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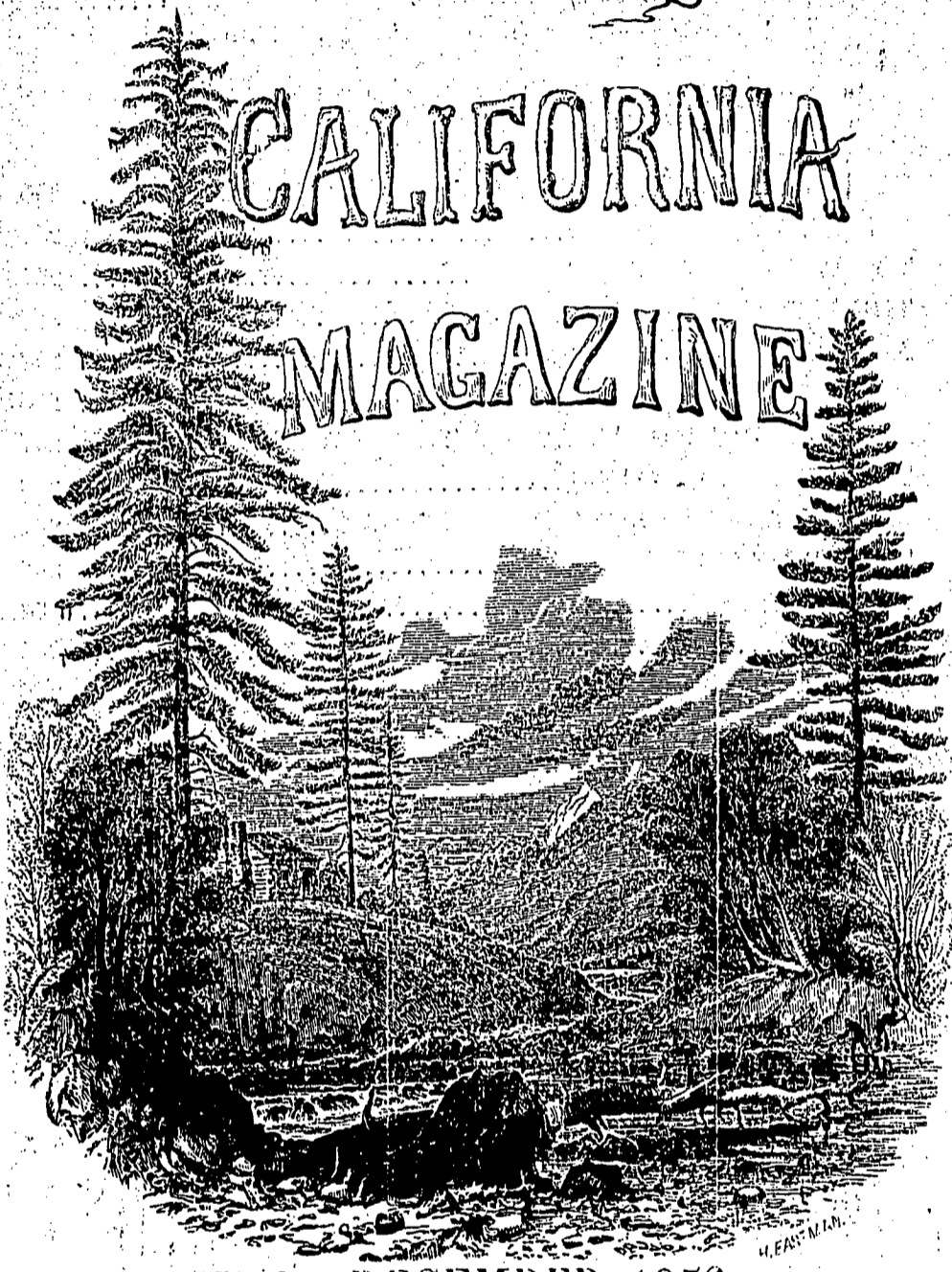
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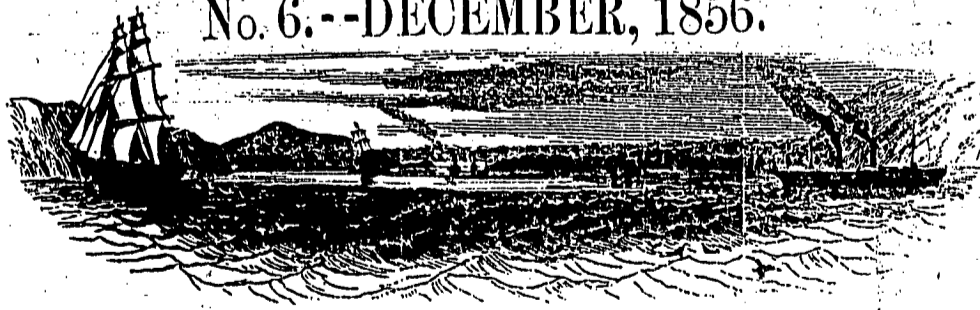
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 6. -- DECEMBER, 1856.



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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.

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CALIFORNIA

VOL. I.

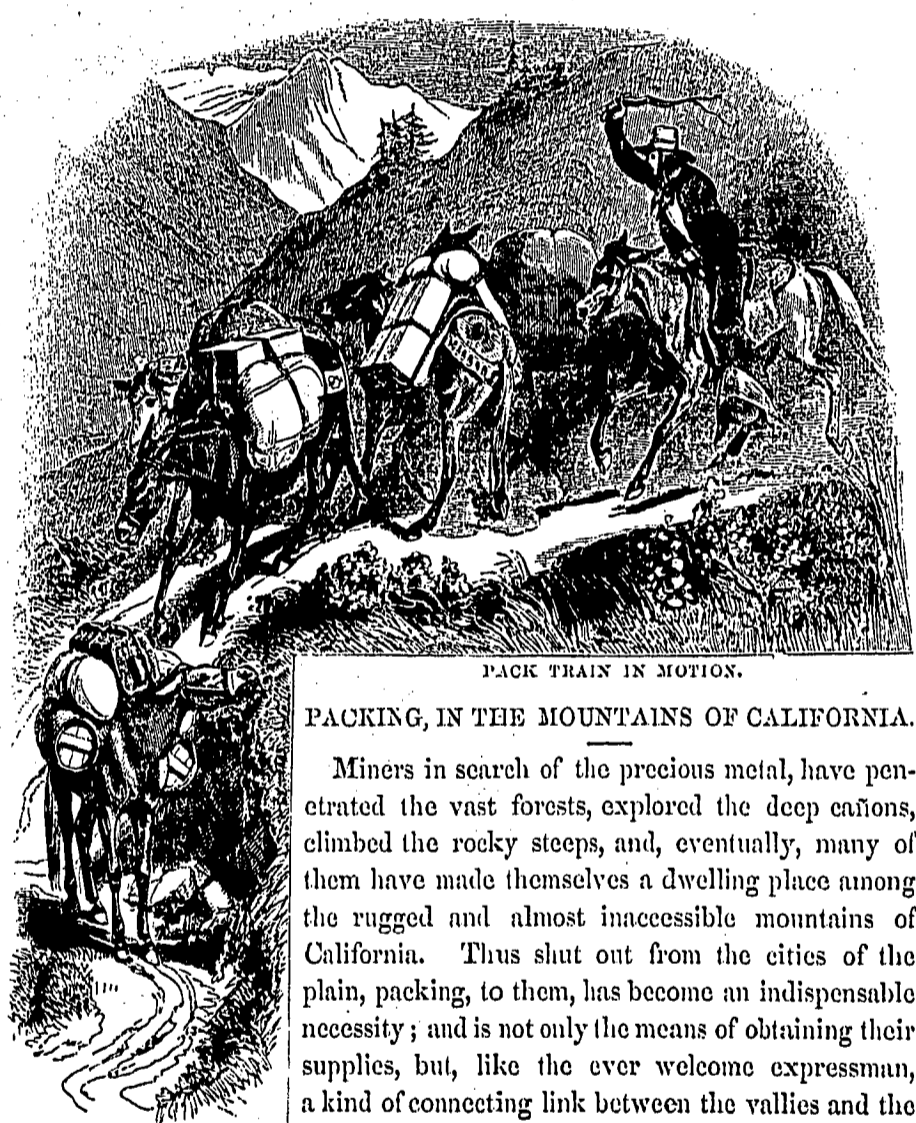


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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1856. NO. VI.



PACK TRAIN IN MOTION.

PACKING, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

Miners in search of the precious metal, have penetrated the vast forests, explored the deep cañons, climbed the rocky steeps, and, eventually, many of them have made themselves a dwelling place among the rugged and almost inaccessible mountains of California. Thus shut out from the cities of the plain, packing, to them, has become an indispensable necessity; and is not only the means of obtaining their supplies, but, like the ever welcome expressman, a kind of connecting link between the vallies and the mountains.

by James M. Hutchings, in the Clerk's Office Northern District of California.

51 CLAY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

In some of the more isolated mining localities, the arrival of a pack train, is an event of some importance, and men gather around it with as much apparent interest, as though they expected to see some dear old friend stowed away somewhere among the packs.

This necessity, has created an extensive packing business with the cities of Stockton, Marysville, Shasta, and Crescent City, but very little with Sacramento, at the present time.

We are indebted to a friend in Stockton for the following interesting information concerning the packing trade of that city.

The quantity of freight packed on mules to the counties of Calaveras, Tuolumne, Mariposa, and Tulare, from Stockton, is about two hundred tons weekly, or one fifth of the entire amount of goods weekly transported.

There are generally from forty to fifty mules in a train, mostly Mexican, each of which will carry from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, and with which they will travel from twenty five to thirty five miles per day, without becoming weary.

If there is plenty of grass they seldom get anything else to eat. When fed on barley, which is generally about three months of the year—November, December, and January—it is only given once a day, and in the proportion of from seven to eight pounds per mule. They seldom drink more than once a day, in the warmest of weather. The average life of a mule is about sixteen years. The Mexican mules are tougher and stronger than American mules; for, while the latter seldom can carry more than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, the former



FASTENING ON THE PACKS.

can carry three hundred and fifty pounds, with greater ease. This fact may arise from the mules in Mexico being accustomed to packing only, and over a mountainous country; while the American mules are used only for draught. The Mexican mule, too, can carry a person forty miles per day, for ten or twelve days consecutively, over a mountainous trail; while it is very difficult for an American mule to accomplish over twenty five or thirty miles per day.

The Mexican mule can travel farther and endure more without food than any other quadruped; and with him, apparently, it makes but little difference whether fed regularly or not; still, like animals of the *biped* species, he has no objection to the best of good living. They can, however, always be kept fat with but little care, and it is but very little that is required; while the American mule, to do only half the amount of work, requires good food, regularly given, besides being well cared for

otherwise. The Mexican mules are used together too deliberately. Then again, from the regularity of their steps, the Mexican mule is much the easier, generally riding under the saddle, and a person will not often become as fatigued from riding on a Mexican mule for a week, as he would be riding on an American mule for three days.

The packing trade of Marysville is very extensive. Downieville, Eureka, Nelson's Point, Morrison's Diggins, St. Ives, Pine Grove, Poker Flat, Sonoma, Nelson's Point, American Valley, Indian Valley, and all the intermediate places in the counties of Plumas, giving employment to two thousand five hundred men between three and four miles.

From the town of Marysville, in the winter of 1854-'5, about a hundred mules employed in the packing trade, were used on the various towns and mountains north of Shasta, was one hundred and seventy mules, not include the animals





STEPING ON THE PACKS.

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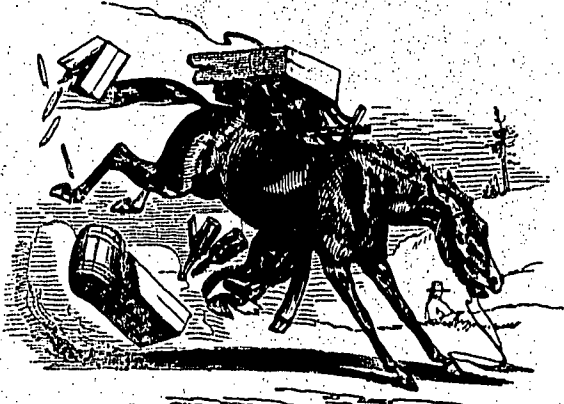
A Mexican mule can travel farther than any horse without food than any horse; and with him, apparatus makes but little difference whether regularly or not; still, like the biped species, he has no stomach to the best of good living. However, always be kept fat with little care, and it is but very little care required; while the American mule does only half the amount of work and requires good food, regularly and does being well cared for

otherwise. The Mexicans consider them altogether too delicate for their use. Then again, from the steady regularity of their steps, the Mexican mule is much the easier, generally, under the saddle, and a person will not often become as much fatigued from riding one a week, as he would be in riding an American mule for only three days.

The packing trade of Marysville is very extensive with Downieville, Eureka North, Morrison's Diggins, St. Louis, Pine Grove, Poker Flat, Gibsonville, Nelson's Point, American Valley, Indian Valley, and all the intermediate and surrounding places in the counties of Sierra and Plumas, giving employment to about two thousand five hundred mules, and between three and four hundred men.

From the town of Shasta, during the winter of 1854-'5, the number of mules employed in the packing trade to the various towns and mining localities north of Shasta, was one thousand eight hundred and seventy six. This does not include the animals used by indi-

vidual miners; and, according to the *Shasta Courier*, of Nov. 11th, 1854, it would be safe to estimate the number at two thousand.

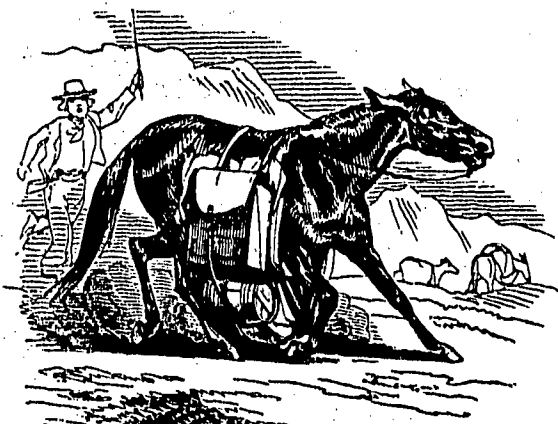


UNPACKING WITHOUT ASSISTANCE.

"With this data a very fair estimate of the amount of freight packed from Shasta may be formed. Each mule load will average two hundred pounds. A trip to the most remote point to which goods are taken will never occupy more than two weeks—in many instances three or four days less. It is a very moderate calculation, then, to average the trips of the entire two thousand mules at two weeks each."

"This will give a result of one hundred tons per week, as the aggregate amount of freight packed from Shasta—which, at the very low figure of five cents per pound, would yield the sum of twenty thousand dollars per trip, to the packers."

The principal places to which freight is thus transported from Shasta, are Weaverville, (or "Weaver," as it is now called,) Yreka, and the settlements around, and



IN TROUBLE.



ACCIDENTS SOMETIMES HAPPEN

between, those points. One is astonished to see the singular goods that are often packed across the Trinity and

Scott mountains, to those places; such as buggies, windows, boxes, barrels, bars of iron, chairs, tables, plows, &c.

In the fall of 1853, there was an iron safe, nearly three feet square, and weighing 352 pounds, transported on a very large mule, from Shasta to Weaverville, a distance of thirty-eight miles, over a rough and mountainous trail, without an accident; but, after the load was taken off, the mule lay down, and died in a few hours afterwards.

All kinds of goods, at all times, are not alike safely packed. A friend of ours, who resides in Yreka, sent, among other things, a rocking chair and looking-glass, "and when I reached there," said he, "I found that the chair back was broken, the rockers off, and one arm in two pieces; and the looking-glass was as much like a crate of broken crockery as anything I ever saw."

A gentleman has also informed us that in the summer of 1855, two sets of millstones were packed from Shasta to Weaverville, the largest weighing six hundred pounds. Being looked upon as an impossibility for one mule to carry, it was first tried to be "slung" between two mules, but that being impracticable, it was abandoned and packed on one. The following fact will give some idea of the expense often occasioned, as well as the immense weight sometimes packed, over a rough and mountainous country:

When the *Yreka Herald* was about to be published, a press was purchased in San Francisco, at a cost of about six hundred dollars, upon which the freight alone amounted to nine hundred dollars, making the entire cost \$1,500.

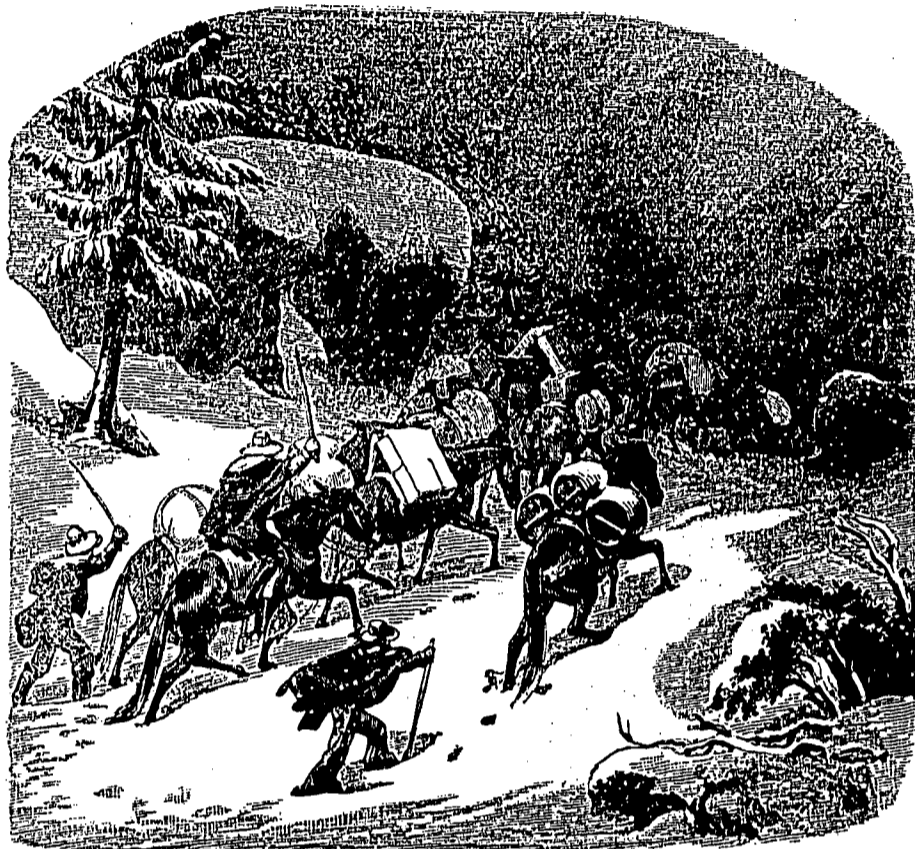


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On descending the this splendid animal when the pack over threw him down the s him instantly.

Many a mule, in breathed his last in a ciden had tossed him of wolves or coyotas.

One train was pass of a mountain, in Tri a large rock came rol and struck one of the frightening others off



PACK TRAIN IN A SNOW STORM.

The "bed-piece," weighing three hundred and ninety-seven pounds, which, with the *aparajoe*, ropes, &c., exceeded *four hundred and thirty* pounds, was the weight of the entire pack, placed upon a very large mule.

On descending the Scott mountain, this splendid animal slipped a little, when the pack over-balanced and threw him down the steep bank, killing him instantly.

Many a mule, in California, has breathed his last in a ravine where accident had tossed him—to be the food of wolves or coyotas.

One train was passing the steep side of a mountain, in Trinity county, when a large rock came rolling from above, and struck one of the mules in the side, frightening others off the track; and

killing one man and three mules. This can be appreciated by a glance at the engraving on the opposite page.

