my whole attention, and I had neither seen nor heard the approach of a stranger, and started at the question—

"Was he a friend of yours?"

"A young man, sir, of whom I knew but little before, but whose virtues I have learned to respect, as they have been made known to me since his death," I replied.

My interrogator, leaning his tall, manly form against an adjoining enclosure as if fearful of intruding nearer upon what might be a sacred spot to me, his hat thrown back from an expansive forehead, stood, kindly pressing his enquiry with an eye beaming with kindness and intelligence. Sorrow had made its mark upon his brow, and still lingered in the furrows it had plowed. The chastening of the heavy hand of affliction, long struggled against, could be seen in the air of melancholy which surrounded him, and he heard in the low, kind tones of his voice.

"Tell me of his history," said he, "I'll promise you an attentive listener."

"One morning, of last year, Dr. W— stopped me in the street, and asked me to accompany him to the funeral of a young man, whose name you see here engraved, (and the stranger advanced and leaned thoughtfully on the opposite side of the enclosure,) informing me that H— had been accidentally drowned, the day before, in a small lake near the Presidio of California. Surprised and grieved at the intelligence, I stepped into his carriage and rode to the Presidio, and though I had known the deceased but a few days, formed one among a large number of sorrowing friends and acquaintances who followed him here to his last resting place. Without one sorrowing relative in this State to administer the funeral rites, and pay the last sad

duties to the dead, there was yet a long train of sad hearts, whom his kindness had won, and who sorrowed at his loss; who deeply sympathized with his friends at home, and whose hearts would be thus suddenly made desolate. From Dr. W— and others, I have learned some facts of interest to me, and perhaps, may be so to you.

"Young H— was from New Hampshire. He came to this land of gold, that he might better both his and his family's circumstances. Amid all the selfishness of many and the wild recklessness of others, he remained true to his principles, and never forgot the counsels of his mother and the "light of home." His thoughtful remembrance and devoted love of home has awakened a strong interest on my part, the more so as it is a rare quality among our youth of this the Bay city. His monthly earnings were sent carefully to his mother—a pleasing contrast to the thousands of young men, who squander their time and money in foolish amusements and health-ruining pleasures; pleasures which allure and amuse for a while, but whose fruits are ruin and disgrace.

"That he passed safely through the whirlpool of excitements and the tide of temptations, that swept away so many in early times in San Francisco, as an example of moral courage, is worthy of praise and respect. "A mother's memory, and the love of home!" Who knows how many nearly desponding hearts have been cheered by their presence, how many young men have worked and hoped, sustained by their influence? But, oh! how fatal the mistake, when, in an hour of ill fortune, or in the full tide of prosperity, a man makes the fearful resolve to forget the one and deny the other! In my old school-reader, I remember this truism: 'A young man is not far from ruin, when he can say, I care not what others may say of me;' but I tell you

his ruin is almost certain, here, when he forgets home influences.

"Young men, who knew H— well, volunteered to raise this simple monument to his memory, and erect this fence to protect his grave—where he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. An act, on their part, which is a sterling rebuke to Eastern journalists, who prate of our selfishness, and accuse us with being lost to the finer feelings of humanity through the worship of the 'Almighty dollar.' He loved his mother, and forgot not the light of home!"

"It ought to be engraved upon his monument," said the stranger, and then continued: "I am an aged man, made older by afflictions. In the village graveyard, at home, lie buried all I held dear on earth—a wife and three children! I have sought this far-off shore, not for gain or amusement, but hoping in change of scene, to find partial forgetfulness of my sorrows. But my heart is buried with its treasures, and my home is in the graveyard wherever I go. I find a melancholy solace in wandering among its sleeping inmates. They are my only friends and companions. I can understand their silent teachings, can read lessons of comfort and hope from influences which others cannot feel. From their hallowing presence I feel my soul exalted, my thoughts purified, and myself brought nearer the throne of God, and thus, nearer to the loved ones! I have been in your city but a short time, and have seen but little, I am free to confess, flattering to its moral condition. But, in your short history of Mr. H—, and the conduct of his friends, I find much to disabuse my mind of the prejudices against the character of Californians generally, acquired before and since my arrival here. May the time soon come, when the citizens of this new State will no longer need the protecting influence of 'home memories,' to keep them in the

paths of virtue and morality, but be surrounded by the refining presence of 'home influences' themselves! In the establishment of homes, and in the love of home, does their moral progress consist."

There is a bit of romantic mystery connected with this story, the circumstances of which are true, I said, breaking a long silence; do you love the mysterious?

"I do," said he.

"During the funeral service, a young lady, closely veiled and dressed in deep mourning, entered the room and took her seat, quietly, among the mourners. An air of deep sorrow, and her quiet, seeming obtrusiveness, attracted general attention. But she noticed it not. She was a stranger to all; and none knew ought of her, except that she came from the direction of the city. When the carriages drew up behind the hearse, she stood waiting, but no one offered her a seat, until Dr. W— asked her if she would like to go to the grave. She gently acknowledged his courtesy, and he handed her in. Who can tell but her heart was breaking with grief, for one loved with all the sincerity of a true woman's affection? Perhaps she was the only one there, who sorrowed with a deeper sorrow than arose from friendly respect. How can we estimate the struggles made, against natural outpourings of sorrow, to disguise her real feelings from strangers? Curiosity was excited, but no one approached her with questions.

It is said, that oftentimes a lady may be seen sadly wandering near this spot. I know not if it be true, but if it is, what comfort it would be to his mother to know there is one who loved her dear boy, perhaps, as well as she; and now pays that sacred and comforting homage to his memory, which distance only denies herself.

"When I die, there will be no one to visit *my* grave!" said the stranger. "They have all gone before."

"WRITE TO MY WIFE."

THE following paragraph recently appeared in one of the daily newspapers:—

"DEATH FROM A FALL.—A man living on the Chowchilla, known as 'John,' and who has a wife and children in Wisconsin, fell from a tree, lately, which he had climbed to catch a wounded quail. He died in an hour afterwards. He was partially intoxicated when he fell. At first it was supposed he was not seriously injured. His partner, who was but a short distance from him, heard him say—'*write to my wife;*' and upon going to him, found that he was dead."

Far away from his kindred and his home, he lay upon the rugged mountain's side, while the damp dews of earth were fast settling upon his brow. The scenes of his childhood's home, the image of his sainted mother—the supporter, guardian and protector of his helpless infancy, gone to the grave before him—the green upon which he had often played with his school-fellows—the rippling brook upon whose cool, shaded banks he had strolled, angling the fish that sported in its waters and listening to the cheery song of the mocking-bird and bobolink—all the acts of his life, in a moment of time in rapid review, pass before him and vanish to give place in memory to thoughts of *one*, nearer and dearer than all the world beside, thoughts of his *wife*.

He saw her as when she stood by his side before the bridal altar, pure as the snowflake, fresh from its sleazy cloud ere it receives earth's contaminating touch; when in the pride of his manhood he solemnly vowed to love, cherish and protect her to the end of life. He thought

of the many years of unalloyed bliss that followed, of the evil day when the tempter whispered in his ear the words of discontent, at the slow march and uncertain road he was then traveling towards fancy's bright dream-land, Fortune—of his determination formed and fixed to leave the land of his nativity and the graves of his ancestors, and far away, among strangers, seek the fortune there denied him! The pangs and griefs of separation, and solemn promises of speedy return to make home more comfortable and happy—the many long years of loneliness that followed, years of sad, shameful neglect—of toiling and struggling against poverty and want without the heart's manna, messages of continuing love. Oh, could he but live to make amends, or even to fall at her feet and crave pardon for the wrongs he had done her; but no, the knell of his last hour has struck, and forewarned by the last beat of an expiring pulse, that only a moment, a brief moment, yet remained to him, summoning, that he might be heard, all the latent energies of a dying man, in language of bold entreaty he exclaims—"*write to my wife!*"

Gone—gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." What, therefore, shall be the language of the message sent back in obedience to this mandate? Spirit of the departed, guide thou the pen, and it shall write, in thine own words, the missive—

"Companion of all my happy days—it was against thee, and against God, I sinned. Bereft of the influence thy gentle presence always gave, vice, often seen, soon led me captive at his will. Pardon! oh, pardon and forgive! The widow's God, He will be thy God, and blessings, in righteousness to me denied, He will shower on thy head."

LENAUD.

THE FALLS OF THE YO-SEMITE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

THE voice of waters! ringing on the ear,
 Awo-struck, amid the fearful solitude—
 Alone with Nature! Torrents fitful gleam,
 Rushing, and hurrying on, with maddening leap,
 Into the depths below! The deafening shock
 Of rapid whirlpools, leaping on the rocks—
 Dancing and foaming, with their deep hoarse roar,
 Like some huge monster—then, with maddening plunge,
 Dashing to depths below, while o'er them towers
 A mighty pyramid of misty cloud,
 Rising on high to heaven;—such, such art thou,
 Yo-Semite!

The old red hunter stops amid the chase,
 And bows his head, and worships at thy shrine,
 As in the presence of the Invisible!
 The wild deer, roving on thy banks, look up,
 And snuff the air, and pause, and wonder oft
 To hear thy solemn chant, ascending up
 To God, both day and night! The eagle looks
 From out his regal mansion in the sun,
 And gazes on thy forehead, set with gems,
 Flinging back the light into his fiery eyes,
 Above the sun's full brightness; while the roar
 Of all thy waves ascends, and drowns the voice
 Of the hoarse thunder-trumpet.

He who laid

Thy deep foundations, which no eye can see
 Save the Eternal's, and gave thee thy voice
 Of fearful majesty, thundering up to Him—
 What saith he, from that cloud of mist and foam,
 Hiding the awful grandeur of his face,
 From which he speaks as from a sanctuary?—
 "Lift up thy voice, thou deep! and sing with all
 Thy world of waters! Raise thy anthem song,
 Majestic, high, up to the heaven of heavens—
 Deep echoing unto deep! Sing praise to him
 Who sits upon the jasper throne—who built
 The earth, and poured the roaring floods, from out
 The hollow of his hand—whose name is GOD!"

LENAUD.

THE LITTLE PRINTER.

[Concluded from page 81.]

CHAPTER III.

AS James Franklin had continually, like most of the inhabitants of New England, a number of people at his house, it was not so much the number of his visitors that surprised him, as the bewildered expression of their countenances.

"It is extraordinary," said one! "besides, the last article possessed a boldness—!"

"Of what importance can the opinion of a single individual be to the government?" said another.

"But it appears that the constable attaches considerable importance to it," added a third.

"A man who censures every one, who advises every one, who attacks every opinion," said a fourth.

"It is extraordinary," said they all. "But the most singular part of it is, gentlemen," said James, "that the culprit is in my house, and that I do not know him."

"By Guttenberg, sir," said Thomas, touching his cap, "if you will permit me to give my opinion, you can yourself put your hand upon the author."

"Hold your tongue, Thomas," whispered Benjamin.

"Let me speak, Mr. Benjamin; though I am only a fool, yet I know that the writer will not be very difficult to find."

"Say who! say who!" exclaimed several voices at once.

"Marry, gentlemen, I dare not; but the master could name him if he liked."

"What an absurd supposition!" said James, shrugging his shoulders.

"If you have to run any risk on account of that, my dear master," replied Thomas, "you must even be silent, but as sure as Guttenberg was not the inventor, but the improver of printing, as Mr. Benjamin has just informed me, I make a guess, that he who wrote the anonymous articles knows how to write; the constable asserts that the person is in this house; then, as there is no person here who knows how to write, except you and Mr. Benjamin, and as he is too young for that, and besides, cares for nothing but reading, then—you perceive—"

"James," said his father, "this dissimulation with me is wrong."

"And with us all, James," exclaimed

several voices, "what! it was you who wrote those articles and concealed it from us!"

Thomas now advanced boldly into the midst of the assembly, and holding out his hand to his master, he said, "I have won my dollar, sir; it was I who first guessed that it was you."

"You are a blockhead," said his master, angrily.

"That is nothing new; I know it this long time, but that does not prevent me having won my dollar."

"Good morning, Mr. Franklin, good morning, James," said a new visitor, on entering the office, "your servant, gentleman. Well! you have heard the news?"

"What news, Mr. Samuel?" exclaimed James, and several others.

"Why, that the author of the anonymous articles in your paper has been arrested."

Benjamin trembled and turned pale. "That is to say," continued the new comer, "that if he be not already arrested, he will be so before long."

"He is known then," observed Mr. Franklin, the elder. "In the meantime, my poor James, you had better keep out of the way, for if it be not true, I know that people can come upon the printer; therefore, take care of yourself!"

"Arrest! do you think they could arrest my brother, Mr. Samuel?" exclaimed Benjamin, in breathless haste.

"Only in case they cannot discover the author of the articles, my young friend."

"Ah! my dear master, how sorry I am that I informed against you," said Thomas, quite vexed with himself. "By Guttenberg, the famous inventor—no, the improver of printing,—that is what comes of having a bald head. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"The constable, sir," said a workman. At the same moment an elderly man entered the office, towards whom every eye turned with anxiety.

As soon the constable entered, Benjamin ran to him. "Sir," said he, "if any one here is to be arrested, I am the person." And as every one was struck dumb with surprise, the generous boy continued:—"I accuse myself of being the author of the anonymous articles which appeared in several of my brother's papers; I can prove it by the copies of those articles which are still in the drawer of my table. I beg, sir, that no person may

suffer on my account, and, above all, do not punish my brother for having printed them; for pity's sake, let me be the only sufferer!"

"And who talks of punishment and suffering?" asked the magistrate, taking the young apprentice by the hand, and regarding him attentively.

