

To any Lady who will send us Six Annual Subscribers, we will send one copy of our Magazine, gratis, for one year.

Published Monthly.

Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 4.--OCTOBER, 1856.



PUBLISHED BY J. M. HUTCHINGS & CO.

201 CLAY STREET, PLAZA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Postage, one and a half cents per number, if paid quarterly in advance.

#6253

	PAGE.
COINING MONEY AT THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH MINT	145
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Front View of the S. F. Branch Mint. Assaying the "Clips." Making the Granulations. Drawing off the Acid from the Porcelain Pots. Running Gold into Ingots. Rolling and Cutting Room. Adjusting Room. Milling the Planchets. Separating the Planchets after Drying. Stamping into Coin.	
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE	154
SNOW-FALL	156
THE POISON OAK OF CALIFORNIA	157
STORY OF A LIFE	158
A PAGE OF THE PAST	159
DREAMS—A Reverie	161
I THINK OF THEE	162
AN INCIDENT IN THE INTERIOR OF HONDURAS	163
THE VINE BY MY FATHER'S DOOR	169
OLD FORTY-NINE—No. 1	170
WHEN IS OUR GEORGE COMING HOME	173
THE IRON HORSE	175
GOING TO CHURCH	176
ANNIE WHITTINGHAM	177
MY MOTHER	183
DR. DOT IT DOWN'S NOTES.—A Ghost Story	183
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY	186
CHAPTER VIII.—Still rather dark.	
EDITOR'S TABLE	188
A California Rifle. Letter from Mrs. Metwith. Answers to Contributors and Correspondents.	
LITERARY NOTICES	190
Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition Around the World. American Privateers and Letters-of-Marque. Music. A Sabbath Scene. I would not have thee young again.	
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT	191
A Little Story for Little Folks. My Dead Mother.	

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by James M. Hutchings, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the Northern District of California.

ERRATUM.—At the bottom of page 185, for *acres* read *miles*.

WHITTON, TOWNE & CO., PRINTERS, 151 CLAY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA

VOL. I.



COINING MONEY AT THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH MINT. On the north-west corner of the street, between Broadway and Market, there stands a building, with heavy iron shutters, and just peering over the top there is a large sign, in

[OCTOBER, 1856.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1856.

NO. IV.

PAGE.

BRANCH 145

Mint. Assaying off the Acid Rolling and pellets. Sep-tember. 154

..... 156

..... 157

..... 158

..... 159

..... 161

..... 162

AS 163

..... 169

..... 170

..... 173

..... 175

..... 176

..... 177

..... 183

..... 183

BERRY 186

..... 188

Answers to Con- 190

Around the Music. A 191



FRONT VIEW OF THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH MINT.

COINING MONEY, AT THE SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH MINT.

On the north side of Commercial street, between Montgomery and Kearny, there stands a dark, heavy looking building, with heavy iron bars, and heavy iron shutters, to windows and doors; and high above, standing on, and just peering over a heavy cornice, there is a large American eagle; looking down into the building, as if he

meant to see, and take notes, of all that is going on within, "and print 'em too." At his back there is a small forest of chimney stacks, from which various kinds of smoke, and different colored fumes, are issuing. This building is the Branch Mint of San Francisco. On the pavement, in front, stands a number of odd looking, square boxes, containing bottles with glass necks rising above the top, and in which are

in the Clerk's Office California.

files.

FRANCISCO.

#6253

the various kinds of acid used in the manufacture of gold and silver coin within.

In the street can be seen drays and wagons with men unloading supplies of various kinds for the Mint; express wagons with packages of the precious metal from all parts of the mines; men going up with carpet sacks hanging heavily on their hand, all desirous of having their gold dust converted into coin.

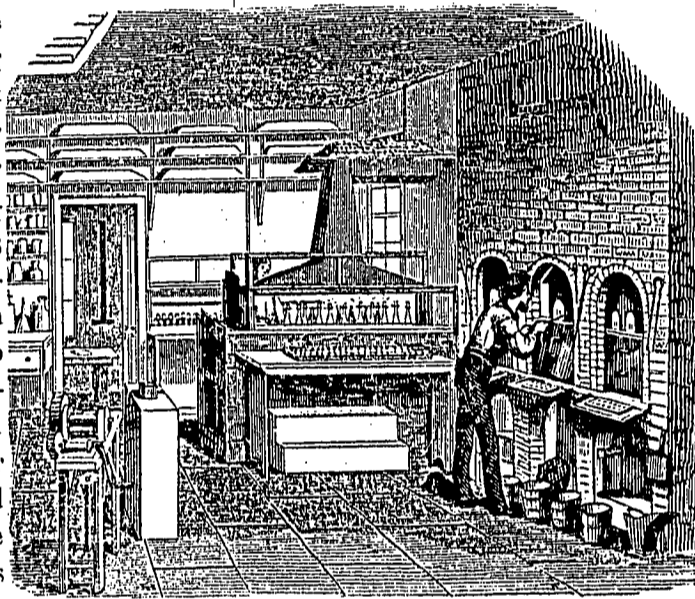
At the entrance door a man is sitting whose business it is to inquire your business whenever you present yourself for admission; and, if it is tolerably clear to him that you have no intention of obtaining a hatful of gold without a proper certificate; and more, that you have business dealings with Uncle Samuel;

or, at least, wish to see how gold and silver is made into coin; why, it is probable that you may be allowed to pass.

By the kindness of Mr. Lott, the Superintendent of the Mint, and the courtesy of the officers of the different departments, every facility was offered us for obtaining sketches, and all the necessary information concerning the *modus operandi* of coining, cheerfully given in all its branches.

To make the subject as plain as possible, we will suppose that the reader has just placed a bag of gold at the

Treasurer's counter, for the purpose of having it coined. Here the Receiving Clerk takes it, and after accurately weighing it, hands to the depositor a certificate for the gross weight of gold dust received, before melting. It is then sent to the *Melting Room*, where it is put into a black-lead crucible, melted, (each deposit is melted by itself,) and run into a "bar." A "chip," weighing about a tenth of an ounce, is then taken from each end of the bar, at

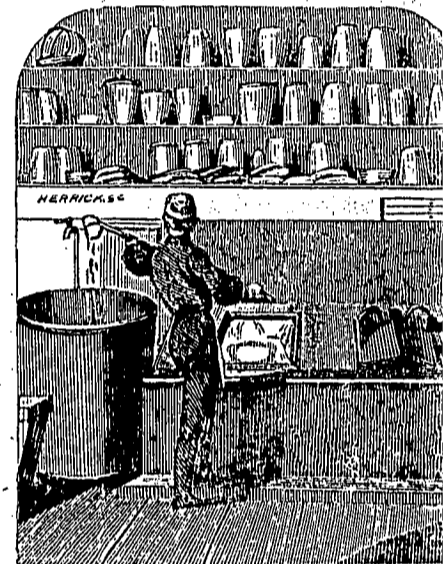


ASSAYING THE "CHIPS."

opposite corners,—one from the top, the other from the bottom side. These chips are then taken to the *Assay Room* where they are carefully analyzed, by chemical process, and the exact amount of gold, silver, and other metals contained in each chip, accurately ascertained. The Assayer then reports to the Treasurer the exact proportion of gold, silver, and other metals, found in the chips. The standard fineness of the whole bar is then determined, and the value of the deposit ascertained; it then awaits, in the Treasurer's Office, the orders of the depositor. When it

is withdrawn, the depositor presents his certificate to the Superintendent Clerk, who issues a warrant upon the Treasurer for the nett value of the deposit; and, upon the payment of the warrant, in coin, or bar, the Treasurer delivers the Mint memorandum, which contains the weight of the deposit before and after melting, fineness, nett value, &c., &c.

To facilitate business and prevent delay, a large amount of coin is always kept on hand, so that depositors are not



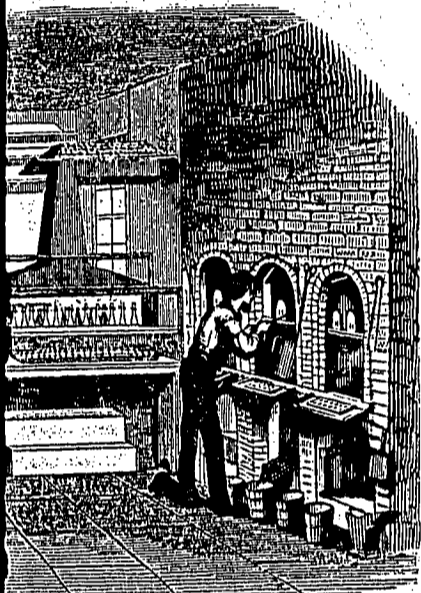
MAKING THE GRANULATIONS.

required to wait until the gold dust taken in, is coined; but the moment the value is ascertained from the Assayer the value is promptly paid the depositor: this is a great public convenience.

Now with the reader's permission let us see the gold bars accurately weighed in the Treasurer's Office; and let us carefully watch the many and interesting processes through which they must pass while being converted into coin.

On leaving the Treasurer's hands they are first sent to the *Melting Room*, where, as California gold contains from three to twelve per cent. of silver,

asurer's counter, for the purpose of
ing it coined. Here the Receiving
rk takes it, and after accurately
ghing it, hands to the depositor a
ificate for the gross weight of gold
received, before melting. It is
n sent to the *Melting Room*, where it
out into a black-lead crucible, mel-
, (each deposit is melted by itself),
l run into a "bar." A "chip," weigh-
about a tenth of an ounce, is then
en from each end of the bar, at

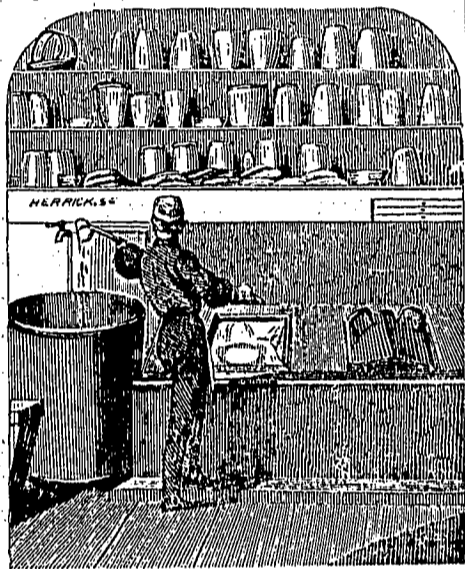


ING THE "CHIPS."

posite corners,—one from the top,
e other from the bottom side. These
ips are then taken to the *Assay Room*
ere they are carefully analyzed, by
emical process, and the exact amount
gold, silver, and other metals con-
ined in each chip, accurately ascer-
ined. The Assayer then reports to
e Treasurer the exact proportion of
ld, silver, and other metals, found in
e chips. The standard fineness of
e whole bar is then determined, and
e value of the deposit ascertained;
then awaits, in the Treasurer's Office,
e orders of the depositor. When it

is withdrawn, the depositor presents
his certificate to the Superintendent's
Clerk, who issues a warrant upon the
Treasurer for the nett value of the
deposit; and, upon the payment of this
warrant, in coin, or bar, the Treasurer
delivers the Mint memorandum, which
contains the weight of the deposit be-
fore and after melting, fineness, nett
value, &c., &c.

To facilitate business and prevent
delay, a large amount of coin is always
kept on hand, so that depositors are not



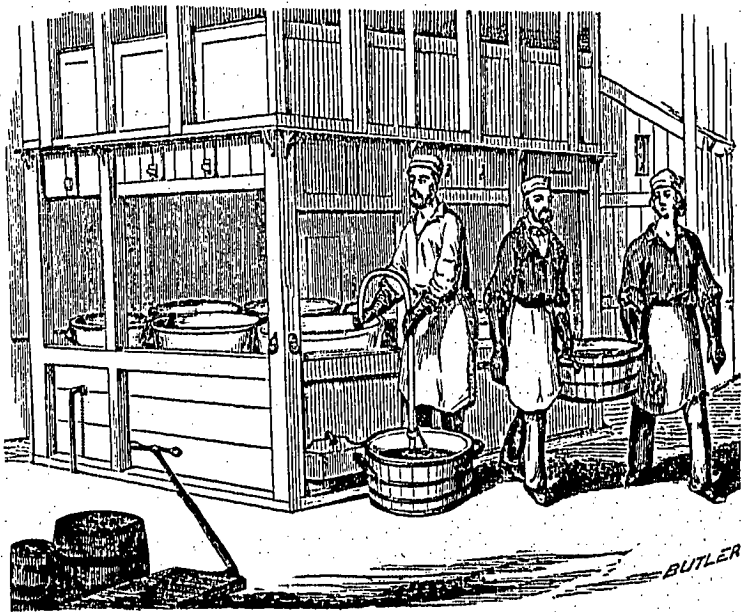
MAKING THE GRANULATIONS.

required to wait until the gold dust taken in, is coined; but the moment its value is ascertained from the Assayer, the value is promptly paid the depositor: this is a great public convenience.

Now with the reader's permission let us see the gold bars accurately weighed in the Treasurer's Office; and let us carefully watch the many and interesting processes through which they must pass while being converted into coin.

On leaving the Treasurer's hands they are first sent to the *Melting Room*—where, as California gold contains from three to twelve per cent. of silver, it

becomes necessary in order to extract it, to alloy the gold with about twice its weight of silver; and thereby destroy the affinity of the gold for the silver, this enables the acid to act upon the silver. For this purpose, the gold and silver are melted together; and, while in a hot and fluid state, is poured gradually into cold water, where it forms into small thin pieces somewhat resembling the common pop-corn in appearance, and these are called "granulations." The *Granulations* are then conveyed from the *Melting Room* to the *Refining Room*; where they are placed in porcelain pots, that are standing in vats lined with lead. Nitric Acid is then poured in upon the granulations, in about the proportion of two and a half pounds of acid, to one of gold; and, after the porcelain pots are thus filled sufficiently, the shutters, by which they are surrounded, are fixed closely down, and the granulations and acids boiled by steam for six hours, by which process the silver and all the base metals are dissolved, while the gold lies upon the bottom untouched. The bright orange colored vapor that we see issuing from the top of one of the chimneys of the Mint is generated from this process. After boiling, the solution is drawn out of the pots by means of a gold syphon, (worth over two thousand dollars) into small tubs; it is then carried and emptied into a large tub or vat, twelve feet in diameter and six feet in depth—where a stream of salt water is poured upon it, which precipitates the *nitrate of silver* contained in solution, and it becomes *chloride of silver*. The chloride is then run out of the vat into large filters, where it is washed until the water es-



DRAWING OFF THE ACID FROM THE PORCELAIN POTS.

escaping from the filter is perfectly free from the acid. The chloride of silver is then taken out of the filter and placed in a "reducing vat" where it is mixed with *granulated zinc* and water: oil of vitriol is then poured in upon it, where by the action of the oil of vitriol upon the zinc and the water, *hydrogen gas* is generated; which, combining with the *chlorine* of the *chloride of silver* forms *muratic acid*, and leaves pure metallic silver, in fine powder, at the bottom of the reducing vat.

The silver is then taken out, and again washed carefully for the purpose of removing the acid, and the chloride of zinc that has been formed by the action of zinc upon the chloride of silver while in the reducing vat.

After the silver is thus thoroughly washed, it is placed in a hydraulic press, and subjected to the enormous pressure of twelve thousand pounds to the square inch, and the water nearly all forced out of it, leaving a compact, circular cake of silver, about ten inches

in width, by three in thickness. These cakes are then placed on a drying-pan, and the remaining moisture dried out. The silver is now ready for melting, and making into coin; or, for use in the granulating process.

Now, if you please, let us return to the porcelain pots, and notice what becomes of the *gold* left in the bottom. This is now subjected to another boiling process of six hours, in fresh nitric acid in about the same proportion as before, during which time it is frequently stirred, to enable the acid to permeate the whole of the gold in the pot.

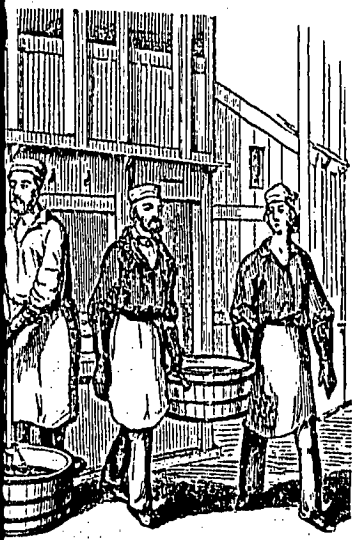
After this second boiling the acid is baled out (and saved for the first boiling process) and the contents of the porcelain pots emptied into a filter, where it is well washed with hot water, prepared expressly for this purpose, and the remaining nitrate of silver is entirely washed out, leaving nothing but pure gold. The water is now pressed out in the same manner as it was from the silver, and the cakes

locked up in a
about three hours
out and are ready

Let us now go
There we find
among "crucible
got-moulds; and
the furnace, and
cover, and the
upon the eyes; d
we can see the
ceive the precious
then put into it, w
of copper to rec
1000 to 900. Th
off into what a



"shoe-moulds."
termed "tough
assayed, for the
the exact amo
added to reduce
United States'
coin. It is then
duced to the
which it is ru
and is again



BUTLER

THE PORCELAIN POTS.

width, by three in thickness. These
 kes are then placed on a drying-pan,
 and the remaining moisture dried out.
 The silver is now ready for melting,
 and making into coin; or, for use in
 the granulating process.

Now, if you please, let us return to
 the porcelain pots, and notice what be-
 comes of the gold left in the bottom.
 This is now subjected to another boil-
 ing process of six hours, in fresh nitric
 acid in about the same proportion as
 before, during which time it is frequent-
 ly stirred, to enable the acid to perme-
 ate the whole of the gold in the pot.
 After this second boiling the acid is
 poured out (and saved for the first boil-
 ing process) and the contents of the
 porcelain pots emptied into a filter,
 where it is well washed with hot water,
 prepared expressly for this purpose,
 and the remaining nitrate of silver is
 entirely washed out, leaving nothing
 but pure gold. The water is now
 pressed out in the same manner as it
 was from the silver, and the cakes

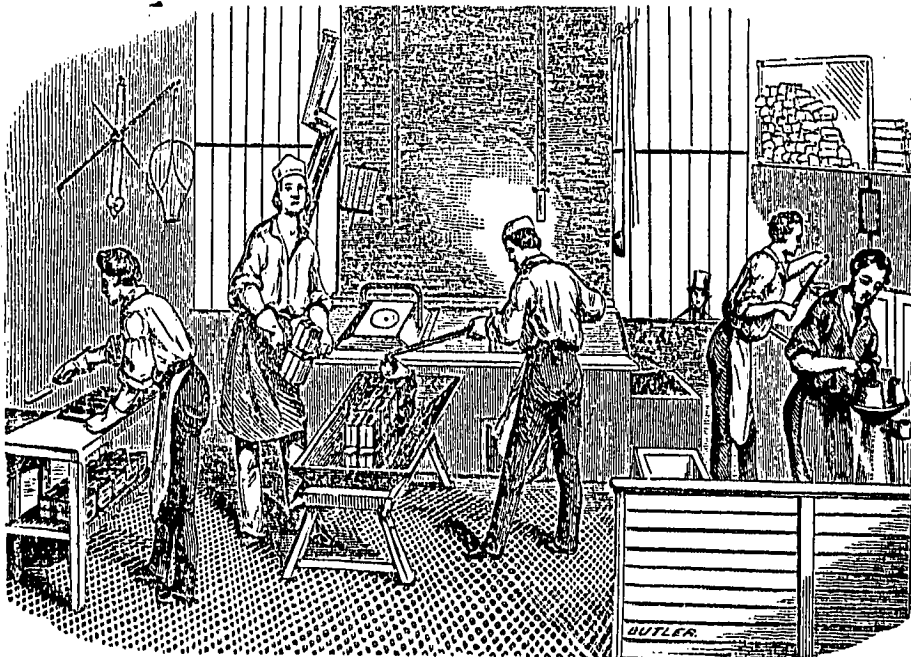
locked up in a drying furnace for
 about three hours, when they are taken
 out and are ready for melting.

Let us now go to the *Melting Room*.
 There we find men moving about
 among "crucibles," "shoe" and "in-
 got-moulds," and what not, in front of
 the furnace, and as they lift back the
 cover, and the bright light breaks
 upon the eyes; down in the white heat
 we can see the crucible, ready to re-
 ceive the precious metal. The gold is
 then put into it, with a sufficient amount
 of copper to reduce the standard of
 1000 to 903. The gold is then run
 off into what are technically called

whether it is now of the fineness re-
 quired.

These ingots of standard gold, each
 weighing about sixty ounces, of which
 there are from thirty-six to forty in one
 "melt" are then "pickled," which,
 being interpreted, means, to heat them
 red-hot and immerse them in sulphuric
 acid water, which cleans and partially
 anneals them. They are then deliv-
 ered by the Melter and Refiner to the
 Treasurer, who weighs them accurately
 and then delivers them to the *Coiner*.

The ingots thus delivered, for twen-
 ty dollar pieces, are about 12 inches in
 length, about 1 inch and 7-16ths in

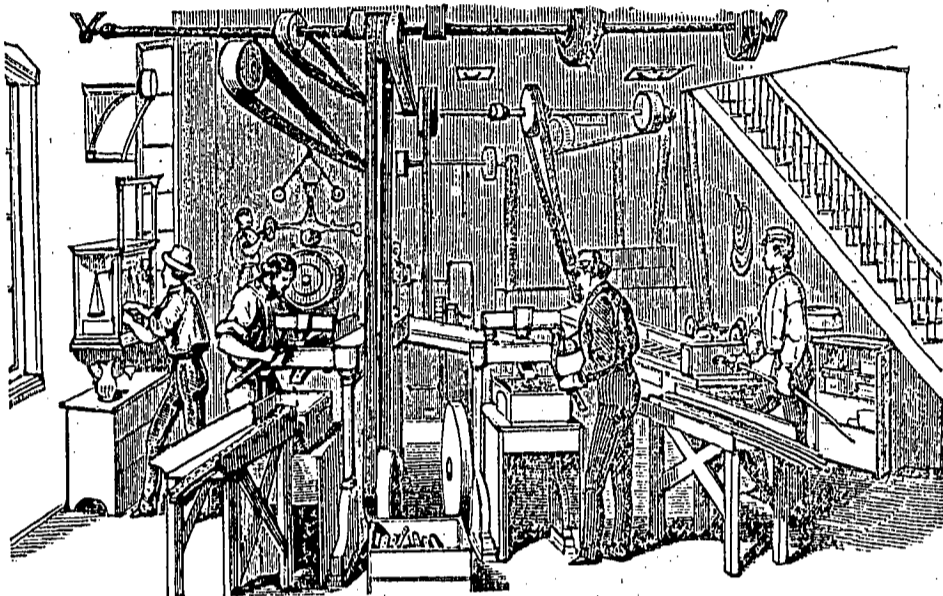


RUNNING THE GOLD INTO INGOTS.

"shoe-moulds." The bar thus run is
 termed "toughened bar." It is again
 assayed, for the purpose of knowing
 the exact amount of copper to be
 added to reduce it to 900-1000, or the
 United States' standard fineness of
 coin. It is then again melted and re-
 duced to the above standard; after
 which it is run into "ingot-moulds,"
 and is again assayed, to determine

width, and about 1-2 an inch in thick-
 ness; yet for every different sized coin
 the width varies to suit.

They are now removed to the *Roll-
 ing Room* where the ingots pass thir-
 teen consecutive times through the rol-
 lers, and at each time decrease in
 thickness, and increase in length, until
 they are about three feet six inches long;
 they are then taken to the *Annealing*



ROLLING AND CUTTING ROOM.

Room, enclosed in long copper tubes, and securely sealed to prevent oxidation or loss of the metal. They are now placed in the annealing furnace, where, after remaining for about forty-five minutes in sealed tubes, they are taken out and cooled in clear water. The "strips" of gold are now ready for rolling to the finished thickness and are re-taken to the *Rolling Room* for that purpose; and are afterwards returned to the *Annealing Room* and subjected again to a red hot heat for forty-five minutes, and again cooled as before.

These "strips" are now carried to the *Drawing and Cutting Room*, where they are first pointed; then heated, by steam; then "greased," with wax and tallow; and are then ready for the draw-bench. The point of the strip is then inserted in the "draw-jaw" and the whole strip is drawn through the "jaw" which reduces it exactly to the required thickness for coining. The strips thus gauged are then taken to

the "cutting press," where, from the end of each strip a "proof-piece" is "punched" and accurately weighed; and, if found correct is punched into "blanks" or "planchets" at the rate of about one hundred and eighty per minute. Should any of the strips be found too heavy, they are re-drawn through the "draw-jaw." If too light, they are laid aside to be regulated, by what is technically termed the "doctor"—a process by which the strip is made concave, before the planchets are cut out, and which gives them the required weight. This is an improvement only in use in the San Francisco Branch Mint and is, we believe, the invention of Mr. Eckfeldt, the Coiner; and by which some thirteen thousand dollars in light strips are saved from re-melting every day. Simple as the fact appears, it prevents the melting of about four millions of dollars per annum, and is doubtless, a great saving to the public.

After the blanks or planchets are

cut out, the strips are put in a convenient shape, and sent to the Coiner, who, after being examined, prepared, and counted for the day, are sent to the planchets, and the amount received by the Treasurer.

They are then sent to the Treasurer, weighed and counted, and the amount received by the Treasurer.