During the severe winter of 1852, and '53, there was a pack train snowed in, between Grass Valley and Onion Valley, and out of forty-five animals, but three were taken out alive. It is almost incredible, the amount of danger and privation, to which men who follow this business, are, sometimes, exposed.

It is truly astonishing to see with what ease and care these useful animals pack their heavy loads over deep snow, and to notice how very cautiously they cross holes where the melting snow reveals some ditch, or tree beneath; and wheresomeless careful animal has "put his foot in it," and, as a consequence,

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has sunk with his load into trouble. We have often watched them descending a snow bank when heavily packed, and have seen that as they could not step safely, they have fixed their feet and braced their limbs, and unhesitatingly slide down with perfect security, over the worst places.

There is something very pleasing and picturesque in the sight of a large pack train of mules quietly descending a hill, as each one intelligently examines the trail, and moves carefully, step by step, on the steep and dangerous declivity, as though he suspected danger to himself, or injury to the pack committed to his care.

The packing trade from Crescent City, a seaport town about three hundred miles north of San Francisco, is one of growing importance. From thence most of the goods required in Klamath, and some portions of Siskiyou and Trinity counties, are transported. There is already an extensive trade with Jacksonville, (Rogue River valley,) Illinois Valley, Sailor's Diggings, New Orleans Bar, (on the Klamath river,) and county seat of Klamath, Scott's river, Applegate creek, and several other prosperous localities in that section.

There are about one thousand five hundred mules in the packing trade at these points. It is no uncommon circumstance, to meet between twenty and thirty trains, with from twenty to seventy-five animals in each train, and all heavily laden, on your way from Jacksonville to Crescent City. The loud "hippah," "mulah," of the Mexican muleteers, sounds strangely to the ear, in the deep, and almost unbroken stillness of the forest.

It seems to us, that the Mexican sings no song, hums no tune, to break in upon the monotonous duties of his calling; but, is apparently indifferent to every kind of cheerfulness, until the labors of the day are done, and then but seldom.

A large portion of the trail lies through an immense forest of redwood trees, and which, from their large growth and numbers, are much more imposing in appearance than the mammoth tree grove of Calaveras.

The soil must be exceedingly fertile, as the leaves of the common fern grow to the height of from twelve to fifteen feet.

On the trail from Trinidad to Salmon river there is a hollow tree, measuring thirty three feet in diameter, which is the usual camping place of trains, holding all the packs for the largest, besides affording shelter and sleeping room to the packers.

The distance from Crescent City to Jacksonville is 120 miles, and generally takes packers about ten days to go through.

There is now a considerable packing trade carried on between Union—Humboldt Bay—and the mining settlements on Salmon, Eel, and Trinity rivers; also, with the town and vicinity of Weaverville.

All of these trails across the coast range of mountains, are very rough, and almost impassable during the winter, from snow in some places and mud in others.

We are indebted to Mr. Dressel, of the firm of Kuchel & Dressel, of this city, who has just returned from a sketching tour in the north, for interesting particulars concerning the above trail.

"During the Rog
War of 1853, while
command was station
Grave Creek, to keep
and guard the pack
Indians, an incident
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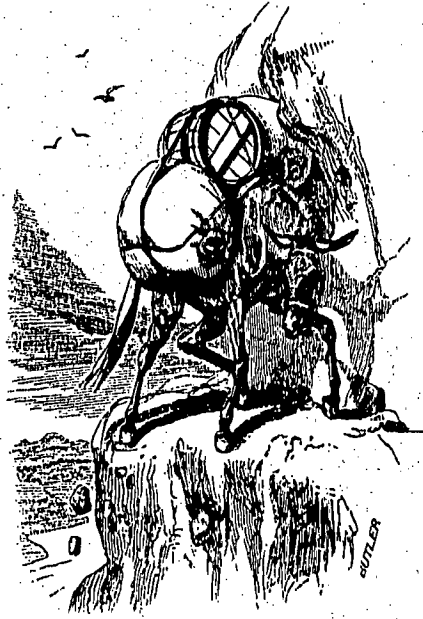
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We are indebted to Mr. Dressel, of the firm of Kuchel & Dressel, of this city, who has just returned from a sketching tour in the north, for interesting particulars concerning the above trail.

“During the Rogue River Indian War of 1853, while Capt. Limerick’s command was stationed at Bates’, on Grave Creek, to keep the trail clear, and guard the pack trains against the Indians, an incident occurred, which is too good to be lost, altogether, and for which we are indebted to a source nearly as good as an eye witness; especially as the night was extremely dark. As usual, a strong guard was placed around the house, for protecting the provisions, groceries, liquors, and other valuables, that were stacked in the rear. A Mr. D. was not very comfortably situated to sleep, from the fact that the night was very cold, and he had only one blanket “to go to bed to.” In this dilemma he remembered that among the other good things piled up, was some good old rum, and the thought struck him that if he could only secure a bottleful, he could raise sufficient *spiritual* help, to make up



IN DANGER.

rub.” He knew the risk that he should run if he were caught at it; or, if the guard, in the dark, mistook him for an Indian; but, after debating in his own mind all the advantages and disadvantages, he concluded that the advantages were in favor of taking his chances, and having the rum. Stealthily went his feet, and cautious were his movements, and as luck would have it, he succeeded not only in finding the right keg, and tapping it, but of transferring a portion of its contents to a large black bottle, with which he had “armed and equipped” himself before starting on his dangerous but *stimulating* mission. Grasping and guarding the treasure with his arm, he groped his way with cautious movements, towards his solitary blanket; but, as fate would have it, the guard was awake! and moreover, to increase his trepidation and his danger, he shouted in a stentorian voice, “Who goes there?”

“A friend,” replied D.



HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN.

for the deficiency of blankets. But to get it, he thought, “aye there’s the

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," cried the guard in a fierce and firm tone. At this critical juncture of affairs, D's presence of mind forsook him, and he hesitated in his reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," again cried the guard, in a trembling and confused tone of voice, as he raised his rifle to a "present arms," "fire."

D. immediately, but cautiously, advanced towards the guard, and said in full, round, English,

"I've got a good bottle of rum."

"Then pass on, friend," said the guard, "but be sure and pass this way, and give that countersign, as he lowered his musket, and shared the plunder."

The business of packing is often attended with considerable danger, as well as exposure, which the following incident will illustrate.

In the summer of 1854, Mr. Robert Woods, (of the firm of Tomlinson & Woods boss packers, of Yreka,) was crossing the Scott mountain, when a shot was fired from behind a rock, which took effect in the neck of the mule he was riding; it fell instantly, scarcely giving him time to recover his feet—when, with great presence of mind, he deliberately aimed his revolver at the robber who had fired at him, and shot him; when he leaped up, exclaiming, "I am a dead man." Two other men then made their appearance, with their rifles; but, while they were seeking a secure place, behind a rock, from whence to shoot, Mr. Woods made his escape, leaving

his saddle-mule, saddle-bags, and money, (about \$1,400,) behind.

Packers on the Sacramento river-trail to Yreka, have been plundered of their whole train and cargoes, by the Indians, and their owners murdered. For two years this route was abandoned, chiefly from this cause.

The Mexicans invariably blindfold each mule, before attempting to pack him, after which he stands quietly, until the bandage is removed. A man generally rides in front of every train, for the purpose of stopping the train when anything goes wrong, and acting as a guide to the others; although in every train there is always a leader, known generally as "the bell mule;" most of the mules prefer a



ARRIVING IN THE MINES.

white one, which they unhesitatingly follow, so that when *he* starts it is the signal for the others immediately to follow.

They seldom start before nine o'clock in the morning, after which they travel until sunset without stopping, except when something goes wrong.

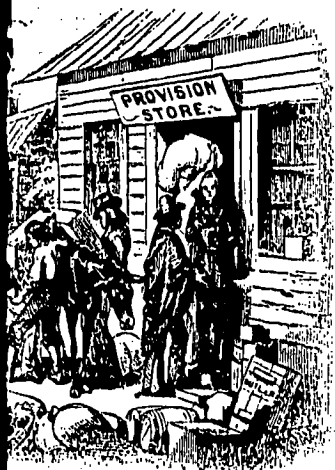
When about to camp, the almost invariable custom of packers, after removing the goods, (by which they

always sleep, in all is, for the mules to in a line, or in a their heads in c taking off the a in the morning loose mules is d receive their pu carefully up to blanket, which b well as does the An *aparajoe* i or pad, the cover of leather and generally weigh

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CAMPING SCENE BY MOONLIGHT.

always sleep, in all kinds of weather,) is, for the mules to stand side by side, in a line, or in a hollow square, with their heads in one direction, before taking off the *aparajoes*; and then, in the morning, when the train of loose mules is driven up to camp to receive their packs, each one walks carefully up to his own *aparajoe* and blanket; which he evidently knows as well as does the packer.

An *aparajoe* is a kind of packsaddle, or pad, the covering of which is made of leather and stuffed with hair, and generally weighs from twenty-five to

forty pounds. These are always used by Mexican muleteers, and are much easier for the mule than a common packsaddle.

When the toils of the day are over and the mules are peacefully feeding, comes the time of relaxation to the men, who while they are enjoying the aroma of their fine flavored cigarita, spend the evening hours telling tales of some far off, but fair *señorita*, or make up their bed by the packs and as soon as they have finished their supper, and lie down to sleep for the night.

CALIFORNIA MUSHROOMS, VERSUS
THEIR FUNGI.

The Mushrooms and Fungi are classed by botanists under one name, *Agaricus*, which is the generic name given to all the species. This comprehends the whole of the tribe that bear an umbrella shape, having gills, or fleshy plates disposed as radii, proceeding immediately from the center of the part attached to the stalk. The upper part of the pileus, or cap, contains the sporales, or seeds, by which the class are supposed to be generated. There are upwards of a thousand species of the Fungi; properly so called, growing on meadows and heath, under rocks and decayed habitations, and at the trunk of almost all trees, wherever there is any decaying vegetable matter. The greater part of these growths are of the most poisonous nature, only a very few are edible, and many remain yet to be examined, to ascertain their properties, or action, upon the human or bestial constitution. As there exists no botanical means of distinguishing the wholesome from the poisonous kind, a few words dictated by a long experience, to discriminate between the classes, or species, the edible and the poisonous, may not be unacceptable to the readers of the California Magazine. At the same time, we are open to correction from practical cultivators, if our experience have deceived us; for, as the two species are often very much alike in shape, color, growth, and odor, too much caution cannot be used, even by the experienced, to form any judgment, to serve as a guide; indeed, this guide may be said to be a matter of life and death, and, therefore, we approach the subject with all the

caution and circumspection so grave an inquiry demands.

It is not a little singular that the same plant, to all appearance, wholesome in one climate, has the reputation of being poisonous in another. Many that bear this character, in the south of Europe, are, in Russia, eagerly sought after, and their rank odor in one place, becomes notably and attractively transformed by their fragrance in another. The *Agaricus Muscarius* of Kamtschatka, is an instance. The properties of this growth of the *agaricus* appear to depend more upon climate, situation, and soil, than upon any specific peculiarity indigenous to them.

Of the thousand, and upwards, species already observed by botanists, the following characteristics may serve to detect the poisonous kind.

1. All those that have their caps, or tops, very thin in proportion to their gills, or radii.
2. All those that have their caps growing on one side of their stalks.
3. All those that have exact equal length of gill.
4. All those which express a milky juice, or dark, watery fluid.
5. All those which have the collar surrounding their stalk, thready, or filamentous, or like a caterpillar's web.
6. All those which are very light in weight, and do not admit, readily, of the cap being skinned.
7. And lastly, all those which emit a rank hemlock odor, when their caps are detached from their stalks.

The few following observations may serve as a safe guide in collecting those that are edible.

1. The Fairy Ring mushroom, (the *Agaricus Protensis* of Botanists.)

These spring from the earth in circular rows, and have the appearance of little, round, milky-white, Their fragrance is remarkable, resembling, when freshly plucked, the fume of the cabbage rose.

2. The common and lesser mushroom (the *Agaricus Campestris*), sold in markets, wild or cultivated. These also are similar to the former, except that when in their larger growth the cap separates from the stalk, and itself, and becomes somewhat covered with liver, or chocolate colored spots. The gills are thick, fleshy, pulpy, which soon spoiled by the sun, but its color never fades into a black appearance similar to the toadstool fungi. In more advanced age, the cap becomes concave, the color of the top of the gills only, quite black. This mushroom emits a delicious odor when fresh, and is of agreeable flavor when eaten.

3. The common larger mushroom (the *Agaricus Georgii*), is much like the former, but inferior in odor, flavor, and much heavier; some have been found to weigh as much as ten pounds. This kind is the most serviceable in making catsup.

Of all the numerous species there are the only few to be relied upon for food. In general the nose and taste should always be consulted in order to discriminate between the wholesome and the poisonous kind, (and some have a very deceptive appearance when put into the mouth, which produces a burning sensation at the root of the tongue, and is almost always attended by nausea, more or less violent. The wholesome kind will not grow upon trees; but prefers the soil.

caution and circumspection so grave an inquiry demands.

It is not a little singular that the same plant, to all appearance, wholesome in one climate, has the reputation of being poisonous in another. Many that bear this character, in the south of Europe, are, in Russia, eagerly sought after, and their rank odor in one place, becomes notably and attractively transformed by their fragrance in another. The *Agaricus Muscarius* of Kamtschatka, is an instance. The properties of this growth of the *agaricus* appear to depend more upon climate, situation, and soil, than upon any specific peculiarity indigenous to them. Of the thousand, and upwards, species already observed by botanists, the following characteristics may serve to detect the poisonous kind.

1. All those that have their caps, or gills, very thin in proportion to their stalks, or radii.
 2. All those that have their caps growing on one side of their stalks.
 3. All those that have exact equal length of gill.
 4. All those which express a milky fluid, or dark, watery fluid.
 5. All those which have the collar surrounding their stalk, thready, or filiculous, or like a caterpillar's web.
 6. All those which are very light in color, and do not admit, readily, of the cap being skinned.
 7. And lastly, all those which emit a hemlock odor, when their caps are detached from their stalks.
- A few following observations may be taken as a safe guide in collecting those which are edible.
- The Fairy Ring mushroom, (the *Agaricus Protensis* of Botanists.)

These spring from the earth in curvilinear rows, and have the appearance of little, round, milky-white, balls. Their fragrance is remarkable, resembling, when freshly plucked, the perfume of the cabbage rose.

2. The common and lesser mushroom, (the *Agaricus Campestris*), sold in our markets, wild or cultivated. These, also, are similar to the former, except that when in their larger growth, their cap separates from the stalk, enlarges itself, and becomes somewhat conical, with liver, or chocolate colored gills, with a thick, fleshy, pulpy, white cap, soon soiled by the sun, but its exterior never fades into a black appearance similar to the toadstool fungi. At a more advanced age, the cap becomes concave, the color of the top grayish, the gills only, quite black. This, also, emits a delicious odor when fresh, and is of agreeable flavor when eaten raw.

3. The common larger mushroom, (the *Agaricus Georgii*), is much like the former, but inferior in odor and flavor, and much heavier; some have been found to weigh as much as sixteen pounds. This kind is the most serviceable in making catsup.

Of all the numerous species, these are the only few to be relied on as fit for food. In general the nose and the taste should always be consulted, in order to discriminate between them. The smallest portion of the stalk of the poisonous kind, (and some of them have a very deceptive appearance,) when put into the mouth, leaves a burning sensation at the root of the tongue, and is almost always accompanied by nausea, more or less. The wholesome kind will not grow near trees; but prefers the shade and

neighborhood of small shrubs. Sheep pastures are more favorable to their growth than other plains.

The edible kind are also slower of growth, than the poisonous—are not so often found in clusters; if so, do not show so much stalk, but keep their heads near the ground, enlarging them before they elevate themselves; very unlike the *Fungus Anthropos* with which, in the present day, our society is afflicted.

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

Is not woman's fond heart a fathomless mine,
Affection's securest, her holiest shrine?
There it blooms in its beauty, luxuriant and free,
As a flowret of fragrance, though lowly it be.
The blast may be bleak, and bitter the storm
Of adversity's wind sweeping over its form;
It can ne'er be destroy'd, but its beauties will fade,
If aside as neglected it ever be laid.

If the hopes that have nursed it should wither
and die,
The stream that refreshed it prove shallow
and dry,
Warm sighs will oft fan, and tears will bedew
The cherished exotic, in hopes to renew
The fragrance, and beauty, the heart-thrilling glow
That o'erspread every sense when it opened
to blow:
Then the thorns were unseen, unlooked for
the blight,
For the dazzling of hope hid the future from sight.

Though the chill of unkindness should rob it
of bloom,
Or the frailty of life lay it low in the tomb;
Then the part that is human will moulder and die,
But the brightest and best will ascend to the sky;
For e'en woman's affection would be robbed of
its worth,
Were its joys and its fears alone centered on earth,
It must rest upon God—then will all be secure,
And the love of His creatures be constant
and pure.

TO THE HOMEWARD BOUND.—
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.—Before
going East be sure to subscribe for
Gutchings' California Magazine.

THE HONEY BEE IN CALIFORNIA.

In the very early settlement of this State, there were vague rumors of several unsuccessful attempts to introduce the honey bee—of large premiums offered for the *first hive* of living bees—of the flowers and plants being entirely unproductive of gums and sweets and honey dew—of the winters being too warm, and the summers too hot—of the atmosphere being altogether too dry—and numberless other reasons that would make the culture and management of the honey bee an useless and unprofitable enterprise. We are happy to find that the "prophets" are in the wrong, as we have received from Mrs. Weaver, of the Washington Market, a sample of the finest flavored honey that we have ever tasted *in any country*, (we do not say "as fine as any"—but *the finest* of any,) and this was produced at the apiary of Messrs. Appleton & Buck, near San Jose: and who, we are informed, have sold this year over five hundred pounds of honey, at from \$1,50 to \$2,50 per pound, and thirty hives of bees at \$100 per hive, and have a large number yet remaining. From the *San Jose Tribune*, we take the following very interesting description of these valuable little workers.

THE HONEY BEE.—A visit to the Apiary of Messrs. F. G. Appleton and Wm. Buck, on the Alameda, will richly repay any one at all interested in the management of bees. These gentlemen have now one hundred and four hives, and have been remarkably successful from the commencement of their operations with them, having lost, as they believe, only one swarm from among them all. They first obtained one hive in the fall of 1854, and from

this, two more were sent out the following year; and in the spring of the present year, they had six from the original stock. Twenty-five hives were brought from Orange county, N. Y. Hence will be seen the rapidity of their increase! In the Eastern States two swarms in one year are considered a fair increase; here three are a common average; and in some cases as many as eight, and in one instance even nine swarms were sent out from one hive in a single year! The bees work more or less all winter, finding material from one source and another, with which to construct their delicate cells.

In early Spring they resort to the thickets of willows upon the first appearance of the leaves; from some plants they obtain gums, and gather honey dew here and there, so that their work is hardly ever suspended. But from the first of April to the first of July, is their busiest time, when the whole country—hill, plain and woodland, is one immense garden of flowers. During that season, "from early morn till dewy eve" the bees are most active.

And their labors are productive and profitable. A hive of average size produces 40 lbs. of honey per year; which is, at present, worth from \$1,50 \$2,50 per lb. Any one can see how remunerative the rearing of the honey bee may be made. The only outlay of consequence is a stock from which to propagate; and after that, the management is easy and inexpensive. Messrs. A. & B. have this year sold several swarms which uniformly have done well. They have sent them to different parts of the State and to Oregon; and at the Fair they received a special premium for exhibit of bees, and also one for a fine specimen of honey.

When we take into account the comparative ease with which the honey bee may be managed in this country—requiring no care through a long and cold winter, we are induced to be-

lieve that a branch of rural so agreeable and productive be neglected.