"Are you not looking for the author of those articles?" inquired Benjamin.

"Yes, certainly, my boy; not to punish, but to reward him; to testify our satisfaction at his inimitable writings, so full of mind, sense, and judgment. What! is it you, who appear such a child, yet write like a man?—but how old are you, sir?" continued the magistrate, no longer calling him "my boy," so much had he already increased in his estimation.

Benjamin looked down in confusion, and modestly replied, "Fifteen years old, sir."

"And whence can you have drawn, at your age, such an extensive knowledge of trade and political economy?"

"Here, sir," said Benjamin, pointing to those around him; "I heard these gentlemen speak, and then I wrote."

Sobs were heard, which interrupted this interrogatory; and Benjamin, turning round, saw his father, with a handkerchief to his face.

"You are weeping, father," said he, rushing towards him.

"It is for joy," replied the old man, opening his arms to his son, and clasping him to his breast; "it is for joy, for happiness! And as I said before, give up poetry, so now I say, pursue your career, young man; the boy who listens attentively to the conversation of men, and who has sense to discern between right and wrong, in order to form his own judgment—that boy will do well, and his father will be the happiest of parents."

"By Guttenburg! Who will pay me my dollar?" exclaimed a voice from behind them.

"I will, as soon as I possess one," said Benjamin.

"In the meantime, take this one, Thomas," said Mr. Franklin, putting a five-franc piece into the hand of the old printer.

This little scene, my young reader, was but the prelude to what Benjamin Franklin afterwards became.

I will now briefly relate the remainder of his life, and show how he went on

from invention to invention, each more useful than the other, until he made that finest of modern discoveries, the lightning conductor.

A misunderstanding having occurred between the two brothers, Benjamin departed from Boston, by sea, for New York, but not being able to procure employment there he proceeded to Philadelphia; there he had not a single acquaintance, and all the money he was worth was one dollar.

Franklin found but two printers in that city, one of them, named Keyman, employed him through charity, but he soon found him his cleverest compositor. Sir William Keith, governor of the province, took much notice of him, and urged him to set up for himself, promising him every assistance. He then proposed to him to make a voyage to England, in order to procure all the necessary materials for a printing-office, and promised to take upon himself all the expenses attendant upon it. Franklin gladly embraced the proposal, and set sail about the beginning of 1725. Upon his arrival in London he found that Governor Keith had completely deceived him, and had forwarded neither letters of credit, nor of recommendation, and he was consequently unable to return to Philadelphia. He then, for a present support, engaged himself as a workman in the house of Palmer, a printer of note in Bartholomew-close.

At this time, although but seventeen years of age, his mind was turned towards plans of general utility. Having taught himself to swim at Boston, and knowing the difficulties of that art, he was anxious to establish a swimming school in London; but the desire of seeing his native country prevailed over every other consideration, and he returned to Philadelphia, where he entered into partnership with a person of the name of Meredith, whose father was able to advance the necessary money; the understanding being that Franklin's skill should be placed against the capital to be supplied by Meredith. In process of time Meredith withdrew from the partnership, and Franklin became possessed of the whole concern, to which he soon afterwards added the business of a stationer.

His public life now commenced, and even his relaxations became works of utility; he instituted a club for the pur-

pose of discussing political and philosophical questions, each member of which was obliged, once a month, to read an essay of his own composition. The purchase of an indifferent paper, founded by Reischer, the printer, which he soon enlivened with articles teeming with wit and sound sense, increased both his reputation and his resources. In September, 1731, he married Miss Read, and his prosperity from that time rapidly advanced.

Feeling how useful books had been to himself, as it was to them alone he was indebted for his education, he established a public library in Philadelphia, in 1731, (the first one ever known in America,) which, although it commenced with only fifty subscribers, became in course of time a large and valuable collection, the proprietors of which were eventually incorporated by royal charter; but while yet in its infancy, it afforded its founder facilities of improvement of which he did not fail to take advantage, setting apart an hour or two every day for study, which was the only amusement he allowed himself. In 1732 he commenced publishing his celebrated almanac, commonly known by the name of Poor Richard's Almanac, in which a number of prudential maxims were inserted, distinguished by a proverbial point and conciseness. calculated to fix them indelibly upon the memory; they have been collected into a single short piece, entitled "The Way to Wealth," which has been published in a variety of forms. In 1733, he began to teach himself the French, Italian and Spanish languages, and reviewed his recollection of the Latin, which he had nearly forgotten. In 1736 he was appointed clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; the following year he obtained the lucrative office of postmaster of the city of Philadelphia. In 1738 he improved the police of that city with respect to the dreadful calamity of fire by forming a society called the Fire Company, to which was afterwards added an insurance company against losses by fire. Soon after this he commenced those electrical experiments which have conferred so much celebrity on his name.

The Library Society of Philadelphia had received from England an account of the curious facts relative to electricity, which then engaged the attention of the European philosophers, together with a tube for experiments, and directions for its use. The Society deputed Franklin

to repeat those experiments, and he not only repeated them, but made several new discoveries; he was the first to observe the power of pointed bodies, both in drawing and in throwing off electric fire; and immediately, as his genius led him to applications, he conceived the idea of bringing down electricity from the clouds; for he had observed that thunder and lightning were only the effect of the electricity of the clouds. A simple toy enabled him to resolve this bold problem; he made a kite, which he covered with silk instead of paper, as being less likely to be injured by the rain; to the upper end of the kite he affixed an iron point, and having appended a key to the end of its hompen string, he drew down, from a passing thunder-cloud, electric fire, enough to yield sensible sparks from the key. He immediately perceived the utility of this discovery, as affording a means of preserving buildings from the effects of lightning, which are particularly alarming on the continent of North America. By means of pointed metallic conductors projecting from the top of the building, he conceived that the passing thunder-clouds might be made to discharge their fire silently and innocuously; and such was the confidence in his opinion, that these conductors soon came to be generally used in America, and afterwards throughout Europe.

We have seen that he was a useful and a learned man, we will now view him as generous and philanthropic.

In 1763, the schools were poor, ill-directed, and badly attended; Franklin proposed a plan of public instruction, and in order to establish it, he opened a subscription list, which was soon filled; and it was thus he founded the College of Philadelphia. He was also greatly instrumental towards the foundation of the Pennsylvania Hospital. But all his enterprises of public utility never diverted his attention from his private duties; he had acquitted himself so well in his office of post-master, that the government raised him to the important employment of deputy post-master general for the British colonies, and the revenue soon felt the benefit of his attentions.

At a later period, after the Revolution of Boston, when the American war broke out, Franklin openly declared himself, in Congress, as favorable to liberty; he took an active part in the memorable Declaration of the 4th of July, and proclaimed

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the national independence of the thirteen United States.

He was then elected President of the Convention at Philadelphia, assembled to settle a new form of government for the then State of Pennsylvania, and the result of the deliberations of that assembly may be considered as a digest of Dr. Franklin's principles of government.

When, in 1776, it was deemed advisable by Congress to open a negotiation with France, Franklin, though then in his 71st year, was considered, from his talents as a statesman, and reputation as a philosopher, the most suitable person to effect the desired end; and he was consequently nominated commissioner-plenipotentiary to the court of France. His residence in that country did not prevent him from amusing himself with mechanical arts and sciences. Grateful for the kindness of Marie Antoinette, he made for her the first harmonicon which had ever been heard in France. This precious instrument, given by the Queen to Madame de Vince, is still in Paris, and has a place in the cabinet of Professor Lebreton, who religiously preserves this historical memorial.

At the age of seventy-nine, his increasing infirmities made him desirous of returning to his native country; he was conveyed to Havre, on a litter, borne by Spanish mules, kindly placed at his disposal by the Queen of France, as the most easy mode for him to travel. On the road he experienced every mark of respect from several of the nobility and gentry whose chateaux lay adjoining, and particularly from the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault at Gaillon, where he passed a night, with his accompanying friends and attendants. He reached Havre safely without having experienced much inconvenience from the journey, and embarked in a small packet for Southampton, whence, after remaining a few days, he sailed for Philadelphia, where he landed safely on the 14th September, 1785.

The arrival of this great man was looked upon as a national triumph; he was borne to his house amid the acclamations and benedictions of the people, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. He received congratulatory visits and addresses from all the public bodies, every one being desirous to do him honor. He employed his latter years in exhorting his fellow citizens to union: his last work was upon the abolition of slavery.

He expired on the 17th of April, 1790, at the age of eighty-four.

So great and universal was the regret for the loss of this great man, that a general mourning was put on throughout the United States; and in France, at the suggestion of Mirabeau, supported by MM. de la Rochefoucault, Liancourt, and Lafayette, the National Assembly ordered a public mourning of three days for Franklin.

THAT WAS NOT LOVE WHICH WENT.

MY heart, I bid thee answer!
How are love's marvels wrought?
"Two hearts, by one pulse beating,
Two spirits and one thought!"

And tell me how love cometh?
"Tis here!—unsought—unsent."
And tell me how love goeth?
"That was not *Love* which went."

WHAT THE SPIRITS DID AND SAID.

BY SEKA-OTA.

I AM not superstitious, nor do I believe in dreams fully, although they are said to portend good and ill. At times I may have been visited by singular and peculiar *some things*, which I must leave the more scientific to explain, after reading this chapter.

All had retired except myself. Save the ticking of the clock, whose hands were pointing at the witching hour of twelve, nothing disturbed the train of reflections passing in my mind. I had been counting the clicks of the pendulum, when I heard a rap apparently at the window. It was wild and stormy without; the wind blowing furiously, swaying the pine trees to and fro, and dashing sheet after sheet of rain against the piazza and sides of the house. As I placed my face against the window, shading my eyes with my hand, I fancied

another face pressed upon the outside, its glaring eyes peering into mine. Was it altogether my imagination? I would satisfy myself; and I placed my face at another window: it was *there*—it came *again and again!* Four successive times I saw the face and the glaring eyes. Nervous persons are most susceptible, thought I, to spiritual visitations. Now I was not at all afflicted with such a malady, and I decided this horrible visage a phantom. Then, thought I, it seems human; so, despite the consequences, I concluded to let the creature enter. But then, it might prove formidable, or evince a pugilistic inclination. It was well enough to prepare myself. I cast a hurried glance around the room; I saw everything but what I should have. I had almost decided to open the door, trusting to providence for the result, when my eye rested upon a bottle of ink upon the table. I snatched it hastily up, secured the cap, and thrust the bottle into my pocket. "This will blind its horrible eyes, if necessary, I said.

I now advanced, crossed the hall, and placed my hand upon the knob; it turned in my grasp, and, without an effort on my part, the key turned in the lock. An instant, and a shadowy line of lurid light extended from the door to the chair I had vacated, and there the face appeared, grinning the same unearthly smile. It nodded to the seat opposite. I dropped into the chair, amazed at the power the apparition already exerted over me. By some means it divested its head of a little white skull-cap, odd in shape, with singular characters painted in deep blood red upon it. As it did this, the lower part of the face dissolved into mist, leaving the forehead and eyes alone visible. I was not alarmed, yet I remained motionless, awaiting something, I knew not what. At length it spoke:

"Unbeliever, thou art dumb! thou dost not tremble at my power, but thou shalt!"

Now there burned about me a circle of light brighter than the sun, and a sudden coldness seized me.

"Wilt consult thy spirit?" asked the voice; "wouldst know my power?" I had heard that graceful form of speech was necessary when consulting the spirits, and I replied—"If it so pleased the present spirit, I would know all." I feared it might prove a *Samson*.

The blue circle around the serpent-like eyes, grew intense; the vapory cloud vanished, and the thin transparent flesh appeared, tightly drawn over the muscles and ligaments. I felt now a thrill of horror as I gazed, but had no power to move. I screamed—"Depart!"

"Not yet," it replied, in a sepulchral voice. "Give me the ink! You thought to *blind me*; you feared—'tis natural. Bring the table."

I brought it, together with the paper; the ink was also before me; how it left the depths of my pocket I know not. A hand, cold and clammy, placed a pen within my fingers, and I *wrote!* The room seemed a top; the burning lamp a broad, luminous star; vivid flashes of lightning followed by heavy claps of thunder, filled the room. I lost all power of locomotion. A death-like stupor overpowered me. Presently I felt myself borne upward, seemingly upon wings. Cloud upon cloud alone met my view, as I moved rapidly higher. I heard the rushing of wings and moans. The motion ceased, and the pinions closed under me. I sank slowly down upon something jagged and rough. I rubbed my eyes and gazed about me. A broad stupendous cavern encompassed me, far away, for leagues it seemed; uneven, rough, barren, rocky and undulating in many places. Thick, black bushes, bearing fruit, with hideous, ghostly faces imprinted in the rind, met me at every turn. A slough, teeming with reptiles and creeping monsters, stretched along

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the outer edge, through which, it appeared, all persons who made their exit must pass. I shuddered, and turned my eyes in an opposite direction. There were collected together several thousand souls, some mourning, weeping, and others smiling derisively. "O, pitcous sight!" I exclaimed.

"Pitcous, indeed," sighed a voice.

"What means this?" I asked.

"Canst not conjecture?"

"I cannot," I replied, gazing round for the speaker.

"Seest thou yonder pinnacle?"

I had not observed it. The hand of a giant pointed in the direction of some skulls. A shaft of black lava-like substance rose perpendicularly upward; surmounting it was a colossal figure standing erect, a wand in one hand, and a book in the other. I could detect no movement. Its eyes shot sparks lurid and blinding, which scorched me. I turned toward the voice. "I see the pinnacle," said I.

"And flame?"