The blanks are then sent to the cutting-press, where they are



soap-suds, from the mint, and dried in a... and then conveyed to the office to be weighed. They are sent to the Treasurer, and each piece is... those found to



CUTTING ROOM.

the "cutting press," where, from the end of each strip a "proof-piece" is "punched" and accurately weighed; and, if found correct is punched into "blanks" or "planchets" at the rate of about one hundred and eighty per minute. Should any of the strips be found too heavy, they are re-drawn through the "draw-jaw." If too light, they are laid aside to be regulated, by what is technically termed the "doctor"—a process by which the strip is made concave, before the planchets are cut out, and which gives them the required weight. This is an improvement only in use in the San Francisco Branch Mint and is, we believe, the invention of Mr. Eckfeldt, the Coiner; and by which some thirteen thousand dollars in light strips are saved from re-melting every day. Simple as the fact appears, it prevents the melting of about four millions of dollars per annum, and is doubtless, a great saving to the public.

After the blanks or planchets are

cut out, the strips are bent in a convenient shape for re-melting, and are sent to the Coiner's Office to be weighed, preparatory to making up his account for the day, and which, with the planchets, must make up the gross amount received in the morning from the Treasurer.

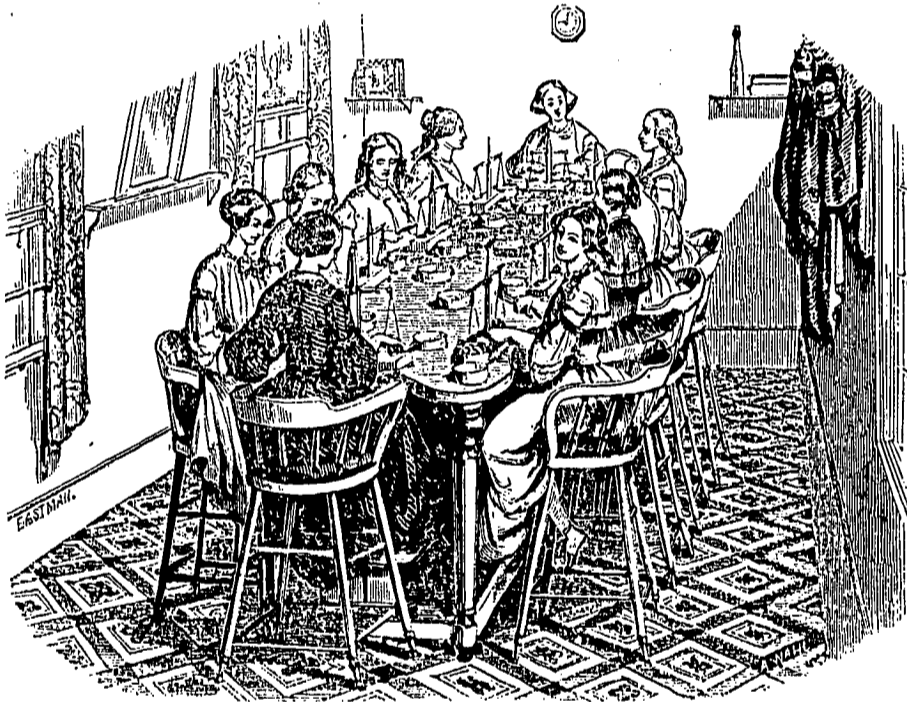
They are afterwards delivered to the Treasurer, by whom they are again weighed and then sent to the Melter and Refiner to be again cast into ingots.

The planchets are then carried from the cutting-press to the *Cleaning Room* where they are boiled in very strong

for re-melting; and those which are too heavy are reduced, by filing, to the standard weight. All the planchets thus adjusted, are then re-taken to the Coiner's Office, and, with the filings and light planchets, are carefully weighed, and that weight must tally with the gross amount of the planchets delivered to the Adjustors during the day.

The work of "adjusting" is performed by females of whom from ten to fifteen are employed, according to the amount of labor to be accomplished.

From the adjusting room the planchets are taken to the *Milling Room*, where they are dropped into a tube,

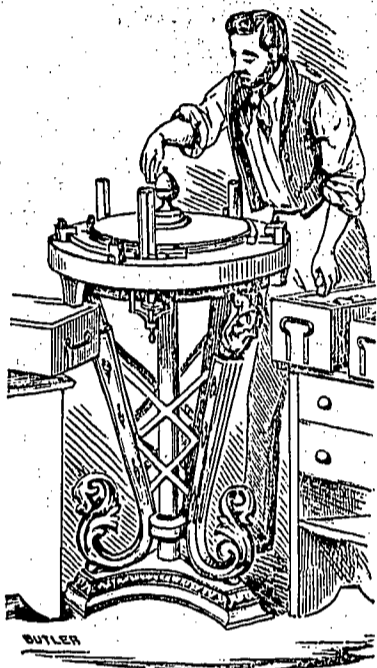


ADJUSTING ROOM.

soap-suds, from which they are taken and dried in a pan, heated by steam, and then conveyed to the Coiner's Office to be weighed. After which, they are sent to the *Adjusting Room* where each piece is separately weighed, and those found too light, are condemned

belonging to the "milling machine," and by means of a revolving circular steel plate, with a groove in the edge, and a corresponding groove in a segment of a circle, the planchets are borne rapidly round, horizontally, by which process the edges are thickened,

and the diameter of the planchet accurately adjusted to fit the collar of the



MILLING THE PLANCHETS.

“coining press.” After “milling” they are returned to the Coiner’s office and again weighed, to ascertain if the weight is correct.

They are then sent to the *Annealing Room*, where they are put into square cast-iron boxes, with double covers, carefully cemented with fire-clay, and placed in the annealing furnace, where they are subjected to a red heat for about an hour, when they are taken out and poured into a “pickle” containing diluted sulphuric acid. By this process they are softened and cleansed; and after they are rinsed with hot water they are well dried in saw-dust heated by steam, taken out and returned to the Coiner’s office, where they are again weighed, and afterwards carried to the *Coining Room*, to be “stamped.” This process is performed by dropping the planchets into the tube in front of the machine, from

whence they are carried by “feeders” to the “collar,” into which they are dropped upon the lower die: the head die then descends, and by its immense power displaces every particle of gold in the planchet, and gives the impression upon both sides of the coin and the fluting on the edge, at the same moment. At every motion, the “feeders” not only take a planchet to the collar, but at the same time push the coin, previously struck, and now perfect, from the lower die, which rises and falls for the purpose at each revolution of the wheel, from whence the coin slides into a box underneath.

From the Coining Room they are again taken to the Coiner’s office where they are weighed, counted and delivered to the Treasurer for payment to depositors.

There is one piece always taken out of about every sixty thousand dollars, coined into double-eagles, and a similar amount from smaller coins, which are



CLEANING THE PLANCHETS.

sent to Philadelphia, and carefully preserved for examination at the “judg-

ment day,” as it is pressively called annually at Philadelphia superintendence pointed by the U.

We are surprised amount of coin time, in such a convenient building; that every man w others’ way; and may lie, we think able economy, th without delay.

The following nished, by the large amount of

COINAGE AT THE
From its Commencement

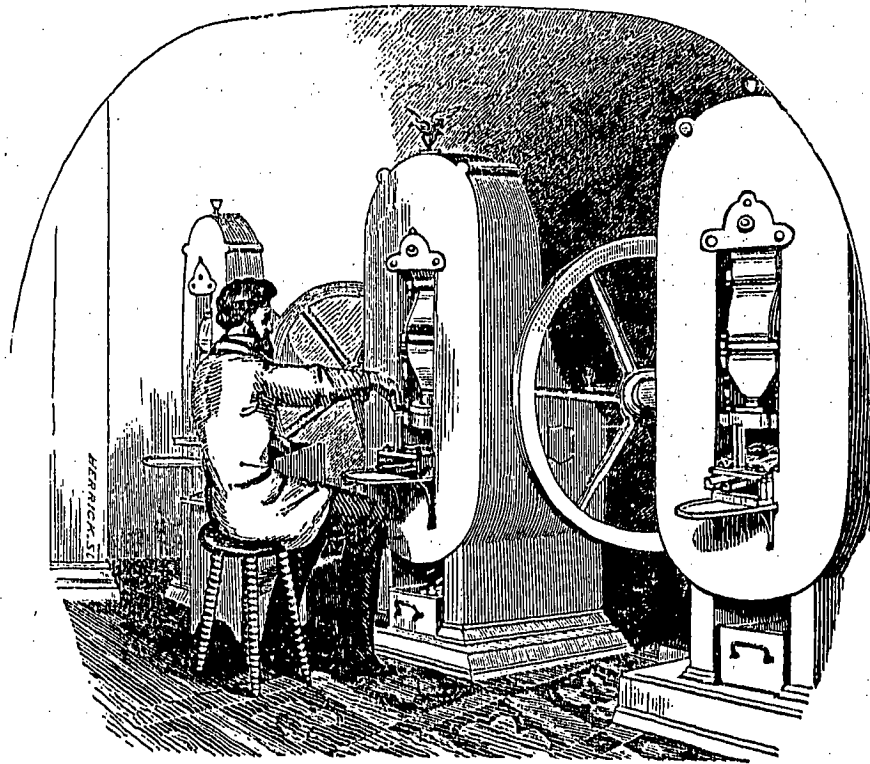
Gold Coin	
Double Eagles	8
Eagles
Half Eagles
Quarter Eagles
Gold Dollars
Bars
To the
Silver C

...ce they are carried by "feeders" ...
 ...e "collar," into which they are ...
 ...ped upon the lower die: the head ...
 ...then descends, and by its immense ...
 ...er displaces every particle of gold ...
 ...e planchet, and gives the impres- ...
 ...upon both sides of the coin and ...
 ...fluting on the edge, at the same ...
 ...ent. At every motion, the "feed- ...
 ...not only take a planchet to the ...
 ...r, but at the same time push the ...
 ...previously struck, and now per- ...
 ...from the lower die, which rises ...
 ...alls for the purpose at each revo- ...
 ...n of the wheel, from whence the ...
 ...slides into a box underneath. ...
 ...om the Coining Room they are ...
 ...aken to the Coiner's office where ...
 ...are weighed, counted and deliv- ...
 ...to the Treasurer for payment to ...
 ...itors.

...ere is one piece always taken out ...
 ...out every sixty thousand dollars, ...
 ...d into double-eagles, and a similar ...
 ...nt from smaller coins, which are



CLEANING THE PLANCHETS.
 ...to Philadelphia, and carefully pre-
 ...ed for examination at the "judg-



STAMPING INTO COIN.

ment day," as it is curiously and ex-
 pressively called, which takes place
 annually at Philadelphia, under the
 superintendence of commissioners ap-
 pointed by the U. S. government.

We are surprised at the aggregate
 amount of coin produced in so short a
 time, in such a small and very incon-
 venient building; for, it seemed to us
 that every man was more or less in the
 others' way; and wherever the fault
 may lie, we think it of very question-
 able economy, that requires a remedy
 without delay.

The following statement, kindly fur-
 nished us by the officers, will show the
 large amount of

COINAGE AT THE U. S. BRANCH MINT,
 From its Commencement up to September 15th, 1856.

Gold Coinage for 1854.	
Double Eagles.....	\$2,220,360 00
Eagles.....	1,232,260 00
Half Eagles.....	1,340 00
Quarter Eagles.....	615 00
Gold Dollars.....	14,632 00
	<hr/>
Bars.....	\$4,084,207 00
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$5,631,151 43
Silver Coinage - None.	

1855.	
Double Eagles.....	\$17,643,500 00
Eagles.....	90,000 00
Half Eagles.....	305,000 00
Three Dollar Pieces.....	19,800 00
	<hr/>
Bars.....	\$18,058,300 00
	<hr/>
	\$359,377 43
	<hr/>
	\$21,417,677 43

Silver Coinage.	
Half Dollars.....	\$64,075 00
Quarter Dollars.....	99,100 00
	<hr/>
	\$164,075 00
	<hr/>
Total Coinage, 1855.....	\$21,581,752 43

1856.	
Double Eagles.....	\$19,395,000 00
Eagles.....	600,000 00
Half Eagles.....	455,500 00
Quarter Eagles.....	122,800 00
Three Dollar Pieces.....	73,500 00
Gold Dollars.....	24,000 00
	<hr/>
Bars.....	\$20,671,400 00
	<hr/>
	3,047,001 28
	<hr/>
	\$23,718,401 28

Silver Coinage.	
Half Dollars.....	\$105,500 00
Quarter Dollars.....	71,500 00
	<hr/>
	\$177,000 00
	<hr/>
Total Coinage, 1856.....	\$23,895,401 28

RECAPITULATION.	
1854.....	\$9,715,356 43
1855.....	\$21,581,752 43
1856.....	\$23,895,401 28
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$55,192,510 14

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

There is no information, more satisfactory, to form materials of judgment, than satisfactory evidence. Yet this, like all other human aids, is subject to error, where the mind becomes too much biased by it, as to shut out rational probability.

Judges, knowing this, are careful, in their charges to juries to draw clearly the line of demarcation that distinguishes certainty from doubt; yet, notwithstanding all their care, remarkable instances have occurred where human life has been forfeited to its fallacy; and long imprisonment, to its natural dictates.

Some remarkable instances of this kind of presumptive evidence, are worded in the second volume of that admirable work Chamber's Miscellany; where, life even has been destroyed, well worthy of the reader's perusal. Indeed, it is the duty of every thinking person, who may be called upon in the course of his life to serve upon a jury, to bear such instances in mind. Of the latter description,—where life has been only spared, I will relate an instance never before published.

My grandfather, a wealthy yeoman, residing at a place called Headeorn, had occasion to attend a cattle market, held in the county town of Maidstone, in Kent, England. As the distance was somewhat considerable, he left every thing home of importance, except his gold watch and appendages, which, at the time I am speaking, some hundred and fifty years ago,—was of sufficient value to be of great consequence. Jogging along on "his ambling pad pony" he came up with a

fellow horseman; and without ceremony, as was his wont, soon fell into conversation with him. He found him, I suppose, a man of much information, and travel, and when they had arrived at the end of their day's journey; where the coach started for the metropolis—London; my grandfather invited his fellow traveler to take dinner with him; but he having pressing business, as he said, on the way, was obliged to refuse the civility; but the old gentleman would insist upon his alighting to take one parting glass at least. At dinner, my grandfather, who always retired early to bed, especially while travelling, put his hand to his fob, to draw out his watch, to observe the time; but to his astonishment, discovered that it was gone. At a considerable expense to the old gentleman, the hue and cry was soon raised, and no expense being spared, the country for miles round was scoured in all directions; but no sign of the watch or its purloiner appeared for nearly a year after. In due time an advertisement having appeared in all the London papers, a watch, answering in every particular to the description given, was traced to have been pawned three days after it was missed, at a house in Sheffield; and in a short time afterwards, the person, who had pawned it, was discovered, and lodged in confinement, to await his trial on suspicion of the theft.

The pawn-broker was unable to produce the article pledged, for his house had been burnt to the ground some months previously; but the transaction was so vivid in his mind, and the watch and appendages so well described in one of the books saved from the wreck

CIR
of his property, that the judge, and the jury, on the not but coincide in a verdict. The description tallied everywhere on the seal, which was with more than usual accuracy the circumstance, as the alleged, of the watch being a valuable one, such effects, called the judge remarked in his the jury, a commendable his part.

The man, after conviction the sentence of transportation as he was supposed to be stamp, for his obstinacy in offer one witness to his poor character. Some twelve years rolled on, and the affair connected with it appeared ly forgotten; when the roof aforesaid, losing all its traces circumstance of a shorter made to the next town in direction, the house fell to cer's hammer. It was London tradesman, who make it his retiring residence taking the old dilapidated to make room for the interiorment; an old saddle was hanging to the wall near most stall; and, on taking peg, a gold watch, chain, were discovered attached which held the strap of The former landlady, no man, was applied to for respecting it, when she fortunately the circumstance father was communicated the subject, and, the presided at the trial, (I believe Guernsey if I right

follow horseman; and without ceremony, as was his wont, soon fell into conversation with him. He found him, I suppose, a man of much information, and travel, and when they had arrived at the end of their day's journey; where the coach started for the metropolis—London; my grandfather invited his fellow traveler to take dinner with him; but he having pressing business, as he said, on the way, was obliged to refuse the civility; but the old gentleman would insist upon his alighting to take one parting glass at least. At dinner, my grandfather, who always retired early to bed, especially while travelling, put his hand to his fob, to draw out his watch, to observe the time; but to his astonishment, discovered that it was gone. At a considerable expense to the old gentleman, the hue and cry was soon raised, and no expense being spared, the country for miles round was scoured in all directions; but no sign of the watch or its purloiner appeared for nearly a year after. In due time an advertisement having appeared in all the London papers, a watch, answering in every particular to the description given, was traced to have been pawned three days after it was missed, at a house in Sheffield; and in a short time afterwards, the person, who had pawned it, was discovered, and lodged in confinement, to await his trial on suspicion of the theft.

The pawn-broker was unable to produce the article pledged, for his house had been burnt to the ground some months previously; but the transaction was so vivid in his mind, and the watch and appendages so well described in one of the books saved from the wreck

of his property, that the presiding judge, and the jury, on the trial, could not but coincide in a verdict of guilty. The description tallied even to the cipher on the seal, which was described with more than usual accuracy, from the circumstance, as the pawn-broker alleged, of the watch being a very valuable one, such effects, calling forth, as the judge remarked in his charge to the jury, a commendable vigilance on his part.

The man, after conviction, received the sentence of transportation for life, as he was supposed to be of a bad stamp, for his obstinacy in refusing to offer *one* witness to his previous good character. Some twelve or fourteen years rolled on, and the affair, and all connected with it appeared to be entirely forgotten; when the road, by the inn aforesaid, losing all its traffic, from the circumstance of a shorter one being made to the next town in a straighter direction, the house fell to the auctioneer's hammer. It was bought by a London tradesman, who proposed to make it his retiring residence, and on taking the old dilapidated stables down to make room for the intended improvement; an old saddle was discovered hanging to the wall near the furthest stall; and, on taking it from its peg, a gold watch, chain, keys, and seal, were discovered attached to the buckle, which held the strap of the stirrup. The former landlady, now an old woman, was applied to for information respecting it, when she remembered, fortunately, the circumstances. My father was communicated with upon the subject, and, the Judge, who presided at the trial, (Lord Chief Justice Guernev if I rightly recollect)

was addressed by my father's attorney, and the innocent convict, after the King's pardon was obtained, which took nearly three months in preparation, was set at liberty. I remember well my father describing the seal, and the good King George the Third's signature. I too, remember asking of my father, when he related the story, what compensation the poor man had for his long, long years of penal servitude, in a strange land, cut off from his family, his friends, his country, his associations, his all that life holds dear; and received the answer—*His Majesty's Most Gracious Pardon*, for a crime he never committed, and some ounces of red sealing-wax attached to a mad man's scrawl.

It appeared upon the discovery of the watch, that the saddle was never used after the loss of the watch, that it was an old one, kept expressly for my grandfather's use, who, perhaps, may not have been fond of equestrian exercise, he being described as a stout man of heavy weight. He, probably being advanced in years, never made so long a journey afterwards, fearing the safety of the road.

The man upon trial, refused to offer any witness to his character, fearing his occupation, that of a smuggler, might be elicited in cross-examination.

Another, almost as remarkable an instance occurred, of a man who was convicted of murdering his fellow traveler, who had partaken of the same bed, in a small village inn, the night before the usual market-day; in a locality, of which, I now forget the name. In this instance, the suspected one, his bed-fellow, was pursued and taken; and the purse of the dead one, found in his pocket.

This man's life was saved, from the fangs of the law, by a miracle. After condemnation, (there was a recommendation for mercy appended to it in the shape of commutation to transportation for life) a child, who lived next door to the inn, happened to mention, one day at dinner, to her mother, that she saw the supposed murdered man, by the light of the moon, on the night in question, sharpening a knife upon a grindstone; at the back of the inn yard; which yard, her window overlooked. That the noise awoke her, and that she saw him pick his purse from off the ground where it had fallen, and put it into the pocket of the pants he then wore. That the pants were light ones,—the victims, own were black.

The young man, his bed-fellow, on awaking the next morning; it appeared, seeing his bed-fellow lying beside him with his throat cut, and his own shirt wet with his blood, on the spur of the moment, thoughtlessly fled. He denied all knowledge of the possession of the purse that was found upon him when taken, and this denial, furnished the jury with an argument in proof of his guilt. The blood was traced from the grindstone, up to the bed-room, into the bed whereon he must have fallen dead; while his companion was in a dead sleep; so that he must have worn his friend's pants, burst his own vest in the frenzy of the moment, to proceed down stairs with.

The confidence of the little girl as to this man's identity and her knowledge of him, confirmed by his having given her, the day before, a few pence to fetch some article from the village apothecary, which turned out afterwards

to be poison; and which fact, strange to say, was not known on his trial. Her recognition of his height, color of his hair, &c., differing entirely from that of the accused, became conclusive evidence, afterwards, in favor of his innocence, and he then received a reversion of his sentence, which, but for this observation of the child, would never have taken place; but his life would have doubtlessly been forfeited, to the requirements of a legal conviction, based upon circumstantial or presumptive evidence.

THE SNOW-FALL.

The snow had been falling lightly
From the heavens all the day,
But the evening stars shone brightly,
And spotless the white earth lay.

The white-robed granite mountains,
Seemed moulded of fleecy snow,
And the muffled voice of the fountains
Was murmuring far below.

Yet my soul was sad with grieving,
And the snow-fall from the cloud
Seemed slowly and silently weaving
My heart in a funeral shroud.

And the trembling tear is starting
From eyes unused to tears,
As I think of our last sad parting,
The winter of youthful years.

Alice, thy step was lighter
Than fall of the white-flaked snow;
And the blush of thy cheek was brighter
Than the Northern Lights' red glow.

Soft was the snow flake pressing
The mountain lake's pure breast;
But softer thy fond caressing,
And the kiss which thy lips impressed.

The stars shone forth in splendor,
From depths of the midnight skies;
But brighter the glances tender,
Of thy loving and soul-lit eyes.

My restless steps have wandered,
Mid vales where the gold streams flow;
And often my heart hath pondered,
The snow-fall of long ago.

To my lips has been pressed the chalice
Of many a bitter woe,
But memories of thee, Alice,
Fall softly as feathery snow. S***.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21, 1856.

THE

This oak, so characteristic of the species of *Q. agrifolia* are no fewer than fifty. The large is not one, and while the small is fine. Oaks, known in a wide hemisphere. The southern limits upwards, beyond the eastern part to the western and reaching the Atlantic. The from their Asiatic eastern demand North America from Canada to Mexico, down to below with a wild state, and

Oaks are three classes, *Cerres*. The forest, with a and producing curious cupules. green; with species having prickly holly, and acorns with. This species at vales throughout similar to every a poor tree in the former, and time, the surface little or no value them.

The latter,—

ison; and which fact, strange to
 is not known on his trial. Her
 tion of his height, color of his
 c., differing entirely from that
 accused, became conclusive evi-
 afterwards, in favor of his inno-
 and he then received a reversion
 sentence, which, but for this ob-
 on of the child, would never
 taken place; but his life would
 doubtlessly been forfeited, to the
 ements of a legal conviction,
 upon circumstantial or presump-
 tions.

THE SNOW-FALL.

As snow had been falling lightly
 from the heavens all the day,
 the evening stars shone brightly,
 and spotless the white earth lay.

White-robed granite mountains,
 seemed moulded of fleecy snow,
 the muffled voice of the fountains
 as murmuring far below.

My soul was sad with grieving,
 and the snow-fall from the cloud
 fell slowly and silently weaving
 my heart in a funeral shroud.

The trembling tear is starting
 from eyes unused to tears,
 I think of our last sad parting,
 the winter of youthful years.

Thy step was lighter
 than fall of the white-flaked snow;
 the blush of thy cheek was brighter
 than the Northern Lights' red glow.

Was the snow flake pressing
 the mountain lake's pure breast;
 softer thy fond caressing,
 and the kiss which thy lips impressed.

The stars shone forth in splendor,
 from depths of the midnight skies;
 brighter the glances tender,
 of thy loving and soul-lit eyes.

Restless steps have wandered,
 o'er cold vales where the gold streams flow;
 I often my heart hath pondered,
 the snow-fall of long ago.

My lips has been pressed the chalice
 of many a bitter woe,
 the memories of thee, Alice,
 fall softly as feathery snow. S.***

FRANCISCO, Sept. 21, 1856.

THE POISON OAK.

This oak, so called, has scarcely any characteristic in common with any of the species of *quercus*; of which there are no fewer than one hundred and fifty. The larger genera, of which this is not one, are difficult of distinction, while the smaller are not properly defined. Oaks, like roses, are scarcely known in a wild state in the Southern hemisphere. They reach their most southern limits as far as Java; passing upwards, beyond the Equinoctial, along the eastern parts of Asia. They spread to the westward along the Himalayas, and, reaching Europe, only stop at the Atlantic. They find their way also, from their Asiatic origin, to this line of eastern demarcation, then overspread North America, in abundant variety; from Canada to California, and through Mexico, down to the Isthmus of Panama; below which, no trace of any, in a wild state, are seen.

Oaks are generally divided into three classes, *Robora*, *Alces*, and the *Cerres*. The first are the lords of the forest, with a large, long sinuate leaf, and producing long acorns with capacious cupules. The second, is an evergreen; with smaller acorns; some species having small leaves, like the prickly holly, and producing diminutive acorns with almost globular seeds. This species abounds on the hills and vales throughout California, and is familiar to every one; it however, makes a poor tree in a forest compared with the former, and entirely exhausts, in time, the surface above its roots, so that little or no vegetation is seen under them.