How much might be added to the true wealth and comfort of our people if the bee belongs to the country instead! It is connected with the life of youth, and with the dog-eared page. Virgil sung of the bee, and taught the management of the bee, thousands of years ago; and in our clime where civilization is so far advanced, the bee has been the companion of man.

We hope to see a hive of bees in front of the cabin of every miner, as well as near the comfortable looking house of every resident, before many years have passed away. Besides, as the volumes of the contentment would suggest, that when the "making arrangements" for the best of all kinds of cash—"a gude wife," that they be the bees, and the flowers that looked so cheery and their dear old home; for smiling and loving-hearted the neat looking cottage. We would that we could be a resident of California the first, and then they could do a little, as well as labor for a fortune.

THERE is no fear of much, though there may be doing too little.

THE whole coinage of the States since 1793, is \$49,000,000, which amount there has been from California, since 1850.

If you wish to cure a patient patiently until she kiss her.

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When we take into account the comparative ease with which the honey bee may be managed in this country—requiring no care through a long and cold winter, we are induced to be-

lieve that a branch of rural economy so agreeable and productive will not be neglected.

How much might be added to the true wealth and comfort of our homes! The bee belongs to the country home-stead. It is connected with the dreams of youth, and with the dog-eared classic page. Virgil sung of the bee, and taught the management of the hive two thousand years ago; and in every age and clime where civilization has extended, the bee has been the home companion of man.

We hope to see a hive or two of bees in front of the cabin of almost every miner, as well as near the comfortable looking house of the valley resident, before many years have passed away. Besides, as they speak volumes of the contentment within, we would suggest, that when the boys are "making arrangements" for that first and best of all kinds of cabin furniture—"a gude wife," that they forget not the bees, and the flower seed; that looked so cheery and familiar at their dear old home; for next to a smiling and loving-hearted wife, comes the neat looking cottage and garden. We would that we could see every resident of California thus provided for, and then they could afford to wait a little, as well as labor for the favors of fortune.

THERE is no fear of *knowing* too much, though there may be of *practising* too little.

THE whole coinage of the United States since 1793, is \$498,866,567; of which amount there has been received from California, since 1848, \$311,234,502.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, wait patiently until she ceases—then kiss her.

In a preceding chapter, I left a group of "hale fellows well met," on the deck of the "Lady Pike," bound for the gold mines, far away in the Occident.

On a peaceful Sabbath morning, our steamer glided proudly down the beautiful stream, and not a sound disturbed the quietude of the hour, save the frequent splash of the side-wheels, as they dipped their broad buckets in the transparent river. A minister being on board, was prevailed upon to give the crowd a short, home-spun, sermon; who, after throwing his hands above his head, directed his discourse exclusively to Californians, and which for the most part formed his audience. The worthy divine was suddenly cut short in his high-flown expostulations, by a hugh son of the Emerald Isle, who declared himself to be a catholic; and he informed the preacher, that before going any further, his sentiments must come to a focus! This interference, immediately caused a giggle, to the great annoyance of the minister, who sought his state-room in despair; while the Irishman, thinking himself the victorious party, strutted about the cabin and deck of the steamer, as though he were the owner, and meant that we should know it.

That night we were enveloped in a dense fog; yet, although the sun went down in misty vapor, about midnight the moon arose gloriously bright, and I left my state-room to look upon the loveliness of the scene around. Often in my California home, when evening comes on with its Italian sky, and the

stars shine out so clear and beautiful, do they remind me of that time, and I sigh as I think of days that are passed.

How often is the monotony of a voyage broken; on river or sea, by some event, it was so with us: for while we were "wooding up," a man slipped from the plank into the eddying stream, while going ashore, and the fog being exceedingly dense, poor fellow, he was seen no more, although much search was made for him; a splash and a cry, was all that was heard or known of him.

Soon we found that the transparent waters of the Ohio, mingled with the sluggish and turbid waters of the Mississippi, and soon we reached the city of St. Louis, in a fearful thunder shower.

From thence we took the "Highland Mary," for Keokuk, Iowa, where we arrived in safety, and where too, we had arranged to get our outfit for the toilsome and fatiguing journey of the Plains.

Keokuk, at the time this journal was penned, was a lonesome, dingy looking place, with a few log and framed houses scattered along the banks of the river. At the present time it is one of the most thriving and beautiful, among the marvelous young cities of the West. Before taking another step in my narrative, I might as well give a short historical account of this locality.

Its name was taken from the old Chief Keokuk, who fought so brave and valiantly with the world renowned Black Hawk, whose deeds of warfare have made him a savage of considerable notoriety and distinction. His name is now a bug-bear to frighten

unruly children to quick obedience. This city lies at the foot of the lower rapids of the Mississippi, two hundred and five miles above St. Louis, and one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Iowa city, and from its local advantages, it has been termed, and not inappropriately, the Gate City of Iowa. It is situated in the south-east corner of the State, and the only town in it that has uninterrupted communication with the tributaries of the Mississippi.

While at this, in no way, agreeable stopping place for travellers, on entering the little log parlor, there sat a woman just in from California. She was a tall, gaunt specimen of humanity, and had a cracked, squeaking voice, which she raised to the highest key while relating the many "har" breadth escapes and experiences, while so far away in the land of gold, and her two unmarried daughters sat listening to her harangue, and smiled a look of approbation at whatever she might say. These two presented a very imposing, and taken altogether, very singular appearance as they thus sat. Each had a pair of very ponderous ear rings, made of natural specimens of California gold, hanging in large holes made in their ears, (punched, one would suppose, with a chisel and mallet); with these most singular ornaments, and a silk dress, or two, which they had in possession, they stood upon the carpet, fit subjects for matrimony, looking like swamp angels, or fresh water lilies?

The story was cut short by the entrance of three semi-barbarians, for so they looked, desperately tugging in a huge trunk; and at their sides, a loaded revolver; they sat heavily down,

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with an air of importance, as much as to say (come if you dare), I'm a Cali- fornian, desperate as a tiger, with much "oro." I must confess I was overawed, at this singular and ferocious looking group, and wondered if all people that became gold hunters, looked so desper- ately respectable, and monstrously en- chanting. Then I felt an inward con- viction, that gold, and the eagerness to obtain it, made the heart callous and hardened, perhaps, and that it might transform an angel into a fiend incar- nate.

That you may have a correct idea of the father at the head of these smil- ing, verdant-looking responsibilities, I will sketch him for you, reader. He was about fifty-five or sixty years of age, tall, well built, and might for what I know, in a time long ago, have been remarkably handsome, save from a certain indescribable expression of the eyes, which though delicately blue, and almost beautiful, led you at once to feel that you were in the presence of one, over whose heart a thick, impenetra- ble veil had drawn a darkness, no mor- tal eye could pierce. His nose once might have been well shaped, but it had now a piece taken from the side, ex- tending to the eye, which greatly marred the savage beauty of his coun- tenance, as it turned. His hair, which had been a deep beautiful chesnut, had commenced to show here and there a silver thread, and his white, high for- head was marked by three deep fur- rows, which told in truthful accents, that he was sliding down the declivity of life, rapidly.

The dinner bell sounding alarm of an attack upon edibles, the old man made rush for the dining room, followed

by his two amazon looking daughters, and their mama, who entered with a toss of the head, and an air of *haut- tour*, bespeaking a very distinguished personage, and all seated themselves, near the old man, who stood erect, eat- ing without a knife or fork, looking as wise and venerable as a Hottentot phi- losopher.

Here we hired a Dutch wagon, the only mode of conveyance, to take us to Fairfield, an inland town lying distant some forty miles. I left the Califor- nians, wondering how they ever lived to tell the tale.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, AND ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.

The question has often been put, by some of our mirth-loving friends,— "What is the origin of St. Valentine's day?"—and other old observances that appear made for all time, regardless of the wholesale change in other matters of the community at large.

This custom of exchanging love- glances, and letters, on this ever mem- orable day, we believe, arose from good old Saint Valentine's *receding from his clan*, and taking unto himself a wife, still adhering to the monkish stole and hood, despite the thundering excom- munications of the Vatican. His birth- day was on the fourteenth day of Feb- ruary, and the sensible part of mankind thus do him perpetual honor, by this old custom. Peace to his ashes, say we; if the whole paternity were to follow his example. We would keep, to the end of our existence, a St. Valen- tine's day, if possible, six days of every week.

APRIL-FOOL DAY—(the first of April.)—arose from the fact of our

blessed Lord being mocked with the crown of thorns and the sceptre-reed. His enemies crowning their malice by thus befooling him with their mock reverences.

ST. NICHOLAS' DAY in Germany, but ST. SYLVESTER'S day in France, the 1st of June, are sacred to the affections and delight of children. On this day, parents deposit in sly holes and corners, little presents for the young folk, who have to thank the good Saints—patrons of children—for one day of joy and gladness, in the same way as comes *Santa Claus* on Christmas day in the United States.

The omen of *Spilling Salt*, is said to be derived from the custom of the Arabs, who, by this means, declare deadly enmity against a foe, as eating salt with a stranger, denotes great confidence.

The omen of *Crossed Knives*, from the Roman custom of crossing swords of gladiators, who thus commenced contest to the death; when the strife was not required to be *thus urgent*, this custom was avoided.

Meeting on the Stairs, may have had its origin from the well known aversion of the wife-killing Henry the Eighth; who never failed to express his anger, when thus met, or saluted—no doubt suspecting secret assassination.

The well known rhyme,

"Would ye wish to live and thrive,
Let a spider run alive,"

can be traced to have been in use at the time of the great plague of London, in Charles the Second's reign. It was the popular belief that the flies with which some close habitations were infested, inoculated persons with the virus of the disease. These pests were

remarkably large at that time; indeed, the whole atmosphere, in the commencement of this calamity, seemed pregnant with them.

With respect to superstitious numbers, the origin of the number three, arose doubtless from the triune person of the Godhead. The unlucky number five, from the five foolish virgins. British, and other sailors, feel repugnance to sail on Friday, the day of our Lord's crucifixion. Black Monday, probably arose from the circumstance of prisoners being called up for punishment in Bridewell, and from the black mark list of the week.

Barbers' poles, from the circumstance of their formerly uniting the practice of phlebotomy, with the tonsorial art. The pole was held in the hand, to cause the necessary rigidity of muscle for the issue of the blood, and the red tape wound round it, now represented in colors, was used to tie up the bandage after the operation.

The Shakespearian adage, *as good wine needs no bush, so a good play needs no epilogue*, alludes to the practice of formerly hanging out a holly bush in summer, a mistletoe in winter; to show where wine could be had. This custom is now in use in many nooks and corners of "ryght merry Englande." The word bush is a corruption from the French word *bouche*, mouth.

Kissing under the mistletoe bough, probably had its rise from the practice of the ancient Druids, performing the rite of marriage under this bough. The mistletoe was an emblem of the woman's being grafted on the man, as the oak was symbol of the man's strength.

A FEW MORE WORDS POISON OAK—I

Since the publication of the number, of an article on Poison Oak of California, we have received with some additions concerning it, which we will publish before our readers. The article under the *nom de plume* "Spring," gives the following information:

"I was pleased to receive the number, a short notice of Poison Oak, or *La Yedra*. I have been called upon for information about it, and I am sure it is a preventive of its effects. I believe that I am as susceptible as any person, and I receive that I am infinitely more affected by it now than I commenced to mine, and at that time, it was necessary to come into actual contact with it, to be scratched by it, in fact, it was tacked severely; but within a few paces of the bush, as one is apt to do in the summer, I am certain, and I am very careful not to touch it, 'poisoned.'

"The effects, however, are precisely the same, or very similar to others. Its first appearance is in the form of small red pustules, which spread over all the most tender parts of the body, as inside my elbow, and in every place where the perspiration is forming a wrinkle, it produces a very unpleasant effect, and gradually.

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A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT THE POISON OAK—ITS CURE.

Since the publication, in our last number, of an article on the Poison Oak of California, we have been favored with some additional information concerning it, which we now place before our readers. A correspondent, under the *nom de plume* of "Gold Spring," gives the following:

"I was pleased to see, in the October number, a short notice of the Poison Oak, or *La Yedra*, as the Mexicans call it, and I am anxious to obtain information about it, and also to learn a preventive of its evil effects. I believe that I am as subject to its influence as any person can be, and I perceive that I am infinitely more liable to be affected by it now, than when I first commenced to mine, in 1850. At that time, it was necessary that I should come into actual contact with, and even be scratched by it, in order to be attacked severely; but now, if I work within a few paces of it, and perspire, as one is apt to do in a California summer, I am certain, although exceedingly careful not to touch it, to be badly 'poisoned.'

"The effects, however, are not precisely the same, on me, as on many others. Its first appearance is in the form of small red pimples on my arms or legs, and these soon become watery pustules, which speedily spread over all the most tender parts of my body, as inside my elbows and knees; and, in fact, in every place where the skin, by *forming a wrinkle*, appears to detain the perspiration. Sometimes it breaks out across my stomach, and then it produces a very unpleasant, sickly feeling gradually. The parts, however,

never swell, which I have attributed to the ease with which it appears to break through the skin. These pustules are exceedingly irritating, and, when scratched, which it is almost impossible to avoid doing, become very painful. The eruption, if left to itself, usually continues for about a week, when it gradually subsides—sometimes, however, leaving a memento of its passage in the shape of boils, which break out here and there over the affected parts. I forgot to say that the pustules are sometimes so thick as to produce the appearance of a severe, blistered scald, and the discharge of aqueous matter so great that I have had a pocket handkerchief which I tied round my arm, wet through several folds by it.

"As for its cure, almost every one has a different specific, although the most favored appears to be salt and water. I have tried almost every thing I could hear of—salt, gunpowder, carbonate of soda, sugar of lead, and many others, with various success, but have never been able to cure it under three or four days; and then, when I resumed work, found myself just as subject to it as ever. I have also tried decoctions of various plants, in order to find an *immediate* remedy, but without avail. I am rather opposed to the use of any such violent specifics as those above named, as I think they are very apt to produce internal sickness. I am inclined to the opinion that, where convenient, frequent bathings with water, as hot as can be borne, is about the best treatment. Some light aperient may be taken at the same time. A solution of acetate of lead, with some drops of laudanum in it, is, however, tolerably

effective. I think, however, that it is with this, as with other ailments; that, as it affects differently constituted persons variously, so it is differently cured. I have known some people who have used salt and water with great effect, although it produced none on me. By the way, I have observed that persons of a light complexion are much more easily affected by it than dark ones. Is this also the result of your experience?

"I should be very much pleased if some of your readers would throw a little more light on the subject of curing or preventing the evil effects of *La Yedra*, for I am so annoyed by it when mining as to have christened it 'mine enemy,' believing it to be the only one I have in the country."

Gold Spring's letter is one of the many instances of the good effect of disseminating information of local interest. We quote his favor, and hope that it will be an example to our readers, of communicating any intelligence that may tend to benefit our community. We are glad to see that he recommends caution in the use of external applications, as we are yet unacquainted with the whole of its symptoms.

Some have suggested constant rubbing with ice, or bathing in ice-water; but we would by no means recommend it; applications similar to those in use for other poisons of like appearance are safest.

Since our last, we have submitted its leaf to a powerful microscope, but can discover none of the *fibræ hamæ* of the sting-nettle. We observed that its leaf is much charged with succulence, of less consistency than that of the oak,

to which it bears some resemblance. We have seen a person who declares that he has frequently swallowed some of its juice, after mastication, with impunity, but are inclined to attach little importance to this knowledge, as, from the time of old Homer, who, in the fourth book of his *Iliad*, records of Mæaon, the son of Æsculapius—

"Then, when he saw the wound, where the
poison'd arrow fell,
Having suck'd out the blood, applied with art
that remedy
The prudent Chiron gave to his beloved father;"

and of Eleanor, the wife of the English king, Edward I, who sucked the virus from the wound made by a poisoned arrow, and so saved her husband's life at the hazard of her own, it has been well known that many poisons may be imbibed harmless, which would cause death if externally applied, and *vice versa* of others.

From the effects of this poison, a gentleman with whom we are very well acquainted, was entirely blind for six weeks, his head having swollen to an enormous size; and, in addition to his distressingly painful condition, was much afraid that it would become fatal in its consequences. Many of the usual remedies, superintended by a skilful physician, were useless and unavailing, until a friend, while visiting him, suggested the use of the *soap root*, so common throughout California. This was tried with eminent success; for in three days after its application he was able to resume his business. As nearly every one throughout California is familiar with this root, we need only add that it was used in the same manner as common soap.

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It bears some resemblance. I have seen a person who declares he has frequently swallowed some piece, after mastication, with impunity, but are inclined to attach little value to this knowledge, as, from the story of old Homer, who, in the Iliad, records of Menelaos the son of Æsculapius—

When he saw the wound, where the poison'd arrow fell,
He suck'd out the blood, applied with art
The remedy
That Chiron gave to his beloved father;

Eleanor, the wife of the English King Edward I, who sucked the poison from the wound made by a poisonous arrow, and so saved her husband at the hazard of her own, it is well known that many poisons may be imbibed harmless, which would cause death if externally applied, *inversa* of others.

In the effects of this poison, a man with whom we are very well acquainted, was entirely blind for six months, his head having swollen to an enormous size; and, in addition to his extremely painful condition, was in great dread that it would become fatal consequences. Many of the usual remedies, superintended by a skillful physician, were useless and unavailing, until a friend, while visiting him, suggested the use of the *soap root*, so common throughout California. This was done with eminent success; for in a few days after its application he was able to resume his business. As nearly everywhere throughout California is supplied with this root, we need only say that it was used in the same manner as common soap.

It is possible that if the soap root

could be used when the first symptoms are apparent, it would prove an *immediate* remedy.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, of Nov. 24th, makes the following observations:

THE QUERCUS VIRI, OR POISON OAK OF CALIFORNIA, AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

EDITOR BULLETIN:—Referring to the article in *Hutchings' Magazine* on the above plant, an extract from which appeared in Saturday's *Bulletin*, I beg to offer a few remarks.

The effect of this *climbing* (not *creeping*) shrub acts as a poisonous agent on some constitutions is not, as therein stated, confined to temperament. [This is an error, as no such statement was made.—ED.] The *virus* acts on the cuticle, and produces a rapidly increased action of the vascular system. In certain states of the body the action is more rapid than at other periods. The remedies I would suggest are as follows: Wash the part affected with a strong solution of bicarb. of soda; then apply, by means of a linen cloth, *kept well saturated*, a lotion composed of chloroform, one part; eau de cologne, two parts; water, three parts. After a very short period, the patient will generally not experience any further annoyance.

This shrub varies in size. I have seen several eight, ten, and twelve feet high—in some instances destroying that whence in its early growth it derived support, and forming an independent shrub of considerable size and extent. Some persons can handle the leaves and stems, and even rub the juice or sap which it exudes on any part of the body, with impunity. H. S.

A gentleman writing to the *Marysville Herald*, when alluding to the same article, says that he recently came across, in a dark ravine, in Butte county, a specimen of it which was twenty-five feet in height, and that there were growing in the vicinity other specimens of nearly the same height.

We are happy to have our belief confirmed, that this pestilence has not in any instance proved fatal. In the meantime, it would be a charity—nay, even a *duty*, to make known, as publicly as possible, any specific remedy that any fortunate discoverer may alight upon, and we shall gladly lend our aid in publishing it.

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP IN A PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE.

Sweet, plaintive strains—just heard above the busy throng
That crowd the streets—and yet art scarcely born

Before thy feeble breath is spent and gone—
Tell me whence comest thou,
With such wooing notes and gentle guise,
That take our raptur'd senses by surprise?
Tell me, sweet spirit of the ether sphere,
Why touch those trembling strings and linger here
Amid the throng?