"Yes."

"And statue?"

"Yes."

"Turn then, to the left, what seest thou?"

"Scrolls, with written characters."

"Cans't interpret?"

"I have not made the attempt."

"Try if thou cans't."

I raised my hands to cover my eyes; gazed at the scroll; I could not read.

"Quick, or thou art lost!" shrieked the voice.

"I cannot," I added. I am blinded by the flame." And the statue menaced me.

The wings flapped again; I felt myself moving slowly; I was over the slough—horror! My long hair hung about my naked shoulders like serpents, and my garments seemed filled with sharp-pointed instruments, which pierced my flesh,

lacerating it frightfully. About me were hideous beasts, with distended paws and frightful fangs. Others with exuberant eyes and awful nostrils snuffed the air, preparatory to darting upon their victims. I endeavored to conjecture what manner of place this could be. Higher and higher rose the mist, further and more distant the wailing; dimly burned the flame; lost were the skulls! —

I had been *asleep!* and awaking, found my arms and head resting upon the window seat.

F A T E.

"For man is never master of his fate."—TENNYSON.

DOWN the rapid river,
With its flowing tide,
Thoughtless and forever,
Ceaselessly I glide.

Thoughtless of the morrow,
Thoughtless of the past;
Memory is sorrow—
Visions cannot last.

Pluck the idle flowers,
Blossoming to-day;
With the passing hours
Let them fade away.

Out of darkness coming,
Into darkness go—
Only what is present,
Do I care to know.

Ceaseless flows the river,
Ceaseless on I glide;
Fate is fate forever—
Man is not the guide.

IRON, THE CIVILIZING METAL.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

THE old Greeks, in all esthetic and artistic qualities, very far transcended their contemporaries, and in architecture and sculpture, the least perishable

of the arts, have left vestiges of their artistic skill and taste, which modern Art is satisfied in imitating, without dreaming of improving or surpassing the models. The painting and music of those old Greeks, being in their nature transient, have been lost to modern perception; but there is little danger in inferring that they were fully as meritorious, in completeness and beauty, as their sister arts, temple-building and statuary, which have lived into our own times, despite of vandalism and the tooth of time. In the arts, as we call them, those same old Greeks stood preëminent, in their own days, and, by universal modern consent, stand preëminent even in ours. But, with all due deference to their esthetic and artistic capabilities and achievements, we must be permitted to say, that their mythology was supremely ridiculous and contemptible. Anybody can find out what we mean by this assertion, who will take the trouble to read Tooke's Pantheon, or Homer's Iliad, or Ovid's Metamorphoses. For our present purpose, we shall let their nonsensical legends of Chaos and Old Night, Saturn and Jove, Olympus and Erebus, slip out of sight, while we take exceptions to their fanciful classification and successful order of what they call the *ages*.

They had, or believed in, an age of gold, an age of silver, an age of bronze, an age of iron, and perhaps, some other ages, all of a metallic ring, but all equally unphilosophical and false. Their age of gold was an age of bodily and mental nudity:

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran;"

with no other clothing than the fig leaf around his loins, and the golden jewels clasped on his wrists and ankles, and pendant to his ears and nose. The earth spontaneously yielded all that was required to support human existence and bestow delight on human appetites. A

blissful social state, no doubt—if absence of intellect and moral sentiment can be called blissful—but a tolerably accurate counterpart to this Grecian golden age can still be found in Central America; and, in saying that much, enough is said to vest it with the utter condemnation of Anglo Saxonism. The silver age was no better than the golden; and the bronze no better than the silver; but the Hellenic sages and poets committed their most palpable error in placing their iron age at the foot of the oval schedule and making it a period of sin and tribulation, oppression and want. This sort of an iron age may have had peculiar charms for such unscientific ballad mongers as Homer, and Hesiod, and Ovid; and, to this day, may carry a world of classical delight

"To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;"

but the wise man of the nineteenth century knows that, until iron was dugged from the bowels of the generous earth, mankind must have been in a state of pitiable savagery. The iron age—when ever or wherever it commenced—was the dawn of civilization. Until man had learned the art of transmuting the crude iron ore into axes, and hammers, and knives, and saws, and augers, his condition could have been only one remove above that of the chimpanzee or orang-outang. He might have had great nuggets of gold suspended to the cartilages of his nose and ears, and ponderous rings of it encircling his arms and legs; but, without iron, or the knowledge of iron instruments, he could not be otherwise than a very weak brother in the family of humanity.

The Hebrews, according to their historian, who recorded the biographies of their great priest and prophet, Samuel, and their first and very ill-fated King, Saul, must, shortly after the latter began his reign, have been sadly low in the

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scale of civilization. In the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d verses of the 23d chapter of Samuel, it appears that, at the moment when Saul was about to lead his people to battle against the invading Philistines, there were but two swords to be found in his whole army—and they belonged to him and his son Jonathan—for, in the terse language of the Israelitish annalist, "there was no smith found throughout all the land." Every Hebrew, it seems, was accustomed to take his ploughshare, his coulter, his axe, and his mattock, to the Philistine smiths to be mended and sharpened; and we can well imagine the inconvenience and distress of Saul's unweaponed subjects, when compelled into a war with their ingenious and civilized neighbors. It was like a rabble of naked Utah Indians, confronted with a well disciplined and well appointed army of United States soldiers. Jehovah, in selecting the Hebrews as his chosen people, seemed to ignore the necessity of enhancing their intellectuality by any revelations of mechanical science. Their descendants, however, in common with the modern children of the gruff worshippers of the Scandinavian Thor and Odin, have made a prodigious forward leap in civilization, since the days of Saul and Jonathan.

Iron is the great civilizing and humanizing metal—although swords, bayonets, rifles and cannons are formed of it—and no nation, ignorant of its production and uses, can be considered as out of the swaddling clothes of barbarism. California is a very great State—a golden State—with the most vigorous and energetic population, mentally and physically, that ever conquered a wilderness or built an empire; and yet, until iron shall have been dragged from its lurking places and made to pass through the fire, we dare not, with the lights of history and experience before us, predict a

long continuance of Californian prosperity. Iron is your true democratic mineral—your genuine combination of the *utile et dulce*, the useful with the ornamental—and bears about the same relation to gold that the sober and thinking mechanic bears to the idle and soft-headed dandy.

THE FIRST SALTING ESTABLISHMENT IN CALIFORNIA.

THIS account was handed us by our friend, David Spence, of Monterey. Mr. Spence may be called, with truth, one of the veritable pioneers of California. He was born at Huntley, in Scotland, and arrived in this country from Lima, on the 29th of October, 1824, in the English brig Pizarro, Capt. Lacy; and has never been out of the country since; having been employed from 1824 to 1829 in the firm of M'Culloch & Co., until its dissolution at Monterey in the latter year. After his marriage with Adelaida, daughter of Don Mariano Estrada, Commandante of Monterey, he settled down as a merchant and ranchero, and has filled several government offices, under the Mexican and American governments, with the greatest credit to himself, and usefulness to his fellow-citizens.

In the year 1824, the firm of John Begg & Co., an English house, of Lima, made a contract with the Peruvian government to furnish them with the necessary salted provisions for their navy. The contract was forwarded for its fulfilment to their partners, M'Culloch, Hartnett & Co., in California. Salters and coopers were engaged and brought from Ireland for that special purpose, in charge of Mr. Tovy, who understood the business thoroughly.

Two or three shipments were sent, and received in good condition at Callao;

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but as the Peruvian government was not yet properly established, they found difficulty in paying for what they had received; whereat, John Bigg & Co. considered themselves bound no longer, and annulled the contract. At the same time, they ordered Mr. Tevey and his men to return to Lima, and from thence to Ireland, at the company's expense.

From experience, the best time for killing and salting California "rodeo" cattle is about July; then the grass has come to maturity, and is more suitable to make the beef fat and firm. The animal, when killed, requires to be in a cool condition; otherwise, the meat will not take the salt.

Sometimes Peruvian salt was used, but Californian salt was preferred when it could be found. This last contains sufficient saltpetre to make the beef firm but not hard; and it is very likely, from the abundance of cattle and salt in this country, that in a few years the curing of beef will become an important item of California interests.

THE STUDENTS' PARTING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH SASS.

BROTHERS, pledge a cup of wine
To our varied future life;
With the aid of God divine,
Let us plunge into the strife.
Brothers, what we swear here, now,
Is to us a holy vow.

Germans are we altogether,
And, in this Germanic league,
Let each heart arouse the other
To the fight, when there is need.
From the Elbe, and from the Rhine,
Here we stand in league divine.

Students can we be no longer,
Ripened now to mature year;
Let each sword be graspéd stronger
For our Father-land so dear.

Brothers, sworn on word of man,
Let our league forever stand.

If among us sits a Judas,
From our cup he drinks in danger;
Brothers, he shall not elude us—
Let each one be the avenger!
In the pulpít, on the throne,
Let no mercy be him shown!

While we are around the cup,
Never let our singing sink,
Together ne'er again we'll sup—
German tears mix with our drink.
Lift the beaker with the hand—
God preserve our noble band!

JOURNAL OF A MISSION-FOUNDING EXPEDITION NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1823.

IN order to appreciate the following unpretending narrative, translated from the daily journal, in Spanish, of José Altimira, the founder of the Mission of Sonoma, the reader should imagine himself to be one of the party of exploration; then, if he could ride over the same ground, and compare the past with the present flourishing condition of the districts mentioned, he would be ready to exclaim, "verily, how much hath civilization wrought?" It should also be borne in mind, that although this Expedition started but thirty-seven years ago, this country was then in the dark ages of distance and exclusiveness, and was but seldom brightened by its contact with commercial usages, or a higher civilization. Therefore the founding of a Mission was an era of importance, in which the deputy-governor of the province thought proper to assist; and as these Missions have been attended with a certain amount of success in a progressive point of view, apart from their sectarian character, they should, in our opinion, be remembered with respect.

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more erudite and elegant translation, but such would have detracted from the simplicity and unassuming character of the writer, and the unadorned truthfulness of its description. As it has never before been published, we prefer to give it *verbatim et literatim*, as rendered by the friend who favored us with it:—

Journal of the Expedition verified with the object of examining localities for the founding of the New Mission of O. F. San Francisco, of Upper California. Begun on the 25th day of June, 1823.

FIRST DAY.

25th June.—Shipped at the Presidio at half-past nine in the morning, with destination to the assistant mission of San Rafael, situated on the Contracosta, in a north-easterly direction from this Presidio, and distant about four leagues.* Sailed with a fresh breeze, and arrived at said assistant mission about half-past one, P. M.; made no new discoveries. At said mission we remained the whole afternoon, and also the following night.

SECOND DAY.

26th.—Started from San Rafael at half-past five in the morning, traveling in a north-easterly direction; at nine A. M., we arrived without accident at the place called *Otompalé*, distant five leagues from San Rafael. There we rested until 3, P. M., when we left the above said place, and following the same direction, we turned the point of the creeks, (said point is called *Chocuday*), and arrived about 7 P. M. at the brook of the *Petalumas* flat, called *Lema*; on the banks whereof we encamped for the night, in company with some eight or ten Gentile Indians from the *Rancheria of Libantilyom*, situated towards the north-west of this locality, and distant about three leagues and a half. This afternoon and following night nothing more occurred, if we except our men killing a she-bear

* A Spanish league is three miles.

with four cubs, who were discovered very close to us.

THIRD DAY.

27th.—Started from *Lema* about six in the morning, and explored that part of the flat running east, and which is extensive enough, the land very fertile, and covered with grass, but of little use for plants requiring irrigation in the summer; for in that season the springs are dried up, as is also the brook running on said flat or plain, called *Chocoiom*. In this way we went exploring all the hills extending from this plain towards the north-east to the distance of two leagues, without finding anything of great utility except some oak groves, which are observed in the cañadas and on the tops of the hills; we found also on said hills a lagoon covered with tules, and whose extent may be some 50 varas wide and 100 long. But little further, in the same direction, we found the large lake of *Tolay*, so called after the Chief of the Indians, who in former times settled in that vicinity; its width at some parts is with little difference 150 varas,* at others 200 varas, and at some one-fourth of a league, which is also its extent in length. The water in both lakes is fresh, which circumstance, as the aforesaid hills are sufficiently covered with grass, makes it convenient for the raising of a large number of cattle at this locality. Proceeding in a north-easterly direction we arrived on the plain of the locality called *Sonoma*, named after the Indians who formerly dwelled there. This was at 10 A. M. We encamped on the edge of a brook, with the intent to remain sufficient time to explore well this place and its vicinities, for its aspect presents a very agreeable view, as hereafter will be mentioned.

In the afternoon, maintaining the

* A vara is thirty-three inches and a-third of an inch.

camp at the same place, and leaving the horses, tent and other baggage, in charge of a soldier, with some Christian Indians from San Francisco who came in our company, and our barge (which that day also arrived very close by the place of our temporary dwelling,) remaining in the creek, we set out to explore. Going over the plain of aforesaid Sonoma, towards the north-west, we discovered a stream of the capacity of 500 "plumas"—[*Pluma, or quill.*—The capacity of a *pluma* is the quantity which constantly runs through the tube of a common writing quill; it is an old Spanish way for calculating the volume of running water.—TRANS.]—of very crystalline water agreeable to drink, between a thick growth of trees, agreeable to the sight and useful for several purposes; this runs down some hills that serve as a wall to this plain, extending in the same direction and terminating at the north. We were for a very long time penetrating into a grove of oaks; the trees are very large and robust, and offer eternal utility for firewood, the construction of carts, and for other workmanship. This oak grove on the plain may extend from east to west three leagues, and from north to south one league and a-half, although at some places it is narrower. Another stream more copious and agreeable than the former irrigates this plain, and runs down from west to east towards the middle of the plain, and then turns off towards the north.