The latter,—*Cerres*, are very common

all over the southeast of Europe, with exceedingly large leaves; some species, have a thick down upon them, and their seed-caps also are downy, furry or prickly. New species are being periodically added to, by botanist-travellers, and seem to be almost inexhaustible. To none of these species, however, does the *quercus viri*, or poison oak bear any resemblance; except in its lower leaves. It is somewhat of a creeping plant, although it is devoid of tendrils, its upper stems bear a clear resemblance to the dog-wood shrub, with leaves like those of the maple; its flower is scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and its fruit consists of clusters of small, round, pea-like berries, of hard consistency, approaching very closely to the *achenia*; its pericarp being formed of a hard, dry, indehiscent skin. It rarely attains the height of eight feet, and is not generally very bushy, when it has attained to this size. If it were not of so poisonous a nature, it probably would be noticed only by botanists; but its unenviable celebrity, on this account, forces itself on the attention of every one within its neighborhood. The manner in which it affects different persons is somewhat remarkable. People of a sanguiferous and lymphatic temperament, are greatly affected by its contact. The first symptoms are observable in a dull itching sensation, increasing more and more as the parts affected are irritated; until the surface, first touched, becomes full of pricking sensations. Quick swellings then immediately ensue, until the whole extremity, whether of head, hand, or leg becomes infected; the appearance then assumes that of incan-

descent dropsy with most people, but sometimes has a reddish appearance. If the head becomes affected to any extent the virus so rapidly gains ground, as soon, entirely to obliterate every trace of the features.

Some persons of thin, spare habits, can handle it with impunity, and even rub the leaf of it into a fresh wound without harm. Horses and hogs eat it with avidity, and as far as observation extends, the same may be said of all grammiverous animals. Its roots when thrown together, impregnate the air with a rank odor, somewhat similar to those of the hemlock. These are succulent at their extremities, but woody towards the stem, where it rises from the surface of the earth. When creeping along the ground, its younger leaves are tinged with a dark red color, it is then, that the plant assumes the appearance of the first exfoliations of the common oak, the *Robora*. So rancorous does the air of the neighborhood become, where it is left to grow in abundance, that whole families have been known to be affected with its poisonous influence, at such seasons, when the wind blows in a direction towards them; more especially, of those of a temperament before mentioned. It is easily rooted up, except where it entangles itself among low shrubs, when it is rather difficult to eradicate, owing to its roots connecting several growths, as in all ordinary plants of the creeping kind. The three forms of leaf which it bears are not peculiar; for many plants, such as the Ivy for instance, bear different shaped leaves, while remaining on the ground, from those when adhering to any erect support.

It is much to be desired, that some reliable method of cure should be well known. Hitherto, its treatment has been confined to simple washes of solution of common salt in cold water, and nitrate of silver; the latter is not recommended by the writer from personal knowledge; but any chemist almost of experience may be trusted with its cure, as that appears only to be the work of time, and no instance of a fatal result, is recorded of its virulence.

We hope to refer again to the subject, and shall be glad of any fresh information upon it, especially that relating to its cure, as it is becoming of considerable importance, especially to miners, who often suffer much from its poisonous contact.

STORY OF A LIFE.

I saw two children, dancing in their glee,
In the gay spring-time, when the flowers
were young,
Chasing the butterfly and humming bee,
And mocking the gay birds that round them
sung.

I saw two lovers, whispering as they sat
In an old orchard, by a mossy well;
With eyes that with their light put out the
stars,
Speaking strange language, that only eyes can
tell.

I saw two graves upon the village green,
With pale spring flowers and violets over-
grown;
Above a simple slab, with names inscribed:
Who are the sleepers underneath the stone?
Sept. 15, 1856. a. t. s.

Subjecks of Diskushion.

Is dansin morralle rong?
Is the readin of fietishus works kom-
mendible?
Is it necessary that femails shud re-
seave thorough litterary edneashun?
Ort femails to taik parts in politiks?
Duz dress konstitute the morrall part
of wimmin?

A PAGE OF THE P

BY ALICE.

Well, here I am, with my
above this huge sheet of
snared in a descriptive di
taking a survey of the pas
tricate wanderings, I ca
from penning a crude tho
to wile away an hour of lo
shall give my opinion rega
persons, dates, and time
with these sketches, even
being charged with ego
precious piece of oro in 1
a golden epidemic to prev
ful ravages reached my ne
on the beautiful Ohio. W
others, had the golden
slightly recovering, remai
valescent state until 185
took a relapse, as the sh
on every hand "Who
who'll go there?" Many
we sat at nightfall in a
tage home, talking of
golden sunset land—and
the luscious red apple
lay upon the tray melle
fire light; the cup of sp
quaffed to the dregs, as th
down to a few wisting en
quitted our castle building
ized some bright day, fa
dreamy and shadowy fl
were the cricket chirpings
fore we laid our heads up
pillow. It was finally
should go to the gold re
followed in quick success
noying preparations ap
such a hazardous adver
with its thousand und on

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

Well, here I am, with my pen poised above this huge sheet of foolscap, ensnared in a descriptive dilemma. In taking a survey of the past with its intricate wanderings, I cannot refrain from penning a crude thought or two, to wile away an hour of loneliness. I shall give my opinion regarding words, persons, dates, and times, connected with these sketches, even at the risk of being charged with egotism. That precious piece of *oro* in 1848, caused a golden epidemic to prevail. Its fearful ravages reached my northern home on the beautiful Ohio. We, like many others, had the golden fever; but, slightly recovering, remained in a convalescent state until 1852, when we took a relapse, as the shout rang out on every hand, "Who'll go there? who'll go there?" Many, many times, we sat at nightfall in our cozy cottage home, talking of that far-off golden sunset land—and often would the luscious red apple be eaten that lay upon the tray mellowing in the fire light; the cup of sparkling cider quaffed to the dregs, as the fire burned down to a few wasting embers, 'ere we quitted our castle buildings—to be realized some bright day, far away in the dreamy and shadowy future. Many were the cricket chirpings we heard before we laid our heads upon the downy pillow. It was finally decided we should go to the gold regions. Then followed in quick succession all the annoying preparations appertaining to such a hazardous adventure. Home, with its thousand and one endearments

in the vine-clad cottage, was in due time sacrificed for the vague uncertainties of a shadowy future. A year or two would not be long—and then, oh! how brightly the fire burned upon the hearthstone, as we talked of the hairbreadth escapes we should encounter, while gaining our (sure to be) millions.

The homestead was mortgaged for a few hundreds to defray our necessary expenditure, till we arrived where large pieces of *oro* were (supposed to be) lying around loosely. All was ready, and ere the morrow's sun was up, we were to bid adieu to all we had loved from childhood, and which were engraved upon the heart by the magical hand of affection. The last night I remained under the roof that had sheltered me from infancy, was one ever to be remembered. The evening, till bed-time, was consumed in packing away many little articles for the pilgrim's comfort, which none but the watchful eye of a mother could have provided. With a nervous hand she placed in my hands a little gilt-edged bible, a parting gift, with an admonishing verse written upon the fly-leaf, which I still preserve as a holy memento of the absent. I sought my pillow at a late season, to waste the hours of darkness in musings of sadness, half regretting I had consented to launch my frail bark upon the sea of an untried future. Should I ever be permitted to return to the old roof tree—and make the unbroken circle again complete—a group of glad and happy hearts, or should I fill a nameless grave on a foreign shore, where the happy birds, or the evening zephyrs would come to chant the sad requiem above my lonely pillow. A

It is much to be desired that some reliable method of cure should be well known. Hitherto, its treatment has been confined to simple washes of solution of common salt in cold water, and nitrate of silver; the latter is not recommended by the writer from personal knowledge; but any chemist, almost of experience may be trusted with its cure, as that appears only to be the work of time, and no instance of a fatal result, is recorded of its virulence.

We hope to refer again to the subject, and shall be glad of any fresh information upon it, especially that relating to its cure, as it is becoming of considerable importance, especially to miners, who often suffer much from its poisonous contact.

STORY OF A LIFE.

I saw two children, dancing in their glee,
In the gay spring-time, when the flowers
were young,
Chasing the butterfly and humming bee,
And mocking the gay birds that round them
sung.

I saw two lovers, whispering as they sat
In an old orchard, by a mossy well;
With eyes that with their light put out the
stars,
Speaking strange language, that only eyes
could tell.

I saw two graves upon the village green,
With pale spring flowers and violets
grown;
Above a simple slab, with names inscribed,
Who are the sleepers underneath the stone?
Sept. 15, 1856.

Subjects of Discussion.

Is dansin morrarle rong?
Is the readin of fictishus works
mendible?
Is it necessary that femails shud
seave thorough literary educashun?
Ort femails to talk parts in politick
Duz dress konstitute the morrar part
of wimmin?

bright morning, however, vanished all my repining, when I seated myself at the breakfast table, perhaps for the last time: slightly tremulous was my mother's hand when she passed me the last cup of coffee. I drank, I ate without tasting; father, mother, sister and brother all sat in silence, around the table, each eye was moist with tears, drops at the adieu of so long a separation; and the home was now sad, where smiles and merry laughter made the old farm house oft times ring with shouts of mirth and gladness.

Every favored old haunt was visited; the passionate embrace, the loving kiss, and the last *good bye* were taken, and I was gone. The iron-horse, with a loud snorting, bore me away from the village of L——, that place dearest to memory. I closed my eyes—passed my hand before them to shut out the painful scene. I had just left a father whose head was silvered o'er with age; a mother, upon whose bosom I so oft had pillowed this aching head of mine. Oh, what name is half so lovely, or replete with so many thoughts of childhood and helpless infancy, as mother? What words in the whole vocabulary are fraught with half the meaning? I had also left with the words, "God bless you" still ringing in the ear, from those who had mingled their ringlets with mine, as we conned o'er our lessons in the little red school-house together. I still held in my hand a little locket, containing an auburn lock, lately severed from the head of her, my only sister, whom I love with an affection akin to madness.

"Tis not gold that I worship,
But a being as pure
As the dew-drops of Heaven."

All! all! were gone, I had firmly set myself against crying at parting; but still my heart clung to home with such fond tenacity that I could not restrain my emotion, and my tears flowed thick and fast.

The gray dawn of another morning, found us in the jostling, crowded streets of Cincinnati, the queen city of the west, where the boat *Lady Pike*, lay moored to bear us away. On the 12th of March, the boat left the landing, when the band struck up "Home! sweet home!" As we stood upon the deck the crowd gave three cheers as a parting benediction. I never before or since felt such a feeling of utter loneliness—a feeling of abandonment and desolation—as then had taken possession of my soul, and when I saw the last handkerchief waving an adieu in the distance, I felt this to be the last visible link that bound me to my native country, and I wept freely, overpowered as I was, with mingled feelings of regret and pain. I will here draw the curtain, to hide from the busy world these scenes of frequent parting, to tell you in No. 2, how the Californians prospered.

A witty correspondent sends us the following notice of a brief street colloquy held between a maiden lady of a little beyond a certain age, and a newly married feminine:—

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said the elderly maiden.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Going to have a girl, I suppose," was then queried.

The newly made wife colored and then quietly responded that—

"She really didn't know whether it would be a boy or girl."

DREAMS.—A REVERIE.

BY COLLEEN'S PIPES, OF PIPESVILLE.

How singular, and at the time how beautiful it is, that we dream of the dear departed of those whom we have loved and with whom the happiest hours of our existence have been passed. Strange it is, that they appear to all the truthfulness of reality, and scenes of our youth are presented to us once again, and the voice of the past, the pressure of the hand, the warm kiss of those dear ones reared us in our helplessness and fancy, are as distinct as when we were blessed with their presence on earth. Last night I "dreamed a dream" that made me for a time forget that I was growing old—that made me forget that I was thousands of miles away from those who love me—that made me forget that I was the youngest in our family circle, (for out of two, but five remain, and I am the youngest,) that made me oblivious of every trouble, every care, and annoyance, and carelessness of the future; for I was once again at home—and the table was "set" for dinner and such a dinner too! for Christmas Day, and there too I entered the room, (for I had just arrived from San Francisco, but yet a boy, and how I had got there I didn't know, and didn't care,) and I was greeted with the love and kisses of father, mother, sisters and brothers. Everything looked so cozy and comfortable—nothing changed; and I thought how funny it was, that they all looked just the same as when I left, seven years ago—still I was a boy you

DREAMS.—A REVERIE.

BY COL. JEEMS PIPES, OF PIPESVILLE.

How singular, and at the same time how beautiful it is, that when we dream of the dear departed—of those whom we have loved in life, and with whom the happiest hours of our existence have been passed, how strange it is, *that they appear to us in all the truthfulness of reality*, and the scenes of our youth are present with us once again, and the voice, the glance, the pressure of the hand, and the warm kiss of those dear ones who reared us in our helplessness and infancy, are as distinct as when we were blessed with their presence on earth. Last night I "dreamed a dream," that made me for a time forget that I was growing old—that made me forget that I was thousands of miles away from those who love me—that made me forget that I was the *last* of our family circle, (for out of twenty-two, but five remain, and I am the youngest,) that made me oblivious to everything—every trouble, anxiety and annoyance, and careless of the future; for I was once again at home!—and the table was "set" for dinner—and such a dinner too! for it was Christmas Day, and there too, as I entered the room, (for I had just arrived from San Francisco, but I was yet a boy, and how I had got there I didn't know, and didn't care,) I was greeted with the love and kisses of father, mother, sisters and brothers; everything looked so cozy and natural—nothing changed; and I thought how funny it was, that they all looked *just the same* as when I left, seventeen years ago! still I was a boy you know,

B

mind that—for the most unaccountable and anomalous occurrences take place in dreams, and then to feel as I did, *once again in life* the warm embrace of a mother and a sister that I loved so well!—to look into the eye of *one* whose love for me (however perverse or wayward I may have been) knew no variableness, and was in its depth unbounded—and to whom I could turn in the hour of distress or trial, with the full conviction that love only dictated her counsellings—to feel as I *then felt*, her dear hand in mine again, and hear her pleasant voice greeting me once more! Oh! I cannot tell you, or describe the joy that then possessed me, for all the time I fancied I had been for a long series of years absent, and that I had *that day* arrived from a long and tedious voyage—that I had come direct to the "London Docks," and I wondered how the ship could get in there from California!—and our old man servant (who had been dead for 20 years) stood right on the gangway to look after my luggage—and he seemed so rejoiced to see me that it made me cry; and he said I looked "better than ever"—as though I hadn't been away from home at all!—and then, as we rumbled along the street, I noticed that the shops were closed, and I asked him if it were Sunday? and when he told me it was "Christmas," I shouted for joy! the idea of a Christmas at home once more, after an absence of so many, many years!—then the snow was so deep upon the ground that the carts and coaches made no noise, and I thought it strange that there were no sleighs or bells; and then he said they'd been expecting me, and were all on the look-out, and that

All! all! were gone, I had firmly set myself against crying at parting; but still my heart clung to home with such fond tenacity that I could not restrain my emotion, and my tears flowed thick and fast.

The gray dawn of another morning found us in the jostling, crowded streets of Cincinnati, the queen city of the west, where the boat Lady Pike, lay moored to bear us away. On the 12th of March, the boat left the landing when the band struck up "Home! sweet home!" As we stood upon the deck the crowd gave three cheers as a parting benediction. I never before or since felt such a feeling of utter loneliness—a feeling of abandonment and desolation—as then had taken possession of my soul, and when I saw the last handkerchief waiving an adieu in the distance, I felt this to be the last visible link that bound me to my native country, and I wept freely, overpowered as I was, with mingled feelings of regret and pain. I will here draw the curtain, to hide from the busy world these scenes of frequent parting, to tell you in No. 2, how the Californians prospered.

A witty correspondent sends us the following notice of a brief street colloquy held between a maiden lady of a little beyond a certain age, and a newly married feminine:—

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said the elderly maiden.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Going to have a girl, I suppose," was then queried.

The newly made wife colored and then quietly responded that—

"She really didn't know whether it would be a boy or girl."

there'd be such rejoicing—such fun—and to think that he'd lived to see a "live Californian" that he'd heard master talk on so often!—and would I take him back with me just to get a "thimble full of gold?" And then we reach the well remembered street, and we are at the door of the old homestead. There's the plate, the bell, the knocker with the lion's head that scared me so when I was a youngster. I rush up stairs and go into the nursery where "Ann," dear old Ann, who has been in our family more than 25 years, wishes me to come and be dressed for dinner, as it being Christmas day, I am, as a great favor, to dine with the family! I can't exactly "get the hang" of this, yet it seemed all correct and natural. And then the door is opened, the thick red curtains closely drawn, the bright coal fire, blazing, spluttering, crackling, singing, hissing and curling round the bars, and ascending the chimney in one broad flame, that dazzled the eye and tingled the cheeks of us all. I had never seen such a fire I thought, except in San Francisco in May, '50! and yet I also thought I'd just come home from school for the Christmas Holidays, and I asked if I might "read my piece"—yes, before dinner!—and when told that in the evening when the games and romps commenced, it would be better, and more in order, I thought that a pretty way to treat one who has been absent for so long a time in a foreign land, and I began to sulk, but by the time the turkey was exposed to view, and the savory smell went up from numberless joints and dishes, the slight was forgotten, and with a clean pinafore, shiney face, and very red hands, I was eating with wonderful

avidity, everything within my reach; and then they'd ask me what I thought of California, and whether Oregon was anywhere near the North Pole? and what kept them alive; and if Australia (for I was going to sail thence the next day) would be as profitable to me as California had been:—(for I was supposed, though an infant, to be very rich!) And then, and then, the lights grew fainter, the room seemed filled with a sort of mist—I fell from a great height—I rubbed my eyes—turned over in my little cot—awoke, and, alas! found—it was but a dream!

I THINK OF THEE.

BY MRS. BRUNTON.

When thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm-o'er-shaded walk,
Where past the eddying stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract—
Where I with thee was wont to talk—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew—
Then be thou melancholy too,
When musing on the hours I prov'd
With thee beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon the dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear—
And then her flight remembrance brings
To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night—
Thou present to my mind appear'st
A quenchless star, for ever bright!
My solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

"Sonny, what are wages?"

"Don't know."

"What does your father get on Saturday night?"

"Tight as a brick,—shame on him?"

AN INCIDENT IN THE
OF HONOR

BY CURT

A more thorough
geography of the An
was attained by the
United States, in 1849
been disseminated in
all the common school
Texas. The all-at
conversation and sub
cal research, were the
expedition routes to
ered El Dorado. The
around Cape Horn, s
ble to the impatient
were eager to delve
golden mountains at
through Mexico seen
people passing it on
dition, who had just
country as victor
routes through Tex
had been but little
consequently but
cross the plains thro
tories required pat
would start until th
and with the yellow
one's brain, three
equal to a century
The Isthmus of Da
the greatest induc
fornia-bound adve
mon with thousand
mined to embark fo
The steamer Ga
New Orleans for t
of February, 1849
lot of passengers a
We bade good-by
the levee, and stea
with light hearts a

AN INCIDENT IN THE INTERIOR
OF HONDURAS.

BY CHISPA.

A more thorough knowledge of the geography of the American continent was attained by the masses in the United States, in 1849, than could have been disseminated in twenty years, by all the common schools from Maine to Texas. The all-absorbing topic of conversation and subject of geographical research, were the nearest and most expeditious routes to the newly discovered El Dorado. The dreary passage around Cape Horn, seemed interminable to the impatient Hotspurs who were eager to delve into California's golden mountains at once. The route through Mexico seemed hazardous to a people passing it on a peaceful expedition, who had just returned from that country as victorious soldiers. The routes through Texas and New Mexico had been but little explored and were consequently but little known. To cross the plains through our own territories required patience, as no trains would start until the opening of spring, and with the *yellow fever* raging in one's brain, three months' delay was equal to a century in ordinary times. The Isthmus of Darien seemed to offer the greatest inducements to the California-bound adventurer, and in common with thousands of others, I determined to embark for Chagres.

The steamer Galveston sailed from New Orleans for that port on the 15th of February, 1849, with as cheerful a lot of passengers as ever trod a deck. We bade good-bye to our friends on the levee, and steamed down the river, with light hearts and bright hopes. A

"pocket full of rocks," seemed to glimmer in the bright future. Not a man upon that steamer could have been induced to change his prospects for the best plantation on the Tombigbee. But alas! how many were leaving happy homes, affectionate wives, loving sweet-hearts, and peaceful children, never to revisit them; to endure sickness and death among strangers, or be laid in the cold grave far from all their hearts held dear, without a kindred sigh of regret at their departure, or a hallowed tear-drop to moisten the ground that shut their forms forever from the world. Gold! gold! thou hast been the author of a thousand ills, as well as comforts, to mankind! Wert thou as precious as the dews of Heaven, and a hundred times as abundant as thou art, thou couldst never repay the sorrow, the anguish, the misery, and the forlornness thou hast created! Thou canst not at eventide, fill the vacant chair in the family circle, which thou has bereft of its occupant; thou canst not relieve the sorrow thou hast created in the widow's heart, nor return the father thou hast taken from the orphan; nor canst thou render back its wonted sunshine to the mother's grief-worn face, whom thou has deprived of her sole prop in the decline of years—her darling, perhaps her only son.

We had been but a few days at sea, when an accident occurred to the machinery of our steamer, which forced us to put into Balize, Honduras. Here we were informed that we could easily cross the continent from Omoa, (a town situated at the head of the Bay of Honduras,) and a party, among whom was myself, composed of seventeen passengers, organized themselves

everything within my reach; when they'd ask me what I thought of California, and whether Oregon was here near the North Pole? and kept them alive; and if Australia was going to sail thence the next would be as profitable to me as California had been:—(for I was supposed, though an infant, to be very young.) And then, and then, the lights grew fainter, the room seemed filled with a sort of mist—I fell from a great height—I rubbed my eyes—turned in my little cot—awoke, and, alas! it was but a dream!

I THINK OF THEE.

BY MRS. BRUNTON.

When thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm-o'er-shaded walk,
Here past the eddying stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract—
Where I with thee was wont to talk—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew—
When be thou melancholy too,
When musing on the hours I prov'd
With thee beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon the dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear—
And then her slight remembrance brings
To by-past things.

O me, through every season, dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night—
Thou present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright!
Oh solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

"Sonny, what are wages?"

"Don't know."

"What does your father get on Saturday night?"

"Tight as a brick,—shame on him!"

into a company for that purpose. Sixteen hours sailing up the island-studded Bay of Honduras, brought us to the hut-built city of Omoa.

The only object of interest which we found here, was a dilapidated fortress, built about a century and a half ago by the Spaniards. For want of proper care, it is fast going to ruin. Its loop-holed parapets are crumbling into dust, and its time-worn bastions are cracked and tottering. Damp and dismal chambers, opening on the interior, are used as cells for criminals, whilst indentations in the wall facing the town serve as barracks for the starvelings called soldiers. One leaves this place with a feeling of regret that the people who once possessed the energy to erect such a monument of their enterprise as this, should have degenerated into the apathetic race which now ekes out a scanty existence among the nations of the earth.

We chartered a train of mules and muleteers to convey our baggage to Puerta-la-Union, a town situated on the Pacific slope, in the State of San Salvador, at the head of the Bay of Fonseca, and proceeded on our journey. To the admirer of the grand and beautiful in nature, our route afforded ample opportunity of gratification.—Here, the trail winds its sinuous way around a mountain,

“High as huge Olympus,”

and anon ascends to its very summit. On either side, shading the cerulean vault from view, the majestic mahogany tree rises high above our heads, and joins its branches in an arch embrace; pending beneath its dense leaves we see the oval nut containing its reproductive seed. All around we find

ourselves enclosed by the luxurious vegetation of the country. Several species of the cactus, the mescal, the wild plantain, and the mango bush, grow so densely that but here and there you can see an aperture, through which beams a lank ray of the tropical sunlight. Quadrupeds, disturbed by our approach, dart wildly into the foliage, and disappear from view. The very atmosphere is musical with concordant warblings of nature's feathered musicians. Suddenly we emerge from this picturesque scene, and find ourselves on the brink of an abrupt mountain. The altitude is so great, that we experience the frigid chill of a northern atmosphere. Far, far beneath, winds the serpentine road, until, at length, it so diminishes to our sight, as to resemble a cord laid carelessly along the ground. Uninterrupted by any obstruction, our view encompasses an immense valley, intersected here and there with sparkling rivulets, “meandering onward to the deep.” Its green carpet is studded with unpretending, tiny habitations. One among the number, looms high above the rest: it is God's house. Hark! the wind brings to our listening ears, the dying tones of a church bell! Our muleteers prostrate themselves, for it is tolling the hour at which the faithful repeat the *Angelus Domini*.

We turn to the north and west, and in the far distance we discover the misty tops of the Cordilleras; to the east, we see the turbulent bosom of the ocean, “lashing itself into fury;” to the south, and as our gaze is fixed on the magnificent scene before us, we are lost in admiration and amazement—we ponder, and we adore God!

The exquisite Mount Beautiful (such a delightful spot I had never seen) had such an effect upon ourselves but little actively, with the presence afterwards we frequently pass of grandeur and challenge the admiration.