Methinks thou'dst haunt the lake,
The mead, the dell, and sylvan stream,
Or linger round the moon's pale beam,
Rather than here. * * *

And yet
Our greedy sense, delighted, hears
The murmuring music of the spheres;
Then stay and tune the welcome strain,
And stir the soul's sweet depths again.

W. F. H.

A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.—Monday—A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday—Gloomy and very chilly, unseasonable weather. Wednesday—Frosty; at times sharp. Thursday—bitter cold in the morning; red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday—Storm in the morning, with peals of thunder; air clear afterwards. Saturday—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A light southwester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner-time; hurricane and earthquake at night.

A LUNATIC once informed his physician, who was classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his senses by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

THE CHRISTIAN OASIS.

We take the following simple and touching description of the social and spiritual blessedness of Sunday from Rev. Dr. Scott's discourse at the dedication of Zion's Chapel, the church built by the people of color, on Pacific street, in this city, a few weeks ago, and published in the *Mirror of the Times*, the new organ of the colored people:

I am not sure, my Christian friends and brethren, whether any of you crossed "the Plains," in coming to this country, or not. But I suppose every one of you has read or heard of the dangers and wearisomeness of a journey across the great deserts of Asia and of Africa, from which some of your forefathers were brought to this country. In those deserts, the sun pours forth his burning rays upon the panting traveller, while the sand glows like a furnace. The skin on his face blisters, his lips crack, and even his feet are scalded through his boots or shoes, if of the ordinary black leather. Day after day the weary march is made. Scarcely a human being is ever seen, save those in your own company. On every side a dreary waste stretches away and disappears beneath the glare of a cloudless sky. The moaning of the wind over the sands and along the rocky ridges and gorges, is like one's fancy of the wailings of lost spirits. But the water-skins begin to grow light. The camels are beginning to complain; their tongues swell. The whole caravan becomes moody and sinks into silence. Every one begins to wish the journey, or life itself, were at an end. But now, why this rapid gait? Why are the camels moving with uplifted heads and distended nostrils? It is because the foremost one of the train has caught sight of an oasis, and, like an electric flash, the news passes to the last one of the caravan. Now hope with shouts of joy

fills the crowd with renewed vigor, and in a little while all are sheltered by the palm trees, and are filled with cool water gushing from the fountain. The dangers and toils of the desert are forgotten; rest and refreshment gained in the oasis prepare them for new journeys. *And is not the Sabbath sanctuary an oasis to us in the journey of life?* The night does not wholly relieve us; sometimes our day of labor has twenty-four hours, and our weeks consist of seven days. But even when we have the night for rest, we are sometimes oppressed with the cares of the day that is past, and we live it over again in feverish dreams, or spend it in anxious thoughts for the morrow. But when "six days' work is done," what a blessing it is that then the blessed Sabbath comes, consecrated to heaven and holy thoughts, to domestic repose, and intellectual improvement. Oh, what would become of our race, especially the laboring poor, but for the rest of the Sabbath! The two great gifts of God to man, which he brought with him out of Paradise, are the Sabbath and marriage. How blissful our youthful recollections of the Sabbath! How many tender thoughts and holy associations are connected with its return! How much do we owe to our weekly reunions in the house of God! Weary and worn, excited and exhausted, you drag through the week; but at last the office is closed; business ceases. You are refreshed with the calmness of the Sabbath morn. Nature is cheerful. Your thoughts soar upward in their aspirations, and for a time you forget the world and its cares. Blessed is the day of rest!

It is good to go with the tribes of Israel to Zion's gates? This is one oasis ever fresh and green, amid the waste and burning desert. Here are springs that never dry. Here are trees ever green. Their leaves never wither and their fruits never lose their sweetness. And even if there were no mutual benefits derived from the Sabbath, it is a priceless boon to toiling humanity.

The observance of the Sabbath bath strengthens the mind, and enhances the course. We see families who, in their own homes, as much as in the week, catch the little ones in great comfort of seven, with the toils of the rest, so it refreshes the energy. It refreshes his mind and gives him a better work.

This corner is a sanctuary in what I saw in school papers of travels in and to my mind is more than it is. It is all thanksgiving to-day in the heaven.

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The observance of the Christian Sabbath strengthens the ties of home and enhances the happiness of social intercourse. Without the Sabbath many families would not know the joys of their own firesides. Banished from home, as most business men are all the week, catching only a glimpse of their little ones morning and evening, it is a great comfort that there is one day out of seven, when they may be free from the toils of business. As it is a day of rest, so it restores man's exhausted energy. It lengthens out his life, and affords him an opportunity to improve his mind and his heart, and prepare for a better world.

This comparison of the Sabbath sanctuary has been suggested to me by what I saw in one of your Sabbath-school papers, and by my recollections of travels in the Deserts of Arabia; and to my mind it is not more beautiful than it is appropriate to you. Let us all thank God, take courage, and set out to-day from this place afresh for the heavenly Canaan.

SPEAK gently to the erring—
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet—
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring—
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track;
Forget not, thou hast often sinn'd,
And sinful yet must be;—
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee!

MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR BUT ONE

Is a store-keeper—or, rather, a seller of stores; for he only takes the money, and leaves you to take the goods. For two years that I have known him, I have never seen him without his pipe in his mouth and his left hand in the pocket of his pants. I do verily be-

lieve, if we were all to be blown up one of these days, (we live next door to a high pressure flour-mill,) his head would be found with a pipe in its mouth, and the body with a hand in its pocket.

"How's dry stuff?" I asked, one day, by way of curiosity, to see whether the pipe would quit its orifice.

"Shicks shents," said he, moving every muscle in his face to give plain utterance, rather than move the everlasting pipe. But whether per quart, per gallon, per bushel, per sack, or per pound, the said pipe prohibited to be explained. I sometimes have thought, if I were not so sedate a body, I would raise a cry of fire, to see whether the head would appear without the pipe in it, to inquire what was the matter.

Oh, here is a horse at the door; his store is shut up; he is going to make holiday. If he ride that horse, surely he cannot do it with his hand in his pocket and pipe in his mouth. Here he comes. He mounts; he turns his head. There is the meerschaum, sure enough; and, I declare, his left hand is in its usual situation; the right one does all the work. Away he goes—"bibbity bob—bibbity bob"—and the meerschaum; and no mere-sham of a pipe is it, I assure you, but one capable of raising a smoke sufficient to set going all the fire-bells in San Francisco. Now the beast is restive; he kicks. Surely the left hand comes to the rescue. Not a bit of it; but the meerschaum describes its gyrations round the region of his nose, irrespective of all consequences to its neighborhood; and such a nose, too, as friend Bardolph might apostrophize. Surely that meerschaum must be nicely Browned by this time—(his name is Brown; it is, indeed.) I'd give the world for that pipe, for he and it are always in a brown study. With his legs on the counter, his head against the wall, and his gaze where the stove-pipe used to be, what untold lucubrations pass which the world knows nothing about. He is a philosopher, is friend

Brown, and his pipe is his *vade mecum*—his hypothesis—aye, and his hypothesis. What visions of soothing consolation does it not afford; what clear views of modified existence does it not elicit. If I were to be an unsentient being, I would be Mr. Brown's pipe, and I should be as merry as any piper. I am sure I should.

TRICKS OF THE MONKEY.

The monkey is described by naturalists as a class amongst the *Simiadae*, which possess a tail, as distinguished from those of the ape kind, which are without this appendage. Of the class, the ape appears more grave, less peevish and mischievous than the monkey. They are susceptible of more intelligence, and become more gentle and affectionate. The few tricks which the monkeys in our streets occasionally exhibit are the result of much training and perseverance, seldom performed without the jerk of the chain or the eye of the master; whereas those of the ape often show an intelligence not much inferior to that of uncivilized men.

Lieutenant Matthews, who travelled over a great part of Sierra Leone, Guinea, Congo, and Loango, states that the Chimpanzee, the tribe most like man in their structure, generally take up their abode near some deserted town or village, where the papau tree grows abundantly, the fruit of which serves them as food in abundance. They build huts nearly like the houses of the natives, covering them with leaves, for their females and young, guarding the entrances, day and night, with all the care of the fondest parent. If one of them is shot, the rest of the community pursue, with the utmost speed, the destroyer, and the only means then of escaping their vengeance is to part with the gun, which they instantly seize and batter to pieces, giving over the pursuit when they have thus vented their rage. They travel in large bodies, arming themselves with

clubs, and frequently compel the elephant to abandon its locality. Mons. de la Brosse states that they sometimes watch for months together, to steal young negresses, whom they carry into the woods and force to live with them, feeding them plentifully, but otherwise doing them no injury, as if to enjoy merely their society. One instance of this kind came under his notice, of a negress who lived in Loango, and who had lived upwards of three years amongst them, in the utmost harmony, before she was able to make her escape.

The apes or baboons which frequent the rock of Gibraltar sprung from a pair that were brought thither by an officer who had travelled through the interior of Africa. These are described as perfect nuisances to the place. The only method the inhabitants have of ridding themselves of them is by catching and shaving them. An odd method; but no other can be had recourse to, on account of the use of firearms being prohibited.

A friend of mine, an officer in the Sappers and Miners, at a place called Brompton in Kent, possessed one of remarkable cunning. He had brought it from this celebrated fort. It had an extraordinary antipathy for women, boys, dogs and pigs. We remember well seeing some youths playing at marbles on the pavement of the cannon embrasures, and watching its tricks. He would wait patiently until they were all intent upon their game, and then slyly thrust his head over the parapet and hurl a brickbat upon them, stooping his head down immediately afterwards to hide himself. On one occasion, on a repetition of these tricks, a boy, who had a Newfoundland dog with him, discovered the offender and gave chase to him through the streets of the neighboring village, Brompton. The creature, jumping up to the first knocker of a door he came to, thundered away at it without intermission, with one hand, while he rang the bell violently with the other. An old lady

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A friend of mine, an officer in the 60th and Miners, at a place called Merton in Kent, possessed one of the most cunning. He had brought him to this celebrated fort. It had an extraordinary antipathy for women, dogs and pigs. We remember seeing some youths playing at cards on the pavement of the cannon squares, and watching its tricks. It would wait patiently until they were seated upon their game, and then thrust his head over the parapet and hurl a brickbat upon them, stooping his head down immediately afterwards to hide himself. On one occasion a repetition of these tricks, a man who had a Newfoundland dog with him, discovered the offender and chased to him through the streets of the neighboring village, Brompton. The creature, jumping up to the first pane of a door he came to, thumped away at it without intermission, on the one hand, while he rang the bell with the other. An old lady

of portly dimensions came to the door, and the transition of the emotions of her face, from a good scolding expression to one of staring alarm, as the brute jumped upon her ample shoulders for protection, is not to be soon forgotten.

On another occasion this baboon carried off a large basket of cherries, weights, scales, and all, which had been left by an old woman, for a few moments, in the passage at the bottom of the stairs, in the barrack room, during her temporary absence to get change for a coin. The creature was seen the next moment, from an upper window, showering cherries, weights, scales, basket and all, upon the regimentals as they were marching out for the morning's parade. I remember well, old Col. P——y bobbing down his head to avoid a 2lb weight, which despite his caution, struck his nose, causing the shedding of blood most ingloriously and profusely. After this adventure, the mischievous customer was taken to the Chatham Dock Yard, in the neighborhood. Here its exploits were as mischievous; for one day the turret clock of the yard having stopped, its cause was discovered to be the filling up the said turret with the tools of the workmen, who had been for a long time previously, suspecting all sorts of thefts of each other.

The story of the monkey shaving the cat must have originated from this creature, who was one day discovered with the blacking brush lathering away most vigorously upon poor puss, on the sill of its mistress's chamber window, habited in her best bonnet and cap. The poor beast at last met with a deserter's punishment, for it grew such a nuisance, and so frequently broke from its chain, that its master condemned it to be shot.

The smaller monkeys, properly so called, are deficient in sagacity to many of this species; often and often have we watched at the celebrated Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, London, their attempts to crack a marble toy given

them among some nuts. Again and again, would each try to crack it, putting the paw now to the right, now to the left mandible, and not leaving it till one and all apparently denounced it as an imposition. These Gardens have the greatest variety of the monkey tribe of any in the world. Many young pombos, we were told, have been taken to England, but none have survived the change of climate. Some of this tribe are so alert, that Duvacel says, he has often seen them in confinement clear spaces of eighteen feet with the greatest ease, and that for an hour together, without intermission. Many birds stand no chance with them. Once he let a grey king loose, and observed that it only for a moment marked its flight, then leaped to a distant branch, caught the bird with one hand, in passing, and seized the branch with the other hand, as if that alone had been its aim. This kind when taken young, are very playful and affectionate, and exhibit much intelligence. A droll story is told of one which we will relate. An old bachelor in Scotland, a banker, kept one of these animals, and treated it as a pet child. One day a venerable highlander, after banking hours, observing the doors not closed, made his appearance, and drew from his pocket his leather bag, and emptying his gold from it on the counter, and spreading his bank notes, waited for the banker to take due account of his savings. To his great surprise, he saw the old gentleman aforesaid, take a flying leap, with much gravity, from the chair on to the counter, roll up his bank notes and put them in his mouth, and at the same time, taking up the gold sovereigns, pelt him with handfuls of them. The highlander observing the sudden madness of this, to him, chief clerk of the establishment, made aim at him with his knobbed stick, but the chief clerk, jumping upon him, seized his hat and wig, and made a spring of some dozen feet from the counter, on to a shelf at the further part of the

room, where he sat grinning, chattering, and showing his white teeth, to the terror and amazement of the man, and it was not until the attendant, who had scarcely left the premises five minutes, explained matters to the discomfited highlander, that he could be brought to think that it was a trick of an ape, who had made use of his master's old coat, hat and wig, for this purpose, in their absence.

LOSS OF A WIFE.—No man but one who has been called upon to mourn the loss of a beloved companion can appreciate the beauty and truthfulness of the following article which we copy from an exchange:

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other bereavements are trifling. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway where the sun shone on beautiful flowers and the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there—no thorns are remembered, save those your hands may unwillingly have planted; her noble tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear head that has lain upon your bosom rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold beneath the gloomy portals of the grave. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over in smiles, bend now above her in tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be green and beautiful for ever, as a memento of her undying love.

HUMILITY is a flower that prospers most when planted on the rich soil of a noble and great mind.

TO MY SISTER.

My sister dear, though far from thee I dwell,
And varied climes between us intervene,
No space or time can from my heart dispel
The memory of thy love; no distant scene
Of mountains grand, or valleys ever green,
Seem e'er so fair as those I've seen with thee,
Where Hudson's crystal waters flow between
Its loveliest shores, in beauty, to the sea—
Bright emblem of thy heart's pure tide of
love for me.

Thou hast rejoiced in all my hours of bliss,
And thou has gloried in my youth's success—

Meeting me ever with the greeting kiss,
Pure as thy love, and parting but to bless,
With cherished memories of thy tenderness;
In sorrow, thou wert as an angel near,
To soothe me with thy sympathy's excess,
Pointing above to Faith and Hope, to clear
My skies of all that made my life most sad
and drear.

Through all this changing life's most devious
way,
My heart, with purest joy, can turn to thee;
If other hearts, once loved, have gone astray
From all their vows of faith and constancy,
And steered their barks upon life's troubled
sea,
Whose storms may bear them on to wealth or
fame;
No more with such is linked my destiny;
I envy not the prizes they may claim;
I turn from all to bless thy dearly cherished
name.

I bless thee, sister, for thy love so true;
I bless thee for thy sympathy so sweet,
That fell upon my heart as falls the dew
From heaven on flowers beneath our feet,
Reviving all their glorious hues, to greet
The coming day, and call their fragrance
forth;

I'll bless thee ever; and, until we meet,
May God's best blessings recompense thy
worth,

And give thee all the peace and joy of
heaven and earth.

SACRAMENTO, Nov., 1856.

W. H. D.

HOME.

BY W. H. D.

Home! what blessed cluster around that word ever in our memories, sorrowed, yet varied as the phases of our mortal kind reader, revert to the period of helplessness of home. We can our very weakness, and we reigned in the a power more supreme ruler of some mighty king all hearts bowed down to the silent charm of purity, while our slight recognition gave unspoken our cries of anguish sorrow to every heart. remember; but, perhaps periods of infancy and our first conscious impressions we find ourselves lying bosom—enfolded in her with her tender and while her subdued voice to rest with hymns of every sound of sweet our after lives, shall be from that time. Such dreamy impressions of time, and these shall linger ories till time shall be

But not only with sions of home shall our linger; because there childhood in its joy attracted all hearts by and there endured which, though transient and as bitter to our hearts, as those of there, we played with our sisters; and then the hallowed and ble mother's love: then father's kind advice there, we climbed his sorrow to some tales ing, or glory in the country over oppre

TO MY SISTER.

My sister dear, though far from thee I dwell,
 And varied climes between us intervene,
 No space or time can from my heart dispel
 The memory of thy love; no distant scene
 Of mountains grand, or valleys ever green,
 Seem e'er so fair as those I've seen with thee,
 Where Hudson's crystal waters flow be-
 tween

Its loveliest shores, in beauty, to the sea—
 Bright emblem of thy heart's pure tide of
 love for me.

Thou hast rejoiced in all my hours of bliss,
 And thou has gloried in my youth's suc-
 cess—

Meeting me ever with the greeting kiss,
 Pure as thy love, and parting but to bless,
 With cherished memories of thy tenderness;
 In sorrow, thou wert as an angel near,
 To soothe me with thy sympathy's excess,
 Pointing above to Faith and Hope, to clear
 My skies of all that made my life most sad
 and drear.

Through all this changing life's most devious
 way,

My heart, with purest joy, can turn to thee;
 If other hearts, once loved, have gone astray
 From all their vows of faith and constancy,
 And steered their barks upon life's troubled
 sea,

Whose storms may bear them on to wealth or
 fame;

No more with such is linked my destiny;
 I envy not the prizes they may claim;
 I turn from all to bless thy dearly cherished
 name.

I bless thee, sister, for thy love so true;
 I bless thee for thy sympathy so sweet,
 That fell upon my heart as falls the dew
 From heaven on flowers beneath our feet,
 Reviving all their glorious hues, to greet
 The coming day, and call their fragrance
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I'll bless thee ever; and, until we meet,
 May God's best blessings recompense thy
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 And give thee all the peace and joy of
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SACRAMENTO, Nov., 1856.

HOME.

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Home! what blessed associations
 cluster around that word, dwelling for-
 ever in our memories, sacred and hal-
 lowed, yet varied as the ever-changing
 phases of our mortal life. Let us,
 kind reader, revert to our first impres-
 sions of home. We cannot go back to
 the period of helpless infancy, when
 our very weakness was our strength,
 and we reigned in the household with
 a power more supreme than that of a
 ruler of some mighty kingdom. Then
 all hearts bowed down in submission
 to the silent charm of innocence and
 purity, while our slightest smiles of
 recognition gave unspeakable joy, and
 our cries of anguish sent a pang of sor-
 row to every heart. This we cannot
 remember; but, perhaps, between the
 periods of infancy and childhood, in
 our first conscious impressions of home,
 we find ourselves lying on a mother's
 bosom—enfolded in her arms—bathed
 with her tender and undying love,
 while her subdued voice is soothing us
 to rest with hymns of melody whose
 every sound of sweetness, through all
 our after lives, shall seem like echoes
 from that time. Such are our first
 dreamy impressions on the shores of
 time, and these shall linger in our mem-
 ories till time shall be no more.