The first named spring only runs when it is descending the hills, and disappears on coming down to the plain; but the second does not cease to run until after having followed the last named direction it unites with the large stream of Sonoma, which flowing from east to west, lets out its waters in the creek. In this direction we explored of this locality all what the length of the day did allow us.

The number of permanent springs, according to the Indians who saw them in the extreme dry season, are almost innumerable; the greater part of these we saw that afternoon. The mountains hemming in the plain produce much firewood, some redwood, &c. On parts of these mountains there are grasses in abundance, although some kinds of these have but little stem, on account of being exposed to the cold winds, particularly from the north-west. All the hills siding the plain have, among their abundance of trees, some spots lacking grass, but these spaces most actively rival with the former as to the tribute of usefulness they may pay to man, for they put into his hands several kinds of stone with the greatest abundance, proper for the erection of cemented buildings, and by labor, magnificent structures. The range of hills extending from north to east singularizes itself among the rest; for while producing stone useful for all the purposes aforesaid, it also produces a stone called *malpais*, proper for the making of *metates*—[stones used in Mexico for the grinding of Indian corn]. Also a white stone, pronounced to be lime by all who have seen the same. The soil of this plain is not all of the best, but there is soil for every purpose.

Having explored the whole plain, although somewhat superficially, for the night coming upon us, we returned to the place where we rested, and arrived there about 8 P. M., intending to continue the investigations on the following day in this and other localities. This afternoon the men of our company put to death many bears, animals offensive to humanity.

FOURTH DAY.

28th.—This day after having taken our breakfast, we started about seven in the morning, maintaining our camp at the same place, and leaving the barge in

the creek a quarter of a league distant from certain spots of the before mentioned plain, which the day before we were not able to explore. We ascended a small hill towards the east, distant from the creek a quarter of a league, from where, with much ease, the whole plain, the creek, the whole bight of the sea and hills circling the same in the east and west, also the entrance of the port of San Francisco, could be seen. We observed, by the thermometer, eleven degrees more heat, than at the mission of San Francisco. No one can doubt of the mildness of the climate of Sonoma, by observing the plants, the huge trees, the delicate ones according to their species, sycamore, cottonwood, ash, laurel and others, and above all, the abundance and vigor of wild grapes. The appearance of the grass, and other weeds, did not allow our opinion to vacillate as to the benignity of the climate of Sonoma. We did explore the slopes, and found large spaces of ground able to produce corn, &c. We did also observe that the barge could land near to where buildings may be erected, and certainly this is a good convenience. We inquired of the Indians if the creek contained fish, and they assured us it did, and particularly salmon. Taking into consideration these and other circumstances, it may be said that Sonoma is a very proper locality for the founding of a mission. With every wish to improve our knowledge of the vicinity, we returned to our encampment, intending to rest awhile, take dinner, and continue our journey exploring other parts.

At about 1 P. M. we set out, removing the whole train, leaving the barge in the creek of Sonoma, and proceeded in a north-easterly direction by a chain of hills. Although the grass had been burnt by the Indians of the neighborhood, it could easily be perceived that it was convenient grazing land for cattle, sheep, horses, &c., distributing them suitably;

for besides the hills having good pasturage, there are also sufficient springs, showing to be permanent, not omitting the remark that they are free from dense woods, which favor the straying of cattle. About two leagues from our starting place, we found in a cañada a small rill, of the capacity of about twenty-five "plumas" of water, which was said to be hot, but on making the experiment we found it only to be lukewarm, which may be caused by the total absence of shade on its borders. The borders of the spring consist of a certain whitish earth, very thin, but clammy, and is undoubtedly of the same quality as that which is to be found on the mountain of Monjui, (near Barcelona, in old Spain,) and is much valued for the cleaning of copper, brass, earthenware and other articles, for which use in said city every day some dozen loads of this earth are consumed.

We proceeded, and at the end of this small cañada we ascended another low hill, beneath which was another cañada larger than the former; from there we saw a herd of some two or three hundred female elk, (a species very abundant at all the localities we visited, from *Olonalpa* upwards, as also are the antelope and deer.) We arrived presently at a small stream which is said to be the entrance of Napa; this is not swift, for its water is not abundant, but forms some ponds of very good, sweet, strong and agreeable water, sufficient for a considerable number of cattle.

Following on our route we passed a large plain, in the middle of which we arrived (about 6, P. M.) at another as famous a stream as the large one of Sonoma, which serves as a belt to this beautiful plain of the aforesaid Napa, so called by the Indians who formerly lived here. This is certainly a special locality, although on surveying the same we did not find the springs so numerous as at Sonoma. Excepting this particularity, Napa

is a mistakable picture of Sonoma, for its partial resemblance thereto. We encamped, finally, on the banks of the stream aforesaid; at nightfall we rested, and awoke on St. Peter's day, without any other occurrence than the happiness that God had mercifully bestowed upon us with abundance.

FIFTH DAY.

29th.—As the sun rose in a most brilliant sky, mass was said, and at the conclusion thereof the name of St. Peter was given to the stream, in honor of the day. We breakfasted, and about seven in the morning started, following the same direction; we observed that the Indians in the vicinity had discovered us, for they were setting watches. We saw on the plain and hills large groves of oak trees, and went over large spots of land proper for the cultivation of the vine; we then climbed the slope of a mountain, which, with its adjoining hills, could furnish good stone, abundant enough for the building of a new Romo. This appears to be possible. Descending this slope, we discovered before us in the north-east, the famous plain of *Suisun*, so called by the Indians formerly settling this locality; and without discovering more of great usefulness, we arrived about one P. M. at the stream of said place, distant about five leagues from our starting point, or ten leagues from Sonoma; inferring that the distance from Sonoma to Napa be five leagues, (15 miles,) and from Napa to Suisun, also five leagues. The temperature of the said Napa, and of the places traveled over this morning, until descending the slope, is with little difference equal to that of Sonoma; but that of Suisun is easy to be distinguished as being warmer. Finally having arrived at this locality, we encamped on the bank of said stream, which traverses the plain from north to south, and lets out into the creek in the latter direction. This plain has truly, soil proper for the raising of

all kinds of grain, but not as extensive as that we left behind. It is to be remarked, that the soil in the neighborhood of the stream does not require any irrigation, for in this season of the year the grass and other plants are green and very thick, as we saw this afternoon, but the soil more distant lacks this peculiarity, and as it is not proper to sow always on the same soil, and there being not much to vary, the land in this locality is not sufficient to provide for a middling large population. There is on hand timber enough for firewood, but not for lumber. There is land, from the north to the east, proper for the raising of cattle, but there is no water for them to drink. This considered, together with the fact of the great distance for a lone mission to communicate with the presidio of San Francisco, we convinced ourselves that this locality was not proper for our intent.

Being desirous to inform the Indians of these parts of the motives that brought us here, in order to prepare a smooth conquest, we dispatched five neophytes of San Francisco to the rancheria of the *Hualtos*, distant from us five leagues towards the north-east, to call on these Gentiles, and invite them to come to the place we were. The night came on and we went to rest, hoping that on the next day the Indians invited would come, and visit us in peace.

[Concluded next month.]

ALWAYS IN THE SUNSHINE.

ALWAYS in the sunshine;
Always looking high,
Where, behind the thunder clouds,
Shines a brighter sky.
Always climbing up the hill,
Where, serene and bright,
Shines the Eternal City,
With its gates of light.

Always in the sunshine;
And, though dark the way,

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Finding out some little spot
Where the sunbeams play:
And though all around be waste,
Without dew or showers,
Thine a little spot enclosed,
An oasis of flowers.

Always in the sunshine;
Singing still thy hymn:
Always groping for the path,
Through the forest dim.
Creeping where thou canst not walk,
Feeling for the way;
Looking up to find one star,
Harbinger of day. G. T. S.

THE MINERSVILLE MYSTERY.

BY IDA LE CLERC.

"YOU write for the papers, sometimes, don't you, Mrs. Le Clerc?"

"Sometimes, Mrs. Farrago," I replied.

"Well, I have found out how they pay the printers—I mean them that does the work, set the type, you know—and I guess I can tell you how you, or anybody that writes, can help some of the poor fellows to make a little more money!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I have read so much about them; how real smart they are, and how very poor they are, that I was struck right away with the idea, when I found out they were paid so much for every m; it was certainly supernumerary!" (Supernatural, she meant.)

"What was the idea, Mr. Farrago?" I asked, as she rested after her big word.

"Why it is for you to put in as many an m as you can—bring in lots of words, like commandment, and, and sich like!"

"The idea is certainly quite new, entirely original!" I replied, gravely, for I should have given offence if I had laughed or even ventured to explain. Mrs. Farrago being unfortunately one of those persons who resent the least correction that implies ignorance on their part,

instead of thankfully accepting and remembering it, in order to avoid making absurd mistakes before others, who may ridicule them.

Mrs. Farrago is rich, and I being poor, she patronizes me excessively, and though very often annoyed I do not like to offend her, she is so truly a good, warm-hearted woman, and if she has one peculiarity above another, it is the desire to seem well informed upon every subject, from the most simple details of the kitchen up to the machinations of our political wire-workers; and a strange sensitiveness, or rather stupidity, which settles to anger towards those that make her conscious of a fault, though in the most delicate manner they may do so.

In reply to my assuring her that the idea was without doubt entirely original, she said: "Yes, I flatter myself it is! I should be perpetually thankful if I ever could do anything to help printers! I respect them, because Franklin and nearly all of our great men have at one time belonged to that craft!"

I suppose Mrs. Farrago meant craft, but you must use your own judgment to interpret her misapplied or mispronounced words; I can only promise to act the part of a faithful and exact reporter! She continued—

"But all I can do is to inscribe for lots of papers and magazines; howsoever, I didn't call to talk about that, but come to ask if you would go with me to see Mrs. Asphodel, will you?"

"With pleasure, Mrs. Farrago, if you can wait until I hear my daughter's lesson," I replied, and directly commenced it; for there was so much to interrupt the regularity of her recitations that they often were altogether omitted, and for this reason I did not like to postpone the present one.

Now I always desire to make every study a pleasure, and as the dry detail of the lesson is never sufficient, I generally

illustrate it by some remarks of my own. (I can hardly ever do so now without laughing at Mrs. Farrago's comical attempt to follow my example.) After listening quietly for a short time, my visitor, perhaps wishing to hear her own voice, and supposing it would be an easy matter to hear a plain geography lesson, begged the privilege of doing so, and of course I consented.

Mrs. Farrago succeeded very well until came the question, "Describe Copenhagen," and the answer—"Copenhagen is the capital of Denmark, and situated on the east coast of the island of Zealand. It is a handsome city, has a harbor and a great many docks." Child-like, my daughter had not pronounced harbor perfectly plain, and her now teacher thought she said barber; also in her own little mind mistaking the meaning of the word vast; (it should have been vast docks); she had not given a correct answer. Mrs. Farrago did not know this, as she could not readily find the answers; she did not try, because the child's ready replies convinced her that they were proper ones! But this last answer suggested an idea that might interest her pupil, therefore she said, "It has but one barber, my dear, so I suppose that most all the men don't shave, but admit their beard to grow like the miners! And I suspect that they have heaps o' sick people, else they wouldn't have so many doctors, or docks, as they printed it for short!"

With this novel explanation, my daughter was evidently interested, but I was obliged to leave the room to give vent to my mirth.

When the lesson was finished we went together to call on Mrs. Asphodel, who was as desirous of appearing ignorant of at least all useful knowledge as was Mrs. Farrago to seem well informed; indeed the two were a complete contrast.

Mrs. Asphodel never tired of trying to personate a luxurious indolence; accord-

ing to her account, she never even dressed herself without assistance until she left her southern home for California; (and now I think of it, it seems to me strange how many persons were wealthy until they came to this country, by which they have lost everything! indeed, I once supposed that the desire to better their fortune had caused most of the people to come here, but of course their evidence to the contrary has convinced me of my mistake!) But to return to my story.

"I am so glad that you have happened to call just now, for I am in *such* trouble!" said Mrs. Asphodel, almost before we were seated.

"Dear me! what is it? No ruining misaster, I hope!"

"No, Mrs. Farrago, but Mr. Asphodel declares that I must do my own work! that he is not able to pay even one servant; just think of it! He discharged my only one, yesterday, and after getting the breakfast went to his work and never returned till dinner time, when there being nothing for him to eat, and the house not in order, he was positively cross, and said that I must not vex him often that a'way!" And looking angrily at her lord, who was then present, the much-abused lady buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed softly.

Of all things deliver me from being present at a connubial quarrel; therefore it was with real thankfulness that I beheld the departure of Mr. Asphodel, who was evidently ashamed of the publicity with which his wife paraded their family feud. Moreover there was a look of wounded love, which though suffering bitterly, was yet too strong to die; he must still love the beautiful woman, though she fell far short of being that friend which every good and rational man desires in a wife. I believe he was a worshipper of the beautiful from his handsome wife down to the most trivial form thereof. His home assured me of

this, for the cost exceeded those usual where one's residence is permanent, it is a waste of time and in this manner.

But at present, being pretty; it was not absolutely dirt.