In about six days from Omoa, our stock exhausted, and we habituate our stomachs to the natives. We night at a small town near the river Llay for its wealth in silver. Our customary making our camp started into town condition. We had along the main street were saluted in the

“Tare and 'ouns, the looks of Erin st

Being somewhat anything approach English in that returned to view the in the door of a n looking *caz*, we saw of an Irishman as y day's walk, smiling a of bowing. We made the usual conv and asked what th Providence had loc

“Och, fax! it's a inside 'ginlemen yourselves to a sate. We entered the ca selves on a rude ben facture. Our new a to the back part of returned with a cul of gourds.

Six-ourselves enclosed by the luxuriant
 ded vegetation of the country. Several
 the species of the cactus, the mescal, the
 wild plantain, and the mango bush
 we grow so densely that but here and there
 you can see an aperture, through which
 beams a lank ray of the tropical sun-
 by light. Quadrupeds, disturbed by our
 per approach, dart wildly into the foliage
 and disappear from view. The very
 ked atmosphere is musical with concordant
 warblings of nature's feathered musi-
 cians. Suddenly we emerge from this
 picturesque scene, and find ourselves
 on the brink of an abrupt mountain
 The altitude is so great, that we expe-
 rience the frigid chill of a northern
 atmosphere. Far, far beneath, winds
 the serpentine road, until, at length, it
 so diminishes to our sight, as to resem-
 ble a cord laid carelessly along the
 ground. Uninterrupted by any ob-
 struction, our view encompasses an im-
 mense valley, intersected here and
 there with sparkling rivulets, "mea-
 dering onward to the deep." Its green
 carpet is studded with unpretending
 tiny habitations. One among the num-
 ber, looms high above the rest; it is
 God's house. Hark! the wind brings
 to our listening ears, the dying tones of
 a church bell! Our muleteers pro-
 strate themselves, for it is tolling the
 hour at which the faithful repeat the
Angelus Domini.

We turn to the north and west, and
 in the far distance we discover the
 misty tops of the Cordilleras; to the
 east, we see the turbulent bosom of the
 ocean, "lashing itself into fury;" to
 the south, and as our gaze is fixed on
 the magnificent scene before us, we
 are lost in admiration and amazement
 —we ponder, and we adore God!

The exquisite view we had from
 Mount Beautiful (so we christened the
 delightful spot I have described) had
 such an effect upon us, that we found
 ourselves but little impressed, compar-
 atively, with the picturesque magnifi-
 cence afterwards witnessed, although
 we frequently passed through scenes
 of grandeur and beauty that would
 challenge the admiration of the tourist.

In about six days after our departure
 from Omoa, our stock of provisions was
 exhausted, and we were obliged to
 habituate our stomachs to the *cuisine*
 of the natives. We camped for the
 night at a small town called Santiago,
 near the river Llayapa, (locally famed
 for its wealth in silver mines,) and, af-
 ter our customary precautions in pla-
 cing a guard over the baggage, and
 making our camp fires, several of us
 started into town on a foraging expedi-
 tion. We had not proceeded far
 along the main street before our ears
 were saluted in the true vernacular:

"Tare and 'ouns, ef that phiz' hasn't
 the looks of Erin stamped on it!"

Being somewhat astonished to hear
 anything approaching to the King's
 English in that region, we naturally
 turned to view the speaker. Standing
 in the door of a more than ordinary
 looking *casa*, we saw as fair a specimen
 of an Irishman as you would meet in a
 day's walk, smiling and making all sorts
 of bowings. We approached him,
 made the usual conventional inquiries,
 and asked what fortuitous decree of
 Providence had located him there.

"Och, faix! it's a long story. Come
 inside gentlemen and accommodate
 yourselves to a sate."

We entered the *casa*, and seated our-
 selves on a rude bench of home manu-
 facture. Our new acquaintance retired
 to the back part of the house, but soon
 returned with a calabash and a couple
 of gourds.

"Sure it's a good wind blowed ye
 this way. Och, it's an awful relafe to
 the eyes to see the unadulterated, home-
 made boys. Here, gentlemen, take a
 dhrop of this an' it'll do ye a power of
 good," said he, handing us the calabash
 and gourds. "If it's not as good as the
 rale poteen, sure it's the best they have
 in these parts. Whisht!" said he, turn-
 ing to me, "you need'nt be delicate
 about taking it: it's a poor cow that
 runs dhry on the first milking."

The liberality of our generous host
 caused us to drink rather freely of the
 liquor, and we were soon in a talkative
 vein. Señor Don Patricio O'Blennis,
 as our host was called by the members
 of his household, gave orders to pre-
 pare supper for us, and despatched one
 of his native dependents to our camp
 with a bounteous supply of jerked beef,
 yams, and *frijoles*, and a gourd filled
 with *aguardiente*, for the use of our
 comrades. It was not long before a
 liberal repast was spread out upon the
 table, and we busily engaged in discus-
 sing its merits. Amongst our party
 was a countryman of O'Blennis, named
 Ryan, who, by the way, had been a
 soldier in our army in Mexico, and
 spoke tolerable Spanish, a desideratum
 which we greatly appreciated. They
 engaged in conversation and soon
 formed a warm friendship. "May I
 ask," said Ryan, "what part of the
 old country you came from?"

"I was born in the County Kerry,
 but airly removed to a place called
 Drymeleague, in the County Cork.
 Och, but that's the divel's own place for
 a skrimmage. Your pardon, Mr. El-
 ward," said he, addressing himself to
 one of my comrades; "can I help you
 to a morsel of this dish? No! Well,
 it's rally quare how we all are preju-
 diced at ating *iguana* the first time. It
 was so with myself, but by dint of
 perseverairance, I've made myself believe
 it's aigual to tendher pullet."

We had often seen the hideous ani-
 mal called "iguana" on the route, and
 had heard that the natives considered
 it, when cooked, *un morceau recherché*;

but our stomachs were not, as yet, sufficiently acclimated to relish what we looked upon as a "lizard *fricassée*."

"Well, as I was saying, Mr. Ryan," continued our host, "Drymeleague and a broken head are all one in the dictionary. Bad cess to the Fair Day or St. Patrick's iver passed widout the whole town nadeing the doctor. Good luck, or bad luck, it's one of thim skrimages I may thank for being now seccrated in this out-of-the-way place."

"Indeed," said Ryan, "I would like to hear that adventure. It must be interesting."

"Well, if it's agrayable to yez, I'll tell you the long and short of it."

We all repeated the request that he would relate the story. After a bumper of *aguardiente* O'Blennis commenced:

"Ye must know, thin, to commence at the beginning, that in the ould counthry, on Fair Days, the boys and girls gather into the town from all parts, to dhrink and enjoy themselves. One Bridget O'Connor, whom I had some pretinsions to, was there, among the rest. I met her in the morning, and av coorse made my salutations to her."

"Top o' the morning to you Miss Bridget," says I, "how do you find yourself this fine morning?"

"Very well *Misther* O'Blennis," says she, just as cowld as you plase, and turned around to Tim Donovan, and commenced talking very purtly to him."

"Wh-h-ew! thinks I, what's the meaning of all this. Surely I thought it was draming I was. But no; there she was—Bridget O'Connor—and she smiling and laughing wid Tim Donovan and turning her back on *Misther* O'Blennis. The blood of the O'Blennis was up, and I had made up my mind to make Tim Donovan pay the affront Bidy had given me."

"To dhrown my agitation I tuk several dhrops uv poteen, and by the time night came I was a match for the best man in the parish. Widow Dolan, that kept a *sheebeen*, or public house in Drymeleague, had given me an invitation to a ball she was to give that night,

and whin the hour arrived I was in illegant humor to dance a hornpipe or break a head. In I goes to the room, where two blind fiddlers were playing the 'Rocky Road to Dublin,' and the floor covered with boys and girls who were shaking the dust off their brogues, as if they wuld wear out their feet. At one ind of the room, who should I see but Bidy and Tim swinging and hugging aich other at ivery turn of the tune. I never lifted my eyes off the pair till the dance was finished, when up I steps to Bidy, and says I, in the purlitest imaginable manner;

"Miss O'Connor, may ask the pleasure of your company in the next jig?"

"*Misther* O'Blennis," says she, "I'm engaged."

"Well, then, the next?? says I."

"Sure, I'm engaged for that too," says she.

"And the next?"

"Engaged, also. The fact is, *Misther* O'Blennis, I'm engaged for the whole avening!"

"Indade," says I, somewhat astoonished; "and, by your love, may I ask who to?"

"To *Misther* Donovan," and she turned her head from me."

"I was in a terrible rage, and the dhrink I had in didn't at all tind to cool me. I turned to Bridget, and commenced talking in a loud voice; says I:

"Bidy O'Connor, ye think yersilf above dacent pable since your uncle died, and left you a ten-acre farm barrin' nine, wid a brindle cow and a litter of pigs, and a mud house. I've seen the time I wuddn't slip a happenny to be the Lord Leftenant; but thin I didn't put on the airs that the likes of ye do. Have'nt I known you, Bidy, to come to my father's to beg out-male and pratties, to give yer old crazy mother whin she had the small pock so bad none of the neighbors wud go near your house? And Tim Donovan! Who's he? Suppose he has a few hundred pounds (which the Lord knows whether he came by honestly,) does that make him

anything but an impudent upstart." And so I went on, till the first I knew I saw Tim squaring himself to me. I picked up a bog-shtick that was handy, and in I pitched into the woman. The room was soon cleared into two parties,—some for Tim and some for myself. Tim and me right and left until I saw an opportunity, and gave him a blow on the head wid my shillelah that he shtiff on the ground. Barney O'Connell came up to me, and said:

"For the Lord's sake, Pat, you've kilt Tim Donovan, and he will be hanged."

"I was solered in a minute, and the awkward predicament I was in but it was too late. The Sheriff was in town, came in and arrested me in the name of the Queen, and the day I was taken to Bantry. The next session I was tried for the slaughter (for, rest his soul! he died,) and I was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. Bidy thing! came to the jail and saw me before I was shipped. She was in a terrible state of mind, and blamed me for the whole transaction."

"I didn't remain long in the hands of the government at Hobart, for, shortly after I arrived, an American whaling ship came into port amongst her crew was one Jim O'Connell, I had known in Bantry many times. Jim arranged a plan to get me away on the vessel which was ready to sail, which succeeded. I came a long cruise in the South Sea, and unfortunately sprang alake on a heavy gale, and we were obliged to take to the boats. Poor Jim was the one with the first mate, and he have aither perished from the dhrowning, as I niver heard of the boat since. We, aither aither, were sent across the continent, were sent across the continent, American agent at that port. I got as far as this place I was

and when the hour arrived I was in
illegant humor to dance a hornpipe
break a head. In I goes to the room
where two blind fiddlers were playing
the 'Rocky Road to Dublin,' and the
floor covered with boys and girls who
were shaking the dust off their brogues
as if they wuld wear out their feet.
At one ind of the room, who should I
see but Biddy and Tim swinging and
hugging aich other at ivery turn of the
tune. I never lifted my eyes off the
pair till the dance was finished, when
up I steps to Biddy, and says I, in the
purlitest imaginable manner;
"Miss O'Connor, may ask the pleasure
of your company in the next jig?"
"Misther O'Blennis," says she, "I'm
engaged."
"Well, then, the next?" says I.
"Sure, I'm engaged for that long
says she.
"And the next?"
"Engaged, also. The fact is, Misther
O'Blennis, I'm engaged for the
whole evening!"
"Indade," says I, somewhat astounded;
'and, by your love, may I ask
who to?"
"To Misther Donovan," and she
turned her head from me.
"I was in a terrible rage, and I
dhrink I had in didn't at all time
cool me. I turned to Bridget, and
commenced talking in a loud voice,"
says I:
"Biddy O'Connor, ye think your
above dacent pable since your
died, and left you a ten-acre farm
with rin' nine, wid a brindle cow and a
litter of pigs, and a mud house. I've seen
time I wuddn't flip a happenny to
the Lord Leftenant; but thin I did
put on the airs that the likes of ye
Have'nt I known you, Biddy, to come
to my father's to beg oat-male and
ties, to give yer old crazy mother
she had the small pock so bad now
the neighbors wud go near your house?
And Tim Donovan! Who's he? Says
pose he has a few hundred pounds
(which the Lord knows whether he
came by honestly,) does that make

anything but an impudent upstart."
"And so I went on, till the first thing
I knew I saw Tim squaring himself for
me. I picked up a bog-shtick that
was handy, and in I pitched into Don-
ovan. The room was soon cleared of
the women, and the min were divided
into two parties,—some for Tim, and
some for myself. Tim and me had it
right and left, until I saw an opportu-
nity, and gave him a blow over the
head wid my shillelah that laid him
shtiff on the ground. Barney O'Keefe
came up to me, and said:
"For the Lord's sake, Pat, run;
you've kilt Tim Donovan, and we'll all
be hanged."
"I was sobered in a minute, and saw
the awkward predicament I was in;
but it was too late. The Sheriff, who
was in town came in and arrested me
in the name of the Queen, and the next
day I was taken to Bantry. At the
next sessions I was thried for man-
slaughter (for, rest his soul! poor Tim
died,) and I was sentenced to transpor-
tation for fourteen years. Biddy, poor
thing! came to the jail and saw me be-
fore I was shipped. She was in a ter-
rible state of mind, and blamed herself
for the whole transaction.
"I didn't remain long in the employ
of the government at Hobart-Town;
for, shortly after I arrived, an Amer-
ican whaling ship came into port, and
amongst her crew was one Jim Dela-
ney, I had known in Bantry in former
times. Jim arranged a plan to shtow
me away on the vessel when she was
ready to sail, which succeeded. After
a long cruize in the South seas we
came this side of the line. Our vessel,
unfortunately, sprang alake during a
heavy gale, and we were obliged to
take to the boats. Poor Jim got into
the one with the first mate, and must
have aither perished from hunger or
drowned, as I niver heard of them or
the boat since. We, afther much suf-
fering, rached Puerta-la-Union, and
were sent across the continent by the
American agent at that port; but when
I got as far as this place I was capti-

vated by a dark-eyed sefiorita, and
came to the conclusion to cast anchor
in Santiago. So, you percave, Mr.
Ryan, how the Drymeleague skrim-
mage brought me here."
We were all highly interested with
O'Blennis' story, which, from the quaint
manner in which he told it, ever since
has been as fresh in my mind as though
it were told but yesterday.
We passed the rest of the evening
in social converse, alternating our jokes,
stories, and songs with bumpers of
aguardiente, and the "wee hours ayant
the twal" had crowded upon us before
we bid good night to the jovial and
generous O'Blennis.
At daylight we were stirring and
preparing for our departure. I must
confess that I awoke with a very un-
comfortable headache. My scalp felt
as if it had been tightened to its utmost
tension; or as Edward suggested, "my
head had swollen too large for my
scalp."
We were soon ready for the road,
and as we passed O'Blennis' door, we
saw him hurrying out. He beckoned
us to the house, and Ryan and myself
went over to him.
"Come in boys," said he, taking us
by the arm, "come in and thry a dhrup
afore ye lave."
I told him I had a severe headache,
and was afraid to drink any more.
"Whisht," said he, "I have a bottle
of the best medicine for that ye iver
tasted—some pure *conyac*. Tare and
'ouns, I only had one bottle, and I was
ashamed to bring it out last night,
knowing that it wudn't go round."
The inducement was great, and in
we stepped. O'Blennis went to a shelf
and took down a bottle on which he lav-
ished the most extravagant praises.
We filled and drank each other's health,
and I must say that I have ever since
had the impression that that was the
best brandy I ever tasted.
O'Blennis accompanied us a couple
of miles on the road, before we parted
company. The generous Irishman

shook us cordially by the hand, wishing us "God speed," and as he turned to leave us a flood of tears rolled down his manly cheeks. Ryan and myself walked on our road a long distance, without exchanging a word. He had his handkerchief out most of the time, and feigned to need it about his nasal organ; but I noticed, that he always ended by using a corner of it at his eyes, and, reader, is it necessary to mention it, regret at leaving caused me to imitate him?

The rest of our route across the continent was void of incidents of interest. We passed through the city of Comayagua (the capital of Honduras) the day after a battle between two aspirants for the Presidency. We were told these contentions were of common occurrence, and, from their frequency lost the nature of remarkable events.

On the twenty-second day after leaving Omoa, we arrived in Puerta-la-Union, on the Pacific—a town totally barren of everything that would interest the tourist. There was no vessel in port we could charter to bring us to California, and it was impossible to form any idea when there would be an arrival that would afford us a passage.

To the indomitable spirit of energy that characterizes the American, there is "no such word as fail;" and under any circumstances, as we had started for California, it was proposed that, instead of leading an indolent life awaiting a problematical opportunity of sailing to San Francisco, we should *build a vessel!* capable of taking us there. The proposition, at first seemed utterly impracticable, as, with the exception of timber, but little material could be procured for building a vessel. To those

who have courage and perseverance' however nothing in reason is impossible. All the old pieces of iron and rope that could be scraped together in the country were brought into requisition. We laid the keel of our vessel on the 17th of March, and on the 17th day of May, we sailed from Puerta-la-Union, on board the *José Castro*, a fifteen ton vessel, named after the Commandante of the Port, who had extended us every facility in his power to procure the necessary material.

I will not fatigue the reader by relating the many and wearying experiences of the voyage. Let it suffice to mention that we put into nearly every port upon the coast between the Gulf of Conchagua and the port of San Francisco, and as our vessel was too small to carry a sufficiency of water and provisions, we were nearly the whole time on short allowance.

After *one hundred and forty-five days*, (on the tenth day of October, 1849,) we entered the bay of San Francisco, our hearts overflowing with an excess of joy, that at last after so much privation and suffering, we could look upon the golden hills of California, and feel that the goal of our hopes was reached, and that our long, long journey was at an end.

Women endure pain, poverty, and the severest misfortune with more fortitude than men, but melt at the first harsh words from those they love. With her own heart open before her, no true mother can speak harshly to her child—the tone would rend the little tendrils of affection that are clinging to her, and, like vines in spring, ruthlessly cut, they might bleed with a fatal hindrance to health.

THE VINE BY MY FATHER

BY A. M. BATES.

Oh! the vine that grew by my
With a dark and lonely shade
How the sunbeams wandered there
And amid the leaflets played
And the summer wind that wau
Had no music sound before
It wakened delicate melody
In the vine by my father's do

White was the cottage and low
The eaves were both old and
But the leaves lay there in eme
Till the zephyrs brushed their
Bright pearls of dew in prisma
'Nenth the sunbeam starred t
And the rain-drops lay, like pal
O'er the vine by my father's

Its foliage came in the early sp
With the April sun and show
When the blue birds first bega
And wakened the daisy flow
I've watched in the time thro
Full many a night of yore,
To see the light of the young n
O'er the vine by my father's

When summer was rich in her
And her flowers of gold and
To the glossy leaves in the mis

ANECDOTE OF CHAR
The mad king of Sweden
called by some of his co
was a pledged man, if not
a teetotal society. Charl
body knows, in the comm
his career drank to great
one of his drunken bouts
overstepped the limits of
to treat the Queen, his
great disrespect. The
being informed of his rudi
a glass of wine in his h
pared to the Queen's room
said he to her, "I have b
that yesterday, in my c
myself towards you. I
your pardon, and to pre
rence of such a fault I d

THE VINE BY MY FATHER'S DOOR.

BY A. M. BATES.

Oh! the vine that grew by my father's door,
With a dark and lonely shade;
How the sunbeams wandered there of yore,
And amid the leaflets played;
And the summer wind that wandered by,
Had no music sound before
It wakened delicate melody
In the vine by my father's door.

White was the cottage and low was the roof,
The eaves were both old and brown,
But the leaves lay there in emerald woofs,
Till the zephyrs brushed them down:
Bright pearls of dew in prismatic hue,
'Neath the sunbeam starred them o'er,
And the rain-drops lay, like pale sea spray,
O'er the vine by my father's door.

Its foliage came in the early spring,
With the April sun and shower,
When the blue birds first began to sing,
And wakened the daisy flower: [away,
I've watched in the time that has wandered
Full many a night of yore,
To see the light of the young moon stray,
O'er the vine by my father's door.

When summer was rich in her wealth of balm,
And her flowers of gold and flame,
To the glossy leaves in the misty dawn,

The bee and the hum bird came:
They gathered sweets from the bells of bloom,
Till they tumbled o'er and o'er,
And a faint perfume stole up to my room,
From the vine by my father's door.

When autumn came with its ripened grain,
And its garb of rainbow dye,
And the harvest moon hung bright again,
O'er the cornfields and the rye:
As the reaper gathered in the sheaves
From the fertile fields once more,
Brightly the frost king tinted the leaves
Of the vine by my father's door.

But oh! our home is desolate now,
And echoes no mortal tread,
Tall, rank weeds, in the garden grow,
'Mid the pinks of white and red:
Gone is the mirth and cheerful sounds,
That were 'neath that roof of yore,
But still the wind goes wandering round
The vine by my father's door.

Greenly it hangs o'er the time worn sill,
And the roostree old and gray,
But the fresh and bounding hearts are still,
That under it used to play:
Oh! the voice of the past is 'mid the leaves,
That sigh as they did of yore,
And I weep o'er love's dismantled sheaves,
'Neath the vine by the father's door.
— SOXCOOK, Aug. 1856.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES XII.—
The mad king of Sweden, as he was called by some of his cotemporaries, was a pledged man, if not a member of a teetotal society. Charles, as everybody knows, in the commencement of his career drank to great excess. In one of his drunken bouts, he so far overstepped the limits of propriety as to treat the Queen, his mother, with great disrespect. The next day, on being informed of his rudeness, he took a glass of wine in his hand, and repaired to the Queen's room. "Madam," said he to her, "I have been informed that yesterday, in my cups, I forgot myself towards you. I come to ask your pardon, and to prevent a recurrence of such a fault I drink this glass

to your health, it shall be the last during my life." He kept his word, and from that day never tasted wine. In his subsequent life, no king was ever known to have undergone greater hardships, and no man to have enjoyed better health than this cold water monarch.

Splendid qualities break forth in dark times like lightning from a thunder cloud.

AN old Vermont lady was asked by a young clergyman to what denomination she belonged?

"I don't know," said she, "and don't care anything about nominations; for my part, I hold on to the good old meetin' house."

who have courage and perseverance
however nothing in reason is impos-
ble. All the old pieces of iron and
rope that could be scraped together
the country were brought into requi-
sition. We laid the keel of our vessel
on the 17th of March, and on the 15th
day of May, we sailed from Puer-
to, on board the *José Castro*, a
fifteen ton vessel, named after the
Commandante of the Port, who had
extended us every facility in his power
to procure the necessary material.
I will not fatigue the reader by re-
lating the many and wearying expe-
riences of the voyage. Let it suffice
to mention that we put into nearly every
port upon the coast between the Gulf
of Conchagua and the port of San Fran-
cisco, and as our vessel was too small to
carry a sufficiency of water and provisions,
we were nearly the whole time on a
short allowance.

After one hundred and forty-five days
(on the tenth day of October, 1849) we
entered the bay of San Francisco, our
hearts overflowing with an excess of
joy, that at last after so much priva-
tion and suffering, we could look upon
the golden hills of California, and feel
that the goal of our hopes was reached,
and that our long, long journey was
at an end.

Women endure pain, poverty, and
the severest misfortune with more for-
titude than men, but melt at the first
harsh words from those they love.
With her own heart open before her,
no true mother can speak harshly to
her child—the tone would rend the li-
tle tendrils of affection that are cling-
ing to her, and, like vines in spring,
ruthlessly cut, they might bleed with a
fatal hindrance to health.

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. I.

"Like the gloom of night retiring,
When in splendor beams the day,
Hope again my heart inspiring,
Doubt and fear shall chase away."

Fill up your glass again, old friend: come, light another of those prime Havanas—and, as the influence of the old wine sends a glow to our hearts, and the aroma of the balmy herb steals over our senses with its dreamy influence, I will try and tell you some reminiscences of old '49—a year, fraught with the reality of romance, of danger met, of difficulties overcome, of joy and sorrow, of hope and despair, of dreams, wild as Eastern fable, realized—of dreams, bright and enchanting, which vanished in the night of tears—aye, bitter, bitter tears, which, in their weeping agony, struck down many a noble, manly heart, never to rise again, and silvered the raven locks of youth, long before the time. Still, there is a fascination in the memories of that time, which those of us who mingled in its whirl and excitement, call back with delight and intense longing for such days again. Aye, even here, old comrade, amid this quiet, this comfort, this happiness which I now realize, I feel a pang, almost amounting to pain, at the thought that I shall never see their like again. It is almost ever thus. The traveller, from the burning tropics, treading the soil of his native land; the ship-wrecked mariner, rescued from the reef, and arrived safely in the haven of rest; the soldier, home from the battle field, dreaming, perchance, amid the very flowers of life, and the peaceful pleasures of his own fireside, of the excitement and dangers of the camp,

often feels stealing over his heart a yearning to mingle again in the "war of elements;" to hear the low booming sound of the cannon, the whistle of the shot, the cry of agony, and the shout of victory. So with the unquiet soul, who, wandering over this broad earth in search of fortune and adventure, is oftentimes the subject of an ever restless feeling which mocks the stillness and quietude of his earthly heaven, after it is gained by much privation, exposure, and often at the risk of life itself: eager for the days of adventure back again. Back again! how my blood tingles at the thought boiling up as it does with the old lava of my youth. Ah! I can call them here—the spirits of departed hours, old friends, true friends, with strong hands and great hearts, who were my comrades beneath the giant pines, and mid the scenes of the camp and watch-fires high up in the eternal Sierras, and which are before me now with their light flashing in the ruddy, joyous faces that sat around. But I wander from our night of hope.