But not only with our first impres-
 sions of home shall our memories fondly
 linger; because there we passed our
 childhood in its joyous glee, and at-
 tracted all hearts by our winning ways,
 and there endured our first sorrows,
 which, though transient, were as real
 and as bitter to our fresh and tender
 hearts, as those of maturer years:
 there, we played with our brothers and
 our sisters; and there, we experienced
 the hallowed and blessed influence of a
 mother's love: there we received a
 father's kind advice and admonitions:
 there, we climbed his knee to listen in
 sorrow to some tales of human suffer-
 ing, or glory in the triumphs of our
 country over oppression and wrong;

there, we rejoiced in the purity and
 tenderness of a sister's love; and there,
 we felt the generous embraces of a
 brother's manly heart; there, we
 formed our first friendships with our
 youthful playmates, with whom we en-
 joyed so much frolic and fun; there,
 burst forth the ardent aspirations of
 our youthful years, when with generous
 impulses and unpurged taste, we
 vowed ever to strive for the right and
 good; there, were our earliest visions
 of the future, which seemed glowing
 in rainbow-tints, with no clouds of
 sorrow lowering upon its skies; there,
 we cemented the bonds of friendship;
 and there, we exchanged the first rap-
 turous kiss of love; there, at morn and
 eve our youthful prayers ascended to
 heaven, while with trusting and un-
 sullied hearts, we confided in a Saviour's
 undying love; there, was the school-
 house where we coned our daily and
 irksome task, watching the shadows as
 they shortened to the hour of noon, or
 lengthened with the declining sun;
 there stood the church, where a never-
 ending future first unfolded to our view,
 while our souls aspired after eternal
 things; there, it may be, we have seen
 the forms of loved ones carried to their
 final home; and whose spirits have
 ever since been beckoning us to the
 skies. There, too, were Christmas
 merry-makings, and New-Year greet-
 ings; there, were harvests home, and
 thanksgiving feasts; there, we rejoiced
 in the light of a joyous life, or sorrow-
 ed in the fear of a coming death;
 there, we revelled in the heights of
 earthly bliss; and there, it may be, we
 experienced events so tragical and sol-
 emn that we could not whisper them
 in the ear of our dearest friend.

But let us turn from the home of our
 early years, to the later home of our
 hearts; to that spot where we have
 gathered all that is most sacred and
 dear to us on earth; for there, is one,
 to whom we have vowed to be ever
 faithful and true—one to whom we
 seem to be united with more than
 earthly ties; there, our fairest hopes

center; there, our purest and sweetest affections dwell; there, to our children, come the home experiences of our early years; and, through our affections for them, do we first truly estimate the tenderness and depth of our parents' attachments to us; there, in all our toils, our anxieties, our conflicts with the world, do we find a compensating joy, a bliss that nothing else earthly can bestow; and, if we are for a time separated from such a home, how anxiously is the expected messenger looked for that shall tell us, "all is well;" in it will be found the renewed vows of our affection; the heartfelt wish; the fervent prayer that God's blessing may rest on the absent one; and His never-ceasing care guard and guide him to the home of his affections; the ever-peaceful haven of his rest.

The thoughts of Home! they cheer the lonely traveler in his weary pilgrimage; they encourage the sailor in his duties amid the howling of the storm; they bring tears to the eyes of the stranger as he wanders in a distant land; they startle the reckless youth in his career of ruin; and, amid his midnight revels present before him the visions of dear but sorrowful faces with tearful eyes, entreating him once more to return to the paths of virtue, to the home of his early years. The criminal on the gallows, hardened by many crimes, and which have at last brought him to a fearful doom, dwells not on the scenes around him; his last dying thoughts are with his home; and where, perhaps, still lives an aged mother, grieving for the presence of her long absent son; he thinks of her undying affection; he remembers all her tenderness and care, and he knows, alas, too well, that the tidings of his fate will break her heart: for himself, he fears not death, but the thoughts of home and dear ones there, embitter the last moments of his existence; they wring his heart with the agony of remorse, as he dies in the wildness of despair.

O, let us thank the good Father, with heartfelt gratitude, for all the as-

sociations, for all the influences, for all the blessings of home; and for an ever blessed memory that makes it always present; who can tell of its mighty power? who can reveal its silent and manifold workings for good? Blessed are the homes of earth, but how much more blessed shall we find the homes of heaven, in our Father's many mansions, where sorrows and partings are unknown, and where we shall ever be with those we love—at home.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

BY MONADNOCK.

When in the boundless realms of space
The long, deep silence first was broken,
And, from the dark and formless void,
Into existence worlds were spoken,—

As clouds of darkness rolled away,
The heavenly vault with music rung,
And listening angels paused entranced,
While morning stars in gladness sung.

Music is round us every where—
Is breathed in wild unwritten notes,
Harmonious as the evening air
That through Æolian harp-strings floats.

'Tis heard at midnight's watching hour—
In the still watches of the night—
Is borne upon the morning breeze,
Is breaking with the morning light.

There's music in the raging storm—
In the deep thunder's solemn roar—
In the hoarse voice of ocean's surge,
Rolled in upon the rock-bound shore.

There's music in the furious winds,
When on the ocean falls their breath,
They howl the requiem of man,
And fling him down to sudden death.

A VAST deal of genial humor, says Mrs. Stowe, is conscientiously strangled in people, which might illuminate and warm the way of life. Wit and gaiety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills, and drying up mould, and making all wholesome and cheerful.

FOOLISH.—Two young ladies hating each other, on account of a gentleman, who does not care a fig for either of them.

ADVENTU

IT IS HARD TO

"It is hard to die!" said a
As the gay birds sang, a
smiled
And perfumes floated on s
She loved the fields and

"It is hard to die!" to the
Said a lonely maiden,
spring
As the lustrous eye and the
Revealed the trace of a l

"It is hard to die!" said a
As she sadly gazed on h
For the felt while yielding
That she was dying a tw

"It is hard to die!" said a
With zeal to picture hi
He gazed with a worship
On the bright green field
sky

"It is hard to die!" said a
Surrounded by mangled
As his comrades shout at
Proclaimed the hard sou

"It is hard to die!" said a
And the rage of an occ
As the staunch ship strug
wave

To save her form from
"It is hard to die!" was
As his soul was chilled b
Wide a vision before his
Of scaffold, block, and

"It is hard to die!" with
Said a gloating miser
pure

And with bony fingers rak
For which his life and ut

"It is hard to die!" with
Shook a murderer l
hell

As a spectral form with i
lay down by his side, i

IT IS HARD TO DIE!

"It is hard to die!" said a little child,
As the gay birds sang, and the green earth
smiled,
And perfumes floated on summer air,—
She loved the fields and would linger there.

"It is hard to die!" to the terror-king,
Said a lonely maiden, in youth's warm
spring,
As the lustrous eye and the hectic glow,
Revealed the trace of a lurking foe.

"It is hard to die!" said a mother mild,
As she sadly gazed on her first-born child,
For she felt while yielding her latest breath,
That she was dying a two-fold death.

"It is hard to die!" said a poet, fired
With zeal to picture his dreams inspired,
As he gazed with a worshipper's earnest eye,
On the bright green fields and the deep blue
sky.

"It is hard to die?" said a warrior grim,
Surrounded by mangled corpse and limb,
As his comrades' shout at the set of sun,
Proclaimed the hard fought battle-field won.

"It is hard to die!" said a stalwart form,
Amid the rage of an ocean storm,
As the staunch ship struggled with wind and
wave,
To save her form from an ocean grave.

"It is hard to die!" was a felon's groan,
As his soul was chilled by the walls of stone,
While a vision before his eye-balls came,
Of scaffold, block, and death of shame.

"It is hard to die!" with a muttered curse,
Said a gloating miser who clutched his
purse,
And with bony fingers raked up his gold,
For which his life and and his soul were sold.

"It is hard to die!" with a fearful yell,
Shrieked a murderer haunted by fiends of
hell,
As a spectral form with its bloody head,
Lay down by his side, in his hard death bed.

"It is hard to die!" said an aged man,
Whose life was lengthened beyond life's
span;
He had lost the friends of his early years,
Yet would linger still in this vale of tears.

Though the spirit of mortal exchanges earth,
For a brighter home and a heavenly birth,
From youth to age comes the bitter sigh,
"It is hard to die!" "It is hard to die!"
S * * * *
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1856.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. H. WONDERS WHAT SHE SHALL DO FOR
CATS ON THE VOYAGE.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hickleberry were comfortably seated in a first class carriage, with Mary, alias Flory, and the young Adam, they began fairly to consider themselves on their way to the land of gold. There were no other inmates in the vehicle, but a gentleman stranger-foreigner with bushy mustachings, (as Mrs. Hickleberry was wont to call them,) and a smart looking lad of about thirteen years of age. They had not proceeded far, when little Adam began to be troublesome; for, when he was standing up he wanted to sit down, and when he was down he wanted to get up, and when he was in he wanted to get out, and *vice versa*. He was also very troublesomely attracted towards the gentleman-foreigner's massive gold watch chain, which the amiable traveler begged the little fellow might be indulged with; Mrs. H. thought she never saw so nice a gent in all her life, while Hiek congratulated himself that no woman who wore a sky-blue bonnet was a passenger by the same train. Mrs. H. enjoyed the notion very much, and "wondered at the strange fancies of some queer folk who would prefer a rumble-tumble crazy old coach, to the easy motion of the rail. They might rail at it as long as they liked, but, for her part, give her the rail all the world over. The air, too, was as *flagrant*

socialists, for all the ratiocination,
the blessings of home; and for all
blessed memory that makes a step
present; who can tell of its
power? who can reveal its
manifold workings for good? But
are the homes of earth, but how
more blessed shall we find the
heaven, in our Father's many mansions,
where sorrows and partings are
known, and where we shall ever
with those we love—at home.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.
BY ROXANDROX.

When in the boundless realms of space
The long, deep silence first was broken
And, from the dark and formless void
Into existence worlds were spoken—
As clouds of darkness rolled away
The heavenly vault with music rang
And listening angels paused amazed
While morning stars in gladness sang
Music is round us every where—
Is breathed in wild unwritten tones
Harmonious as the evening air
That through Eolian harp-strings
'Tis heard at midnight's watching hour
In the still watches of the night—
Is borne upon the morning breeze,
Is breaking with the morning light
There's music in the raging storm—
In the deep thunder's solemn roar—
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a fire does in a damp house, dispelling
chills, and drying up mould, and making
all wholesome and cheerful.

FOOLISH.—Two young ladies looked
each other, on account of a gentleman
who does not care a fig for either of
them.

as if coming from so many *gardings*. It was delightful, it was." To which, and other like sentiments Mr. H. and the kind "furriner" good-naturedly responded; indeed, the latter gentleman was "the most accommodating man she ever knew." He became quite chatty, and, wonderful to relate, he was born in the very same village that had the honor of giving Mrs. H. birth; and, still more wonderful, upon comparing notes, actually discovered that they were first cousins on the grandmother's side,—which Mr. H. also, thought a remarkable circumstance, to pick up in a rail road carriage. His conversation elicited that he was a gentleman "traveling on his own account—knew all about California, where he had lived twenty years—had crossed the Atlantic and Pacific nearly twenty times, and was then on his way to Jamaica, on a rum speculation; also, having been for years engaged in a scientific discovery to convert cocoa nuts into fresh butter; that object also embraced part of his attention. He had several agents in California, to whom he would be happy to give them letters of introduction; they would find," he said, "the land of gold a mighty wonderful place. Gold was so plentiful, and iron so scarce, he declared he frequently sold an old, worthless iron pot for its weight in gold. He remembered, once," he said, "after a day's prospecting, selling the sand that got in his shoes, for ten times the worth of a gross of them in the old country. He remembered once going into a blacksmith's shop, up in the mines, accompanied by his servant Whack-a-wa-o, a native Indian, where every shoe in the place was forged from gold; nay, the very nails that fastened them to the horses' hoofs were gold; even the very anvil and hammer of the blacksmith, aye, even the very nose of the bellows, were made of gold, because iron was so wonderfully scarce at that time." Hickleberry thought this very wonderful, and gently inquired if the gent were romancing; "cos he knew a little about metals, and he ques-

tioned whether a gold nail wouldn't be too soft to hold on to the shoe. He begged to be excused from taking in all that amount; he was not yet quite soft enough for that. He knew," he said, "'twas very hard to get it in some places; but, hang it, he couldn't swallow all that travellers told."

"You forget to take into account, my dear sir, the influence of the climate, particularly that of California, where the days are so hot as to melt lead in the very streets, and on the tops of the houses; and the nights are so cold that butter, in the morning, couldn't be chopped, scarcely, with a hatchet. Do you doubt that?" said the traveller. "Now, if butter could melt and condense, in the same ratio, why couldn't gold, particularly if one took into account that California gold, there was no question about it, was known to melt faster in a warm pocket, near a warm heart," he slyly added, "than in any other country."

"It might be true," said, Hick, "and might be a joke; 'twas no matter; all he knew about its hardness, anywhere that he heard on, 'twas precious hard to get."

This animated conversation was kept up to a late hour, until sleep, one after another, influenced the whole party, from which, they were only at intervals, partially aroused, by the guards shouting the names of the various places, at which, from time to time, they arrived, until at last smoky, murky Liverpool burst upon them. Here the foreign gentleman, who seemed to speak the whole of the foreign languages, and some others, (self-invented ones, beside) known only to the police district, was met by another foreigner, to whom Mr. and Mrs. H. were formally introduced.

"How strange it was," said Mrs. H., "that they were going to the same hotel—the Victoria—kept by a former old servant of a friend of his, where they should have every accommodation, and then—how kind—he and his friend would call in the morning, to

... To which Mr. H. and ... gentleman ... quite chatty ... had the ... still ... first ... a remarka- ... in a rail ... elicit- ... all about ... twenty ... Atlantic and ... on a ram ... years ... discovery to ... fresh butter; ... part of his ... agents in ... be happy ... introduction; ... the land of ... Gold ... so scarce, ... an old ... in gold. ... said, "after ... the sand ... times the ... in the old ... once going ... up in the ... servant ... man, where ... was forged ... nails that ... hooft were ... and hammer ... the very ... of gold, ... ally scarce ... ought this ... required if ... cos he ... he ques-

tioned whether a gold nail ... too soft to hold on to the ... begged to be excused from ... all that amount; he was ... soft enough for him. He ... said, "twas very hard to get in ... places; but hang it, he could ... low all that travellers told."

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escort them about Liverpool, and show them the lions.

"How wonderful it was," thought Mrs. H. "that every place abroad, away from home, should have lions, which every body spoke about."

"If his friends are going to the same hotel," said the foreigner's foreign friend, in half broken English, "his gargon would take de loogage of de lady, and de gentlemen, vizout deer trouble vid ma friend seven big tronk all in de vay mooch pleasant dan any oder."

Here his gargon settled the matter by bringing five glasses of hot brandy and water to the door of the railway carriage; and which were thankfully received by Hickleberry and company; all the trunks, both of the foreign traveler, and our friend Hick, were thrown into one capacious hand cart, and were then deposited in the hotel safely and snugly for the night.

As soon as morning dawned, Hick arose early, and went down to the trunk room for a change of linen, &c.; but to his great dismay, saw only those of the illustrious foreign traveler. Becoming alarmed, he called up the landlord, and discovered to his great mortification, that the pleasant traveler had made a most extraordinary mistake, and had carried off the whole of his worldly comforts, as far as thirteen portmanteaus and packages could contain, and had left nothing in their stead but some ordinary brickbats, carefully packed in new straw; which the landlord could not be brought to believe were, at any time, destined for so long a journey as the placard on them denoted.

"Here's a go! here's a pretty go, here's a precious pretty go," said he bursting into Mrs H's bed-chamber, "That foreign whiskerando has run off with the whole of our trunks, and left us nothing but brickbats to wear, with straw for change of linen."

"What on earth do you mean, H.," said Mrs. H., sitting bolt upright in the bed.

"Mean? why what I say, woman! That furriner has run off with all our trunks, and not the ghost of a one has he left behind, even for modesty's sake; he has left us nothing but a heap of brickbats wrapped up in straw, to console us for the loss of them."

"Why, that's unpossible, Hickory, for I seed them all wheeled into the lumbering room, my very self, while you were a sipping your glass of brandy and water with the two strangers, in the bar room, I'll take my oath on it."

"Oh, you'll have to take something else, Mrs. H., when you have seen no more of 'em than I have."

"Have you been to the purleece station people about it?" inquired Mrs. Hickleberry.

"No, nor to the moon's station-people either, and I think there's as much use in 'plying to the one, as to the 'tother."

"Well, then—go then—my good man—for there's all my caps, and gowns, and flannins, and heaven knows what in um."

"I thought what his fine stories of California would come to; somehow or other, I had my misgivin's when he spoke of the gold—talkin o' gold, I'd give all the stuff in California, if I had it, for the pleasure of just punching his precious old head for half an hour with my best tin hammer; and if I didn't leave every part thereof flatter than any frying pan in this establishment, I'd consent to be kick'd to death by spiders."

Here the landlord, as much amazed as themselves, brought them a letter, which was left on the table in the bar-room, addressed to D. Hickleberry, Esq.

Hick opened it, and with the help of the landlord, spelt out the following:

Dear Friend:—Being suddenly called upon to take charge of some valuable goods consigned to the respectable firm of Messrs. James Noakes and Thomas Stiles & Co., I cannot depart without giving you the recommendations I promised to some friends in California. One will suffice for all; it is that of James

Green, Esq., 9999th street, Triangular Square, Noman's County, California. You will find him, when you see him, a very pleasant old gentleman, as much like yourself as possible. Please give my best love to my cousin, Mrs. Hickleberry for whom I shall ever entertain the warmest friendship, for the charge she has intrusted to me, and which I shall endeavor to keep as a keepsake, for her sake and my own.

"Scoundrel," cried Hickleberry, he deserves to be roasted alive, and skinned afterwards."

"'Tis adding insult to injury," said the host.

"'Tis wus than borrowing one's best cap, and spoilin' on it, and slappin' one's face with it arterwards," said Mrs. H.

"'Tis arter all, on'y leavin' the name of a true brick behind him, although the fellow was a man of straw," said Mr. Potts, the boots.

"What shall I do for caps, all day," sobbed Mrs. H.

"O, wear your nightcaps—wot's the odds, Mrs. H.? All wimmin think on and run their heads on is bumets, caps, gowns, shoes, ribbons, laces and gloves—but, let us have some breakfast, for I want something to keep that 'ere matter down on my stomach," peevisly added poor Hick.

CHAPTER XVII.

OFFERS TO THE READER A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

We are now about to raise one corner of the curtain of our drama, to exhibit to the reader, as pretty a scene of a den of dark forensic villainy, as was ever depicted by any history, ancient or modern.

Messrs. Suit & Nabb had scarcely congratulated themselves with having successfully wrested from her Most Gracious Majesty's fund, a hitherto unclaimed estate, now, nominally the property of Dickory Hickleberry, Esq., but actually, of Messrs. Suit & Nabb, than another stray fish, by the merest

chance in the world, unexpectedly fell into the meshes of their net. This was no other than one of the worthies mentioned in chapter six, the Haberdasher. Unable to withstand the temptation of the reward of four thousand pounds, to which the government had added two more, for any information that might lead to the discovery of that unfortunate nobleman, Lord Lovett, whose mysterious and sudden disappearance had roused the curiosity of all England, and afforded the columns of newspapers an everlasting fund of inexhaustible themes, to their great comfort; this individual, finding the problem of secure reward and safety of self, too difficult for him to solve, had resolved to apply to the before-mentioned gentlemen for their aid and assistance. It was a scene worthy of the great painter Le Brun, to mark the passions of the trio, as they were seated opposite each other, in the back reception room of one of the dwellings in that great law pyramid—Furnival's Inn, London. Suit & Nabb, two of the smartest practitioners of their profession and day, had to deal with one, if possible, smarter than themselves; a fellow, a match for the very father of deceivers.

"You say that you are in possession of a direct clue of the whereabouts of Lord Lovett?" It was in this guise that Suit opened the campaign.

"I say no such thing," replied the Haberdasher; "I say I know those who do."

"And what do you offer, to enable us to meet the expenses of following up your information preceding the discovery?"