Good Mrs. Farrago time quite uneasy plainness if not proclaimed, "Your works had, then him? Be me! ye work I us' to do I didn't fist about we fast came to C fourteen men and and I never enjoy like that, can't be

"Indeed," said never would work and that would be earning money; by my dear father's dead husband, a till—" But her sobs concluded the ed the heart of M

"Well, let me all come right at

"O will you perhaps Mr. As harshness!" said

I rose to go, a cabin of a new yet seen, as the at our camp, at

What a chum to the cabin! than one. In ries, in the other necessities; the other the perfect the difference of cabin sep, I w claims of one

this, for the cost and care of it far exceeded those usually seen in the mines, where one's residence not being considered permanent, it is generally thought a waste of time and money when invested in this manner.

But at present, his home was far from being pretty; it was extremely untidy, if not absolutely dirty.

Good Mrs. Farrago had been all this time quite uneasy, and now with blunt plainness, if not positive indignation, exclaimed, "Your husband is right; he works hard, then why should'nt you help him? La me! you should jist saw the work I use' to do before we got rich, and I didn't fret about it n'ither. Why, when we fust come to California, I cooked for fourteen men and tuk in lots o' washing, and I never enjoy the money I spend now like that I *carnt* by my own hard work!"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Asphodel, "I never would work that n'way for nobody, and thar would be no pleasure to me in earning money; I always was cared for by my dear father till I married my dear dead husband, and on him I depended till—" But here another succession of sobs concluded the complaint and softened the heart of Mrs. Farrago, who said—

"Well, let me persist you, to-day; it'll all come right after awhile."

"O will you be so good? and then perhaps Mr. Asphodel will repent of his harshness!" said the selfish beauty.

I rose to go, as I wished to call at the cabin of a new neighbor whom I had not yet seen, as they had but lately arrived at our camp, and direct from the East.

What a change it was from the house to the cabin! a change in more ways than one. In the one were many luxuries, in the other the want even of many necessaries; the one in dire disorder, the other the perfection of neatness; nor did the difference end here, but ascending the cabin step, I was assured that while the claims of one to the title of lady were

doubtful, to the other that title was affirmatively so, not only by education, but that which was even more essential, by nature also. Ah! the infinite grace with which she welcomed me, and made the embarrassing self-introduction a pleasure; how *cosily* and *cordially* we two conversed, not as strangers, but as sympathizing sisters! O! that lengthened call was a soul-feast, such as I but seldom enjoyed. Her husband, Mr. Rine, was a noble looking young man, and her only child, an eighteen months' old baby, an angel, if angels are ever loving, mischievous sprites, possessed of beautiful rosy lips and tangible forms!

The cabin had but one room, which was partitioned by curtains now looped back, disclosing a clean, comfortable looking bed, albeit the bedstead was built of rough boards; a few pine shelves, graced by a little library, beneath which was another supporting a work-basket, all in perfect order; and a soft carpet upon the floor, fronting the bed and extending to the lounge opposite, where Mr. and Mrs. Rine now rested, while they made me occupy the only chair, a home-made one, but withal very comfortable in its wadded chintz cover.

They were washing when I called, and now laughed at their awkwardness; at least she did, but I am sure it was with a great sorrow that he looked at her trembling little hands and palpitating person, and that a deeper meaning than the words imply was understood, when he said, "I have great pity for ourselves now;" and in her pointed reply, "And why? are we not rich in each other? How much would you take for Daisy and I, or for what would I exchange Daisy and you?" There was a hidden meaning, that I was quite certain, but what it was I could not then understand.

I apologized for interrupting them, and would have left after a little, but that they urged me with unmistakable sin-

cerity to stay, and kept up a continuous course of conversation upon which I did not like to break, and therefore made an unprecedented call for length, and only rose to go as a knock at the door interrupted it and announced new visitors. Looking up as they entered, I was surprised to see Mrs. Farrago and Mrs. Asphodel, which surprise was not lessened by the strange behavior of Mrs. Asphodel as I introduced her and her companion to Mr. and Mrs. Rino; they too, seemed to be under some restraint, as they acknowledged the introduction to Mrs. Asphodel, who blushed and paled, until the crimson tide slowly ebbing, she fell back fainting.

"Poor thing! I really didn't think she had worked hard; she must be powerful weak to give out that easy!" said the kind-hearted but unsuspecting Mrs. Farrago. But I was sure it was not bodily fatigue, but a mental shock, and going home, as I did, when she had somewhat recovered, I tried to refrain from puzzling my head with the mystery. I shamed my curiosity, and asked it what right it had to try and solve the affairs of strangers; but mother Eve was strong within me, and I continued to wonder over the matter.

CHAPTER II.

Friendships soon ripen in this genial clime, whether owing to the atmospheric warmth, or the heart's holy fire that forever burns for the dear ones "at home," as we of California always love to designate the older States. Therefore but a few days passed after my call at the cabin, until I was there for a good afternoon visit. How gay we were, Mr. and Mrs. Rino, and my husband and I; the more so that numerous mishaps, arising from Mrs. Rino's inexperience, were a continual provocative to laughter.

"What is this, Ida?" asked Mr. Rino, who was helping his wife prepare the

supper for the table, and he held up a collapsed looking object which evidently had no right about the culinary department!

"O mercy! it is Daisy's shoe!" she exclaimed with so much horror that I involuntarily laughed outright, as also did Mr. Rino, and with increased heartiness as she tried to explain, "Daisy must have lifted the cover and put in the shoe while—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ida never mind, the laugh will do us more good than the food!"

I also tried to reassure her, and directly we were but the more merry for the trifling incident.

After supper Mrs. Farrago dropped in, disturbing our cosy chat by her gossip about Mrs. Asphodel. "I'm really afraid that Mr. Asphodel will be druv to his eternal ruin by his wife—he is nearly distracted betwixt his love for her and his love for order, betwixt her extravagance and his poverty. And she, poor thoughtless critter, is the cause of his bein' poor. I declare I am sorry for both on 'em! Say, Mrs. Rino, they have got a queerish story round here 'bout you an' her, and I jist include you ought to know it!"

"Ah?" faltered Mrs. Rino, as she kissed Daisy's curls, and thus screened a tell-tale face—"Yes, they do say she was back here again that very evenin' after her first call, and somebody hearn her say, jist as she was goin' away, earnest-like she says to you: 'You will keep my secret for me; O, by the love you have for your husband do not let this thing come between mine and me!' Them's the very words, and ain't they odd ones to be calculatin' 'round? Now I don't want to be acquisitive, but reckon you might as well tell me whether the story is true!" She concluded while she watched Mrs. Rino with keen curiosity.

[Concluded next month.]

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THE TWO GUESTS.

I SAT in my chamber the other night,
 The lattice open wide;
 Beside me, scowling, sat Despair,
 When in came Hope, that angel fair,
 And-nestled at my side.
 She said,—“Two spirits walk the earth:
 One is an angel bright;
 The other, from the shades below,
 Where the rivers of Erebus ebb and flow,
 Amid the realms of night.

One, you may always know her by
 The gloomy scowl she wears;
 The other sits, and smiles, and sings—
 You may know her by the joy she brings,
 And the welcome news she bears.

That scowling guest oft talks with you,
 While seated here alone;
 Then you begin to wear her frown—
 Your voice grows thick, your hands hang
 And your heart is like a stone. [down,

I turned to see my scowling guest,
 But found that she had flown.
 That angel, with her voice so gay,
 Had driven the demon quite away,
 And sat by me alone.

ANECDOTES OF SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

ALTHOUGH animals may not possess the gift of *reason*, we cannot deny that sometimes they exhibit a large amount of *sagacity*, and often surprise us with the wonderful skill and dexterity which they display in accomplishing a desired end. The following are some of the incidents of this kind, which have come under our own observation, or have been derived from sources which leave us little room to doubt their authenticity:

Deception practiced by a Newfoundland Dog.—A relation of ours owned a large Newfoundland dog. He had been long

in the family, and was so trained to strict habits of honesty, that the least deviation of it in other animals seemed to excite his abhorrence. For instance, if he saw the old family cat steal a piece of meat, which she sometimes did, from the larder, he would seize her by the nape of the neck, and hold her until she had dropped it; and then instead of eating it himself, he would stand and bark over it till he had attracted the attention of some one of the family, who would come and take it away.

But although he was such a pattern of honesty in everything that related to his master, as soon as he was away among strangers, or the nearest neighbors, he would steal whatever he could get his eyes on. He would go into a neighbor's house, and if the family were not on the look-out, he would make his way to the kitchen, and uncovering the meat-pot, he would take the largest piece he could find, and carry it out and hide it. But, as if to keep up the appearance of honesty, he would return and very carefully replace the cover on the pot, and lick up all the grease that he had dropped, as if to say, “I'll be too smart for you this time; no one shall suspect me of being a thief.”

This trick of his was several times repeated.

Concert of action between two Mastiffs.

A gentleman, residing near a market town in England, was the owner of a mastiff, whom he was in the habit of sending every day to market, with a basket hung on his neck, in which he brought home the meat for the family dinner. One day, on returning with his load, he was attacked by the curs on the street through which he passed, and he had hard work to drive them off and at the same time prevent his meat from being stolen by the thievish, hungry curs. He succeeded, however, in reaching home in safety, and setting down the basket,

he refused the piece of meat which his master offered him; and instead of his usual glad look on such occasions, he hung down his head very sulkily, and went sneaking *doggedly* out of the house.

In a neighboring house lived a gentleman, who was also owner of a large mastiff; between whom and our mastiff of the market a deadly hatred had always existed; indeed, they were never known to meet without a fight, of which they generally carried the marks for days afterwards. To the old enemy our mastiff bent his way, and great was the surprise of the beholders to see these two dogs standing side by side, on a hill near the house, with their faces turned toward each other, as if in earnest conversation. But their surprise was still greater, when they saw the two dogs set off together towards the village in which stood the market, and in the direction of the street in which the morning fight had occurred. Soon the whole street was aroused by the cries and yells of the poor wounded curs which had attacked our mastiff so unmercifully, a few days before. The two strong mastiffs pitched into them, granting no quarter; and many a cur lay biting the dust, and paid for his insolence with his life.

When they were finally driven off from the work of destruction, by the owners of the curs, the two mastiffs were seen to go to a brook together, just out of the village, and having washed themselves from the blood and dirt of the encounter, they each returned to his master's house, and ever after appeared to be firm friends to each other.

Trickery in a Spaniel.—A young gentleman, residing in Edinburgh, was the master of a beautiful spaniel, who had in all probability been taught to steal for the benefit of his master. It was some time before his new master, who had bought the animal from a person who dealt in dogs, became aware of this irreg-

ularity of his morals; and he was astonished and teased by the dog bringing home articles which he had picked up in an irregular manner. But when he perceived that he proceeded upon system, he used to amuse his friends by causing him to give proofs of his sagacity in the art of stealing; of course, putting the shop-keepers, where he meant he should exercise his faculty, on guard. The process was curious, and excites some surprise at the pains which must have been taken to qualify the animal for these practices.

As soon as the master entered a shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of having come with or recognizing him, and lounged about with an indolent sort of air, as if he had come into the shop of his own accord. In the course of looking over some wares, his master indicated, by a touch on the parcel, and a look toward the spaniel, that which he desired, and then left the shop. The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following his master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or lie by the fire, or watch the counter, until he observed the attention of the people of the shop withdrawn from the prize which he wished to secure. Whenever he saw an opportunity of doing so unobserved, he never failed to jump upon the counter with his forefeet, get the gloves, or whatever else had been pointed out to him, and escape from the shop to join his master.

Affecting Instance of Memory and Affection in a Dog.—A gentleman in Connecticut owned a large Newfoundland dog, of which he was very fond, and which always manifested for him the greatest affection. The kind master sickened and died, and the dog, from the hour that he saw his dead body carried out of the house, lost all his former vivacity and playfulness, and went moping about the place, refusing his food, and wasted to a mere skeleton.

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One day, many months after, during a season of house cleaning, the gentleman's portrait was removed from the darkened parlor, where it had been hanging, and placed on the floor, against the wall of the front hall of the mansion. The dog came into the hall with his head and tail hanging down, moping and spiritless as usual, when suddenly his eye lighted on the portrait of his old and loved master. In an instant, what a change! He sprang towards it with all his might, kissed the face, the hands; and so loud were his cries of joy that they attracted all the family to the spot, where they could with difficulty restrain their tears, at a sight so strange and affecting. UNCLE JOHN.

CALIFORNIA—HER CLIMATE.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

IN a climatic point of view—as in almost every other—California is without a rival; without a spot whose charming Eden-like atmosphere can boast of even an approximation to ours. Ah, yes! the glorious, heaven-favored home of our adoption, on the charming borders of Pacific's verdant shore, is nature's masterpiece. On no other section of nature's vast dominion has the great Dispenser poured forth from his laboratory so copiously of the divine essence of concentrated beauty and loveliness. The memory of scenes upon old Atlantic's shore are dear to me—sacredly dear—because they are associated with reminiscences of childhood's pure and guileless hours, never again to recur; but were those sacred ties, and cherished recollections of dear old home, ten thousand times more passionate, they would not, they could not, even then, for a moment induce me to entertain the thought of exchanging my adopted home for that of my birth. It is true, the dweller on the Atlantic side can enjoy the smile of summer in mid-winter's chilly reign, or a

cool, health-laden breeze from off a snow-clad hill in summer; but to realize the former, he must penetrate the *ultima thule* of the American possessions on the south; while the latter can only be found on some high peak in the Canadian wilderness.