Ours was a rare old ship—the *Sally Ann*, with a square, broad bow, and a square, broad stern, which for eight months bumped the huge waves like a great leviathan. What were the knots got out of her in a gale of wind I know not now, but I well recollect our Captain in a state of ecstasy when, for a few hours on one eventful day, she bumped out six knots per hour, right dead before the wind. Then, in anticipation, we were mining in the great hills of the *terra incognita* of our hopes. She creaked in the fashion of a "fine old craft, all of the olden time," and tacked and hove to, and then carried

... a studding-sail-boom, to
... Sailing on the A
... course of the lazy m
... the line, doubled Ca
... were gliding along th
... Indian clime dreaming
... hours, and right glad w
... of the coast of California,
... for the heads towards S
...
... gloomy when we no
... heavy fog had gat
... us, but by and by wh
... a little, right ahead of us
... the high mountains of the
... hiding their lofty hea
... of the mist. We
... it, and could see the wh
... and breaking upon t
... shore, and the trees and herb
... upon the hills.
... Land ahead! oh, it is a gl
... ring birth to an ecstasy
... down only to the wander
... Oh, mother Earth
... bred thee then! How we
... spring with fleet bounds from
... sailing prison and climb the
... hills; to run, and gambol in
... grades; to feel the firm cart
... our feet, and to pluck, in ou
... light, the wild flowers of thy
... throw them aloft in our jubil
... in reality, is a sensation, wh
... repairs, by its delight, for
... dreaming of a long and drea
... "Ready about!" "Aye,
... was the word, and the dea
... was round with a jaunty
... that made our Captain boast
... was some life in the old cru
... we made for the Golden
... bright stars shone down
... from the deep blue arch

often feels stealing over his
yearning to mingle again in the
of elements," to hear the low
sound of the cannon, the whistle
shot, the cry of agony, and the
victory. So with the unique
who, wandering over this broad
in search of fortune and adventure
oftentimes the subject of an en-
less feeling which mocks the ex-
and quietude of his earthly
after it is gained by much
exposure, and often at the risk
itself: eager for the days of ad-
back again. Back again! how
blood tingles at the thought
as it does with the old lava
youth. Ah! I can call them
spirits of departed hours, old
true friends, with strong hands
great hearts, who were my comrades
neath the giant pines, and mid the
of the camp and watch-fires high
the eternal Sierras, and which
fore me now with their light
in the ruddy, joyous faces
around. But I wander from our
of hope.

Ours was a rare old ship—the
Ann, with a square, broad bow,
square, broad stern, which for
months bumped the huge waves
great leviathan. What were
got out of her in a gale of wind
not now, but I well recollect
tain in a state of ecstasy when
few hours on one eventful day
bumped out six knots per hour
dead before the wind. Then
icipation, we were mining in the
hills of the *terra incognita* of our
She creaked in the fashion of an
old craft, all of the olden time
tacked and hove to, and then

away a studding-sail-boom, by way of
variety. Sailing on the Atlantic, in
due course of the lazy months we
crossed the line, doubled Cape Horn,
and soon were gliding along the Pacific,
in an Indian clime dreaming away the
weary hours, and right glad were we to
be off the coast of California, and stand-
ing in for the heads towards San Fran-
cisco.

It was gloomy when we neared the
land; heavy fog had gathered all
around us, but by and by when it lifted
up a little, right ahead of us towered
the high mountains of the northern
coast, hiding their lofty heads in the
curtain of the mist. We were close
upon it, and could see the white waves
rolling and breaking upon the sandy
shore, and the trees and herbage grow-
ing upon the hills.

Land ahead! oh, it is a glorious cry!
giving birth to an ecstasy of feeling
known only to the wanderer on the
deep. Oh, mother Earth! how we
loved thee then! How we longed to
spring with fleet bounds from our tardy
sailing prison and climb thy glorious
hills; to run, and gambol in thy green
glades; to feel the firm earth beneath
our feet, and to pluck, in our wild de-
light, the wild flowers of thy love and
throw them aloft in our jubilee. This,
in reality, is a sensation, which almost
repays by its delight, for the weary
dreaming of a long and dreary voyage.

"Ready about!" "Aye, aye, sir!"
was the word, and the dear old ship
was round with a jaunty quickness
that made our Captain boast that there
was some life in the old craft yet. As
we made for the Golden Gate the
bright stars shone down in beauty
from the deep blue arch of heaven,

sending a radiance and a glory on the
peaks of the hills and the islands off
the shore. Far out to sea a heavy fog
hung like a pall around the lake of
dancing light, but it soon lifted up and
rolled away, showing lights around us
on every side, like rival stars to those
above us, as they rise and fall with the
rolling of the sea. Ships from all
parts of the world are our companions
for the night, and their lights sent a
glow of pleasure to our hearts as they
glanced across the waters to our ship.
They were also steering for the land
of gold. Our pulses beat quick, and
our hearts were brave that night, as we
gathered in knots here and there upon
the deck, and spoke in tones of glad-
ness of our fortunes in the unknown
land, and the friendly clasp was given,
and we promised, aye, swore, to stand
by each other in the hour of need, like
brothers in a band, and, from our unity
of action, were to bear down all
opposition, and become so rich that the
nabobs of the land we had left would
pale before the greatness of our high
estate.

Ah, me! how little we knew of the
ordeal we had to pass through—of the
selfishness of human nature; of the
privations; of the struggles; of the
sickness of mind and body we had yet
to meet; of friend forsaking friend; of
brother deserting brother; aye, son and
sire forgetting their tie of relationship.
Still, we were brothers on that night,
and each one sought his couch, his
heart filled with the warm glow of
friendship, and the light from a golden
future beaming in his face.

Yet ours was no holy brotherhood:
we were linked to each other by no
lofty or ennobling ties, no true aspira-

tions, no ardent devotion. Oh no, for in truth we were worshippers of a false divinity, and our friendships were but selfish interests, guarding self from the misty shadows of coming time. And our prayers that night went not up to the Father in Heaven, but we bowed our heads in adoration to the visions of heaped gold, glittering from the mine, which was to be to us the key of earth's heaven—of man's friendship and woman's love.

They left me, one by one, and I was, as it were, alone on the deck of the *Sally Ann*, leaning over the taffrail, looking out into the night, and up into the light of the stars; and their silent influence stirred up memories of the past, and my heart was full of love. Aye, I, Harry, the boy whom men called cold and hard, the stern and grasping man of business, the schemer and speculator—I, dreamt, my boy, of love, and of a fair young girl, in a far off land, whose eyes, perchance, might be looking into the light of the same stars with me, thinking of the absent one who had gone to seek fortune for her sake alone; and back to me now comes the boy dream of my love. Strange magic spell, over which space and time hath no control! Dwellest thou, alike, in the hearts of the innocent as in the hearts of the guilty? Livest thou ever on, through change and time, till old age, till death—aye, onward in the spirit land? I knew not then, but I had my answer in the years to come.

"Call the watch!" "Ready about!"
"Aye, aye, sir"—startled me from my reveries, and I retired below. So ended our night of hope upon the sea.

"The morn is up agin—the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom;

Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if the earth contained no tomb."

And so the morn was up with us: the bright, the glorious morn. And the sun's beams lit up the ocean and the land; the mountains of the coast were radiant with his glory, and the wavelets of the sea, and the surf on the shore, were sparkling and glowing in his light. On the deck of our old ship were gathered the dreamers of the night—looking at that land of hope, and at a sight which rarely falls to the lot of man to witness, for not less than a hundred ships were now in sight, their white sails bent like racers, all steering for the break in the mountain chain, which we had learned, by this time, was the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay. "They come, yes, still they come." The gold-seekers from a thousand homes, the self-exiled from many a different clime. Science triumphant over space and time, danger and difficulty: the trackless ocean, the dark nights of storm, the reefs of unknown shores, even the wild wind which had howled in its mad fury, had been chained and harnessed for man's use, and he became victorious.

Let me call back that time, my friend. Let me feel once more the big thoughts which were within me then, as I looked upon that bold coast line and up into its high and distant hills. *But more
bye and bye.*

"I say, stranger, how far is it to the next town?"

"W, ab-b-b b che-che p-p-p st-st-st
stam-it! go ahead you'll g-g-get there
fore I can t-t-tell you!"

WHEN IS OUR GEORGE
COME?

Two neighbors, owning farms, and between whom a pleasant friendship existed, their minds to journey together to California. In due season they came safely in San Francisco, and in loss of time made the best of their way to the mines. They were present at several appearances, and after sundry appearances, and after sundry appearances, agreed that as neither of them stood the *modus operandi* of the mines would be better either to him or her, they knew what they were to do. They sought to get an interest in a company who did understand the business.

The same afternoon they made satisfactory arrangements with the different companies, although in joining, and with a willing heart, immediately to work. In the heat and sweat, early and late, and neither the burning sun of summer nor the chilling rain of winter, they were not without any loss of time to them, and they were unheeded. They remembered their dear and waiting ones at home, and they were so anxious and diligent that so happened that the one of them remarkably well, while the other did not pay anything: yet, they both commenced working, and they both were equally encouraged.

Months rolled away, and the one neighbor was rapidly accumulating wealth, the other had not even covered his current expenses. Yet they both worked equally hard, and they were alike provident in their habits. One morning, as they sat together, for they "cabined" together, the successful one said to the other, "I've half a mind to sell out."

The morn is up again—the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all
bloom;
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if the earth contained no tomb.”

And so the morn was up with us:
The bright, the glorious morn. And
The sun's beams lit up the ocean and
The land; the mountains of the coast
were radiant with his glory, and the
wavelets of the sea, and the surf on the
shore, were sparkling and glowing in
his light. On the deck of our old ship
were gathered the dreamers of the
night—looking at that land of hope,
and at a sight which rarely falls to the
lot of man to witness, for not less than
hundred ships were now in sight,
their white sails bent like racers, all
steering for the break in the mountain
rain, which we had learned, by this
name, was the Golden Gate of San
Francisco Bay. “They come, yes,
all they come.” The gold-seekers
from a thousand homes, the self-exiled
from many a different clime. Science
triumphant over space and time, dan-
ger and difficulty: the trackless ocean,
the dark nights of storm, the reefs of
unknown shores, even the wild wind
which had howled in its mad fury, had
been chained and harnessed for man's
use, and he became victorious.

Let me call back that time, my friend.
Let me feel once more the big thoughts
which were within me then, as I looked
on that bold coast line and up into
the high and distant hills. *But more
and bye.*

“I say, stranger, how far is it to the
next town?”

“W, ab-b-b b che-che p-p-p st-st-st
m-it! go ahead you'll g-g-get there
before I can t-t-tell you!”

WHEN IS OUR GEORGE COMING
HOME?

Two neighbors, owning adjoining
farms, and between whom a strong and
pleasant friendship existed, made up
their minds to journey together to Cal-
ifornia. In due season they arrived
safely in San Francisco, and without
loss of time made the best of their way
to the mines. They were pleased with
appearances, and after sundry inquiries
agreed that as neither of them under-
stood the *modus operandi* of mining, it
would be better, either to hire out until
they knew what they were about, or
seek to get an interest in a claim with
a company who did understand it.

The same afternoon they both made
satisfactory arrangements to join differ-
ent companies, although in claims ad-
joining, and with a willing hand went
immediately to work. In earnestness
and sweat, early and late they toiled:
neither the burning sun of summer, nor
the chilling rain of winter, caused
any loss of time to them, and were alike
unheeded. The remembrance of the
dear and waiting ones at home made
them anxious and diligent here. But it
so happened that the one claim paid
remarkably well, while the other did
not pay anything: yet, when they
commenced working, the prospects of
both were equally encouraging.

Months rolled away, and while one
neighbor was rapidly amassing a for-
tune, the other had not even made his
current expenses. Yet both had
worked equally hard, and both were
alike provident in their expenditures.
One morning, as they sat at breakfast,
for they “cabined” together, the suc-
cessful one said to the other, “George,
I've half a mind to sell out my claim

and go home. I believe I would if I
could get what it is worth.”

“What will you take?” said one of
his companions.

“Two thousand dollars. For that
amount you shall have my interest in
the claim, tools, cabin and provisions.”

“I'll give it,” was the immediate
rejoinder.

The bill of sale was made out, the
money paid down; and in one hour
from that time, the lucky neighbor was
ready to start upon his journey home.

Now let us for a moment contrast
the two men. The one with his heart
swelling with joy and pride, thinking of
those his presence will soon make glad:
the other, that when his companion and
friend is gone, a feeling of loneliness
will be added to that of disappointment,
and long will he miss the cheery con-
verse and companionship of his kind-
hearted and fortunate neighbor—even
while he rejoices in his prosperity.

The thought that crowded most op-
pressively upon his heart was this; he
could not even hope that *his* turn to
visit the dear ones that were waiting
to greet him at the old homestead
would be likely to come *very* soon—oh,
no. It is true that before the last blow
was given that very day “they might
strike the lead,” and then—yes, *then*
he too would have the prospect of
going home, and in the dream of what
might come to pass he forgets his dis-
appointments, and as ever toils earn-
estly on. It is this thought that keeps
hope always alive within the breast,
and enables the miner to do prodigies
of labor, suffer hardships almost incred-
ible, endure privations and brave dan-
gers that would almost appal the com-
fort loving souls of home.

Now, however, he cheerfully takes the labor-hardened hand of his neighbor, and although the tear of sorrowful regret rises to his eye, from the depths of a noble and earnest heart, he wishes him "Good bye, my boy, and may God bless you!" He would have added, and tell them at home the reasons *why* I do not come. However, I know you will do that for me, and do it kindly too, won't you? but he knew his friend and trusted him.

After all his old acquaintances had wished him "good bye," as they stood watching his departure, each one almost simultaneously remarked "Well, after all, he's a lucky fellow—isn't he?" "He feels all right!"—"He's got his pile," "I wish it was my turn!" as they walked away to their claims to seek, if possible, mental relief in bodily labor: and each one sighed and thought still more earnestly of his distant home.

Light-hearted and glad, the other one sped on his homeward way, and was soon welcomed with greetings and kisses from the dear ones who loved him. Neighbors and acquaintances heard of his return, and gathered around him, to ask all sorts of questions. Among the many inquirers, one of the most anxious was the wife of the unfortunate neighbor, who, with quivering lips and agonized twitches of the countenance, asked, "When is our George coming home? my George?" The thrilling earnestness of her look told the disappointment of her heart, when she heard of his discouraging misfortunes, and she again exclaimed, "Oh when, oh when is our George coming home?"

"Why, Thomas," interrogates a neighbor, "how is it that George has

not come home with you—he went out with you, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he has not done very well, or otherwise he would have been but too glad to have come home with me."

"Why," queried the neighbor, "has he not worked well in California?"

"Yes: no man harder."

"What! has he fooled away his money, then?"

"No: no man is more careful."

"Well—that's strange. I thought everybody got rich that went to California and worked hard."

"There, neighbor, you, like many others, make a very great mistake. That I have done well, I owe to my very good fortune, and a favoring Providence, but I might have worked just as hard—as many do for years—and *made nothing*: and this you will discover, if you ever go there."

It is truly astonishing how few men, up to this very hour, ever dream of the months and years of unremitting and unrequited toil, by the miners in California, without even saving one dollar. And yet, their hopes are only surpassed by their efforts to make a fortune, or die rather than return home without it. And what is the most heart-sickening of all is that friends at home should for one moment suppose their labors are not incessant, their efforts not constant, their exertions not unwearied; or that they are improvident, and, wantonly forgetting the claims of home, squander their hard earnings in frivolities.

Did friends but know how much is borne without complaining, how much is accomplished without reward, they would, rather than censure even in thought, write encouragingly and con-

fidingly to the absent ones, and cheer them on in their struggle to gain the prize.

It is the almost certain knowledge that sooner or later, the California miner will meet with his reward, that encourages him to renewed efforts, and that he will rather give it up, his noble heart being that it would sooner cease to beat, than that he should come to the land and return without the reward, and any moment fortune might smile upon him, and, in a few brief months, be sufficient to make a wife comfortable.

An elderly female with a fine figure and a superfluity of bandoliers, trunks, and an umbrella, inquired of his "which is the safest steamboat for being safe to Sacramento city." We told her of the safety there was no particular. "But," she reasoned, "I am afraid of them boats, for they explode sometimes, and it 'ud be mighty bad if you know to be blowed up, and if you'll just show me one of them are steamboats what an't good in 'em, I shall be greatly obliged—for them, you know, can't be. We thought it very probable that we grieved our inability to give you comforting information.

Tears do not always flow from a grief-stricken heart, and they have the appearance of being for instance, read what Tom says on the matter:

"After such years of dissension, some wonder that Peter should be his wife; But his tears on her grave are surprising, He's laying here just for fear of

not come home with you—he went out with you, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he has not done very well, or otherwise he would have been but too glad to have come home with me."

"Why," queried the neighbor, "has he not worked well in California?"

"Yes: no man harder."

"What! has he fooled away his money, then?"

"No: no man is more careful."

"Well—that's strange. I thought everybody got rich that went to California and worked hard."

"There, neighbor, you, like many others, make a very great mistake. That I have done well, I owe to my very good fortune, and a favoring Providence, but I might have worked just as hard—as many do for years—and made nothing: and this you will discover, if you ever go there."

It is truly astonishing how few men, up to this very hour, ever dream of the months and years of unremitting and unrequited toil, by the miners in California, without even saving one dollar. And yet, their hopes are only surpassed by their efforts to make a fortune, or die rather than return home without it. And what is the most heart-sickening of all is that friends at home should for one moment suppose their labors are not incessant, their efforts not constant, their exertions not unwearyed, or that they are improvident, and, wantonly forgetting the claims of home, squander their hard earnings in frivolities.

Did friends but know how much is borne without complaining, how much is accomplished without reward, they would, rather than censure even in thought, write encouragingly and con-

fidingly to the absent ones, and cheer them on in their struggle to gain the prize.

It is the almost certain knowledge that sooner or later, the Californian will meet with his reward, that encourages him to renewed efforts, and, rather than give it up, his noble heart feels that it would sooner cease to beat, than that he should come to the land of gold, and return without the reward, when at any moment fortune might smile upon him, and, in a few brief months give him sufficient to make a whole life comfortable.

An elderly female with a heavy figure and a superfluity of bandboxes and trunks, and an umbrella, anxiously inquired of us "which is the best steamboat for being safe to go in to Sacramento city." We thought for safety there was no particular choice. "But," she reasoned, "I am afraid of them boats, for they explode you know, sometimes, and it 'ud be mighty unpleasant you know to be blowed up by 'em, and if you'll just show me one of them are steamboats what an't got no bilers in 'em, I shall be greatly obleeged to you—for them, you know, can't blow up?" We thought it very probable, and regretted our inability to give her the comforting information.

Tears do not always flow from a sad and grief stricken heart, even when they have the appearance of doing so; for instance, read what Tom Hood says on the matter:

"After such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his
wife;
But his tears on her grave are nothing sur-
prising,
He's laying her dust for fear of it's rising."

THE IRON HORSE.

ELIOT BURRIT, the learned blacksmith, thus eloquently discourses upon the iron horse:

"I love to see one of those huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands, champing and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews—he pants to be gone. He would "snake" St. Peter across the Desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little, sober-eyed tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for begrimed as he may be with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery—as the physical mind of that huge steam horse."

Now for ourselves we want to see this "iron horse" snorting and pulling through one of the many passes of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and as he rushes on, on, beneath the shadows of our densely timbered forests, or darts across or down our beautiful and fertile valleys; we don't care if all the Indians in creation lift up their hands in wonder at it, or fly with fear from before it. We want a Railroad.

What care we if this or that political party make it a hobby, jump astride it, and seek to ride into power upon it; all we say is—give us the Railroad, give it to us somebody—give it to us anybody—give it to us everybody. It is the RAILROAD that we want; and

we will not quarrel about the source from whence it comes. We don't care who gives it, who pays for it, or whether it pays for itself—to us that is of lesser importance, altogether. Give us the Railroad, gentlemen senators and congressmen, and give it to us *at once*. No shirking, no shuffling, no log-rolling delay, no quibbling, no subterfuges, nor substitutes. We want *the Railroad*. Yes, we, **THE PEOPLE** want it, and *must have it*. And please not forget that *we want it without delay!* *Progress* prays for it—*Commerce* waits for it—*Peace or War* demands it. Then why not give it? Besides we want “to go a visiting ‘the old folks at home,’” and as we can't afford to go one way, we want to go the other; and there are many more just like us—too many. You who live in comfort and luxury at home must not forget the “red shirts” and workers here. Certainly not. Then there are a *few* of our acquaintances east of the Rocky Mountains, yet; and they wish to have a little pleasure trip to see us—“drop in to breakfast” early some morning, and after “panning out” a little gold—just enough for a finger ring,—to say good bye, and return by way of Salt Lake City, to see the “Saints” and elders, and their wives, as well as take a peep at the little saints, just to see, you know, if they are like other little people: and what is of more importance, find out if the saints of the masculine gender are simply men, or giants, that they can manage more than *one* wife.

Then, again, we want to send our friends a basket or two of our ripe luscious peaches, and a box of our “five pound bunches” of tempting, mouth-

watering grapes, and a car-load or two of our forty-five pound watermelons, and a thousand other good things that we have, for dessert.

Besides there are *one* or two articles we wish to import in quantities—and the first to be mentioned is *muslin*, with a pretty, good-tempered, loving; kind-hearted, intellectual, and contented lady-love, within it; or, if you will give us the latter we will grow all that we want of the former. Now if that one consideration is not enough to tempt you to give us the Railroad, we will talk to you about China and the East Indies, and—well, all the places and things that must come and go upon this great highway towards the setting sun, and the rising of empires on the broad and beautiful Pacific, &c., &c., &c., until you go to sleep: and, on awaking, find yourself a day behind the age. The “*Iron Horse*” gentlemen, the **IRON HORSE, THE IRON HORSE**—give it to us *at once*, and our consequent prosperity shall tell you how much we appreciate the gift.

“**MADAM** — How is it that you are always so early at church? Because it is one part of my religion, not to interfere with the religious worship of others.”

[We hope that the gentleman who wears creaking boots, and always enters church about the middle of the service, will, to oblige us, read the above twice over, and in future if he *will come late*, take his boots off before walking down the aisle to the farther end of the church; and when he *departs*, carry his boot-jack under his arm, in the same way he used to do his Bible!]

REMEMBER IT.—The natives upon the Isthmus of Panama have a saying concerning fruit, that it is *gold* in the morning, *silver* at noon, and *lead* at night.

ANNIE WHITTING

HOWARD WHITTINGHAM, ing the store for the night self in his little back room his gold. It was a small looked dissatisfied. “I years,” said he to him left my wife, my little dear old home in Baltimore Gold! Yes, gold! and I this paltry sum, after all tion, suffering, and hap- capes, I have only five lars in ready money. have my store filled with paid for; and a pretty With this sum I might fortably, and send for no use in waiting to get as soon as she at once as let life. But will she com- her she will have to live and dispense with the lux she has been accustomed. Of course she will prefer society to all the luxu affords, without him. ought. I will write at her to come out.”

The letter (extolling lightful climate and beauty and, above all, the cott- ing only its fair tenant (most lovely and romant- nable,) was written, sent

Howard Whittingham son of a wealthy planter. He lost his mother in his early school north and placed in the care of his maiden aunt, remained at school until his education, paying a vacation a short visit to home. At the age of married Annie Walton, of Baltimore, whose beauty and admiration. Her features, her complexion fair with soft blue eyes and a sort of wax doll beauty but a pet or a plaything.

Four years after How-

ANNIE WHITTINGHAM.

HOWARD WHITTINGHAM, after closing the store for the night, seated himself in his little back room, and counted his gold. It was a small pile, and he looked dissatisfied. "It is five long years," said he to himself, "since I left my wife, my little ones and my dear old home in Baltimore—for what? Gold! yes, gold! and I have made but this paltry sum, after all my toil, privation, suffering, and hair-breadth escapes, I have only five thousand dollars in ready money. To be sure, I have my store filled with goods, all paid for; and a pretty cottage, too. With this sum I might furnish it comfortably, and send for my wife. There's no use in waiting to get rich. I would as soon die at once as lead this hermit's life. But will she come, when I tell her she will have to live in a cottage, and dispense with the luxuries to which she has been accustomed all her life? Of course she will prefer her husband's society to all the luxuries the world affords, without him. At least, she ought. I will write at once, and ask her to come out."

The letter (extolling our mild, delightful climate and beautiful country; and, above all, the cottage home, waiting only its fair tenant to make it the most lovely and romantic place imaginable,) was written, sealed and sent.

Howard Whittingham was the only son of a wealthy planter in Maryland. He lost his mother in infancy, and was early sent north and placed under the care of a maiden aunt, where he remained at school until he completed his education, paying occasionally, in vacation, a short visit to his paternal home. At the age of twenty-two he married Annie Walton, a young lady of Baltimore, whose beauty won his admiration. Her features were regular, her complexion fair as the lily, with soft blue eyes and flaxen ringlets. A sort of wax doll beauty, and born to be but a pet or a plaything.

Four years after Howard Whitting-

ham's marriage, his father died, leaving his son sole heir to his estate.

He entered largely, and less cautiously, into the speculations in which his father was engaged, at the time of his death, that, in imagination, yielded a large profit, but resulted, in reality, in failure, and, ere two years had expired, instead of being a millionaire, as he expected, he became a bankrupt.