"One half the reward, which is to include your law expenses."

"Agreed! What say you Mr. Nabb?"

"I think it is a fair offer," replied that gentleman.

"I have another proposal to make: I possess sufficient information to contest the reputed heirs' right to Earl Elmore's estate: this I cannot do without efficient legal assistance; and for

consideration, signed, sealed, &c. I am ready to prove what I assert."

"What is that consideration, my friend?" inquired Nabb, concealing

his eyes. "No less than a partnership in an established business."

"Aye, indeed!" rejoined Suit, "but the proposition is, to say as little as possible about it, simply ridiculous."

"Why so," replied the Haberdasher, "I can be the means of introducing the solicitorship to the extent of their lordship's sessions probably to double your income."

"Do not think upon examination over consideration, you will find the proposition so ridiculous as you at first imagine."

"Pray who are you? may I be so bold as to enquire?" responded both simultaneously.

"That at present, I cannot divulge, but I can only state that I have brought up to your profession the details of a great many cases, and to assure you of this I am prepared to undergo any examination in common law you may be pleased to submit me to. Circumstances, I have placed me in my present position; and I seek a better one to shake off improper engagements and habits, with which I have been, too long, associated."

"I feel inclined to entertain my friend, you will find me one to be relied on at all times. You have not yourself to professional eminence in a certain walk in the law, which I am duly acquainted with, and I shall be enabled to double your income almost without an effort of your means of your respectability."

"You really surprise us. May I be so bold as to enquire what that walk of the law is which you allude to?"

"Certainly. It is that of investigating cases of unclaimed bank dividends, unattached estates, unattached claims, unattached—"

"That will do, that is quite sufficient," stammered out the amazed

gentlemen.

"I have another proposal to make: I possess sufficient information to contest the reputed heirs' right to Earl Elmore's estate: this I cannot do without efficient legal assistance; and for

consideration, signed, sealed, &c. I am ready to prove what I assert."

"What is that consideration, my friend?" inquired Nabb, concealing

his eyes. "No less than a partnership in an established business."

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gentlemen.

chance in the world, unexpectedly fell into the meshes of their net. This was no other than one of the worthies mentioned in chapter six, the Haberdasher. Unable to withstand the temptation of the reward of four thousand pounds, to which the government had added two more, for any information that might lead to the discovery of that unfortunate nobleman, Lord Lovett, whose mysterious and sudden disappearance had roused the curiosity of all England, and afforded the columns of newspapers an everlasting fund of inexhaustible themes, to their great comfort, this individual, finding the problem of secure reward and safety of self, so difficult for him to solve, had resolved to apply to the before-mentioned gentlemen for their aid and assistance. It was a scene worthy of the great painter Le Brun, to mark the passions of the trio, as they were seated opposite each other, in the back reception room of one of the dwellings in that great law pyramid—Furnival's Inn, London. Suit & Nabb, two of the smartest practitioners of their profession in day, had to deal with one, if possible, smarter than themselves; a fellow, a match for the very father of deceits.

"You say that you are in possession of a direct clue of the whereabouts of Lord Lovett?" It was in this question that Suit opened the campaign.

"I say no such thing," replied the Haberdasher; "I say I know those who do."

"And what do you offer, to enable us to meet the expenses of following up your information preceding the discovery?"

"One half the reward, which is to include your law expenses."

"Agreed! What say you Mr. Nabb?"

"I think it is a fair offer," replied that gentleman.

"I have another proposal to make. I possess sufficient information to contest the reputed heirs' right to Earl Elmore's estate: this I cannot do without efficient legal assistance; and the

due consideration, signed, sealed, and delivered, I am ready to prove the truth of what I assert."

"What is that consideration, may I ask?" inquired Nabb, concealing his surprise.

"No less than a partnership in your well-established business."

"Aye, indeed!" rejoined Suit, "your proposition is, to say as little as possible about it, simply ridiculous."

"Why so," replied the haberdasher, "If I can be the means of introducing to you the solicitorship to the extensive possessions of their lordship's estates, so as probably to double your income, I do not think upon examination, and proper consideration, you will find my proposition so ridiculous as you at first sight imagine."

"Pray who are you? may I enquire," responded both simultaneously.

"That at present, I cannot divulge, I can only state that I have been brought up to your profession, and know the details of a great many parts of it; and to assure you of this fact, I am prepared to undergo any examination in common law you may be inclined to submit me to. Circumstances, not birth, have placed me in my present position; and I seek a better, to enable me to shake off improper acquaintances and habits, with which I have been, too long, associated. If you feel inclined to entertain my proposal, you will find me one to be relied upon at all times. You have raised yourself to professional eminence and affluence, in a certain walk in the law that I am duly acquainted with, and I shall be enabled to double your business, almost without an effort of yours, by means of your respectability."

"You really surprise us. May I ask what that walk of the law is, to which you allude?"

"Certainly. It is that of investigations of unclaimed bank dividends, heirless estates, unattested foreign claims, unattached—"

"That will do, that is quite sufficient," stammered out the amazed Mc-

Nabb, dreading the laying bare other supposed arcana of their craft.

"That suit of Budge versus Rudge, of yours, gentlemen, was a *chef d'oeuvre* of legal sleight of hand. I was abroad at the time, and I cannot tell you with what anxiety I watched the issue of that memorable trial."

Here Messrs. Suit and McNabb, winced again, while the Haberdasher continued.

"One of your best witnesses—O' Tooley—received his instructions from me; but I had none of the reward that the rascal received from your hands. What would you have done gentlemen, without this black and white swearer? His was the pivot on which the weighty bulk of the whole ponderous matter turned; the key-stone of the mighty arch, which your abilities had erected, and which, if wanting, or not judiciously framed, would have tumbled your mighty fabric of five long years of toil into the dust. Then again your suit of—"

"We wish to hear no more, sir, of these matters; but beg you to confine yourself to your first proposition of introducing us to the solicitorship you mention. If you can produce satisfactory proofs of your ability to effect this, we make no doubt we shall accede to your wishes of a partnership in our business. You mentioned that you have resided abroad, do you speak any of the foreign languages?"

"I am well acquainted with, and speak fluently, the German, French, Italian, and Hindoostanee."

"Indeed! then you will be quite an acquisition to us. Really you must favor us with some name."

"Let it be Smith, Mr. Smith, there are plenty on the Law List, and one more or less is sure to be overlooked."

"And escape detection, you would say," rejoined McNabb, grinning with a ghastly smile of mortification. "Where are you to be found Mr. Smith—that is—ah—what may be your place of residence?"

Here this extraordinary Mr. Smith

placed most unprofessionally, the most useful digit of his right hand in a right line with the most prominent feature of his face, exclaiming:

"That examination does not come on to-day, gentlemen."

The two lawyers regarded each other for a moment in suspense, at last Mr. Smith said,

"Deal sincerely with me, gentlemen, and you will find me a trump. Deal treacherously and you will find me a tartar."

Here Mr. Smith, catching up a blank folio, scribbled two words, and presented it in a most formal manner to the two lawyers. What those cabalistic words were, we cannot tell, perhaps time may reveal them; but whatever they were, they produced such an effect on the two men of the law, that no galvanic battery could have given a more stunning blow to their perceptive faculties. It had the power of making them immediately come to terms, and from that time, ever after, the respectable firm of Messrs. Suit & McNabb, was enlarged to Suit, McNabb & Smith; and their chambers received another accession for the convenience of the latter in the Lincoln's Inn department. Furnival's Inn—*Inn!* O monstrous verbal perversion, alike only in two observances, where in the former, victims are fleeced by law—in the latter, by custom.

LOVE.

Love is no wandering vapor,
That lures astray with treacherous spark;
Love is no transient taper,
That lives an hour and leaves us dark;
But, like the lamp that lightens
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens,
When all beside is chill below.

It would be better if young ladies would encourage young men more on account of their good characters than their good clothes. A good reputation is better capital than a fine coat in almost any kind of business, except wooing a fashionable lady.

THINK OF ME.

BY W. H. D.

Think of me when the early day is dawning,
And the bright east seems like a golden sea,
While fair Aurora ushers in the morning;
I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the god of day is sending,
At noontide hour, his radiance far and free,
O'er hill and plain his blessings wide extending;
I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the twilight dews are falling,
And flowers shed fragrance o'er the fading
lea—
While Memory from the silent past is calling;
I'll think of thee.

Think of me when the day is gently closing,
And stars are twinkling through each leafy
tree—
When all is lushed, nature and man reposing;
I'll think of thee.

Think of me when your daily cares are ending,
As round the fire you close in social glee,
Parents' with children's cheerful voices blending;
I'll think of thee.

Pray for me when, at night, before reposing,
You meet together on the bended knee—
Each day with prayer and sacred duties
closing;
I'll pray for thee.

Pray for me when afar my way I'm wending,
Upon the deep and ever restless sea—
While every thought of mine is homeward
tending;
I'll pray for thee.

Pray for me when in distant lands I'm dwelling;
Oh, then I know you'll often pray for me;
Where each emotion of my heart is telling,
My prayers for thee.

OAKLAND, NOV. 20, 1856.

A SINGLE female house-fly, it is said, will produce, in one season, twenty millions.

OLD FOR
NO.
And underneath that
ocean's,
Its lip as noiseless as
Slumbers a whirlwind
Love, hatred, pride,
fear
The room which
brilliantly lighted by
delabra; placed in
table of unplanned
there on it were
wine from different
vintage of the Bl
glowing nectar of t
from the Chare
Schnapps of the s
Crystal vases
drinking cups and
forms and manufa
Some fifteen
benches placed
table, carousing w
Behind them, c
room, were rows of b
like a ship's foreca
fur robes and blank
lets of damask and
of each of these be
in a holster, and a p
daggers, which flash
from their burnished
the end of the room
sails, and piles of cord
rockets, and marine
kinds.
The men were evid
had their devil-may-ca
look.
All wore the beard
and had the bronzed
long sea-life. There
faces among them; bu
c

THINK OF ME.

BY W. H. D.

When the early day is dawning,
 Bright east seems like a golden sea,
 Aurora ushers in the morning;
 I'll think of thee.

When the god of day is sending,
 To hour, his radiance far and free,
 Plain his blessings wide extended—
 I'll think of thee.

When the twilight dews are falling,
 Flowers shed fragrance o'er the fading
 Sorrow from the silent past is calling;
 I'll think of thee.

When the day is gently closing,
 Stars are twinkling through each leafy
 Bush, nature and man reposing;
 I'll think of thee.

When your daily cares are ending,
 The fire you close in social glee,
 Children's cheerful voices blending—
 I'll think of thee.

When, at night, before reposing,
 Together on the bended knee—
 With prayer and sacred duces
 I'll pray for thee.

When afar my way I'm wending,
 Deep and over restless sea—
 Thought of mine is homeward
 I'll pray for thee.

When in distant lands I'm dwelling,
 I know you'll often pray for me;
 Emotion of my heart is telling
 My prayers for thee.
 Nov. 20, 1856.

THE female house-fly, it has
 produce, in one season, twenty

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. III.

And underneath that face, like summer's
 ocean's,

Its lip as noiseless and its cheek as clear,
 Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
 Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save
 fear.

THE room which we entered was
 brilliantly lighted by a large silver can-
 delabra, placed in the centre of a long
 table of unplanned mahogany; here and
 there on it were groups of bottles of
 wine from different lands. The pale
 vintage of the Rhine, the warm, red,
 glowing nectar of the Douro. Brandies
 from the Charente, and the fiery
 Schnapps of the sturdy Hollander.

Crystal vases of dried fruits, and
 drinking cups and goblets of different
 forms and manufactures.

Some fifteen men were seated on
 benches placed on each side of the
 table, carousing with no stint of jollity.

Behind them, on each side of the
 room, were rows of bunks, two tiers deep,
 like a ship's fore-castle, in which were
 fur robes and blankets, and rich cover-
 lets of damask and silk. At the head
 of each of these beds hung a revolver
 in a holster, and a pair of silver hilted
 daggers, which flashed back the light
 from their burnished mountings. At
 the end of the room were oars and
 sails, and piles of cordage, boat lanterns,
 rockets, and marine tackle of different
 kinds.

The men were evidently sailors, and
 had their devil-may-care, yet generous
 look.

All wore the beard and moustache,
 and had the bronzed complexion of a
 long sea life. There were some fine
 faces among them; but, the majority,

would have made no bad addition to a
 pirate, or a slaver's crew.

My strange friend seated himself at
 the far end of the table, at a distance
 from the others, placed me beside him,
 called out to a negro who was acting
 as waiter, and we soon had goblets and
 wine before us.

"And now," said he, turning to me,
 with all the bland courtesy of a highly
 polished gentleman, "allow me to wel-
 come you to my sea-side lodge, pray
 what wine shall I have the pleasure of
 pledging you in. Here is some old
 Madeira which has crossed the line
 twice, and is as old as Warren Hast-
 ings' grandfather; or here is some
 rare old Port; you can see the bee's
 wing in it; or perhaps a goblet of
 sparkling Burgundy, clear and bright
 as the light of love in a maiden's
 eye."

"I will drink of the Burgundy," I
 answered, and my goblet was filled,
 and we pledged each other in wine of
 the purest nativity.

I now looked keenly at my host, but
 I knew him not; still, there was a look
 in his eye which haunted me, as having
 been seen in some other place, in some
 other land; but, I could not bring my
 memory to an anchor, as to when, and
 where.

He was a splendid model of a man,
 and seemed to have weathered some
 twenty-five years of life, a towering
 form; gigantic strength; beautiful curl-
 ing hair, beard and moustache, of a
 dark brown shade; clear eye; high
 forehead; small, firm mouth; a winning
 expression of countenance, and insinu-
 ating address, made up my friend, as a
 most delightful companion.

But, at times, there was a light in his

eye, a kind of tiger glare, which made you feel you were not certain, when a fiery burst of temper might mar all the pleasing qualities he then displayed.

"Malcom," said he, addressing one who seemed an officer, and who sat nearest to us, "when will the tide serve for you to-night; I believe all your cargo is on board; and there are your despatches for our friend Don Francisco, and other papers for the captain of the 'Galtschut,'" and he handed him a sealed packet of papers, and continued, "have you any thing more to say to me."

"Nothing, Captain Harold, but to bid you good by. Let us drink success to the trip. Up boys to your feet; drink—here's a good run to the Galtschut." In an instant, they were all standing, and the cups were drained. "Now tumble down," exclaimed Mr. Malcolm, "tumble down and get the boats out, there is some heavy pulling to-night."

For a few minutes all was bustle, as each went to his bed and buckled on his arms, and coming up to Capt. Harold bid him good by. Mr. Malcolm shook hands, and he, with all but some three of the men, departed, and we were, as it were, left alone, after the noise and bustle which had been with us before.

It was strange to me the quick obedience of the men, and their sobriety, with so much good wine before them—even in the lavish prodigality, there were evidences of discipline and system; and high pay to restrain them in due bounds, amid so much apparent license.

"Now comrade, I wish to know you, and where and when we met before;

I have a dim, uncertain feeling, concerning my former acquaintance with you which I would like to dissipate, by knowing exactly our former position with each other."

"Well, I cannot but say, that in a more civilized state of society than this, the question would be reasonable. Suffice it," he continued, "that I wish to be unknown, but, as Mr. Harold, a merchant of this Pueblo of San Francisco, and if further endorsement is required, apply to my friend, Don Spinosa Carthagena, who is a Don magnate, and owns some seventy-five square miles of land; some 20,000 head of beeves; and as many horses as would mount the light and heavy cavalry of the Duke of Parma. Here let us drink to the Neckar, and to the true hearts of other days."

We pledged the toast, and he continued, "my good friend Markham, we have met often before in old Heidelberg, and we attended the same college—and, in old, dear old Virginia, I met you often, and once at your own father's house, but we were never intimate; it was always among a crowd we met, so you see our knowledge of each other was never very great. I am engaged in an undertaking which needs much writing and copying, and I need a clerk in whom I can put the most perfect confidence; I will pay you a *thousand dollars* a month:—will you accept the offer? Do not judge me by the mad frolic of to-night, you met me in the hour of relaxation—in business I could stand the test of the Rialto."

For a little time I considered, there was a mystery about the man; our manner of introduction, and his prince-

ly offer, which on entering into a... looked at him, and seemed to read... tion whispered... your evil genius... strong fascination... the adventure, w... suddenly I excl... service, Mr. Ha... I will give you...

"Ha! writing... sneer upon his... bonds were ma... is no need of w... I; your word w... mine, your sal... vance; and no... this question o... the good wine...

"Friend M... to our future... ebon cupid, br... cheroots; com... prime Manillas... the real Manil... you can find."

"If they ha... this," I answer... smoke through... zing the arom... weed,) I must a... your taste; and... quiet hour toget... me your opinion... future."

"It is written... and destiny."

"California, in... marked, as the... GREAT PACIFIC... reach from Sitk... Terra del Fuego... galaxy of States...

ly offer, which made me hesitate ere entering into a bargain with him. I looked at him, and his keen black eye seemed to read my very heart; caution whispered beware, he may be your evil genius; but there was a strong fascination in the man, and in the adventure, which drew me on, and suddenly I exclaimed, "I am at your service, Mr. Harold, and if you wish I will give you writing to that effect."

"Ha! writing," he answered, with a sneer upon his fine lip, "deeds and bonds were made for knaves, and there is no need of writing between you and I; your word will be enough, and as for mine, your salary will be paid in advance; and now, that we have settled this question of business, let us turn to the good wine and pleasure."

"Friend Markham, fill up a bumper to our future hopes. And here, you ebon cupid, bring me a box of the old cheroots: come, take one of these prime Manillas; do you know I prefer the real Manilla to the best Havana you can find."

"If they have age, and are like this," I answered, (pulling the perfumed smoke through my nostrils, and realizing the aroma of a most delightful weed,) I must admit the correctness of your taste; and now, as we have a quiet hour together, I wish you to tell me your opinion of California, and its future."

"It is written in the words *progress and destiny.*"

"California, in the book of Time, is marked, as the leading State of the GREAT PACIFIC REPUBLIC, which will reach from *Sitka* on the North, to *Terra del Fuego*, on the South. A galaxy of States, of which Eureka,

will be the first and most brilliant star. Giving light, and tone, and strength, to the others; sending out her steam fleets to them all, and making the long range of ocean, alive with the bustle, the vitality, the life of *Commerce.*"

"Here, on this beach, where now we sit, in a canvass covered building, will be proud and great streets, with magnificent edifices. I can hear, now, in imagination, the hum of its thousands, the ring of the anvil, and the whistle of the Iron Horse, dashing proudly, nobly, to his journey's end, and bringing a million letters to the men of trade, who will rush to receive them, and in the night they will ponder over great adventures, and which, will quicken the old world with a fresh vitality; re-youthed in the glorious influence of the new world, which will spring into life at its confines."

"Truly, Mr. Harold," I replied, "it is a splendid prospect for us, who are citizens of the new land, we should be happy and proud in the hope of its future."

"Happy," cried he in a tone of agony; the word had roused the demon in him, and it seemed a pang was gnawing at his heart, which withered him; the expression of his face was so fearful. "Happy—oh, my God, speak not of happiness to me. I tell you Markham, there is no true happiness upon this earth. The word jars upon my ear—look into your experience. Look back, back, into the hours, days, years, of your life—trace out the happiness of them, and tell me, was there not a sting in all, some bitter in the cup?"

"You are yet young in the world's trials, and I can tell by your eye you

are indignant, and that you would evince the happiness of friendship and of love—well, search back into your friendships and your loves—search well, look deep, beyond the surface, and you will have little warrant for that indignant glance, and if your faith in man is still unshaken, you may be happy, but my experience has been different, for where I trusted most, I have been most deceived. Heavens! I have had friends whom I have deified, and whose noble nature seemed to lift them so far above me, that I have debased myself in the worship I have given to them. But time rolled on, and a light broke in upon my soul, for I soon found that I was but a tool, used by these dear friends, *who coined from my heart's pulsations*, some of the dross of mammon, to themselves. And for this they sold themselves and me, and crushed out all the true and noble of their nature, beneath *the devil's hoof of alluring gold*.