And now, my Atlantic brother, we will suppose that you have wintered in Florida—which, I believe, is admitted to possess the most mild and pleasant climate of any Atlantic State—and what then? Why, just this: Had you spent only one day out of that winter on this coast, in our soft, mellow, dreamy climate, you would in that day have reaped more solid, soul-satisfying comfort, than in all the other three months. Then, had you received that single inspiration of summer breeze from off Sierra's silvered head, instead of Canada's harsh domain, you would have experienced a soul-elevating, body-invigorating, lung-developing sensation, which old Canada can never be the father of. Within the limits of the Golden State can be found almost any climate, from the nearly tropical to as cold as any would desire. The great Sacramento Valley tranquilly reposes in a climate that blossoms with never-ending summer; whilst seventy miles will place the traveler on a bank of snow, which has concealed *terra firma* from mortal gaze for ages. The climate in the Sacramento Valley, in the winter season, is a harmonious blending of all the climatic qualities of Italy, Greece, and Palestine combined. So says Bayard Taylor.

Perhaps by far the most awe-inspiring scene that it is possible for the mind of man to dwell upon, is to stand in that valley of perpetual summer, and look upon the adjoining mountains of perpetual winter. Can there be a more profound subject for contemplation than to live in summer, yet in the presence of winter? To visit the outskirts of the

beautiful city of Marysville, on a clear January day, and spend an hour in Flora's bounteous garden, and there inhale the balmy atmosphere, as it falls upon you as soft and sweet as a fresh-born zephyr from heaven, and raise the organs of vision to that mountain chain of snow, apparently not more than fifteen miles distant, and you will at once acknowledge that the contrast forms one of the most enchanting prospects that it is possible for the eye of mortal to dwell upon. That great body of snow is sixty-five or seventy miles from you; but you have only to mount the stage in the morning, and at night you are in its presence.

Reverse the scene. Four miles from where I now write, and in sight of where I now sit, a stupendous mountain (Pilot Peak), rears its giant head to as great an altitude as any other point of the Sierra Nevada, and on whose hoary head reposes a cap of snow, which has never been doffed since the advent of civilization in these parts. Upon the summit of that mighty monument of nature have I stood, and oh! that it were possible for me to delineate the mere outlines of that gorgeous view. But I cannot; no pen can do it, much less mine. It was grandly sublime to stand upon that heaven-towering pinnacle of ice, and listen to the voice of the angry waters as they wildly rushed on, in their mad career, through gorge after gorge, and cañon after cañon, as if each drop was contending with the other for an advance place on the final journey to the maternal bosom of the mother of waters. But raise your eyes, and glance over mountain, hill, and dale, and what is that, so bright and sparkling in the distance? It is the Sacramento Valley, blossoming in the summer of its luxuriance. Take another look still beyond, and what is that standing out so shadowy and so faintly as to be barely discernible from the blue ether above? It is the coast range of mountains, whose

flanks have been washed by the surging billows of the Pacific for ages upon ages. And what is that faintly distinguishable gorge? It is the Golden Gate!—the inlet to by far the most lovely and bountiful country that lies under the smiling, genial rays of an unclouded sun.

This is no fiction, reader. Such is the purity of our atmosphere, that you can stand on the top of the Sierra Nevadas, and look upon the Golden Gate—a distance of nearly three hundred miles!

THE FALSE MERCHANT.

SIR Felix was a warrior of high prowess, but therewithal of small possessions and slender income, and careful of his little patrimony. Summoned to the defence and rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, he looked around for one in whose hands he might repose confidence; for he had sold his few fields in order to raise a sufficient following of armed esquires to enable his banner to be raised with credit on the fields of Palestine. Some little of his money yet remained, and Sir Felix desired to place it with some man of trust, that it might remain for him, should he ever return from his hazardous expedition.

Among all the merchants of the imperial city no one bore a higher or more extended reputation than Cautus; from east to west, from north to south, his agents were in motion, and every nation recognised the power and the energy of the great Roman merchant; the wild hordes of the deserts of the east, and the roving bands of the Scythians, were alike in his pay—the hired guardians of the long files of camels, or the countless wagons that bore his goods from one nation to another people.

"His argosies with portly sail—
Like signors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea—
Did over-peer the petty traffickers,
That courtied to them, did them reverence,
As they flew by them with their woven wings."

To outward appearance, no man was more calm, or less excited by good or evil fortune, than Cautus. The least part of his affections seemed placed on his many ventures; he cared little how the wind blew, whether fair or foul, and seldom consulted his maps for the ports or

tracks to sailing.

"His venture
Nor to one part
Upon the sea
Therefore his

To this man

"Good Sir

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There are
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"Freely

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Cautus.
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tracks to or over which his vessels were sailing.

"His ventures were not in one vessel trusted,
Nor to one place; nor was his whole estate
Upon the fortune of a present year;
Therefore his merchandise made him not sad."

To this merchant Sir Felix went.

"Good Sir," said the knight, "I come to entrust you with the little that remains to me of my paternal fortune, after raising my followers for the Holy Land, and furnishing their and my equipments. There are a thousand pieces of gold; receive them in trust for me, should I ever return. If I fall in Palestine, take them to yourself. For no wife, nor child, nor relative have I, and of wealth none can I take with me to the grave."

"Freely do I receive the trust, Sir Knight, and honestly will I, if it so please you, employ your money until you shall receive back your own with interest."

"Nay, nay, good merchant, I am no trader; make thou what thou wilt of the gold, so that I do but regain my money on my return."

With these words Sir Felix turned to leave the house of the merchant, when Cautus stayed him.

"Sir Knight—stay, Sir Knight, until I can give you a written acknowledgment of the trust, and a bond to return it on your demand."

"Nay, nay, Sir Merchant," rejoined the knight, "no scholar am I. If I cannot believe the word of Cautus, how can his bond profit me?"

Years passed over before the merchant and the knight met again. Mixed fortune had followed the merchant; some of his ventures had gone to wreck, but the majority had come to a good market, and the wealth and reputation of Cautus was greater than ever. Far different had been the fortune of the crusader. His life indeed had been spared to him, but sickness had borne down his frame, and death in every form had destroyed one by one the gallant and faithful band that had followed his person. Eager to regain the small sum he had deposited in the hands of Cautus, the knight made his way to the imperial city.

Meanly clothed in a pilgrim's dress, Sir Felix entered the splendid house of the merchant.

"What news, Sir Pilgrim?" said Cautus.

"But little good, Sir Merchant. Dis-

ease and war wear down the bodies of the holy warriors, and dissensions weaken their strength. I, too, have suffered; and now I return to redeem the pledge with which I entrusted you on my departure."

"The pledge, good pilgrim—what pledge?"

"Dost thou not know me?" asked the knight, as he bared his face and heard. "Sore as disease has wasted me, many must there be that know me."

"Sir Pilgrim, I know thee not—who art thou?"

"Am I not the knight Sir Felix, and art not thou the merchant Cautus, in whose hands I placed a thousand pieces of gold, when I sailed for the Holy Land?"

"Nothing know I of thee or thine, Sir Knight; but come, if that thou sayest be true, show me my bond, and I will pay thee that I owe."

"I have no bond," replied the knight.

"No bond, Sir Knight; and yet wouldst persuade a merchant that thou didst entrust him with a thousand pieces of gold? Go to, ask of any man whether the merchant Cautus ever takes a pledge without giving his bond. Go to—thou art a bold impostor."

"If thou wilt deny thy trust, Sir Merchant, at least have pity on my distress, and of thy abundance give me that which thou dost deny me of my right."

"Away, sir—away, sir; to a ease of real woe and misery, the ears of Cautus and his wealth were ever open, but to an impostor he has nothing to give but punishment. Go, Sir Pilgrim, for thy garb's sake I refrain from giving thee up to justice."

Driven from the merchant's house amid the sneers and threats of Cautus and his subordinates, Sir Felix wandered haplessly through the noisy city, and sought the silence of the fields without its walls. Wandering along a bye-road, deeply grieving over his miseries, the knight met an old and feeble woman, dressed like himself in the weeds of a pilgrim. Hardly able to support herself on her staff, the old woman tottered along, stumbling over the stones that lay scattered in her path. In pity on her condition, Sir Felix moved some of the impediments out of her way, and assisted the devotee to a part of the road whereon her shoeless feet might walk with less pain and discomfort.

"Thanks, good father, for thy kindness. Old as I am, and sore worn with fasting, prayer, and travel, methinks my aged features bear a less mournful appearance than thine."

"Good mother," rejoined the knight, "sorely have I suffered in the Holy Land by disease and wounds; but now more grievous is my loss, for he to whom I had entrusted the little remnant of my property denies the pledge, and drives me from his house as an impostor."

When the old devotee heard the whole of the knight's story, she bade him take comfort and follow her advice: then the old devotee sent for a crafty workman, a man of trust and ability, and he made by her order ten large and fair chests of wood, well adorned with ornamented locks and hinges, and enriched with curious devices and colors on the outside. When these chests were well filled, she sent for ten porters, and told them to take the ten chests to the house of Cautus, each successive man to be at least several minutes after his predecessor. With the workmen she went herself to the merchant's house, and told Sir Felix to come in with the porter that brought the first chest.

"Good mother," said Cautus, as soon as he saw the old woman come tottering in, and recognized her as a devotee of great repute, "good mother, what can I do for thee?"

"My son," replied the old woman, pointing to the workman, "this my friend leaves Rome to-day for Egypt, and would find some safe place for his great wealth. To thee, my son, for thy known probity, have I brought him: and look, where the first of the ten chests in which it is contained is now being brought hither."

At this moment the porter entered with the first chest, and placed it with apparent difficulty on the ground. Hardly had Cautus expressed his thanks to the old devotee, and her supposed friend, before Sir Felix entered, and not far behind him was soon another porter staggering under the second chest. Only too glad to sacrifice the thousand pieces to obtain the treasure of the ten chests, the merchant hastened to Sir Felix and embraced him with every demonstration of joy.

"Ah, my friend, my dear Knight! where have you been? when did you return? Receive, I pray you, the gold you entrusted to my care, and take the inter-

est it has made during thy absence—three hundred like pieces. Come, my dear friend, receive thine own."

Whilst Cautus was paying Sir Felix his money, the ten chests continued to arrive, until the whole number were arranged on the floor, and gladdened the eyes of the merchant with their external glitter, and apparent weight.

"My son," said the old devotee, "there be yet more than these ten chests; we will go and see after them; do thou take care of these during our absence."

With these words the old devotee and the workman left the shop of Cautus and followed Sir Felix. Every day, every hour, Cautus expected their return, but they came not; the ten chests were borne into another warehouse, and the merchant regarded them as his own, as he had given no document for them. After much delay, his avarice overcame him, and he proceeded to open the first chest. The labor was great, but endured gladly in the hopes of the treasure within; at last, lock after lock was forced, and the lid kept down by its own weight alone. Sending every one away, Cautus entered the closet and approached the chest; with a trembling hand he raised the heavy lid, and held the lamp over the box, that he might better scan its contents. With a sudden scream he reeled backwards, and the lamp fell from his hand, and was broken on the stones with which the box was filled. With the three hundred pieces he had given to the knight, he had purchased nought but tons of pebbles.

THE GRAVE.

BY GRACE.

Thy grave is deep and stilly,
Fear round its brink abides;
With veil all dark and chilly,
An unknown land it hides.

Its silence is unbroken
By the sweet night-bird's song;
Affection's flowery token
Fades on the moss ere long.

Yet, there alone can mortals
Their rest, long wished-for, find;
There lies beyond those portals,
A home for all mankind.

The heart, long vainly pressing,
Through storms to reach the shore,
Finds peace, the priceless blessing,
Where it can bear no more.

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Our Social Chair.

IT IS subject matter of doubt if there be another spot on this wide earth, where social principles and social pleasures are more active and more appreciated, than in the golden State; and yet it is within the range of probability, to say, that it is equally doubtful, if any other spot can be found, where a similar number of intelligent persons enjoy themselves less socially than here. Yet it must be confessed that here there is a noble indifference to the usual ceremonials of personal acquaintance with both men and women, that is not found elsewhere. This arises in a great measure from the circumstances in which individuals here find themselves, and with the desire generally felt to meet the difficulties of their position half way.

Much of the lack of social enjoyment is doubtless attributable to the unexampled scarcity of women, especially in the mining districts, where, to this day, there is not an average of more than one woman to ten men; and as their society is generally monopolized by those who have been fortunate, and can show them a large share of attention, the chances for unlucky sinners are somewhat small. Of course there are many redeemable exceptions to this rule, but it will, as a rule, hold good with the majority notwithstanding. This necessarily excludes a large portion of earnest workers from all social pleasures, such as are accorded to the poorest in older States. In such conditions of social life, it is material for astonishment that so many have withstood these great trials to moral, physical, and intellectual health. Happily this cause is fast disappearing, and the genial influence of woman is being felt in the most remote settlements of the State; and when the present disproportion between the sexes is annihilated, the million-

ium of contentment will come, and this will be acknowledged

"Of every land the prime."

Well do we remember the first advent of a woman at a mining camp in the early day, and the reverence involuntarily accorded to her, especially on one occasion:—Some men were passing the cloth covered house in which she had been installed, when one of them who was busily talking, not having noticed their close proximity to it, was commencing to give utterance to some very emphatic adjectives, when one of his comrades called out in a loud whisper, "Bill—Bill! hush!"—and pointed to the cloth covered sanctuary of the woman; when he suddenly ceased, almost biting his oaths in two, and with a loud laugh made answer in a low voice, "I'd almost made an unthinking ass of myself before I was aware of it; I'll stand treat for that, Joe, when we reach the store." Thus is woman's influence and mission acknowledged—may she never act unworthily of it.

Mr. F. was the keeper of a hotel in the capital of one of the New England States, where the Solons and Lyncurguses of the State found ample accommodations, at the season when their legislative duties drew them to the capital. Among these were many sorts of men; the State representatives being sturdy, well-to-do men, composed of farmers, ship-builders, land speculators, lumber merchants, &c., &c.