Annie, now the mother of three children, with less beauty and more brains than herself, was quite distressed at the idea of giving up their princely residence, carriage and servants. Although Whittingham had been for some time in trouble, and often spoke of it to Annie, she paid little attention—invariably replying, "Don't bother me with your business affairs. It is something I never trouble myself about."

At such times, Howard thought and wished that his wife would pay less attention to dress and more to his comforts. He still loved Annie dearly, and could not bear to see her deprived of her luxuries; yet, it was impossible to keep up their present style of living.

He collected what he could of his scattered wealth, placed his family in less expensive quarters, allowing Annie to still retain the carriage, though he could ill afford it, and handed the remainder, which was but a small sum, to a friend named Benton, to be paid her in monthly installments, reserving just enough to pay his passage to California.

He arrived in San Francisco at the close of the year 1849, and soon secured a situation in a mercantile house then just established. He remained clerk but a few months, for his employer became so well pleased with him, that he admitted him a partner in the concern. Now, thought he, I will soon return home, a millionaire indeed.

But fortune frowned again. Fire, that devouring element, in one short hour reduced their store, with its valuable stock of merchandise, to ashes. All that was saved was a few thousand dollars with which to commence busi-

watering grapes, and a car-load or two of our forty-five pound watermelons, and a thousand other good things that we have, for dessert.

Besides there are *one* or two articles we wish to import in quantities—and the first to be mentioned is *music*, with pretty, good-tempered, loving, kind-hearted, intellectual, and contented lady-love, within it; or, if you will give us the latter we will grow all that we want of the former. Now if but one consideration is not enough to tempt you to give us the Railroad, we will talk to you about China and the East Indies, and—well, all the places and things that must come and go upon this great highway towards the setting sun, and the rising of empires on the broad and beautiful Pacific, &c., &c., &c., until you go to sleep: and, on awaking, find yourself a day behind the age. The "Iron Horse" gentlemen, the IRON HORSE, THE IRON HORSE—give us to us *at once*, and our consequent prosperity shall tell you how much we appreciate the gift.

"MADAM — How is it that you are always so early at church? Because it is one part of my religion, not to interfere with the religious worship of others."

We hope that the gentleman who wears peaking boots, and always enters church about the middle of the service, will, to oblige us, read the above twice over, and in future if he will come late, take his boots off before walking down the aisle to the farther end of the church; and when he departs, carry his boot-jack under his arm, in the same way he used to do his Bible!

REMEMBER IT.—The natives upon the Isthmus of Panama have a saying concerning fruit, that it is *gold* in the morning, *silver* at noon, and *lead* at night.

ness again. Nothing daunted, the firm with which Whittingham still continued, started anew, and was fairly launched in business again, when they were a second time burned out. The elements seemed to war against them. Yet they were not the only sufferers by the tremendous conflagrations of 1850. Many firms, like theirs, went down to rise no more. Disheartened, Howard Whittingham, after this last misfortune, started for the mines; but, unused to toil, he soon gave up mining, and opened a small store. Having acquaintances in San Francisco, through them he procured goods, and was making money slowly, but steadily, as we find him at the commencement of our story. He had now been five years in California. Three years of that time he had passed in G——.

His wife, who had through all his reverses, lived in good style on his hard earnings, did not relish the idea of following her husband to California, to live in the country, in a cottage. But a good opportunity offering, and having no plausible reason for declining, she, with her family, set sail. Benton, who had long wished to visit California, accompanied her. The voyage was a long one to him, for Mrs. Whittingham was, if possible, more inanimate than ever: the nurse was seasick a great part of the way, and the care of the younger Whittinghams devolved on him. It was with no little pleasure, therefore, that he first beheld San Francisco. Mrs. Whittingham exerted herself to go up on deck.

"Oh, my!" said she, "is that San Francisco? It looks like a desert, with shanties scattered over it. I think it is dreadful."

"Sahara would be welcome to me," said Benton, "anything to get out of this."

Howard Whittingham was among the first to jump on board. His wife looked about the same as when he left her, five years before, but the young misses of six, eight, and ten, had grown entirely out of his knowledge. He

could scarcely realize that they were the same prattling children that he left behind him.

"How old you look, Papa," said Eleanor, the eldest, "your hair is quite gray. I think Mr. Benton was mistaken, in saying you were about his age."

"I have seen care and trouble, my child. You cannot realize all that I have gone through. But let us away to more comfortable quarters."

Benton followed, leading the little girls, and muttering to himself, that if he had such a wife he would set her in the China closet.

Whittingham stopped a week in San Francisco, that his family might recover from the fatigues of the voyage, and then took them to his home in G——.

Benton and the little misses enjoyed the sail up the Sacramento river, and were delighted with the new and ever-changing scenery. Arriving at the city of Sacramento, they stayed but a short time, and then proceeded to their home in the mountains.

The stage was crowded with miners. Some returning to their homes; others going to the country in search of employment. Their coarse and soiled clothing attracted the attention of Mrs. Whittingham, and she drew her shawl more closely around her, and crowded herself farther back into the corner, that she might not come in contact with them, and was astonished to hear her husband make himself familiar with such rough and uncouth fellows.

It was quite dark when they arrived in G——: so Mrs. Whittingham lost the fine view of the little village, of which her husband had given her such a glowing description. Assisted up the steps, she entered the cottage and took a hasty survey of the interior. The parlor, dining-room, kitchen, with closets, and sleeping-rooms, were duly inspected, and Mrs. Whittingham sat down quite exhausted.

"My dear, you make no comment," said her husband, as he assisted her to

untie her bonnet. "Pray said he, smilingly, "if it is than you expected?"

"I cannot say that I am with what I have seen," replied his wife, "the most present, is best: perhaps look better in the morning."

Benton, who was making generally useful, bringing in a gage, and seeing things to enter to himself, as he heard reply: "I defy anybody to She came with the fixed determination not to like anything in California is the first time I have ever show any decision of character."

The little girls were delighted with their new home, and were peeping from one room to another, and to the great annoyance of the maid of all work, who was to arrange the tea-table.

Mr. Whittingham looked disappointed that his wife could find something to commend in her abode. But when he looked three rosy, merry children eagerly devouring the cake passed over his countenance.

Soon after supper, Mr. Whittingham and the children retired. "I'm afraid," said Whittingham when they were left to themselves, "that Annie is not going to like California. What do you think?"

"I think," said Benton, "she will come (as many other ladies before her,) prepared to find everything."

"She was always delicate, not yet recovered from the journey," Benton replied. "In a few days, things will look better."

"Perhaps so," replied Whittingham, "but in all events, the children are birds uncaged, and that is something."

Benton stopped but a few minutes. The Whittinghams. Annie

ceely realize that they were prattling children that he had him.

"Would you look, Papa?" said the eldest, "your hair is quite thick. I think Mr. Benton was mis-saying you were about his

seen care and trouble, my you cannot realize all that I through. But let us away comfortable quarters."

followed, leading the little muttering to himself that if he a wife he would see her in closet.

Whittingham stopped a week in San that his family might rest from the fatigues of the voyage, took them to his home in

and the little misses enjoyed the Sacramento river, and delighted with the new and ever scenery. Arriving at the Sacramento, they stayed but a few days, and then proceeded to the mountains.

The village was crowded with miners. Many were returning to their homes; others were in the country in search of em-

Their coarse and soiled dresses attracted the attention of Mrs. Whittingham, and she drew her shawl closely around her, and crowded them back into the corner, might not come in contact with her. She was astonished to hear her husband make himself familiar with the rough and uncouth fellows.

It was quite dark when they arrived at the little village, of which her husband had given her such a description. Assisted up the hill she entered the cottage and made a hasty survey of the interior. The dining-room, kitchen, with the sleeping-rooms, were duly furnished, and Mrs. Whittingham sat down, exhausted.

"Dear, you make no comment," said her husband, as he assisted her to

untie her bonnet. "Pray tell me," said he, smilingly, "if it is not better than you expected?"

"I cannot say that I am pleased with what I have seen," languidly replied his wife, "the most I want, at present, is rest: perhaps things will look better in the morning."

Benton, who was making himself generally useful, bringing in the baggage, and setting things to rights, muttered to himself, as he heard Mrs. W.'s reply: "I defy anybody to suit her. She came with the fixed determination not to like anything in California. It is the first time I have ever seen her show any decision of character at all."

The little girls were delighted with their new home, and were gaily skipping from one room to another, and peeping into the closets and cupboards, to the great annoyance of Maggie, the maid of all work, who was trying to arrange the tea-table.

Mr. Whittingham looked sad as he seated himself at the table. He was disappointed that his wife did not find something to commend in their new abode. But when he looked at his three rosy, merry children, who were eagerly devouring the eatables, a smile passed over his countenance.

Soon after supper, Mrs. Whittingham and the children retired. "I am afraid," said Whittingham to Benton, when they were left to themselves, "that Annie is not going to like California. What do you think?"

"I think," said Benton, "that she came (as many other ladies have done before her,) prepared to find fault with everything."

"She was always delicate, and has not yet recovered from the effects of the journey, Benton. Perhaps, in a few days, things will look better to her."

"Perhaps so," replied Benton. "At all events, the children are happy as birds uncaged, and that is worth something."

Benton stopped but a few days with the Whittinghams. Annie's discontent

rather increased than diminished, when she was introduced to their neighbors, two of whom turned out to be the veritable men of the stage whose rough dress had so disgusted her.

"Must I associate with these people?" said she to her husband, one day, after some callers had departed. "The butcher's, the baker's and the milkman's families have called to-day, made themselves provokingly familiar, and insisted on my sending the children over to spend the day, and calling early myself. This is a little too much. I hope, Howard, you do not expect me to mix with or associate with this rough set."

"You can do as you like, Annie. But let me assure you, rough and uncouth as they appear now, they have, most of them, seen the time when they have moved in as good society as either you or I. Our butcher is a man of talent and learning; was for several years Judge of A——a county, Ohio. Misfortune came upon him, as it has on me; he left his country to better his condition, and, as he found no practice here, was obliged to do something to keep his wife and little ones from starving. Our house carpenter, too, is a lawyer, from Maine, and finding that driving nails paid better than lying idle he went to work, and is now quite wealthy. He owns one-fourth of the houses in this place, nearly all of which he has built himself. Do not attempt, after this, my dear, to judge of a person's abilities by his employment here. In California, and all over the world, every honest employment ought to be considered honorable."

"Well," said Annie, "you cannot deny but that they are rough."

"Certainly, they are, Annie; but you must realize that most of them have been a long time away from home and the refining society of ladies. I do not say you shall associate with them, but those that have called are among my best friends and customers, and I am, in a measure, dependent on them. I cannot say what effect your

refusing to call will have on my business."

"Very well. I do not wish to ruin your trade, and I cannot bring my mind to associate with these people. So I will go back to San Francisco, and stay through the winter."

"How foolish that would be, Annie. I could not possibly leave my business for any length of time."

"Stay here, then, if you prefer it."

"If I prefer, Annie? On this little store I depend, for all the comforts we are to have through the winter. Will you not stay with me? Speak out plainly, and it shall be as you wish. And though the expense will be greater, and the children will be deprived of the out of door exercise they enjoy so much, still, you may go, and I will live as I have done for the past five years, alone."

When Benton returned to G—— he found Whittingham keeping "bachelor's hall." Mrs. Whittingham had gone to the city with the children, and taken Maggie, the house-keeper, to assist in taking care of them; thus leaving her husband entirely alone, to take care of himself as best he might.

"Upon my word, Howard, you take things coolly," said Benton, when he heard how things were. "As short a time as I have been here I have learned enough of California, to know better than that."

"Than what?" said Howard, opening his eyes.

"Why, letting a pretty little woman, like Annie, go to San Francisco to live in gaiety while you are here drudging at the mines. The next thing you will hear will be an elopement, or a divorce case."

"Pshaw, Benton, what have you seen in Annie to justify such an opinion?"

"Only this, she is fond of flattery and finery, therefore, may be easily won. There, she will receive a great deal of attention, as her ears will be filled with compliments; you had better by far send her home."

"Benton, you are as jealous a cur as ever lived, I think." "My wife is not accustomed to country life, and she did not like this. I gave my consent to her going."

"Very kind of you Howard. If she loved you as she ought, she would stay by your side, and try to make you happy as you deserve to be, and not take herself off in that kind of style, and leave you to spend these long winter evenings alone."

Whittingham knew his wife was thoughtless, and a little selfish, yet he had no fear of elopement, or a divorce; still, after what Benton had said, he almost regretted having allowed her to go to the city, and after thinking the matter over for a time, wrote to her, expressing a wish that she would return.

After a long delay her answer came, saying, that she was having a delightful time, and could not think of returning to the dull country at present; and ended by saying, that she was very sorry he found it lonely without her. If he wished, she would send the children back, for they were some trouble to her now, for Maggie had taken offence that morning and left; consequently she should have to stay in doors that evening, though she had made a positive engagement to attend the theatre with a young friend of her's, by the name of Esmond, whom she should be most happy to introduce to him.

"Ye gods! Is the woman mad?" said Whittingham, crumpling the letter in his hand, and pacing rapidly up and down the apartment.

Benton, who was always by when not wanted, muttered to himself, "not mad; a lack of brains is the great trouble."

Whittingham passed a sleepless night, and early the next morning started for San Francisco. Owing to an accident in the machinery, it was eleven o'clock, one hour later than usual, when the boat reached the wharf.

It was a bright and beautiful evening; the moon was shining softly down on the smooth waters, and rocky islands

of the bay; but with no mood to enjoy the scenery, as he landed, he felt where his family passed rapidly through his wife's apartment twice, and was awakened by his eldest daughter's loud aroar from sleep by the door.

"Oh, papa! dear me, springing into his arms, glad you have come, have cried for you ever since you have all been so lonely."

"But where is your mother?" Whittingham, who had been into such a state of excitement, could hardly ask the question.

"Oh, mother has gone where to ride, I've forgotten now. She promised to be here this evening, for we were frightened last night."

"She quarrelled and tried to go to the theatre, and she said she would leave us any more; but when a gentleman came, and told her to take a ride, that she should be better."

"Did any one else go with her?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. and Mrs. Esmond, and one other gentleman."

Howard did not wish to satisfy his daughter's curiosity by asking further, or by asking the name of the gentleman who was so much with her mother. He doubted if he should burn the rascal by the collar and it grieved him to think of the imprudent, thoughtless mother, and how she had hazarded her own reputation, for the sake of a moonlight ride. He heard voices in the distance, one of which he recognized as Annie, bidding her cavalier adieu.

Howard could hardly restrain his rage as Annie entered the room, looking rather displeased, when she saw

of the bay; but Whittingham was in no mood to enjoy the scene. Immediately on landing, he hurried to the hotel where his family was staying, and passed rapidly through the hall that led to his wife's apartments. He rapped twice, and was at last admitted by his eldest daughter Eleanor, who was aroused from sleep by the loud knocking at the door.

"Oh papa! dearest papa!" said she, springing into his arms, "I am so glad you have come, Ada and Clara have cried for you every night, and we have all been so lonely."

"But where is your mother?" asked Whittingham, who had worked himself into such a state of excitement that he could hardly ask the question.

"Oh! mother has gone out somewhere to ride, I've forgotten the place now. She promised to stay at home this evening, for we were dreadfully frightened last night. Some gentlemen quarrelled and tried to shoot each other, while mamma was gone to the theatre, and she said she would not leave us any more; but a fine looking gentleman came, and urged her so hard to take a ride, that she went."

"Did any one else go with her Nelly?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. and Mrs. Winston, and one other gentleman and lady."

Howard did not wish to excite his daughter's curiosity by questioning her further, or by asking the name of the gentleman who was so attentive to her mother. He doubted not, it was Esmond. How he burned to take the rascal by the collar and chastise him: and it grieved him to think of Annie's imprudent, thoughtless ways, to leave those beautiful children unattended, and hazard her own reputation for the sake of a moonlight ride. That moment, he heard voices on the stairs, one of which he recognized. It was Annie, bidding her cavalier good night.

Howard could hardly restrain his rage as Annie entered the room. She looked rather disappointed than pleased, when she saw her husband,

and holding out her hand to him, asked what brought him to the city?

"I wish you to return to G—— to-morrow, for I am not satisfied that you should remain longer," and he gave his reasons.

"To-morrow," said Annie " 'tis past midnight now, and I cannot pack my things; Maggie is gone and I have no one to assist me, so it will be impossible for me to be ready before the day after."

They retired, but neither slept. It was the first time she had ever been found fault with. She thought her husband exacting; and spent the remainder of the night in weeping, partly because she thought herself abused, and harshly treated; and partly, because she must leave the city before the grand masquerade ball came off, that had been so long talked of, and which she had promised to attend with Esmond, whom she believed to be a perfect gentleman, despite her husband's assertions to the contrary.

The next morning, her friend, a Mrs. Southwell, who boarded at the hotel, noticing her red and swollen eyes and sad expression, drew her aside and asked the cause of her unhappiness.

Annie after a little hesitation, related to her the arrival of her husband, his anger, and determination to remove her speedily from the city.

Mrs. Southwell advised her not to humor his whims too readily; at all events take the excursion on horseback, she had that morning promised.

Annie replied "that it was impossible" for her husband had forbidden her leaving the children alone, and would be very angry if she went out again, either walking, or riding with Esmond.

"I will take care of your children, and your husband need not know that you are out of the house, if you don't wish it. Though if I were in your place I would be independent about it, and show that I had a will, as well as himself."

While they were yet talking, Esmond joined them with whip in hand

equipped for the ride, promising Annie to return in an hour if she would accompany him. After some persuasion she concluded to go.

They had but just started when Mr. Whittingham returned, surprised to find a stranger in the room, amusing the children; he asked for his wife, and was informed by Mrs. Southwell that she was out riding. She did not say with whom, nor did Whittingham ask, though he turned pale with anger. He placed himself by the door, at the main entrance of the hotel, that he might observe without being observed, but he was not the only one that was watching. Esmond's friends had observed Whittingham's movements, and were watching anxiously the approach of the equestrians, and the "grand finale."

At last, after an absence of two hours, they rode up to the door. Esmond saw only his friends in the doorway, for Whittingham was out of sight. Springing from the saddle he assisted Annie to alight, then whispering a few words in her ear he raised her small gloved hand to his lips.

"Villain take that," said Whittingham aiming a blow with his heavy cane at the head of Esmond which he evaded, and Whittingham again raised the cane, but ere he could execute his purpose, Esmond drew a revolver from his pocket and shot him through the body.

Annie screamed, and was carried fainting from the scene of blood of which she had been in part the cause.

Whittingham was carried bleeding and almost lifeless to a bed, where, on the arrival of a physician his wound was examined, and pronounced mortal.

The dying man heard calmly his fate, and then asked in a feeble voice for his wife and children.

They came; the penitent wife sunk on her knees by the bed-side, and begged, hoped, prayed for forgiveness, while the little ones hovered around her weeping as though their hearts would break; for they knew that some-

thing dreadful had happened, though neither of them were old enough to realize the great misfortune that thus early overshadowed their young lives.

"Cease your wailing Annie," said Whittingham. You are already forgiven, pray dry your tears and listen, for I would speak of these dear children who will in a few hours be fatherless. A double duty devolves on you."

"Oh Annie! my wife! promise me to discharge that duty faithfully, watch over these precious treasures as I have watched over you, teach them as I would have done, to be wise, and useful, and good. As soon as possible after I am gone, return with them to Baltimore. Promise me that or I cannot die in peace?"

Annie placing her hand in his, promised to fulfil his wishes.

Whittingham, faint from the loss of blood paused a few moments, then calling Nelly, the eldest daughter to him, kissed, and exhorted her to be kind and dutiful to her mother, to assist as far as possible in the care of her two younger sisters, and employ every leisure moment in study; for, added he, you will soon have to depend upon your own exertions for support. Nelly, when her father had done speaking brought Ada and Clara to him: he rallied, raised himself for a moment in bed and imprinted the last fond kiss on their soft cheeks, then sunk back overcome by the exertion. His lips moved for a few moments in prayer, then, with out a struggle, his spirit took its flight.

When Benton arrived in San Francisco, two days after the death of Howard Whittingham, he found Annie a disconsolate widow, still watching by the corpse of her husband, but so changed in a few short days that he scarcely recognized her. She was pale as the corpse beside her, and haggard with grief. Care for the first time left its mark on her brow, a mark never to be effaced.

After following the remains of his friend to Yerba Buena, Benton made every exertion to find the whereabouts

of Esmond, and have him re-appear. But he eluded them, and took departure privately for Australia, where he lived but a few months. One night upon a large amount gaming table, attempting to rob his lodgings with his ill-gotten money, he was robbed and assassinated in the street.

Benton settled the affairs of the deceased friend as quickly and as possible, and placing the few things that remained in the hands of Whittingham, saw her on board steamer bound for home, to which she returned a sadder, but—a wiser man.

A PROPER TERM.—How can a man who has no wings be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in a duel he makes a goose of his opponent.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother! what sacred tender
Throb through my heart when thy
voice is heard!

Mother!—my almost soul's most sweet
ings,

Cluster around that fondly cherished

In vain I strive to fathom thy affection
Unknown its depths and boundless
In hours of joy in sorrow's deep
Ever the same in its fond love for

There's nought on earth flows on
changing

As that pure tide of feeling deep and true
The polar need has its varied run
No varying current bears thy heart

Thy life dwells mostly in thy love
Thy death a willing sacrifice might
To bless thy child; such love is life
Shall it e'er perish? no, it cannot

When death shall doom us for a time
Father, give strength to say "Thy
will be done,"

Till I shall meet thee, where no more
We part through all the eternal year

OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 23d, 18

ndful had happened, though
of them were old enough to
the great misfortune that thus
rshadowed their young lives.
e your wailing Annie," said
ham. "You are already for-
vry your tears and listen, for I
peak of these dear children
in a few hours be fatherless.
duty devolves on you."
Annie! my wife! promise me
erge that duty faithfully, watch
e precious treasures as I have
over you, teach them all I
ve done, to be wise, and be
good. As soon as possible af-
gone, return with them to Hal-
Promise me that or I cannot
ace?"

placing her hand in his,
to fulfil his wishes.
ingham, faint from the loss of
sed a few moments, then call-
the eldest daughter to him,
nd exhorted her to be kind and
her mother, to assist as far
le in the care of her two
sisters, and employ every dis-
ent in study; for, added he,
soon have to depend upon
exertions for support. Nel-
her father had done speaking
Ada and Clara to him: he
aised himself for a moment in
mprinted the last fond kiss on
checks, then sunk back over-
the exertion. His lips moved
moments in prayer, then, with
ggle, his spirit took its flight.

Benton arrived in San Fran-
o days after the death of How-
ttingham, he found Annie a
ate widow, still watching by
se of her husband, but so
in a few short days that he
recognized her. She was pale
rpose beside her, and haggard
f. Care for the first time left
on her brow, a mark never to
l.

Following the remains of his
Yerba Buena, Benton made
ertion to find the whereabouts

of Esmond, and have him arrested.
But he eluded them, and took his de-
parture privately for Australia where
he lived but a few months. Having
one night won a large amount at the
gaming table, attempting to return to
his lodgings with his ill-gotten gains,
he was robbed and assassinated in the
street.

Benton settled the affairs of his de-
ceased friend as quickly and quietly as
possible, and placing the few thousands
that remained in the hands of Mrs.
Whittingham, saw her on board of the
steamer bound for home, to which she
returned a sadder, but—a wiser wo-
man. *

A PROPER TERM.—How can a man
who has no wings be "winged" in an
affair of honor? Because in fighting
a duel he makes a goose of himself.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother! O, what sacred tender feelings,
Throb through my heart when thy dear name
is heard;
Mother!—my inmost soul's most sweet reveal-
ings,
Cluster around that fondly cherished word.

In vain I strive to fathom thy affection,
Unknown its depths and boundless as the sea;
In hours of joy, in sorrow's deep dejection,
Ever the same in its fond love for me.

There's nought on earth flows onward so un-
changing,
As that pure tide of feeling deep and strong;—
The polar uccello has its varied ranging,
No varying current bears thy heart along.

Thy life dwells mostly in thy love maternal;
Thy death a willing sacrifice might be
To bless thy child; such love is life eternal,
Shall it e'er perish? no, it cannot be.

When death shall doom us for a time to sever,
Father, give strength to say "Thy will be
done,"

Till I shall meet thee, where no more forever,
We part through all the eternal years to come.

W. H. D.

OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 23d, 1856.

DR. DOT IT DOWN'S NOTES.

A GHOST STORY.

In my ride through the north-eastern
part of King's County, Ireland, in the
year of grace, 1809, I had occasion to
visit some of the most extensive bog
districts of this part of the world;
among the chief was that of the great
Bog Allen. The peat from this bog
has been the nucleus of many a for-
tune. It is twelve miles long by as
many broad. It is only exceeded, I
believe, by that of the greater East-
ern Tullomore district, which spreads
over a waste of nearly *twelve thousand*
acres. Here the eye wanders in vain
over the dull heath for some little re-
lief; but no stunted shrub or tree grati-
fies it—all is barren from Dan to Beer-
sheba. Fifty miles journeying on this
lonesome wild, on a dark night, brought
me and my tired horse to the door of
a shanty of the frailest materials. To
my mortification, the uncivilized land-
lord, in no courteous terms, soon made it
known that he had no accommodations,
although a broken board, in as broken
English, proclaimed the intelligence:
"Good accommodation, whether you
are a man or a beast!" which no doubt
some mischievous wag palmed upon the
untutored landlord as a sign of attrac-
tion.