“And they once had poetry in their nature, and high emotions, and on many a glorious night had looked up into the stars, and felt the God within them; but their evil genius was with them then, for other thoughts than truth and beauty soon was theirs, for *self and gold*, had become to them a new faith and honor. And human hearts, and noble thoughts, and truth of friendship, and all sympathy, was dashed with rude hand, by them into the crucible, to give them wealth; thinking, poor fools, that by and by, when seated under the shadow of their riches, they could win back the pure thought, the friendly feeling—the souls they had thrown away. But they were gone, never to come again. My God,

what a delusion, for they had become slaves to a hard taskmaster, and the golden devil urged them on, and wrinkled their brow, and whitened their hair in his service, and their wealth was as a mockery and a curse to them.”

“But love, what of love, Harold,” I exclaimed.

“Love,” he answered, with a quiet, deadly smile, “I too have loved, Markham, aye, and bright eyes have beamed into my heart, and its fountains have welled up with the first fresh, sparkling waters of dear love. Ha! what a spell; how I robbed the priestess of that first altar in angelic thought, and dreamed 'twas all too pure for earth. And when the touch of the gentle hand thrilled through every nerve, and soft lips were pressed for the first time, gently on my brow, making the earth a paradise—oh! how I gloried in my new faith, and deemed its fire immortal. Alas, alas; the mocking demons were looking on the scene, and the echo of their laughter was but breaking on my ear—for it was but a little time, and those eyes were beaming on another, and that fair hand was black in its foul deceit, and that pure kiss, that sweet dear kiss of love—was given away, madly given away, when all was forgotten but the mad idolatry of sin; and I, the first, was desolate, out in the dark night, amid the wild winds, the lightning, and the bitter rain, fit companionship with the fierce storm within my soul. Happiness, I knew not, but in excitement, when the warm blood is boiling at the fever heat in the chase after some imaginary pleasure; when the eye of beauty beams on you in mad

love. Or, when your arm thrown poised to strike your feet, you hear Ah! that is but the pulsations of new life. And if the king of terror own, and the quick steel, gives us our land, we shrink, but madly, glorious known gulf, with on our lips, and *soul-land*, no more pangs of this earth, ize the high year which has been to us, fettered in *the ever longing of the fatality*.”

I looked at Harold brilliant, there went unto death, in the and the sound of his voice. He was of the gladiator, a sword in hand in the amphitheater his antagonist bit liarium.

How will this him through the where will he be the knife—perchance tion for conquest ern America.

The filibuster made the gladiator. The quiet, happy suits them not, and find a field, where ments can blaze conventional rules of

love. Or, when in the battle-field, your arm thrown back, your sabre poised to strike your enemy down at your feet, you hear the cry of victory. Ah! that is happiness, which makes the pulsations of the heart bound with new life. And if in such a moment, the king of terrors claim us for his own, and the quick bullet, or the ready steel, gives us our passport to the spirit land, we shrink not from his coming, but madly, gloriously, leap into the unknown gulf, with a shout of triumph on our lips, and we are gone, to the *soul-land*, no more to feel the stinging pangs of this earth's cares, but to realize the high yearnings of the soul, which has been an ever present pain to us, fettered in *their prison* here. *An ever longing of the mortal for immortality.*"

I looked at Harold, his eyes were brilliant, there was a look of defiance unto death, in their flashing radiance, and the sound of the war cry was in his voice. He was a splendid picture of the gladiator, and with the cestus on, or sword in hand, he seemed one who in the amphitheatre would have made his antagonist bite the dust of the Spoliarium.

How will this gladiator spirit bear him through this world I thought, where will he end, by the bullet, or the knife—perchance in some expedition for conquest in Central or Southern America.

The filibuster of to-day, would have made the gladiator of another time. The quiet, happy life of civilization, suits them not, and it is necessary they find a field where their fiery temperaments can blaze up in light. The conventional rules of society, are like the

bars of the tiger's cage to them. Prisoned, held in check by them, their death ends in dishonor, which, in a more congenial clime, amid danger and adventure, burns up with a lustre which makes them heroes.

For some time we were silent, for in each had been touched an electric fire of thought, extending far back into other days, repeating fast old memories, long buried in the tomb of time.

"Come, fill another bumper," at last exclaimed Harold, "this room prisons me, as I feel just now, I wish I was on the ocean, in the deep dark night, amid the howling of the storm, to see the live lightning cleave the mountain waves, as they madly leaped to its embrace. The loud voices of the fierce winds would soothe me now; let us out into the night."

A quick walk of half a mile, brought us to a point of land jutting out into the Bay, and we stood in silence contemplating the beauty of the scene. The heavy fog had cleared away, and the still water was like a rival firmament to that above, for the stars were out in glory, and they were looking down into the mirror beneath them, which was reflecting back their beauty and their brightness, and the islands of the harbor were standing up in bold relief against the clear horizon of the bay coast, like ebony giants standing amid a silver sea of light, looking down upon the town, with its hundred lights twinkling in the distance, and the ships anchored near them—sentinels, of the past and future, immovable and eternal.

The ear of a friend is the sanctuary of evil reports; there alone they are safely preserved.

[DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

GRAVE SUBJECTS—GAY GROUPINGS—FAT
OR LEAN—TAKE HIM!

There is nothing more agreeable to me than a venerable village churchyard. I know I am not singular in this partiality; thousands have said and sung of their feelings, whilst visiting these hallowed spots; but they must be of the right character to please me; no squirearchy about them, no modern innovations, no sectarian proscription. In no country are these seen to so much advantage, to the moralizer, as in England, the "old country," as we Yankees love to characterize her. In Holland, in France, in Germany, as in other parts of the continent, they are too much cared for; the elements make no way against the paint pot and white washing, and those at home are all too new to call up reminiscences of more than a couple of centuries. No! it is under the timeworn patch work roof, held together by *that rare old plant, the ivy green*, casting on one side its deep broad shadows, and on the other interposing between the staring daylight and the gloom around the mouldering tomb within, and only admitting a few slanting beams, at intervals, upon its prostrate warrior's reclining effigy, that we can pursue our musings with anything like depth of feeling. The gothic and lance pointed windows, the solid abutments, the square old steeple, it is easy to perceive, are all built to last to the end of time. No addition, no enlargement, no modernizing, were contemplated to desecrate the work which the foreign guild of masons were called upon to establish throughout the United Kingdom. When the fathers made up their funds, these eminent foreigners came over, and took up their residence until the hallowed structure reared its head, employing native artists only to do the inferior work.

Many a day have I spent in these sequestered nooks; my sketch book is filled with drawings of their quaint old forms, and their monumental rustic ma-

sonry. Amongst their attractions not the least I found to be the rustic lays of the village poets; some, so droll; some, so touching; some, so outrageous; some, so extraordinary, that, in my travels, I resolved no object whatever should withdraw my attention from recording them. I will give you a few, without burdening your attention with *place or note of circumstance*.

One, on a little Emma, aged four years:

"Adieu! sweet shade, whose gentle virtues
wove
Around thy parents' hearts a net of love:
How, like a lily, thou didst charm the eye,
And lure the love of every passer by.
Heaven saw thy worth, though unmatured by
years,
And snatched its favorite from this vale of
tears."

Upon a wife of only two years experience, by the fond husband:

"Ah! where's the charm that bound me to
this earth?
The daily joy to which my Anne gave birth?
I lacked no other life than that was given,
But she was snatched to show this is not
heaven."

Upon a sorrowing father, who lost three of his sons on a boating excursion:

"Mysterious hand! why hadst thou blessed
Me with three boys, the sweetest and the best?
Their love for me was mixed without a pang,
And all the village with their virtues rang;
In one fell hour they left life's busy shore,
The wave closed o'er them, and they were no
more."

Upon a singer who, although only sixteen years of age, had been leader of the village choir for several years:

"Hark! I hear an angel's voice,
Sister come! thou art our choice!
Leave this earth, with all its grief,
Of our glad choir to be the chief!
We need a voice to harmonize
Like thine, our seraphs in the skies,
Come sister! come, with ready wing
We wait Hosannas you to sing!"

Upon a father, by his sons:

"May thy blessed spirit, father dear,
In all temptation hover near,
As when in life, to teach our youth,
Through virtue's paths the God of truth."

Upon a sister, by a brother, the last but one of his race!

"Sister, the last of a
And shall I see no
Smiling sweet con
Soured with the w
'T is thus she spen
To seek for you a

These, it is impos
such an impression
to render it more sus
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One, on a poor by

"Here I lie
Killed by

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"Here I lie
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Another:

"Two pooty babes
As pooty babes a
But them wur se
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Another, on one

"Here lies poor W. V
Who never more wil
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Another:

"Here lies my old w
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Another, on a

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MAGAZINE.

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On a sister, by a brother, the last

of his race!

"Sister, the last of all my race,
And shall I see no more thy face,
Smiling sweet content on me
Soured with the world's cold charity;
'T is thus she speaks, it is God's grace
To seek for you a happier place."

These, it is impossible to deny, make
such an impression upon the heart as
to render it more susceptible of its duty,
and more mindful of heavenly things;
but there are doggerels which convey
quite a contrary tendency, and it is only
to deter the conceited and ignorant
from such attempts that I conceive it a
duty to record them.

One, on a poor boy:

"Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise."

Another, on a singular quietus:

"Here I lie,
Killed by a skye
Rocket in my eye."

Another:

"Two pooty babes God gave to me,
As pooty babes as ever you see;
But them wur seized wi ague fits,
And now um lie as dead as nits!"

Another, on one William Weekes:

"Here lies poor W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble
you."

Another:

"Here lies my old wife, Death did her throt-
tle,
Before she killed herself with the brandy bot-
tle."

Another, remarkable for absence of
orthography:

"Afflixions sor
Long tim I bor,
Physick uns war all vano,
Till God did please,
Death me to sees,
And ese me of all pane."

Another, on a schoolmaster:

"Here lies poor Mr. Trigomay,
Who never more will figure away;
His addition is now a vision;
His subtraction is without action;
His multiplication has no situation;
And his division is in a prison.
Let's hope he's gone to a better school
Than any here that he did rule."

Another, on a tailor:

"I spent my life, by God's good grace,
In clothing Adam's naked race;
God grant me at the dread awaking,
The wedding garment of His making."

But the most pompous of all writings,
dead or living, is that upon a certain
Thomas Wardle, recorded in the an-
cient Cathedral of Canterbury. I have
the words in short hand only, and so
cannot vouch for its fac simile, but in
substance it runs as follows. It begins
somewhat in this strain:

"Reader, if you would inquire who lies un-
der this marble slab, know that it is Thomas
Wardle, Esquire, who, as it came to pass in
the year of our Lord * * * * * held
the mayoralty of this great city with indubit-
able honor; he was the eldest son of—"

Then follows his pedigree, occupying
some fifteen or twenty lines with mere
names, of whom nobody knows, or per-
haps cares about. Some wag (upon
honor it was not I, suspicious reader)
etched, with a diamond, the following
upon the stone:

"Here lies an ass,
It came to pass,
That as he lived he died,
A pompous fool;
In life fit tool
For Vanity and Pride."

Another I remember as being some-
what remarkable for coincidences:

"Here lyes Charles Septime Mandaye,
Who was born, christen'd, marry'd, and dy'd
on a Sundaye;
Sundaye is ye blessed seventh daye of ye
weeke,

As ev'ry goode Chrystian knowetho who can
speeke;

He was ye seventhe child of ye seventhe sonne,
And he left seven childrenne all but one;
He was thirte and one yeares olde, his bro-
ther sayes,

And yet he had but seven in all birthe dayes;
And there are but seven of letters in each his
name,

Which ye reader can see if he do but count ye
same;

Altho many have such relations by dozens,
He had but seven times seven of cousines;
He dyed in ye seventhe daye of ye seventhe
monthe, 1707,

And left us hope is translated now to ye sev-
enthe heav'n;

Altho his numbers were in this condition,
Yet he was quite free of all superstition;
He liv'd always conformyng to God His
Words,

And dyed a good Christianne, praisying ye Lord.
Robertus Mundaye, his second brother,
Scripsit et sculpsit. Tombe Mason on
ye most reasonable termes."

In one of these ramblings in Devonshire, I alighted upon a curious marble tablet, on which was sculptured a figure representing half a naked skeleton joined to half a fashionably dressed lady, in full wig and flounces, under which was engraved,

"Ye double Resurrections of Ye Faire Ladye Anna Mounte Edgcombe."

On applying to the old sexton, he told me the following tale:

"It was told to me," said this worthy of the spade, "by my grandfather, who received it from his'n. I shall discourse it to mine, and so 't will never be lost to the world, as far as me and mine are concerned.

"You see, sir, this fair lady had a whim of her own; to be buried in this tomb, with a bag of nuts at her head, and her monkey at her feet, for they both died the same day. She was an old maid, no doubt, and that was one reason why she made such a will. Well, sir, she was buried with a valuable diamond ring on her finger, which, it seems, the clerk of the church knew, and so, says he to the sexton, 'Sam, I don't see the use of burying treasures with the dead, they can make no use of them; so let's unscrew the coffin of the old lady, sell the ring, and divide the spoils.' No sooner said than done; the clerk and sexton broke open the tomb, hoisted out my lady, and cut off the finger that bore the ring, because it wouldn't come off easy. Now, says the clerk to the sexton, as we are out on the spree, what do ye say to one of Farmer Giles' fat lambs, 'tis just the time for lamb and green peas; I've got the peas, you get the lamb; who'll be the wiser?' 'Very well,' said the sexton, 'but how shall I manage it?' 'Why,' replied the clerk, 'I'll stay here, and if I hear any one coming I'll crack some of these nuts, as a signal, and you can wait until the coast is clear.'

'Good,' says the sexton, and off he went.

"Now it happened that a carpenter had occasion to cross the churchyard, to get to the village inn, where he lived, and coming home on this night late from his work, he heard a strange cracking sound in the church, and looking up at the windows saw strange lights flitting about the place, and something all in white, which no doubt was the rogue of a clerk, clothed in his reverence's surplice, to frighten passengers away from the place. So he takes him to his heels as fast as his legs could carry him, and arrives almost out of breath at the village inn, and relates that he has seen a most frightful apparition in the church, and that all the place was lighted up, and crackling of flames were heard in it. A poor crippled tailor who sat in the corner smoking his pipe, ridiculed the idea in such a manner as to excite the ire of the carpenter, and the tailor challenging him to the proof of there ever being such a thing as a ghost, there was no getting away from the suspicion of his cowardice but to accept the offer of the tailor, which was to carry him (the tailor), crutch in hand, to the scene of action, and discover the deception, if any, or the truth, if necessary. So off they both set, the coward carpenter's knees, as we may well imagine, knocking together, and the valiant tailor urging him forward to the foray.

"Did ye hear that?" says the carpenter (hearing the nut cracking).

"Go on ye fool!" says the valiant tailor (raising his crutch aloft ready for the encounter).

"Look! there's the ghost!" stammered the carpenter.

"Sure enough, one like it," says the tailor.

"Let's take breath," courage he meant, says the carpenter.

"Go on, go on," says the tailor.

"Thus excited they entered the porch just as the clock might strike two. The tailor, nothing daunted, opens the ponderous chancel door. Now the clerk,

seeing something le
back, in the night's
was the sexton had
his green peas, and

"Is he a fat un

"Fat or lean,
poor frightened car
tailor and blunderin
chairs, and running
with superhuman s

"Not a bad story
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THE GOOD-FO

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY
NEPHEWS AN

"Tis no use, w
Schmeterling, your
I will not take into
He is a pest to the
the girls, and a sou
constitute to me."

"Try him once
Grubb," said poor
bed old schoolmaste
of Podsfeldt. "He
at bottom; you don
fort he has been to
father's death." Il
chin bibbered, and
his mother's at the
er; plainly showi
judiced pedagogu
bad as he thought

"You will be
won't you?" sa
coaxingly.

"Master has a
bered out the bo
hind his right ar

the sexton, and on he
 happened that a carpenter
 to cross the churchyard,
 village inn, where he lived,
 home on this night late.
 rk, he heard a strange
 d in the church, and look-
 e windows saw strange
 about the place, and some-
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 back, in the night's gloom, imagined it
 was the sexton laden with the lamb for
 his green peas, and so bawled out,
 "Is he a fat un?"
 "Fat or lean, take him," said the
 poor frightened carpenter, dropping the
 tailor and blundering over stones and
 chairs, and running out of the building
 with superhuman speed."
 "Not a bad story," said I, "but how
 is this connected with the Ladye An-
 na?"
 "You shall hear, master;" the story
 goes that the cutting off of this lady's
 finger for the ring, caused blood to flow,
 and resuscitated her. I believe that's
 the term, for it appeared that she had

been buried alive. The fright of the
 sexton, clerk, and tailor, in their turn
 seeing this lady in her shroud, scream-
 ing, shrieking, and fainting with fright,
 I leave to your imagination. The end
 of all was that my lady lived many
 years after, and I am told that the mon-
 key, and the remainder of his bag of
 nuts, are now enclosed in a glass case,
 set in gold, as heir looms in the family,
 to record the event. So, after all the
 carrying out of the foolish designs of
 the old lady, you see added many years
 to her life, and let us hope that if she
 were a good Christian before the event,
 that she died even a better one after
 it."
 "There's no doubt of it," said I.

Juvenile Department.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY FOR HIS LITTLE NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

"Tis no use, what you say, Mrs. Schmeterling, your little idle vagabond, I will not take into the school again. He is a pest to the boys, a torment to the girls, and a source of constant dis-comfort to me."

"Try him once more, do, pray, Mr. Grubb," said poor Mrs. S. to the crabbed old schoolmaster of the little village of Podsfeldt. "He is indeed a good boy at bottom; you don't know what a comfort he has been to me since his poor father's death." Here the little urchin's chin bibbered, and his tears fell with his mother's at the mention of his father; plainly showing to all but the pre-judiced pedagogue, that he was not so bad as he thought him.

"You will be a good boy, Hans, won't you?" said the poor mother, coaxingly.

"Master has a spite on me," blubbered out the boy, hiding his head behind his right arm.

"Master Katwick said I was a liar, and little better than a thief, and I hit him for it, and then Master caned me; and if he was to cane me a thousand times, I'd hit any boy who dared to call me such names."

"Never mind, Hans; the Master will forgive you this time," said Mrs. S. "I know he is a very kind gentleman."

"Yes, so he is, to his favorites, moth-er, but not to poor boys like me."

"Do you hear that?" said the mas-ter. "What do you think your young hopeful did the other day. I sent him into the girls room to replenish their ink for the caligraphic departmental lesson, when the little imp took the op-portunity to crawl under their desk, and pin all their frocks together, and when the word of dismissal was given, —crack—rent—slit—tear—went their dresses, from the top to the bottom."

"I say, it wasn't me," said the boy, in the most impudent tone.

"As a proof that it was," said the learned pundit, "he took the prescribed forty stripes without a wriggle or a word."

"Yes! I know who did it; but I shan't say," said the boy.

"You had better deny that waxation affair (excuse the pun, Mrs. Schmeterling) of last Monday, sir."

"By all means, sir, if you wish it excused," replied the widow, not exactly comprehending the favor he asked.

"What do you think that was, Mrs. S.? When the worthy burgomeister, Von Bumbledink, honored us with a visit, all the scholars, instead of rising, as usual, to make their dutiful obeisances to his worship, sat as motionless as as so many statues; and, after his worship had left, on my inquiring the cause of so flagrant a piece of neglectful duty, I found one and all had been stuck to their seats with great clods of cobbler's wax, which that vile boy of yours had placed for that express, individual, and nefarious purpose."