Among them was a farmer of large landed estate, but noted for his parsimony and rigid habits of economy, and who would not scruple to take any measures, however penurious, to increase his already abundant store of wealth.

One morning he went to the landlord, and said, "Mr. F., I am delighted with the accommodations of your house, and the

way you supply your table is grand, sir, grand—good enough to feast a king; but, Mr. F., as I am a plain man, and not at all rich, I am afraid I shall not be able to stand the expense of such high living; besides, I am not used to it, and it will make me sick. Don't you think you could give me a seat at one end of the table, where there are but few dishes, and board me at half price? Come, don't be hard on a plain farmer, Mr. F."

"Well, I don't see as I can well do it," replied the landlord. "Provisions are uncommonly high this year: I can hardly live with the price I am now charging, and you are a representative, sir, and want to live like the others."

"But I am willing to live much plainer, Mr. F. There's your turkey fixins, and chicken fixins, and *varmicelli* fixins, I would not give a cent for them—that is, for myself; they are good enough for them that like them, and no doubt very genteel, and all that; but then, I am a plain farmer, Mr. F., I can live on most any thing. I can eat corned beef, and potatoes, and bread, and grow fat on that. Come, what say you to that, Mr. F.?"

"Well, as to corned beef, and potatoes, and bread—if you will agree to put up with them, I don't know but I will agree to board you at half price: but it must be kept a secret between us, Mr. G. I would not like to have my other boarders know that I had made such an arrangement with any man."

Our representative departed in high glee at the success of his plan of private economy, and Mr. F. laughed within himself, to think of the rich store of fun there was in prospect.

He called several of the waiters, and said to them: "You know Mr. G.? He is a rich man—a man of influence, and pays well for his accommodations. I want you to be particularly careful, and furnish him with all that the table supplies—in no case let him be neglected."

When the dinner hour arrived, Mr. G. took his seat at one end of the table, and

a waiter stood very obsequiously at his elbow.

"What shall I help you to, Mr. G.? Turkey, chicken-pie, venison, steak, roas-beef—which will you take, Mr. G.?"

"*Corned beef!*" exclaimed Mr. G., with a very decided voice, that was heard to the farthest end of the table—" *Corned beef!*"

The waiter took the plate, and the corned beef was furnished.

In a moment more, another waiter, seeing Mr. G.'s plate nearly empty, came hurriedly up behind him?"

"What shall I help you to, Mr. G.? Turkey, chicken-pie, veal, steak, venison?"

"*Corned beef!*" exclaimed Mr. G., beginning to perspire pretty freely, and at the same time coloring in the face as red as a cock-turkey.

More corned beef was brought and laid on his plate; but Mr. G. had not got it more than half swallowed, when another waiter, seeing the half empty plate, came up hastily behind him.

"What shall I help you to, Mr. G.? Turkey, chicken-pie, veal, steak, venison?"

Human nature could hold out no longer. Sweating like a race-horse, and suffocating with rage and vexation, he struck the handle of his fork down on the table, with the force of a sledge-hammer, and thundered out—

"Can't you understand me! you blundering thick-headed, numb-skulled rascals! I don't want any of your *turkey fixins*, or *chicken fixins*, or *varmicelli fixins!* I am not a *turkey boarder!* I am a regular *corned beef boarder!*"

The waiter started back in confusion; the representatives at the table, who had kept their ears open to all that had been going on, could hold in no longer; and, amid a roar of laughter that made the hall ring, Mr. G. was glad to make his escape to the open air.

THE Fourth of July might, with some shadow of truthfulness, be termed the Politician's Annual Sabbath; not, however, as "the golden clasp that binds together the

volume of the week," or low so happily expresses Sabbath of the Christian that particular and only hundred and sixty-five, of his country are not of his party, and when meet on one common pl the most glorious day yet

If from this day forward era could be inaugurated parties would love their only and seek its wealth interest and issue, it would pier and more glorious States, than it can possibly

Our ever welcome overflowing with the aesthetic and patriotic rejoicing from one end of the State excepting Mariposa, of somewhat sarcastically, ly, remarks, that in no reason to suppose the pugilistic encounter by Sayers, will supersede our National Independence Oh, L. A. Holmes, who the Mariposans "expect you go to," for that un-

In the same satirical much justice we leave was given in an East lowing:—

ADDRESS TO

Vote

Only a few hours you will be called up rights as freemen, and state your preference

Be Pro

Don't Wear Your

Patriotism does not of your other clothes Union.

Roll up Your Tro

Vote

Vote Fre

Vote

Keep on

When you get well go to another, but whom you like, and frequently.

volume of the week," or year, as Longfellow so happily expresses the seventh-day Sabbath of the Christians to be—but as that particular and only day of the three hundred and sixty-five, when the interests of his country are not secondary to those of his party, and when all Americans can meet on one common platform to celebrate the most glorious day yet known to history.

If from this day forward a purer political era could be inaugurated, and men of all parties would love their common country only and seek its weal above every party interest and issue, it would be a far happier and more glorious day to these United States, than it can possibly be now.

Our ever welcome exchanges are full to overflowing with the accounts of enthusiastic and patriotic rejoicings on that day, from one end of the State to the other—excepting Mariposa, of which, the *Gazette* somewhat sarcastically, although facetiously, remarks, that in future there is every reason to suppose that the day of the pugilistic encounter between Heenan and Sayers, will supersede the celebration of our National Independence in that vicinity! Oh, L. A. Holmes, where do you suppose the Mariposans "expect you to die when you go to," for that unfeeling assertion?

In the same satirical spirit, with how much justice we leave our readers to judge, was given in an Eastern paper, the following:—

ADDRESS TO VOTERS.

Voters!
Only a few hours will intervene before you will be called upon to exercise your rights as freemen, and at the ballot box state your preference for rulers and officers.

Be Prepared!
Don't Wear Your Best Clothes!
Patriotism does not require the sacrifice of your other clothes for the sake of the Union.

Roll up Your Trousers and Go In!

Vote Early!
Vote Frequently!!
Vote Often!!!

Keep on Voting!!!!
When you get well known at one Ward, go to another, but vote manfully, and for whom you like, and frequently—we insist, frequently.

Rally! Rally!! Rally!!!
To the Polls!

Save your country! Have you wives and children? Vote that those orphans may enjoy hereafter the political privileges you are enjoying, and let not the traitor and the treason strike them down. If they do hit, hit back—We need not suggest hitting hard when you hit.

Vote until Sundown!
Don't Lose a Chance!!

Put in all the Votes you can!!!
Go it! Go it!! Go it!!!

Swear in your votes! If you can't swear in your votes, swear at the Inspectors of the Election. Have a swear at somebody, at all events.

Vote always!
Never mind your dinner or supper, but stay at the polls and vote.

Vote considerably!
The more you drink the better you will feel. Moreover, the candidates pay for the liquor. See there is nothing left over, therefore.

In conclusion, we would say—
Continue Voting all day!!!!

We do not suppose that many of the readers of the *Social Chair* are in the habit of imbibing, but to such as are, we recommend the perusal of the following excellent description of "Washo Brandy," from the *Sierra Citizen*:—

A new and appalling sort of beverage is "on hand and offered for sale" at Virginia City. With frightful significance it is termed by surviving drinkers, "Washo Brandy." In comparison, "Minnie Rattle" and "Chain Lightning" are mild and soothing beverages, the drinking of which after the "Washo," is said to greatly relieve the internal scald. An acquaintance arriving somewhat exhausted, began to peer about for something to drink, and having been advised of a place where good liquor was to be had, incautiously swallowed thirty or forty drops of the Territorial destructive. The effect was instantaneous and appalling. He first turned white, then red, then round and round, and finally horizontal; his countenance at first depicting the emotions and physiological phenomena of a wild cat with her tail in chancery; afterwards his face is said to have assumed that smiling expression peculiar to travelers found in everlasting sleep in the Valley of Sardis. The man recovered, however, and describes the internal sensation as that of a stomach full of galvanic batteries, yellow hornets, pepper-sauce and vitriol!

Now if the above is not sufficient to make the reader somewhat of a Dashaway, we have no hope of him. Yet, if he wants further intellectual light, we refer him to a pamphlet just published by the Association, entitled "Alcohol, its Uses and Abuses," by Dr. I. Rowell.

"AM I NOT THINE ASS?"—Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching:

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that his written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and, if called upon, could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the most of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, charming the attention of the delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked anxiously around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his finger through his hair,

straightened his collar, blow his nose like the last trumpet, and he read aloud: "Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading a third time—"Am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit, at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said: "*I think I am, brother?*"

The Fashions.

Bonnets.

The prettiest for this month (August), are of crape, shirred. Some of our ladies have the mistaken idea that crape is not serviceable or suitable for our San Francisco climate; but if they will try it, they will find it both. Crape is also good to wear on all full dress occasions—at church, or carriage, promenade, or opera; for the last named, crape and allusion are almost the only suitable material. One of the handsomest we have noticed, was white crape, shirred crown and white allusion, front puffed; the cape was of white silk, covered with white blond spotted with black; on the front, a deep blond lace; on the right side, three large cabbage roses, intermingled with the lace—this forms the only trimming. Inside the front, full white tabs; at the sides and across the top, a wreath of full blown roses; wide white ribbon strings.

Another, very beautiful, is of rose colored crape and silk, mingled the same, and varying only in the lace, this being of black "Chantilly."

More on the subject of Bonnets would be superfluous, as all our lady readers, even in the most remote mountain gorges, know as much about the shape and size of the fashionable Bonnet as we ourselves do—need we say more?

Aprons are much worn, and made moderately small sized, say about two-thirds as long as the dress, and are of forty-inch wide silk, trimmed down the sides with silk buttons, surrounded by black lace, forming rosettes; tie with cord and tassel

to match. Silk and ionable for the hair, children and adult preferred for street much worn on the York. The most fashioning the hair, is to from the forehead.

No particular dresses; the skirts same length, &c., novel sleeve patterning description here and the "Pagoda," most admire the that is the case, we

Monthly Report

The Warren Fire paid a visit to the 14th, and after eighties, departed for

June 18th, the graph was complete county. On the one hundred guns of the event.

The mail steamer carried away 360 084 in treasure, J

Pedro Duenno, on the night of 15 whilst engaged in The owner of the gun of his own which the robber with fatal effect.

The steamer V at 9½ o'clock, made the trip to three days and for *Republican*, is the

On the 22d of of this State against the celebration of the uplands of and in favor of Ness ordinance, titles in favor of

As the Down the mountain on 21st, the outer and precipitated pic about one

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

to match. Silk and mohair Nets are fashionable for the hair, and are worn by both children and adults. Kid gauntlets are preferred for street gloves. Slippers are much worn on the promenades in New York. The most fashionable way of wearing the hair, is to curl, or comb it back from the forehead.

Dresses.

No particular change in the cut of Dresses; the skirts and waist are of the same length, &c., &c. There are a few novel sleeve patterns, but nothing deserving description here. The plain flowing, and the "Pagoda," divide attention; some most admire the tight sleeve, and when that is the case, wear it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The Warren Fire Company of Marysville paid a visit to the firemen of this city, June 14th, and after enjoying the usual hospitalities, departed for home on the 19th.

June 18th, the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph was completed to Visalia, in Tulare county. On the receipt of the first dispatch one hundred guns were fired there in honor of the event.

The mail steamship John L. Stephens carried away 360 passengers and \$1,644,084 in treasure, June 20th.

Pedro Duenna, a sluice robber, was killed on the night of 15th June, near Jamestown, whilst engaged in his nefarious calling. The owner of the sluice had placed a spring gun of his own invention on his boxes, which the robber inadvertently discharged with fatal effect.

The steamer Visalia arrived in Stockton at 9½ o'clock, P. M., June 19th, having made the trip to Fresno City and back, in three days and four hours. This, says the *Republican*, is the best time yet made.

On the 22d of June, the Supreme Court of this State made known its decision against the celebrated Peter Smith title to the uplands of the city of San Francisco, and in favor of Pueblo titles and the Van Ness ordinance, which relinquishes all city titles in favor of *bona fide* occupants.

As the Downieville stage was ascending the mountain above Goodyear's Bar, June 21st, the outer bank of the road gave way and precipitated the stage down the precipice about one hundred feet, severely in-

juring the face of the driver, while the passengers, three in number, escaped unhurt.

The corner stone of a large Masonic Temple was laid, with much ceremony, at the corner of Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco, June 24th.

The trips of the Pony Express, which were interrupted by the Indian war of Western Utah, was telegraphed as having again arrived safely at Carson City, June 23d, with St. Louis dates of the 15th.

The large Pavilion, intended for the forthcoming exhibition of the S. F. Mechanics' Institute, was completed June 20th. It is the largest room in the world—being 150 feet wide by 200 feet long.

A man named Denton was chopping wood, near Timbuctoo, when he found in the butt of a hollow tree a bag of gold dust worth \$7,000. It had been there, evidently, for a long time, and the owner is probably dead—otherwise he would have returned for it.

The stern-wheel steamboat Sam Soule was sunk a few miles above Colusa, on the 1st ult.

The schooner Ortolan, with a prospecting party of fifty gold hunters, whose destination is Behring's Straits, sailed from this port June 25th.

A large mass meeting was held in the new Pavilion of the Mechanics' Institute, on the evening of June 28th, in honor of the defeat, by the Supreme Court, of the Peter Smith title to city property.

A comet, supposed to be that known as the Charles V. Comet, was seen from Sacramento, for the first time in our day and generation, June 22d.