"Why cannot I be accommodated?
I can pay for what I have," I expos-
tulated.

"Faith, you can pay for what you
can't have, if you please; but I tell't
you you must prosade to the next
hotel: there ye'll have more than ye'll
be wanting; but here ye'll be wanting
more than ye'll have."

"Is there no house at hand, at a
nearer distance than twelve miles? I
shall be sure to be knocked up, if I don't
get knocked down, before I reach it.
What is that building on the top of the
hill there yonder?" said I.

"That's aven the big ruin of the
seven Holy Churches. Ye may take
up yer bed there, an ye please; ye'll
have the holy dead fathers' speerits to

kape you company, if ye'll be knowing how to kape the silent tongue in your head."

"What dy'e mean?" I inquired.

"What do I mane is it? No more or less than the place is haunted with the ghosts of good Father Toolan and Bridget O'Grady, who make their appearance at the midnight, to point out the grave of Philim O'Dogherty, the rogue who cut the throats of the pair as they were counting their beads, and ran off with their fortins, and thin the devil chased him round and round the yerth till he could find no place to die in but that same spot where he murdered them."

"Is there anything like a room in the building, to shelter one? for the clouds are gathering darker and darker, and portend a trifle of a storm."

"I tell't ye, stranger, ye'd better make off for the next hotel as fast as six legs can do it, your own and your horse's."

"If there is a room, I shall take up my abode there."

"A room were ye saking?" asked a scowling fellow. "Yes, as purty a furnished room as ever the devil can furnish."

"Give me the key, and a light, a little liquor, and a loaf of bread, and I'll not trouble you more."

"Here are some biscuits and a bottle of whisky," said the landlady, who then made her appearance, despite of the mysterious winks of her spouse. Putting them in my holster, and examining my pistols and re-capping them, I mounted old Rawbones and made for the ruins of the Seven Churches of Clonard House. I found them to be very extensive, forming one of the most interesting groups of ecclesiastical remains to be met with any where.

The buildings, which I examined by torch-light, I found to be of various dates, from the seventh to the twelfth century. The old abbey of St. Kieron, of Clonard, is the ancient burying ground. It is about two Irish acres in extent, and full of romantic interest.

I was too tired to examine it farther, and sought the only habitable room, by the directions given me, and made what preparation I could to pass the night. It was a large vaulted room, filled with dilapidated statues, in various attitudes leaning and reposing on tombs which my torch-light rendered most gloomy through the darkness. A sensation of horror crept over me, as I discovered, in a corner, half-uncovered by a broken stone that had fallen on one side, the upper half of a skeleton, with a dingy mitre on his head. I withdrew as speedily as I could, determined, however, to pass the night there, as the rain began to pour in torrents, now and then relieved by fitful flashes of lightning, followed by loud bursts of thunder.

Drawing my blanket from under my horse's saddle, I made him lie down, and resting my body at his side, with my saddle for a pillow, I made my repast. On a sudden, I heard a loud moan. Pshaw, it was nothing but the wind, howling through some old crevice. Then followed another. This I could not stand. So, snatching up my torch from the ground, where I had stuck it; in haste to discover the cause, I stumbled over my horse, who appeared dead with fatigue, and out went the light. At that instant, one of heaven's awful glares of lightning lighted up the whole room, and a loud sound, like some immense gong, pealed along the frightful vaults of the place, and reached the room in which I was standing. Turning my eyes to the direction whence the sound proceeded, I saw, from the window nearest me, one of the most harrowing sights that the human imagination can depict. An old monk, with ugly cowl over his wizard jaws, was pointing to a grave opposite to him, where stood a wretch, habited like one of Macbeth's witches, with dishavelled hair, displaying one of the most frightful Irish countenances. My very flesh crept over my bones as flash after flash displayed their statue-like forms to my amazed vision. I

was riveted to the spot with terror, my reason deserted its abode, and way for unrestrained fear. "Can't I be asleep? Is it a dream? No, I am wide awake. I hold the arm of a marble knight, full-armor but minus a nose, to enjoy my terror. Now a pitchy darkness, with furious gusts that seemed to shake the very foundations from its foundation. Another flash—there they stood, yet immovable, their two skinny hands pointing to the spot. Another flash—they vanished! the wind is hushed: all is peace, and a dream reigns. I gave a kick to my horse and bade him rouse himself, his trembling hands adjusted the saddle mounted upon his back, rode by the tomb-stones, at the hazard of his neck, cleared the stone fence like a fugitive escaping from the hands of a pursuer, who, I made sure, was following behind: nay, I could hear him breathing. I could smell the very brimstone of his breath. My horse partook of my terror, and ran I don't know how many miles without stopping. At last, I took courage to look behind me, and saw—nothing. The darkness was breaking, and I discovered a hotel in sight. The girl who had taken down the only shutter of a furnished room, and was feeding fowls at the door. I alighted and went to bed, without saying a word, with the determination of finding out the mystery; for a mystery there was seen two ghosts, and I could not get my mind to believe in one. I had my breakfast, and I pressed on my way, without clearing up the matter.

Just six months after this, I retraced my steps over this road, and on coming to the spot where I had been accommodated with a bed, after my fright, I found the usual excitement at the door. A posse of police (constables, they called them,) were escorting

was riveted to the spot with terror; and my reason deserted its abode to make way for unrestrained fear. Can it be real? Am I asleep? Is it a dream? No, I am wide awake. I hold on to the arm of a marble knight, who, in full armor, but minus a nose, seemed to enjoy my terror. Now came a pitchy darkness, with furious winds that seemed to shake the very earth from its foundation. Another flash! there they stood, yet immovable, with their two skinny hands pointing to one spot. Another flash—they have vanished! the wind is hushed: the elements are at peace, and a dread silence reigns. I gave a kick to my horse, and bade him rouse himself, and with trembling hands adjusted the saddle, mounted upon his back, rode him over the tomb-stones, at the hazard of my neck; cleared the stone fence and rode like a fugitive escaping from the devil, who, I made sure, was following close behind: nay, I could hear him laugh; I could smell the very brimstone of his breath. My horse partook of my terror, and ran I don't know how many miles without stopping. After some time I took courage to look behind me, and saw—nothing. The dawn was breaking, and I discovered the *next* hotel in sight. The girl had just taken down the only shutter of its only furnished room, and was feeding her fowls at the door. I alighted and went to bed, without saying a word, but with the determination of finding out the mystery; for a mystery there was. I had seen two ghosts, and I could not bring my mind to believe in one. But some how or other my curiosity subsided with my breakfast, and I proceeded on my way, without clearing up the matter.

Just six months after this, I had to retrace my steps over this self-same road, and on coming to the same inn, where I had been accommodated with a bed, after my fright, I found an unusual excitement at the door. A whole posse of police (constables, they were called then,) were escorting three

men and a woman, handcuffed, on their road to the county jail of King's county. They were convicted of keeping a private whisky still, and had managed their illicit craft so craftily as to escape all detection. But an excise officer, hearing of some strange rumors of ghosts in the neighborhood of the celebrated Seven Churches, suspected some cause for their appearance, and had detected the landlord and his wife in the act of the performance which had so unmanned me: but they had not counted the cost of frightening a man of law. Their devilry could not "run away with the exciseman," for at the time when he was witnessing their performance, some of his men were witnessing another of a different kind—that of removing some illicit whisky, in the neighborhood of the holy Seven Churches; and had pounced upon them and secured the whole party. They had traced an underground distillery, extending far beneath the foundation of the holy St. Kieron's abbey, making advantageous use of its spacious vaults to deposit their animated and life-stirring spirits among the dead.

How I could have been such a craven as to be deluded by such a clumsy performance of Messrs. Doolan and Co., the proprietors of the first hotel in the neighborhood, and who refused me shelter, I can only account for, by the associations of that lonely time and place, the frightful storm, and my wearied and exhausted body. There they were, sure enough, with two wagon-loads of gear captured, with the detestable gong I had heard. I have hated a gong ever since. This was used by them to give warning of danger to the gang of illicit whisky makers.

I have never had patience since to hear a serious ghost story; but have always had an inkling to repair my character by valiantly breaking the head of the ghostly story-teller, be he foggy or twaddler.

London covers 121 acres of ground.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICK-
ORY HICLEBERRY.

CHAPTER VIII.

STILL RATHER DARK.

"Where is the lad?" inquired Tom of his partner.

"He has just stepped out to get some wood. I have been thinking over the circumstance of old Wiley's death, and that of his wife. Depend upon it there's some dark plot against somebody. This lad is born of very respectable parents. There is no doubt of it. I am almost sure the crest upon that buckle is that of a noble family which my old master, that I was apprenticed to, worked for. I have often, it strikes me, when a boy, seen it on the spoons and forks in the butler's room, when I went to fetch the boots and shoes for repairing."

"What family was that?"

"Earl Elmore's. He must be some how or another connected with that family. How can we proceed to find that out?"

"That's not likely, said Tom. Such a fellow as old Wiley can have nothing to do with such a family. You are always romancing, friend, I can't believe you could live long without a mystery. Have you found the man with the locket yet? There may be something in that. Doesn't one of the letters say something about the locket?"

—Yes.—*If anything happens to you, send the locket and the buckle, with the handkerchief, to C. B.—Wapping, under cover.*

"Here is a clue then. Don't you know of some friend in England as fond of mystery as yourself, who wouldn't mind neglecting a good business and spending a fortune to see what moonshine may turn out, eh?"

This is one of the many private conversations the two miners daily engaged in. The letters had been read over and over again, but were so framed, in secret phrases, with private slang, that this was the only phrase

that appeared intelligible to them. Who C. B.—Wapping was, they had no more means of discovering, than they had of the chief potentate of the moon, if it were inhabited.

The lad had taken up his abode with them and had endeared himself to them and all their friends. They would not allow him to do any violent work, his delicate frame evidently being unfitted for it. In return, he amused their long dark evenings by relating to them what he knew of books that he had read. Wiley had taught him to play on the guitar, and he was not only a good performer on the instrument, but displayed an aptitude at self-application in this and other studies as plainly foretold that he would one day become no ordinary character, be his future walk in life whatever it might.

Their mining operations were attended by encouraging success, which enabled them to indulge the lad in any pursuit his mind sought after. They always found him cheerful and thankful. Their cabin, through his means, put on an appearance of comfort, neatness, and coziness as are seldom known in mining life. He was carpenter, doctor, and secretary to the whole establishment. Unlike most boys of his age, he seemed never tired of doing something, and his modest merits were appreciated by them accordingly.

"Come my lad," said Tom, as he entered, "throw down the wood, reach your guitar, and let's have a song. Today is the glorious fourth of July, and we will enjoy ourselves in commemoration of the event. What say you, brother Bull, will ye accept Brother Jonathan's invitation."

"With all my heart, as this is my birth-day, I believe," said the boy.

"Ah, who told you so? Are you sure of such an honor?"

"Wiley always celebrated it."

"He did, he? The old rascal had one peg, then, in his rascality, to hang a violin on. Come, my boy, you look sad. Give us a song—something touching."

The boy doing as he was bid
his guitar, and to the exquisite
Brockley's Hearts and Home
author of which, had he never
another melody, would have im
ned himself—sung the followin

Homeless as some pathless wander
Of all that life holds dear, bereft
On fate's dark mysteries a ponder
In the world the orphan's left.

He never heard a father's blessing
A mother's kiss he never felt;
He never knew a friend's caressing
And never at an altar knelt.

Yet all a mother's fondness sharing
With all a father's noble pride:
As guardian angels ever caring
They know there's One who can

There is a tie—and that He'll send
Sticking closer than a brother;
One through life that will befriend
With such a Friend, he needs no

"Boy," said Tom, "those won
yours. They are not lost up
here, before the God whom ye
invoked, my mate and I swear,
ing the right hand of his friend
walking the clay pipe he held
mouth) to befriend you."

"Amen," said his mate, shaki
hand in his turn, and joining the
to the lad's who was sobbing e
to break his heart. "Cheer up, m
boy, there's comfort yet in store m
It cannot be that a heart like ye
destined for ever to be sad.

get me another pipe. My the
were running like yours, in too
channel. It ill becomes us th
commemorate this proud day."

Tom had turned his back u
tolerance to his feelings, which
the frequent motion of hand to
appeared no less acute than
child's.

"Come," said Tom, wiping hi
with his coat-sleeve, "I tell you
mate, with another such season
have been blessed with, we'll go

Old Country, and take our young
with us, and find out his what-ye
call-em-Elmore, and if no other
will come of it, we shall have the

The boy doing as he was bid, strung his guitar, and to the exquisite air of Blockley's Hearts and Homes,—the author, of which, had he never written another melody, would have immortalized himself—sung the following:

Homeless as some pathless wanderer,
Of all that life holds dear, bereft;
On fate's dark mysteries a ponderer;
In the world the orphan's left.

He never heard a father's blessing;
A mother's kiss he never felt;
He never knew a friend's caressing,
And never at an altar knelt.

Yet all a mother's fondness sharing,
With all a father's noble pride;
As guardian angels ever caring;
They know there's One who can provide.

There is a tie—and that He'll send him,
Sticking closer than a brother;
One through life that will befriend him:
With such a Friend, he needs no other.

"Boy," said Tom, "those words are yours. They are not lost upon us. Here, before the God whom you have invoked, my mate and I swear, (grasping the right hand of his friend, and breaking the clay pipe he held in his mouth) to befriend you."

"Amen," said his mate, shaking his hand in his turn, and joining the other to the lad's who was sobbing enough to break his heart. "Cheer up, my poor boy, there's comfort yet in store for you. It cannot be that a heart like yours is destined for ever to be sad. Come, get me another pipe. My thoughts were running, like yours, in too dreary a channel. It ill becomes us thus to commemorate this proud day."

Tom had turned his back to give utterance to his feelings, which from the frequent motion of hand to head, appeared no less acute than the child's.

"Come," said Tom, wiping his eyes with his coat-sleeve, "I tell you what, mate, with another such season as we have been blessed with, we'll go to the Old Country, and take our young friend with us, and find out his what-ye-may-call-em-Elmore, and if no other good will come of it, we shall have the satis-

faction of having done our best to clear up the mystery.

"Be it so dear Tom, but hang it, I am sighing like a fish out of water, and I hardly know what about so let us change the theme, and have a song or a toast in remembrance of the day."

"With all my heart, fill up your glass and I will give you one. Now—Here's to our forefathers who "struck the lead" of Liberty—may each of us, in union, help to work it, and die, to a man, before we ever see it 'jumped!' Hurrah! Hurrah!" Now you give us your favorite song of THE PIPE.

Let Dame Fortune show'r her wealth and her power,

On those who life's charms in them see;
In cot, or in bow'r, give me but an hour
With my pipe, for 'tis dear life unto me.

Come friend and come foe, come weal and come woe,

Any fate, how'er black it may be,
Through life quick or slow, I care not how I
go
With my pipe—'tis dear life unto me.

Sweet soother of pain, O how great is the gain,

To the man who clings thus unto thee
Whatever my sorrows, all bright are my mor-
rows,
With my pipe—the dear life unto me.

If short be my strife, or I live a long life
But one joy remain unto me;

This should be my drift, I'd bless God for the gift
Of the pipe—the dear life unto me.

Thus, with toasts and songs, they spent the day. Turn we now to a less hilarious event.

ALIKE BUT DIFFERENT.

Good wives to snails should be a-kin,
Always their houses keep within;
But not to carry (fashion's backs!)
All they have upon their backs.

Good wives like echoes still should do,
Speak only when they're spoken to;
But not like echoes (most absurd!)
To have forever the last word.

Good wives like city clocks should rhyme,
Be regular and keep in time;
But not like city clocks aloud,
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

DICK- that appeared intelligible to
Who C. B. Wapping was the
more means of discovering the
had of the chief potentate of the
if it were inhabited.
The lad had taken up his abode
them and had endeared himself to
and all their friends. They would
allow him to do any violent work
delicate frame evidently being
for it. In return, he amused them
dark evenings by relating to them
he knew of books that he had not
Wiley had taught him to play the
guitar, and he was not only a good
former on the instrument, but displayed
an aptitude at self-application to
and other studies as plainly found
that he would one day become a
nary character, be his future
life whatever it might.
Their mining operations were
tended by encouraging success, and
enabled them to indulge the lad in
pursuit his mind sought after. He
always found him cheerful and
ful. Their cabin, through his
put on an appearance of comfort,
ness, and coziness as are seldom
in mining life. He was carpenter,
tor, and secretary to the whole
lishment. Unlike most boys of his
he seemed never tired of doing
thing, and his modest merits were
preciated by them accordingly.
"Come my lad," said Tom, "I
entered, "throw down the wood,
your guitar, and let's have a song. To-
day is the glorious fourth of July, and
we will enjoy ourselves in com-
moration of the event. What say ye,
brother Bull, will ye accept
Jonathan's invitation.
"With all my heart, as this is my
birth-day, I believe," said the boy.
"Ah, who told you so? Are ye
sure of such an honor?"
"Wiley always celebrated it."
"He did, he? The old rascal had
one peg, then, in his rascality, to
a violin on. Come, my boy, you
sad. Give us a song—something
touching."

Editor's Table.

The encouraging favors extended to our Magazine, from contributors and friendly well-wishers, leave us indebted in many grateful remembrances of their kindness; and we trust our acknowledgments will be shown in the progressive improvement of each department of our work, as experience teaches to us our wants, and kindly solicitude adds to our list of contributors and subscribers.

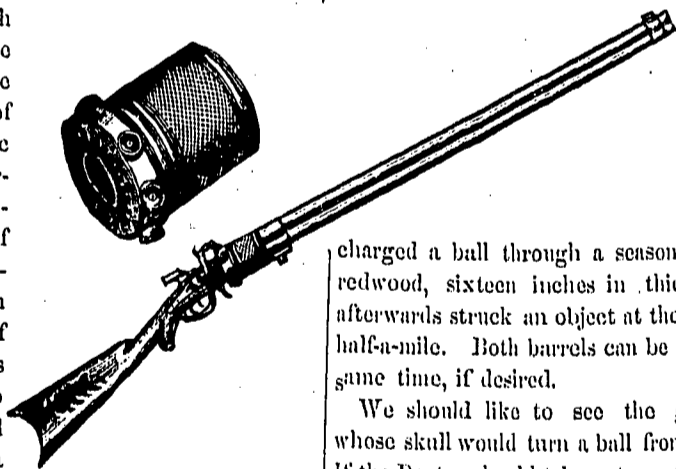
We can assure our friends that we are anxious to have a magazine that will reflect the thoughts and aspirations of Californians, and make a lonely hour pass off pleasantly: something, that when the miner is tired with his hard day's labor, he can peruse with pleasure: yet, something that the merchant or professional man can take up and find that his thoughts are drawn away from the business of the day, with all its cares. Something, too, that the lovers of the beautiful may delight to see, as we picture the scenery and the wonders of our magnificent State.

It is very cheering to find that from all portions of the State, we receive words of commendation and encouragement, and a steady increase in the number of subscribers. We hope our friends will continue to extend their favors; and we certainly shall our endeavors.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the progress of the mechanic arts in California, and the development of that mechanical skill which is a source of prosperity as well as pride to any State, and especially to a

new one like ours. One of the most beautifully perfect specimens of mechanical skill that we have seen upon this coast we saw a few days ago at the office of Dr. E. K. Jenner, 108

Montgomery street, San Francisco, who although an excellent surgeon dentist, has employed his leisure time in making a highly-finished, double-barrelled, revolving rifle, entirely his own workmanship and design, even to the tools necessary to its construction. The barrels, and a revolving cylinder, containing seven chambers, are made of the finest quality of cast steel. The locks, plates, trimmings, &c., are forged from horse-shoe mills, carbonated into steel. The tube-chamber, powder-bed, bands, thumb-piece, &c. &c., are all made of gold, to prevent corrosion; and the whole are so beautifully and compactly fitted that, with a spring here and another there, pivots yonder and screws somewhere else, it operates with the ease and precision of clock-work. The cap-house, containing fifty-four caps, is fitted in the cylinder, and made to revolve at will, and entirely independent: yet, at each movement, a cap is thrown upon the tube by means of a concealed spring, and at each cocking of the hammer the cap is taken off and the tube left clear. The chambers are loaded from the muzzle, by means of an extension rod which is neatly fitted between the two barrels, and is there securely held with a spring, and can be taken out and replaced easily and speedily. The lock is



so arrang'd that it can work with or without a hair-trigger. This rifle discharged a ball through a seasoned piece of redwood, sixteen inches in thickness, and afterwards struck an object at the distance of half-a-mile. Both barrels can be fired at the same time, if desired.

We should like to see the grizzly bear whose skull would turn a ball from this rifle. If the Doctor should take out a patent—as we understand he has no thought of doing—we believe such a rifle would become a great favorite with hunters, and would bring him a pecuniary reward for his mechanical genius.

EDI

Were glad to see that we have such
among us and we shall ever be please
notice the progress of anything appertu
California, and especially so perfect
beautiful a piece of workmanship as
down to us.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20, 1851

Mr. EDITOR:—My Dear Sir,—I did not
know you had a passion. If I had rit then I should
have given you a little frendly device and you
would have printed it and put my name do
wn at the bottom of it. What
my friends think of me wen they see i
t all you what it is Mr. Editor, you hev be
come confidenc. You thort to sell your
y gibbling my name as one of your d
vices. You thort to make my name an
ordinary reputation secure prescriber
Hutchings Callforny magazine without
my name—I know you did. Then another
time you ment to onsult your Artise
in fashion plates. Hev you ever di
scussd we warrant you hevent. Now I can
reason on airth why you should be
sent to your own good, unles you are
a scholar and then I dont wunder at i
f a married man would know how necessary f
or to femails and women and that
without fashions in it is no beter than a
that's lost her ruder, and cant no more
bel way in soeity than a woman can w
chis made in the fust stile of fashion.
the more I think of it the more I'm sta
that your Magazine aint suted to the li
character of our femail people nor nev
be Outill you put the fashions in it, and
Dont put em we dont take your book-
son—and I shood like to know how
going to get along without us femails, u
my editors. Youve got my dandur
artin in that tother letur of mine an
you may put this un in if you like.
I meen too, to find out wether you
scholar or no—for if you are, you
more make a editur than you can at
the I dont want to speak too disc
because I want to see a Callforny ma

NE.

San Francisco, who is a
 surgeon dentist, has
 spent time in making a highly
 barreled, revolving rifle
 workmanship and design
 necessary to its construction
 a revolving cylinder, cor-
 bers, are made of the finest
 . The locks, plates, trig-
 ged from horse-shoe nail,
 steel. The tube-chamber,
 thumb-piece, &c. &c., are
 to prevent corrosion; and
 beautifully and compactly
 spring here and another
 er and screws somewhere
 ch the ease and precisio
 the cap-house, containin
 tted in the cylinder, an
 ill, and entirely independ
 movement, a cap is throw
 eans of a concealed spring
 g of the hammer the cap
 be left clear. The chan
 in the muzzle, by means
 which is neatly fitted be
 els, and is there securer
 and can be taken out and
 d speedily. The lock is
 so arrang
 that it can
 work with
 or without
 a hair-trig-
 ger. This
 rifle di-
 ough a seasoned piece of
 inches in thickness, and
 an object at the distance of
 barrels can be fired at the
 ed.
 to see the grizzly bear
 turn a ball from this rifle.
 d take out a patent—as you
 no thought of doing—you
 would become a great fi-
 s, and would bring him a
 for his mechanical genius.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We are glad to see that we have such men among us, and we shall ever be pleased to notice the progress of anything appertaining to California, and especially so perfect and beautiful a piece of workmanship as that shown to us.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20, 1856.

Mr. Editor:—My Dear Sir,—I didn't write to you, last month cause I never do anything in a passion. If I had it then I should have written in a passion. My blood boiled all over when I read that ere letter I sent you stuck in your Magazine. I rit it to you privit, just to give you a little friendly device and you have went and printed it and put my name down in full length at the bottom of it. What will my friends think of me when they see it? I tell you what it is Mr. Editor, you have bruised my confidence. You thort to sell your book by exhibiting my name as one of your distributors. You thort to make my name and my literary reputation secure prescribers for Hatchings Callforny magazine *without fashion plates*—I know you did. Then another thing, you sed you went to consult your Artis about sum fashion plates. Hev you ever dun it? No I'll warrant you hevent. Now I can't see no reason on airth why you should be so different to your own good, unles you are an old bachelor and then I dont wonder at it. A married man would know how necessary fashions are to femails and women and that a book without fashions in it is no beter than a ship is that's lost her ruder, and cant no more make head way in society than a woman can without cloths made in the fust stile of fashion. Yes, the more I think of it the more I'm sure of it that your Magazine aint suited to the literary character of our femail people nor never will be until you put the fashions in it, and of you Dont put em we dont take your book—there Now—and I shood like to know how men is going to get along without us femails, us peccibly editors. Youve got my dandur up, for surtin in that tother letur of mine and now you may put this un in if you like.

I meen too, to find out wether you am a bachelor or no—for if you are, you can no more make a editur than you can anything else. I dont want to speak too discouragin, because I want to see a Callforny magazine,

and as I am a littel anxus about its doing well I may try if I cant get sum rale Smart woman to marry you, and then you and the magazine will do fust rate, and I'll be bound she'll see that you'll hev the fashions.

Mrs. MARY METWILL,
 Mother-in-law to Gudge Swinem.