"O Hans! Hans! you wicked boy!" said Mrs. S. "How could you behave so to his honorable worship, who, you know, says he will always be a friend to you."

Here the young Hans' countenance was fluctuating awhile between a smile and a tear—at last a broad grin got the ascendancy, which so provoked the village dominie, that he took the whip-cat that was lying ever handy on his time-worn desk, and cut Hans over the head, back, and breech, in less time than I can relate it; the poor widow, in the meantime, receiving half the blows, in her attempts to shield her dear husband's boy; and thus closed her interview and intercession, altogether.

"Mother, don't cry," said Hans, as they crossed the church-yard leading to the school house, "I can learn much faster with you, than with that old surly Grub."

"Hans! Hans! this will break my heart, it will. What will your poor grandmother say?—what will his worship Von Bumbledink, say? O, what a disgrace have you inflicted upon the Schmeterlings! Turned out of

school! only think, that I should live to hear it."

"Why, I know what Bumbledink will say, Schmeterling (Butterfly) by name, and Schmeterling by nature. The old stupid has never done anything but make game of me, and never will. He and the Master are in company, and no good is to be got out of a cart-load of such rubbish. 'Tis very easy to make promises, Mother, but very difficult to perform; besides, he believes all what the Master says against me, without hearing me a word. I wish I was a man, I'd make 'em say different things of me, that I would."

"Hans, my boy, always respect your betters."

"They're not my betters, Mother, or they would behave better to me; but I hope, before long, to make them ashamed of their spite on me, for nothing."

Young Hans was destined to make good his assertion, before three short months had gone over his honest little head. As far as a boy could do, he did all to please and comfort his poor old mother. She was very, very poor, and Hans knowing this, was always upon the alert for a stray coin. He would dig gardens, fetch cows, chop wood, go a dozen errands before most of you think of getting out of bed, and was always in time to light his poor mother's fire, make the pot boil, prepare the stir-about, in the room next to his mother's chamber. He did not want calling in the morning, but was always up with the earliest lark, hanging out his mother's clothes (she took in washing from her neighbors,) and preparing all this besides her breakfast, before he went out to do other odd jobs. Everybody liked the boy, but the old schoolmaster and his favorite; and those he cared nothing about. The only thing that grieved his mother about him, was, that so good a boy should suffer under the ignominy of being an expelled scholar.

As I said before, three months after these transactions, Hans was puddling

about at the back of (a place where the v empty their rubbish coals and wood to fuel, when his little upon something the amidst the rubbish dirt, he found it to such a one as he re have seen on the thwacking hand of master. He first take it to the old cogitation, resolved for he feared that him of having stol conscience pricking up to him. Then he tell Mrs. Schmeter that wouldn't do, be served whenever l was mentioned to brought tears to h proaches to her tou he had hardly patie bear. So he kept it more about it, and who should he run Master Katwyk, the

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As I said before, three months after these transactions, Hans was puffing

about at the back of the village green, (a place where the whole village used to empty their rubbish) for a few stray coals and wood to add to his store of fuel, when his little keen eye alighted upon something that shone like a star amidst the rubbish; on wiping off the dirt, he found it to be a gold ring, just such a one as he remembered once to have seen on the little finger of the thwacking hand of his former schoolmaster. He first thought he would take it to the old man, but on further cogitation, resolved to do no such thing, for he feared that he might suspect him of having stolen it, and of his conscience pricking him to deliver it up to him. Then he thought he would tell Mrs. Schmeterling about it, but that wouldn't do, because he had observed whenever his master's name was mentioned to her, it always brought tears to her eyes, and reproaches to her tongue; which latter he had hardly patience enough left to bear. So he kept it three days to think more about it, and on the fourth day, who should he run up against but Master Katwyk, the old man's favorite.

"How do Hans," said the favorite.

"How do Katwyk," said young Schmeterling.

"What's that you are looking at on your thumb?" said Katwyk to Hans.

"A ring I've found, isn't it pretty?"

"Why don't you sell it, and get something for it. Why I declare 'tis like—why 'tis the very ring that master has been making such a fuss about, this last six months. His daughter gave it him before she went to sea, and the old man has never heard more of her again. He is almost broken hearted about it. Let me look at it." The boy took it, and pressing the small diamond in front, which he had often seen his master do, the back flew open, and displayed a very small, beautiful miniature of a lady, about the circumference of a pea.

"Oh, 'tis the same, and you shall have the reward of the six thalers he promised. Give it to me, and I

will bring you the thalers on Saturday."

Hans gave it to him, and kept the matter secret from every body, but when the Saturday came, he resolved to tell his mother all about it if Master Katwyk was not as good as his word about the thalers.

"Here is your money," said Katwyk, true to his appointment, "and one thaler more for your poverty; master is so delighted about it, he is almost ready to jump for joy."

Now, thought Hans, when Katwyk was gone, I'll make old whack-away ashamed of himself. I'll just take these thalers, and tell him I scorn his dirty money, and tell him at the same time, that I am not a liar nor a thief.

So away went Hans, across the green into the church yard, and in his haste he stumbled over a stone, and down he fell upon—his poor father's grave. "Shall I keep this money to buy a stone with writing upon it, to put up at poor father's grave," said he to himself. Something whispered No, take it to the schoolmaster. So off he set, and with a stout heart gave a thump at the old curmudgeon's door.

"Come in," said the old man.

Hans entered as bold as a brass knocker.

"What do you want here?" said the churl.

He wore his worsted night cap on his head, and his old face was bound round with a white stocking, in which was a poultice, for he had been suffering so much with the tooth ache all night, that he was obliged to give the boys and girls a holiday that day, which no doubt they were very sorry for!

"Here's your money, master; I don't want it, and wouldn't have it from you even if mother was a starving, much less myself."

"What money?" said the old man in great surprise, looking more comical than ever; for in his excitement the poultice gear, and night cap pinned to it, fell off, and displayed a facile outline, skinny on one side, and puffed out

like a bladder on the other, his nose partaking of the difference of the two appearances.

"I never sent you any money!" said he to Hans; "I had rather have sent you a good horsewhip. Explain yourself; but take care, boy, how you associate my respectable name with any of your deeds of mischief."

With that Hans told him all about his finding the ring.

You should have seen the old man's countenance when Hans mentioned about his favorite.

"Why! the rascal has sold it, my poor daughter's ring, my poor Maiy's ring. Woe is me! Hans, my boy, my poor boy, how have I wronged you! Where is the young villain? You will go with me, my boy, and tell the young thief to his face that he has sold it, and that he knew it was mine, for I had often seen him admire it. Come, my Hans, my dear boy; Hans forgive me, and come with me, I shall die if I do not recover it."

Hans, nothing loath, soon found Master Katwyk. The schoolmaster taxed him with it; it was no use for him to deny it; so it was recovered at the expense of the money given for it, and which he had squandered, and which his parents were glad to pay, to hush up the matter.

"Why, who is this coming across the common?" said Mrs. Schmeterling, wiping her spectacles and putting them on in haste. "As I live 'tis Hans, with his right hand in that of the schoolmaster's. What's up now, I wonder? Something he's done to offend him, I'll be bound. No, he is laughing and smiling; and, I declare, kissing the dear boy on his right cheek."

"Oh! Mrs. Schmeterling," said Grub on meeting her, "a proud day for you; but one of painful humiliation to me, and yet of great joy. Forgive me, Mrs. S. Hans—your noble boy—I envy you the treasure."

Well, if you had seen the pedagogues surprise at first, I question whether you would think it at all a suitable compar-

ison to that of the poor widow's, when he told her of his honest conduct. The old man kept wiping his nose, and his eyes, scarcely being able to restrain his emotion as he showed her the ring, and kissing Hans so much at one time, that the poor old widow thought the master would end his emotion by kissing her next. He was going to do, no one knows what, for the widow and Hans; and some folks in the village, after this, thought that Mrs. Schmeterling, the butterfly, might change into a Mrs. Grub some eventful day or other.

"After all," said fat little sturdy Hans, "I did no more, mother, than what any other honest boy would do."

[TO BE CONCLUDED, WITH AN ENGRAVING, IN OUR NEXT.]

THERE is something so pretty and simple, yet so touching a prayer, in the following beautiful lines, that we, with pleasure transcribe them into our Juvenile Department from the *Family Christian Almanac* for 1857.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little child, one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray:
Jesus, my eyes I close—
Thy form I cannot see;
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray thee speak to me.
A still, small voice she heard within her soul,
"What is it, child? I hear thee; tell me all."

I pray thee, Lord, she said,
That thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend;
The path of life is dark;
I would not go astray;
Oh, let me have thy hand,
To lead me in the way.
"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child,
alone"—
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber, now,
Forth passed she, with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord;
His hand in mine I felt;
And oh, I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
'Fear not, my child; whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"

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Editor's Table.

How rapidly month by month rolls away—more so in California, it seems to us, than elsewhere. In San Francisco, and other cities, the flight of time is noticed, among business men, chiefly by "steamer days." In the mountains, among miners, it is seen and felt most by the coming and going of the "Rainy Season." To each it is alike rapid. To some, this flight of time brings perpetual prosperity; to others, nothing but continual adversity. Although to many the pathway of life opens up green and bright, and beautiful as spring, while to others it is dark and draped in the withering leaves and dullness of autumn—and that, too, without the harvest of summer having once blessed their labors—yet, men seldom become discouraged. By some wise law of our being, the beacon-light of hope is always burning in nearly every Californian's heart, and invites him on to do and dare continually, that eventually he may win the prize. Besides, in this favored land; changes often come as rapidly as time can bring them; the poor of to-day may be rich to-morrow; and the richest of the rich as speedily become poor. It is this knowledge that gives consolation to the one, and admonition to the other; while it whispers, kindly and gently, to each, "Let us all live as brethren;" and ever feel that there is a nobler life and a higher joy than wealth can give or poverty deprive us of, when we do our duty faithfully, as men, to ourselves and to each other.

How different is the current of thought and feeling, among the people of California, at this season of the year, from what it is in other portions of our much favored Union. There, the dearest of friends look forward to Christmas as a time of pleasant social intercourse and merry-making with a little world of kindred spirits that they esteem and love. Here, we have to be satisfied with thinking of the dear familiar faces that will gather around the family hearth, and sit in the family circle at such a time—and wonder, too, if they will remember the wanderers, and wish for the absent one's return. We hope they won't for-

get us—we know they will not—and that thought is priceless in its comforting influence upon our hearts, when so far and so long away. How very many of us there are who would like to be visitors and guests in the dear old homestead when that day comes round; to look into the faces of beloved ones and see if time has dealt gently with them—to hear if the music of their voices is as sweet as formerly—to see if the eye has grown less bright, or smiles less kindly on us—yes, and learn, too, if lips that we love can give us as sweet and cordial a greeting as of yore. Well—let us hope. There are but few, we believe, in California, who would object to try!

Now, we have a few words to say about WATER. We know that the only drawback to the prosperity—that might be unparalleled—of California, is want of water. We know, too, that where one man is now prosperous, twenty would be, if they had plenty of water; and we are anxious that this almost universal negligence of the best interests of every man, woman, and child, in this State, should know a change;—speedily, if possible; therefore, we shall feel obliged to every gentleman, in each mining district of California, if he will kindly take the trouble to send us correct information on the following points, viz:

How many weeks, in a year, upon an average, has your district sufficient water to work with?

How many men could, in your opinion, be steadily and profitably employed, in your district, if it were well supplied with water?

As this subject is of more importance than any, or all others—comparatively—concerning the welfare of our young State, and of the bone and sinew of its workers, we are the more desirous of a cheerful and speedy answer to our enquiries—with any additional information, upon that, or any other subject, that can be given, that, directly or indirectly, affects our prosperity.

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And oh, I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
Not, my child; whatever ills may come,
I'll forsake thee till I bring thee home."

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. B.—We have sent it.

Jeff, Monte Christo.—We have not forgotten. Can you say as much?

J. Shaw.—If your initial had been a *P.* instead of a *J.*, we should say, Oh, P-shaw! don't get angry; besides, as we are not to blame, we don't e-a-r-o; therefore we say, "let her went."

June A.—Please have patience. Yours, with several others, will appear in due season. Besides, we have to cultivate that virtue; and we hope you don't suppose it to be our selfish wish to cultivate it—alone! Do you?

R. M., Wood's Creek.—Your article on the Chinese is not quite suitable for our columns. Individually, however, we think you are right; but, as the Chinese are certainly not our equals, without proper care a new kind of slavery may arise, that ultimately would give us more trouble than we bargained for, and which every one, who is anxious for the prosperity and progress of California, would much deplore, and should seek to avoid.

Old Boss.—We unhesitatingly reject all vulgarisms, especially when unaccompanied with good sense, wit, or good humor.

The moral and mental culture of the Youth of California, by one who knows something about education, we regret was introduced to our notice too late for the present number.

Flora.—Do you take us for a heathen? Of course we love ladies who are sprightly, intelligent, and good looking.

O. C.—Now whether you intend to spell clip, or class, or cheap, or what not, we cannot for the life of us make out; a spider, just escaped from drowning in a pool of ink, and walking hurriedly across a sheet of paper, is nowhere, in comparison. Please translate it.

Harry T.—"Keep her going," "never say die," "faint heart never won fair lady," &c. To know that the gold is there, is nearly half way to getting it. We have known many claims given up, about the middle of the

week, as worthless, that have been equal to a fortune to some one else, before that week ended. Our advice is this: never start in any enterprize before you thoroughly make up your mind that it is desirable; and never quit it, until you prove it to be worthless. It is either wrong to begin, or it is wrong to leave off, before testing it thoroughly. Are we right, think you?

On Improvement.—Don't snit us. Did you ever eat an apple that was entirely without flavor, tasteless, and very dry? Well, that's just the case with your piece.

Stiffer.—Hanging may be a very pleasant death; but if you don't wish to make us die of laughter, don't send any more such hanging stories.

T. F.—Your acquaintance had better emigrate, or join the Digger Indians of the masculine gender, as they believe that labor is beneath them, or at least very inconvenient for themselves, though very excellent for their squaws. Pass him on; he's a waster—he is.

Lines of a modern Livy.—Are tolerably good, but why not put them in use "to point a moral, or adorn a tale?" They would then be worth publishing.

J. J. C.—Send us some soul thrilling sketch of California, that is the kind we want; something that enters into the soul-experiences of the man, and we will thank you and our readers will admire your sketch.

Santon.—Fanny Brown, To Miss —, of California, and Indian Summer, are received, but the measure is so poor, and the lines so slovenly put together, that they are not fit for publication.

A. J.—We had to laugh over your "California Cobbler." We give a "thumping" verse:

"Bill thumps Ned, and Jack thumps Jim;
Tom thumps his wife, and his wife thumps him;
What should we do in this thumping world of leather,
If we did not all keep thumping, and thumping together?"

The Cobbler's last is not his *awl*, we hope, as there is some *sole* to the *upper*, in his writings.

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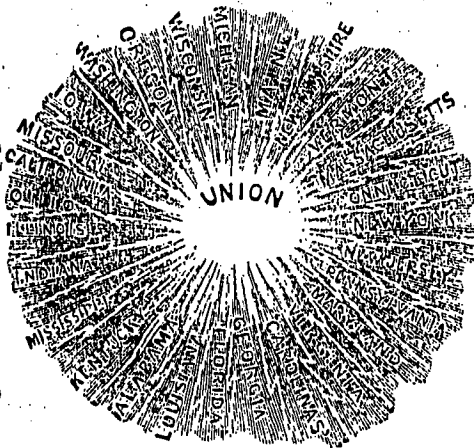
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we have them from Halifax and Texas, not forgetting the little villages of Boston, New
York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and branching into the Western country as far as
Illinois and Missouri, together with those from England and Ireland, a light sprinkling
from France and Spain, and barring the war we would have a few from Russia, Turkey,
and perhaps from Farther India.

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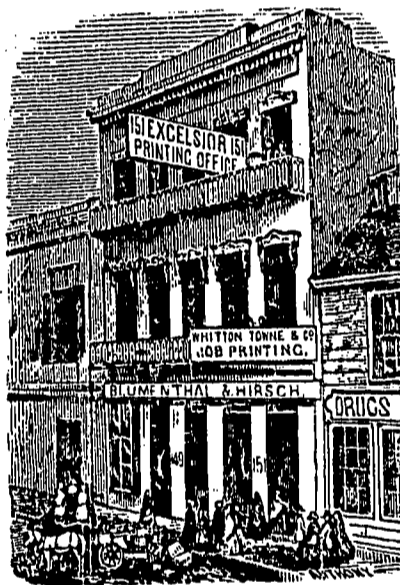
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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

We have received the first number of the above monthly. It is very handsomely got up—contains several fine illustrations. It is well deserving of the support of the California public.—*Alla California.*

We regard it as a decided credit to our State, and as an evidence of its merit re-publish the leading article on our first page.—*Sacramento Union.*

It bids fair to be an excellent publication, if we can judge by a hasty perusal of this number.—*Oregonian.*

It contains a number of very fine illustrations of California scenes, and the articles are original, and relate principally to California. A very interesting magazine to send to friends in the Atlantic States.—*Trinity Journal.*

It is an excellent work, well illustrated with engravings of different scenes, collected throughout the grand and picturesque portions of the State; and fills a vacuum which has too long been deplored on this side of the continent. We trust that its monthly visits will be welcomed in thousands of miners' cabins scattered among the piny hills of the Sierras, as it gives promise of great merit.—*Granite Journal.*

The number before us is a capital one.—*Oregon Statesman.*

We are pleased at seeing this new monthly once more upon our table, and gratified to find its young and truly enviable reputation fully sustained. As a California magazine it is alike creditable to the head, the heart, and good taste of the publishers.—*Placerville American.*

It is published in San Francisco, monthly, and is a very neat product of our own soil, and we commend it to the patronage of all who wish to elevate the standard of literature on the Pacific coast.—*Humboldt Times.*

We hope to see this magazine succeed, and become one of our standard periodicals. It would be an acceptable token of remembrance to one's friends in the Atlantic States.—*Placer Herald.*

The October number of this excellent home publication was laid on our table last evening, and is in keeping with its predecessors. Its opening article is on the Branch Mint in this city, with ten illustrations, giving an excellent insight into its workings. The residue of its contents is made up by some twenty original contributions. The number reflects great credit on its publishers.—*Town Talk.*

The October number of this excellent periodical has just been issued. It contains an interesting illustrated article on the Branch Mint, and a variety of other entertaining contributions. The Editor's Table is filled with spicy correspondence, and a glance at passing events. No work commends itself to Californians in a better light than Hutchings' California Magazine.—*Alla California.*

It is a work which confers credit upon our State, and one deserving an extensive circulation. Success be with its enterprising publishers.—*Sonoma County Journal.*

It is progressing in excellencies, and we truly rejoice to know it is winning favors steadily and surely. We notice it is truly a California magazine—striving to be purely original.—*California Farmer.*

From the publisher, and a very great favor—a most excellent publication.—*Sierra Citizen.*

From among the many kindly notices of the Eastern press we select the following:

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.—We have received the August, being the second number of a superb monthly, entitled as above, published by J. M. Hutchings & Co., 201 Clay street, Plaza, San Francisco, California. Three dollars per annum. It is filled to overflowing with highly interesting and readable matter. Each number is to contain 48 pages, in double columns, with illustrations of the scenery, incidents, curiosities and resources of the country, making it a pleasant monthly visitor in the States. We wish it success, and hope it may find a lodgement monthly upon our table, as surely it shall always be welcome.—*Ovid Bee, (Ovid, Seneca County, N. Y.)*

Office of Publication, 201 Clay Street—Plaza—San Francisco.