Another party of gold hunters took passage on the schooner Santiago, bound for Puerto La Union, with the intention of proceeding to Tlayapa, in the interior of Honduras.

The steamer Uncle Sam sailed for Panama, June 30th, and was the first of the steamers under the contract for tri-monthly trips between this city and New York. She took \$796,290 36 in bullion, and 221 passengers.

On the Fourth of July, (ult.), the first passenger train of cars was run on the Market street and Mission Dolores Railroad.

On the 3d June, the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the District Court, and allowed \$300,000 to McCauley & Tevis, lessees of the State Prison.

The Sonora sailed for Panama on the 11th ult., with 230 passengers and \$1,071,732 in treasure. As the contract for car-

rying the mails by steamer had expired, and the postmaster had received no instructions relative thereto, no U. S. mails were sent out by her. Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, however, carried letters at twenty cents each, and newspaper matter at twenty-five cents per pound. Five thousand letters and about 500 pounds of newspapers and magazines were thus conveyed.

Rock suitable for the manufacture of an excellent quality of building cement, was discovered on the ranch of Benito Wilson, at San Gabriel, Los Angeles county.

Mr. Barclay Woodward, a young ranchero, near the Mission of San Antonio, having fired at a grizzly bear and wounded him, was pursued and torn to pieces by the exasperated animal.

The Golden Age arrived on the 12th ult., with 530 passengers and the U. S. mails. This is the last mail to be received by sea, without a new contract.

The change of venue from San Francisco to San Rafael, for the trial of Judge Terry for shooting Senator Broderick in a duel, having been granted, the case came up for trial on the 6th ult.; but as the witnesses for the prosecution, subpoenaed from this city, did not arrive in time, and no postponement or delay being granted by Judge Hardy, Terry was discharged.

Mrs. M. G. Blanding, Vice Regent of the Mount Vernon Association in California,

reports that she has received, up to June 30th, \$11,973 81, collected by the lady agents in this State, for the purposes of the Society.

The eleventh semi-annual ball of the Hebrew Young Men's Literary Association, of this city, was given at the Academy of Music on the 11th ult., when a beautiful banner was presented to the Association by a committee of ladies.

Some extensive leads of copper were discovered in one of the spurs of the Monte Diablo, that give promise of becoming valuable.

The "State" and "Alta" lines of telegraph were consolidated on the 12th ult., under the name of the California State Telegraph Company.

The Daily Evening Mirror, a literary and news journal of eight pages made its debut on the 9th ult. Messrs. Daggett, Rutherford, and Foard, formerly of the Golden Era, are its enterprising proprietors. The issue of a large weekly edition was commenced on the 14th.

During the month of June, 2,488 books were taken out by the members of the Mercantile Library Association. They are classified by the Secretary as follows: Romance, 1,560 volumes; travels, 162; biography, 236; belles lettres, 177; miscellany, 115; history, 128; science, 84; religion, 23; poetry, 51; bound periodicals, 12.

Editor's Table.

GOOD Intentions are without doubt a great boon, both to the possessor and the world; yet, without other corresponding qualities, they become utterly inoperative, and consequently are null and void in the benefits they might otherwise confer. Many well-intentioned acts have doubtlessly passed all Legislatures, yet owing to some technical or obscure phraseology used by the framers of those Acts, designing and unprincipled men have made them subservient to their own selfish aggrandizement. Of such this State has had a most bounteous share.

Indeed many men have "served their country" as legislators, who would have done better to serve themselves, and their country also, by following some employment for which they were properly qualified. Yet many of these were men of good intentions; unfortunately, however, their knowledge and political sagacity were not in proportion; for, their labors proved that the amount they did *not* know, would make a respectable library of law books.

Then again by far too large a number have been elected, who have taken their seats in our legislative halls under implied

obligations, which they violated and repudiated. of looking into the future laws they have enacted themselves to be butto cats-paw service of knave. The injurious effects have been forcibly manifested month, to the citizens Mexican law gave to ca land within and around to actual settlers; and the Town Council, acted as to each *bona fide* resident and this quantity was succeeded. The Supreme Court has decided, that the land San Francisco for two being acquired and settled pueblo law, are held actual residents under the it is natural to suppose cision, every resident of from the representatives —the Board of Supervisors lot not previously donated an actual resident. But June, 1855, some unprincipled inveigled the city authorities an ordinance, which took the Mayor for the time being and which is consequent Van Ness Ordinance." settler west of Larkin and all the land they were the under *one hundred and sixty* actually abolished the letter of the Mexican pueblo the city received its title was log-rolled through the became a law, received the State Supreme Court in its recent decisions.

Now if a man has not to ten thousand dollars speculators for a lot which had previously guaranteed he must remain without orbitant rent for himself out the prospect of obtaining

obligations, which they have afterwards violated and repudiated. Others, instead of looking into the future workings of the laws they have enacted, have allowed themselves to be button-holed into the cats-paw service of knaves.

The injurious effects of such a course have been forcibly manifest within the past month, to the citizens of San Francisco. Mexican law gave to each Pueblo, all the land within and around it, for homesteads to actual settlers; and the *Ayuntamiento*, or Town Council, acted as trustees, donating to each *bona fide* resident fifty varas square, and this quantity was seldom or never exceeded. The Supreme Court of this State has decided, that the lands in, and around San Francisco for two leagues distant, being acquired and settled under Mexican pueblo law, are held and possessed by actual residents under the Pueblo title; and it is natural to suppose that from this decision, every resident of a city may obtain from the representatives of the old Pueblo—the Board of Supervisors—any fifty-vara lot not previously donated or occupied by an actual resident. But it is not so. In June, 1855, some unprincipled speculators inveigled the city authorities into passing an ordinance, which takes its name from the Mayor for the time being, Mr. Van Ness, and which is consequently known as "the Van Ness Ordinance." This gave to every settler west of Larkin and Johnson streets, all the land they were then in possession of under *one hundred and sixty acres*; and virtually abolished the letter as well as spirit of the Mexican pueblo law, under which the city received its title. This ordinance was log-rolled through the Legislature and became a law, received the sanction of the State Supreme Court, and was included in its recent decisions.

Now if a man has not from five hundred to ten thousand dollars, wherewith to pay speculators for a lot which the pueblo title had previously guaranteed him for nothing, he must remain without it, and pay an exorbitant rent for himself and family without the prospect of obtaining a homestead

at all, unless Fortune should favor him in some especial and unlooked for manner.

So much for the "Van Ness Ordinance," and loose legislation. But such are the men and such the acts that obtain precedence in our day and generation. God help us. And so long as public offices are foisted thither by partisan politics, and at the expense of high-minded and honorable principle, so long may the gilded jade "Good Intention" wince, and we and our posterity be made the unwilling sufferers, henceforth and forever. We fearlessly here assert, that any man—be he high or low, rich or poor—that loves his *party* better than his *country*, and sacrifices the latter to the former, is a TRAITOR.

We wish to call the attention of every lover of the State's progress, to the third great Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, to be held in this city, in September next. Producers of every kind, from the smallest and most insignificant article of consumption to the most elaborate work of art, should lend every energy to the task of producing something for this exhibition.

Already by means of this and similar institutions, a productive, self-reliant and self-sustaining spirit has been engendered, fostered and stimulated, so that a vast variety of raw materials have been brought to light—and a large proportion of goods, formerly imported, are now manufactured here. We earnestly invite every young man and woman throughout the State, to make something new for exhibition at the large Pavilion, in September next. Do not think of sending antiquated articles of your own manufacture—that, in reference to former exhibitions of this kind, may be termed ubiquitous—but send something that is new. We do not wish to be understood as reflecting upon the kind spirit that for variety has sent quaint commodities of a past age or generation, by no means; as by these we can see the progress made, and then receive a further stimulus

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Literary Notices.

THE TREASON OF CHARLES LEE, Major General, second in command of the American Army of the Revolution. By GEO. H. MOORE, Librarian of the New York Historical Society. Chas. Scribner, publisher, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

Books are as essential to a healthy intellectual life, as wholesome food is to the physical; and the study of a new volume is as invigorating to the mind as a good meal is to the body.

The author of the book before us seems to have been led to its production by obtaining unlooked-for possession of the actual proof of his treason—now presented to the world for the first time. And in order to make an interesting volume, Mr. Moore has traced the traitor's life step by step: the disappointed ambition of his career, before his visit to America; the insidious stealthiness of his manœuvring to gain the confidence of the patriots after his arrival; the assumption of a knowledge of military tactics, without any real demonstration of its possession; his ungovernable selfishness; the tardiness of his movements, from an evident inclination to defeat their successful issue, in order to bring Washington into disgrace, and thereby obtain for himself the first command of the army; his cringing servility to Lord and Gen. Howe, after being taken prisoner by Harcourt's command of light dragoons; his treasonable papers: all these are given with great force and accuracy, but when you come to the end of the volume, and expect to find his trial and condemnation, you are informed that these are to be given in some other volume. This annoys you, in the same way as when, having followed each character of an interesting narrative, you find that the concluding chapters are torn out, or the *denouement* is to be given in

a sequel. Still, it is an interesting volume, and is invaluable to United States history.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Derby & Jackson, publishers, New York: Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

Although this volume cannot now justly be classed among the *new* books, it is of such a character, that if it has not previously been in the possession of the reader, he will thank us for calling his attention to it. If we overlook its sectional character and tendencies, and take the story upon its own merits, it will enchain our admiring attention by its clear and beautiful pictures of New England life its brilliant and original imaginings; its terse and graphic delineation of domestic habits and customs; its etherialization and sublimation of love, so that we almost lose sight of the grosser surroundings, or inferior qualities of humanity, as we find it. Did space now permit, we should follow out our original intention of giving a few of its happiest sentiments and sentences by way of appetizer to the reader, but we must forbear, hoping that he will obtain the book and read the whole for himself.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY; OR, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, 1860. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. S. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. A. Roman, San Francisco.

The object and aim of this work is to give all the latest discoveries in natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, botany, zoology, astronomy, &c., and all the recent inventions and improvements of importance in every department of mechanics and the useful arts. It is a text-book of valuable records, and should be in every student's and experimenter's library.

SENATOR LATHAM will please accept our thanks for the *Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances*, for the year ending June 30th, 1860. Also, the Message from the President of the United States, at the commencement of the session of the thirty-sixth Congress; and other documents.

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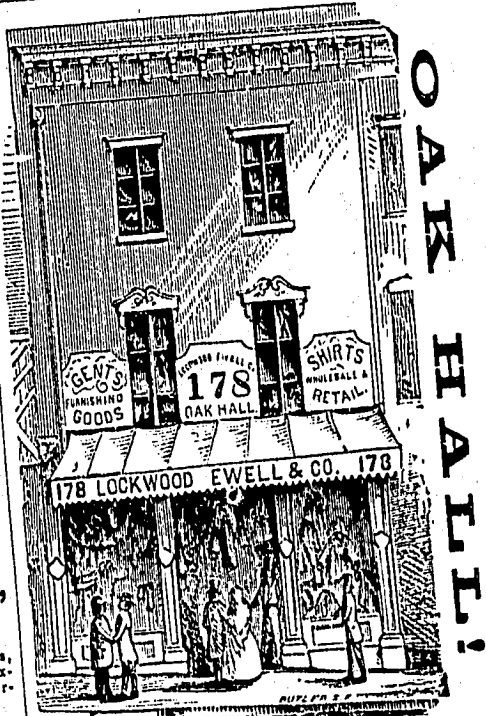
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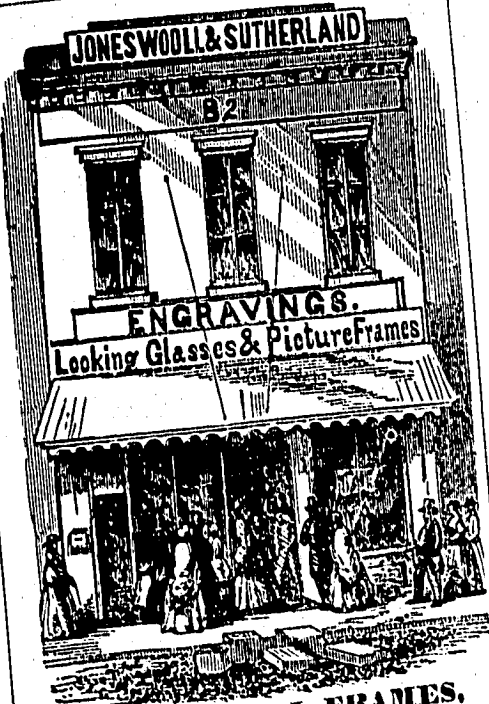
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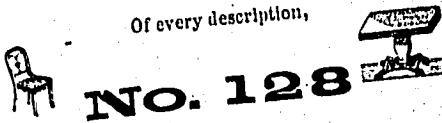
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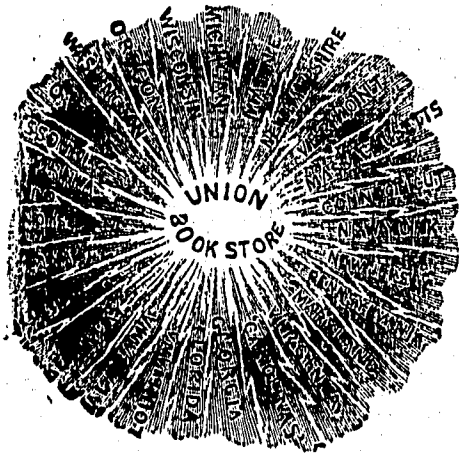
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