P. S.—Would you just Anser me wun quosten Mister editur About that bachelor business, and send it through the post directed
 Mrs. MARY METWILL.

Now Mrs. M., how do you suppose we feel after that lecture? Don't you believe that at this moment we are prospecting for the smallest kind of a knot-hole, that we may creep through and be no more seen forever; but ready "to leave this world and climb a tree?" Did you intend that "shame should burn our cheeks to cinders?" "What then is man? The smallest part of nothing." And we are sorry, for we will say with Shakspeare, "He was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit."

And we will also add, that although

"Tis man's pride,
 His highest, worthiest, noblest boast,
 To stand by helpless woman's side,"

and, we suppose, give her the fashions! yet, we must say no. Mrs. M., we cannot give you the fashions: and if we had the most coaxing and the prettiest little piece of goods in the world for a "rue smart wife," it couldn't be did. What would Godey say? Why, "Pshaw! he ought to know better." And our artist made the remark—a very beautiful remark it was, too—"pslaw! nonsense!" Then wife says she's going to look after you, and added something about writing to widows (she says she knows you are a widow,) through the post-office, and something about birds, and chaff; and I don't know what. We are, however, sorry that we have "bruised your confidence;" but if you had instructed us not to publish your letter, why we should never have dreamed of such a thing. Now, is that explanation enough? because we must obey the wife about that post-office business!

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

R.—We felt about seven years younger, after perusing your article. All right, old boy. "There's a good time coming," yet.

P. T., Yreka.—You are evidently a little vexed. We cannot help it. It is of much more importance to have good articles than doubtful friendship, at the expense of both. We shall always select the best that reach us, for it is our pride and hope that, before a year is over, our Magazine shall be second to none, even if it is in California, and speaks almost exclusively of California themes. We know that the talent is here, and that subjects of the most thrilling interest are here, and, by degrees, we shall be favored by the best. Send us good articles, and you need not fear but that we shall find room for them.

Jane A.—Forwarded to you by T. M.

V. C.—Your stanzas are unfortunately mislaid.

H. A., Canon Creek.—We know it: and not only through the months of September and October, but, in many camps, as early as the latter end of June *there is no water to work with*; and this state of things lasts until December.—Well, we suppose when the owners of property have had their sleep out, and their houses and lots are at the dogs, they will wake up a little to the subject; although it is very hard for the willing worker, God knows.

Josiah M.—When a shadow can be caught and clothed, we may be able to "fix up"

thoughts that we cannot find. It is thus with your piece—the *thoughts* are not there.

Alice D.—Your "Dreams of Home" require much more care than you have bestowed upon them.

G. E.—Throw down your pick: shut off the water: and marry the lady at once, or you're a lost man.

Z. Smeat.—We shall consider it "personal," and challenge you to pistols and coffee for—at least a dozen—if you don't leave off calling us "Judge," for, now-a-days, if a man looks into a court-room he is dubbed "Judge."—"Captains," "Doctors," &c. &c., are almost as common as mosquitoes. We belong to the "full privates," and we are content. If, however, we are a judge, your piece is criminally negligent in its composition. Is that O. K.?

J. J. C.—We have not examined your's yet. Be patient.

Jessie K.—We will try.

K. B., American Valley.—Declined.

H. I.—Why do you keep sending us your conundrums? They are not worth the paper you spoil.

Tom S.—Your're a jewel—and no *Miss-take*, under the circumstances. That's our advice.

Pedestrian—is received from a nameless author, but was too late for this month.

Literary Notices.

Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition Around the World—In five volumes—By CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N. G. P. Putnam & Co., N. Y.

We have seldom seen a work containing so many beautiful illustrations of nearly every interesting portion of the world. Nothing seems to be omitted that can please the eye, or inform the mind, and the graphic charm of description impresses you with its truthfulness, brilliancy and comprehensiveness. From the bold, rocky Island of Madeira, to the coral formed groups of the Southern Sea, one can journey with the author without the fatiguing monotony of a voyage, or the perilous adventures of travel, in a mountainous

country. Any man who can spare a few dollars will find them well invested in this well written and beautifully illustrated work.

To Mr. McNulty we are indebted for the perusal of the *History of the American Privateers, and Letters-of-Marque*—by GEORGE COGGESHALL, author of *Voyages to Various Parts of the World*. Every one familiar with the lucid, yet condensed comprehensiveness of Mr. Coggeshall's style, will welcome this new volume to his library. Every man who partook in the brilliant achievements of that eventful time: every one whose daring exploits entitle him to a name in these rec-

ords, will rejoice that the naval veteran has been spared to tell, with such graphic truthfulness, of the blood-bought victories and perilous daring of the war of 1812 to 1814. While reading over the list of honored names of many of the officers who took part in these engagements we always feel a regret that the heroic band of men forming the various ship companies, by necessity, are almost never heard of except in the mass. Yet, when they read over the brilliant victories won by their favorite ships there is an inward satisfaction that, although their names are not written on the scroll of fame, the service nobly done their country is an ample reward to their true-hearted patriotism.

From the composer, Stephen C. Massett we acknowledge the receipt of two pleasing pieces of music, one is entitled "A Sabbath Scene" and the other, "I would not have thee young again." The pleasing melody of the one, and the touching tenderness of the other will insure them, no doubt, a favorable

Juvenile

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Come draw your chairs close up to mine, and I will tell you a story that I think will please you. It is a true story, and I know by your bright intelligent little faces that you like true stories better than false ones; though "fairy tales" are all very interesting and generally convey some good moral. That's right, sit as close as you please the closer the better, lay your little heads in my lap, *lean upon me*, for I love little children better than anything else in the world. Why don't you know little ones, that you contribute more towards making this bright beautiful world what it is, than all else in it? We could possibly dispense with the trees, the birds, and the flowers, and

ords, will rejoice that the naval veteran has been spared to tell, with such graphic truthfulness, of the blood-bought victories and perilous daring of the war of 1812 to 1814. While reading over the list of honored names of many of the officers who took part in these engagements we always feel a regret that the heroic band of men forming the various ships' companies, by necessity, are almost never heard of except in the mass. Yet, when they read over the brilliant victories won by their favorite ships there is an inward satisfaction that, although their names are not written on the scroll of fame, the service nobly done their country is an ample reward to their true hearted patriotism.

From the composer, Stephen C. Massett, we acknowledge the receipt of two pleasing pieces of music, one is entitled "A Sabbath Scene," and the other, "I would not have thee young again." The pleasing melody of the one, and the touching tenderness of the other will insure them, no doubt, a favorable

reception by the public. Mr. Massett is the author of several beautiful and favorite pieces; among others, "When the moon on the lake is beaming," "The love knot," &c., &c. Moreover, to him is entitled the honor of giving the first musical entertainment in California. At that time we were delving among rocks, in the deep canons of the mountains, and remember only, the ever welcome visits of the "Placer Times" and "California True Delta," each of which, frequently contained some literary gem from the fun-loving and fun-giving pen of Mr. M. under the euphonious cognomen of "Jeems Pipes." The cheering and pleasurable influence of those pieces upon us, at such a time, will ever be tenderly cherished, and we accord to him, always, our kind remembrance, and the very best of good wishes.

We see that Mr. M. is about to visit Australia and the East Indies; we bespeak for him a cordial welcome, and we hope it may be as profitable as it must be pleasant. Good luck attend him—Always.

Juvenile Department.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Come draw your chairs close up to mine, and I will tell you a story that I think will please you. It is a true story, and I know by your bright intelligent little faces that you like true stories better than false ones; though "fairy tales" are all very interesting, and generally convey some good moral. That's right, sit as close as you please, the closer the better, lay your little heads in my lap, *lean upon me*, for I love little children better than anything else in the world. Why don't you know little ones, that you contribute more towards making this bright beautiful world what it is, than all else in it? We could possibly dispense with the trees, the birds, and the flowers, and

perhaps make a very comfortable world without them; but little children, you are more beautiful to look upon than all the flowers that ever bloomed upon the earth. Now I'll begin my story.

One morning not long ago, as I entered my school-room I held in my hand a large and very beautiful bouquet; indeed I never remember to have seen one with so many delicately beautiful flowers, and arranged with such exquisite taste. All my scholars gathered around me, lavishing their praises upon it, and it seemed to me as if each leaf and petal reflected back additional lustre, from the dozens of little starry eyes that looked so brightly upon it. Not that a bunch of flowers was such a rarity with us, for there is scarcely a day during the long, pleasant summer,

MAGAZINE.

every-day transactions, but
 mind and character of the
 woman. Life is made up
 of things, and all that is good,
 and beautiful in the world is made
 of things. Washington, you know,
 is an untruth. "I cannot tell
 you, I did cut it with my hand,"
 said he, when he had ruined
 his favorite cherry tree. You
 have heard of little Frank's
 honesty, you will say, but
 it is not without a parallel, and
 by young friends act as nobly
 as little Frank.
 Your dear Friend,
 Bessie

MY DEAD MOTHER.

My long hours I have sat here in
 loneliness and thought of the happy days
 that I spent by my fond mother's side,
 receiving the kiss of approbation from
 lips that are for ever closed in death.
 Now no one on earth to whom I can
 tender the title of Mother, and
 the flowers bloomed and withered
 away, and the grass sprung up
 from the sods that we placed over
 her. Though dead, she is none the less
 than when living. Her form and
 face are impressed on my memory,
 and cannot be removed. Yes, the memory
 of her is a thing ever cherished and
 very dear. Well I remember the pale, cold
 morning when my father led me into
 and, between his broken sobs, told
 my mother was dead! I was then
 a child, yet I can distinctly remem-
 ber the awful stillness that reigned in
 that death. And when the cloth was
 revealing her cold, pale brow, to my
 long and earnestly I looked upon
 her sweet face—it was the last time
 I looked upon it. Yet I can re-
 member many little acts of kindness that
 she bestowed upon me, acts which only a
 mother can bestow upon her child.
 After her death, I have come, with my father,
 to the shores of the great Pacific. I have
 seen strange faces, and watched them in
 the throes of pleasure, but amid this gay
 throng, one word often rises to
 my lips which no one answers: it is the dear,
 "Mother!"
 FRANCES B.
 [are improving.]

who put on no airs in times of
 adversity, meet with respect and sym-
 pathy in seasons of adversity.

HUTCHINGS & CO'S EXPRESS BOOK STORE,

No. 201 CLAY STREET, opposite the Plaza.

We wish to inform our friends and the public, that in addition to HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, we sell HARPERS', GODEY'S, GRAHAM'S, and all others. Also—that we sell a variety of Steamer Papers, on steamer day, and have a good assortment of Letter Paper, Note paper, Envelopes, Ink, Pens, Blotting Paper, Port Folios, and all other Writing Materials. Then we have Drawing Paper, Tissue Paper, Perforated Paper, Bristol Boards, Pencils, &c., &c.

BOOKS OF ALL KINDS:
 ILLUSTRATED LETTER SHEETS, in great variety; LARGE VIEWS OF CALIFORNIA SCENERY, properly secured for mailing safely to all parts of the world; with a variety of little articles, such as Visiting Cards, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Pen Knives, Everpoint Leads, Marking Ink, &c., &c., &c.
 Whenever our friends want any little articles of Stationery, &c., we shall thank them to give us a call. 201 CLAY STREET, OPPOSITE THE PLAZA.

ALLEN & SPIER,

LEGAL, SEAL, MERCANTILE AND Custom-House BLANKS. UNION. LETTER AND Eyelet PRESSES.

BOOK STORE.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
 Paper, Blank Books and Stationery,

Also, constantly receiving New Editions of
STANDARD WORKS, in General and Miscellaneous Literature, including Agriculture, Architecture, Anatomy, Biography, Chemistry, Classical Books, Dictionaries, Drawing, Engineering, Geology, Gymnastics, History, Illustrated Works, Juveniles, Mathematics, Music, Mineralogy, Metallurgy, Ollendorff's Works, Oratory, Poetry, Prayer Books, Surveying, Scientific Works, Ship Building, Theology, Travels, Text Books.
LIT. BOOKS.—Comprising works of Adams, Archbold, Bonvier, Barbour, Angell, Chitty, Cowler, Daniels, Graham, Greenleaf, Howard, Hilliard, Kent, Korman, Morrell, Phillips, Russell, Sanders, Taylor, Waterman, Wharton, Whitaker, &c.
MEDICAL & SURGICAL.—Works of Ansell, Bostwick, Booth, Beach, Buchan, Churchill, Cooper, Colubart, Dickson, Dunglison, Drutt, Griffith, Good, Gunn, Harris, Hunter, La Roche, Mott, Meigs, McKenzie, Quinn, Record, Ramshotham, Sharpey, Stanley, Velpeau, Wilson, Watson.
MUSIC BOOKS.—American Vocalist, Devotional Harmonist, New Carolina Saera, Alphonse Glee Singers, Dulcimer, Christian Psalmist, Young Melodist, Singing Books for Boys' and Girls' Meetings, Sabbath School Glee, &c.
SCHOOL BOOKS.—A complete series of all works, adapted for the use of Public Schools &c. Globes and Maps, Celestial and Terrestrial, Anatomical Charts, Chemical Apparatus, &c., for school use.
FOREIGN WORKS. IN FRENCH, SPANISH, &c.
 American Sunday School Union Books, and other S. S. Publications, comprising Libraries, &c. Orders for the above promptly attended to, on reasonable terms.
ALLEN & SPIER,
 148 CLAY STREET, between Montgomery and Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

Having transferred my entire interest in the NEWSPAPER and MAGAZINE trade, I shall hereafter devote my whole attention to the

Book and Stationery Business,

And beg leave to call your attention to my extensive and well assorted

STOCK OF
LAW, MEDICAL & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
STATIONERY AND CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,

And the current Literature of the day,

Comprising EVERY VARIETY in the different Departments.

The Book Binding, Blank Book Manufacturing and Lithographic

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

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

JOSIAH J. LE COUNT.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1856.

NOISY
BOOK & ST

87 Battery St., corner

Newspapers, &
OF EVER

CHEAP

By Mail and around the Horn; by Lever Ned Buntline, Grace Aguilar, Os others.

BO

Histories, Travels, Romances, Encyclopedy, &c., together with a right Medicine.

All the Modern, Standard and Minor

NE

Newspapers from the Atlantic States, including with the Halifax (N.S.) Reg. Bangor, Augusta, Portland, &c., we have them from Halifax and New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, Illinois and Missouri, together with from France and Spain, and barrin and perhaps from Farther India.

PE

Harper's, Godley's, Graham's, Putnam's Fashion Book, Knickerbocker, Pe

ST

Blank Books, Full and Half Bound Rules, Tuck Memorandums Nos. 1, 2, 3, Books.

Faber's, Guttrick's, B

Gillott's, Rhodes & Son's, Cornish's, Gold Pens and Gold Cases, Silver

POCK

Rogers', Wostenholm's, Barnes', Sheffield Manufactories.

LET

English and American. Plattner & Monier, Goodwin's, Dean's, O' &

NO

A great variety, Ruled

All the different varieties. Lithographic stands, Chessboards, Playing Cards, Racks, Newspaper Files, Letter Cl

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK & STATIONERY CO.

87 Battery St., corner of Long Wharf, San Francisco.

Newspapers, Books and Stationery
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

By Mail and around the Horn; by Lever, James, Dumas, Sue, George Sand, Cooper, Murray, Ned Buntline, Grace Aguilar, Osgood, Bradbury, Lamartine, Ingraham, and a host of others.

BOUND BOOKS.

Historics, Travels, Romances, Encyclopedias and Biographies, Works on Elocution, Architecture, &c., together with a right smart chance of Poetry, Religion, School, Law and Medicine.

PLAYS.

All the Modern, Standard and Minor Drama. New Plays received by almost every mail.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers from the Atlantic States, British Provinces, and the rest of Mankind, commencing with the Halifax (N. S.) Recorder, St. John's Observer, together with papers from Bangor, Augusta, Portland, &c.,—but it is tedious to enumerate; it is sufficient to say we have them from Halifax and Texas, not forgetting the little villages of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and branching into the Western country as far as Illinois and Missouri, together with those from England and Ireland, a light sprinkling from France and Spain, and barring the war we would have a few from Russia, Turkey, and perhaps from Farther India.

PERIODICALS.

Harper's, Godoy's, Graham's, Putnam's, Magazine of Art, Yankee Notions, Frank Leslie's Fashion Book, Knickerbocker, Peterson's, and New York Journal.

STATIONERY.

Blank Books, Full and Half Bound Russia and Imitation Russia, Full and Half Bound Sheep, Tuck Memorandums Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Time Books, Scrap Books, Quarters, Long Bar Books.

PENCILS.

Faber's, Guttrick's, Brookman & Langdon's, Robinson's, &c.

PENS.

Gillott's, Rhodes & Son's, Cornish's, Lamport & Co's, Leman's Flat Spring, Albatas, Brown's Gold Pens and Gold Cases, Silver Plain Single and Double extension Cases.

POCKET CUTLERY.

Rogers', Wostenholm's, Barnes', Sheffield, and Needham's. Razors from the most improved Manufactories.

LETTER PAPER.

English and American. Plattner & Smith's Laid and Wove, Rhodes & Son's, De La Rue's, Monier, Goodwin's, Dean's, O. & H., &c., &c.

NOTE PAPER.

A great variety, Ruled and Plain, with Envelopes to match.

SLATES.

All the different varieties. Lithographic Prints, Maps, Charts, Custom House Blanks, Ink-stands, Chessboards, Playing Cards, Letter Weights, Calendars, Bill Head Boxes, Pen Racks, Newspaper Files, Letter Clips, &c., &c., &c.

VERY,
ATIONS.

SPAPER and MAGA-
tion to the

Business,

ive and well assorted

NEOUS BOOKS,

UBLICATIONS,

e of the day,

different Departments.

uring and Lithographic

e as complete as any in the
executed with neatness and

C STATES and EUROPE,
asers, and confining myself
fill orders with the utmost

J. LE COUNT.

Langton's Pioneer Express,



CONNECTING WITH RELIABLE EXPRESSES

TO ALL PARTS OF CALIFORNIA,
ATLANTIC STATES AND EUROPE,

OFFICE ON FIRST ST., MARYSVILLE,

Will Dispatch **DAILY EXPRESSES** to the following places:

In Yuba County.—Marysville, Park's Bar, Ousley's Bar, Rose's Bar, Timbnetoo, Greenville, Oregon House, Foster's Bar, Camptonville, Railroad Hill, Galena Hill, Young's Gold Hill, Slato Range, Indian Valley.

In Nevada County.—Nevada City, Washington, Alpha, Montezuma, Little York, Red Dog, Cherokee, San Juan, Humbug City, French Corral, Sweetland's, Moor's Flat (or Clinton), Woolsey's Flat, Eureka South, Orleans Flat, Snow Point.

In Sierra County.—Downville, Forest City, Smith's Flat, Minnesota, Chip's Flat, Eureka City, Goolyner's Bar, Seale's Diggings, Brandy City, Morrison's, Craig's Flat, Independent Hill, Monte Cristo, Poker Flat, Cox's Bar, Nebraska City, Native American Hill.

Treasure, Packages and Letters, transmitted to and from the above points with unrivaled dispatch and security. Gold Dust and Coin forwarded to all parts of the United States and Europe, insured or uninsured, at as low rates as can be done by any house with security. Our Treasure Express will always be accompanied with a faithful messenger. Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c., collected or negotiated, and all orders promptly attended to.

Purchases, of every description, made: Forwarding of Merchandise and Commissions of every nature attended to intelligently and with promptitude.

LANGTON & CO., Proprietors.

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,
K STREET,
SACRAMENTO CITY.

The public are respectfully informed that this Hotel has first class accommodations for families, and the traveling public, and the Proprietor would invite those who wish the comforts of a home, in a pleasantly located hotel, to pay him a visit.

The table is at all times supplied with every luxury to be found in the market.

D. C. CALLAHAN, Proprietor.

LOWY BROS. & BIRGHAM,
Cheap Stationery & Book House,
SANSOME ST., CUSTOM-HOUSE BLOCK,

Second door from Corner of Sacramento.

Importers and dealers in Foreign and Domestic Books and Stationery, of every description.

Writing, Printing, Wrapping, Drawing and Colored Papers; Blank Books, Playing Cards, Inks, Twines, Musical Instruments, Pocket Cutlery, Gold Pens, Straw and Binders' Boards, School and Standard Books, Novels and Cheap Publications.

KUCHEL & DRESEL,

Dranghtsmen and Lithographers,

NO. 176 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN F

Bush S

This Institute inspect the premises

The premises con ground, and a gymna

The house is adva of access from the city are such as to recomm dence. The table will

The teachers have rope, can conscientiou education. Parents n experienced hands. their constant aim to p tricious habits, and gen

For Pupils For Pupils

Day Scholars (one jects studied.

PRINCIPAL:—Jom Post Street; late don; and for ma

ASSISTANT TEACH land. ARTHUR C Design, London.

LECTURERS ON N STEPHEN, M. A. Principal of the S

Further particula tion, to any part of the co Booksellers. N.B.—Add

ABEL WHITTON,

EXCELSI

WH

JOB

NO. 1

Express,

EXPRESSES

CALIFORNIA,
D. EUROPE,
SVILLE,

following places:

Bar, Timbuctoo, Greenville, Oregon's Gold Hill, Slato Range, Indian

ama, Little York, Red Dog, Cherokee Clinton), Woolsey's Flat, Euro-

nesota, Chip's Flat, Eureka City, Independent Hill, Monte Cristo,

points with unrivaled dispatch and rates and Europe, insured or minimum. Express will always be negotiated, and all orders

commissions of every nature attended

S. CO., Proprietors.

ROS. & BIRGHAM,
onery & Book House,

CUSTOM-HOUSE BLOCK,

from Corner of Sacramento.

dealers in Foreign and Domestic Stationery, of every description.

ing, Wrapping, Drawing and Blank Books, Playing Cards, Musical Instruments, Pocket Cases, Straw and Binders' Boards, Card Books, Novels and Cheap

CEL,

graphers,

REET,

FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO COLLEGE,

Bush Street, between Mason and Taylor Streets.

This Institution is now in active operation, and the public are invited to inspect the premises, any time between the hours of nine A. M. and four P. M.

The premises comprise a commodious School Room, with an extensive enclosed play ground, and a gymnasium and other amusements for the health and recreation of the pupils.

The house is advantageously situated on Bush street, which is entirely planked, and easy of access from the city. The dormitories are light and capacious, and the other arrangements are such as to recommend it for the purposes of studious retirement, and as a healthy residence. The table will be abundantly supplied with plain and wholesome food.

The teachers having had advantages of education at two of the best Universities in Europe, can conscientiously guarantee sound and useful instruction in all branches of a liberal education. Parents may therefore be assured that they are not trusting their children to inexperienced hands. The teachers will devote their whole time to the pupils, and it will be their constant aim to promote the utmost diligence in their studies, with correct morals, industrious habits, and gentlemanly demeanor.

TERMS:

For Pupils above 12 years, \$50 00 per month.
For Pupils under 12 years, 40 00 "

THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE.

Day Scholars (one month in advance,) from \$15 to 7.50, according to age and the subjects studied.

PRINCIPAL:—JOHN CHITTENDEN, formerly proprietor of the Trinity Grammar School in Post Street; late member of St. John's College, Cambridge, and University College, London; and for many years Head Master of the Finsbury Square High School, London.

ASSISTANT TEACHERS:—ALFRED SAMUEL LOWNDES, late of New College, Oxford, England. ARTHUR CHITTENDEN, Licentiate of the Somerset-House Government School of Design, London. SENOR F. HERRERA, Professor of Modern Languages.

LECTURERS ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY:—REV. J. AVERY SHEPHERD, M. A., Principal of the San Francisco Female Institute. JOHN CHITTENDEN, Principal of the San Francisco College.

** Further particulars are contained in the book of printed Rules, &c., which will be sent on application, to any part of the country, and which may also be had at the College, or at any of the San Francisco Booksellers. N. B.—Address through Wells, Fargo & Co.

ABEL WHITTON,

JAMES W. TOWNE,

JACOB BACON.

EXCELSIOR JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

WHITTON, TOWNE & CO.

JOB PRINTERS,

NO. 151 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE,
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Price twenty-five cents.—Three Dollars per annum.

Each number of the Magazine will contain FORTY-EIGHT PAGES of interesting Reading Matter, in double columns, with several

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE
Scenery, Incidents, Curiosities & Resources
OF CALIFORNIA,

Making a pleasant Monthly Visitor to the Cabin and the Parlor, and an interesting monthly present to friends in the Atlantic States.

Postage, if Prepaid Quarterly, 11-2 cents per number.

The Agent will canvass this district for the purpose of receiving the name of every person who may wish to subscribe for the Magazine, and as soon as each number is issued, he will deliver it to the subscriber, and receive his pay for the same.

Persons desirous of subscribing annually, can do so, by forwarding the amount of their subscription, and the address to which it should be sent, to the office of publication, addressed

J. M. HUTCHINGS,

201 CLAY ST., PLAZA, SAN FRANCISCO.

To any Lady who may send us Six Annual Subscribers, we will send a copy of our Magazine, gratis, for one year.

ALEXANDER BUSWELL,
BOOK BINDER, PAPER RULER,

—AND—
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,

128 SANSOME STREET,

(Corner of Merchant)

SAN FRANCISCO.

Binding of every description neatly executed; Blank Books Ruled and Bound to any desired pattern.

Blanks, Way Bills, Bill Heads, Music Paper, &c., Ruled to order at the shortest notice.

6252